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THE MAINE BUGLE

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

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, AND OCTOBER, AND WILL BE THE ORGAN OF THE "MEN OF MAINE" WHO SERVED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION. NO OTHER STATE HAS A PROUDER RECORD. IT WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THEIR YEARLY REUNIONS, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO EACH REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST TO ALL ITS MEMBERS. IT IS ALSO THE ORGAN OF THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, AND WILL PUBLISH THE ANNUAL PROCEEDINGS OF THAT SOCIETY, AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM MEMBERS OF THE VARIOUS REGIMENTS, NORTH AND SOUTH, WHICH PARTICIPATED IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

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CALL 1.

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ERROR.—For "Willett Carter," page 21, read Willard Carver, Secretary and Treasurer Fourteenth Maine Association.

The reunion proceedings of the Twenty-Seventh Maine, Thirtieth Maine, and Thirty-Second Maine, expected to appear in this issue, will appear later, if room can be made for them.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

JANUARY, 1895.

CALL I.

WITH SHERIDAN IN LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

By Col. Fred C. Newhall.

[Continued.]

On the morning of the 31st of March the force of the enemy which afterward attacked our cavalry in front of Dinwiddie had dealt rather roughly with General Warren's command, and repulsed his effort to gain the White Oak Road. It is not important to refer to this except that the lieutenant-general's report speaks disparagingly of General Warren in connection with this affair, which doubtless influenced the action of both these officers in the events of the following day. When the enemy had withdrawn from his front General Warren pushed up, and took possession of the White Oak Road, just where the right of Lee's fortified lines protecting Petersburg ends, three or four miles to the east of Five Forks, and in the rear, of course, of the enemy's troops at Dinwiddie, which, it will be seen, were thus cut off from the main body of their army. While carrying on this operation on their own account, General Grant wished to take advantage of their adventurous isolation to throw the Fifth Corps upon them

and annihilate them. To carry out this design, General Warren was ordered, through General Meade, to move his command as stated in the dispatch of the lieutenant-general to General Sheridan: the movement by the Boydton Plank Road being against the enemy's flank, and that by Boisseau's house directly upon their rear.

It would be tedious to follow the course of General Warren's narrative of the obstacles he encountered in attempting to comply with this order, and the civilian reader will be glad to be spared a full discussion as to whether they might have been overcome: but some of the difficulties he found seem almost incompatible with the condition of active warfare in which we were supposed to be. Fancy, for instance, a command so near to the enemy that it "could not be roused by drums or bugle calls, or loud commands, with safety," and yet which could not be roused by other means in less than an hour and a half! Fancy critical movements expected at any moment—the enemy within earshot, and a

corps, lying on its arms, only to be set on foot at such rapidity as this: "Supposing all possible dispatch used, twenty minutes at least would be required for me to make the necessary arrangements: twenty minutes more would be required to carry my orders to the divisions: twenty more minutes for them to transmit them to the brigades: and forty minutes at least for the troops to get ready to move." (!) The civilian might well demand "Why does not the Army of the Potomac move?" if a corps commander replies that it takes two hours to wake the men when the enemy can hear the word of command. We could beat that in the cavalry, and wake the horses, too.

Other difficulties presented themselves on the roads leading to Dinwiddie by which General Warren was directed to march. Gravelly Run crosses the Boydton Plank Road between Dinwiddie and General Warren's position, and the bridge over the run was broken, and General Warren complains that this was not taken into account in forming the expectations for his prompt reinforcement of General Sheridan by that road, and especially finds fault with General Sheridan for ignoring this impediment, in speaking of the slow movements, in his official report, and with General Grant for authorizing its publication, for, as General Warren says, "this route was used for communications between General Grant and General Sheridan." This is very true. The staff officer who carried

the dispatches before alluded to, on this same evening had gone that way, and his horse had forded Gravelly Run at the bridge without wetting his rider's boots: the bottom of the run was hard as a rock, and there was no current to speak of. The bad weather and the bad roads had already soiled the clothes and shoes of General Warren's men, and they were as wet already as water and mud could make them; and it is not too much to say that a little enterprise would have overcome this obstacle, for the practicability of the ford could have been tested by riding a horse into it as General Sheridan's staff officer did. On the other road, leading to the enemy's rear by J. Boisseau's house, of which General Grant speaks, no effort was made to march until after daylight, and therefore it is not worth while to speculate as to what force of the enemy might have been encountered there. General Warren's whole action in regard to the reinforcement by this road is quite incomprehensible. In the first place, when fearing that the proposed contraction of the lines of the Army of the Potomac on this night would affect the morale of the troops as indicating a failure, he had, in the most praiseworthy manner, himself proposed to General Meade to move exactly as he was subsequently directed to do, for the purpose of falling upon the rear of the enemy confronting General Sheridan: but when ordered to do this his feet seemed entangled in a mesh. By that road, too, the troops would have to cross Gravelly

Run, but, though here was no difficulty of fording, a staff officer had reported long lines of camp fires, and much chopping of wood, and other indications of the presence of the foe upon the lower bank, and this report so influenced General Warren that he came to the determination, notwithstanding the most urgent dispatches from General Meade, to keep these two divisions where they were until he could hear that General Ayres, who had gone to Dinwiddie by the Boydton Plank Road with the other division, had certainly reinforced General Sheridan. General Meade wrote: "A dispatch partially transmitted is received, indicating the bridge over Gravelly Run is destroyed, and time will be required to rebuild it. If this is the case, would not time be gained by sending the troops by the Quaker Road? Time is of the utmost importance. Sheridan cannot maintain himself at Dinwiddie without reinforcements, and yours are the only ones that can be sent. Use every exertion to get troops to him as soon as possible. If necessary, send troops by both roads, and give up the rear attack. If Sheridan is not reinforced and compelled to fall back, he will retire by the Vaughan Road."

General Warren seems to misapprehend the spirit of this dispatch, and to consider that General Meade's urgency was because of a general solicitude for General Sheridan's position, and not directed to him at all. Some reader may fancy that so pressing an order was

intended to start the tardy column of General Warren, and impress him with the importance of utmost haste. It reads so. It seems to say, "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once! Hurry! If you reinforce General Sheridan he can hold his ground, if not, he may be obliged to retreat." But General Warren, calmly ignoring General Meade and the emergency that was so earnestly set before him, decided that he would not reinforce General Sheridan; that not being reinforced he would retreat, and that his retreating would cause such a condition of things as would render the presence of his own command desirable where it then was; and he justifies this decision by the successful battle of the following day, which probably would not have happened exactly as it did if all the other things had not happened exactly as they did. Perhaps so; but then it is possible that a good deal of cavalry fighting before the Battle of Five Forks might have been dispensed with, and a good deal of hard fighting of the day might have been avoided, if General Warren had swept down upon the enemy's rear at daylight that morning, as he had expected and ordered to do. One supposition is as reasonable as the other.

Another point in dispute is as to whether the enemy remained until daylight in front of General Sheridan or fell back to Five Forks during the night. General Warren thinks they did fall back, General Sheridan thinks they did not. The

former bases his opinion upon the reports of deserters, the latter upon what he saw. General Ayres, who commanded the division of the Fifth Corps which reinforced General Sheridan by way of the Boydton Plank Road, after rebuilding the bridge across Gravelly Run, says, "as we approached, just after daylight, the enemy hastily decamped;" and General Warren, in his pamphlet, unintentionally, no doubt, perverts this report by saying, "They had withdrawn in the night, carrying off their wounded, and leaving only a cavalry picket in General Sheridan's front, which, as General Ayres says, hastily decamped,"—which General Ayres does not say. He says, "*the enemy* hastily decamped;" and in regard to this force of the enemy General Sheridan officially reports, "I moved my cavalry force at daylight against the enemy's lines in front, which gave way rapidly, moving off by the right flank, and crossing Chamberlaine's Creek." The cavalry pickets of the enemy were never spoken of as their "lines." Again, he says, "As they fell back the enemy were rapidly followed by General Merritt's two divisions. * * * I then determined that I would drive the enemy with the cavalry to Five Forks. * * * Meantime General Merritt's command continued to press the enemy, and by impetuous charges drove them from two lines of temporary works," which could not have occurred had the enemy withdrawn to Five Forks during the night.

General Warren, while imputing ignorance of the actual state of affairs to the lieutenant-general and to General Meade, seems again to misapprehend the spirit of his orders when he says, "To join General Sheridan by midnight on this route, I then had to capture or destroy whatever of this force was between me and General Sheridan." At 10:15 p. m. General Meade had ordered him to move by this route with the two divisions of which General Grant speaks, and attack the enemy, and took care to point out his course in case the enemy should turn upon him, so that if he did not succeed in reaching General Sheridan, according to the expectations of General Grant, his failure was provided for; and there seems to be no good reason why he should not have made the attempt. He met with no opposition when he did make it, and he claims that there was no enemy there at all. Meanwhile he could have communicated with General Sheridan by way of the Boydton Plank Road, as General Sheridan did so communicate with him in a dispatch dated 3 A. M., on April 1, which he sent off, in his anxiety lest the plans for the attack should not be fully understood and consummated. He wrote, "I understand you have a division at J. Boisseau's, if so, you are in rear of the enemy's line, and almost on his flank. I will hold on here. Possibly they may attack Custer at daylight, if so, attack instantly and in full force: attack at daylight anyhow," etc. This understanding

of General Warren's position turned out to be a misunderstanding, but it was based upon General Grant's dispatch and General Sheridan's own expectations — reasonable enough we may presume, from the fact that General Warren made no effort then to prove them unreasonable. If he had moved, as ordered by General Meade, and encountered formidable opposition, no fault could have been found, and had he failed to reinforce General Sheridan, doubtless the Battle of Five Forks would have been fought all the same, for the enemy would unquestionably have made the same futile and blundering effort to hold that point for the protection of the Southside railroad.

So much for the disappointments of the morning; we shall see that when General Grant heard of them he was not pleased. Meanwhile, before daybreak, General Sheridan and his staff might have been very indistinctly seen emerging from the Dinwiddie hotel and mounting their trusty steeds. It was a very foggy morning; even after the hour of sunrise heavy vapors rendered only indistinctness perceptible, and when we reached the picket-line of Custer's division, which was in front, beyond Dinwiddie, the most straining eyes could not see many yards beyond the works which our men had strengthened during the night, and were now fit to resist horse, foot, or dragoons. Gradually the fog lifted, and Generals Sheridan, Merritt, and Custer, each with staff and escort, proceeded to make re-

connoissance which soon developed a long line of infantry, with skirmishers to the front, and mounted officers prancing gayly about. The question then arose under which king this line was marshaled. We had heard nothing of the Fifth Corps, which was to attack at daylight, and it seemed very possible that the enemy might have stolen away in the night, declining to be sandwiched between General Warren's command and our cavalry, and this, then, might be the Fifth corps confronting us. There was a great division of opinion. Field-glasses were leveled and eyes were shaded to discover whether the line was friend or foe. Some cried "They're blue!" and some "They're gray!" but for a while nobody was sufficiently certain to venture any nearer; already we were within easy musket range, but not a shot was fired—still the line did not advance, neither did it retire, and the anxiety for some sort of demonstration was growing painful, when one of Custer's staff discovered, through his glass, most unmistakable blue, and dashed boldly down toward a mounted officer who was caracoling his horse on the neutral ground between our party and his skirmishers. We heard a "Halt!" a question, and an answer, and then the sharp report of a pistol, and Custer's officer came galloping back through the muddy field, and was able to report positively that the line was gray—a very gray gentleman having shot at him and called him some highly improper names.

Our cavalry was at once ordered forward, and while the order was being carried back to the troops the stolid line faced to the right and coiled itself rapidly into the woods, only giving us time to send after it our compliments in a couple of rifled shells, which were fired partly for the sake of the damage they might do, but principally as a signal to General Warren that we were on the move, with the enemy in front of us. But as he had hardly yet started from his last night's encampment, we might well have saved the ammunition.

At this point where General Gibbes's brigade on the preceding day had so handsomely attacked the enemy in flank as they pressed after General Davies, we met the head of General Ayres's division, of the Fifth corps, which had come by way of the Boydton Plank Road, and here it was that General Ayres caught sight of the enemy as they "hastily decamped" across Chamberlaine's bed. There were no tidings yet of the two other divisions which were to come by way of Boisseau's house, and as General Ayres's men were fatigued with marching and loss of their night's rest, General Sheridan directed that they should be massed where they were, cook their coffee, get their breakfast, and await further orders. The skirmishers of the cavalry had already overtaken the enemy's rear-guard, and there was lively shooting going on in the tangled woods, through which the advance of our mounted men was

penetrating as well as it could, while the main column of the cavalry, under General Merritt, moved up the Five Forks road. General Sheridan then sent a staff officer, with a squadron, to communicate, if possible, to General Warren by way of J. Boisseau's house and learn what delayed him, and when he might be expected to arrive. Just in front of the historical Mr. Boisseau's (who must pardon to the truth of history the liberties taken with his name) this party met General Griffin at the head of his division of the Fifth corps. It was now between seven and eight o'clock, and the slippery enemy had slipped across Chamberlaine's bed, and were throwing up a little line of works to check the progress of our cavalry. General Warren, with Crawford's division of his corps, had not yet come up, but was engaged in making a tactical retreat from his old position on the White Oak road. His precautions were not necessary though, for the enemy took no notice of his withdrawal—"an oversight," says General Warren, "not to have been expected from our previous experience:" and it is well to note this here, for, as General Warren's subsequent removal from the command of his corps seems to have been more due to his skeptical mood in regard to success than to any positive delinquency, we may find in these words some indication of his feeling in regard to the enemy's generalship, and how it affected his mind.

Seeing that the slow progress of these two divisions would render their prompt co-operation with the cavalry impracticable, General Sheridan directed General Griffin to mass his command at Boisseau's, and get coffee and breakfast, and wait further orders: and then General Merritt was instructed to press on after the enemy, and, if possible, drive them into their fortified lines at Five Forks, where General Sheridan anticipated they would remain, and where he thought they could be attacked to great advantage by the combined force of his cavalry and infantry. Meanwhile General Crook was ordered to keep his division in hand in front of Dinwiddie court house, and watch the crossings of Chamberlaine's bed.

Merritt pushed on in his usual energetic manner, and was soon pretty heavily engaged, the enemy availing himself at every favorable piece of ground to hold our men in check, and yet, when our lines were formed and ready to attack, would generally move rapidly off again, his infantry gliding through the woods with ease, while our cavalry labored hard in pursuit through the thick undergrowth and miry soil. Twice the enemy took time to throw up temporary breast-works, and endeavored to hold them with

a portion of their troops, but General Merritt dismounted part of his command and quickly drove them out. It is a section of country more difficult for cavalry operations than it is possible to imagine: the fields all quicksands, the woods all jungle; and there were heavy casualties among Merritt's men, for which General Sheridan hoped soon to compensate by an important success. At 2 p. m. the last of the enemy had retired behind the works at Five Forks, along the White Oak road, and General Merritt had pressed up so close that their skirmish line was drawn in, and they evidently awaited a general attack.

Meanwhile Crawford's division, of the Fifth corps, had joined General Griffin, and about 11 a. m. General Warren reported to General Sheridan, and says that "his manner was cordial and friendly." General Sheridan had hours before given up all hope of doing anything in front of Dinwiddie court house in coöperation with General Warren's command, and his disappointment of the morning was now forgotten in his designs for the attack at Five Forks. He is not the man to waste time in lamenting his own spilled milk while there is an enemy at hand whose milk is yet to be spilled.

[To be continued.]

JUBAL EARLY'S POSTHUMOUS BRAVERY.

By L. F. Doble.

Shortly after General Sheridan's death, his old antagonist, Jubal Early (of Louisiana lottery fame), delivered an address at a Confederate reunion at Baltimore. He was very spiteful in his allusions to Sheridan. He was evidently a good deal nettled by the popularity of that immortal poem by Buchanan Reid, entitled, "Sheridan's Ride." He said it was not twenty miles from Winchester to Cedar Creek, where Sheridan made his famous ride, but only twelve or fifteen at most, and moreover he said he was never whipped by Sheridan but simply overborne by weight of numbers. He was also terribly nettled by the remembrance of the staggering blow Sheridan dealt the Confederacy by his famous raid through the Shenandoah valley where he captured and either brought off or deployed over \$2,500,000 worth of property, on which the rebel armies were dependent for subsistence. It consisted of grist-mills, barns of and stacks of hay and grain which he burnt, and horses, cattle, grain, &c., which he brought away, but he seemed to hold the worst grudge of all against Sheridan for the terrible chastising he gave him at Cedar Creek, where Sheridan captured nearly the whole of Early's artillery, besides small arms, stores, &c. Early seized the opportunity while Sheridan was absent at Washington, to plan and very skillfully execute a complete surprise of our forces, hoping to regain the advantage and laurels he had lately lost at Winchester; under cover of darkness and still further protected by a dense fog which completely obscured his army, he advanced unobserved and unexpected, and completely surprised our army, coming upon them before they had time to get out of their beds. The second line had barely time to get into line and could only slightly stem the on-rushing tide as they fell back. Sheridan, on his way back from Washington, had got as far as Winchester, where he was stopping over night. His quick ear caught the first sounds of the roar of battle, and instantly mounting that famous "coal black steed" he dashed madly on till he met his defeated and disheartened army. No need to tell what happened after that: the world knows the whole story.

The following is supposed to be a correct report of Early's speech:

SHERIDAN'S RIDE A LATE VERSION BY EARLY.

By Roscoe Doble, Co. K, 16th Maine Reg't.

Up from the south, fresh fame to seek,
 Came a veteran of bloody "Cedar Creek,"
 To speak to his friends and comrades old
 Of that struggle fierce—and a tale oft told.

He spoke of the march, the surprise and rout,
 Of the soldiers' wild, victorious shout,
 And then, oh, then did the tale repeat,
 How victory suddenly changed to defeat.

“But that oft told tale,” he said with a sigh,
 “Is a groundless slander—and flagrant lie :
 For the tide of victory was stemmed in its course
 By the foe being heavily reinforced.

“And this,” he said, “is the way it occurred :
 Our cannon's thunder afar was heard,
 And a mighty host came rushing down
 On a coal black steed from Winchester town.

“But before discussing that terrible force,
 And its dreadful work : let us first discourse
 On the early movements and grand success,
 Which preceded disaster and dire distress.

“In the early morn, ere the shroud of Night
 Was pierced by the rays of the morning light :
 When a kindly fog, that was dense as lead,
 Enwrapped our columns from rear to head :
 We stealthily stole on the sleeping host,
 Surprising the sentinel at his post,
 Then rushed on their camp with a bound and a yell
 While they fled from their quarters in terror pell-mell,
 From their beds and their tents they went flying half-dressed,
 Our bullets and bayonets gave them no rest,
 And the victims by hundreds, our steel and our lead
 Dispatched, as in fright and confusion they fled.
 But when glutted with carnage and all out of breath,
 Then we paused in our work of destruction and death,
 But we little dreamed that at that very hour,
 A force of mighty, resistless power,
 Like the surge of the tempest with headlong haste,
 Was swooping down at a furious pace
 And was soon to strike with a stunning shock,
 That might shatter a mountain of solid rock.
 That shock our victorious army felt :
 In a moment did hope like hoar frost melt :
 For we knew that mortals could not withstand
 The mighty strokes of that master hand.
 The hosts he found scattered, disordered, dismayed,

He hurled back with a power that can ne'er be portrayed
 And 'twere madness the unequal strife to prolong :
 So we fled from the field—a demoralized throng,
 We fought and were victors o'er fearful odds,
 (When we found them sleeping as sound as clods).
 And we were, in the final defeat, we mourn,
 Not whipped but simply overborne.
 Though our hands were full, you may well surmise,
 When they fairly awoke from their first surprise :
 But we surely should have held the field
 And compelled the foe still further to yield
 If no reinforcement had come to him then :
 For he only needed a few more men
 To augment his already superior force,
 Sufficient to check our victorious course.

•• Should ten thousand fresh horsemen against us now ride
 They would be sufficient to turn the tide.
 Then in Heaven's name ! what could we do but skedaddle
 When fifty thousand rode in one saddle ?
 But he didn't ride twenty miles that day.
 'Twas only fifteen the whole of the way,
 And 'twas not by fair means, not at all, that he won :
 Why he snatched all our cannon ! the son-of-a-gun.
 And I am a better man to-day,
 Than this burner of barns, mills, wheat-stacks and hay :
 For, if the old maxim we still may rely on,
 A live dog is better than any dead lion.
 But perhaps you may think I'm a little late
 To repel their base slanders—but if you will wait,
 I will show my kind friends—and my enemies surely—
 That when all is considered they'll see that I'm Early.
 For there's been no time since that fateful day
 When 'twas prudent to meet and talk this way,
 But he of the fierce, impetuous ride
 No more disturbs—for he's lately died.
 But, comrades, now that we've had our say
 Perhaps we had better hurry away,
 For I'm kind of nervous—and almost afraid
 That he may—return from the realms of shade,
 And if my fears should chance to be real
 He'll scoop every son of us off to sheol,
 For as sure as he claps his eye on me,
 The Devil will have a jubilee (Jubal E.).

“As I turn to gaze toward the polar star,
Methinks e'en now there comes afar
On the misty shade of a coal-black steed—
Phil Sheridan's ghost—at a breakneck speed.

“My friends and comrades, I'll haste away
So I bid you one and all good day,
And now to avoid the gibes of critics
I'll go—and attend to my lottery tickets.”

THE FIFTH NEW YORK CAVALRY AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN AND THE SECOND BULL RUN.

By F. S. Dickerson, Fifth New York Cavalry.

[Continued from page 249. Campaign I.]

During the night of the 9th of August, 1864, the pickets were withdrawn from the upper Robertson, and the cavalry concentrated near the battle-field of Cedar Mountain, the Fifth New York Cavalry forming line of battle close to the right flank of Banks's division, where they were dismounted, and the men lay on the ground holding their horses by their bridles until the grey dawn began to appear in the east, when we were again in the saddle and marched to the centre of Banks's line and directly in its front, and formed line of battle and waited for daylight, which was slow to appear on account of the dense fog.

When it had become lighter, and the fog had risen so that a partial view of the surroundings could be obtained, the sight that met our eyes was appalling. We were in the midst of the dead,

who were thickly strewn on every side and beneath our horses. The blue and grey were mingled together where they had met in deadly strife and fought and bled and died together. As the fog arose higher and our vision extended, it met the same unbroken field of lifeless bodies, and in the distance, squarely in our front, appeared a long line of cavalry in grey facing us, standing in the same field but just beyond the line of their fallen comrades. The thought occurs to us,—Are we to meet the enemy in deadly strife, and trample under our horses' feet the already mangled remains of the Blue and Grey? Surely indications point that way, for the command is given to “Draw sabres! Forward march!”

Slowly and carefully we guide our horses between and over our fallen comrades. As this line of battle moved across that open field

towards the enemy we noticed the pockets of the dead were turned inside out—the work of midnight ghouls. On and on we march, each movement bringing those two lines nearer and nearer to each other. Now each hand more firmly grasps the hilt of his sabre, with nerves at a high tension, expectantly listening for the command to “Charge!”

We look across that little dry ravine which now separates those two hostile lines, and we see the enemy’s line breaking by fours from the left flank and marching away. When the last set of fours had wheeled away, cheer after cheer from the lines of loyal Blue broke the solemn stillness of the morning. The enemy had gone. The field was ours. The banquet prepared by the citizens of Culpeper for Ewell and his staff, was left to be eaten by others, much to the disgust of the people who had prepared the reception for their friends.

The enemy was now retreating beyond the Rapidan, the cavalry following and skirmishing with the enemy’s rear guard to Barnett’s Ford. Although the cavalry was constantly on the move, nothing of importance occurred until the 16th, when detachments of the Fifth New York and First Michigan, Colonel Broadhead commanding, were sent out on a reconnoissance to Louisa Court House.

They started about the middle of the afternoon, crossed the Rapidan and threw out skirmishers

in the thick undergrowth of pines, one man on the left became detached and commenced to halloo for his right-hand man. Still advancing, as he emerged into open space his eye caught sight of two guns of the Burnside pattern levelled upon him. He took in the situation at once. To appear to be alone meant death or capture. To run meant the same thing. He almost instantly cried, “Here they are, boys; come on!” and sprang forward himself and demanded their surrender. The two men signified their willingness to do so, and came out of the brush without their guns. “Now go back and get your guns!” was the command, while his own was levelled upon them. “Now throw out the loads and start for the rear and I will follow.” The course was directed to the headquarters of Colonel Broadhead. The skirmishers had already come in and reported one man missing. As the missing man came in sight with two prisoners, after asking a few questions, the colonel said, “Well, done, my man! what is your name?” The answer was, “My name, sir, is William G. Peckham.”

The march being resumed, continued nearly all night, by a circuitous route, in the direction of Louisa Court House. Just before daylight the command came to the camp of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, commanding rebel cavalry, without challenge of picket. The main

column was halted, and orders given to make coffee but not to build any fires; while the advance guard, composed of the First Michigan Cavalry, led by Major Gardner of the Fifth New York Cavalry, made a dash for the headquarters tent of General Stuart, capturing his adjutant-general, and General Stuart's hat, coat, and belt, besides an autograph letter of Gen. R. E. Lee to Stuart, dated Gordonsville, Va., August 15, 1862, which contained the information of the disposition of his forces and instructions to take possession of the fords along the Rappahannock. This indicated the determination of Lee to overwhelm and capture the army under General Pope, then concentrated around Culpeper, before it could be reënforced by any part of the army from the Peninsula. Having met with success beyond our expectations, the command was not slow in getting out of that camp. In fact the whole work was accomplished in about as little time as it takes to tell the story, and was aimed to put as much distance between ourselves and the enemy as possible before they could make a start, and the distance gained was pretty well maintained until we were on the safer side of the Rapidan.

During the night of the 18th, and the following day, General Pope made a successful retreat to the north side of the Rappahannock, his movements being thoroughly masked by the cavalry under Buford and Bayard, covering the retreat and guarding the fords. The Fifth

New York, being ordered to Kelly's ford, were placed in ambush, and gave the rebel cavalry a surprise when they came to take possession of the ford on the morning of the 20th. During the day their infantry troops came up, and made an attempt at crossing at a point above, and between us and the ford at Rappahannock Station, and succeeded in getting one regiment over under cover of artillery firing. The Fifth New York being ordered in support of our own battery, that took position to assist in driving the enemy back across the river. While taking position, the rebel artillery got a very good range of us, and threw their shot and shell uncomfortably close, one shell passing between two sets of fours and through a horse belonging to Sergeant D. B. Merriman, who was doing duty as file closer, and some of the boys were considerably interested in the safety of the sergeant, as they had deposited some of their last pay in his hands to be forwarded to their homes at the first opportunity, and when that horse and rider went down, many an anxious head was turned to see where their money was likely to go, and a sigh of relief came when they saw the sergeant coolly unbuckle his saddle, take it on his back, and start for a place less frequented by shot and shell. One man and a few horses wounded by fragments of shell were all the casualties of this engagement in the regiment, which resulted in driving the enemy back across the Rappahannock.

We learned later that attempts to cross had been made at all accessible points along Pope's front from Fredericksburg to Waterloo Bridge, with the same result as at Kelly's ford and vicinity. These efforts were made continuously for thirty-six hours, and were repulsed at every point. Later developments showed that, in spite of the information gained by the capture of Lee's autograph letter to Stuart by the cavalry on the 16th, General Pope had been ordered to hold on to Fredericksburg, thus being able to extend his right flank or move by the right flank to get the full benefit of it, and had allowed General Stuart to cross the Rappahannock at Waterloo Bridge, in advance of his army, on the night of August 22, unobserved, capture his train, and destroy his supplies at Warrenton Junction on the 24th.

The Fifth New York was sent to destroy the bridge at Waterloo. It was found to be heavily guarded by artillery supported by Anderson's Division of Infantry, who, under the protection of logs and trees, swept the bridge from end to end making all attempts vain, although several gallant efforts were made by Christian Ehman and L. F. Packard. Meanwhile Buford had arrived, as had also many other generals, to witness the trial of the jackass battery, a new invention evidently emanating from the fertile brain of one who was neither familiar with the working of artillery, or the pranks of a frightened jackass. Now, this

identical brass howitzer was about three feet long, was mounted on the back of a half-breed, vulgarly called a mule, which, if not so very intelligent, had a very inquiring mind, and wished to investigate as new ideas developed. The mule, with his death dealing invention, was trotted out into a convenient open field, on a gentle knoll close by the river. The officers began to cluster around to inspect the devastation promised by the inventor, and the Johnnies on the opposite side of the river ceased firing to enjoy the novel scene. The mule and gun (pointed towards the animal's rear) were placed; the gun sighted, and the fuse lighted. The fizzle-sizzle of the lighted fuse attracted the attention of the beast, and he commenced an investigation as to the noise and smoke, by whirling round and round, swapping ends so fast that the inspecting officers were anxious to get out of range of the gun or mule. Of course as soldiers they were not afraid of the gun, so it must have been the mule that caused the quick dispersion of that crowd. The blanched faces, the dilated eyes, and puzzled expression of countenances as they came in range at each revolution of the gun with its lighted fuse was all chargeable to the mule of course. In a much shorter space of time than it takes to tell it, the gun was discharged, and fortunately in the direction of the enemy, who gave a yell and a cheer. The recoil of the gun placed that mule on his

head and shoulders, with his heels high up in the air. As soon as his flying heels came down where their kicks would hit the solid earth, they sent him out of sight with the speed of the wind to return no more. And ever after, the army mule has emitted that mournful cry, "Too much brain—too much—too much."

As before stated, Gen. J. E. B. Stuart had crossed the Rappahannock at Waterloo Bridge on the night of the 22d of August and joined Stonewall Jackson, who had also flanked us by Thoroughfare Gap and formed a junction with Stuart at Gainesville. General Pope was obliged to let go his hold on Fredericksburg and line of the Rappahannock, as Jackson was in his rear with twenty-five thousand veteran troops, besides Stuart Cavalry, and Lee had flanked him on the right and was in a northerly direction toward Salem. McDowell, Sigel, and Reynolds marching on Gainesville, Reno followed by one division of Heintzleman's Corps (Kearney's) moving on Greenwich. Porter moving on Bristoe with orders to reach Warrenton, and Heintzleman at Sulphur Springs and Banks at Fayetteville moving on Warrenton, was about the position and disposition of the Union troops under General Pope at this time. Taylor's New Jersey Brigade was marching on Centerville from Alexandria, and Stonewall Jackson with Stuart's Cavalry was marching on Manassas on the 27th.

I speak here of the disposition of these troops more particularly, for the reason that the Fifth New York Cavalry on this day was detached from Buford's division and assigned to duty at General Pope's headquarters as dispatch bearers, orderlies, etc., but known as body guard, except Companies I, K, and L detached as escort for General Heintzleman and Company M sent to General Banks on the 28th. General Pope's staff and body guard marching along with General Heintzleman's Corps towards Bristoe.

Jackson reached and cut the Orange & Alexandria railroad at Kettle Run, then moved rapidly on Manassas on the 27th with his main army. Ewell's division was south-west along the railroad, four miles beyond Bristoe Station. Here it was met by Hooker's division of Heintzleman's Corps: a sharp engagement took place, Hooker driving the enemy before him along the railroad during the day to Broad Run, where darkness ended the pursuit. Pope made his headquarters at Bristoe. On the following day the pursuit was continued, Heintzleman's Corps skirmishing with Jackson's rear-guard, retreating along the railroad, destroying it as they moved on towards Union Mills.

The corps left the railroad at this point, and moved in the direction of Centerville. That part of the Fifth New York Cavalry at General Pope's headquarters was here sent out as advance-guard.

following Jackson in the direction of Centerville. When near the latter place, they were charged by a regiment of Stuart's Cavalry and driven back onto our infantry supports, the enemy capturing some of their infantry stragglers who were prisoners in our hands.

General Pope made his headquarters at Centerville August 29, at five o'clock in the morning, two men were detailed from his escort to carry duplicate dispatches to General Porter, supposed to be at Manassas, while General Pope, his staff, and escort proceeded to the battle-field of Bull Run near Groveton, where they arrived, about seven o'clock in the morning. Here two more men were detailed to carry dispatches, urging him (Porter) forward.

Sigel was pressing Jackson hard and calling for reënforcements which were being sent up from Centerville: King's and Ricket's divisions were holding Thoroughfare Gap: and Jackson was in a corner. The men detailed to carry dispatches to General Porter in the morning returned with receipts showing that the papers had been delivered, but reported privately to comrades, that judging from appearances and the manner in which the dispatches were received Porter did not intend to obey, and said, "Porter won't be here." Although the distance was only about seven miles, this general who had won an enviable reputation for energy and ability under McClellan on the Peninsula

failed to bring his corps into action in time to render material aid in the effort to defeat Jackson before he could be reënforced by Longstreet, who was approaching by way of Thoroughfare Gap.

As memory reverts to scenes so vividly portrayed around the headquarters of General Pope, we see from the slight elevation upon which the house stood the grand panorama of the battle-field of Second Bull Run. Directly in front or west of us could be distinctly seen some of our troops in action, while other positions could only be distinguished by the smoke that arose above the trees, marking the line as they became engaged, and far in the distance could be seen clouds of dust that marked the movements of the enemy's troops. There was a drouth prevailing at the time, so great that the ground was parched and dry and the roads extremely dusty. Only the largest creeks affording any water, the troops suffered greatly from heat, dust, and thirst.

From seven o'clock in the morning until about four o'clock p. m. the scene around headquarters presented a lively appearance as the mounted messengers and staff officers came and went, like a hive of lively working bees. About this time the left of our line of battle seemed to be hard pressed by large bodies of fresh troops on the enemy's right, and, after a desperate struggle, our left was forced to retire in disorder. As the troops came pour-

ing back, we were ordered up in line to stop them, but appearances indicated that reënforcements were at hand, for fresh troops of ours were now passing us towards the front, who said they were a part of McDowell's Corps, and passed our front obliquely towards the left.

Dividing my attention between these troops and the solid shots that began flying around, searching for victims, I saw them march up into the smoke of battle in fine shape, form line, about face, and march back without firing a shot. No one ran, but some of them did complain bitterly because they were marched up under fire and not allowed an opportunity to return it. My attention was suddenly called to a solid shot, that was coming bounding over the ground, that appeared to be searching for me or my horse. Backing up my horse a little, the ball just passed his fore legs and knocked the spokes out of the near wheels of a headquarters wagon and killed the near wheel mule.

All this time the vast throng of wounded men were passing to the rear in such numbers that it began to look as though our troops were badly cut to pieces. Those we saw were only the slightly wounded, the dead and badly wounded being left on the field. Just across the road from the position occupied by the writer were the headquarters cooks, who had a number of camp kettles strung on a pole, and were cooking green corn for the general and his staff. The darkies, stand-

ing around the fire, had noticed the solid shots as they scurried over the hill, and began looking wildly around, when a shell came screeching over and struck square under those kettles and exploded. Well, that group of cooks, kettles, and corn was suddenly dispersed, and the air was filled with African yells, fire, ashes, kettles, and corn! A desire, that had been lingering around my anatomy for some time, to possess some of that corn was suddenly gratified, by jumping from my horse and filling my saddlebags and haversack with the nicely cooked ears.

The Battle of Second Bull Run was lost to the Federals, not through the lack of valor on the part of the troops engaged, as proven by some of the most brilliant fighting of the war rendered by the divisions, whose commanders were true to the flag and subordinate to General Pope.

Retreating to Centerville, General Pope took a strong position on the 31st and awaited an attack. In the afternoon of Sept. 1st, a flank movement by the enemy, by way of Little River Pike, was discovered, to cut off Pope's retreat to Fairfax. This was met by General Reno with the remains of two divisions at Chantilla, the left division being commanded by Gen. Isaac J. Stevens, who fell in the first charge with a bullet through his head. His division thereupon fell back and General Kearny with his division of Heintzleman's Corps advanced and renewed the conflict,

during a furious thunder storm, the storm raging with such fury that artillery firing could not be heard at Centerville barely three miles way. Kearny in his usual energetic manner rode forward at dark to ascertain the position of the enemy, coming upon them unexpectedly, he was challenged by them: seeing his predicament he wheeled his horse and attempted to escape by flight, but was shot dead near the road leading from Centerville to Fairfax.

Nearly all night the battle raged with great fury. During this fearful night of carnage and storm the Fifth New York Cavalry was doing the duty assigned them of getting the baggage train past the left flank of Kearny's division, now commanded by General Birney. The roar and rattle of musketry, the light from the almost incessant firing, and the vivid lightning flash and the intervals of pitchy darkness, together with the whiz of stray bullets, rendered the scene a trying one: in fact, too trying for the nerves of some of the drivers and mules, who became panic stricken and in spite of the exertions of the

guard, the road became blocked with overturned wagons, the drivers in some instances cutting their traces and attempting to make their escape astride of a mule, while others abandoned their teams and skulked to the woods. But to the credit of the drivers who were detailed soldiers they did not lose their presence of mind or forget or omit to use that steady, easy flow of sulphurous language so sweet to a mule driver, or fail to get their teams and wagons through safely, beyond the reach of flying bullets. Jackson's flank attack though vigorously made was repulsed and General Pope continued his retreat unmolested to the defense of Washington, making his headquarters at the Arlington House: later resigning, to be succeeded by McClellan. McDowell made his headquarters at the same house with Pope, and that part of the Fifth New York Cavalry, which was the escort of Pope, were assigned to McDowell under whom they served a few days only. Some of the men, however, were detailed as private orderlies and accompanied McClellan to Antietam.

REUNIONS OF VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The veterans of the Eleventh Maine Regiment association gathered in Bangor, August 14, 15, and 16, for the annual reunion. This occasion is always looked forward to with great pleasure by the boys in blue, and they expect to enjoy themselves very much.

The veterans have their headquarters at the Windsor, and many of them renewed old acquaintanceship there yesterday. An informal meeting was held in the forenoon and the question of having a history of the regiment prepared was discussed.

In the afternoon the veterans visited the City Hall, Young Men's Christian Association building, and other public buildings in this city and took a ride about town. They also visited Brewer, across the river, and enjoyed the sight seeing. August 15, at 9 o'clock, the association held a business meeting, and sight seeing occupied the afternoon.

At the business meeting held in the A. O. U. W. hall, August 15, a large number were present.

It was voted to meet in Bangor again in August, 1895.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Ruel C. Burgess, North Vassalboro.

First Vice President, Judson L. Young, Lincoln.

Second Vice President, E. P. Morton, Webster.

Secretary and Treasurer, Thomas T. Tabor, Bangor.

Chaplain, J. V. Tabor, Hodgdon.

Musical Director, Brooks D. Stewart, Dover, N. H.

Among those present at the reunion are the following: Sergt. J. A. Brackett, Lawrence, Mass.; Capt. Albert Maxfield, 201 West 22nd street, New York; Sergt. R. C. Burgess, North Vassalboro; Corp. Benj. Gould, Lewiston; Sergt. Thomas T. Tabor, Bangor; Lt. Robert Brady, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Richard W. Daws, Calais; Jos. S. Sites, Mapleton; Thomas Nye, Jr., Brewer; Frank L. Kenney, Bangor; W. H. Darling, Enfield; Roger A. Erskine, Presque Isle; Capt. Woodbury S. Pennell, Bangor; Marques D. L. Osgood, Milo; Oscar F. Abbott, Orono; Gen. H. M. Plaisted,

Bangor; Sumner N. Bolton, Bangor; Sergt. A. P. Chick, Bangor; Charles M. Dexter, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Llewellyn K. Webber, Bangor; A. P. Martin, Holden Center; A. P. Bickmore, Hyde Park, Mass.; Capt. Jotham S. Annis, Enfield; Amos T. Richardson, Dedham; Ed Kelley, Boston, Mass.; George A. Orr, Bangor; Capt. J. D. Stanwood, Winn; Hosea Staples, Bangor; John V. Tabor, Hodgdon; Gen. J. A. Hill, Powal, Pa.; Sewall Pettengill, Wayne; Treeman W. Annis, Lagrange; Jos. H. Morse, Dixmont Center; Horace S. McKenney, Bangor; John T. Stevens, Bangor; Everett B. Small, Gardiner; N. P. Downing, Minot; Brooks D. Stewart, Dover, N. H.; J. B. Crosby, Benton; S. B. Lancaster, Chester; Peter Bunker, Brewer; Mellville Cole, Prospect Harbor; Geo. W. Young, Winn; Ambrose P. Phillips, Ellsworth; E. P. Norton, Webster, Mass.; Geo. Phillips, Waterville; J. L. Young, Lincoln; George B. Noyes, Charleston; Geo. H. Smith, Kenduskeag; Haskell G. Herrick, Bluehill; A. J. Mudgett, East Jackson; Ira Weymouth, Old Town; Lewis C. Gray, Dixmont; Chas. W. Royal, Brewer; Edward W. Clark, Dexter; Geo. W. Hood, Sangerville; Stephen Mudgett, Dixmont Centre; C. F. Bridgman, Boston, Mass.; John Lary, Dexter; George E. Chase, Salem, Mass.; Reuben Gross, Winterport; J. F. Steven, Egypt; David Simpson, North Newbury; Charles H. Clark, Bradford; Simeon H. Kinney, Lagrange; W. H. Huston, West Levant; S. D. Bickford; Dixmont Centre; M. S. Berry, Brownville; J. G. Prescott, Brownville; Jere Stratton, Hancock; W. N. Norton, Newbury.

At 2 p. m. the veterans assembled at Center Park and a group photograph was taken by Photographer F. C. Weston. A social

session at A. O. U. W. hall followed.

In the evening the comrades gathered at A. O. U. W. hall and had the pleasure of being entertained in a very enjoyable manner by the following programme :

Piano solo,	Miss Orr
Song,	Lieutenant Orr
(Piano accompaniment, Miss Orr.)	
Song,	Apollo Quartette
Recitation,	Miss Hattie Dole
Song,	Miss Mabel Jones
(Piano accompaniment,	
	Mrs. S. Carrie Pond.)
Lesson in Magic,	Mr. H. F. Cowan
Song,	Apollo Quartette
Reading,	Miss Hattie Dole
Trio,	Messrs. Palmer, Gordon, Morton
Song,	Miss May E. Jewell
(Accompaniment, Miss Berry.)	

All of the numbers were finely rendered, and each received a hearty encore. A vote of thanks was extended to the entertainers by the regimental association. After the regular programme war songs were sung by the association quartette, with Miss Orr as accompanist, and the Apollo quartette also sang some war songs with Mrs. S. Carrie Pond as accompanist, the veterans joining in the singing.

The evening's entertainment was greatly enjoyed by the comrades.

August 16 the veterans went to Newcomb's Landing, Pushaw, and took dinner, which closed a reunion of the pleasantest possible description.

THE TWELFTH MAINE INFANTRY ASSOCIATION.

The Twelfth Maine Infantry did not hold a reunion in 1894. The following officers for 1893 held over :

President—W. C. Towle, of Fryeburg.
Secretary and Treasurer—A. H. Purrington.

Executive Committee—G. A. Hastings, E. W. Thompson, C. W. Buzzell, G. Hsley, George H. Libby.

THE THIRTEENTH MAINE INFANTRY ASSOCIATION.

The Thirteenth Maine Infantry held their reunion at Bethel, Maine, July 11, 1894. A full account of this reunion appears on pages 266-268, July Call, 1894.

REUNION OF THE FOURTEENTH MAINE INFANTRY ASSOCIATION.

The headquarters building of the Fourteenth Maine regiment at Long Island, Portland Harbor, was supplied with the necessary kitchen and table furniture by General Samuel J. Gallagher, the committee for that purpose.

This regiment is largely scattered over Maine and the United States, but gathered in numbers from land and sea, August 8 and 9. Col. A. K. Bolan, president of the association, who spent the summer at Castine, came in his yacht.

Among those present, some of whom enjoyed the sumptuous quarters of the regiment for several days, were Col. A. K. Bolan, of New York; Maj. J. M. Wiswell, of South Framingham, Mass.; Gen. S. J. Gallagher, of Augusta; Col. T. W. Porter, of Boston, Mass.; Capt. Charles Burnham, of Chelsea, Mass.; Capt. A. F. Noyes, of Norway; Irving Morse and Willis Carver, of Boston, Mass.; William M. Perkins, of Mechanic

Falls; Capt. Edward S. Norris, Chelsea, Mass.; Richard Thurlow, of Bethel; George Webster, of Portland; John E. Kelley, of North Boothbay; F. M. Noble, of Norway; C. S. Gordon, of Roslindale, Mass.; E. A. Loud, of Roxbury, Mass.; F. D. Mixer, of Auburn; Edwin Clark, Chelsea, Mass.; Lieut. L. J. Merton, of Mechanic Falls; R. L. Lancaster and L. T. Mason, of Howland; Daniel Holt, of Norway; G. L. Wardwell, of Turner; Peleg Gardner, of Swampscott, Mass.; E. L. Lord, of Roxbury, Mass.; J. J. Owens, of La Grange; William L. Gross, of Lowell, Mass.; John A. Spear, of Gardner; Mitchell Spear, of Portland. The days on the island were passed quickly, but most pleasantly. The following officers were elected for 1894:

President—Col. A. K. Bolan, of New York.

Vice-Presidents—Col. T. W. Porter, of Boston; John E. Kelley, of Boothbay; and F. M. Noble, of Norway.

Secretary and Treasurer—Willett Carter, of Auburn.

Finance Committee—E. A. Loud, of Boston; C. S. Gordon, of Roslindale, Mass.; and D. F. Mixer, of Auburn.

Executive Committee—Gen. S. J. Gallagher, of Augusta; Edwin L. Clark, of Chelsea, Mass.; and Stewart Worster, of Deering.

It was voted to make the association a corporation under the laws of the state of Maine. Col. T. W. Porter, Gen. S. J. Gallagher, and Lieut. Edwin Clark were appointed to write a history and to complete a

roster of the regiment from its organization until the close of the war. The next reunion was set for Aug. 5, 1895.

THE FIFTEENTH MAINE INFANTRY ASSOCIATION.

The Fifteenth Maine Infantry held their tenth reunion at Peaks Island, Portland harbor, Sept. 12 and 13, 1894, at the Bay View house. The following comrades were present: Sergt. E. W. Sprague, Easton, first vice-president; Lieut. J. H. Lord, Skowhegan, second vice-president; Maj. H. A. Shorey, secretary and treasurer; Col. John C. Cobb, Portland; Corp. James E. Alexander, Brunswick; John W. P. Johnson, Gardiner, of executive committee; Lyman W. Hanson and Orlando J. Winslow, of the local committee of arrangements; Gen. Isaac Dyer, Skowhegan; Surg. George Z. Higgins, Strong; Miss Dr. Lelia Higgins, Strong; Capt. James Walker, Gardiner; Mrs. and Miss Walker, Gardiner; Lieut. Thomas H. Wentworth and wife, Bangor; Mrs. Maj. H. A. Shorey, Bridgton; Rev. Malry Kearney, Eddington; Mrs. J. W. P. Johnson, Gardiner; Lieut. J. H. Lord, Skowhegan; Serg. Melvin Tibbetts, Seal Harbor; Sergt. J. L. Russell, Dexter; Sergt. Simon Small, Raymond; George A. Grass, Methuen, Mass.; Sergt. L. V. Gilmore, Brewer; A. C. Waite, Portland; Joel A. Friend, Hermon, Corp. John S. Marsh, Sheepscot Bridge; Marcus M. Edwards, Portland; Corp. Benjamin A. Beals,

Bowden: Cleveland M. Oliver,
 Bath: Geo. F. Emerson, Chelsea,
 Mass.: Nathaniel A. Beale and
 wife, Lisbon Falls: W. B. Trufant,
 Bowdoinham: C. H. Leighton,
 Deering: John Houston, Otisfield,
 W. H. Megguier, Glenburn: Sergt.
 Carlton Lancaster, Bowdoinham:
 Corp. B. H. Pushard, Wiscasset:
 Walter C. Ross, Brunswick: Le-
 man H. Bard and wife, Lisbon
 Falls: Edwin C. Douglass, Au-
 burn: Frances G. Skillings, East
 Auburn: Sergt. John A. Wheeler
 and son Arthur, East Boston: Corp.
 Orrin A. True, Litchfield: Capt.
 Daniel P. Rolfe and wife, Wake-
 field, Mass.: Capt. Geo. W. Capen,
 Eastport: Mrs. Lyman W. Han-
 son, Portland: Levi B. Russell,
 Saco: John Rankine, Brooklyn,
 N.Y.: Levi D. Johnson, Randolph:
 Charles R. Johnson, Richmond:
 Calvin G. Roberts, Brewer: Sergt.
 Lorenzo D. Small, Bowdoinham:
 Sergt. Geo. H. Douglass and wife,
 Gardiner: Mrs. Col. Cobb, Port-
 land: Corp. Silas S. Holbrook,
 East Harpswell: James L. Brown,
 Cape Elizabeth: Prin. Mus. Joshua
 Gatchell, So. Portland: George T.
 Growse, Portland.

At the business meeting the fol-
 lowing officers were elected:

President—Gen. Isaac Dyer.

Vice-Presidents—Sergt. E. W. Sprague,
 Easton: Capt. D. P. Rolfe, Wakefield,
 Mass.: Lieut. Thomas H. Wentworth,
 Bangor.

Secretary, Treasurer, and Historian—
 Major H. A. Shorey, Bridgton.

Assistant Secretary—Walter C. Ross,
 Brunswick.

Executive Committee—Adjutant Edw.
 A. Lowe, Houlton: Rev. Malry Kearney,
 Eddington: Sergt. L. D. Small, Bowdoin-
 ham: Capt. James Walker, Gardiner:
 Capt. George W. Capen, Eastport.

At the social gathering of the
 members, presided over by Acting
 President E. W. Sprague, the fol-
 lowing comrades made most inter-
 esting addresses: Gen. Isaac Dyer,
 Lieut. Thos. H. Wentworth, Capt.
 Daniel P. Rolfe, Rev. Malry Kear-
 ney, Col. John C. Cobb, Orlando
 J. Winslow, Lyman N. Hanson,
 Sergt. Carlton Lancaster, Major
 H. A. Shorey, Capt. George W.
 Capen, Capt. Walker, Benjamin
 A. Beale, Walter C. Ross, and
 others. J. W. P. Johnson gave an
 interesting sketch of the Fifteenth
 Maine detachment with the First
 Maine Battery in the campaign with
 Sheridan in the Valley, and Mrs.
 H. A. Shorey read a very pretty
 original poem entitled "Shadows
 that Pass in the Night."

The efficient secretary of this
 association, Major Shorey, made
 the statement that he found 462
 survivors of the regiment in the
 state, divided among the several
 counties as follows: Androscoggin
 14, Aroostook 90, Cumberland 46,
 Franklin 2, Hancock 6, Knox 11,
 Kennebec 33, Lincoln 11, Oxford
 5, Piscataquis 6, Penobscot 82,
 Sagadahoc 84, Somerset 5, Wash-
 ington 60, York 4, Waldo 13. Out
 of Maine there are about 50 in
 Massachusetts, 10 in California, 9
 in Washington, 11 in Minnesota,
 while the remaining 60 are scattered
 in thirty-five states and countries.



HON. PASCAL P. GILMORE.

CO. F. SIXTEENTH MAINE INFANTRY. — President of the Sixteenth Maine
Association, Bucksport, Maine.

REUNION OF THE SIXTEENTH MAINE REGIMENT ASSOCIATION.

The members of this regiment met at Bucksport, Maine, Aug. 15, 1894, and were called to order by Pres. J. W. Webster.

On motion of Adj. C. F. Lothrop, voted, that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to draft resolutions of respect for deceased comrades; Adj. C. F. Lothrop, Comrade Thomas S. Hopkins, and Capt. E. F. Davies were appointed above committee.

Lieut. D. L. Warren, chairman of committee, reported the correspondence with Mrs. Woodman in relation to the building lot on Long Island, and stated that the matter remains as it was left last year, which report was accepted.

The treasurer made the following report:

Balance on hand last report	\$32.28	
Received from various sources during year.	47.35	
	—	\$79.63
Paid for printing reports and notices	\$20.50	
Paid for postage on reports and notices . .	9.39	
Paid for envelopes, etc. .	1.80	
Paid secretary as per vote of association . . .	25.00	
	—	\$56.69
Balance in hands of treasurer		\$22.94

The committee on resolutions reported the following:

WHEREAS, In the dispensation of a divine Providence, the following comrades have been removed by death since our last reunion, therefore be it

Resolved, That the surviving comrades extend their sympathies to their families, and recommend that this resolution be entered upon the records of this association.

William S. Rogers and Converse Moody of Company G; Charles Plummer of Company D; John Farley of Company H; Eugene S. Mower, Thos. L. Roberts, Samuel Cleaves of Company I; Silas Graffam of Company C.

The following named comrades were elected officers of the association for the ensuing year:

President, Pascal P. Gilmore, Bucksport; first vice president, Dr. A. B. Adams, Wilton; second vice president, Fred C. Robinson, Blaine; secretary and treasurer, Luther Bradford, Woodfords; board of directors, Rev. Newman Smyth, New Haven, Conn., Sabastian S. Vose, Waterville, Me., George N. Fisher, West Winterport, Me., Gideon M. Tucker, Steep Falls, Me., Lieut. Frank Wiggins, Bangor, Me.

The following telegram from the Eleventh Maine, now holding their annual reunion in Bangor, was received:

The survivors of the Eleventh send greeting to the Sixteenth. May your reunion be as enjoyable as the record of your distinguished organization is honorable.

JOHN A. BRACKETT, *President*.

Following was the reply:

The Sixteenth Maine Regimental association sends thanks for the kind greetings of the gallant Eleventh. May God bless you and give you a happy reunion.

JOHN W. WEBSTER, *President*.

Captains J. O. Lord and E. F. Davies were appointed to pass the hat for voluntary contributions, and as a result turned into the treasury \$45.25.

On motion of Comrade Gilmore, Henry D. Pratt, of Bucksport, was elected an honorary member of this association.

On motion, adjourned to meet at eight o'clock tomorrow (Thursday) morning.

A SILVER SERVICE.

At half past five the comrades and their Bucksport friends assembled at Emery hall to listen to the address of welcome by Rev. William Forsyth, who gave them a hearty welcome in his most happy vein, and was most heartily applauded as only veterans can. He was followed by Thomas S. Hopkins, Esq., of Washington, D. C., who called Comrade Bradford to the platform, and, giving a brief account of his valiant services at the front as private, corporal, sergeant, and color-guard until the arm that had been thrice wounded was shattered while in front of his regiment in battle calling his comrades to "Come on, boys," also of his faithful fourteen years' gratuitous service as secretary and treasurer of the association, presented, in behalf of his comrades, the beautiful silver service. Mr. Bradford was taken completely by surprise, as all believed who witnessed his emotions, for with tears of joy and a husky voice he thanked the "boys" for the mark of appre-

ciation of his "humble efforts to perform his duty."

CAMP-FIRE.

At seven o'clock the Bucksport band came marching down the street from their hall to headquarters, and escorted James E. Hall Post, G. A. R., of Bucksport, and visitors, to Emery hall, where caterer James S. Hardy had beautifully arranged tables which were laden with an abundance of the following: Cold meats, salads, gelatine, cheese, blueberries, bread, assorted cake, watermelon, sherbet, etc.; tea, coffee, cocoa.

It is needless to say that every member of the Sixteenth kept his place in the line, and did his duty manfully: no skulking behind stone walls or stumps.

At eight o'clock the doors were thrown open to the public. Comrade Thomas S. Hopkins acted as toast-master, and after a few pertinent remarks announced the first toast:

"The Grand Army of the Republic." Responded to by Rev. E. H. Boynton of Bucksport. Original poem, "The Story of the Regiment," Lieut. Frank Wiggin, Sixteenth Maine.

"Co. K," responded to by Capt. J. O. Lord, Sixteenth Maine. "Our First Adjutant, the pride of the regiment, and the envy of all other adjutants."

Major A. K. Small got up and showed himself, but did not make a speech. "Our Fallen Brave," responded to by rising, in silence.

“Gettysburg,” responded to by Gen. C. W. Tilden, Sixteenth Maine. “When we Drank from the same Canteen,” responded to by Lieut. D. L. Warren, Sixteenth Maine.

“Maine in the War,” responded to by Gen. J. P. Cilley, First Maine Cavalry.

“The Immortal Sixteenth,” responded to by Rev. Newman Smyth, Sixteenth Maine.

“Our Help Mates,” responded to by Col. A. B. Farnham, Sixteenth Maine.

“The Ununiformed Soldier,” responded to by Rev. J. W. Webster, Sixteenth Maine.

“Flags on our Schoolhouses,” responded to by Adj. C. F. Lothrop, Sixteenth Maine.

The speaking was interspersed with selections by the ladies and music: Mrs. Godfrey, Mrs. Fellows, Misses Emery, Folsom, Hooper, Grim, and the Misses Nichols with Miss Godfrey at the piano, Miss Annie Robinson, daughter of Comrade Fred C. Robinson, of Blaine, and the Bucksport band.

The following was offered by Comrade Hopkins, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, that the members of the Sixteenth Maine Regimental association, assembled at their annual reunion in Bucksport, on the 15th day of August, 1894, tender to the citizens, to the ladies, and to the James E. Hall Post, G. A. R., of Bucksport, their heartfelt thanks for the cordiality and hospitality they have shown this association, and for their untiring efforts to make the reunion a happy one.

At eleven o'clock the exercises closed, and the company filed out to the music of the band.

SECOND DAY.

Meeting called to order by President Webster, at 8 o'clock a. m. A letter from Col. A. R. Root, Ninety-fourth New York, was read, thanking the association for an invitation to attend the reunion.

Letters sending greetings were received from the following comrades of the Sixteenth Maine: Col. Asa W. Wildes, Skowhegan; Surgeon W. W. Eaton, Danvers, Mass.; Maj. S. Clifford Belcher, Farmington; Maj. Aubrey Leavitt, Turner; Lieut. George D. Bisbee, Buckfield; Lieut. Nathan Fowler, Skowhegan; Lieut. Francis A. Wildes, Woodfords; Lieut. Charles N. Parlin, Carrabelle, Florida; Thomas A. Dascomb, North Leeds; S. A. Chamberlain, Mayfield; Hon. James A. Strout, Biddeford; W. W. Smith, Summit; J. M. Lyford, Waverly, N. Y.; A. H. Norcross, Allston, Mass.; C. O. Wadsworth, Gardiner; H. W. Wells, Oakland; A. N. Harriman, Bridgton; J. C. Gray, Brockton, Mass.; D. S. Thomas, North Auburn; J. B. Achorn, Baltimore, Md.; C. T. Rice, Riverside, Cal.; E. C. Downes, Rock Island, Ill.; Abram Tyler, Cumberland Mills; Dr. E. L. Hamlin, Waltham, Mass.

On motion of General Tilden, voted, that the secretary be instructed to invite Colonel Root to attend our reunion next year. On motion of Comrade Thomas S.

Hopkins, Col. Adrian R. Root, of Buffalo, N. Y., late colonel Ninety-fourth New York Volunteer Infantry, was elected an honorary member of this association.

Gen. C. W. Tilden, chairman of the committee on tablet for Gettysburg monument, reported the work not completed, and asked for more time.

Voted, that the committee on tablet be granted further time as asked for.

Comrades from Bluehill and vicinity extended an invitation for the association to hold the next reunion at Bluehill.

Comrade Fred C. Robinson, in behalf of comrades in Aroostook county, extended an invitation to the association to hold the next reunion in Presque Isle.

On motion of Capt. E. F. Davies, voted, that we accept the invitation of Comrade Robinson, and hold the reunion in Presque Isle next year.

On motion of Comrade Hopkins, voted, that Comrade Wiggins's poem be printed in full in the report.

On motion of Dr. Adams, voted, that Dr. G. Z. Higgins, of Strong, Me., be elected an honorary member of this association.

On motion of Adj. Lothrop, voted, that the thanks of this association be extended to the retiring president for his untiring and impartial services the past year.

Voted, that the thanks of the association be tendered to Mr. John H. Sayles, of Bucksport, for the cake presented by him to the association.

On motion of General Tilden, voted, that the secretary be instructed to furnish Gen. J. P. Cilley with a copy of the records of this reunion for publication in the *MAXIE BUGLE*.

On motion of Lieut. D. L. Warren the following wives, sons, and daughters of comrades were elected honorary members of the association: Mrs. George B. Haskell, Mrs. S. S. Vose, Mrs. A. L. Newcomb, Mrs. O. H. McKeen, Mrs. A. B. Adams, Mrs. Joel B. Hurd, Mrs. Carrie W. Hopkins, Mrs. Robinson Fairbanks, Miss Jessie E. Hopkins, Mrs. Sherburn G. Hopkins, Miss Isa V. Lothrop, Miss Nellie Gregory, Miss Mary W. Gregory, Miss Ruth A. Whitten, Miss Mary Fisher, Mrs. Nathan A. Smyth, Mrs. Lyman F. Adams.

Lieut. D. L. Warren was delegated to dispose of the cake donated by Mr. John H. Sayles. Comrade Warren took the floor, and, after speaking in complimentary terms of Major Small's record as adjutant of the regiment, concluded that he was entitled to "take the cake," and in behalf of the association presented it to him.

Major Small, in a few well chosen words, thanked the comrades for their kind remembrance of him.

Adjourned.

A large number of the visitors availed themselves of a general invitation by the citizens to visit Fort Knox, boarded the ferry boat, and crossed to the fort, where they were cordially received by the

sergeant-in-charge and conducted through the fortification. After an hour spent in the fort the party returned to Bucksport.

In the afternoon the visitors were taken in charge by citizens and shown about town. Bucksport was profusely decorated with bunting, many decorations being very fine. Comrades Charles A. Devereaux of Company K and Pascal P. Gilmore of Company E were very busy men. They are highly respected citizens of Bucksport, and to their personal popularity in the community, and their untiring energy, is due the success of the reunion, and the enjoyment of the visiting comrades.—every detail had been looked after.

Following are the names, with their present post-office addresses, of comrades who registered on the secretary's book :

FIELD AND STAFF.

Gen. C. W. Tilden, Hallowell; Col. A. B. Farnham, Bangor; Maj. A. R. Small, Oakland; Adj. C. F. Lothrop, Newport.

Company A—Joel B. Hurd, Worcester, Mass.; Lieut. Newman Smyth, New Haven, Conn.; James Fahey, Bangor; Alonzo Tripp, West Sullivan.

Company B—B. B. Brown, Old Town; Henry A. Ewer, North Vassalboro; Henry Mansfield, Vanceboro; Nelson A. Powers, Medway.

Company C—Capt. E. F. Davies, Castine; A. B. Adams, Wilton; Robinson Fairbanks, Boston, Mass.; Thomas S. Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Company D—George P. Hall, New-tonville, Mass.; Oliver H. McKeen,

Gorham, N. H.; W. H. Maxcy, Rock-land; George R. Warren, Bangor.

Company E—Seth H. Alden, Livermore; Luther Bradford, Woodfords; William Balentine, Fairfield; Henry A. Dorr, Old Town; William G. Foster, Burnham; Pascal P. Gilmore, Bucksport; Charles H. George, Hebron; Bray Wilkins, Boston, Mass.

Company F—Lieut. D. L. Warren, Thomaston; E. B. Hammond, Lincoln; Thomas D. Page, Burlington; Gideon M. Tucker, Steep Falls; John W. Webster, Newport.

Company G—Lieut. Frank Wiggin, Bangor; Chester Nelson, Lincoln; A. P. Libbey, Lincoln.

Company H—Stephen Clark, Winterport; John H. Everett, Kenduskeag; William Fennelly, Bar Harbor; Geo. H. Fisher, West Winterport; John M. Foster, Pittsfield; Amasa Gregory, Madison; G. C. Gardiner, Bangor; John E. Haley, Forest City; W. B. Nason, Kenduskeag; J. H. Nash, Orono; George W. Patten, West Pittsfield; Jacob M. Patten, Pittsfield; Joel S. Stevens, Orange, Mass.; George W. Varney, Pittsfield.

Company I—George B. Haskell, Lewiston; Sebastian S. Vose, Waterville; Daniel McNeil, Bucksport.

Company K—Capt. J. O. Lord, Biddeford; Lieut. F. C. Mayo, Bluehill; Charles L. Babson, Sargentville; Seth K. Chase, Bluehill; Charles A. Devereaux, Bucksport; George A. Devereaux, Castine; F. K. McIntire, Bluehill; A. J. Morgrage, Castine; Frank Pooler, Old Town; Benjamin H. Peas, Bucksport; A. C. Peters, Bluehill; Fred C. Robinson, Blaine; B. W. Sargent, Sedgwick; A. C. Stevens, Bluehill; A. B. Sanborn, Brooksville; H. B. Westcott, Castine.

The Bangor *Daily News* thus speaks of the reunion.—

Bucksport has surrendered unconditionally to the gallant Sixteenth Maine, and the "boys" are swarming in every hour and taking possession. The advance skirmishers came in last night, and today's trains and boats are bringing whole platoons. This promises to be one of the most successful reunions this regiment ever held, and the citizens of Bucksport are endeavoring to make it so by every means in their power. The arriving comrades opened their eyes wide with surprise and delight when they glanced down Main street, and well they might, for it was a glorious sight. Flags, flags, little flags, big flags, flags of our union, and flags of all nations flapping, snapping everywhere. From every window, awning, and post strung across the street, in long lines and back again. Not only flags but bunting wreathed and draped, in graceful effects in dozens of places, and everywhere one looked at the stars and stripes, and the red, white, and blue seemed to be there. Bucksport fairly outdid herself. Everyone seemed willing and anxious to respond to the request to decorate, and the places of business were almost universally adorned. The chief "piece" was formed by the big campaign banner across Main street from which reached far up the street long lines of signal flags. Emery hall was covered with flags, and from the Robinson house back and forth

across the street were strung long lines of pennants and code signals. C. C. Homer had No. 155 Main street very profusely decorated with flags and bunting, as was also Sail's bakery, the John Buck store, Grindle's, Freeman's bakery, Warren & Hancock's, and R. A. Colby's, Thos. Bulduc's, Heath's, Remick's, Summer and Winter hotel, Tilock's, Page's, Emery & Co.'s, Hooper's, Brown's, Genn's, Stover's, Hall's, Carroll's, the custom house, E. B. Hill's, N. T. Hill's, American Express Co., Wm. Fox's, Gardner's, S. C. Homer's, Smith's, Heywood's, Crowell's, McAlister's, Bragdon & Co.'s, and other places of business had out flags in more or less numbers. The White block had an elaborate display of bunting, flags, and floral decorations by Cobb Brothers and Capt. T. H. Nicholson. The post-office building had a large and tasty arrangement of bunting, as did P. P. Gilmore's place. The residences of Dr. Emerson and the Hayward house showed their colors in red, white, and blue, also the residence of Capt. Hiram Fogg.

Fort Knox was garrisoned to-day. The big flag was floating over the ramparts, and salutes boomed out frequently during the day, commencing with the arrival of the *City of Bangor* at a few minutes before ten. Flags were upon the engine houses: the "capitano" of the Italian barge caught the spirit of the day and the ship's ensign was run up at the mizzen. Even the steam ferry, *Jos. G. Totten*,

had a string of flags flung to the breeze.

THE REUNION OF THE SEVENTEENTH MAINE INFANTRY ASSOCIATION.

The reunion of the Seventeenth Maine regiment at Cushing's Island, August 21, 1894, was one of the most enjoyable and interesting of the many gatherings of old veterans in Portland harbor. The occasion brought together several distinguished soldiers, some members of other regiments, and men prominent in civil life since the war. The old battle flags, given to the regiment by the business men of Portland as it set out for the front, thirty-two years ago, and brought home in glorious tatters, were borne with loving care in front of the survivors yesterday, and next to the old Third Corps diamond which was on every badge, were the most conspicuous material evidences of the once military character of the gathering.

The veterans of the regiment who were present, with the companies to which they belonged, were: General George W. West, Colonel Edward Moore, Major W. H. Green, G; Captain J. C. Perry, D; Lieutenant J. M. Safford, F; Quartermaster Sergeant C. W. Richardson, Adjutant Charles W. Roberts, Captain George W. Verrill, General Charles P. Mattocks, Lieutenant D. E. Duncan, Captain G. F. Sparrow, B; Lieutenant Newell Whitten, D; Lieutenant I. L. Hobbs, H; George O. D.

Soule, E; J. P. Babb, H; Sergeant S. H. Gammon, D; T. W. Emerson, I; F. D. Seabury, A. D. Seabury, E; Corporal M. H. Sawyer, A; S. H. Waldron, B; A. H. Perry, G; Isaac Rounds, D; Sergeant Cherry Perragard, E; John Doughty, John O. Rice, Chas. H. Fabyan, B; J. G. Elder, Uriah Cobb, H; Sergeant Alpheus E. Grover, B; E. F. Morse, F; D. D. Hannigan, G; M. L. Babb, B; George A. Whidden, H; Luther Gore, C. A. Morrill, G; J. G. Scott, Manuel Thomas, H; George L. Norton, B; Sergeant Samuel Bishop, B; Charles W. Sanborn, H; Edwin F. Waite, I; Thomas C. Bradbury, I; S. C. Donnell, H; Robert Hamilton, A; George S. Jordan, E; James H. Anthoine, Melvin Morton, F; E. G. Thom, B; Orlando Hooper, B; J. H. Hennigar, C; Thad Noble, H; C. S. Tucker, F; Sergeant Owen Stacy, I; Henry Graffam, C; J. W. Jose, I; John Hale, I; Abraham Deane, C; Chas. Hoyt, Chas. H. Greeley, E; W. S. Hodsdon, I; Henry S. Trickey, B; James A. Mills, C; D. B. Meserve, C; Musician A. W. Sawyer, D; J. M. Gammon, A; Simeon C. Howe, B; William Rounds, I; C. H. Parcher, I; Cyrus Chaplin, H; Jabez Mariner, H; Thomas H. Jordan, George A. Pennell, H; John Charleton, B; William Bodge, D; H. W. Stewart, H; Sergeant S. C. Paine, A; G. C. Pratt, D; Sergeant William H. Gore, E; Lewis W. Lombard, E; Andrew Leighton, E; Sergeant Thomas Brand, I; Ser-

geant George F. Small, E: A. J. Nebers, B: E. H. Brown, F: Corporal Seth B. Day, C: Charles H. Foye, G: M. C. Merrill, Corporal John F. Totman, A: O. G. Curtis, E. E. Hanson, F: Henry Chamberlain, B: J. W. Flynt, A.

At the business meeting in the forenoon, the following officers were elected:

President—George W. Verrill.

Vice Presidents—Charles A. Morrell, Newton Whitten.

Secretary and Treasurer—George O. D. Soule, of Portland.

Necrologist—George W. Verrill.

Directors—Charles W. Roberts, C. Warren Richardson, and Samuel H. Gammon.

The event of the day was of course the banquet which was served about 2:30, in the pleasant and spacious dining-room of the Ottawa.

Besides the veterans were many ladies and other invited guests. Prayer was offered by Chaplain Emerson, after which the banquet was enjoyed.

After cigars had been lighted President Verrill began the exercises by introducing Governor Cleaves.

“We have at this table,” he said, “the present governor, the next governor, and two ex-governors; we have here generals who commanded divisions and generals who commanded brigades. The regiment must consider itself honored by this attendance.”

Governor Cleaves was introduced as the first speaker. After being

most cordially received, Governor Cleaves said that he was always prepared to say a word for the state of Maine, especially to such men as the veterans of the old Seventeenth. He was proud to bear to this grand organization the thanks of the seven hundred thousand people of the state, who recognized with grateful appreciation the services of the regiment on many famous fields. Governor Cleaves referred to General Chamberlain as one of the bravest soldiers who ever went from Maine, and then proceeded to refer briefly to the battle-fields of the regiment, and the glory which it had won.

General Joshua L. Chamberlain was called upon next, and received with much applause. He congratulated the regiment upon its record, a record of years that had not only been made honorable in the war, but in the walks of civil life since the war. He said that he had dined with the Seventeenth before. “I was over at Stoneman’s Switch in the mud, and the fare was different from what it is to-day.” [Laughter.] Commenting on the presence of ladies, he said, “The only way we could get the men along on that terrible night march, before Lee’s surrender, was by bringing out the bands and having them play ‘The Girl I Left Behind Me.’ That girl was ahead of us on that march, and the inspiration of her name, with the thoughts of home and loved ones connected with it, was the motive force that sustained us in the long marches.

“His old regiment, the Twentieth, was organized at the same time that you were. Some of our men were originally intended for you. He was glad of the opportunity to express his appreciation of the high excellence of those comrades of yours who became his comrades. He saw, or half saw, the Seventeenth another time, after the struggle had begun. From the heights of Round Top, through drifts of smoke, he saw the Seventeenth in that deadly line, swaying back and forward in the mighty struggle in the Wheat Field. His own regiment was formed in the rear of theirs for a while, but it couldn't stay there, and was quite glad to be double-quickened back to Round Top.

“When this regiment organized for the war all the glamour of the first muster had departed. The playing of bands, the waving of handkerchiefs, were gone, and as we marched through the cities a shiver passed over the spectators, for they knew that every man had written his name on a deadly roll.

“I know that this Seventeenth Maine had an enviable record in the Army of the Potomac, for conduct on field and in camp, and though our organizations were different, although you wore the diamond while we wore the cross, the two will be emblazoned together on the records of fame.”

Mr. Verrill then read letters of regret from General De Trobriand, who commanded the Seventeenth's brigade, and who requested that his health be drunk, “not in water,

but in good, generous wine, as my protest against the Maine law.”

Colonel Edward Moore was called upon to respond for General De Trobriand. He said that the latter came to this country with the Orleans princes, but while they went on to McClellan's staff, he asked for a regiment and got the Fifty-fifth New York. Later he was appointed a brigadier. At the close of our war he went into our regular army as a colonel. He is now retired, living in the winter at New Orleans and in the summer at Long Island and in Brittany, France. When Colonel Moore dined with him last winter, he sent his regards to his old comrades of the Seventeenth, Third, and Fourth Maine regiments.

Another letter was read from Colonel Clayton McMichael, now of the Philadelphia *North American*, and formerly of General Birney's staff.

General West, the second colonel of the regiment, was called on, and recalled the fact that when he joined the Seventeenth as its major he had come from the Tenth Maine, where he had commanded Company G, made up largely of deserters from the English troops in the Canadas. Colonel West recalled the attitude of England as favoring the South, but that company was a splendid body of men. The company lost nineteen and one half per cent. in killed and wounded. It taught him what a good soldier was, for it was splendidly drilled and trustworthy anywhere. The same qualities I

found in the Seventeenth exemplified gloriously at Gettysburg.

Ex-Governor Robie, upon being introduced, said, "Brothers and Sisters: [Laughter.] I used to talk at the grange, and I feel somewhat at home now, because many of you are from the farms. It was my fortune, thirty-two years ago, to be the pay-master who gave to each man in his regiment thirteen dollars advance. Time has wrought many changes since then. Grey hairs have taken the place of black. I remember that in 1861, Governor Washburn, of whose council I was a member, received a message from President Lincoln asking how many men and how much money Maine could pledge for the Union. He replied, 'Ten thousand men and a million dollars.' How did Maine fulfil that promise? You know that she sent 73,000 soldiers, and gave sixteen millions of dollars. Those men were the flower of Maine. But their numbers are decimated now. Of the 1,800 who were enlisted in the Seventeenth, scarcely 500 are alive now." Governor Robie closed with a spirited panegyric on the soldiers of Maine, and the mothers of the soldiers of Maine.

Colonel F. N. Dow was called to respond as the representative of the United States government. He said he had been greatly interested in the remarks that had been made, and felt almost like an intruder. Although he was an honorary member of another regiment, he had not even a relative who was connected

with this regiment. He therefore felt honored by being called upon. He did not go to the war, but he had many old companions who did go in this regiment, and he believed that no soldiers had a more gallant record than they.

Mr. Verrill next read a letter from Captain Tyler, of the regular army, formerly of Berdan's First Sharpshooters, which General Mattocks commanded. He recalled that General Mattocks was very popular with the men, but insisted in getting in front of the skirmish line in the Wilderness. On one of those occasions the "Johnnies" got him and bore him away in triumph.

General Mattocks was then called upon and cordially received. After a humorous introduction, he said it might have been that he got 100 yards ahead of the Second United States Sharpshooters, but no officer of the Seventeenth Maine was ever able to get that distance ahead of his men. [Laughter.] The present occasion was one of great delight, as it carried him back to the time of his youth, back of the war to the days when General Chamberlain was his professor in Bowdoin college, and after telling him that his essay was very good, corrected it until only the signature was left. [Laughter.] General Mattocks closed with a spirited tribute to the Seventeenth and other regiments of Maine, recalling how, of the twelve men who went into Gettysburg under those colors, only three came out, and how the 150 men of the

regiment charged and captured 250 Confederates at Sailor's Creek. Mattocks, accompanied by frequent applause, then recounted the records of various Maine regiments as compared with the records of other regiments in other wars.

Mr. Verrill recalled that one of the bravest acts done in the regiment was performed by Chaplain Lovering, on an occasion when the Seventeenth was under a severe and disastrous fire of sharpshooters. From a wood 150 yards in the rear of the regiment, Chaplain Lovering came ambling out on his old sorrel riding towards the regiment, all unconscious of the danger. He reached them safely, having performed unconsciously one of the bravest acts of the war.

Colonel Elijah Walker, of the Fourth Maine, was next introduced and cordially received. He expressed his appreciation of the honor conferred by making him an honorary member of the association. He recalled achievements of the Seventeenth and Fourth in the Wilderness, especially at the river Po, on May 10, 1864. On the 12th, at the Death Angle, on the 20th, and again on the 21st at the North Anna, the two regiments were together in memorable achievements. He recalled Fredericksburg, how his men suffered there and how, on the retreat, he withdrew the last picket from the river. Colonel Walker recited a poem which he had composed on Fredericksburg. It was listened to with interest, and greeted with loud

applause. "That was the man that held Longstreet's corps at Devil's Den," shouted an enthusiastic veteran as Colonel Walker concluded.

The exercises ended by the drinking of General De Trobriand's health, although not just in the way that veteran wished.

NOTES.

Major H. S. Burrage was a guest of the association.

Chandler's band furnished music for the occasion.

Deputy Superintendent Hanscomb, of the Boston police force, a veteran of the regiment, was present.

FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY REUNION.

This regiment held its eighteenth annual reunion at the banquet hall of the new City Hall building in Bangor on Tuesday, August 21st, it being the thirty-second anniversary of its muster into the United States service. At ten o'clock the assemblage was called to order by Major C. J. House, second vice president, and as he desired the time to take notes from the comrades on matters of history, he suggested the election of a chairman to serve until the arrival of one of the regular officers of the association, and accordingly Capt. H. H. Shaw was so elected, and presided through the forenoon. Gen. Chas. Hamlin, first vice president, was present, and presided in the afternoon.

The records of the last meeting at Orono were read by the secretary, Lieutenant Isaac J. Dunham of Boston. Captain H. E. Sellers submitted his report as treasurer, showing the finances of the association to be in a healthy condition. Major C. J. House, chairman of the committee on history, reported the progress made in the work during the year and the following were appointed as a publishing committee: C. J. House, Augusta; A. C. Sawyer, Bangor; Gen. R. B. Shepherd, Skowhegan; Colonel Zemro A. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.; Major Fred C. Low, Gloucester, Mass. Captain H. H. Shaw, chairman of the monument committee, in his report stated that the First Maine Heavy Artillery monument had been completed and set up on the O. P. Hare field near Petersburg, Va., the site of the monstrous loss of the regiment June 18, 1864. A large painting of the monument and battlefield, which he had prepared, was exhibited, and gave an excellent idea of the monument and surroundings.

On motion of Comrade L. K. Marston, of Boston, it was voted to dedicate the monument after the close of the national encampment at Pittsburg, Pa., and the following comrades were appointed to make all necessary arrangements for the excursion to Petersburg, Va., and the dedication: A. C. Sawyer, Bangor; A. P. Eastman, Washington, D. C.; I. J. Dunham, Boston; F. R. Knowlton, West Acton, Mass., and L. K. Marston,

Boston. The monument committee were instructed to tender the monument and lot to the state of Maine in trust. A letter from Colonel Z. A. Smith was read; also, a telegram from Lieutenant Heman P. Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Comrade W. W. Warren of Dover extended an invitation to the association to meet at the village of Dover and Foxcroft next year, and the invitation was accepted. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—C. J. House, Augusta.

Vice presidents—A. C. Sawyer and C. V. Crossman, Bangor.

Secretary and treasurer—H. E. Sellers, Bangor.

Directors—H. H. Shaw, Portland; A. W. Chapin, Monson; W. W. Warren, Dover; Stephen S. Sawyer, Brewer; Rufus P. Peakes, Bangor.

Auditor—Albert White, Orono.

Caterer Lew Hathorn was on hand at the A. O. U. W. hall on Maine street, with one of his best dinners, but as a social gathering it was a failure on account of the smallness of the hall, which seated only eighty-seven, while there were over one hundred and fifty comrades present and probably as many ladies. It was one o'clock when the dinner hour was announced, and as many had partaken of an early breakfast, the tables were at once filled; the less fortunate scattered through the city and got their dinners as best they could.

Among the older members present were William Goodale of St. Albans, age 82, Company G; John

Hurd, Carmel, age 76, Company F; John McLaughlin, Castine, age 72, Company G; John P. Roberts of Castle Hill, age 67, Company E, drove through with a team, bringing his wife.

There were fourteen commissioned officers present and about one hundred and fifty enlisted men. The following are those who had held commissions in the regiment: General Charles Hamlin, Bangor; Colonel C. V. Crossman, Bangor; Major C. J. House, Augusta; Captain F. A. Cummings, Bangor; Captain H. H. Shaw, Portland; Captain G. R. Fernald, Wilton; Lieutenant H. E. Sellers, Bangor; Lieutenant John A. Lancy, Malden, Mass.; Lieutenant S. S. Woodcock, Wellington, Kansas; Lieutenant I. J. Dunham, Boston; Lieutenant E. S. Wardwell, Bangor; Lieutenant S. G. Waldron, Bangor; Lieutenant R. V. Moore, Old Town; Lieutenant Miles McKenney, Levant.

Requests were made that each company prepare and hand in a list of all members present, but as only a few companies reported, a full list of the comrades cannot be given.

THE NINETEENTH MAINE INFANTRY ASSOCIATION.

The Nineteenth Maine regiment held its reunion at Bath, Maine, Aug. 23, 1894.

Unusual interest was manifested in this gathering at Bath, the city in which the regiment was mustered into the United States service in

1862, and left the city two days after. The veterans began to arrive in the early part of the day in large numbers; salutations and hearty greetings were shown by the boys who had not seen each other for many years.

Dinner was furnished by the good people of Bath at Music hall. The ladies of the Sedgwick Relief Corps waited upon the tables.

At two p. m. the regiment met at City hall for business, J. W. Winter, of Bath, acting president. Records of last meeting read and approved. A committee of three were appointed to receive report of deaths for the past year and to make and forward appropriate resolutions. The committee were, Silas Adams, Waterville; A. E. Nickerson, Swanville; J. L. Merricks, Waterville. Received invitation from Comrade S. J. Gallagher tendering use of the Fourteenth Maine building on Long Island, Portland harbor, for our reunion in 1895. Received invitation from Knox Post, Lewiston, to meet there in 1895, which the association voted to accept.

Committee on Roster, one for each company, were appointed, who reported as follows: Co. A, 8; B, 10; C, 11; D, 7; E, 11; F, 23; G, 15; H, 11; I, 5; K, 13. Field and staff, 10; honorary members, 6; total, 130. Comrade Albert Hunter, Clinton; Daniel B. Hanson, Pittston, and J. P. Furber of Clinton, were appointed as committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and they made the

following report: President, Philip P. Getchell, Lewiston; first vice-president, J. A. Seavey, Searsport; second vice-president, D. B. Hanson, Pittston; secretary, Silas Adams, Waterville; Chaplain, F. P. Furber, Clinton; historian, W. A. Wood, Bowdoinham; orator, F. D. Sewall, Bath; ex-com., A. D. Hoxie, Lewiston. S. H. Bagley, Lewiston; T. H. Kimball, Lewiston; Comrade Silas Adams, of Waterville, made remarks in relation to having a history of the regiment written, while some were alive, and that an immediate action be had. Colonel Sewall, of Bath, and General Cilley, of Rockland, supported the suggestion, and the association voted to appoint a committee of six, as follows: C. E. Nash, Augusta; F. D. Sewall, Bath; Silas Adams, Waterville; J. L. Brown, Bowdoinham; G. L. Whitmore, Bowdoinham; Alfred Stinson, Searsport; to devise plans and take such steps as necessary to prosecute the work.

The regiment formed and marched to the old camp grounds, where they organized thirty-two years before, and it was a rich pleasure to once more be upon that "Old Camp Ground," standing there as old men, contrasting their former position as volunteers and boys. Dress parade was held on the old color line, Colonel Sewall being in his original position as field officer, and Colonel Fogler acting as adjutant.

Supper was served at six p. m. at Music hall. The veterans again

met at City hall at eight p. m., and were called to order by Colonel Sewall, who introduced J. W. Wakefield, mayor of Bath, and formerly quartermaster of the regiment, to preside. Prayer was offered by Rev. William Westhaven. Mayor Wakefield gave the following address of welcome:

"When invited by your committee to preside at this meeting, I accepted with mingled feelings of sadness and pleasure. Sad because my mind went back thirty-two years ago, when your regiment left this city for the seat of war: one thousand strong of the noblest and best of our state, I recalled the fact that the regiment was composed of men of all branches of industry, from the office, the bench, the workshop, and the field. I recalled the regiment as it entered upon its duties in the field, where the stern realities of the deadly conflict confronted you. I recalled the severity of the march, the hardships of the picket line, and the terrible result of the conflict when army met army, and the hundreds upon hundreds who offered upon the altar of their country everything that was sacred, and crowned their sublime offer by as sublime a death.

"Feelings of pleasure, because it gave me an opportunity of meeting once more comrades, taking them by the hand and hearing them talk over the old war stories of thirty years ago. Pleasure, yes, and honor, a great honor, to preside over a meeting composed wholly of

veterans who did so much that the nation might live.

“Comrades,—we read in the old familiar story that one day in the Roman forum, the earth opened and a great gulf yawned in the very midst. The augurs said that this gulf would never close its horrid mouth until it had been fed with the most precious thing in Rome. There was doubt as to what the most precious thing might be, when a young soldier, armed and mounted, rode boldly forward and plunged into the chasm, declaring that there could be nothing so precious as life given for one’s country.

“One day, in our land stretching from ocean to desert, a great gulf yawned, dividing in twain the very nation itself.

“Into this widening chasm we have cast our most precious possessions—the youth, the strength, the talent, the virtue, the patriotism of the land.

“Life was as dear to them as to others, death not more welcome, but life must end and death must come, and they sang the song of the old hero, ‘Who kept the bridge so well.’

“The gulf is closed, but absent ones and maimed veterans remind us how imminent the danger and how great the sacrifice.

“When that grand old patriot, Abraham Lincoln, issued a call to defend the honor and integrity of the nation and to preserve its unity, the nation had prospered in peace and plenty so long, that we had given no thought to war, and much

less of its sad consequences, and were poorly prepared to meet an opposing enemy. But when our flag was fired upon, it touched the hearts of our people, and their patriotism was aroused as it never was before, and armies, navies, and treasure were abundant, and the love of country speedily disciplined green troops.

“We can never chant in too lofty strains the praises of those who saved the nation.

“No body of men were ever more unselfish—more truly patriotic—more actuated by noble motives—less goaded by ambition—less deluded by the phantom of glory. Glory! why here in our very midst sit heroes, and in the cemeteries, all over the land, lie beneath the sod, martyrs, whose deeds were as noble, whose places are as hard to fill, and for whom as many tear-drops fall, as for any whose titles are cast in enduring bronze or sculptured marble.

“You meet to-day representatives of a mere fragment of a noble regiment. The rest are gone forever. For what did they die? That the union of these states, established by our fathers and consecrated by the blood of our brothers and sons, should never be broken or destroyed; that the constitution, the bulwark of our liberties, might be preserved; that the national banner, the symbol of our origin and growth, should never be trailed in the dust, but should float forever. Towns, cities, and states, and the nation may erect monuments to

commemorate their greatness, but in time they will crumble and perish, but the monument erected by their own hands, the foundations of which rest in every state and territory of this vast country, will never be destroyed, but forever stand to commemorate their greatness as soldiers and American citizens."

Mayor Wakefield's remarks were loudly applauded. Then came singing by the quartette, which was encored.

Major Rowell, of Hallowell, was then called upon. Among other things, he said how pleasant it was to attend the reunion of the Nineteenth Maine here in Bath. We are all boys, but in looking over the audience to-day we notice gray hairs, bald heads shining bright and beautiful. The contrast comes up—are these the same men? Comrades, it seems a dream. You went out with hope and ambition, and sometimes I think the rebels would not have gone down if it had not been for the Nineteenth Maine. You can recall the days and feel you are instrumental in carrying out the principles you are willing to die by. How many in prisons and hospitals have given up their lives! They are gone, but not lost; there is no death. Now about paying pensions to our boys. What sort of a country would this be if it had not been for our boys?

At Richmond I mingled with many Confederate officers. There they were, without property, and honor lost to a certain extent. I

thought of their money as worthless as paper rags, and thought of us at Washington if it had been the other way. The major spoke of the Ladies Relief Corps, and in closing said he hoped all would be spared for the next reunion.

A poem written by Mattie Baker Dunn, entitled "Song of the Nineteenth Maine," was read by Miss Blanche Harrington in a way that brought loud applause.

A SONG FOR THE NINETEENTH
MAINE.

BY MATTIE BAKER DUNN.

A band of veterans met once more
In the dusk of a January night,
To sing one song for the days of yore,
A song of valor, and battle, and
might.

A song for the flag and the bugle-call,
A song for the camp and the march-
ing feet,
A song for the whiz of the minie-ball,
For the rattling charge, and the wild
retreat;

For the beating heart, and the throbbing
breath,
For ties of comrades, for joy, for pain,
A song for life and a song for death,
And just one song for the Nineteenth
Maine.

For the Nineteenth Maine, who went to
hell,
To hell for six long hours, as they lay
Only a target for shot and shell,
At Gettysburg on the second day.

Over them Humphrey's wild retreat
Poured like the burst of a sudden
storm,
A tide of hurried, unheeding feet
That paused not for any prostrate
form.

Humphrey, himself, on foot, went by,
Driven, dismounted, forced to the
rear;

“The fight is lost!” was the breathless
cry,
But the Nineteenth Maine refused to
hear.

Trampled on, torn by the bursting shell,
Waiting for orders or death, they lay
In that open field, with its fire of hell,
At Gettysburg, on the second day.

Back and forth by his prostrate ranks,
Quiet and calm as at dress parade,
Walked the colonel: little thanks
Would he give the coward who
seemed afraid!

He steadied his men: he held them
back;
With a steadfast eye, and a courage
fine.

He watched for the moment of attack,
For the weakest point in the rebel
line:

And the moment came: when the col-
onel said:
“Up, boys, and at ‘em!” the Nine-
teenth Maine

Uprose like the swell of an autumn tide,
And chased the gray-coats across the
plain.

They drove them like leaves by the
wild winds tossed,
They charged them, fought them, held
them at bay,
They took back the guns that Hum-
phrey lost
At Gettysburg on the second day:

They forced the rebels to waver and
yield,
Then followed them faster with might
and main,
One hundred heroes they left on the
field,
One hundred men of the Nineteenth
Maine.

Dusk found them within the rebel line,
Rebels around them fast arrayed
— Caught like a rat in a trap, in fine—
Ah! but the colonel was not dis-
mayed;

Covered by darkness he called his men,
To chosen companies gave each gun,
Hauled by the drag-ropes alone; and
then,
Covered by darkness, he bade them
run.

Bump and thump went the dragging
guns,
Whiz! went the bullets overhead,
“Forward!” the order: each man runs
Over the faces of the dead;

Runs through the dusk like a flying
wraith:
So came the gallant Nineteenth
Maine,
Every gun and caisson safe.
Back to the Union lines again.

Oh! how they greeted them! arms
entwine,
They hugged them, they cheered
them, all made way
For the boys who had broken the rebel
line
At Gettysburg on the second day:

Oh! a song for the fighting days gone by,
A song for the bullets whizzing rain,
For the colonel’s courage, and steady eye,
And just one song for the Nineteenth
Maine!

A song for the flag, and the marching
feet
That poured through the land like a
ceaseless tide.
A song for the memories lost and sweet,
For the men who lived and the men
who died!

A song for the brave Grand Army
Corps,
The army of veterans growing old,
Who march in the nation’s ranks no
more,
The tale of whose deeds is a tale long
told!

A song for each priceless, unnamed
mound
Sown thick over southern plain and
hill,

A song for a nation's holy ground,
 A song for the brave hearts beating
 still!

For the free land saved for you and me,
 - Ring out the song like a grand
 huzza,
 For the heroes who suffered to make us
 free,
 For the living and dead of the G. A. R.!

Then General F. D. Sewall, of Washington, D. C., was introduced. General Sewall's remarks were intensely interesting.

Among other things he said: "I count this as a memorable day in my life. It is a pleasure to meet the soldiers of the Nineteenth Maine and a double pleasure to meet them on the ground where they gave their allegiance to the government."

The General then told a little story about two men named Bill and Jim who had been engaged in a heavy battle. Jim said, "You were almost frightened to death yesterday: you looked as white as a flag of truce." "Yes," Bill replied, "and if you were half as frightened as I was, you would be two miles to the rear."

"And it is just the same with me to-night," said the General, after the laughter had subsided. "But I am afraid to run away from the Nineteenth Maine. Those times come back as fresh as yesterday. I remember the young and hardy men in line, the streets crowded with mothers, wives, and sisters, and the 'God bless you' they gave to us. Never was there in history of any country any more loyal devotion. You went out for a noble cause: to defend your flag. For

this the citizens should honor you to-day. I doubt if any citizens would give you a warmer welcome than the citizens of Bath. In regard to pensions. Some men are paid pensions that are perhaps not deserving. Better to pay to ten who have not fairly earned it than to let one soldier suffer. You have saved billions of property that would pay your pensions one hundred times over."

Colonel Fogler of Rockland said: "Comrades, when I say I am glad to meet you, I am putting it very mildly. I see upon your faces the imprint of loyalty. You are to me the same boys who growled about your grub by day, and ran guard and flirted with the girls at night. Your memory not only holds its own, but is strengthened. You can remember more. Things take a grander look as we grow older. Keep right on telling your exploits, and if they don't believe it send them to me.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the city of Bath, I am pleased and gratified to meet you again in this good and loyal city. We came here thirty-two years ago, one thousand strong, and passed a month in your beautiful city. When we left we knew we had the prayers of the people."

General Cilley referred to the Nineteenth Maine as universally known as a good regiment, using that term to mean par excellence, that the term "good" might also be applied in a theological sense, for to-day the presiding officer of the

association, who might be glorious summer instead of Winter, had approached the speaker and remarked that Mr. Winter well remembered him, for at one time he was a member of a Sabbath-school class taught by Mr. Winter at the Old South church in Bath. Reasoning from this, and the good name of the regiment, the speaker fully believed all the members of the Nineteenth Maine were all Sunday-school teachers, and the people of Bath evidently believed the same for they had given the regiment full liberty of the police station with all its accessories.

Dwelling longer on the Biblical idea, he referred to Jerusalem as beautiful for situation, and this quality showed clearly in the history of the Nineteenth Maine, for it occupied the happiest and most beautiful situation at Bristow Station, and the proudest and most beautiful place at Gettysburg, and with picturesque High Bridge near Farmville in flames, captured the small bridge beneath with the wounding of its colonel, Starbird, and at Appomattox near at hand, closed the retreat while the Fifth, Twenty-fourth, and the colored division of the Twenty-fifth corps, with the cavalry, barred the further advance of the rebel army. Such a history should be preserved.

Referring to regimental histories, he would say that, attracted by the beauty of the Bath Public Library building, he had entered its portals and while admiring the collection

of books, asked the librarian if any history of a Maine regiment was owned by the library. The reply was "None," but after a moment a correction was made and the volume containing the history of the Fifteenth Maine, presented to the library by the historian, Major Shorey, once a resident of Bath, was found. In that library were sixteen volumes of histories of Napoleon, yet only one of a Maine regiment. In that library were twenty-eight volumes of Dean Swift's works and not a single book or pamphlet containing any reunion of any Maine regiment. Its shelves contained the adventures of Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones. It presented to its readers John S. Mosby's works, and Alexander Stevens's rebellion accounts, but not an account of any of the reunions or meetings of the Maine regiment and only one history of a Maine regiment.

At the close the following resolutions were adopted :

Resolved, That to the ladies of Sedgwick Relief Corps, for their kind efforts for our comfort, we return our heartfelt thanks. To Miss Harrington, who pleased us so much by her rendering of Mrs. Mattie Baker Dunn's poem, we extend our warmest appreciation. For the Bath quartette we shall always have the kindest remembrance for their beautiful music on this occasion.

Resolved, That the Nineteenth Maine Regimental Association, in reunion assembled, does most heartily extend its thanks to the citizens of Bath, to our old comrade, Mayor Wakefield, and to all of our comrades who have done so much to make our reunion a success.

FIELD AND STAFF.

Colonel F. D. Sewall, Bath; Colonel W. H. Fogler, Rockland; Major D. E. Parsons, Oakland; Quartermaster J. W. Wakefield, Bath; Quartermaster Albert Hunter, Clinton; Sergeant-Major W. A. Wood, Bowdoinham; Quartermaster-Sergeant D. B. Hanson, Pittston; Commissary Sergeant J. W. Winter, Bath; Drum Major J. L. Brown, Bowdoinham.

Company A—Samuel Jordan, Hallowell; G. R. Ridley, Richmond; E. H. Smith, Richmond; T. J. Ganbert, Richmond; C. E. Tallman, Richmond; A. E. Williams, Boston, Mass.; W. F. Beedle, South Gardiner; Samuel Leavitt, Richmond.

Company B—T. F. Young, Lincolnville; I. H. Cross, Lincolnville; William Clements, Swanville; A. H. Ellis, Swanville; A. E. Nickerson, Swanville; L. D. Cilley, Brooks; J. Batchelder, Brooks; William Briggs, Munroe; E. S. Batchelder, Garland; Ed. Smith, Newburg Village.

Company C—Leonard Perry, Bath; N. B. Harlow, East Peru; G. A. Osborn, Waterville; G. L. Whitmore, Bowdoinham; G. F. Tarbell, Benton; Richard Whitten, Unity; R. R. Webb, Unity; Frank Buzzell, China; John Spaulding, Benton; S. H. Bayley, Lewiston; J. L. Merricks, Waterville; Henry Judkins, Pittsfield.

Company D—Levi M. Poor, Augusta; J. W. White, Bangor; J. N. Cunningham, Waldo; J. W. Webber, Lisbon Falls; G. S. Donnell, Bath; R. Woodbury, Belfast.

Company E—Captain Nehemiah Smart, Farmington; Lieutenant A. E. Nickerson, Swanville; Geo. L. Merrill, Dixfield; J. B. Campbell, Lawrence, Mass.; James A. Colson, Searsport; Herbert T. Scribner, Searsport; E. D.

Wharff, W. Gardiner; Parish L. Strout, Belfast; John Baker, Newburg Corner; I. C. Spaulding, Richmond.

Company F—Silas Adams, Waterville; Philip P. Getchell, Lewiston; Wm. Stackpole, Hallowell; Geo. O. White, Montville; C. I. Burke, Sabattus; E. P. White, Monmouth; W. H. Lemont, Bath; George Ward, Richmond Corner; C. W. Purington, Bath; R. A. Wentworth, Hallowell; R. Maxwell, Litchfield Corner; Anson Turner, Litchfield Corner; George Durgin, Cambridge; J. H. Bowie, Litchfield Corner; John Davis, Bowdoinham; Alonzo Durgin, Bowdoinham; Henry Williams, Bowdoinham; Alonzo Starbird, Richmond Corner; Philip Foster, Bowdoinham; R. A. Wentworth, Hallowell; Ed. Cunningham, Monmouth.

Company H—F. P. Furber, Clinton; R. M. Estes, Boston; Fred L. Wells, Togus; Charles T. Whitten, West New Portland; D. B. Abbott, Clinton; William Leonard, Albion; Jackson Clayford, Oakland; James Phillips, Holyoke, Mass.; Albert Hunter, Clinton; Charles W. James, Dresden.

Company G—O. P. Smart, Augusta; A. Haskell, Augusta; Andrew Dane, Livermore Falls; E. Lee, Malden, Mass.; Warren Harlow, Peaks Island; A. Call, Gardiner; William Tobey, Randolph; Frank Robbins, China; Frank Cowell, Lowell, Mass.; B. Hanson, Vassalboro; Amos Jones, China; Benjamin Moody, China; T. H. Kimball, Lewiston; H. Haskell, China; Gardner Keen, Augusta.

Company I—W. S. Vinal, Vinal Haven; C. B. Vinal, Vinal Haven; R. H. Cary, Rockport; A. B. Oxtun, West Rockport; John A. Cables, Rockland.

Company K—E. T. Mitchell, Bath; James H. Knight, Richmond; William

F. Willis, Phippsburg; Addison Sawyer, Bath; William R. Lowell, Woodfords; Melvin Holbrook, Bath; Charles H. Bowker, Phippsburg; E. J. Campbell, Riggsville; Thomas Oliver, Bath; E. T. Curtis, Bath; William McKenney, Westport; D. B. Hanson, Pittston; Henry Elliott, Bath.

Honorary Members—Seth T. Snipe, Bath; E. Rowell, Hallowell; E. O. Fisher, Bowdoinham; A. Cutler, Bowdoinham; R. Warren, Bowdoinham; W. H. Given, Bowdoinham.

TWENTIETH MAINE INFANTRY RE-UNION.

The Twentieth Maine Volunteers observed the thirty-second anniversary of their muster into the service of the United States, August 29, 1862, at Cushing Island, 1894.

It was one of the most distinguished of the many noble regiments which Maine furnished for the Northern armies, and as soon as it landed in Maryland in the dark days of 1862, hurried to the front by forced marches in time to take part in the Battle of Antietam when General McClellan was commander-in-chief.

In 1863, under command of the gallant General Chamberlain, the Twentieth Maine were the heroes of Little Round Top in the terrible three days' struggle between the Army of the Potomac and the Army of Northern Virginia,—which was the great pivotal battle of the war.

In 1865, at Appomatox, the division commanded by General Chamberlain, of which his old regiment, the Twentieth Maine, was a promi-

nent part, had the distinguished honor of being selected by General Grant to receive the surrender of General Lee, and the principal army of the Southern Confederacy, which virtually closed the war.

The steamer *Forest City* which transported to the lovely Cushing's Island the first delegation of the veterans at 2:15 o'clock, floated from its bow and stern flag staffs the colors of the grand old fighting Fifth Corps,—the red Maltese cross upon a white ground work.

The survivors of the Twentieth Maine regiment who arrived by this boat, and others who had previously landed, were soon in comfortable quarters at the Ottawa house. After a comforting lunch, the party took a stroll about the island which of itself is well worth a visit. Dinner was served at 7 o'clock, after which the veterans, with ladies and other guests, assembled in Music hall for the annual meeting.

Major Holman S. Melcher, president of the association, presided with his usual grace and dignity.

“Joe” Tyler then stirred the souls of the veterans with the familiar call, “Dan, Dan, Dan, Butterfield!”

The president opened the meeting with brief but appropriate remarks, and called upon Comrade Theodore Gerrish, who invoked the divine blessing.

The president stated that it was our pleasure to have present a member of the Thirty-Sixth Massachusetts, which regiment went from

Boston to Alexandria on the steamer *Merrimac* thirty-two years ago, and introduced Major H. S. Burrage, editor of *Zion's Advocate*, Portland. Major Burrage responded in a very happy manner.

He was followed by Captain George W. Verrill, of Portland, president of the Seventeenth Maine association, as a representative of the regiment which returned to Portland with the Twentieth at the close of the war. Captain Verrill's remarks were to the point and were received with applause.

The bugle call was again sounded, followed by remarks from Captain J. C. Rundlett introducing a rifle which had served on both sides during the war.

The secretary read letters from General Adelbert Ames and Major J. F. Land, and expressed General Ellis Spear's regrets that, being suddenly called to Washington, he was unable to be present.

Interesting and stirring speeches followed from George S. Rowell, of the *Portland Advertiser*, himself a veteran and a son of a veteran, General J. P. Cilley, of the First Maine Cavalry, E. P. Merrill, of the First Maine Cavalry, and others.

Samuel L. Miller, secretary of the association, then read a poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Sarah A. Martin, of Foxcroft, state vice-president of the Woman's State Relief Corps of Maine. The poem was as follows:

To the Twentieth Maine on the thirty-second anniversary of "Mustering-in":

There were grand, brave hearts in that
distant time,
In the days of the old crusade,
Who marched 'neath the folds of the
Maltese cross
To the tomb where the Lord was laid,
How they fought, how they fell, con-
quered and died,
In the land of the Saracen foe,
Has in story been told, in song been
sung,
Since those days of the long ago.

But I sing to-night of a nobler band;
In our nation's struggle and pain
They fought not for fame, but for
native land,
'Tis the brave old Twentieth Maine!
The years have gone by since you must-
ered in,—
You number them thirty and two,
As you meet to-night 'neath the Maltese
cross
And the folds of the "red, white, and
blue."

You miss them to-night, those comrades
of old,
Whose elbows touched elbow with
you:
From Antietam to Appomattox they
lie,—
The boys in the brave army blue,
Petersburg claims them, and Chancel-
lorsville:
Five Forks holds its share of your
loss:
At Laurel Hill, Weldon, and Peebles
they rest,
Who fell 'neath the Red Maltese
cross.

North Anna runs softly and murmurs
its tale,
On her banks they are sleeping, I
ween:
And for those who fell in the thick of
the fight,
In the Wilderness blossoms more
green,
Fredericksburg claims them, and lone
Hatcher's Run,
Where they fell 'neath the leaden
rain,

And Gettysburg's height is dotted with
 graves
 Of the gallant old Twentieth Maine.

And, Ah, Little Round Top! There
 'bove the clouds,

You fought in the light of the sun,
 'Neath the stars and stripes and the
 Red Maltese cross,

And a glorious victory won,
 When the battle of life is finished at
 length,

And ended each gain and each loss
 May you conquer at last through the
 glorious Son,

In the hallowed sign of the cross.

The poem was received with
 applause.

The report of the secretary and
 treasurer was read and accepted.

A contribution to replenish the
 treasury was taken. Amount of
 contribution, \$21.33.

On motion of Comrade J. C.
 Rundlett a committee of three, J. C.
 Rundlett, E. S. Coan, and F. M.
 Rogers, were appointed to nominate
 a board of officers. The commit-
 tee reported as follows:

For president, H. S. Melcher,
 Portland; vice-president, Reuel
 Thomas, North Cambridge; secre-
 tary and treasurer, S. L. Miller,
 Waldoboro.

The report was accepted and they
 were unanimously elected.

The new vice-president being
 called upon responded with a very
 happy speech, in which he highly
 complimented the "girls" as he
 termed the ladies present.

He was followed by Comrades
 E. S. Coan, O. P. Martin, J. E.
 DeWitt.

Voted, That a reunion of the
 association be held in 1895 at such

time and place as the board of offi-
 cers, who constitute the executive
 committee, may deem best.

The meeting was then closed by
 singing America.

There were present:

H. S. and Mrs. Melcher, Portland;
 Charles Powers, North Leominster,
 Mass.; H. M. Adams, Hodgdon,
 Me.; Theodore and Mrs. Gerrish,
 Master George Gerrish, Portland;
 A. C. Muncy, Livermore Falls;
 J. C. and Mrs. Rundlett, Portland;
 James R. Martin, Foxcroft; O. P.
 Martin, Foxcroft; J. E. DeWitt,
 Natick, Mass.; Charles R. Shorey,
 Waterville; L. F. Farris, Lowell,
 Mass.; John S. Parker, St. Albans,
 A. P. and Mrs. Bateman, Lowell,
 Mass.; E. S. Coan, Auburn; E.
 S. Coan, Auburn; E. P. Merrill,
 Portland; Wm. H. Stahl, North
 Waldoboro; J. W. Morris, West-
 brook; F. M. Rogers, Melrose,
 Mass.; J. H. and Mrs. Stanwood,
 Waldoboro; A. J. and Mrs. Tozier,
 Litchfield; Reuel and Mrs. Thomas
 North Cambridge, Mass.; Geo.
 L. Witham, Southport; Sulli-
 van Johnson, St. Albans; S. A.
 Bennett, Norway; W. H. True,
 Portland; A. O. Shaw, Portland;
 P. S. and Mrs. Graham, Cumber-
 land Mills; A. B. Latham, Auburn;
 F. L. Hummewell, Portland; Chas.
 Cook, Portland; W. G. Robinson,
 Hyannis, Mass.; L. P. and Mrs.
 True, Yarmouth; S. L. and Mrs.
 Field, Portland; S. B. Libby,
 Durham; J. E. Bennett, Foxcroft;
 C. T. Buck, Snow Falls; Moses
 Verrill, Buckfield; P. M. Morgan,
 Gorham; Wm. K. Bickford, Nor-

way: Joseph Tyler, Portland; A. E. McLaughlin, Roxbury, Mass.; S. L. Miller, Waldoboro; G. W. Bowman, Orleans, Mass.

Thursday forenoon the entire party took steamer for Peak's island, where they met with a warm reception from the veterans of the Eighth Maine then holding a reunion at their association building. After a very pleasant hour with the comrades of the Eighth they visited the building and war museum of the Fifth Maine. On the return passage to Portland the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this association be extended to the comrades of the Eighth Maine for the cordial and hearty reception given to us this morning on our visit to their association building at Peak's island.

Resolved, That the thanks of the association also be extended to the Fifth Maine association for the pleasure afforded by a visit to their building and war museum.

It was also decided without the formality of a vote that the reunion had been a great success, very enjoyable to all who participated.

REUNION OF COMPANY I, TWENTY-FIRST MAINE INFANTRY.

Saturday, October 27, the members of Company I, Twenty-First Maine Regiment, met at Sewell York's hall, Damariscotta Mills. This was the first reunion of the company, and after cordial greeting among the comrades of thirty years ago the roll was called. It seemed

only the proper thing for the boys to fall into line as of old at the command of Sergeant Huffman. After dinner and cigars the meeting was called to order by Comrade H. E. Webster, late of Company B, Twenty-First Maine, for the purpose of organizing an association. The following officers were elected: President, J. E. Nichols, of Round Pond; Comrade Nichols accepted the office with some appropriate and patriotic remarks; secretary and treasurer, William Nash, Portland; first vice-president, J. B. Merrill, Damariscotta Mills; second vice-president, Charles E. Baker, Brunswick; third vice-president, Joseph W. Bryant, Bremen; committee of correspondence, Sewell P. York, Damariscotta Mills; Augustus M. Sproul, Round Pond; Thomas N. Ayer, Ana; Samuel Hoffman, Damariscotta. Voted, that the date of the next reunion be left to the president and vice-presidents. A roll of the company taken by Sergeant John F. Hodgkins while in the service was reviewed. There were eighty-nine names on the roll, of which twenty-one were present and twenty-eight were known to be dead. Following are the names of those present: Thomas Arnold, Ozro C. Bryant, Charles E. Baker, Joseph W. Bryant, Orren Carter, John L. Flint, H. E. Webster, John Gondy, Samuel Hoffman, John F. Hodgkins, John B. Merrill, J. E. Nichols, William Nash, George W. Prentiss, Jacob Rankin, Augustus M. Sproul, Ephraim Stevens, David P. Sproul,



JOHN O. BRACKETT, Major,
Twenty Second Maine Infantry. Died, April 3, 1871

Gardiner Waltz, John Waltz, S. P. York. Letters were read from comrades Captain Andrew J. Erskine, of Rockland, and Samuel T. Reed, of Massachusetts, who were unable to be present. A vote of thanks was passed to the comrades and their ladies of Damariscotta Mills for the excellent dinner and refreshments provided in Temple hall.

THE REUNION OF THE TWENTY-
SECOND MAINE INFANTRY
ASSOCIATION.

August 14, 1894, was a gala day at Dover, the occasion being the annual reunion of the Twenty-Second regiment of Maine Volunteers serving in the War of the Rebellion with the Army of the Gulf. The hall was magnificently decorated with the national colors and perhaps the finest floral display ever seen on the platform, where elegant exhibits of bright flowers are common. For this, great credit is due Mrs. Frances Smith, whose taste in selection and arrangement was given ample scope.

The morning hour was given up to the cordial greeting of comrades. On coming to order under the official organization of last year, the president, Lieutenant T. J. Peaks, of Company E, presided, and prayer was offered by Chaplain F. H. Dyer. Colonel Jerrard was received by the comrades with the heartiest of cheers and a most cordial welcome, showing the great respect and love for him. President Peaks detailed Comrade A. P. Smith of Company C, to assist the secretary

in his duties. Reports of treasurer and secretary read and approved. Bills for printing roster, and circulars, and postage were presented and accepted, and a collection was taken for the purpose of paying for them. General Gallagher escorted Mrs. Brackett and Mrs. Flagg to the front of the hall, and the comrades came forward and gave them a friendly greeting. Voted that the president appoint a committee of three to present the names of officers for the ensuing year and the president appointed General S. J. Gallagher, Colonel N. C. Stowe, and Sergeant Edwin Lambert. Committee reported as follows: For president, General S. J. Gallagher, Augusta; vice presidents, Colonel S. G. Jerrard, Levant; Major R. G. Rollins, Bangor; Colonel Jasper Hutchins, Brewer; secretary, Frank H. Jewell, Herman Center; treasurer, Melville Walker, Hampden; chaplain, F. H. Dyer, Charleston; executive committee, D. H. Robinson, Garland; Elon R. Cousins, Eddington; John D. Pease, East Corinna. The comrades selected by the committee were elected by the association. Dinner was served at 1 o'clock, and business resumed at 1:30. President Gallagher presiding, who announced the names of the following comrades as corresponding secretaries from each company: Company A, Melville Walker, Hampden; Company B, George T. Rowe, Bangor; Company C, A. P. Smith, Newport; Company D, H. S. Grant, Winn; Company E, Samuel

Morrill, Dexter: Company F, D. M. Gardner, Calais: Company G, L. V. Towle, Fort Fairfield: Company H, Wm. F. Gile, East Corinth: Company I, Colonel N. C. Stowe, Dover: Company K, J. H. French, North Newport. Voted the matter of the time and place of next reunion be left to the officers of the association. The following comrades were reported as having died during the year: Captain James W. Williams, Company B; Alkins Ellis, Company G; and Franklin N. Miles. The president appointed as committee on resolutions, Colonel Hutchins, Captain Gilman, and Major Rollins. Comrade A. M. Warren, commander of G. A. R. post of Dover, then welcomed the survivors of the Twenty-Second to Dover and Foxcroft, to which address Chaplain F. H. Dyer happily responded. Here the veterans and audience rose to their feet and joined in singing that old war song that so often gave inspiration to the soldier in the dark days of '61-'65, and led him on to daring deeds, "Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again," with Miss Avis Mansfield leading at the organ. Mrs. Cora Hayden of Brockton, Mass., a daughter of Captain Archibald C. Lambert of So. Dover, read a patriotic selection in a most pleasing manner, eliciting at the close, enthusiastic applause. Many letters from absent comrades were presented and read, regretting their inability to be present, and expressing their good wishes. Some of these were from distant states,

Lieutenant O. B. Williams of Sanguerville, acting as toast master, announced numerous sentiments, to which responses were made by Colonel Hutchins, Colonel J. B. Peaks, of the First Maine Cavalry, Colonel Jerrard, Captain H. C. Vaughan, of the Fourteenth Maine, and after singing "Marching through Georgia," Captain T. J. Peaks, of Charleston, spoke to "The twin villages of Dover and Foxcroft," and Rev. J. H. Gurney responded to the toast "Our Honored Dead." Ex-Commander Wainright Cushing responded to the sentiment, "Our Absent Comrades," and also read several letters, some of them being of a humorous character: one from the White House in Washington informing Colonel N. Colby Stowe that he would not be removed from the office of postmaster of Dover before his term expires. All the addresses were appropriate, eloquent, and patriotic. The great treat of the day was a brief address by Mrs. Ella Jordan Mason, president of the Maine department of the Woman's National Relief Corps. Her earnest, eloquent words burn their way to the sternest hearts and leave an impress that cannot be effaced. While she was speaking tears coursed down the bronzed cheeks of strong men unused to the melting mood, as she appealed to the people in behalf of the old soldier and his life companion in need of a home in their old age.

A vote of thanks was extended to the citizens of Dover, Douty Post



SIMON G. JERRARD, Colonel,
Twenty-second Maine Infantry, Levant, Maine.

and Relief Corps for their courtesies and hospitality shown. The roll showed 89 members of the Twenty-Second regiment present and participating in the festivities of the day. Company I made the best showing in numbers present, there being 25 of its survivors in attendance. Among its officers present were its veteran commander, who marched at its head through the marshes and malaria of Louisiana, Colonel Simeon G. Jerard, Captain John T. Smith of Bangor, Captain Hutchins, Captain A. C. Lambert, and Lieutenant O. B. Williams. The Twenty-Second was mustered into the service Oct. 18, 1862, and left the state three days later, arriving in Washington Oct. 24, thence went by steamer to Newport News, Va., and thence by transports to Ship Island and subsequently passed up the Mississippi river to Baton Rouge, and bore its full share in storming and the final capture of Port Hudson. After serving its full term of nine months it returned home and was mustered out in Bangor, Aug. 14, 1863, with an excellent and honorable record.

REUNION OF COMPANY F, TWENTY-THIRD MAINE INFANTRY.

At the annual roll call of Company F, Twenty-Third Maine volunteers, at Bethel on August 30, 1894, twenty-two members answered in person and were sumptuously entertained by Lieutenant J. H. Barrows at G. A. R. hall. E. F. Gross of Lewiston was elected president of the association, and

Captain H. N. Bolster of Paris and O. B. Poor of Andover, vice-presidents; J. H. Barrows of Bethel, secretary, and E. F. Goss, treasurer. The company numbered 100 when enlisted, forty-two of whom were from Paris. There are now thirty-one known to be living. H. S. Tucker, now of Indianapolis, Ind., was but seventeen when he entered the service. Joseph Brown was the giant of the company, easily lifting 800 pounds; now he is a cripple, and has to be carried by his comrades in a chair at their reunions. He resides in Rumford, Me., and is seventy-six years old. A committee was chosen to arrange for an association of all the companies composing the regiment, and Captain H. N. Bolster is chairman.

SIXTH MAINE REUNION.

The fourteenth annual reunion of the Sixth Maine Veteran Association was holden in Machias, August 22 and 23, 1894. On arrival of the members and their ladies at their headquarters in G. A. R. hall, the executive committee assigned them to the houses of those who had extended to the committee the free use of bed and table for the occasion.

In almost every case the guest and host added a life-long friend to their list.

At ten a. m. President Wm. H. Lincoln called the meeting to order after the comrades had spent two hours in greeting each other and yet no sign of slacking up. The secretary read the records of the

last meeting, which were accepted. The treasurer's report was read and approved, showing balance in treasury, six dollars and forty-six cents, and all bills paid, including a fine badge for members and honorary members. Voted that the following committee be authorized to take into consideration a permanent badge for the association, with authority to arrange for and procure them for the next year: J. B. Neagle, W. Cushing, W. R. Blackman, said committee.

The following committee, A. B. Sumner, W. Cushing, B. A. Campbell, W. R. Blackman, H. A. Balcom, were appointed to nominate a board of officers for the ensuing year. They reported as follows:

President—B. A. Campbell, Pembroke.

Vice-Presidents—H. A. Balcom, Calais; E. T. Douglass, Dover; S. W. Wescott, Bluehill.

Secretary—James B. Neagle, Lubec.

Treasurer—R. D. Campbell, Pembroke.

All of whom were unanimously elected.

Again Comrade Cushing extended the invitation to the association to meet in Dover and Foxcroft next year, which was unanimously accepted, and the following executive committee were elected: W. Cushing, Foxcroft; Ira P. Wing, Monson; Geo. G. Downing, Dover; Elbridge T. Crocket, Foxcroft; L. H. Whitney, Guilford.

The meeting adjourned until two p. m., at which time the roll of

honor was called, and Edward Prescott, Howard McKusick, Levi Flood, and H. G. Balch reported as answered to final roll call on earth. A telegram was read from Governor Cleaves, regretting his inability to meet with the association. And letters were read from Father Lock of Chelsea, the poet of the army, and Harrison Hume, Robbinston; F. A. H. Stackpole, Kenduskeag; Wm. E. Leighton, Pembroke; John M. Rice, Houlton; Walter B. Jenness of Black Hawk, Colorado; R. S. Westbrook, secretary of Forty-Ninth Pennsylvania Association, Altoona, Pa.; Wm. H. Blood, Wetmore, Kansas; J. S. Reynolds, Spokane, Wash; H. E. Mathews and wife, San Francisco, Cal.; F. E. Boothby, Maine Central Railroad; E. Waldren, Boston; and last but not least, from A. P. Benner, Willimantic, Conn., enclosing a letter from Captain Edward Owen of the Washington Artillery, captured at Maryes Heights, Va., May 3, 1863. Captain Owen is secretary of the Confederate Veteran camp of New York, No. 98, 5th avenue.

For comrades on that beautiful Sabbath morning there were honors and opportunity enough for all and to spare, but if any failed to seek the prize at that time and rather choose to claim it at this late date, this letter may remind them they have not waited quite long enough. If they will put it off a few years longer their claims will pass undisputed by any who participated.

CONFEDERATE VETERAN,
 CAMP OF NEW YORK,
 HEADQUARTERS 98 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.,
 December 22, 1892.

A. P. BENNER, Esq., Willimantic, Conn.:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 21st inst. asking which troops were the first to gain Maryes Heights on May 3d, 1863, is at hand. That is really rather a difficult question to answer, for I well recollect that at about that time things were a little mixed. I know the 5th Wisconsin and the 6th Maine were both there, and I should imagine they got there about the same time. I know they were both there when I was captured with the 1st Co. Battalion, Washington Artillery, of N. O. on Maryes Heights. I was sent to Fredericksburg under guard of a 6th Maine man, and a good square fellow he was too.

Very fraternally,
 EDWARD OWEN,
 280 Broadway.

A true copy—J. B. N., Sec'y.

The following honorary members were elected: A. M. Warren and Amasa Gilman, Dover; B. F. Hamilton, Lubec.

The hat was placed on the altar, and the comrades contributed \$30.50 which, together with \$7.50 received by letters, was paid to Treasurer Campbell to defray the expense of our meeting.

The balance of the afternoon was spent socially, and at five p. m. the comrades and their ladies were invited by Bradbury Post and the Ladies' Relief Corps to join them in a banquet in Libby hall.

Thursday morning teams were furnished for all who wished, and proceeded to Roque Bluffs, at the entrance of Englishman river, where a day's outing was participated in; and a grand fish chow-

der and boiled lobsters were furnished in abundance, with basket picnic.

While driving down, some of our comrades who had forgotten the discipline of their earlier education in Maine, owing probably to their associations in other states, were found driving in a reckless manner, and a Drumhead court-martial was organized with the following result:

The culprit, Chief Wagoner Wm. R. Blackman, of Squires's Sausage factory of East Cambridge, Mass., appealed, and sentence compromised by prisoner furnishing cigars for the court.

After returning to town, arrangements were made for all who were to remain in town to meet at the G. A. R. hall and there spend the evening socially until time to start for the steamer Frank Jones and other ways of exit. An obituary was read on the death of H. G. Balch at Yountville, Cal. The evening was spent in conversation and music very pleasantly, and the following preamble and resolutions were presented and unanimously adopted:

Only one thing tempers our joy tonight and casts a shadow of sadness over this hour of gladness. It is the absence of our good comrade, John L. Pierce, to whom, as chairman of the executive committee, much credit is due in formulating the work of the committee, the execution of which has fallen on Comrade Raymond McCabe and others, therefore

Resolved, That we tender the thanks of the association to Comrades Pierce and McCabe, and others of the committee, for their untiring efforts for our comfort and pleasure.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt thanks to the ladies, and all citizens of Machias, who in many ways made our reunion an enjoyable one, and assure them that we go to our homes bearing pleasant memories of the occasion.

MEMBERS OF SIXTH MAINE PRESENT.

Alex. B. Sumner, James B. Neagle, Fred W. Morong, Lubec; Henry A. Balcom, Willard E. Gardner, Wm. N. Gower, Calais; James Hutchinson, Eastport; G. L. Harmon, Wm. H. McCabe, Stephen Hadley, C. A. Hadley, M. E. Thaxter, G. W. Campbell, John Perry, C. B. Wilder, Abner Foss, Raymond McCabe, Machias; B. A. Campbell, R. D. Campbell, Pembroke; Horatio N. James, John H. Annos, Charlotte; Wm. Shaw, Nelson C. Wallace, Milbridge; Henry Ricker, Auburn; James H. Dingee, Logan; Horace Hobbs, Rockland; Geo. W. Clay, S. W. Wescott, Bluehill; James Mooney, Princeton; Geo. F. Frost, E. L. Hitchings, Milltown; Ed K. Heath, Portland; D. Y. McFarland, Lamoine; L. H. Whittier, Guilford; Eben Kinsman, Calais; W. Cushing, Foxcroft; Enoch Gower, Jonesport; Edmond Bonsey, Solomon Kelliber, Ellsworth; Fonze G.

Leighton, Columbia; Peter G. Sumner, Amherst; Wm. H. Lincoln, Perry; S. S. Leighton, S. W. Tucker, Columbia; H. H. Bowles, Cherryfield; Westbrook Barry, George Allen, Machias; Frank Campbell, Cherryfield; John E. Stewart, Columbia; Eben S. Hayward, Ira McLaughlin, Wesley; A. V. Stevens, East Steuben; E. T. Douglass, Dover; William George, Augusta; John F. Stoddard, William Phipps, No. 14; Jere Hennessy, Wm. Allen, Whitneyville; Charles C. Frye, Wm. Vickery, Wm. Rushton; East Machias; Thatcher Vose, Robbinston; Harrison N. Elliot, Steuben; Isaac Gardner, Dennysville; Samuel G. Bryant, Portland; O. E. W. Hinkley, Oldtown; Andrew J. Dow, Roque Bluffs; Reuben Maker, Cutler; Andrew R. Gilson, Machias; Wm. R. Blackman, East Cambridge, Mass; Watts H. Bowker, Brookline.

HONORARY MEMBERS PRESENT.

A. M. Warren, George G. Downing, Amasa Gilman, Dover; W. C. Clay, Bluehill; John A. Davis, E. W. Brown, B. F. Hamilton, Lubec; William G. Harriman, Meddybemys; F. I. Campbell, Cherryfield; S. B. Hunter, Machias.

A VISIT TO THE BATTLE-FIELD OF DINWIDDIE COURT HOUSE.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES RELATING TO THAT BATTLE.

By Lieut. Jeff. L. Coburn,

COMPANY A, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

In response to a letter which appeared in the columns of the *Richmond Dispatch* of Richmond, Virginia, February 18, 1894, addressed to the ex-confederate soldiers of the old Army of Northern Virginia,

who took part in the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, Virginia; and especially to those who were engaged in that part of the field and battle known as the "Sunset Charge" of the confederates at

Chamberlain's Bed, March 31st, 1865; the writer received half a hundred or more communications from ex-confederate soldiers who participated in that charge, all of which were more or less descriptive of the incident referred to in the *Dispatch* article and contained very interesting information relative to the battle as well as to that of the following day at Five Forks. Many of these letters were written by men who have been familiar with the field since their childhood; and who fought in the confederate ranks that day at Chamberlain's Bed, and there probably never was written a more interesting or trustworthy account of that engagement than is contained in these letters, for the writers wielded impartial as well as able pens. The writer left Petersburg at eight o'clock a. m., March 31st, in company with B. D. Akers, late of the 19th, Virginia infantry, travelling by the old Boydton plank road and arriving at Dinwiddie Court House at 11:25 a. m., where he found quite a gathering of old confederates in anticipation of our coming. If the writer had had any misgivings as to his reception by the old soldiers of the confederacy they were soon happily dispelled, for it was not long before he felt more at home than was the case twenty-nine years before, just down under the hills a couple of miles away at Chamberlain's Bed. Nothing could have been more courteous or considerate than the greetings accorded to him, then and there, and to those who

have any doubts about it, the advice is hereby confidently given to "go and do likewise."

The old hamlet of Dinwiddie Court House, besides being the shire town of Dinwiddie county, has many things to recommend it to the lover of pastoral life. It has no rail connections, it is true, the nearest being at Ford's station, ten miles north-west on the line of the Norfolk & Western railroad, in war times known as the "South Side railroad" because all of Virginia south of the James river and east of the Blue Ridge was and is known as the "South Side." The city of Petersburg is situated in Dinwiddie county, fifteen miles to the north-east.

The sleepy old hamlet of Dinwiddie Court House is situated upon an elevated plateau, thus guaranteeing excellent sanitary conditions, especially pure water: besides, it enjoys a delightful climate the year round, and the writer would not emigrate far from Dinwiddie Court House if it were left for him to choose, for there one might enjoy a quiet, pleasant, restful life among a people who have no superiors in the world.

The cavalcade which moved on Chamberlain's Bed, or Run, at twelve o'clock that bright spring day, was a unanimous one if not exactly up to the standard that impelled it twenty-nine years before that hour. Passing out from the old hamlet along the Five Forks road for a short distance through the forest, we soon emerged into

the broad fields skirting the road on either side, so well remembered as the place where Sheridan's cavalry paraded at sunset to resist the advance of the enemy, as our brigade fell back before his fierce onslaught at Chamberlain's Bed.

A mile or more from the court house we left the Five Forks road, turning short to the left, westward upon the cross road leading down to Chamberlain's Bed. It was near this road, about thirty rods from the Five Forks road, that the writer saw General Sheridan for the first time. We were a party of laggards, the last men up, for we had brought Lieutenant Comins off the field, who had been mortally wounded at the time our regiment fell back from Chamberlain's Bed a mile or so to the westward. I will try to describe the situation at the time we reached the barricade in front of the guns, which had been hastily constructed with rails in anticipation of a cavalry charge by the enemy. The gunners were berating us roundly for delaying their fire and threatened to blow us all into "eternity come," with the yelling fiends behind us, Lieutenant Comins held upon Colonel Cillely's horse (the colonel had given up his horse to us and had come up on foot), with the blood dripping from his overflowed boot, the anxious looks of the gunners in front of us, not twenty feet away, the yelling charging devils behind us not twenty rods distant, while half a mile to the northwest, Pickett's legions were emerging from the

forest and cutting the Five Forks road. The oncoming ranks of blue from the direction of Dinwiddie Court House, the fitful flashes of musketry and artillery, the near approach of the combatants, the impending conflict, made more startling and impressive by the gathering twilight, all served to make up a scene that would immortalize the artist transmitting it to canvas, and what is more the confederate arms would surely have immortalized the Dinwiddie plateau itself, if the battle of Five Forks had been fought then and there: and from a confederate point of sight, it should have been fought, and could have been won at that hour with more chances of success at the outset than were presented at the first or second "Ball Run," "Chancellorsville," or the "Redemption of the Crater" at Petersburg. You ask for my reasons. Very well: there was a superior force on the confederate side, including Pickett's and Johnson's justly celebrated divisions of infantry (while Sheridan had not an infantryman within half a dozen miles), W. H. F. Lee's and Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry and two batteries of artillery; Sheridan had good cavalry it is true, but was not expected to win battles against infantry and cavalry combined as well as in superior force, although General Warren seemed to expect it, else why was the 5th corps not on the ground? It is simply rot to put forward the argument that infantry cannot march across country where cavalry can, when as a

matter of fact it is exactly the reverse, as any old campaigner knows. The ablest and the best of generals have upon rare occasions made mistakes and lost battles which should have been won, but one may trace the fighting records of soldiers down from the time of Alexander the Great to the present day, and in nine cases out of ten the lost battles that "should have been won," can be attributed to the inefficiency or disloyalty of subordinate officers. Nevertheless, citing the Dinwiddie and Five Forks battles, March 31st and April 1st, 1865, a general officer was before a court-martial for cause on the federal side, and on the confederate side more than one should have been, and what is more, would have been, had the confederacy materialized, for general officers were not supposed to be "dining out" at the critical moment of the fighting, neither down by "Hatcher's Run" a half dozen miles to the eastward, nor as far to the westward as Dinwiddie or Five Forks;—which in the latter case was all the more criminal, from the fact that the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia had never failed their officers throughout the long years of desperate struggle and bloody sacrifices to which they had been subjected, and to be "neglected" (to put it in a mild form), as can be readily proven, they were, in their last desperate hour of existence as an army, is "lamentable to say the least." But let us leave criticism and go back to our story. At the

moment when we arrived at the barricade a group of officers were approaching at the head of a cavalry column from the direction of Dinwiddie Court House. Above them waved all manner and kinds of banners and flags, and the whole outfit, but for the advancing column, might have been taken for any branch of military services on the two hemispheres (captured confederate flags of various patterns and red and white and yellow guidons and corps standards). Just at that moment, one of the group of officers dashed forward and rode up to the side and rear of the gun directly in our front, wearing a slouched hat, a common army blouse, and pants tucked inside his cavalry boots. He wore a belt, but neither sword, pistol, nor insignia of rank was visible about him, and carried a short, substantial riding whip in his ungloved hand, and as he reined up short beside the gun, he struck it smartly with his whip, and spoke sharply to the gunners, at the same time pointing with his whip toward our party at the barricade. Then he raised in his stirrups, leaned forward and peered down through the gathering twilight toward the advancing enemy.

In a minute we were through the barricade and directly between the guns, passing close to the soldier still raised in his stirrup with his gaze still fixed upon the enemy. There was something positively startling in his appearance, for his eyes seemed like glowing balls of fire, scintillating with fiendish anti-

ipation, while the expression upon his face became intensified by the look of anxious inquiry which crept over it as he gazed. His lips were fiercely compressed, and his whole form seemed as rigid as if sculptured from granite. A momentary fleeting picture, almost agonizing to the beholders, then he dropped back into the saddle with a long-drawn breath closely resembling a sigh of relief. What General Sheridan beheld during that short minute's gaze from which he could have derived consolation, was a problem for the writer for many long years, but standing there upon the same spot on the 31st of last March, and carefully inspecting the ground over which the enemy approached, it was all made plain, for raised in his stirrups as General Sheridan was, he must have been enabled to see over the low bushy scrub pine cones among which the enemy was advancing to the open spaces below, thus satisfying himself that no considerable force of the enemy were advancing. At all events, that he had subdued great anxiety there is no doubt, as his appearance almost on the instant became transformed for the better, though still remaining hard and uncompromising, as he turned toward our party, looking sharply first at the wounded lieutenant on the horse, and then down at the man beside him as he spoke these words, "Well, boys, you've had rough works this afternoon, but d— 'em, I'll drill 'em for you to-morrow." Then we knew that

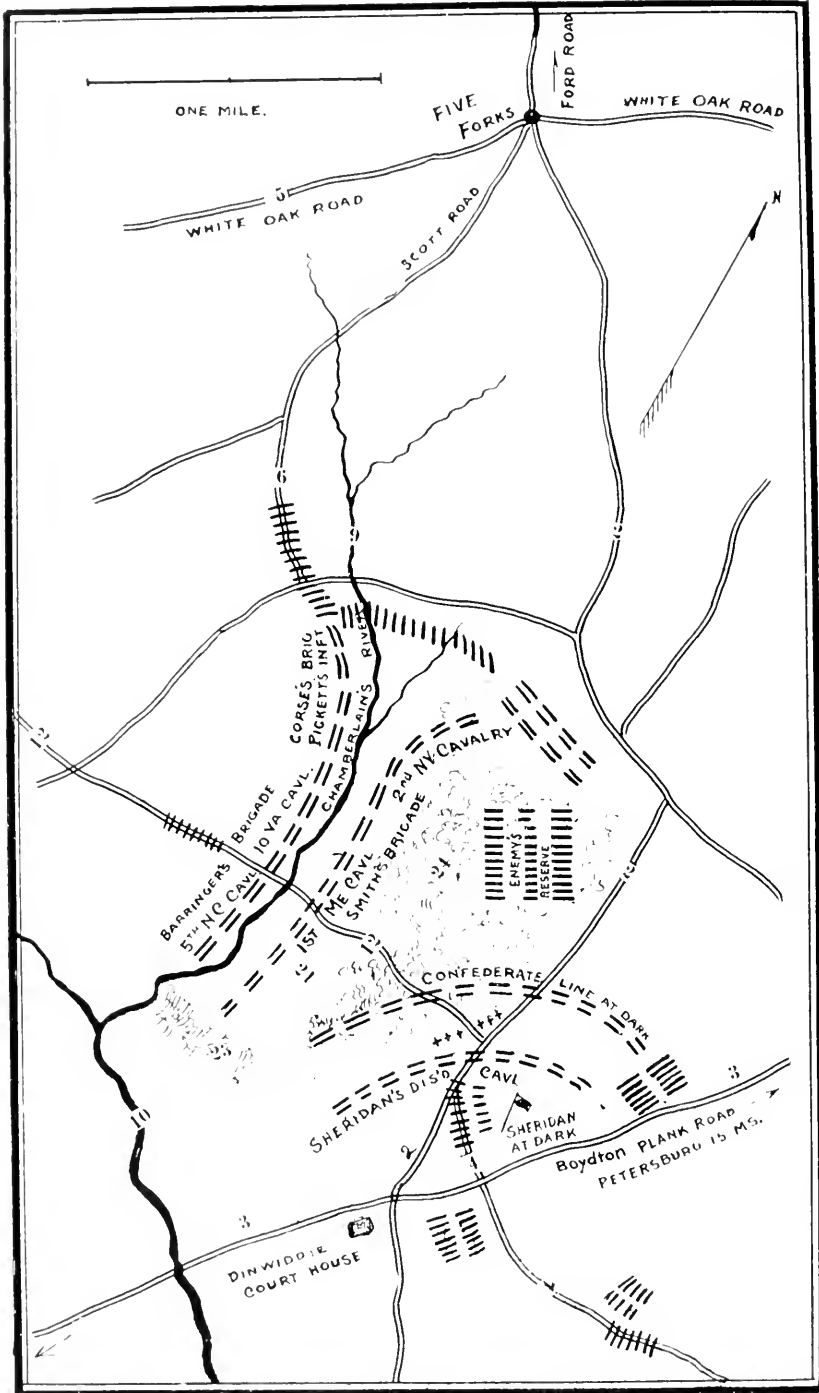
it was Sheridan, besides his eccentric personality made recognition an easy thing under ordinary circumstances. The writer saw him frequently afterwards along the way to and at Appomattox, yet never saw other than a reflective, self-assertive expression, which was rather pleasant to behold, upon his face. We knew the next day what was meant by his words "drilling 'em to-morrow," for it meant Five Forks and the swift ending of the last campaign. As we proceeded onward down the road toward Chamberlain's Bed, signs of the fierce storm that had swept through the forest of pines to the northward of the road on that day so long ago, were to be seen on every hand, time having failed to heal the wounds from shot and shell. To the south of the road that portion of the declivity which was then open land, is now covered by a dense growth of pines. As we passed the depression to the south of the road where the First Maine Cavalry dismounted and prepared to fight on foot, involuntarily the writer paused, recalling the picture the two battalions of the regiment made just before going into action a short distance below, near Chamberlain's Run. The other battalion having crossed the run: the men standing or lying down in front of their horses; the sudden appearance of the staff officers bearing orders to move quickly to the front: the hasty formation in column of fours and double-quick movement into and down the road toward

where the firing had become too sharp and near to be longer disregarded.—Thought, swift and sure, had indeed carried me back twenty-nine years, two and one half hours, in a second's time. There before me, trending southward at right angles to the road, lay a grassy glen. A long line of caparisoned steeds standing compactly facing toward the west, in front of them, standing or reclining upon the ground, young and stalwart men in blue uniforms with burnished repeaters in their hands or lying by their sides, the varied expression of whose countenances was indeed a study: many smilingly chatting with their comrades, seemingly indifferent to the conflict all knew soon must come, others flushed and pale, nervously pacing to and fro; a few with features set and drawn, with pallid lips and half-fierce hunted look as though each moment compassed an agony of years. Ah, do not tell me of the love and the longing men have for battle: such may be the case in rare instances; indeed such thought has impressed me while observing some soldiers going under fire, and I should wish to possess such spirit were I ever again to become a soldier, but my army experience was quite the reverse, and I never went under fire without

But let us take up our pencils and complete our "Picture of the Glen," toning it up with a background of low, pale green verdured pines like massive cones, whose

spreading branches sweep the ground and pierce the rifts in the dispersing storm clouds with the gleaming lances of a meridional sun, which brightened the misty atmosphere of the glen: and our picture, in its rude perfectness, is indeed realistic of the scene on that March day of 1865 on the cross road leading down to Chamberlain's Run two miles to the northwest of Dinwiddie Court House, Virginia.

Let us contemplate it, study it, and if you will, admire it, for it is a picture whose animate parts of men and horses would have called forth the admiration of the confederates themselves, for the First Maine Cavalry was the regiment par excellence of the war of 1861-'65, that is, if General Sheridan's word is to be allowed. At all events it was a regiment of splendidly mounted, drilled, armed, and equipped cavalry, five hundred strong, clad in natty blue uniforms, every arm, trapping, and equipment as bright and clean and well disposed as though for holiday parade, for they were but one day from winter quarters: young and stalwart men of martial mien and superior attainments, graduates for the most part from institutions of learning, disciplined and inured to dangers and hardships by long years of service in the field, and whose splendid personnel was more than a fair representation of the justly celebrated bodies of troops of the pure Yankee type furnished by the extreme north-east in the war of



1861-'65. Men who had borne their battle flags "against Virginians" upon Virginian soil, and were to return them in safety to their state capitol with a preëminent number of bloody fields imprinted upon their folds, and that is saying quite enough to cause all, who behold it, to admire our "Picture of the Glen." A moment and it is forever destroyed—"Attention! Prepare to fight on foot! Fours right! March!"—Where now shall we seek that splendid column of men? From Virginia to the four corners of the globe, the earth enshrouds it, or with silvered hair its survivors are swiftly hastening into their final rest. A sound more like a groan than a sigh escaped me. "What troubles you now?" asked one of my companions. "Oh, only dreaming." And the situation was explained as it was twenty-nine years before. "Oh, yes, we knew all about it, that is, we thought we did," and "the charge across the Run was made expressly to capture your led-horses"—(C. G. Burton, University of Virginia). "The led-horses, was it? We thought all the while you were after us, and that is why we went down to meet you half way." This reply raised a laugh among the confederates, for some, who were in the mounted charge (Tenth Virginia), knew well to what the writer referred; but they took it all in good part and we went on down the road, discussing the situation at our first meeting, until we came to the place where the gradual descent changes to

slightly rising ground, and there it was that our double-quicking column came "Left front into line," by battalions of four troops each, just before opening fire upon the approaching enemy. At the top of this rise it so happened that the pines have a sparse growth, while from that point down to the Run, what was a clean sloping field on the day of the battle, is now a dense forest of slender, thrifty pines, thirty to fifty feet in height, entirely free from underbrush, the ground still showing unmistakable evidence of its former cultivation. Changed as the aspect was, however, it did not prevent imagination from restoring the "Cyclorama" which burst upon our view as we reached this crest twenty-nine years before; and the general cussedness of the situation seemed even more pronounced than it did on the day of the battle as I beheld the manly, stalwart, resolved men about me, who fairly represented the enemy's force on the day of the fight; besides, since then, there has been plenty of time to reflect upon the results of the short, sharp introductory of the Dinwiddie, Five Forks battles, and to lay more stress than ever upon the effectiveness of magazine fire against the muzzle loader, as was demonstrated that day at Chamberlain's Bed (see History First Maine Cavalry). The writer understands too well the valor of the opposing force that day, to doubt for a moment the success of our charge depended largely upon the awful effects of the

storm of bullets with which we swept the field as we advanced. Our men were dismounted, with seven and sixteen shooting rifles in their hands, while a part of our enemies were mounted. You may say that with a clean, smooth field separating the combatants, that mounted men should have been the superior force, but the writer risks the assertion that this fact places it about four to one the other way, if the dismounted men in the field are of the right kind of "hostile farmers" and in sympathy with that kind of pre-emption business. No matter how well armed, mounted, or drilled the other side may be, the chances are two to one that one man against two will hold the field, and although the writer has said that our success that day could not be accomplished once in a thousand times by the same force against the same force, because it has been demonstrated that small bodies of men will not charge across an open field in the face of a superior force of enemies charging at the same moment from its opposite side. On the Federal side in this short, sharp action the force consisted of two battalions of the First Maine Cavalry dismounted, commanded by Colonel Cilley and armed one half with the Henry (now Winchester) and one half with the Spencer repeating rifles and Remington army revolvers, while on the confederate side the force consisted of a detachment of the Tenth Virginia Cavalry, mounted, armed with Sharp's carbines and Colt's army pistols,

and the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, dismounted, armed with muzzle-charging rifles. Major J. Henry Detton commanded the former, and Colonel McNeil the latter force. Colonel McNeil was killed, and his regiment suffered severely: the Tenth Virginia much less. My reverie was broken in upon by my friend Akers, who must have been born with the knack of arriving at the greatest possible results by the least possible effort, for standing up in the carriage he called, "Attention, Army of Northern Virginia! The Army of the Potomac sends greetings. This is the fifty-eighth anniversary of my Yankee friend's birthday, who was twenty-nine years old on the day of the battle: and as it has been just twenty-nine years since, it seems to me that what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina must be true, so let's celebrate both anniversaries at once. Commissaries to the front! prepare to dismount and drink on foot! Dismount! Gentlemen, here is to the utter confusion of American politicians and eternal unity of American soldiers! Three cheers for the Army of the Potomac! Three cheers for the Army of Northern Virginia!" which were given with a will, supplemented by an old-time yell: one confed' in particular kept on yelling, and fearing that his old-time malady might become chronic a double dose of whiskey antidote was proposed, which was administered readily enough, without tying him:

in fact, we "celebrated" again all round and went on down the road singing "Hail Columbia, Happy Land." As we approached Chamberlain's Bed the forest north of the road seemed more and more like a familiar place. The large pines here and there showed the old-time shell marks high up and low down,

deed seemed impossible that the scene could ever have been disturbed by the crash of musketry, the shriek of shot and shell, and the yells of infuriated men engaged in deadly combat, and the poet's words descriptive of the Battle of Hohenlinden, where the yells of Moreau's infuriated Frenchmen wrest-



LIEUTENANT JEFF. L. COBURN (1894).

the splinters still protruding from their scarred trunks, while down within the forest's solemn depths all was so quiet and restful—undisturbed save by the whispers amid the high branches of the pines, thrilling the mid-day twilight with minor notes, whose melody seemed like the blending of softened, saddened, far away cadences of pacification of the "Blue and the Grays." It in-

ing victory from defeat rose above the roar of battle amid the pines of the Black Forest, occurred to me;—

"While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in the sulphurous canopy."

But it is doubtful that the heroic deeds performed amid the pines of the "Black Forest" at Hohenlinden ninety-four years ago excelled the deeds of valor performed

by the Blue and the Gray amid the pines at Chamberlain's Bed, March 31, 1865: at least so far as the Tenth Virginia Cavalry and the First Maine Cavalry were concerned.

"Did ever dauntless Southron dare
Such flaming shores? Was ever there
More stubborn Puritan?"

A few rods further down, at the foot of the declivity, the road makes a slight curve, and there, amid a giant forest of hardwood growth, gleamed the limpid, prattling waters of Chamberlain's Bed. What a transformation! It seemed like an inspiration to the mental picture of the place with which the writer had been so familiar during the past twenty-nine years—a giant forest of hardwood trees where had been scrubby underbrush interspersed with saplings. A stream of clear, limpid, swiftly running water skirted by smooth, solid lands, where had been sluggish pools of murky, stagnant waters and marshy shores covered with scrub and tangled vines and grasses, while beyond the stream could be seen distantly the almost abrupt western banks rising to the table lands beyond.

Twenty-nine years before that hour two lines of battle skirted either shore of this stream from twelve o'clock forty-five minutes afternoon till five o'clock thirty minutes afternoon, not a dozen rods apart and yet hardly a man among them all caught even a glimpse of his enemies. Thousands of bullets flew across this stream during that time, and men were killed and

mangled upon both sides, and yet all must have been chance shots fired at random through the dense scrub. (This relates to that part of the line for some distance below and above the road.) It is quite probable that the great changes in the condition of things about the Bed have been brought about by the semi-annual overflow depositing sediment and thus gradually creating solid lands. We took a turn down below the road through the dense pine forest where the smooth level field once was, and found the ledgy bluff that skirted its southern border on the day of the battle, and from that located the spot where the gallant Colonel McNeil of the Fifth North Carolina cavalry was killed while rallying his dismounted men in the forenoon, and after paying due tribute to the memory of that gallant soldier by relating the circumstances of his death, the writer cut upon the trunk of a tree near by, "Colonel McNeil, Fifth North Carolina Cavalry, killed March 31st, 1865." In returning to the road we went up along the line occupied by the First Maine Cavalry during the afternoon, and upon another tree about fifteen rods below the road cut "J. W. West, late sergeant Company H, First Maine Cavalry, wounded March 31st, 1865." Crossing the road we went up the Bed and back among the old pines and located the line of battle where the First Maine reformed to resist the charge of the confederates after they had crossed the Run. Here was the spot made

forever memorable by the dismounted men of the First Maine Cavalry between the hours of five and six o'clock in the afternoon, March 31st, 1865, and above all other hours or places of conflict of the last campaign fraught with the most momentous interest, for had it not been for that hour's delay of the right wing of the confederate army, the battle of Five Forks would have been fought and won by the confederates on the Dinwiddie plateau, instead of being fought and lost at Five Forks the next day. The above written description of General Sheridan's appearance at the guns at dusk satisfies the writer more and more, upon reflection, that General Sheridan fully realized the danger of the situation at that moment, knew that through the delay, or something worse, of a corps commander he had been caught in a trap at the very outset of the last campaign; and of course, if so, he must also have realized that although the final results of the campaign would not be reversed, yet would undoubtedly be greatly prolonged, and however much other success might enhance his fame, it never could or would revoke the one great failure of his life. Such reflections may seem out of place to many, but not to those who were present on that field, neither to the careful student of history; and above all, bear in mind that the writer's opinions are not founded entirely upon participation in the events of that field nor upon observation since, but have for

their basis a far better authority which cannot well be introduced here. Let the reader carefully study the United States Military Atlas descriptive of the battles of Dinwiddie Court House and Five Forks, and also carefully peruse the records of the "Warren Court-Martial," before questioning the above. We reached the road one fourth of a mile from the Run over the route upon which our regiment fell back, and about half way up to the road cut upon a tree "Lieut. Comins, Co. A, 1st Me. Cav., Mort'y w'd Mar. 31, '65;" and twenty feet further on "Col. Cilley, 1st Me. Cav., w'd Mar. 31, '65," and up near the road "O. E. Lufkin, Co. A, 1st Me. Cav., killed, Mar. 31, '65." Private Lufkin's remains were buried near the road the next morning after the fight, and three years subsequently were transferred to the United States Military Cemetery at Poplar Ground, five miles to the south of Petersburg. The old grave at Dinwiddie is plainly to be seen today, and was readily located by the writer. We buried him at early dawn, April 1st, 1865, and

"In the gray dawn the forest seemed
 Like a weird bivouac, yet was there
 No group defined, no brand that gleamed,
 Nor sentry's challenge smote the air,
 Still battle tainted, nor appeared
 A startled movement as we neared.
 We knew not of his creed, nor cared,
 And rude our burial ministry.
 'O God, remember what he dared,
 Be merciful, and let there be
 Glad welcomings and joy and rest,
 And life eternal with the blest.'"

Private Lufkin, Sergeant H. S. Coburn, and Corporal C. A. North, all of Company A, were the men who responded to the writer's call for volunteers to go back in the face of the advancing enemy to the rescue of Lieutenant Comins, who

finest sensibilities, and thoroughly imbued with a true Christian spirit, he was in the highest degree a Christian gentleman and a soldier, and as such will be remembered and revered by his old comrades in arms, whose efforts made then and



LIEUTENANT LEANDER L. COMINS (1864).

had been mortally wounded after our regiment had commenced its retreat. "Don't try it, sergeant, you can't do it" (Captain Boyd). "I'll get him, Captain, or stop with him; good-bye." The rescue was effected. No braver man than Lieutenant Comins ever died for his country in any time or clime,—pure at heart, possessed of the

there in his behalf were prompted by the respect, affection, and admiration for the sterling qualities which he possessed.

First Sergeant J. D. Waller, Company E, Thirty-second Virginia Infantry, Corse's brigade, Pickett's division, wrote in answer to the "Dispatch Article," "When our line of battle advanced from Cham-

berlain's Bed, following the retreat of the enemy at sunset up toward Dinwiddie Court House, I was in command of the skirmish line, and had advanced but a short distance when I saw a squad of Federals a few rods in our front, bearing a wounded man from the field. Some of my men fired: I shouted 'For shame, do n't shoot wounded men,' and then shouted to the Federals, 'Take him on, Yanks; we all won't fire,' not thinking it possible for them to escape capture." And we should not had it not been for Colonel Cilley, who took in the situation as we emerged into the road fifteen rods or more in the rear of our retreating regiment, and what Colonel Cilley was there for, in such close proximity to the enemy, hunting his stragglers while the sun was going down and a first-class wild-cat show coming up, was more than the writer understood, and hastily suggested to the colonel in a rather unmilitary phrase to "Light out of here, Colonel. You're a candidate for Lee's rear." "Rear be d——. Queer advice for you to be giving just now. Whom have you there? What! Comins?" These words were uttered by the colonel as he spurred across the road. "Yes, Colonel: lend us your horse and we'll save him yet." Colonel Cilley was off his horse in a flash, and although it was "all rear" and he on foot he managed to reach our lines in safety. As a matter of fact his words "d—— rear" expressed the situation so far as himself and our

squad was concerned at that moment, and which the colonel well understood, while we did not. Any way, at that moment Barringer's cavalry was just entering the field to the westward near the Run, while the woods above us to the north of the road were swarming with Pickett's infantry, and close upon us in the pines the enemy, who was following up our retreat, would soon emerge into the road where we then stood. It was at that very spot we missed Lieutenant Comins at the time we fell back from the line of battle down in the pines, and from which the volunteer party had hastened back to his relief, and by happy chance came directly upon him. It was an awful moment, the forest made hideous by the groans of the wounded. Lieutenant Comins lay moaning upon the ground, the pine needles about him besprinkled and splashed by his blood as he had crawled and writhed about in his agony: and just down in our front, all in plain sight amid the pines, the Confederate line of battle was being readjusted, for the men were closing upon the new alignment, preparatory to following up our retreat, when we reached our wounded friend. It was a trying moment. No time was to be lost. Two rifles were thrown upon the ground and the lieutenant placed across them, then turning toward the enemy one swift glance, we beheld the skirmishers hastening forward. "Shall we try it?" For answer, my men stooped and seized

the rifles, and we started as best we might upon our forlorn mission. "Halt! Halt! Halt!" came sharply to our ears as we hastened on through the pines, and we tried to swerve behind some large trees. It was all over in a half minute; crack, crack, crack, then a spiteful fusillade up and down the skirmish line. Private Lufkin was shot through the heart, Lieutenant Comins was again wounded, and not one of the party escaped the effects of the enemy's shots. Down went the poor lieutenant, Private Lufkin falling across him. Three of us left standing. At that moment came the words, "For shame, men, do n't shoot the wounded," and then, "Take him on, Yanks: we all won't shoot." Three to do the work of four. Leaving our rifles where they fell, we raised the lieutenant in our arms and reached the road with no further interference. There we met Colonel Cilley, as related above. Colonel Cilley's horse, bearing the wounded lieutenant, had pranced up the road a dozen rods or more perhaps, when our "friends the enemy" indeed came out into the road, and the same voice that had called to us down in the pines again shouted, "Wounded man on the horse, do n't shoot him, do n't shoot, look out, men." Which was taken up by many voices and continued along the field as the enemy advanced. Glancing back we noticed that as the enemy came out of the forest the skirmish line mingled with the main force just behind, which, pivoting on its left,

swept around in an irregular curve across the field. At this time there were but few shots fired, but the "Do n't shoot at the horse," "Wounded man," and "Look out men, do n't hurt the man on the horse," was repeated time and time again. Now is not this a pleasant thing to contemplate? Is it not one of the few bright pictures to be recalled of those awful days? Imparted, too, by men who had met our magazine fire a short half hour before! It is not only remarkable, it is almost beyond belief, and yet it is truth if ever truth was spoken, else why did any one of our party live to reach our lines? For as the enemy came sweeping around across the field every man of them must have seen our squad in the road, which was at that time nearer to the confederates than to the federals. We were about to turn about to prevent drawing the enemy's fire, when, glancing back, the situation, including the "do n't shoot," did not seem so desperate. The enemy's force was not a compact line of battle, but considerably scattered, yet preserving a general alignment and capable of rapid concentration. Our men were halting in squad and single up in our right front and firing back at the enemy, which was being returned by the enemy in our right rear.

Corporal North and Sergeant Coburn, writing of the situation, agree that "There were five hundred or more confederates following us not half rifle range away, who seemed to have taken our party

under their special protection." The lieutenant had been delirious. "Close up, boys. Hold on! Hold on! What, no cartridges? Here, divide your cartridges, boys: club your rifles now! Hold on!" Then some plaintive words of endearment to some far away loved one. Then a stanza from some old hymn, but at the moment when we had stopped the horse, for the purpose of turning back, he was quiet, and rousing, pushed himself up from the horse's mane and gazed steadily off toward our right front at our retreating men, and then backward toward the advancing enemy: his eyes blazed with the fire of battle. He was as sane at that moment as ever in his life and realized the situation fully, for after a moment, with an anguished smile, pitiable to behold, but with quiet, even tones, he said: "Well, boys, I must say we make a good rear guard"; and then, "This won't do: lay me down beside the road and go on. Do you hear, Sergeant? Go on, leave me, go on while you can!" "No, no, Lieutenant: we shall soon have you all right, we are almost up to our lines: do n't despair, they are not firing at us at all, do n't you see?" "What! Not firing at us?" Then his crushed thigh made him groan, and he settled forward upon the horse's mane and uttered his last words on field of battle,—"God help us!" and after a moment "Thank them, thank them for me"; them meaning the enemy, undoubtedly.

Ten minutes later we were within

our lines behind the guns on the Dinwiddie plateau, and although Lieutenant Comins died ten days later, it has been a great satisfaction to the writer to know that his remains were restored to his sorrowing wife and family for burial in the family vault at East Eddington, Maine. After Lieutenant Comins's death I wrote to Mrs. Comins, describing the heroic conduct of her husband in the battle, and the circumstances under which his men found him and bore him off the field, for which I received her expressions of deepest gratitude, concluding, "Your letter was read in church at the funeral services." But let us take up history again, down by the Chamberlain's Bed. Its crystal waters go singing merrily onward, and are cool and delicious, in spite of the fact that they ran red with human blood twenty-nine years before. We crossed over and rested upon the rising grounds of the western shore. From that point the confederates located their line of battle during the afternoon of March 31, 1865; describing the force and its formation for the charge, which proved very interesting. Some questions were asked by the writer: "What command occupied this line?" "Barringer's cavalry brigade." "What regiments and where posted?" "Fifth North Carolina below its left, resting on the road, Tenth Virginia above its right, resting on the road, both regiments dismounted; while General Barringer himself occupied the road leading

back from the run with two Virginia regiments, mounted." (C. G. Burton): "How were you armed?" "The Tenth Virginia carried Sharpe's rifles and Colt's army pistols; the Fifth North Carolina, muzzle loaders." "With what force did your left connect?" "Thirty-second Virginia infantry, Corse's brigade, Pickett's division." (A. A., General Hooe, Corse's brigade, gives a very interesting account of the battle.)

"How many men did the Tenth Virginia have? that is, how many effectives in the charge?" "About three hundred and seventy men, one fourth out for led horses" and "Fifth North Carolina about the same, I reckon." "Who commanded these regiments?" Colonel McNeil, Fifth North Carolina, and Private C. G. Burton, Tenth Virginia. Private Burton was a cool, daring soldier, and was commanded to lead at the last moment by "special order" of General W. H. F. Lee, through General Barringer, and the result proved the wisdom of the selection. Why, sir, the half has never been told of the straits to which our army was reduced at the very outset of its last campaign."

"How many men did you lose in the charge?" "The Tenth lost heavily, 76 killed and disabled; let's see, one fourth out for led horses, say 280 effectives, 76 out of 280, pretty rough work, was n't it?" "Yes indeed, we lost 97 in the First Maine of 500 effectives, and thought that pretty tough."

"Which regiment made the mounted charge across the Bed in the morning?" "Regiment? Detachment you mean?" "Well, no, we thought it a full regiment; who commanded the detachment there?" "Major J. Henry Detton." "Then Major Detton was in command at the time you thought you had caught our led horses?" "Caught led Tartars," he laughed: "I know all about it, for I was one of the mounted men." "What, you one of them, and here yet?" "Why not? You all did n't think you had killed as well as fought a whole regiment, did you?" "Well, no, not quite that; my impression at the time, however, became somewhat toned up, later on, by reading an account of that action written by one who was in it on the federal side. The atmosphere is made to be full of rearing, plunging horses, and the ground strewn with mangled and repentant rebels, from Chamberlain's Bed up indefinitely." "Well, now, as a matter of fact, we lost about half a dozen disabled, none killed; the Fifth North Carolina, however, lost quite heavily, Colonel McNeil being killed; but the next day our regiment (Tenth Virginia) was almost annihilated at William's farm, near Five Forks, Major Detton being among the killed. Private C. G. Burton, who led the Tenth Virginia dismounted charge, is at present connected with the University of Virginia at Charlottesville. Burton was severely wounded while leading the charge across the Run."

My companions had sauntered on, and while sitting there alone on the elevated western banks of Chamberlain's Bed that quiet mid-afternoon, imagination re-peopled the scene with the actors, who had stood forth there twenty-nine years before to enact the beginning of the end of the last bloody drama of our great Rebellion, and as the shifting scenes flitted before me, the present was lost in the past and the bank of the Bed became the rim of a fire-crater whose flaming interior seemed so real that an involuntary movement called me back to life. My companions had passed out of sight over the crest, and the intonation of their voices, rising and falling in laughing badinage, reminded me of a comic scene that transpired there during the afternoon of the battle. The left of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry that day rested on the road near where I then sat, and exactly opposite, on the eastern side of the Run, Company A, First Maine Cavalry, was posted in our line of battle, and it must have been a member of the Fifth North Carolina Cavalry who put himself on record with Private Mike Durgin of Company A, First Maine Cavalry, on that day. As the afternoon wore on the firing had slackened, and during a lull a voice from above the road on the opposite side of the Run called, "O Yanks over there, have you all orders to fire?" "No," some one replied, "We're firing because you are." "Well, let's all stop firing and give warning to each other before commencing again."

"All right, it's a bargain," and "All right," came from over the Run. The firing ceased along our front and then the men began to quiz each other back and forth across the Run, as always will be the case between lines of battle, inactive and in such close proximity, and we had hard work to keep Mike's blarney "up," as the North Carolinians had an Irishman of their own. At least Mike thought so, although an expert in idiomatics would have rated him "Tar Heel." Nevertheless he was an educated one and a born mimiç as well, and it was interesting to study him, through his immense brogue, attempt to hide the listless Southern drawl. But educated accent would tell, besides the words "I reckon," "you all," and "directly," would crop out as Mike got him warmed up by hitting below the belt on the Secession question. "Bad luck to the loikes of yees, ye dirthy spalpeen, and it's mesilf that is ashamed of auold Ireland this blissid day that the loikes of yees should ivir be foightin' Ameriky, the only frind she iver had at all, at all!" "Be aisy noo, Mike, don't be hard on a poor divil, for it's a long way I am from Killarney with divil a sup o' tae nor a pratee for me pot, while it's yesilf that's livin' loike an illegent gintleman wid the foine things the Yanks have, and it's mesilf that's thinking that's why yees are on the wrong side of the Run." "The wrong side of the Run is it? Faith, and it's on the same side of Run yees now are, that yees always were in auold Ire-

land, and divil a sup of tae or pratees is there at all, at all, for poor divils the loikes of us on that side of the Run the worrld over."

"Sure, Mike, that's all very foine indade, but it's a prinsuple we all are fouightin' for here, and ——"

"A prinsuple, is it? Bad luck to the prinsuple that brought ye beyant the Run, and it's mesilf that'll be teachin' yees on the ind of me shillelah ye'd better lift yees prynsuples in aould Ireland, and it's mesilf that will if yees come beyant the Run."

"All right, Mike, never fear, I'll koun directly."

"Hush up, men, let the Irishman alone," and "Lieutenant, don't let this occur again," came from over the Run in subdued tones.

"Beg pardon, Major, but Erin's Sain't over there,"—Mike, who was sitting on the ground beside a small fire attending to his boiling coffee, pricked up his ears,—"Faith and that same I am, or divil a bit would I have minded to be invitin' ye to a sup of me sthamin' coffee and to have a dinnie wid me foine frinds in the Union, and not be a aitin' raw corn loike the pigs yees——"

Zip, a thud, a rattle of tin ware, and a rain of scalding coffee from a clear sky, which doctored half a dozen or more of the boys, some of whom had been asleep: and if you ever did behold just such another epidemic of acrobatic blasphemy break out, you can picture to yourself that scene just down below the old road on the east side of Chamberlain's Bed. Any way, I cannot

describe it better than by giving a whoop and a yell and adding supplementary "Ohs," "ughs," "damnation to —— you, Mike," "kill him," "burn him," while going it blind in the hop, skip, and jump back-somersault act, and end by beginning where I left off. Any way, that scene discounted a three-ring gymnasium and a Tammany ward caucus combined. Poor Mike, who was sitting hatless by his fire in a half-dazed condition during the exhibition, suddenly awoke to its possibilities as the boys commenced to kick his fire about his ears and then to curl his back hair by electrifying his spinal column with a hot poker which they jammed behind his collar. He grabbed for his gun, shouting, "Howly murther," just as some parliamentary crank down on our left in Company H whooped "Contra-minded, it's a vote," "Doubted," "doubted," "doubted," came the negatives from all directions, just as our captain, who was acting major that day, came rushing down the line on our right rear, and his "By the gods, men," was the first intimation we had of his coming. Now the captain was not only acting major on the colonel's account, but assistant adjutant-general (limited) on his own that day, besides, the most of the men were afraid of him, clear through, Mike especially, and all of us knew what his "By the gods, men," usually meant: and when we saw him coming for us in that peculiarly persuasive way, with his fist protruding towards us, we came to the sudden

conclusion that the "firing truce" was off on our side of the Run, whatever the fellows on the other side might think of it. Ye gods! what a wilt they did take on, even in the shade of the pines on that late afternoon. The acrobats didn't stop to come down in routine fashion, they just ignored all rules, military, civic, and athletic, and flattened themselves into their normal condition of "Orders," "Lay low and keep quiet," and then by degrees wriggled along up to the demoralized rails where they belonged. Poor Mike, who was mortally afraid of the captain, suffering more from fright than electrocution, squirmed along muttering, "By the blissid St. Patrick, it's kilt I am, intirely; bad luck to the dirthy spalpeen beyant the Run that brought me to the loikes of this." It was too much for human nature to stand without vent, and the snorts that followed would have put to shame an aggregation of Nile mammals. The captain stood there with his clenched fist extended, but the thunder cloud on his face dissipated, and his arm fell limp by his side as he turned away and appeared to be studying the situation up the field for a moment, then he walked slowly back up the line slightly nodding as he passed me, saying, "Very quiet on the left, Sergeant?" "Apparently, yes; unusually so, Captain." "So I observe," passing on into the road, where he stopped, standing with folded arms gazing down towards the Run.

Captain John W. Freese was a striking figure at all times, and especially at that moment, as he stood there in the road, his natty uniform displaying his magnificent physique to the best advantage—five feet eleven inches, 195 pounds, straight as the pines of his native forests, a face of classic mould, fair as a woman's, sparkling black eyes, dark, curly hair, and form symmetrically perfect: the picture he made standing there could not have been excelled by half a dozen men on the North American continent—"A martinet" in the sense of the Murat dandy order of dressy display in the field, and yet one of the kindest and most considerate of men in everything pertaining to the welfare of his command. He is with the silent majority now, and as I glance up to his life-like portrait on the wall before me, it seems to assume an expression smilingly objective to the praises here bestowed, but the tender recollections of our army association carry me back to the banks of Chamberlain's Run, and I cannot refrain from giving this pen picture of my dear old comrade-in-arms. Captain Freese stood there in the road a long minute, seemingly gazing down toward the Run, but really glancing toward his men, and you may be quite sure that they were engaged in the same by-play as they lay there so passively flat, and which, of course, the captain fully understood, for when he moved he wheeled short about and faced up the road, at the same time letting his hand fall upon

the hilt of his sword, which he slowly drew from its scabbard, at the same time flirting an immaculate cream-tinted silk handkerchief from his pocket with the other hand, with which he carefully wiped the shining blade (the sword was a present from his men), and said, "As I was observing, Sergeant, it is very quiet indeed on this part of

side of the road, he turned, waved his cap, and disappeared amid the pines.

As the sun sank behind the forest and the shadows stretched away across the field, a sense of impending danger seemed to take possession of the line of battle. It soon came in clear, ringing words from over the Run above the road,



CAPTAIN JOHN W. FREESE (1865).

the lines." "As I was observing, Captain, 'apparently, yes.'" "Ah, yes, 'apparently,' as you observed, thank you; and by the way, Sergeant, if another rebellion becomes imminent on this side of the Run kindly let me know, as the one over there is all we can manage just at present, 'apparently:'" and went on across the road, and as he reached the slight rise on the other

"Look out, Yanks, we're coming," C. G. Burton leading the Tenth Virginia Cavalry, and the truce was off. The next minute the dense shrubbery in our front was shaken by the rush of an oncoming line of battle, and a few repeaters in the hands of the ever alert began to crackle up and down our line. No commands were needed. If the voice across the

Run had not been sufficient, the action of the enemy was; and the men seized their rifles and swiftly formed at the slender rail barricade, and then came crash upon crash of the almost simultaneous volleys by companies, which swelled into one awful, ceaseless, prolonged roar, most terrible of all war's terrible sounds. A short minute, and then came a lull. The magazines were empty, but during that short minute there was a sheet of flame in front of the line of battle as vivid and incessant as though generated by an electric current. Out in the field a slight current of air was moving toward the enemy, and in a very short time a dense bank of smoke, utterly impenetrable to the eye, slowly moved away from our front, completely enshrouding the underbrush and increasing in density as the rapid discharges continued, while the line of battle itself stood in the clear air firing into that murky wall of smoke. Above the road in the forest it was different, instead of moving forward, the smoke appeared to be repelled and sank low about the ground, enveloping the line of battle. From my position, just at the south edge of the road, a good view of the situation was had at the moment when the firing commenced to lull. The road itself, where it crossed the Run, was skirted on either side by dense shrubbery, and made a sufficient curve to obstruct the line of vision; not an enemy was to be seen in the road, not one could have been seen below the road ten feet from our front. But above the road, a few rods away, the enemy was just emerging from the shrubbery quite near our line of battle, and the line there commenced to waver and then to fall back amid the pines, but it did not take long to replenish the magazines of their rifles and then the battle commenced in earnest. When the line above the road fell back before the enemy's advance, Company A, below the road, executed an oblique movement to the right rear, and rejoined the main force some distance back in the forest and continued the battle again. Of course there was a reason why the enemy did not push their advantage below the road as well as to cross their mounted men by the road, as was done in the forenoon, in which case not a man of us could have escaped, for Pickett's men were already on our right-flank, and it was indeed then, and is doubly so now, after looking over the situation, very strange, and one of the mischances so frequent in warfare, that no advance was made by the enemy on our left front, as we left the passage by the road entirely free for their advance.

Chamberlain's Bed, as the stream is locally known, has a general direction north and south for a mile above the road where it curves to the westward, and a half mile further up is located what was in war times and is still known as "Dance's mill." We had followed up the bed until this mill came in sight, and while the writer re-

mained near the western bank of the stream, listening to a confederate describing a group of confederate officers whom he had seen at a certain spot engaged in animated conversation during the battle, our companions had reached the mill. Soon we heard great shouts and laughter up at the mill, and when we rejoined our party there we inquired what occasioned their hilarity: they were, however, very reticent, saying that they had been "celebrating." But up at the hotel that evening at dinner, Landlord Harris, who had been one of our party during the afternoon, gave the whole thing away. Mr. Dance, the owner of the mill in question, was, according to his comrades' statements, one of General Lee's bravest soldiers and is one of Dinwiddie's much respected citizens, and it is with some misgiving that the following anecdote is introduced here. When our party arrived at the mill and Mr. Dance had learned who the stranger with them was, and what he was there for.—"What, a Yankee down there in the woods with you all the afternoon and alive yet?" "Alive? of course he's alive, why not?" "Well, well, boys, you are bigger d— fools than ever I reckon. But if the Yank is still alive I wish he'd show up and settle for that feather-bed he stole out of my house twenty-nine years ago this blessed day." It appears that during the forenoon the western bank of the run was occupied by a New York cavalry regiment, probably

of Davies' Brigade, which was stationed near Dance's ford, and during a skirmish near Dance's mill, Major Dothan of that regiment was wounded, and carried into Mr. Dance's house and left there when his men fall back across the stream. Mumford's Cavalry, to which Mr. Dance belonged, encamped that night near by, and Mr. Dance visiting his home and finding Major Dothan upon the floor, placed him upon his bed and did everything possible to alleviate his sufferings. The next day when our advance crossed the stream the major was removed, feather-bed and all, to City Point, and in justice to Mr. Dance the writer afterwards learned that what was said by Mr. Dance was spoken in a laughing, joking manner, as any one might have done under the circumstances. Any way, when the story was told, the writer was obliged to stand up and promise better things in the future, but while he was up he took occasion to remark that Mr. Dance was undoubtedly right, and should be paid for his bed, as it was one of the peculiar traits of Sheridan's cavalry to take things in general, and as that principle had developed that day in the direction of beds, it was quite as likely that Dance's bed, as well as Chamberlain's Bed, had been taken. Shouts and yells greeted this sally, which had n't time to cool before a confederate slowly arose at the far end of the table, and solemnly proceeded to inquire of "The gentleman from

Maine" if he would kindly inform the house who it was that occupied Chamberlain's Bed that night. Although the question remains unanswered to this day, it cost some one a "fiver" to pacify it, and many of my readers will understand and agree with me that it was a cold-blooded stunner of the first magnitude, not only well deserved, but worthy of the soldier who uttered it. We returned to Petersburg the same evening, but, not feeling quite satisfied with my battle-field explorations, I went out again a few days later, and felt well repaid for the second trip. While in Petersburg I had the great pleasure of meeting many of the old soldiers of the confederacy, among them Colonel J. Gordon McCabe, commander of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans, Lieutenant-Commander Turner, of the same camp, Colonel Fields, Captain Goodwyn, and our old friend and BUGLE correspondent, George S. Bernard, Esq., whose "Confederate War Talks" all fed-

eral soldiers should read. I was invited to visit A. P. Hill Camp by Lieutenant-Commander Turner, which I did, and was received with the heartiest of welcomes, but did not know, until through the next morning's papers, that I was the first federal veteran who had attended a regular business meeting of the camp. Nothing could have been more cordial than my reception, having been personally introduced to every member present, and, after the conclusion of the business meeting, was introduced to the Camp and was invited to address the Camp. Well, the morning papers said that I had paid "high tribute to the southern people and to their military leaders" the previous evening at A. P. Hill Camp. Do n't fail to visit A. P. Hill Camp when you go to Petersburg, for you will be sure to meet with a most gratifying reception, and come away deeply impressed with the sentiment of good fellowship extended to all federal veterans.



LEVANT IN THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

By Sidney W. Clark,

SERGEANT COMPANY A, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

If I must write for the BUGLE, I wish, in order to fully show my service for my country, to begin eight months previous to my enlistment. When every member of the old First Maine cavalry puts in his mite, then it will appear why it stands so high in military repute. We read that not a sparrow falls to the ground without its Maker's notice. Now I will take the role of the sparrow as my standard in comparison with birds of larger type. As General Hodgdon estimated Comrade Sheahan equal to six men, I will show the boys before I close why I might count as thirteen men; but in the meanwhile will portray my services before enlistment. In Levant, as in other parts of the state, the war excitement ran high, and it was found necessary to take prompt measure to stop treasonable utterances. At Hermon, a neighboring town, a rebel flag was raised, and the statement made that eighty men could be raised in an hour to protect it. On hearing this I persuaded two friends to spy out the facts and report, and in the meantime I would gather a company of men sufficient to capture the flag. Learning the report was true, I worked all night, and at sunrise next day had fifty men ready to start for the scene of action. Quite a number of the men were well armed, but I persuaded

them to leave their guns, as we were going as citizens and civilians, though determined to take the flag. We proceeded to South Hermon, where we were joined by about thirty more men, good and true, and headed by fife and drums and with colors flying we continued our journey, selecting, before we reached the house, a one-armed man named Swan to demand the flag. This demand brought two armed men to the door, swearing they would blow out the brains of the first person who advanced, when Edwin Maddocks and myself rushed to the door, Maddocks securing, after a lively scuffle, a shot-gun, while I took a double-barrel gun loaded with twenty-four buck-shot. A. V. McLaughlin captured a double-barrel pistol, also loaded, while my brother, Frederick L. Clark, and Josiah Tibbetts climbed the unfinished gable of the barn and nailed the stars and stripes in place of the emblem of treason.

The old woman in the house, attempting to throw hot water on the men at the door, scalded her foot badly, and was the only person wounded during the engagement. One Dr. Leonard, of Carmel, present to take notes in the rebel cause, reported to the old Bangor *Democrat* the affair with such treasonable language that the good people of Bangor threw the press into the

street and the type into the Ken-
 duskeag stream. Just previous to
 the above affair we had raised a
 company of eighty good men, but
 were obliged to disband, as Maine's
 quota for infantry was full. Many
 of these men went into other regi-
 ments as recruits. Soon I was in-
 formed by General Hodgdon that
 there was to be a cavalry regiment
 raised in Maine, and that Bangor
 was designated for one recruiting
 point. At once twelve men fol-
 lowed my signature, making thir-
 teen, eleven of whom went into
 Company A as follows: Sydney W.
 Clark, Prentiss M. Clark, Augustus
 Lord, Jr., Preston B. Wing, Oren
 S. Haskell, Gilman H. Beede,
 Enoch H. Lake, Richard E. White-
 ly, Nathaniel R. Roberts, Charles
 Gardner, and William S. Burrel,
 while Ambrose M. Lord joined
 Company D, and Oren Shapley
 Company L, being thirteen, all
 from Levant: hence my claim to
 beat Comrade Shehan as being
 equal to only six men. Soon we
 got notice to report at S. W. Thax-
 ter's office in Bangor, ready to
 leave for Augusta. I took nine of
 the boys in my team, viz.: Pren-
 tiss M. Clark, Augustus Lord, Jr.,
 Preston B. Wing, Gilman H. Beede,
 Nathaniel H. Roberts, Orin S.
 Haskell, Richard E. Whitely, Chas.
 E. Gardiner, Enoch H. Lake, and
 reported with them at Thaxter's
 office, and commenced an acquaint-
 ance and comradeship which will
 never be erased from my memory
 while life remains. We took the
 train at the Maine Central depot,

where a large body of people
 gathered to see us away, and many
 were the tears shed as we shook
 hands with strangers all gathered
 in sympathy for a common cause
 to bid us farewell and "God be
 with you." On arriving at Augusta
 we walked to the fair grounds, for
 we had not learned to march, and
 took "barn room," as the boys
 called it, in the horse stalls in the
 trotting park. The first hours of
 service passed merrily, with jokes,
 songs, and stories. Our company
 was organized first, and designated
 Company A. The boys felt proud,
 as it gave us the right of the line
 in regimental formation. The Le-
 vant boys claimed that their squad
 of thirteen gained the position by
 filling our company first. During
 our first week's service in Augusta
 the non-commissioned officers, in a
 petition fully signed by the boys
 in the company, requested Govern-
 or Washburn not to give a com-
 mission to any outside person who
 had not joined the company and
 taken their chances with those who
 had enlisted. There was no one
 to present the petition, as the origi-
 nators, in their modesty, fell into the
 shade: so Joseph Bartlett, the bug-
 ler, and myself as high corporal,
 volunteered to do the honors, and a
 good chat with the governor was
 the only result of such effort.

Oren Shapley enlisted from
 Bangor, but was a Levant boy. So
 was Hudson Sawyer of Company
 D, and I claim the honor of wearing
 one more scalp in my belt, viz., I was
 the first enlisted cavalryman from

my town. When Scot S. Ellis and Hiram S. Ellis, from Guilford, who enlisted the same day with most of the Levant boys, were being examined, the surgeon exclaimed: "Oh, you are from Levant, too?" When asked the reason for such a question, he replied, "You have such remarkably sound teeth. I never saw such good teeth in that number of men." In spite of our petition Joseph C. Hill was commissioned first lieutenant, and he told Bartlett and myself that our petition was right.

Those were happy days in our winter camp in Augusta. When we left, part of our first night on the way to the seat of war was spent at the depot at Brunswick, where the good people filled our

haversacks with good things in exchange for pork and hard bread, but we were a tired set when we reached Washington, D. C., in a cold, drizzly rain, and I, too sick to endure the cold, went to a private house, where the good man made me a couch in his parlor, gave me medicine and three hours' opportunity for sleep, when I followed the regiment to Capitol Hill by directions from a darkey, who said, "Dem am the prettiest horses I has seen wid collars all picked out."

At Capitol Hill our first duty was to upset the old Sibley tent bottoms and make war on the rats, which were thick as flies. Here endeth the first lesson. Our next was that of the real soldiers in actual service in front of the enemy.

ECHOES.

DOING WELL IN MAINE.

Hon. Daniel Hall, of Dover, N. H., captain and aide-de-camp on General Fremont's, General A. W. Whipple's, and General O. O. Howard's staffs, writes,—“Thanks for your courtesy, and I would like very much to have the reunion pamphlets and the calls, which you kindly say you can send me. I appreciate the *Bugle* very highly, and have been particularly interested in Colonel Newhall's articles in the last two numbers, 'With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign,' and am anxious to see the conclusion. You are doing well in Maine

in working up the heroic doings of the Down-East boys into good literature which shall last as long as liberty endures, and if I were of your state I should surely possess myself of every scrap written in illustration of the part of Maine in the Rebellion; but I cannot afford to do that, but I think our Soldiers' Home ought certainly to have your history of the First Maine Cavalry, —Tobie's—and therefore if you can do so you may send it to me.”

A DEAD CONFEDERATE.

John S. Pierson, of New York,
133 Bible House, Astor Place,

writes,—“I have your October number of *MAINE BUGLE*, a most interesting one, and am reminded to send you one dollar for a year's subscription. Please send a copy of this October number to a friend, a confederate soldier, John D. Watson, of Charlottesville, Va., one of Pickett's men, who was left for dead on the field at Gettysburg, but quite alive to-day, though on crutches.”

THE BEST OF ALL.

Robert Lockhart, of Custer City, Pa., writes,—“The October number of *BUGLE* came all right, and I am always glad to receive it. Mrs. L. complains a little when her meals are ready that I do not respond to her call. When I get the *BUGLE* I always want to look it over, I see so many names of those who were with me in old Company C. I should like to meet them again very much. If I can not see any of the old First Maine I do meet quite often members of the Fourth and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. I tell you they give me a hearty shake, and it always makes me a little vain when they speak of the First Maine, remarks like this: ‘The Sixteenth and Fourth were good, but the First Maine was the best of all,—they do not take a back seat for any other regiment.’ I often meet Major Maitland, and he has a good word for the First Maine Cavalry.”

ENLISTED IN THE TWELFTH.

Mr. W. P. Hodgdon, of Portland, was most agreeably surprised by

receiving a call from Mr. Willard Blake, of Iroqua, Wis. This gentleman was a member of the same regiment with Mr. Hodsdon, and was one of his most intimate comrades. At the close of the war each went his way, and this is their first meeting for thirty-one years. Mr. Blake was a resident of Wisconsin at the outbreak of the war, and walked fifty-two miles to enlist in a regiment in that state, but when he arrived at the recruiting office he found the regiment filled. He then left for Portland, his former home, and enlisted in the Twelfth Maine.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL FOR YEARS.

The many friends of General Samuel J. Gallagher, of Augusta, are much pleased with his appointment as commissary of the Soldiers' Home at Togus. General Gallagher was adjutant-general of Maine for many years, and is perfectly competent to fill the position. Captain A. L. Smith, who has been acting treasurer for some weeks, has been appointed treasurer of the Home.

UNITE US MORE SOLIDLY.

A. P. Friend, of Company G, First Maine Cavalry, of Brooksville, Me., writes,—“The October *BUGLE* is received. I think it is very interesting reading, and I always read it from beginning to end. I see that the boys had a good time at their reunion: if I live and am able to get around I intend to see some of them at the next reunion. I think the letters from the comrades are very interest-

ing, and unite us more solidly together.”

MILITARY HISTORY.

At the last encampment of the Sons of Veterans, a committee consisting of Colonel Robert L. Whitcomb, of Portland, member *ex-officio*: E. K. Gould, of Rockland: General Frank P. Merrill, of Auburn: Colonel I. S. Bangs, of Waterville: W. H. Looney, of Portland: and Dr. Robert J. Martin, of Augusta, were appointed to gather and preserve historical documents, portraits, volumes, pictures, and souvenirs pertaining to the late war. This committee met Monday night at the West End hotel, and organized with the following officers: E. K. Gould, president: General Frank P. Merrill, vice-president: and Waldo E. Perry, adjutant of the Maine Division, Sons of Veterans, secretary and treasurer.

The following committees were appointed: Committee on G. A. R., R. L. Whitcomb and Colonel

Bangs: committee on Sons of Veterans, E. K. Gould and General Merrill: committee on historical data, W. H. Looney and Dr. R. J. Martin. The object of this committee is to collect all historical data pertaining to the late war, such as important documents, books, souvenirs, pictures, etc. These data will be collected and preserved, either in the Maine Historical society's rooms or in the state house at Augusta.*

THE BEST PUBLICATION.

L. F. Doble, of Kingman, Me., writes,—“The poem written by my brother, Roscoe Doble, a few years ago, was never intended for publication. It seems to me worthy of a place in the MAINE BUGLE, as I consider it the best publication in the country for the old soldiers. I was not a soldier but three of my brothers were, and I feel as much interest in the War of the Rebellion as any one can who was not a participant.”

IN MEMORIAM.

ERASTUS DOBLE.

The readers of the MAINE BUGLE for the last year have perused with much interest the clear and graphic “Reminiscences of Capture, Prison Life and Escape,” of Erastus Doble, and will regret that no further contributions from his pen will appear

in the BUGLE. He died at his home in Kingman, November 19, 1894, after a short sickness of only five days. He was a gifted writer. An aptitude for literature appears to pervade the Doble family, as will be evident from the two articles in the present issue written by his

* NOTE.—For the best opinion concerning “the most valuable literature pertaining to the late Civil War,” see General A. W. Greely's letter on page 381 of the October BUGLE, 1894. General Greely is not only chief signal officer, but has oversight of the library of the war department at Washington.—ED.

brothers. He was an honored member of the Ashbury Caldwell Post, G. A. R., of Sherman, Me., and of excellent standing in his own town. His sudden death is much lamented by his townsmen and personal friends, and he will be missed and lamented by the readers of the *BUGLE*. He left a wife and three children, two from his first wife, and one from his second wife. He was a member of Company B., Eighth Maine Infantry, and his military service and the unconquerable nature of the man is fully shown in his valuable contribution to military history printed in the *MAINE BUGLE*.

ALBERT C. PRAY.

Albert C. Pray was born at Livermore, Me., in 1837, and died at the Homeopathic hospital, in Minneapolis, September 30, 1894. He enlisted in Company C, Twentieth Maine Infantry, in 1862, at the age of twenty-five; served to the close of the war, and was present at the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House, and was mustered out as sergeant major of his regiment in 1865. In early life he was a teacher. During the greater part of his life he was engaged in the honorable business of farming and real estate brokerage. He served in the legislature of his native state; was a member of the legislature of Minnesota in 1892-'94, and was a consistent member of the Tuttle Universalist church of his city. He was a loyal and esteemed member of James Bryant Post, G. A. R., of Minneapolis.

C. H. Mero of this Post, and also a soldier of the Twentieth Maine Regiment, reports the facts concerning the death of Albert C. Pray, and the Post passed commendatory resolutions, setting forth that the Post had lost a genial, intelligent, and true comrade, and the state an upright citizen and valued servant. His comrades in the regiment knew him as a brave soldier and zealous patriot.

COL. ASA W. WILDES.

Col. Asa W. Wildes of Skowhegan, state railroad commissioner, died very suddenly at the Augusta House, in Augusta, September 3, 1894, from congestion of the lungs and heart failure. He came to Augusta on the afternoon train in company with the other commissioners. Soon after eleven o'clock he spoke to the clerk, and called for his daughter, Mrs. Charles Whitehouse, who was in the house, saying he was ill. Dr. Scott Hill was sent for but could give no relief, and Mr. Wildes died sitting in his chair, at about 11:30.

Col. Wildes was a native of Massachusetts, and was about 70 years of age. He had been twice married, and is survived by four children by his first wife, Mrs. C. D. Whitehouse, of Augusta; Mrs. W. G. Davis of Portland; Mr. W. H. Wildes, of Skowhegan; and Mr. George Wildes of Melrose, Mass., and also by his widow and daughter, Miss Alice Wildes, who resides at Skowhegan.

He has been a member of the

board of railroad commissioners some thirty-three years.

Col. A. W. Wildes was the son of Hon. A. W. Wildes, and was born in Newburyport, Mass., in 1822. At the age of sixteen he commenced the study and practice of civil engineering in the office of Col. J. M. Fessenden. He was then engaged in the construction of the Eastern road until its completion, and later transferred to the Portsmouth, Saco & Portland railroad, being engaged in the engineering department until the completion of that road. From that period until the outbreak of the Rebellion he was engaged in the construction of various railroads of the country.

He was appointed an aide, with the rank of lieutenant colonel, in 1860, on the staff of Governor Washburn. Upon the transfer of the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsular he was sent thither with a corps of surgeons and nurses. Col. Wildes was commissioned as colonel of the Sixteenth Maine Regiment in 1862. He had charge of the transportation of troops to the front, and was with General Pope in his summer campaigns of 1862. He was also in active service in battles preceding and following the Battle of Antietam.

Serious illness, caused by long exposure, rendered him unfit for field service, and he resigned command of his regiment, and returned to his native state to recruit his health.

Col. Wildes was appointed railroad commissioner by Gov. Wash-

burn in 1861, and has been re-appointed by successive administrations up to the present date.

HENRY H. HUNT, M. D.

Henry Hastings Hunt, who died at his residence in Portland, November 30, 1894, was born in Gorham on the 7th of July, 1842. He fitted for college at the academy of his native town, and at 16 years of age entered Bowdoin, where he graduated in 1862 with high honors. He immediately enlisted in the Fifth Maine Battery of Light Artillery, in which his brother, Dr. Charles O. Hunt (now, and for many years past, resident physician and superintendent of the Maine General Hospital), was lieutenant, and served continuously until the close of the War of the Rebellion. After pursuing the study of medicine in the Portland School for Medical Instruction and in the Medical School of Maine, he received the doctorate in 1867, and then spent a year in Philadelphia taking special courses in various branches. In 1868 he established himself in practice in Gorham, where he quickly achieved the marked success to which his intellectual and moral endowments entitled him. He was unsparing of himself in his devotion to his patients, and impaired his health by overwork. He moved to this city twelve years ago, and soon built up a very large practice. In 1884 he was elected to the chair of physiology in Bowdoin College, but resigned in 1891 on account of ill health. He was a fellow of the

American Academy of Medicine, and a member of the Maine Medical Association, the Grand Army of the Republic, the State Street Church, the Masonic Fraternity, and various other organizations; for more than a decade he was one of the visiting physicians to the Maine General Hospital. In 1887 he married Miss Gertrude Jewett of Buffalo, N. Y., who survives him.

Dr. Hunt was a type of the best class of physicians. His studious habits, his tireless patience, and his acuteness of observation combined with native ability of a high order, and rare conscientiousness in the discharge of every duty, resulted in his becoming a practitioner of great learning and widely-acknowledged skill. His counsel was constantly sought, and was always prized. Old and young alike placed implicit faith in his unswerving integrity, and gave him their admiration and love. He was rightly esteemed as a wise physician by all who knew him, but no part of his fame was won by his own publication of his accomplishments. Even to his few intimates he was reticent about his successes, and he was so genuinely modest that he would not often be persuaded to accept positions which would bring him into prominence.

For several years Dr. Hunt has been aware that he was the victim of an insidious and mortal disease, which was occasioned by a injury to the spinal cord, received in an accident long before. In spite of his suffering, which was often in-

tense, he kept bravely about his work, never neglecting the smallest detail, or offering his distress (as he might have done legitimately) as a reason for the avoidance of any demand which his practice made upon him. It was not until the past summer, when he found that his malady had so drained his strength that he could hardly keep up to perform his daily tasks, that he disclosed his troubles to his most intimate friends. Three months ago he laid down the work in which he had rendered most valuable services to humanity and calmly awaited the fate which his scientific foresight perceived was inevitable. The true heroism of the man was manifested in these most painful circumstances. With perfect patience he endured his trials, his only anxiety being lest he should become a burden to others.

WILLIAM O. MCFARLAND.

William O. McFarland, of Company B, First Maine Cavalry, died September 11, 1894, from heart disease, on the train from Gardiner to Gorham, to which place he was taking a car load of horses to exhibit at that fair. His death was swift and painless. His body was taken charge of by the G. A. R. Post of Gorham, kindly cared for, and sent to his home at Searsmont. The beautiful service of the G. A. R. was performed by the E. H. Bradstreet Post, of Liberty; and our comrade was laid at rest in his family lot in Oak Grove cemetery, in his native town. Mr. McFarland

served as orderly for Colonel Cilley during much of his service, and was noted for his excellent knowledge of horses and for skill in caring for them. His name is mentioned a number of times in the history of his regiment, and his picture appears on page 24 of Call 1, of the BUGLE, July, 1890. He was a genial, whole-souled fellow, and was well known by his comrades of the cavalry service. He was never married, but left surviving a sister in Searsmont, where his parents resided for many years, and were prominent as managers of the hotel in that place.

OTIS SMITH.

Mr Otis Smith died at his home, 30 Regent street, Cambridge, Mass., at 8:30 o'clock, November 25, 1894, after an extended illness caused by heart disease and dropsy. The deceased was born in the state of Maine eighty-four years ago, and had resided in that city about fifteen years.

Mr. Smith served in the late war with Company D, Twentieth Maine Regiment, Captain Haskell's company, for one year, at the end of which time he was discharged for disability, having been wounded at Antietam. His father was a veteran of the War of 1812, and his grandfather served in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Smith's two sons also served with him in the Civil War. The deceased has been a pensioner for years, and recently was accorded an increase. He was

the oldest member of Charles Beck Post 56, G. A. R.

The funeral took place at his late residence, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends. The interment took place in Hingham cemetery, where the Grand Army ritual was performed over the grave of the departed comrade.

MINER G. FRYE.

Colonel Miner G. Frye, of Derry, died suddenly, November 23, 1894, of heart disease. He belonged to the Thirteenth Maine Regiment during the Civil War. At the time of his death he was commander of the First Regiment of the New Hampshire National Guard. Mr. Frye was quite prominent in politics, and was the best known Democrat in that section of Rockingham county; and at the present time was deputy sheriff, and had been prominently mentioned to be next postmaster of that village.

DR. EDWARD A. FRINK.

The death of Dr. Edward Ames Frink, Friday, November 16, 1894, at South Deer Isle, sent a deep shadow of sadness into many a heart. He was born in Deerfield, Mass., May 9, 1831, studied medicine and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and came to Deer Isle to begin his practice as a doctor some thirty-four years ago. During the war he served as army surgeon, being stationed at Hilton Head, S. C., after which he returned to Deer Isle, and later married Miss Ada A. Babbidge, youngest daughter of

Aaron and Lydia Babbidge. He put up a fine house and stable, and worked at his profession, built up a large practice, and became a prominent citizen and most successful physician, highly esteemed and respected for his integrity. A few years ago he and his son (an only child) went into the apothecary business at Green's Landing, under the name of E. L. Frink & Co. The death of his son last July was a blow from which the doctor never recovered. His health has failed very perceptibly, though thought not so alarmingly as was proved by his death. He was widely known, being a man interested in modern improvements for the place, active in furthering any advancement for society, educational and otherwise. They were an unusually happy family, devoted to each other. He leaves a widow, who is prostrated with grief at the death of both the loved ones. The funeral from the home, Sunday, was largely attended by loving friends, gathered to pay their last respects to an honored and true friend. There were many

beautiful floral offerings from friends. Rev. E. W. Belcher, the officiating clergyman, spoke with earnest, tender sympathy. Mr. Frink was 63 years, 6 months, and 7 days old.

IVORY H. BANKS.

Mr. Ivory H. Banks, a cooper at the Portland kerosene oil works, left his home at 156 Clark street, early on the morning of November 26 to go to his work. As he was walking along the street he was suddenly taken ill, and fell to the ground. His companions carried him into Lunt's soap factory, and Dr. Addison S. Thayer was summoned. The man died before the doctor reached him. It is thought the cause of his death was apoplexy. Mr. Banks was a worthy citizen, about 60 years of age. He leaves a widow. He was a member of Bosworth Post, G. A. R., having joined only a few weeks ago, the last new member. He served in the Twenty-Fifth Maine as private.

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Ashland, Aroostook	Dunn, Fred G	Hampden, Penobscot	Mayo, H W
Augusta, Kennebec	Blanchard, H F	Hanover, Oxford	Putnam, Solon A
Alfred, York	Donovan, John B	Harrison, Cumberland	Warren, Jesse W
Anson, Somerset	Adams, Benjamin	Hartland, Somerset	
Athens, Somerset	Holman, J F	Bersey, Aroostook	Smith, B L
		Hiram, Oxford	Pike, J F
Bangor, Penobscot	Mitchell, H L	Houlton, Aroostook	Burleigh, Parker C
Bath, Sagadahoc	Hughes, George E		
Belfast, Waldo	Brown, F W	Jay, Franklin	Thompson, Roscoe H
Bethel, Oxford	Herrick, A E		
Biddeford, York	Gould, Jesse	Kennebunk, York	Haley, A E
Bingham, Somerset	Jordan, William B	Kingman, Penobscot	Estes, Jere E
Blaine, Aroostook	Safford, H W	Kittery, York	Safford, Moses A
Boothby Harbor, Lincoln	Kenniston, G B		
Bluehill, Hancock	Bunker, J E, Jr	Lebanon, York	Jones, S W
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Bradford, Penobscot	Wentworth, Thos H	Lewiston, Androscoggin	Drew, F M
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Buckfield, Oxford	Bridgman, Thos S	Lisbon, Androscoggin	Coolidge, H E
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Blanchard, Piscataquis	Packard, Cyrus A	Lubec, Washington	Gray, James H
Brownville, Piscataquis	McIntosh, M W		
		Machias, Washington	McFaul, A D
Camden, Knox		Madison, Somerset	Small, C O
Calais, Washington	Hanson, George M	Manchester, Kennebec	Farr, Loring
Canaan, Somerset	Barrett, T B	Mechanic Falls, Androscoggin	Purrrington, F O
Canton, Oxford	Swasey, J P & J C	Mercer, Somerset	Croswell, H T
Caribou, Aroostook	Fletcher, B L	Mexico, Oxford	Trask, John R
Casco, Cumberland	Tolman, James H	Millbridge, Washington	Gray, H H
Castine, Hancock	Warren, George M	Milo, Piscataquis	Durgin, M L
Cherryfield, Washington	Campbell, F J	Monmouth, North, Kennebec	Jeffrey, Jesse
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Corinna, Penobscot	Wood, W I	Monson, Piscataquis	Sprague, J F
Corinth, East, Penobscot	Haynes, Henry P		
Cornish, York	Perkins, Walter P	Newport, Penobscot	Walker, Elliott
		Norridgewock, Somerset	Harrington, Charles A
Damariscotta, Lincoln	Hilton, Wm H	North Berwick, York	
Danforth, Washington	Hewes, B W	Norway, Oxford	Holt, Charles E
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Denmark, Oxford	Davis, S G	Oldtown, Penobscot	Cushman, C A
Dexter, Penobscot	Crosby & Crosby	Orono, Penobscot	Dunn, C J
Dixfield, Oxford	Trask, J R	Oxford, Oxford	Hazen, George
Dover, Piscataquis	Peaks, Jos B		
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Eastport, Washington	McLarren, I G	Parsonfield, York	Davis, George E
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Eddington, Penobscot		Pembroke, Washington	Smart, E K
Ellsworth, Hancock	Barnham, J A	Phillips, Franklin,	Morrison, James
		Pittsfield, Somerset	Hovey, Frank W
Farmington, Franklin	Belcher, S G	Poland, Androscoggin	Dunn, David
Fairfield, Somerset	Weeks, George G	Porter, Kezar Falls, Oxford	Fox & Davis
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Fort Kent, Aroostook			
Foxcroft, Piscataquis	Parsons, W E	Readfield, Kennebec	Bean & Bean
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Tremont, S W Harbor, Hancock	Fuller, George R	Winthrop, Kennebec	Carlton, L T
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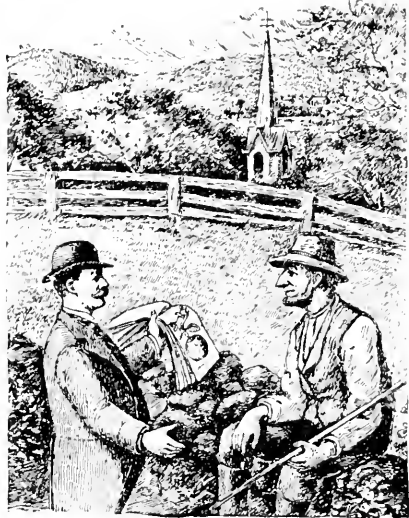
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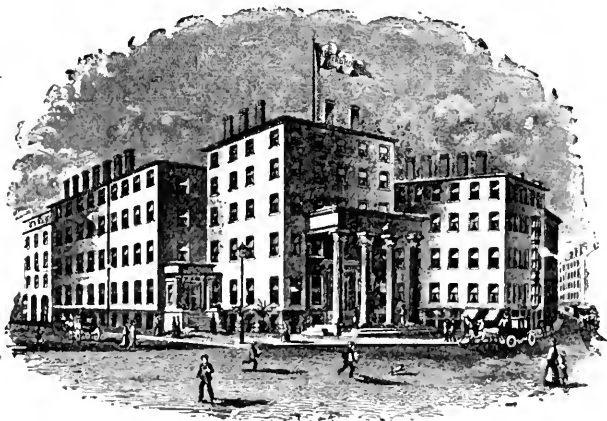
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THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

APRIL, 1895.

CALL 2.

HOW THE FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY LOST 1,179 MEN IN 30 DAYS.

By Major Charles J. House, First Maine Heavy Artillery.

The organizations of heavy artillery constituted a peculiar and distinct branch of service in the late war. Practically speaking, during the first three years of the war, they were neither artillery nor infantry, though allied to both. Their uniform was of the infantry pattern though trimmed with the red of the artillery, and though they were well drilled in the tactics of all the heavy guns from the six-inch mortar to the hundred pounder Parrott, yet they were fully armed and equipped as infantry and could show a better line and execute all the intricate movements of that branch of service with more precision than any infantry regiment in the field.

This was their standing, when to the number of twenty-five thousand, in the month of May, 1864, this force was ordered from the defences of Washington to join the forces of General Grant near Spottsylvania court house. From this time until the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox, they were to all intents and purposes so many regiments of infantry, working in the

same brigades, making the same marches, enduring the same hardships and fighting the same battles with the infantry regiments, and, in short, after being incorporated into the infantry brigades their only distinction was the red trimming upon their uniforms and the cross cannons upon their caps. As a general thing these regiments had been recruited and organized as infantry, then by special orders from the war department they were transferred to the heavy artillery branch of the service and recruited up to eighteen hundred men by filling the ten old companies to one hundred and fifty men each and by adding two new companies of equal numbers.

When the First Maine Heavy Artillery marched down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington, on the morning of May 15, 1864, it was a regiment of nominally eighteen hundred men but of course all were not present for duty. Some had permanent details away from the command, others were scattered in northern hospitals while a large

contingent including the large number of sick in our post hospital and many others who had been on light duty about camp, but were unable to bear the fatigues of the march, were left behind. Besides this quite a number were detailed as cooks, orderlies, and hostiers. The exact number of men which the regiment took into battle the 10th of May, I have been unable to determine, but the knowledge I have of my own company and the written statements of several company commanders noted down at the time and from all the information I can gather, I am satisfied that not over sixteen hundred were with us that day.

The regiment embarked on a transport at the foot of 7th street during the forenoon of May 15, and landed at Belle Plain the same evening, where it remained until the morning of the 17th, when it took up the line of march, passed through Fredericksburg and arrived at Spottsylvania at 11 o'clock that evening. We had now literally arrived at the seat of war and were liable to be called into action at any time. Made up from good material, perhaps no better and certainly no worse than the average regiment from the old Pine Tree state, the schooling we had received while in the defences of Washington had made us thorough soldiers so far as drill and discipline were concerned but we lacked the practical knowledge of fighting the enemy or how best to protect ourselves when in range of the enemy's

bullets. This we learned later on in the hard school of experience, that is, what few of us there were left after thirty days of such schooling. Early on the morning of the 18th, we were awakened by the booming of cannon. We had heard the artillery firing at the second Bull Run battle in 1862, and at Aldie in 1863, and in each case were at a safe distance with no likelihood of being called into action, but now the case was different. The firing was only a mile or two away and in less than ten minutes we were moving on double quick time towards the point of attack, going into line behind well built breastworks in support of what proved a feeble attack by our forces on the bloody angle, the scene of General Hancock's brilliant charge on the morning of the 12th. Here we prepared breakfast, accustomed ourselves to our new surroundings, and enjoyed as best we could our first day under fire. We were well out of the range of bullets but many shells burst along the line yet we moved out late in the afternoon with ranks unbroken and at roll call the next morning, for the last time, every comrade answered, "Here."

All day the 19th, the troops from the right of our army were moving away to the left and the Fredericksburg Pike, over which our supply trains were moving, became uncovered and the enemy, always feeling for an opportunity, had advanced a force under General Ewell, which had cautiously moved along until late in the afternoon

they struck the wagon train protected only by a light guard which was immediately swept away and our supplies were in their hands. Our regiment chanced to be nearest the point of attack and it was started at once on the double quick. About

brushed away without a halt on our part, some being captured but the larger part fell back to their main line. Advancing for half a mile through the thicket without meeting the enemy we emerged into a clearing, a field of perhaps ten acres.



COL. DANIEL CHAPIN

the time we started a heavy shower came on but on we rushed through rain and mud, and as we neared the train filed off to the right so as to bring ourselves into line, then made a dash for the wagons. The force of the enemy at that point was not a heavy one and they were

divided nearly equally by a small sluggish brook fringed by low trees and running from right to left. The ground sloped gently on our side of the brook but was steeper beyond up to the edge of the woods where the enemy were posted. Up this hill the force driven from the

wagon train were rushing as we came out of the woods, but were soon out of sight.

The regiment moved two-thirds the way down the slope where they were brought to a halt, and firing commenced which lasted two hours and twenty minutes. During all this time the men stood, fought just as you see them in pictures, and were the coolest lot of men I ever saw under any circumstances. They loaded, took aim and fired, then would deliberately clear the smoke from their guns by half cocking, throwing off the old cap and blowing into the muzzle, always giving the gun time to cool a little before reloading. Men were falling, to be sure, but those who were able got away to the rear while those who were not, lay quietly along the line and the survivors were too much engaged with their work to notice much about them until the enemy retired and the firing ceased. I spoke of our being in an open field; so we were, but not all. We made so long a line that one or two companies on either flank extended into the woods and were more or less protected; in fact the loss in Company D amounted only to one killed, and he on the color guard out in the field, and three slightly wounded, while on the other hand, Company E, which was in the field and fully exposed, had twenty-three killed or mortally wounded and forty-seven others wounded, a total of seventy out of one hundred and thirty-five who went into action. The loss in the regiment was one hundred and

fifty-five killed or mortally wounded and three hundred and sixty-nine wounded, a total of five hundred and twenty-four. This was an enormous loss amounting to nearly one third of the number engaged.

In fact, up to this time since the war began, no regiment had suffered such a numerical loss in any one battle, but the end was not yet. There were two things which largely contributed to our loss. The first and most important was the position in which we were halted on the field. Had we remained at the edge of the woods on the hill, or even advanced across the brook, we should have been partially covered from the enemy's fire. Then had we thrown ourselves flat on the ground a less number of men would have been hit. After this the regiment never fought the enemy while standing except in making an advance. As soon as the firing slackened Company E, of which I was a member, was deployed as skirmishers and advanced against the enemy so close that two of our men in the woods on the left of the company were taken prisoners, one of whom went to Andersonville, but the other not liking to take the chances of prison life tried his hand at making his escape. He was a wily fellow, fertile in resources and as cool as he was brave. He not only succeeded in making his escape back to our lines, but brought in a prisoner with him. It was not all smooth sailing for him for he was obliged to shoot down two of the enemy who stood in the way of his

escape. Near midnight the company was relieved and ordered in to a point on the hill in rear of where we had fought in the afternoon. The men came in through the darkness singly or by twos, and I venture the assertion that no more cordial greetings were ever accorded than were extended to each new comer by those who had preceded him. We had been in service twenty-one months and had learned to trust and love each other as brothers, and is it any wonder that tears came unbidden, tears of sorrow that so many had fallen and of joy that so many had escaped?

Later on I accompanied a squad of men who were going on to the field to bring off the body of Lieutenant John F. Knowles of our company who had been killed. As we neared the point where we had stood in line I noticed eight or ten of our men laid out side by side, the beams of the moon struggling through the fleecy clouds, lighting their upturned faces all smeared with the smoke of battle, some showing gaping wounds and all ghastly and lifeless. Looking to the right where the color guard and Company M had stood, was a similar lot of dead carefully laid out, beyond this another and another until the woods were reached, and the same thing away to the left. It was a solemn moment as I gazed on the scene at that midnight hour, my first look upon a deserted battle field, and how forcibly those rows of dead men reminded me of the gavels of reaped grain among

which I had worked on my native hills, but here the reaper was the angel of death. I picked up a canteen to replace my own which had been pierced by two bullets and hurried from the field. One look was enough.

Ervin Chamberlain went into action on my left. This was his only battle and the impressions made on his mind were lasting. He told me a few weeks ago that the man on my right and the one on his left as well as the two who covered us in the rear rank were all killed or mortally wounded, and that he was hit seven times before being disabled, and I could count the marks of nine bullets which had made a close call on me. At eleven o'clock the night of the twentieth, the regiment was on the march which was kept up at a rapid pace for seventeen hours, with less than five minutes' rest during the time. Passing through Bowling Green we were halted near Milford station, where the regiment went into line and threw up breast works while Company D, under Lieutenant Henry E. Sellers, was advanced as a line of pickets, but were attacked by the enemy, losing one man killed, one wounded, and one prisoner.

On the twenty-third of May, we reached a point near the North Anna river and near night were subjected to a severe shell fire, losing two or three men. We were kept in reserve until the afternoon of the twenty-fourth, when we crossed over the river on a bridge

upon the run under one of the liveliest shell fires we ever got into. Probably twenty-five shells exploded over our heads while making the run, but one man only was hit, getting a slight scalp wound by a small sliver of iron. We labored most of the night building breast works and remained here until the night of the twenty-sixth, when the army was withdrawn to the north side of the river and proceeded on another flank movement. The loss of the regiment was two killed or mortally wounded and five wounded. The twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, we were near Hanover town, where we had one man killed. The thirtieth we moved out near the Totopotomy Creek, and the morning of the thirty-first moved across the creek and assisted in driving the enemy from their outer line of works. Getting into position we lay under a broiling sun and a most uncomfortable shell fire the rest of the day. In this action we had three men killed and ten wounded, mostly by exploding shells. One shell exploded immediately over the left of Company K, which lay on the right of Company E. One K man was killed and two others wounded, but the E men were all unhurt, though several pieces of the iron struck among us, one piece going through the gunstock of Corporal Fenslon, and another demolishing Sargent Chapin's canteen. In a few minutes some enterprising man in the company who was short of cooking tools had melted the solder around

the edge of the canteen and, with a split stick for a handle on the good half, was busy frying meat and preparing his supper.

The next day, June first, commenced the battle, or rather series of battles of Cold Harbor. In this action our regiment was not directly engaged with the enemy, but were held in reserve while other regiments and brigades were being hurled under a terrible fire against a line of earth works so strong and well protected by abatis, and almost impenetrable slashes that no force of men, however brave, could hope to break so long as the works were well manned. Our work was to rush from point to point along the line, now to the right, then to the left in quick succession, always exposed more or less to the scattering fire from the not far away front. The heavy fighting was on the first and third of June, and the loss to the army amounted to some thirteen thousand men. Our regiment was continually under the scattering fire of the enemy, and scarcely a day passed from the first to the twelfth of June, but what one or more of our men were wounded. A reconnaissance of Company A, on the evening of the twelfth, resulted in the loss of five prisoners. The total loss of the regiment in those twelve days, amounted to one killed, twenty-seven wounded, and seven prisoners. At ten-thirty on the night of June twelfth, we moved out of the works, marched a few miles, then slept by the roadside the rest of the night. The thirteenth we

crossed the Chickahominy and marched to the James river which we crossed on transports on the fourteenth, and eleven o'clock on the night of the fifteenth, found us facing the enemy's lines in front of Petersburg. Late in the afternoon of the sixteenth, we were advanced against the works in our front, being in the second line and not directly engaged, but lost some men. Working all night, throwing up breast works, we were given a day of comparative rest through the seventeenth, but were kept well up to the front, losing occasionally a man. That evening we were put into the front line on the right of the Prince George court house road, where we soon became engaged with the enemy. A brisk fire was kept up for some twenty minutes, in which Major George W. Sabine was struck by a minié ball which passed through one thigh and lodged in the other, from the effects of which he died the following May. At four o'clock on the morning of the eighteenth, we emerged from this position, driving in the enemy's pickets and developing the fact that they had withdrawn from their position of the night before to an inner and stronger line. Taking position along the road in front of the Hare field and buildings, we soon had a strong line of earth works which we felt capable of defending in case of an attack. Several attempts had been made by the different corps to break through the enemy's line at various points in the course of the day but

without success, when, well along in the afternoon General Birney, then in command of the Second Corps, received from General Meade the following orders :

“I have sent positive orders to Generals Burnside and Warren to attack at all hazards with their whole force. I find it useless to appoint an hour to effect co-operation, and am therefore compelled to give you the same order. You have a large corps, powerful and numerous, and I beg that you will at once, as soon as possible, assault in strong column. The day is fast going and I wish the practicability of carrying the enemy's line settled before dark.”

Mott's division was selected as the assaulting column, and when the order was transmitted to him he protested vigorously against so rash and hopeless an undertaking, but protests under such circumstances avail nothing. The order was positive and must be obeyed. Our Third brigade was designated to make the direct assault and the other brigades were well in hand to follow up any advantage that we might possibly gain. The different regiments composing the brigade were withdrawn from the line and brought together a little to the rear under cover of the woods and then marched back into position in column in an open pine growth back from the road, so we should just clear the Hare house on the right as we advanced. As we came into position we found that our regiment not only headed the column, but

we had been made a column of ourselves by breaking up into three battalions of four companies each, and, according to our instructions, the First battalion was to lead off, and each succeeding battalion to follow at a distance of twenty paces. In short, the First Maine Heavy Artillery became the "strong column" with which the assault was made for no other regiment advanced beyond the road. It was just as well, for no ten thousand men in column could have pierced that line manned as it was with infantry and artillery. The more to advance the more to be killed, that was all. There was lead and canister enough and to spare. From our position among the pines we could see the whole field over which we must pass and the earthworks beyond. We could see the men behind those works, no doubt elated at the prospect of the harvest of death they were about to reap, but the two batteries which were to be served with double shotted canister on either flank were under cover. It was perfectly safe to stand up now both for Union and Confederate troops, for on our part of the line, at least, the noise of battle was hushed, it was the lull before the storm. And now came the final preliminaries before starting. We were ordered to load and the guns were loaded and capped, then to fix bayonets which was done. Instructions were given not to fire a shot until we got into the enemy's works. "Pile up your knapsacks and leave two men from each company to

guard them," ordered the colonel. The guards were detailed, and the men stripped to light marching order. For the next few minutes the guards were busy with pencil and note book taking down addresses of wife, mother, sister, or loved one far away in Maine. When called to attention the men were readily in place. There was a little nervous tightening of belts and a little firmer grasp of the musket as it was brought to a trail. Teeth may have been set a little harder to prevent any sign of trembling which might take possession of us. The order was given and we dashed off at double quick time. A shower of lead struck us, but the men involuntarily pulled their cap visors down over their eyes and with bowed heads advanced against the storm. The shells crashed over our heads for a minute and then the deadly canister got in its work. The ranks melted and the lines grew thin but on we pressed hoping against hope, a few getting nearly up to the abatis, when the order to retreat was given, and such as could got off the field. One verse of a little poem written on this affair so graphically describes the slaughter that I give it as follows:

"A short, sharp word
The sudden stillness stirred—
A blinding flash—
A thunderous crash—
A deaf'ning and incessant roar
While on us pour
In front—in flank
From rank to rank
Such blasts as never fell before—
One minute more
And all is o'er;
Six hundred daring men and four
Lie dead, or weltering in their gore."

Thus ended the Battle of Petersburg, and "the practicability of carrying the enemy's line" was settled in the negative. I wish to say a word here in regard to the time we were on the field. I have seen it estimated by those present all the way from eight to twenty minutes. Let us figure a little. The distance from the point of starting to the enemy's line is three hundred and fifty yards. Now three hundred and fifty-two yards is one fifth of a mile, so the distance out and back is two fifths of a mile over which a man can easily walk in eight minutes going at the rate of a mile in twenty minutes. The average speed we attained in the advance and retreat must have shortened the time one half from that of a walk, so that it is altogether probable that in four minutes after starting every man except those disabled was off the field. Our loss in this battle counted up two hundred and forty killed and died of wounds, and three hundred and sixty-four wounded, a total of six hundred and four, nearly all of which occurred in the assault of the 18th of June.

The Eighth New York Heavy Artillery had suffered a loss at Cold Harbor which exceeded ours at Spottsylvania, but our loss at Petersburg stands out as being the heaviest that occurred in any regiment in any one battle during the whole war, while that at Spottsylvania stands third in the list, being exceeded only by the loss in the Eighth New York above mentioned. Our losses from May 19 to June 18,

a period of thirty days, had been :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.
Spottsylvania,	155	369	524
Milford Station,	1	1	2
North Anna,	2	5	7
Hanover Town,	3	10	13
Totopotomy,	1	27	28
Cold Harbor,	240	364	604
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total,	403	776	1,179

Besides this we had lost fourteen prisoners, twelve of whom died in Southern prisons. To the casual reader the results to the regiment of this thirty days of fighting represents the death of four hundred and fifteen men, and seven hundred and seventy-six others more or less disabled for life, but to us of the command and to our families it means more. It means not only death, but individual suffering. Comparatively few of the killed die instantly, and those who linger from a few hours to many months have their cup of suffering filled to the brim.

And, what of the loved ones at home? It means sorrow without measure; it means an aged father or mother going down in poverty and grief to the grave for want of a staff to lean upon; it means a widowed wife and orphan children; it means other than literal wounds which are never healed on earth. The same thing holds true, though in a less degree, in all the ordinary losses in battle, but this aggregation of death, of suffering and of anguish, becomes terrible to contemplate on account of its magnitude. Considering the number of men engaged and the brief time in which this loss occurred, it is without a parallel in the history of modern warfare.

WITH SHERIDAN IN LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

By Col. Fred C. Nezhall.

[Continued.]

General MacKenzie's division of cavalry, from the Army of the James, which had been sent by General Grant as an additional reinforcement and is spoken of in his dispatch, arrived at Dinwiddie Court House about this time, and was ordered by General Sheridan to remain near that point until its services should be required. This was a division only in name: in point of numbers it was not a brigade, barely one thousand men, but good employment was found for them, and MacKenzie with a small division is better than some older officers with a big one.

About 1 P. M.—as soon as it was evident that the enemy would retire to his fortified line at Five Forks before accepting battle—orders were sent to General Warren to bring up his corps, and Major Gillespie, of the engineers, was instructed by General Sheridan as to the position it should occupy on the Gravelly Church Road—a little lane running across from the White Oak to the Five Forks Road, something like a mile from the Forks, toward Petersburg, off on the right and rear of Merritt's cavalry and opposite the enemy's left flank. The formation was directed to be made obliquely to the White Oak Road—that is, the right of the corps to be nearest to the road, the object being to burst upon the enemy's left flank upon that road,

and to waste no time in unnecessary marching in doing so. Had the corps been formed exactly parallel to the road, it will be seen that the right of the corps, in order to strike the enemy's left flank, would, after crossing the road, have to make a complete left wheel, in which much time would be lost and, meanwhile, the brunt of the fighting would have to be borne by the left of the line, which, having the shortest distance to wheel, would naturally encounter the enemy first. Hence the oblique formation, in which it was supposed that the right of the line would strike the enemy as soon as the left or centre. Two divisions constituted the front line, and the other division supported the right. In regard to this formation General Warren remarks: "General Sheridan says in his report that he directed one division to be formed in reserve, opposite the centre. This is a mistake: his order was to form it in rear of the right." If General Warren had read the report more carefully he would have observed that General Sheridan says this in speaking of his instructions to Major Gillespie, given before he had himself seen the ground, and he would have found a few lines later these words: "I ordered an advance in the following formation: Ayres's division on the left, in double lines, and Crawford's division on the right, in double

lines, and Griffin's division in reserve, behind Crawford;" that is in rear of the right, as General Warren says, and General Sheridan appears not to have made a mistake if we read all that *he* says.

During this formation, which was slowly perfected, General Merritt was instructed to keep up a lively fire along his front, protecting his men as much as possible by such shelter as the ground afforded while engaging the attention of the enemy; and General Warren sent his mounted escort up to the open ground overlooking the White Oak Road, to picket his front while his corps was getting into position. But the enemy seemed to have no idea of coming events, or were wonderfully indifferent if they had, for they made no effort to look into our little game on Gravelly Run, but seemed satisfied to "go it blind" behind their fortifications.

It was now reported that some movements on the left of the Army of the Potomac had left open the White Oak Road by which General Lee might yet reinforce the isolated Five Forks party if he felt so disposed; and already some small force of the enemy was said to be reconnoitering this road from the direction of Petersburg. Meantime MacKenzie's cavalry had been moved up to Mr. Boisseau's house, and was therefore in good position to reach the White Oak Road rapidly by the way the Fifth Corps had come in the morning, and learn the truth of these reports. This he was ordered to do, and to attack with

vigor whatever he should meet, as it was of vital importance that no disturbing element should now intrude upon the ripening plans for a decisive battle. He was ordered to drive toward Petersburg, if possible, whatever force he might encounter, and, if successful, to return quickly along the White Oak Road toward Five Forks, and take part in the flank attack. If he encountered nothing, he was ordered to pursue his reconnoissance only so far as to ascertain that the Fifth Corps would not be attacked from that direction, and then return as above detailed. If he met a superior force, he was to hold it in check as best he might; but hold it in check he must at all hazards. Enterprising MacKenzie rode gayly away on his three-cornered errand, while the Fifth Corps plodded through the mud and formed on Gravelly Run.

After General Sheridan had seen the cavalry close up to the enemy's works, and had talked the plan over till Merritt had it by heart, he struck across toward Gravelly Church, and, dismounting from his horse on the bank of the run, impatiently awaited the formation of the Fifth Corps. Here began his dissatisfaction with General Warren in connection with this battle; he seemed so passive and indifferent in regard to the matter, that General Sheridan, repeatedly calling his attention to the importance of haste, could elicit no response beyond the urging of his division commanders through the medium of his staff. It was a time for active

personal effort and example. It was growing late, and the days had gone by when the sun stood still in midheaven that enemies might be destroyed. But General Warren sat upon a log, and his indifferent manner he explains in this way. Speaking of General Sheridan, he says, "his impatience was no greater apparently than I felt myself, and which I strove to repress and prevent any exhibition of, as it would but tend to impair confidence in the proposed operations. When everything possible is being done, it is important to have the men think it is all that success requires if their confidence is to be retained." The reader can decide as to the merits of this argument. But it was most evident to all of us who knew General Sheridan well, that he was much annoyed; and we remarked to each other that there would be a deuce of a row if the Fifth Corps was not ready to move out soon. He evidently considered that General Warren was throwing cold water on the proposed assault; and if he arrived at that conclusion, doubtless General Warren helped him to it by something more than an indifferent manner. What conversation they had upon the subject is nowhere officially recorded, and therefore is not fit matter for production here: but it is just to General Sheridan to say that General Warren did not seem to be hopeful, and gave all of us the impression of being unduly influenced by his belief in the sagacity of the enemy, who may have been never so saga-

cious, but this was not the time to dwell upon it. In his official report, General Sheridan himself declares: "In this connection I will say that General Warren did not exert himself to get up his corps as rapidly as he might have done, and his manner gave me the impression that he wished the sun to go down before dispositions for the attack could be completed." The reader will judge between the two, and decide for himself whether or not earnest, hearty coöperation could have been so misunderstood, and whether the manner of an officer thoroughly believing in success, and impatient to realize it, would have required the explanation of apparent indifference which we have just cited.

About 4 P. M., all being in readiness at last, the order to advance was given, and the corps marched briskly forward across the miry bottom land that borders the Gravelly Run, through the undergrowth of brakes on the hill-side beyond, and quickly reached an open level plain, wider than our line of battle. Here we caught sight of the White Oak Road, some two hundred yards before us, and a little party of the enemy's cavalry moving restlessly about in the edge of the woods in our front. Across the plain the Fifth Corps moved magnificently, and General Sheridan with his staff and escort, and his beautiful head-quarter flag, rode out between the skirmishers and the front line of battle, cantering from left to right, beaming with expectations of victo-

ry. His superb black horse, "Rienzi," the same that Buchanan Read has immortalized in "Sheridan's Ride," plunged and curveted, whisking his broad tail, champing his bit, and tossing impatient flecks of foam in the air, as if he had caught the inspiration of the moment and was eager for the fray. Suddenly upon our right there emerged from the woods a column of cavalry rapidly pushing up the White Oak Road toward Five Forks, which some of the staff, galloping out to the front, soon made out to be the division of MacKenzie, who, in the execution of the orders we have already alluded to, had reached the White Oak Road by way of Boisseau's house, after a sharp little skirmish with some of the enemy's cavalry which he easily drove toward Petersburg; and countermarching promptly, in obedience to his instructions, now appeared upon our right just in time to participate in the general attack. Riding quickly across to General Sheridan, he was instructed to swing round with the right of the infantry and gain possession of the Ford Road, which leads from the Five Forks across Hatcher's Run, in the enemy's rear. With a cheery word for all of us, he galloped back to his command, and, turning the head of his column into the thick woods beyond the White Oak Road, steered the best course he could—guiding his movements by Crawford's division on the right of the Fifth Corps. Still pressing on, the infantry became somewhat engaged before they reached the White Oak

Road: and just in front of the general one of our skirmishers threw up his arms and fell forward on to his face, as a man only does when he is shot through the heart. There was no show of force, though, and this was a parting shot from the restless cavalry, which now left the road and went back out of sight, no doubt to look after MacKenzie, as they couldn't hope to stop these heavy lines of infantry. Now we are almost on the White Oak Road, and it is important here to understand how the commanding general intended to bring these heavy lines to bear upon the enemy's left flank. General Warren says, "General Sheridan's calculation as to the position of the left flank of the enemy's line was faulty, and to a very serious extent," etc.: and he claims credit for rectifying this error by such prompt changes as the unexpected circumstances required. Let us look into this and see if the conception or the execution was at fault. General Warren's orders to his division commanders were as follows: "The line will move forward, as formed, till it reaches the White Oak Road, when it will swing round to the left, perpendicular to the White Oak Road:" that is, make a left wheel. The enemy's main line is simply the White Oak Road fortified upon the further side, and there is presumed to be a short line retired from this toward Hatcher's Run, to guard their left flank from surprise. This is the object of assault; this short line is to be quickly demolished before it can be heavily reinforced.

and the cavalry are charged with keeping the main line busy by assaulting with vigor when they hear the musketry of the infantry attack. It has been already explained that the right of the corps was nearest to the White Oak Road—consequently it would naturally reach the road first, and begin first to wheel to the left. Crawford is on the right, supported by Griffin, and Ayres is on the left. If Crawford begins to wheel to his left as soon as he crosses the White Oak Road, he will be well on his way to the enemy's rear by the time Ayres reaches the road; and if Ayres shall encounter opposition, then Crawford and Griffin will be wrapping about the enemy like a cloak, and will soon demand attention. This is the conception, based upon supposed compliance with orders. Now, for the execution. Crawford on the right crossed the White Oak Road first, with but little opposition; but after crossing failed to wheel to his left, as ordered, and pushed straight on toward Hatcher's Run, where there was no enemy. That this serious mistake was made we will be able to prove by General Warren and by General Crawford himself. Meantime General Ayres, on the left, reached and crossed the White Oak Road, and was immediately received by a somewhat heavy fire upon his left flank, and, in accordance with his instructions, at once began to change front to the left. In speaking of General Sheridan's faulty calculations, General Warren says, "We were too far to

our right of the enemy's left flank." Had we been farther to the left, General Ayres would have met a much heavier force, and would have found still greater difficulty in changing front. That the enemy was encountered here proves that he was found precisely where he was supposed to be; there was here no "unexpected condition of things," so far as the enemy was concerned, but it was entirely unexpected that Crawford should leave Ayres to deal with the enemy single-handed. Griffin naturally followed Crawford for awhile, being ordered to support him, but we shall see how handsomely he afterward came into the gap between Crawford and Ayres, and did good service there.

In reply to the fire which Ayres's men met, they opened a furious fusilade which shook the air and made the welkin ring again; but it was a spasmodic burst that probably did very little execution, for the enemy was not yet in sight, and was well protected by his works. Ayres's command had now entered the woods and could hardly see five yards ahead, and the men were nervous, not knowing what to expect behind the trees and bushes; and the greater part of one brigade soon grew very unsteady, though in this dreadful roar of musketry almost nobody on our side seemed to be killed as yet. One or two regiments broke and began to run. It was a sudden panic begotten of a hidden danger, and it was a moment when a little personal example and stiff swearing were badly

needed. Fortunately General Sheridan happened to be at hand, and together with his staff rode into the ranks of the faltering troops, which were soon reassured, and taking heart again came back to their places in line. The opening fire of Ayres's division was immediately echoed along the White Oak road by the carbines of Merritt's men, who gallantly responded to the preconcerted signal for assault, and now started boldly forward to perform their part. They had the brunt of the fight to bear; and, to make a diversion in their favor, it was necessary to press the flank attack with all possible vigor, and thus the angle where Ayres joined the right of our cavalry now became the key to the enemy's position. If this could be gained, Ayres's infantry would completely enfilade their line on the White Oak road and render the direct assault comparatively easy. But if the enemy could hold our infantry in check, they could most probably repulse the cavalry with heavy loss; for their works were strong and difficult to approach in front, and from them they could, while completely sheltered, pour out a deadly fire. It was vital, then, that the flank of the enemy's line should be promptly attacked and broken; and the burden of this necessity now devolved upon Ayres's division, owing to the defection of Crawford's. Here General Sheridan remained, encouraging Ayres's officers and men by his fiery enthusiasm, his reckless disregard of danger, and his evident

entire belief in victory. Already he had brought order out of confusion by his magnetic example, and had turned about the panic-stricken regiments and brought their faces to the foe again. Now, when the line was steadied and was moving forward to the attack, he took his colors in his hand, and where the fire was hottest led the men on, "Rienzi" plunging wildly under him, mad with the excitement of the roaring musketry, the hissing of the leaden shower, and the crashing of the troops through the woods. Here a ball went through the middle of the flag, and the sergeant who had been carrying it was killed; Captain McGonigle, our quartermaster (badly wounded at Cedar Creek), was hit again in the side, and two or three of the staff officers had their horses shot.

But it is not to be understood that General Ayres and all his officers did not do their duty; it was not because they failed in anything that General Sheridan remained with this division, not because this was the vital point, because here, where the enemy was weak, the victory must be inaugurated.

On the left of Ayres's division was the brigade of the young and brave General Winthrop, who rode into the woods as jauntily as if they held no danger, decidedly the best-dressed man on the field. Catching sight of him as he advanced, General Sheridan sent a staff officer to tell him that he would probably encounter the right of our cavalry, and warned him to be careful of

firing upon them by mistake. Bullets were clipping through the branches about him, but Winthrop, who was calmly puffing a fresh cigar, smiled pleasantly, and said he understood the position of the cavalry and would keep a sharp look out for them; then turning his horse, he called out, "Move in lively there, men! move in lively!" and was hardly lost among the trees before he was struck down mortally wounded. From right to left the whole division is now engaged: great shocks of musketry thundering back and forth through the dark woods: and now, moving forward, our men for the first time see the opposing force, strongly posted in a fortified line perpendicular to the White Oak road: then there is a charge—a simultaneous rush—and our men are soon on the works sweeping all before them, and the left flank of the enemy is broken up past mending, Ayers's division capturing all who defended it.

Concerning this assault General Ayres says: "The troops were pushed forward, and soon came upon the left flank of the enemy, which was thrown back at right angles with his main line, and covered by a strong breast-work screened behind a dense undergrowth of pines, and about one hundred yards in length. This breast-work my troops charged, and took it at the bayonet's point, capturing, in carrying it, over one thousand prisoners and several battle-flags. Halting there a short time, by General Sheridan's orders,

till it was apparent that the enemy were giving way generally, I pushed forward rapidly," etc. While Ayres is breathing his men, then, let us go back half an hour, and cross the White Oak road with Crawford's division on his right.

When Ayres had crossed and found himself pretty warmly engaged, as we have seen, he at once began to change front to the left, and in doing so employed a tactical movement which put him in advance of Crawford and opened a gap between them. Crawford, finding Ayers's command fighting, should have gone to his support by a similar manœuvre, and closed up this gap: but he did not. He moved straight on, notwithstanding the orders of General Warren and General Sheridan to get his command quickly to the support of Ayres. General Warren says: "Orders were sent by me to General Crawford to oblique his division to the left and close up this interval." And most of our staff officers were repeatedly sent off on the same errand. Concerning this gap General Crawford reports: "The connection between the second division and my line could not be maintained. I received an order from both General Sheridan and General Warren to press rapidly forward," etc. And General Warren continues: "Orders were sent to General Griffin by several staff officers to move also obliquely to the left, and come in to the support of General Ayers. . . . The time which elapsed before hearing from General Craw-

ford or General Griffin convinced me that they must have passed on beyond the right of General Ayres. Leaving sufficient means to send any important information after me, I then rode rapidly to the right, and was received with a considerable fire from the enemy across the open field. As I afterward learned, this fire occasioned some unsteadiness in General Ayres's right, and also caused the left of General Crawford to oblique to the right, so as to keep the protection of the ridge and trees;" that is, while Crawford's division was being ordered every moment to oblique to the left and rejoin Ayres, who was now heavily engaged, it was obliquing to the right, and so going far away from the battle. General Warren goes on to say: "I remained till General Griffin arrived with his division, when I directed him to attack the enemy on the right of General Ayers, and this he proceeded to do."

Crawford is given up for the time, and Griffin comes to the front: and as we have followed General Ayers into the enemy's works, let us now move with Griffin from the point where General Warren says he met him. General Griffin reports, speaking of the same point: "Finding nothing in front save cavalry videttes, and there being heavy volleys of musketry to the left and rear, the division was halted, and, upon a personal examination, it was found that the enemy was moving up the White Oak road. Immediately the division was faced by the

left flank and marched some four or five hundred yards, when its direction as to the line of battle was changed perpendicular to the left, and moved down at a double quick upon the enemy, who was visible some three quarters of a mile distant moving up the White Oak road. The enemy's rifle-pits were taken, together with about fifteen hundred prisoners. Here a little confusion resulted from the troops exchanging shots with the cavalry, who were coming up in front of the enemy's works." It will be perceived that General Griffin did what General Crawford ought to have done. Not satisfied with the slow process of obliquing, he *faced* his command to the left, and marched directly across Crawford's wake toward the White Oak road until he came within striking distance, and then formed line and charged rapidly down upon the now retreating enemy; for the force that he saw moving up the White Oak road was falling back before Ayers's division, which by this time was again advancing, and, together with the cavalry, driving the enemy toward Five Forks.

Before returning to General Warren, the attention of the reader is asked to the fact that General Griffin does not mention meeting him, nor does he say anything of his instrumentality in accomplishing these results, but, on the contrary, says he was led to make these movements "upon a personal examination." Had General Griffin felt that the credit of his movement

was due to General Warren it is strange he did not so report, since General Warren says: "I have seen nearly all the principal officers of my command, and all unite in telling me that they regard my treatment as unjust. General Griffin assured me he would so express himself at suitable opportunity to General Sheridan." In regard to the battle General Warren continues: "I then rode back to General Ayres's position, and found that he had captured the enemy's extreme right and some thousand prisoners. This information I sent to General Griffin, and then rode as rapidly as possible to direct General Crawford as circumstances might require." Moving from left to right we come now to Crawford, who has encountered the enemy beaten and retreating from Five Forks by the Ford Road, and trying to get across Hatcher's Run. This was where MacKenzie was ordered to go with his cavalry but Crawford's division had crowded him over to the other side of the Run. MacKenzie says: "General Sheridan in person gave me orders to draw in the advance of my command in the direction of the Forks, and move round on the right of the infantry. The movement contemplated was thoroughly understood by me, but I found that the infantry extended so far to the right as to place me on Hatcher's Run, which I crossed and almost immediately recrossed, as there appeared to be no force in my front, and as the fighting seemed to be going on fiercely at the Forks, I

judged my presence there was required." When, after recrossing the run, MacKenzie reached the Ford road, General Crawford had already crossed it, and was engaged with the enemy, and reports as follows: "Just at this point the enemy opened on my centre and left a very heavy fire. . . . Major-General Warren arriving on the field at that moment, directed me to advance immediately down the Ford road, and General Coulter's brigade was selected for that purpose." He goes on to say that "this force captured a battery of four guns and the battle-flag of the Thirty-Second Virginia Infantry. We then changed direction, and advanced again in a southwest direction, the enemy flying before us, though keeping up a desultory firing." The force which Crawford met here had turned its back upon the White Oak road, and was probably trying to escape: one brigade was sufficient to disperse it, and as for the battery it was an easy prize, for we learn from General Warren that "three guns of the captured battery were found on the road, where they had been stopped in their attempt to escape northward;" while of Crawford's fight he says: "General Crawford's troops soon encountered a stiff line of the enemy formed to meet him, and from the fire of which General Coulter's brigade suffered severely. The contest, however, was short, for the enemy, now pressed front, flank, and rear, mostly threw down their arms." We shall now see who stopped the

guns that General Crawford makes mention of.

After a short rest in the captured works (a halt being ordered there by General Sheridan to enable the other divisions to get in the rear of the enemy), General Ayres's division again advanced, together with the cavalry, which had also gained the angle of the enemy's works, and now connected with Ayres. Flanked by Ayres, and assailed in front by the cavalry along the White Oak road, the enemy fell back, fighting, toward Five Forks, and, as we have seen, had Griffin down upon them before they reached there. It will be remembered that some confusion was caused in Griffin's command by his troops exchanging shots with the cavalry. That Merritt's men should fire on his was a very natural mistake, for Griffin advanced from the rear of the enemy's works, while the cavalry charged them in front, and not seeing Griffin's movement on the other side, the force behind the works was taken to be rebels, as a matter of course, and therefore parties to be fired at; but the error was shortly discovered, and then the pursuit was renewed by Griffin —Ayres and the cavalry still pushing on. Let us now take up General Griffin's narrative where we dropped it in the enemy's works when he captured the prisoners. "After a few minutes' delay, the line of battle was again changed perpendicularly to the White Oak road and the enemy's works. The command was then pushed forward

along the rifle-pits, capturing prisoners and driving the enemy before it until they advanced to the Five Forks, where the cavalry and infantry met, capturing five guns and several caissons; and the third brigade, first division, taking on the Ford road a train of wagons and ambulances belonging to Pickett's division. About this point Major-General Sheridan in person directed me to take command of the Fifth Corps and push the enemy down the White Oak road. I immediately directed General Ayres and the other commanders to push forward with all possible dispatch, and the pursuit was kept up until after dark, when the command was halted, the cavalry having pushed to the front, out of sight and hearing of the infantry." Great success had been achieved already: but when the infantry of Griffin and Ayres met the cavalry at Five Forks and charged the battery and captured it, a great *victory* was achieved, and nearly all that was left of the enemy fell into our hands; and these were the guns that were stopped on the road, trying to escape northward. After this, retreat was only a rout.

It has been seen, in Griffin's report, that at the Five Forks he was put in command of the Fifth Corps by General Sheridan in person; and it was at this time, therefore, that General Warren was relieved. Let us briefly recapitulate the history of the battle as given by General Warren and the reports we have quoted, before judgment is

passed on General Sheridan's action. We know how, before the battle began, General Sheridan found fault with General Warren's indifference and want of confidence. In Ayres's first attack the door of the enemy's position was broken in; and while some of the troops of his division faltered, and General Sheridan rallied them, General Warren was occupied elsewhere. He says: "While giving orders thus, I did not think it proper to leave my place in the open field; because it was one where my staff officers, sent to different parts of the command, could immediately find me on their return. . . . It may be that at this time it was that General Sheridan thought I did not exert myself to inspire confidence in the troops that broke under a not very heavy fire. There was no necessity for my personal presence for such purpose reported from any part of the field." When this division was led to the assault of the enemy's line, and General Sheridan, with his flag in his hand, cheered on the foremost, General Warren was at "the Chimneys" with General Griffin, for he says, "I then rode back to General Ayres's position, and found that he had captured the enemy's extreme right and some thousand prisoners." General Griffin does not acknowledge to have been instructed by General Warren in regard to his successful movements; and it is therefore to be presumed that General Sheridan did not recognize his influence from that part of the field. In the decis-

ive assault at the Five Forks, we see by General Crawford's report that General Warren was on the Ford road with him. At the Five Forks the day was decided and victory was assured; and yet standing where the victory was won and looking back upon the successive blows which achieved it, General Sheridan could nowhere recall the presence of General Warren, and could not feel the effects of his presence from any direction. If General Warren, then, was instrumental in bringing about the victory, General Sheridan did not know it. There has been no effort to distort the records that are quoted, nor to draw false inferences from them; and from these the reader can form his own opinion as to the propriety of General Sheridan's action—in whose behalf it seems just that the circumstances which actuated him should be properly explained. This is the sole object in referring to General Warren's publication; and but for it no reference would have been made to his removal from command beyond what is contained in General Sheridan's official report. It would certainly have been more satisfactory to all parties concerned, if the investigation which General Warren asked of General Grant had been permitted; but that it was refused is not at all the fault of General Sheridan. For reasons of his own, General Grant, before the Battle of Five Forks, sent "unsolicited authority" to General Sheridan to relieve General Warren from com-

mand of the Fifth Corps, as General Sheridan officially reports: but he did not act upon it until circumstances under his own observation seemed to demand such action. Again, for reasons of his own, General Grant afterward assigned General Warren to other commands: but it is not possible, as has been inferred, that he did so through any intention to reflect upon General Sheridan's course, which he had himself suggested and afterward confirmed by declining to grant to General Warren a court of inquiry. Evidently, then, General Sheridan's action was satisfactory to the lieutenant-general, who, in authorizing the removal and in refusing General Warren's demand for an investigation, has assumed all responsibility in the matter; and if any reader is not satisfied with the evidence which we have adduced, and does not acquit General Sheridan of intentional unfairness or injustice toward General Warren, it is hoped that he will apply to General Grant for an explanation of *his* unusual proceedings. General Sheridan, not doubting General Warren's entire loyalty, nor his gallantry, which was above suspicion, sincerely believed that he was not in a proper frame of mind to conduct vigorous operations; that he overestimated the ability and strength of the enemy; that he hesitated to strike boldly, and impaired the efficiency of his corps by his own apathy; that in fine he was a millstone hanging about the necks of 15,000

men, and a clog to their steps toward victory.

But it may be said that selfishness and jealousy might have been at the bottom of General Sheridan's dissatisfaction. It is hard to see in what they crossed each other, or for what reasons General Sheridan should seek a pretext to dishonor General Warren. One had already far outstripped the other in the race: General Sheridan was a major-general of the regular army; and no credit he could win would bring him greater advancement, nor any that he might deprive General Warren of. Personally they were almost strangers, in their official relations they did not clash; they were not rivals, competing for rank and distinction, and General Warren was no more to General Sheridan than was any other general in the galaxy of stars which would disappear at the end of the war; search as we may for an unworthy motive we will find none, and we may therefore safely assume that General Sheridan was actuated by a simple and honorable desire to further the interests of the service. Believing in success himself, he would not consent to be hampered by an unbelieving and unwilling associate in command.

But "something too much of this." The reader will doubtless gladly dismiss the matter and return to the White Oak road, and see what progress has been made during this digression, and learn something more of the faring there. The cavalry now have it all to

themselves, and are galloping hot-foot out the White Oak road as fast as they can get up their horses, which have been calmly awaiting in the rear the issue of all this fighting: for, except Stagg's brigade of Devin's division on the extreme right, and Colonel Coppinger, of Custer's division, with two regiments on the extreme left, Merritt's whole command has been fighting dismounted—Devin has been contesting with Custer for the honor of first foothold on the enemy's works, and both divisions have gallantly planted their colors there. As has been already told, the cavalry on the right gained the angle where Ayres assaulted, and then crept up with his infantry toward Five Forks as a fire creeps along the prairie. Farther on the troopers had joined hands with Griffin in the enemy's line: and now on the left, as the tide of battle set that way, a good many men were mounted, and when the battery was charged at the Forks, a number of horsemen joined in the attack. On so long a line it is impossible to say who among the cavalry won the most glory or who most deserved it: but at this central point where the guns were taken and the finishing touches put to a good day's work, the gallant Colonel Fitzhugh, commanding a brigade of Devin's division, rode his horse into the enemy's works: and if some brave fellows went with him, there were none who went before him. Here while the guns were belching forth the vicious can-

ister, our men swarmed in like bees. The confederate General Pickett, whose celebrated division held the Forks, told, at Appomattox Court House, how he was standing in the battery trying his best to check the resistless onset in front and flank, when a Yankee cavalryman, bestride a mule, jumped over the works and ordered him to surrender and be damned to him: and how he was almost surrounded before he could gallop away. With him rushed off the remnants of the enemy: some by the Ford road, to encounter Crawford and MacKenzie; and some by the White Oak road, to fall victims to Custer, whose cavalry every moment broke over the line here and there and dashed on in pursuit, followed by Devin and the infantry which pressed out a mile or more beyond the Forks, and only halted when it was quite dark, and the cavalry was four or five miles in front and could find no organized enemy.

The object of the battle had been to break up this isolated detachment of General Lee's army, and to drive westward, away from Petersburg, any portion of the force that escaped; and we have seen how fully this was accomplished. The enemy's force consisted of Pickett's and Johnson's divisions of Anderson's corps, and some cavalry, of which we saw nothing after the fighting began. Of these two divisions, there were captured between five and six thousand officers and men, and their loss on the field was heavy; they lost their

guns and wagons and ambulances, and those who escaped, having lost their morale, threw away their arms. It is true that we outnumbered the enemy, but he permitted himself to be outgeneralled to a greater degree; he had foiled us in the morning, and reckoned that we had then exhausted ourselves for the day, and so allowed a plan for his destruction to be matured almost within sound of his works, and exposed himself to an attack by a superior force in a position which, if selected by us, could not have been more admirably adapted to his ruin. General Sheridan, who was untrammelled by orders of any sort, caught eagerly at the opportunity thus offered, and planned and fought a battle with intelligence, energy, and gallantry; and won a victory which has no equal in the war for completeness and productiveness of great results. It opened the way for other successes, and it was the inauguration of a policy which crushed the rebellion within ten days.

So soon as it was evident that the whole of Anderson's force was captured and dispersed, the cavalry was recalled, and General Griffin was instructed to countermarch the Fifth Corps on the White Oak road, and go into position east of the Five Forks, facing Petersburg; for it was supposed that General Lee would make some effort to relieve Anderson as soon as he learned what was likely to befall him. As Griffin began to countermarch, the White Oak road presented a scene

of chaotic confusion and disorder only to be witnessed after a battle. Here and there huge camp-fires were already blazing; the most important duty of the soldier—defeating the enemy—having been handsomely performed, the next important duty—cooking coffee—had immediately succeeded, and the horses of hurrying staff officers kicked over coffee-pots, and had anathemas hurled after them as they galloped up and down; hundreds of soldiers called out for their regiments, and hundreds of officers advertised theirs for the benefit of those astray; for it was after dark now, and fighting so long in the woods had scattered the troops in all directions. Drums were tapped and bugles blown, and cries resounded for these *enfants-perdus*. The muddy road was blocked with horse and foot, and strewed with abandoned arms; and mingling with the crowd came wounded men, limping slowly back to hospital, or carried in blankets if badly hurt,—friends and foes alike finding help to the rear and treatment there; for enemies with bullets through them always seem to be reconstructed. Drove of silent "Johnnies," under guard, tramped through the mire, jostling against the noisy "Yanks," who were filling the air with yells and cat-calls—the effervescence of victory. Now and then a prisoner would seem to be glad for our success, or glad that he wasn't in for the next defeat. "What day of the month is it?" asked one of our men of one of them, who answered,

“The first of April, and I’m happy to say that we’ve been April-fool-ed.” He saw the beginning of the end; knew that the bubble Confederacy was pricked and on the point of bursting, and knowing how dreadfully hollow it was inside, he was not sorry to be provided with transportation to the North, there to look about for something to do when peace should come: for your willing prisoner doesn’t expect to go home again if he can help it. In a little while order came out of this rabble on the White Oak road, and Griffin moved back to Gravelly Run church, getting his corps into bivouac about 11 p. m.: and meanwhile Merritt’s cavalry went into camp near the Five Forks, and MacKenzie remained on the Ford road at the crossing of Hatcher’s run.

While these arrangements were being perfected, General Sheridan, tired out now that the excitement was over, lay stretched on the ground, with a saddle for a pillow and a roaring fire for a comforter, and sent orders and received reports, and gave points every now and then to the reporter of the *New York World*, who was sitting beside him rapidly writing that capital account of the battle, which afterward found its way into the *Illustrated News* of London, where it was highly commended as a model of war correspondence. General Griffin and General Ayers had wagons up already and tents pitched; but our headquarters were seldom very closely followed by the

train—and never when fighting was going on. So when everything was in order for the night, we retired to the house of Mr. T. Bass near the church, to make a pretense of being sheltered for the night. It was the merest pretense though, as Mr. Bass’s house was filled with wounded, and most of us were in the saddle till morning.

At midnight a staff officer was dispatched to General Grant, who still remained at Dabney’s Mill, away off beyond the Boydton Plank road—probably fifteen miles from us by the road the rider must take to insure a safe conduct; and this way through the woods was shockingly bad, and filled with teams and wagons for the first two miles or more. On each side the ground was a bog, and the branches of trees drooped low as those did which caught Absalom. Farther on, the mud grew muddier and the horse labored heavily: then came the loose planks of the Boydton Plank road, jets of water playfully spurting from beneath: then the fording of Gravelly Run, more difficult to contemplate than to do, although this stream might be magnified through General Warren’s report, as Cassius by his magniloquence magnified the troubled Tiber: then had to be gained the left rear of the Army of the Potomac without encountering the right front of the army of General Lee: but here was well met a courteous officer of the Second Corps, who informed General Sheridan’s messenger that to pursue the course

he was following would lead him into the enemy's lines in less than two minutes. This misadventure escaped, the messenger soon struck the worst piece of road in the world—a corduroyed lane leading through a chain of morasses from the Boydton Plank road to Dabney's. Here Dabney could have run his saw-mill almost anywhere—there was plenty of water, and the corduroy was all afloat, drifting down to Dabney to be sawed. There were four miles of this, and then the rider emerging from the woods as "dark as winter," suddenly found himself in the illuminated camp of the lieutenant-general commanding. This was about 3 a. m. : but the staff officers were still sitting round the camp-fire, listening to the good news brought by Colonel Porter and Captain Hudson, who had seen something of our battle in the afternoon.

General Grant was abed, with one eye open, tucked into an army cot—an easy thing to get into, but a hard thing to get out of at daylight after a short sleep following a hard day's work. General Sheridan's message was verbal, and to this effect, that he had gained a victory, the results of which were recounted; that he had taken up a position fronting Petersburg, and was prepared to receive an attack from that direction, and that he proposed to march that way early in the morning, by the White Oak road, and attack the enemy's right flank. Had General Grant any suggestions or orders? The lieutenant-general

replied, verbally, that he had no orders except to confirm General Sheridan's intentions for the morning, which he should have himself suggested had he not felt confident that the general would, without orders, do what promised best when morning came: he was glad to know so early what General Sheridan proposed to do. He added that orders had been issued for a general attack upon Lee's lines at 2 o'clock a. m., but that the several commanding officers were not entirely ready to assault, and the attack had been postponed for two hours; meantime a heavy cannonade had been ordered until the assault should begin. He thought it possible that General Lee might desert his lines at Petersburg during the night and fall upon Sheridan to open a way for retreat, and therefore Miles's division of the Second Corps had already been sent to the Five Forks to reinforce us. He believed that was all he had to say to the general, who must be governed by circumstances in the morning, and use his own discretion. Back again then to the Five Forks; the Army of the Potomac marking its front now with quick flashes of artillery, twinkling like fire-flies, far away toward Petersburg. Horse and rider confess to be tired by the time they reach Mr. Bass's house, just at daylight, and find General Sheridan mounting and the troops filing up the White Oak road; but staff officers and orderlies do that sort of thing every night in war times, and

if there has been a victory, and there is good news to carry, it is jolly good fun. And just now, especially, nobody about General Sheridan cares for a night or two, more or less, in the saddle, for is not this campaign to be the last?

To understand more fully the situation on the morning of April 1, 1865, the following extract from the official report of General Fitzhugh Lee is pertinent:

“Our position in the vicinity of Dinwiddie Court House (March 31) brought us to the rear of the left of the infantry confronting the right of our line of battle at Burgess’s Mills, and ascertaining during the night that that force, consisting of the Fifth Corps, had about-faced and was marching to the support of Sheridan and his discomfited cavalry, which would have brought them directly upon our left flank, at daylight on the first we commenced moving back to our former position at Five Forks, where Pickett placed his infantry in line of battle. W. H. F. Lee was on his right, one regiment of Mumford’s command on his left uniting with the pickets of General Roberts’s command, who filled the gap between our position and the right of our main army, then at Burgess’s Mills. Rosser was placed just in rear of the centre as a reserve, Hatcher’s Run intervening between him and our line. Everything continued quiet until about 3 p. m., when reports reached me of a large body of infantry marching around and menacing our left flank. I ordered Mumford to go in person, as-

certain the exact condition of affairs, hold his command in readiness, and, if necessary, order it up at once. He soon sent for it, and it reached its position just in time to receive the attack. A division of two small brigades of cavalry was not able long to withstand the attack of a Federal corps of infantry, and that force soon crushed in Pickett’s left flank, swept it away and before Rosser could cross Hatcher’s Run the position at the Forks was seized and held, and an advance toward the railroad made.”

To present also a view of another participant, the following is given from General Horace Porter’s “Five Forks and the Pursuit of Lee:”

“I met Sheridan about 10 a. m. on the Five Forks road not far from J. Boisseau’s house. Ayres had his division on this road, having arrived about daylight, and Griffin had reached J. Boisseau’s between seven and eight a. m. I had full conference with Sheridan. He told me the force in front of him had fallen back early in the morning, that he had pursued with his cavalry and had had several brushes with the enemy, and was driving him steadily back: that he had his patience sorely tried by the delays that had occurred in getting the infantry to him, but he was going to make every effort to strike a heavy blow with all the infantry and cavalry, as soon as he could get them into position, provided the enemy should make a stand behind the intrenchments at Five Forks, which seemed likely. General Warren, who had accompanied Crawford’s division, arrived at 11 o’clock and reported in person to Sheridan.”

IN GUATEMALA.

AN INTRODUCTION TO MR. REA, A NEW CONTRIBUTOR TO THE BUGLE.

By Grace Cilley Tibbets.

We have just arrived at this old town, built some time before 1500, and destroyed by the volcano, Agua, in 1541 and a second time in 1773 by an earthquake and slight eruption. The dilatory people of this "manana" country (to-morrow country, because everything is postponed until that dubious time) decided to build a capital out of danger and went down to the present capital, thirty miles away.

The destruction of the old city was not the kind that volcanoes usually produce. Inasmuch as Agua is an old crater bed and was full of water, when the rainy season came on the rain overflowed the bed and came pouring down the mountain side. This city was a very flourishing place of 126,000, with several large cathedrals and monasteries. There was also a school of art which boasted some four hundred Indian pupils. These pupils executed the statues and pillars adorning the facades and interiors of the various churches. The few traces of these decorations remaining, for most of them have been carried to Guatemala City, or destroyed, are really creditable specimens of work. All this native talent seems well-nigh impossible when one sees the stolid descendants of those artistic ancestors, trudging bovinely along, bent nearly double under tremendous

weights. Men, women, and children alike go burdened and are seemingly content to receive twenty-five or fifty cents for emolument after a ten-mile early morning tramp. The women invariably go about with baskets of varying sizes balanced on their heads. One does not see many round-shouldered, narrow-chested women among the natives. Besides the baskets or heavy pottery jugs, there is often a little baby tied to their backs, and the little head wobbles in all directions as if it would fall off under the influence and impetus of the mother's dog-trot gait.

To come back to our being at Antigua. We left San Jose with a letter of introduction to some Americans, Mrs. John Stuart, wife of the factor at San Jose, (Col. Stuart was in the 51st New York regiment and wears the Loyal Legion button). The family at the capital were very kind to us, and we dined with them Sunday and they with us last night. Mr. Stuart, Jr., gave us a note of introduction to a friend of his: W—— knew of a second man through a mutual friend, and one of the young men at the agencies in San Jose gave a third note to a friend of his. This last was at the naval academy at Annapolis for three years but was dismissed for being a party to some hazing raid.

But W——'s friend's friend will be really of the most use to us. He is a professor of English at the normal school here and the national institute. He is somewhat of an archeologist and thoroughly informed on the ruins both here and at La Ciudad Vieja, the first capital. And now something singular happened. We were discussing Spanish: he said he enlisted and served four years, just after his college days, in Lee's army. Then I said that my father was in the opposing army and was fearfully wounded at Middletown. In an instant he exclaimed, "Was he in the cavalry?" and then asked the name. I told him and he remembered it. He was in Hampton's division.

After dinner he took us to an old Capuchin monastery. This was connected with a cathedral and by underground passages with every church in the town, a nunnery and the archbishop's palace. Now, of course, there are only the massive ruins inhabited by very poor people. We went through what was left, down into the inquisition room, so built that no sound could penetrate the outer air and walked into the vault where recalcitrant nuns were brought to see the error of their ways. For my part, I should see the error of almost any ways, were I shut up in that grewsome place.

After an inspection of this interesting pile, Mr. Rea took us to a friend's house and we saw orchards, coffee plants, and flowers in vast quantities. This gentleman is a

born Spaniard and is now living on the site of the old bishop's palace. He has had almost an herculean task to clear the ground of the ancient masonry spread over his land. He has a large "finca," a coffee plantation, some miles away, but his home gives one a sight of a "finca" on a small scale. He was very courteous and loaded us up with oranges, peaches, anonas, coffee branches and flowers. He also gave us some acorns that are two inches and a half in diameter.

The next morning we started out as soon as we had our coffee—for one cannot have breakfast till ten, and dinner comes at 4 p. m.—to a hill above Antigua and commanding a fine view of Agua. After getting this bird's-eye view we went to several cathedrals, all in ruins. Some parts were renovated and are now in use. It is a depressing kind of spectacle to see the fine remnants of decoration of this Moorish architecture going into such complete decay. As there were originally twenty-six churches in this town of 126,000 people, there are many ruins. We have taken a few pictures and if they prove good you will see the views.

This morning after breakfast we drove to La Ciudad Vieja. As soon as we got off the pavements of horrible stones we enjoyed a charming drive of three miles. When the flood of water came down Agua, it destroyed the most aristocratic part of the town but left the cathedral intact. I may be repeating some history well known if I remark on Alva-

rado, but I shall venture anyway. It seems that Alvarado married for his third wife Dona Beatrice, a lady of noble blood in Spain, and brought her to Guatemala, arriving in the spring of 1541. With her were twenty Spanish maidens, of noble rank also, who came to marry the officers of Alvarado. Soon after this brilliant company arrived,

damself suggested that they had not come to marry these veterans for their beauty but to inherit their Indians, and as they already looked infirm, probably they would soon "shuffle off this mortal coil" and leave their widows free to marry whom they would. Doubtless this amiable plan would have succeeded admirably, save that one of the



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began the festivities intended to introduce the prospective brides to the grizzled old veterans. At the first reception the twenty Spanish maidens hid behind a screen in order to view their future lords. It is needless to say that they were very much disappointed at seeing these interesting individuals sans legs, arms, feet, eyes, and other portions of the human frame which look better on than off. In their amazement they made very free comments, and finally one sprightly and mercenary

warrior, unseen by his fair critics, was within hearing distance, and naturally was not pleased at what he heard. He revenged his share of this contumely by marrying, the next day, a daughter of an Indian chief: some of the remaining warriors followed his example and others remained as they had been. And the Spanish maidens continued to be maids of honor for Dona Beatrice. So after a few months Alvarado, tiring of a life of inactivity, hied him away to the spice islands, stop-

ping in Mexico for some reinforcements, and was there killed. When the news got back to Dona Beatrice (whom her husband had made governor), about a year from her marriage day, she was completely prostrated with grief and refused even the consolations of the church. Although she had always been a pious and devout woman this greatly shocked her friends, and when in the midst of this great grief, strange rumblings and thunderings were heard, when the ground shook slightly and terrific rains began, people thought them signs of Divine displeasure. Almost in accordance with this feeling seemed then the flood of water which came pouring down the lofty slopes of Agua volcano. At the time it began Dona Beatrice, with her maids, was sleeping: they arose and in great fear rushed to another part of the house into the chapel for protection. That part of the house was utterly destroyed, and they with it, while the sleeping room was left and stands to-day. Three of the maids stayed behind the rest, and were saved.

So fell La Ciudad Vieja, and the disheartened people, bereft of Alvarado and his wife, resolved to build a new capital and selected Antigua as a site. This new city thrived marvellously for two hundred years: then it, too, fell.

Quite recently there has been discovered a buried Indian city on the side of Agua of which no legend has a remembrance. Stone images and statues, war clubs, and buried

skeletons are found in large numbers. We saw some of those relics in a private collection. There is a decided resemblance to Egyptian carvings in many of the heads, animals, etc. But there is a greater variety for I saw one head with a perfect negro cast of features, even to the woolly hair, and another with exact Mongolian lineaments, and a third of an old woman of Caucasian cast and very true to life.

Though those statues are cut from very rough, solid stone there have yet been found no metallic implements by which the stone could have been cut. Whether the Indians had some process by which they rendered obsidian less brittle and were thus enabled to use it, is not known but it is certain they used obsidian for some things. Excavations are going on all the time and many valuable discoveries may yet be made which shall startle the world.

To go back to Mr. Rea (pronounced Ray) he was of great help to us and we like him exceedingly. He was only a boy when the war began, but he began to write up the experiences and battles of his division and they were published in Columbus, S. C. He was offered a position in Richmond to simply spend his time in writing, but he had such high hopes of the campaign of '64 being better that he was unwilling to leave the field. He had been an aide of Gen. Wade Hampton, and when he would not stay in Richmond he was made topographical engineer, with the rank of lieutenant, I believe.

He read us some extracts from his book, but says he would not have it reprinted as it now is: his intense feelings have, of course, subsided and he feels quite differently about many things he has expressed very intensely. The only copy he knows of, besides his own, is in the archives of the Southern Historical Society. He means some time to write up a history from what he already has and his memories, softened by all-healing time. He has been unfortunate in having his knee-cap broken in three places, and that cost him two years in a hospital, and then later what little money he has, got tied up in the Salvador government, and he was offered his present position at Antigua, which he accepted till he could recover his vantage ground and be able to devote himself entirely to writing. He was very much interested in the *BUGLE*. He told us an amusing little incident about General Young, the present U. S. minister at Guatemala, and said he would try to write it up and send it to the *BUGLE*. His physique is splendid and his white hair (he is only 48) gives him a most striking appearance.

CAVALRY INCIDENTS OF THE MARYLAND CAMPAIGN.

By D. B. Rea.

OF THE FIRST NORTH CAROLINA CAVALRY, NOW AT ANTIGUA, GUATEMALA.

On the 12th of September, 1862, the last of General Lee's infantry columns had passed the Catoctin Range beyond Frederick City, and were pushing with all alacrity forward in Stonewall Jackson's route beyond the Boonesboro Range to guard the mountain passes there, to cover his movements against Harper's Ferry. General McClellan having possessed himself of the full knowledge of his adversary's plans by finding a copy of General Lee's orders in Frederick City, now with anxious tread was pressing on our rear to the relief of the beleaguered place, and it was all important that the mountain passes in our rear be held as long as possible to impede the enemy's progress. This critical task was entrusted to General J. E. B. Stuart with a part of his cavalry force and a few pieces of Horse Artillery. Early on the morning of the 13th, General Wade Hampton was dropped in the Catoctin pass, with a regiment and two battalions of cavalry and two pieces of Hart's Horse Artillery, with orders to hold it to the last extremity, while General Stuart moved on with the other cavalry down through Middletown and across the Catoctin river bridge to watch our army's rear and flanks in that direction.

The view here from the gap, where

we were posted, reaches back across the valley to Frederick City. At an early hour that bright autumn morning the long, dark lines of the enemy's splendidly equipped cavalry could be seen leading the advance at a brisk pace along the turnpike over which we had just passed the evening before, and seemed stretched out half across the valley; and numerous artillery trains came hurrying on their heels; while forests of bayonets debouched out from their many infantry camps and pressed on close behind them at a quickened step: duly impressing us with all the terrors of a hostile bannered host, in near deadly touch. General Hampton with his insignificant handful at the gap was all that stood in the way of this formidable advance. The rough, cliffy, precipitous configuration of the ground on both sides of the pass, interspersed with thickly wooded copses, rendered it naturally a most favorable place for defense by a small force. And how well our sagacious and fearless commander utilized its advantages, will be told by the stubborn and heroic defense he made against the vastly overwhelming odds of his adversary's vanguard, that vigorously assaulted his positions, time and again, with mounted and dismounted cavalry, aided with several well served pieces of heavy field guns from about nine o'clock in the morning till one in the evening: when by mere might of numbers thrown simultaneously on the front and flanks of our attenuated lines, was he dislodged. The

enemies' loss must have been considerable as our little Blakely guns were worked with telling effect upon their crowded columns as they came in close range: and from the deadly aim of our dismounted men from behind the cliffs and wooded protection, as they were principally armed with the long range Springfield rifles, and most of them crack shots from the mountain regions of the Carolinas and Georgia. Our loss was quite light owing to the protected nature of the ground. General Hampton withdrew his men in good order, stubbornly disputing his adversary's advance for some distance down the mountain, then retired to the outskirts of Middletown, where he left Colonel L. S. Baker with the First North Carolina Cavalry to bring up the rear, with orders to impede the enemy's advance as long as possible: while he moved on with the rest of the command and crossed the Catoctin river on the turnpike bridge a mile beyond: and took position with his cavalry and artillery, now augmented to four more pieces, on the first line of hills about five hundred yards on the other side, planting the artillery on a prominent eminence which commanded the turnpike and bottom lands beyond the bridge.

The road from the gap we had just left, clear down to the last line of foot-hills near the village, was one dark serried column of all arms of the service pressing on our track. The near clash of hoofs, the clatter of dangling sabres, the accelerated

whir and rumbling of artillery wheels, and jingling of chains and the low, shuffling sounds of infantry tramping, told that our energetic foe would soon be upon us again, and it seemed rash presumption, with our insignificant force, to attempt to stand in his way.

Colonel Baker had dismounted the greater part of his men and placed them in line behind the scattering houses of the suburbs and intervening stone walls, covering the turnpike; and placed one squadron of mounted men under Captain Siler behind some public buildings in the rear. His dispositions were scarcely made, when a heavy mounted and dismounted force of the enemy were hurried forward and vigorously attacked his front and flanks, but were repulsed by a well-directed fire poured into them at short range from our lines. They immediately rallied and came again with stronger force, directing the attack mainly against the centre, but met a similar repulse, the cavalry fighting in many instances up to and through our lines with the sabre, and were met and beaten off with the clubbed guns of our men. Now the main body of the enemy's advance coming up, and preparing to attack us in front and flank, Colonel Baker withdrew, closely pressed, fighting from street to street through the town, till he found his little force so enveloped by the over-lapping and pressing columns of his adversary that capture seemed inevitable, when Captain Siler, still holding the

mounted squadron in reserve, made a desperate sabre charge upon their light flank, and pressed their line back a block or so, and held them in check till the command could be remounted and be safely drawn off, being closely pressed nearly to the bridge, where we found ourselves under the friendly cover of our guns on the other side, which had now vigorously opened over our heads, with telling effect upon the close columns of our eager pursuers, ploughing deadly passages through their ranks, thus bringing them to an effectual check, so that we were enabled to safely cross over the bridge and join the lines on the other side. The enemy soon had a section of his heavy field guns brought up and placed in position near the bridge and opened in all fury upon our devoted little pieces. This unequal artillery duel was kept up for nearly an hour; our skillful gunners planted their shots well, doing visible damage to the foe, as they could be seen carrying off their dead and wounded gunners and were compelled to shift their guns that were planted in the road. This bold front and stubborn resistance caused the enemy to hesitate to advance till his main body came up before he would assume the aggressive, evidently suspecting that we had a heavy force behind the hills to receive them. General Stuart, now satisfied with the delay caused at this point, had the guns withdrawn; not, however, till he had burned the bridge, and as the stream was not fordable caused a serious

detention to the progress of our anxious foe, who could now hear the thunder of Jackson's guns upon the pent-up garrison at Harper's Ferry.

The bridge here was a ponderous covered wooden structure, and as the devouring flames leaped high in the air, cracking and roaring blended with the flash and thunder of the opposing artillery, and the bursting of shells by the cross fire from both sides combined to make the scene one of most impressive awe and splendor.

There was connected with the firing of this bridge an act that for coolness, courage, and desperation is seldom witnessed. The floor of the bridge had been thickly strewn with dry straw preparatory to burning as soon as our last troops should have crossed over, but had been neglected. The enemy's artillery had been advanced and was still vigorously shelling our retiring lines, and under its cover was moving forward a heavy mounted and dismounted line, which would soon gain the eastern side and rush through and be upon us again. At this juncture General Stuart, perceiving the situation, galloped up to Colonel J. B. Gordon, who was in command of the rear guard, and had halted, covering the road, about six hundred yards from the bridge; evincing the deepest concern, he informed that officer that he had some ticklish work to be done and that he wanted a man of true pluck to execute it. The colonel pointed to his courier, Martin N. Moore, a

student-like, blue-eyed, beardless youth, responding, "Take Moore there, I guess he will do." As the words were spoken the boy-trooper promptly reined out before the general, who signalled him to follow, and dashed back with him down to the brow of the hill in plain view of the bridge, and, pointing to it, at the same time handing a box of sure proof matches, instructed him to hurry down and set fire to it at all hazards, and to see it well lit before he left. In no wise daunted, the fearless boy dashed down in the face of a hot skirmish fire from the other banks, to the cover of a little clump of trees that stood about a hundred yards from the structure, and then dismounted and tied his horse; he hurried across the open space under a renewed fusillade, reached the west entrance and rushed through to the other side, and there commenced applying the match, amid the near zipping of bullets that rattled against the sides and swept through the passage; he deliberately fired the straw all along as he moved backward, and then coolly stood on the western buttress till he saw the fire leaping in flames from both entrances, then broke back for his horse and safely mounted and spurred up the hill for the lines, exposed a good part of the way to the range of the enemy's bullets that now shredded the air around him, and then still had to run the gauntlet of the artillery fire, whose shot and shell were ploughing and raking the upper spaces he had to cover. He safely passed through

this and safely reached the lines without a scratch; but rider and horse were peppered and covered with dirt and gravel that the great missiles had thrown up and showered down upon them. At his perilous and successful venture and safe return, shouts of joy and welcome went up from his admiring comrades and officers: and none joined more heartily than our great chieftain himself, who had been anxiously watching the affair. In spite of this trying ordeal through which our brave trooper boy passed, he showed no signs of fear, but returned with his nerves as steady as though he had been performing some ordinary duty. But suffice it to say, that shortly afterwards he wore the bars of an officer of the line, and was assigned to the western army, and followed its checquered fortune with credit: survived the war; held high position under President Cleveland's first administration; and is now managing editor of Henry W. Grady's great agricultural journal, *The Southern Farmer*, showing that "peace as well as war has its victories."

As we retired from this position it was growing late in the evening. The command was briskly moved off, turned to the left from the turnpike, and moved down the Bucketsville road to join, in all dispatch, the other cavalry to assist in guarding the lower passes of the Boonsboro mountains. Wearied and worn out in the extreme by the continual watchings, marching, and fighting of the past two days, we

hoped our day's work was over and a restful bivouac was ahead of us. But our active, enterprising foe was not disposed to let the sun go down upon us without another tilt at arms; and as its last lengthening shadows were being cast over our weary way, he suddenly appeared on our left as we were passing through a body of woods near Horsey's farm, and made a bold dash upon our rear guard, the Cobbs legion, commanded by Colonel P. M. B. Young, who quickly wheeled his squadrons and gallantly met the advance, driving it back through the woods down upon the main body, which he found drawn up in open ground at the mouth of a lane in mounted squadrons, with dismounted sharpshooters on each flank. Here by a quick movement he threw his two front companies into platoons, placed himself at their head and ordered a sabre charge, and dashed with all impetuosity for their centre. When at close range he was met by a most murderous fire from the front and flank files, unhorsing the greater part of those two advance companies. The brave leader and only a few of his men reached the enemy's lines, and were either cut or shot down and trampled beneath their horses' hoofs. The remainder of the legion unshrinkingly pressed forward and were met in a fierce hand to hand conflict which wavered furiously back and forth over the disputed ground in doubtful struggle for the mastery. General Hampton who, on ordering Colonel Young to make the attack, had taken the rest

of the command and had borne round to the left under the cover of the thick timber unawares to the enemy, now gained his left flank and rear, opportunely swept down upon his struggling columns in a determined charge, and decided the wavering conflict. The enemy's ranks were broken on all sides and gave way, closely followed for some distance, gallantly rallying and fighting at every turn, when we were called off from further pursuit. The loss on both sides in this fiercely contested affair was unusually heavy for the short duration and the numbers engaged.

The two front companies of the legion that led the charge were literally decimated under the withering fire of the enemy's carbines that first met them. The enemy's loss was forty, killed and wounded, left on the ground, an officer and several privates captured, and quite a number of horses and equipments also fell into our hands.

Colonel Young was found among the wounded, still fastened under his horse that had been killed under him, with a serious gun-shot wound in the leg, and several sabre cuts on and about the face, one of which knocked out several of his front teeth.

As an incident of the fight Colonel Young lost a brand new hat in the melee, which his sister had sent him as he started out on the campaign, and, with her own hand, had deftly needle-worked his name and title in the lining under the sweat-band. Prizing it for the tender association,

he had diligent search made for it on the field where he fell, but it could not be found; and he dismissed it as a clean gone loss on the debit side of war's account. On this long-ago incident "there hangs a tale," that adds quite a striking sequel, and in this connection it will be proper to state that when the war closed this gallant officer wore the stars of a "major-general," the youngest of his rank in the Confederate service; and among the many state and national honors that he has enjoyed since Reconstruction, over a year ago he received the appointment of minister plenipotentiary to the republic of Guatemala and Honduras, and his name, as is usual in such cases, was prominently heralded through the country by our leading journals. A short time afterwards he received a letter from an Illinois gentleman, stating that during the war he belonged to a cavalry regiment from that state; that on a certain date and place, corresponding precisely with the affair at Horsey's farm, he was in a fight with the Confederate cavalry; that having his horse killed under him, in the fall and confusion he lost his hat, and seeing one lying loose there on the ground, he appropriated it without any nice distinctions of *meum et tuum*, and got away with it safely in the retreat that followed; that subsequently finding a name wrought by needle-work on the inside lining, revealing its true ownership, caused him to prize the same as a war relic; he thereupon sent it home and had

carefully preserved it ever since: but on casually seeing the general's name in connection with said appointment, compared it with that in the hat, and finding them identical, he was persuaded that he had found the rightful owner of the hat. And that now as time had brought the blue and gray to a better understanding of the past he kindly proposed to return it, which from recent correspondence will soon be in the general's hands; and when he places his wistful eye upon it again will remind him of the trying time

“when this old hat was new.” Thus the broken links are being welded one by one, by such kind, considerate acts between those who once faced each other in deadly strife for what they conscientiously believed to be right. And now it is a matter of the deepest congratulation that the old veterans on each side have well nigh lived to see the suspension bridge of peace and good will so firmly stanchioned on each side of the “Bloody Chasm,” as to stand for all time against coming political floods.

MISSED THE TRAIN, BUT CAPTURED A BOY AND A WATERMELON.

By Major Henry C. Hall,

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

On page 318 of our regimental history, the historian says:

“September 2, 1864, the regiment went on a reconnoissance with the brigade, passing out through the infantry lines near the Yellow Tavern, on the Vaughan road, and thence moving out on the Poplar Springs road, drove in the rebel pickets and pursued them till they met the enemy in force and fortified on the Boynton road, when having accomplished the purpose of the scout, viz., to learn what there was at that point, the force withdrew.”

And in a note on lower margin of the same page he says: “This was just a dash into the enemy's

lines, the order being not to be gone over forty-five minutes, and these were the first troops that went beyond the Weldon railroad across the Peebles farm. The force ran into the camp of General Deering's brigade of rebel cavalry.” I think our worthy historian could not have been with us on the expedition of which the foregoing is his account, and that his informant had not full knowledge of the purpose and its details. I have a vivid and clear recollection of the affair which is supported by my diary of that date, which I will briefly state.

After the Weldon railroad had fallen into our hands, the Confed-

erate quarter-master's department put on wagon trains to haul supplies from Hicksford on the Meherrin river, sixty-two miles from Richmond, around the portion of the railroad we held, to their armies lying about the two doomed cities, Richmond and Petersburg. Through his scouts General Meade learned of this and also that the trains, when not on the road, were parked on the Poplar Springs highway about two miles from our infantry outposts near the Yellow Tavern. The purpose or object of the expedition was the capture or destruction of these trains. On the evening of September 1, we received orders to be ready to move out the next morning at two o'clock with three days' rations and two days' forage. At the time designated we were in the saddle awaiting orders. We remained there in the silence and darkness nearly or quite an hour before we were ordered to take our place in the column. It was all daylight when we arrived at our infantry outposts where we halted. Here we found our whole cavalry division and a heavy force of infantry that had preceded us. When we moved out again we found that the third brigade of cavalry, General Smith, had been taken from its place in the column, and given the advance, and that the First Maine had been taken from its place in the column and given the advance in the brigade. Also, that the third battalion of the First Maine, which the writer had the honor to command, had been

taken from its place in the regiment and given the post of honor. I was yet ignorant of the intent or purpose of the movement but the magnificent array of splendid troops all ready for action, just in rear of our picket line, was an evidence of active business before us, and our position now in the column indicated that we were to open negotiations with the enemy for a pass through their lines. As soon as the column was straightened out on the Vaughan road, suitable arrangements of our little force were made for the attack. Company I, by reason of seniority, had the right, and First Sergeant Dodge of that company was given twelve men for advance guard with orders to charge the instant he drew the enemy's fire, and the officer in command of Company I was directed to follow up Dodge's charge at an interval of fifty yards while the balance of the battalion would follow up closely in support. The advance was not discovered until it was within about six hundred yards of a high and strong barricade that had been built across the road where it enters the woods, when its approach was announced to the Confederate reserve by the sharp crack of the videttes' rifles behind the barricade. Dodge and his men charged most gallantly, drove the enemy away, passed around the barricade through the thick brush to the right, and pursued them almost into their camp nearly half a mile away, which was now in consternation and confusion.

I reached the barricade as soon

as possible and quickly had enough torn down and thrown aside to allow a column of troops to pass through without difficulty, then started on the gallop to overtake the advance and give such directions and support as circumstances might render necessary. My orders were to take the first road to the right after we had got down into the woods, but in the excitement of the chase we had passed it unnoticed and when we were just making ready to charge the enemy's camp, Sergeant-Major Poor came to us and informed us we had passed the road to the right already. We immediately returned to the road described, which at that point was little more than a bridle path almost concealed by overhanging branches and by the thick undergrowth which had sprung up along its margins. At this point we had cause to suspect that our brigade was detached and alone. Lieutenant Andrews with Company H was now given the advance. It is needless to say that the advanced guard did not lack for prompt and efficient support after this. Andrews soon started up a small party of the enemy whom he gave the carbine and charged. Indeed, he gave them no time nor opportunity to rally for more than a mile, when we came to an opening or cleared field of about ten acres where we halted to close up the column and where we expected to find the enemy in force. In a few minutes the column was all up and we moved out again in the same order as before and to our

surprise and gladness we found that the impetus Andrews had given them, had sent them away beyond where we had prepared to meet them. They were soon discovered again, however, when the earlier tactics were repeated with the same results. We pursued on the gallop another mile at least, when we came to a farm house on the left of the road: on the right was an extensive field of tall, growing corn. Here we halted. We could distinctly hear the rebs rushing through the corn, and could see and hear them building breastworks of rails across the road and to the right about six hundred yards distant. At first they seemed too busy to use their firearms, but they could not long withstand the temptation and soon were "plugging" away at us.

We did not return their fire which was very annoying, for we were expecting every instant orders to charge. While we were yet there, I noticed a small boy apparently about fourteen years old, mounted on a very tall and poor horse, coming into our column from the left. On the pommel of his saddle he was carrying an immense watermelon. As he came along the column no one seemed to notice him, but when he came to me I said to him, jokingly, "Hello, my little man! What cavalry do you belong to?" To my surprise he replied, "Ninth Confederate" (regular). I saw at once that I had a prize for a source of information, he was so young and innocent. I said, "Don't you see who we are, that

we are Yankees?" The fact that we were Yankees did not seem to disturb him, but when I told him to throw away his watermelon, he cried like a child of six summers when deprived of a favorite toy. I hastened him to headquarters, and in a few minutes was ordered to cover the retreat. The purpose of the expedition with all its extensive preparation had failed. The trains, which we sought, had left their camps at daylight and were consequently beyond our reach. General Smith's orders limited him to forty minutes to be outside of our lines, a time too small and insufficient to have accomplished anything had we found the trains in their camps or parks, as already more than half that time had elapsed since we passed our pickets. When the enemy discovered our rearward movements, they opened on us with artillery and more vigorously with musketry, but Lieutenant Andrews put on a bold front and held them back, until the other companies of the battalion were withdrawn to a position where they could cover him when he fell back, and punish the enemy if they should follow. As soon as we were in position, An-

draws fell back, when we all took the gallop in the attempt to close up on the column before it could pass through our lines.

From the lusty cheering the enemy indulged in, when they discovered us leaving their front, I fancy they were highly elated with the successful defence of their camps they thought they had made and with saving themselves from capture, their disabled mules from death, and their broken wagons from destruction.

We were not molested on our return, and barely closed up our column before we passed our pickets. As we moved back through the long lines of our support which we had left earlier in the morning, we were not particularly elated with the material results of our expedition. The old man Peebles and the small boy who cried, graveyard and cradle-stock, were all we had to show. And yet, the purpose and object of the expedition were well worth the effort: the plans and preparations were excellent, and the executing force was earnest and determined. The only trouble was the trains had been earlier ordered away.

PRESENT APPEARANCE OF FORTS IN FRONT OF
PETERSBURG.*By James E. Rhodes,*

SIXTH MAINE BATTERY.

September 22, 1892, the writer with three others, formerly members of the Sixth Maine Battery, who attended the National Encampment at Washington, started for Petersburg to view the old places occupied by the battery in that section twenty-eight years before. Leaving Washington at 7:50 a. m. in a heavy rain, which continued until noon, we arrived at Richmond at 12:20 p. m., and at Petersburg about an hour later. After getting a good dinner we hired a landau with a negro driver and started on the City Point road for Fort McGilvery, Battery Number Nine, and Fort Steadman. About a mile out we passed through the rebel line and very soon to our lines. We were sadly disappointed in the looks of the breastworks in that section, but they could be followed easily by the growth of trees which covered the works and ditches. The inside of Fort McGilvery is a corn field, and the embankment looks as though it had never been disturbed except that none of the logs are to be seen and the walls of the fort are all covered with a dense growth of small trees. A large house has been built in front about where the picket line was, and a farm house, which looks old, is just to the rear on the bank of the ravine which sheltered so many of the cooks for the various regiments and batteries occupying the front line. We then followed the works to Battery Number Nine, where we found a dense growth of trees of hard and soft wood, one of which, near the entrance of our large bomb-proof, was more than twelve inches in diameter. That part of Number Nine which projected beyond the main line, had been levelled off and was then planted to peanuts. The enemy's front line opposite had also been levelled. A corn field was in front between the lines, about the same as it was twenty-eight years before, except that the 1864 corn was never harvested as a whole. Some negroes were at work cutting off the tops to ripen the corn, and in the meantime were picking up bullets, which we bought of them, and we also picked up many, as they were quite plenty. Merrill of our party, who was in Number Nine with me, was very much elated by the memories of the location and sang out to me, "Jimmy, come here. I am standing on the very spot where Number Three gun stood, and I have got something here that I brought on purpose for the occasion." We then drank his toast, which was, "Here's to the memory of Battery Number Nine, and the

boys of the Sixth Maine Battery who spent more than four and a half months in it." We talked of the boys who were with us; some of them we could trace, but where are Jeff Daggett, Joe Robinson, John Welch, and Jimmy Metcalf? Corporal Hutchins was in Arlington, Oregon, a few years ago. Of the about twenty-five officers and privates that manned the two guns at different times we could account for about all but the above. Some of them we knew to be dead, and some now living in Maine and Massachusetts. Good, true boys were they, who did their duty well, as I think the Twentieth Michigan boys will testify. We then went to Fort Steadman, which was not a very heavy fort but more like strong, common breastworks, which accounts for its not showing its outlines any plainer now. The oaks are all cut down, but the lines are easily traced. We found it to be just two hundred and twelve of Merrill's paces from our main line to the enemy's at Colquit's salient. The Prince George courthouse road, in the rear of Steadman and Number Nine, is now abandoned, and it is rough driving over it. The lay of the land does not look just natural, as it is more level than we remembered it. This finished the afternoon, and we went back to Petersburg pretty well tired out. After a good supper, however, we went out and were invited to a reception by the Blue and Gray. We found quite a large company of visitors whose business was the

same as ours, and the time was spent very pleasantly in social intercourse, speeches, stories, etc., stimulated, perhaps, by the lager beer and cigars, which were as free as water.

The next morning we took another conveyance and started for Fort Davis, on the Jerusalem plank road. About one mile out we came to a gate with a sign, "Entrance to the Crater." We paid our twenty-five cents per head and went over to the fort, the owner of which is making quite a speculation out of it, as there was a large party there when we arrived, and they were coming and going all the time. This place has been preserved pretty well and the owner has a museum in a small building in which he has tons of mortar shells, both large and small, artillery shots of all sizes and patterns, field and siege guns, muskets, sabres, canteens, canister shots and pieces of shells, and bullets without number. The main gallery of the mine, which was five hundred and ten feet long, is easily traced from its entrance by the hollow where it has caved in. The ravine between our main line and picket line, which was nearly clear at that time, is now a dense growth of trees and underbrush, hard to get through, and there is little to be seen or learned of our main line in that section, on this account. The picket lines are plainly seen and are probably nearer together at this point than at any other place on the line of siege. The rebel picket

line is about sixty yards in front of their main line and as the ground was a little descending they had to have good covered ways to relieve their pickets. In the galleries under this fort was exploded eight thousand pounds of powder the morning of July 30, 1864, sending the garrison, guns, etc., into the air and leaving a crater about one hundred and fifty feet long, fifty wide, and twenty-five feet deep, and completely demoralizing the enemy on both sides of it. Delays, etc., about the Ninth Corps advancing and clearing the way for other troops, who were waiting to go in, gave the enemy time to recover and they finally turned what promised us Petersburg and a brilliant victory into a sad defeat, as we lost about four thousand men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, with nothing gained. I tried to locate the sixty-four pounder rebel battery on the hill back of the mined fort, but could not make it look natural. A shot from this gun was the last artillery shot fired at our battery, which was March 16th, 1865, as we were passing down in rear of our lines to join our corps, the Second, near Hatcher's Run. After looking the ground over thoroughly we started for Forts Hell and Davis, about one and one half miles distant. In war time the Jerusalem plank road ran into about the centre of Fort Hell (proper name, Sedgwick) and that road seems to divide two farms now. A Mr. Gregory, whose house is near where Fort Mahone was, has levelled

that part of Fort Hell that was west of the road, and it is now cultivated, while the east half shows the embankment plainly, but is all covered with trees, etc., the same as other parts of the line mentioned. We met Mr. Gregory, but he knew but little of what had transpired there years ago. We then went down the road a short distance to Fort Davis. We entered the gateway, which now, instead of being a bridge over the ditch, is filled in with earth and the inside is a grass field: this place looked quite natural except the growth of trees all over the embankment and on the flanker which every soldier who occupied it will remember as running angling from one corner to the other. The ditch outside is there and partly filled with water, but not nearly so deep as formerly. We took a nice lunch here from a watermelon and muskmelon bought of a negro farmer, who was going into Petersburg with garden truck. Some white men were cutting corn about where Battery Number Twenty-two was, but we could not learn anything from them as they were too young to know anything about the war.

We did not find the people around Petersburg very communicative in that respect, and they are not much interested in the fortifications around there. To illustrate, where we lodged the proprietor was a Pennsylvania Dutchman who served in our western army. He had lived in Petersburg twenty-seven years and had never been out on the

lines, and knew nothing about them or the fighting in that vicinity.

We then followed our lines as well as we could in a team over to the Prince George Courthouse road, to Fort Steadman and Battery No. 9, and back to Petersburg on the City Point road. We took the train in the afternoon, two of our party going on to Washington; but Howard and myself stopped at Fredericksburg, to look over that ground and the Wilderness. We arrived there in the evening and found Fredericksburg well filled up with ex-soldiers; but after a time we got good accommodations at a public house, the principal business of which was in liquors.

The next morning we took the narrow guage railroad for Aldrich station, where we chartered a team which took us to the Chancellor house, and so on out past Stonewall Jackson's monument and into the Wilderness. Our objective point was the Brock road at its intersection with the Orange plank-road, and where we gave the rebels many doses of double shotted canister from our brass twelve-pounders the afternoon of May 6, 1864. Two of our guns being at this crossing, the other four further to the left on the Brock road, but were engaged also, the enemy coming up to the opposite of the road, but did not attempt to cross as they did where the two right guns were.

Battery F, First Pennsylvania, had two guns operating on the

plank road also. Nothing looked natural in this vicinity, as the growth seems altogether different,—none of the large trees which we saw then, and just a trace of our breastworks can be seen. They were mostly built of logs with very little earth. Some of the works were burned at that time, and the balance have probably rotted or been carried off. We followed down the Brock road about two miles to Stevens's station, where we got dinner; and in Stevens's store we bought some bullets and some twelve-pounder canister shots that possibly might have come from the Sixth Maine's guns twenty-eight years before.

We took the train back to Fredericksburg, and on our arrival there we went to Marye's Heights to visit the National cemetery. One of my objects was to find the grave of a Rockland boy of Company C, Fourth Maine regiment, who was killed there December 13, 1862. I found that he was among the 12,770 unknown out of the 15,243 all told who were buried there, leaving only 2,473 known. I did find the grave of one of our boys, who was killed at Spotsylvania May 10, 1864.

This was a very commanding position for both infantry and artillery, and it would almost seem folly to attempt to take it by a direct charge. It certainly proved so, and the attempt caused the death of many good boys.

We stood in the sunken road and could imagine our boys charging

up there, with the artillery on the heights behind pouring canister and shell into them. Could they stand it? No; but they stood it longer than they ought to, and did not give up until actually obliged to. We walked back to Fredericksburg, noting the points of interest on the way, the canal, etc.; and as Howard had read considerable about this battle, he explained it to me.

We went down to the river and out on the bridge, and imagined our boys trying to lay a pontoon bridge across it, with rebel sharpshooters in every available building in Fredericksburg. They did not succeed in doing it until a few boat loads of volunteers were sent over, and the sharpshooters driven out, which the artillery shots had failed to do.

We took the train that night for Washington, arriving about midnight, terribly tired, but well pleased with our trip.

The next morning (Sunday) Howard took the train for his home

in the "Woolly West," and I to join my wife in Baltimore, where she had gone to await my return.

After resting a few days my wife and I went back to Washington to do that place, which we could not do satisfactorily while the large crowd was there. We visited the points of interest, White House, capitol, treasury, patent office, dead letter office, navy yard and arsenal, Smithsonian institute, Arlington cemetery, etc., using up two days, and then went back to Baltimore, where we had friends.

We next went out to Gettysburg, which we found very interesting, going over the whole field of first, second, and third days, and were well repaid for the outlay in getting there. So much has been written about this place that I will not attempt to add anything, as I was not there during the battle.

We arrived home October 7, having been away twenty days; and a more enjoyable trip I could not expect.

IN MEMORIAM.

A tribute to George W. Lewis, whose obituary appeared in the April BUGLE, 1894.

GONE BEFORE.

And he is gone! he, whom we loved so much.

Dead to each sense of sight, or sound, or touch :

So peaceful here he lies in sleep, it seems
That angels cheer him with some pleasant dreams

Of the dear household band, whose kindly care.

And hope, and pleasure, it was his to share.
The flowers he loved are here—fit smiles are they

Of God, and emblems meet of purity :
These tokens sweet, his many friends have brought

Nor tears, nor caresses, he heeds them not,
Alas! the lids upon his cheek of white,

Will no more open to the laughing light
Of those full honest orbs of love and truth—
Though dark locks grayed—still kept the light of youth,

And faith, and trust, in all things pure and good.

Honor in man, virtue in womanhood.

Wealth smiled not on his faithful, honest life.

His riches, were in home, in children, wife :
He ever cheered us with his hopeful smile.
And words of love and patience, all the while,

Thrice blessed was mine, his honest lot to share :

Happy the household band who were his care :

His quick intelligence, his ready wit,
Will no more charm, who at his fireside sit :
No more his loving smiles will bless our way :

With him the dawning light is perfect day.

Alonzo F. Armstrong died July 1, 1894, aged 53. Co. H, Thirty-

first Maine Infantry. Lost right leg in Wilderness May 12, 1864. Member G. A. R. Post, Machias.

William Ash died September —, 1894, aged 64. Navy.

B. F. Atherton died May 4, 1894, aged 63. Captain Co. C, Eighteenth Maine Heavy Artillery. Commander of G. A. R. Post, Mt. Desert.

Gilbert H. Bailey died February 7, 1894, aged 61. Co. K, Twenty-Ninth Maine Infantry and Band Tenth Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Jesse Baker died April 10, 1894, aged 60. Co. C, Twenty-first Maine. Corporal. Member G. A. R. Post, Bath.

A. S. Bean died December 2, 1894, aged 56. Co. C, Sixteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, East Wilton.

S. B. Bean died June —, 1894, aged 80. First Lieutenant Co. A, Eleventh Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Brownfield.

Henry M. Bearce died May 6, 1894, aged 55. Twentieth-Third and Thirty-Second Maine Infantry. Lieutenant. Past Post Commander of G. A. R. Post, Norway.

Wm. Berry died January 20, 1894, aged 83. Co. C, Twenty-Seventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Buxton Center.

Charles H. Berry died June 24, 1894, aged 53. Co. I, Fortieth Massachusetts Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Saco.

Robert Brady died December —, 1894, aged 75. Co. D, Eleventh Maine Infantry. Member of G. A. R. Post, Lincoln.

Eben H. C. Bradbury died — —, aged 71. Co. K, Ninth Maine Infantry.

Lewis Brewster died December 20, 1894, aged 71. Co. B, Second Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Belfast.

Henry R. Billings died September 15, 1894, aged 63. Mate, U. S. Navy. Member G. A. R. Post, Kittery.

Alexander Boyd died May —, 1894, aged 50. Seventh Maine Battery. Member G. A. R. Post, Boothbay Harbor.

William Brown died November 20, 1894, aged 70. Co. D, Twenty-First Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Rockland.

George B. Brown died March 5, 1894, aged 75. Co. H, Thirtieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Caribou.

Silas G. Bryant died March 20, 1894, aged 46. Co. B, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Lisbon.

Thomas W. Burke died December 3, 1894, aged 47. Co. F, Thirtieth Maine Infantry. Member Thatcher G. A. R. Post, Portland.

Wm. Bushey died April 19, 1894, aged 50. First New Hampshire Heavy Artillery. Member G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

Wm. R. Buzzell died June 17, 1894, aged 72. Co. K, Thirty-Second

and Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Waterboro.

I. A. Caldwell died March 1, 1894, aged 54. Co. I, Twenty-Ninth Maine Infantry. Past Post Commander of G. A. R. Post, Oxford.

Patrick Callahan, died May 19, 1894, aged 71. Co. I, Thirteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

Charles B. Canney died October 26, 1894, aged 70. Co. D, Twenty-ninth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Patten.

Romanty E. Chase died September 22, 1894, aged 57. Co. G, Twenty-seventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Kittery.

James S. Cleveland died October 29, 1894, aged 52. Co. I, Nineteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Camden.

E. M. Clement died January 8, 1894, aged 62. Fifth New Hampshire Infantry. Musician. Quarter-master G. A. R. Post, Norway.

Joseph Cram, Jr., died March 19, 1894, aged 74. Co. A, First Maine Cavalry. Member Beals Post, Bangor.

Otis G. Crockett died at his home on Marine street, Rockland, January 2, 1895, aged 56 years and 7 months. His death was caused by malaria contracted while in the service of the United States and which made him an invalid for the last five years of his life.

Mr. Crockett was born at Kingsbury and was the son of Solomon and Susan Crockett.

He lived at Kingsbury and Deer

Isle until the outbreak of the Rebellion, when he volunteered into Company A, Fourteenth Maine Regiment, as a private soldier. He served in the army three years and four months. He was during this time through the valley with Sheridan, at Cedar Creek, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, at the siege of Fort Hudson, the Battle of Baton Rouge, and many other minor engagements and conducted himself with great gallantry. He was promoted to the rank of sergeant which rank he held at the time of his discharge.

Before going into the army Mr. Crockett married Sarah C. Small of Deer Isle. After the war he resided in Rockport, Camden and vicinity, and moved to Rockland five years ago. He leaves a wife and a daughter eight years old, Retta Otena.

J. H. Cotton died December 24, 1894, aged 65. Co. K, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Norway.

H. E. Curtis died April 10, 1894, aged 53. Co. F, Eighth Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Guilford.

Asa F. Day died December 11, 1894, aged 62. Co. G, Fifteenth Massachusetts Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

Samuel Davis died March 21, 1894, aged 65. Co. C, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Abial D. Dean died July —, 1894, aged 73. Co. H, Twenty-fourth Maine. Corporal. Member G. A. R. Post, Gardiner.

Captain Charles A. Devereaux, master mariner, a veteran of Co. K of the Sixteenth Maine and commander of the James E. Hall Post, died March 13, 1895, at Bucksport, aged 50 years. He leaves a widow and a married daughter.

John M. Dow died October 21, 1894, aged 69. Co. F, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Richmond.

Colin L. Downes died June 12, 1894, aged 75. Co. E, Second Maine Infantry. Lieutenant. Beal Post, Bangor.

David H. Dunham died November 24, 1894, aged 52. Navy. United States Steamship Tuscarora. Member of G. A. R. Post, Freeport.

Orlando Dunning died September 25, 1894, aged 52. Co. D, Fifth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Brunswick.

John Dyer died Jan. 9, 1894, aged 74. Co. M, Second Maine Cavalry. Member G. A. R. Post, Hodgdon.

E. A. Earl died July 3, 1894, aged 57. Co. B, Ninth Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Newport.

Atkins Ellis, died May 16, 1894, aged 62. Twenty-second Maine, Co. G. Member G. A. R. Post, Dexter.

Gilman Emery died March 17, 1894, aged 72. Co. C, Second Maine Cavalry. Member G. A. R. Post, West Newfield.

John Farley died February 15, 1894, aged 73. Co. H, Sixteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Washburn.

Patrick Finley died May 8, 1894, aged 50. Co. F, Thirty-sixth New York Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

Thomas Foster died June 25, 1894, aged 48. Twenty-first Maine Infantry. Leaves widow. Member G. A. R. Post, Boothbay Harbor.

John D. Foot died August 23, 1894, aged 61. Co. K, Thirteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Biddeford.

William H. Pratt died April 2, 1894, aged 80. Member G. A. R. Post, Westbrook.

David Forest died October 31, 1894, aged 52. Co. C, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Eastport.

Daniel W. Foss died June 13, 1894, aged 74 years and 2 months. Co. K, Eleventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Fort Fairfield.

Daniel B. Friend, Co. M, First Heavy Artillery, died January 2, 1895, at his home in Bucksport, aged 68. His native place was Bluehill, and his boyhood and early manhood were spent in that place. His bent was for the sea and he followed it through all his active life except three years when he was in the Union army.

Mr. Friend came out of the war all right and betook himself again to the sea. For a few years past he has lived on shore. He was twice married. His second wife survives him as do three sons, Albert, who lived with him and is single, Eugene, who is married

and lives in Sedgwick, and David B., of Rockland, and one daughter, Mrs. Rose Grant of Sedgwick.

He was an honored and faithful member of the Methodist church in Bucksport.

Ephraim Gayon died March 8, 1894, aged 52. Co. G, Thirtieth Maine Infantry. Dropped dead on street in Cambridge, Mass. Member G. A. R. Post, Waterville.

George O. Gannett died April 14, 1894, aged 50 years, 8 months. Co. B, Ninth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Fort Fairfield.

Jesse H. Getchel died June 5, 1894, aged 64. Co. B, Ninth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Kittery.

William F. Gile died October 30, 1894, aged 53. Co. H, Twenty-second Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, East Corinth.

George R. Gleason died June 30, 1894, aged 57. Co. B, Twenty-first Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Oakland.

Benjamin F. Goodwin died January 12, 1894, aged 73. Co. I, Twenty-fourth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Gardiner.

George A. Goodrich died February 25, 1894, aged 46. U. S. S. Sabine. Member G. A. R. Post, Carmel.

Samuel Goodwin died January 18, 1894, aged 73. Signal Corps. Member G. A. R. Post, Winthrop.

Lieutenant Jason Gordon died March 6, 1894, aged 60. Co. B, Nineteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Belfast.

J. H. Gordon died February 9,

1894, aged 50. Co. I, Ninth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Sprague's Mills.

George D. Grace died September 6, 1894, aged 47. Unassigned Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Kittery.

Joseph Greenier died April 3, 1894, aged 47. Co. B, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Beale Post, Bangor.

Charles Green died at sea February 7, 1894, aged 47. Co. M, First Maine Heavy Artillery. Member G. A. R. Post, Rockland.

Lucien B. Grout died November 5, 1894, aged 54. Co. I, Twelfth New York Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Sherman Mills.

Rufus P. Hackett died December 17, 1894, aged 62. Co. F, Thirteenth Maine Infantry. Killed on R. R. crossing. Member G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

William F. Hall died October, 1894, aged 66. Co. H, Second Maine Cavalry. Member G. A. R. Post, Camden.

James H. Hammon died April, 1894, aged 66. Co. E, Thirty-first Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Fort Fairfield.

Oliver Hanson killed by lightning July 28, 1894, aged 60. Co. D, Fifteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, South Windham.

Willard Hardy died August 23, 1894, aged 54. Co. B, Nineteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Camden.

Charles K. Hardy died September 15, 1894, aged 50. Co. G,

Twelfth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, East Wilton.

Phineas B. Harmon died July 9, 1894, aged 74. Cos. B and I, Twenty-ninth Maine Infantry, transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps. Member G. A. R. Post, Brunswick.

Charles C. Harmon died March 17, 1894, aged 55. Co. B, First Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Brunswick.

Peter A. Haskell died November 28, 1894, aged 68. U. S. Navy. Ship *Ethan Allen*. Member G. A. R. Post, Bluehill.

Albert Haskell died February 19, 1894, aged 60. Sergeant Co. D, First Heavy Artillery. Member Beale Post, Bangor.

James H. Heirstead died September 12, 1894, aged 63. Co. C, U. S. Infantry. Member Bosworth Post, Portland.

John Hilling died July 12, 1894, aged 72. Co. G, Thirty-second Maine Infantry. Sergeant. Member G. A. R. Post, Wells.

Edward Hogan died June 17, 1894, aged 59. Co. F, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Houlton.

Nathaniel Hooper died February 19, 1894, aged 61. Corporal Co. G, Eleventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Machias.

George D. Humphrey died December 7, 1894, aged 50. Co. H, Twenty-ninth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, North Turner.

Robert D. Hunter died October 3, 1894, aged 55. Sergeant Co.

B. Ninth Maine Infantry, Member G. A. R. Post, Brunswick.

Captain Seth T. Hutchins died September 6, 1894, aged 61. Co. A, Twenty-eighth Maine. Past Post Commander of G. A. R. Post, North Anson.

James M. Howe died February 16, 1894, aged 57. Second Lieutenant Co. II, Twenty-third Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Fryeburg.

Martin Hyer died April 14, 1894, aged 64 years, five months. First Sergeant Co. I, Thirtieth Maine, and Corporal Co. K, Twenty-fifth. Member Bosworth Post, Portland.

Samuel F. Irish died December 26, 1894, aged 56. Co. H, Tenth Maine. J. V. C. of G. A. R. Post, Peru.

Andrew Jackson died July 22, 1894. Co. F, Tenth Maine Infantry. Member Lewiston Post, G. A. R.

Samuel H. Jackson of Raymond, one of its respected citizens died in that place in 1894. Mr. Jackson was a man of firm principles and he was respected by all who knew him. He served three years in the late war, being a member of Co. F of the First Maine Cavalry.

Henry S. Jewett died in January, 1894, aged 55. Company H, Nineteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Westbrook.

Thaddeus R. Joy died October 11, 1894, aged 60. Sergeant Co. L, Thirty-first Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Winn.

Samuel W. Jones died August 3, 1894, aged 60. Co. M, First

Maine Heavy Artillery. Beale Post, Bangor.

Dr. William B. Lapham died February 22, 1894, aged 66. Captain Seventh Maine Battery. Past Post Commander, Augusta.

Gilbert L. Leighton died May 16, 1894. Co. B, Maine Coast Guards. Member Hamlin G. A. R. Post, Bangor.

James G. Leighton died December 3, 1894, aged 69. Co. F, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Yarmouth.

Captain Addison Wesley Lewis, who died at Boothbay Harbor, December 31, 1894, was born at West Waterville, Me., (now Oakland) October 29, 1831. He was the son of Deacon William Lewis, a soldier in the War of 1812. Captain Lewis was educated in the common schools and at Waterville academy. He was converted and joined the Baptist church at West Waterville. In early manhood he went to Boston and was employed in a grain store. He became acquainted with Miss Frances T. Dolf, and they were married at her father's house in Boothbay in 1858. At the first call for troops in 1862, he enlisted as a private in Co. A, Twentieth Maine, July 1, 1862, and was commissioned 1st lieutenant of same company at its organization, August 29, 1862, and was discharged for disability, November 9, 1863. He entered the service again in August, 1864, as captain Co. G, Nineteenth Maine Volunteers, and remained with it till the close of the

war, June 9, 1865. He was once wounded in the right forearm and received a severe sunstroke at Warrenton Junction, Va., June, 1863, from which he never fully recovered. At the close of the war he came with his wife to Boothbay Harbor, where they have since made their home. He had been engaged in business quite extensively in Boothbay and the west. He was a loyal and enthusiastic member of Weld Sargent Post, G. A. R., from its organization. He was a worthy and kind-hearted citizen and devoted husband. He leaves a widow who has stood by his side in all his successes and afflictions.

Samuel L. Lilley died February 15, 1894, aged 74. Co. B, Ninth Maine Infantry. Sergeant. Member G. A. R. Post, Brunswick.

Robert Link died October 28, 1894, aged 61. Co. B, Fourteenth Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Richmond.

L. H. Livermore died December 23, 1894, aged 67. Co. I, Third Maine Infantry. Past Post Commander, Augusta, Me.

Charles H. Longfellow died May 13, 1894, aged 59. First Maine Battery. From heart disease. Member G. A. R. Post, Winthrop.

Joseph H. Loring died October 9, 1891, aged 56. Co. E, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Yarmouth.

Charles H. Magoon died June, 1894, aged 47. Co. B, First Maine Battalion. Member of G. A. R. Post, Skowhegan.

Edmund B. Mallett died November 9, 1894, aged 70. United States Navy. Acting Master. Member G. A. R. Post, Bath.

Darius Meader died October 28, 1894, aged 56. Co. I, First Maine Volunteer Infantry, also Co. C, Third Maine Infantry, and Co. B, Fourteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, So. Litchfield.

J. C. Merry died at Sherman Mills, November 25, 1894, aged 68. Cos. H and G, Thirtieth Maine. He enlisted December 12, 1863; mustered out March 28, 1865. He was a member of Caldwell Post. He leaves a widow.

Rev. Kendrick N. Meservey died March 10, 1894. Co. F, Ninth Maine Infantry. Died at Togus. Member Hamlin G. A. R. Post, Bangor.

Jared F. Millett died December 23, 1894, aged 64. Co. B, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Foxcroft.

Lewis McKenney killed on railroad crossing, February 28, 1894, aged 54. Co. G, Twenty-third Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Martin McClure died October 26, 1894, aged 55. Co. K, Twenty-second Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Fairfield.

John F. Montgomery died March 21, 1894, aged 49. Co. F, First Maine Heavy Artillery. Adjutant Beales Post, Bangor.

Jesse J. Morgan died October 29, 1894, aged 73. Co. E, First Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Sherman Mills.

John H. B. Morrill died April 12, 1894, aged 59 years and 6 months. Co. A, Twenty-fifth Maine Infantry. Member Bosworth Post, Portland.

Lewis B. Morrill died July 17, 1894, aged 77. Third Maine Battery. Post Surgeon G. A. R. Post, Pittsfield.

George F. Moore died June 14, 1894, aged 57. Band Ninth Maine Infantry. Past Post Commander G. A. R. Post, North Anson.

J. L. Mortley died April 11, 1894, aged 52. Co. A, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Past Post Commander G. A. R. Post, China.

Francis B. Mosher died April 26, 1894, aged 59. Co. B, Twenty-first Maine. Junior Vice-Commander G. A. R. Post, Oakland.

Robert H. Murphy died October 1, 1894, aged 69. Co. G, Tenth Maine. Member Thatcher G. A. R. Post, Portland.

George E. Nason died March 20, 1894, aged 50. Co. C, First Maine Cavalry. Wounded May 11, 1864. Past Post Commander Augusta Post, G. A. R.

Capt. Augustus J. Nickerson, a veteran of the Civil War, died at his home, 123 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass., January 15, 1895, aged 57 years. He was a native of Bangor, and served as sergeant in the Twenty-second and Fourteenth Maine Infantry, and captain in the United States Infantry. He was a member of Post 35, G. A. R., Chelsea. He leaves a widow.

Joseph D. Parker died December 11, 1894, aged 66. First

Lieutenant Co. G, Twenty-seventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Kittery.

Daniel Peavy died March 20, 1894, aged 71. Co. F, Fifteenth Maine Infantry. Member Beales Post, Bangor.

James M. Pelton died January 7, 1894, aged 63. Co. G, Ninth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Rockland. Died and buried at Thomaston.

F. C. Perkins died December 14, 1894, aged 47. Co. F, Coast Guards. Surgeon G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

John E. Perley died November 23, 1894, aged 63. Co. B, Twenty-eighth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Washington.

Joseph Perry died May 29, 1894, aged 52. Ninety-eighth New York Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

Lieut. John L. Pierce died at Machias, Me., January 22, 1895, of disease contracted in the service. Co. C, Sixth Maine. He enlisted early in 1861: served with distinction in many battles: was discharged for wounds and disease. He was a prominent member of the G. A. R.: was honored and respected by all who knew him. Fourteen members of his old company acted as an escort of honor, three coming thirty miles by team, thereby showing their love and respect for their dead comrade. He leaves a widow and two sons.

D. T. Pierce died January 15,

1894, aged 56. Co. D, First Maine Heavy Artillery. Member G. A. R. Post, Guilford.

Charles Plummer died February 17, 1894, aged 68. Commissary Sergeant Sixteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Harrison.

Andrew D. Pottle died March 31, 1894, aged 83. Co. G, Twenty-eighth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Rockland.

Freeman Pratt, a well known and popular citizen, died at 45 Myrtle street, Portland, January 16, 1895, after a long illness from Bright's disease, and enlargement of the heart. Mr. Pratt was born in Yarmouth, fifty-three years ago. He was educated in Yarmouth. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Co. G, Twenty-fifth Maine Volunteers, and served until that regiment was mustered out of the service. He was appointed railway mail agent April 2, 1876, and served until 1882, when he resigned. He was also a conductor on the New York & New Haven railroad, and at the time of his death was the first assistant clerk at the liquor agency. Was a member of Bosworth Post, G. A. R. He left two brothers and two sisters, George T. Pratt of South Windham, Dr. E. J. Pratt of New York, and Mrs. Dr. Houghton and Mrs. Dr. Land, both of New York city.

Leonard W. Pratt died November 14, 1894, aged 48. Co. D, First Maine Battalion. Member G. A. R. Post, Foxcroft.

John F. Randall died November 7, 1894, aged 56 years and 5 months. Co. E, First Maine Infantry. Member Bosworth Post, Portland.

Joel S. Robinson died June 24, 1894, aged 73. Co. Eleventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Bradford.

Thomas L. Roberts died July 24, 1894, aged 70. Co. I, Sixteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Auburn.

Ezra Rounds died February 7, 1894, aged 76. Co. A, Eleventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Fryeburg.

G. A. Royal died —, aged 50. Co. G, Sixteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Washington.

Brooks D. Russell died in San Jose, Cal., February 28, 1895. He was formerly a resident of Weld. Enlisted in Co. E, Thirteenth Maine Volunteers, when only fifteen years old; was wounded at the Battle of Pleasant Hill, La.; afterwards transferred to the Thirtieth Maine and mustered out with the regiment, having served over four years. He had received notice of the allowance of his pension which has been pending for a long time, only a day or two before his death, but not in season for the papers to be filled out, so that he might receive his pay. He had been entirely helpless for a number of months, requiring constant care.

Daniel S. Scott died December 22, aged 50. Corporal, Co. H, First Maine Heavy Artillery. Member G. A. R. Post, Richmond.

James E. Scribner died February 1, 1894, aged 50. Navy. With consumption. Member G. A. R. Post, Waterville.

Ira F. Sidelinger died June 17, 1894, aged 47. Co. F, Coast Guard. Member G. A. R. Post, Carmel.

Kennedy Smith died January 15, 1894, aged 52. Co. F, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Strong.

John T. Smith died April 11, 1894, aged 60. Co. I, Seventh Maine Infantry. Past Post Commander G. A. R. Post, Yarmouth.

Albion K. Snell died March 1, 1894, aged 74. Co. G, First Maine Cavalry. Leaving a widow and one minor child, Walter E. Member G. A. R. Post, Fairfield.

Lorenzo A. Soule died November 3, 1894, aged 64. Co. B, First Maine Cavalry. Died at Searsmont after years of suffering from army disabilities, leaving a widow.

Joseph Southard died March 17, 1894, aged 74. Co. D, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, St. Albans.

T. Whitney Spiller died March 15, 1894, aged 59. Co. H, Eleventh Massachusetts Infantry. Member Beale Post, Bangor.

Benjamin S. Sprague died February 14, 1894, aged 49. Co. C, Twelfth Maine and Co. C, First Maine Heavy Artillery. Member G. A. R. Post, Presque Isle.

J. C. Stanchfield died January 5, 1894, aged 49. Co. C, Second Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Monson.

S. P. Stuart died April 10, 1894,

aged 52. Co. H, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Oxford.

M. B. Sylvester died February, 1894, aged . Co. F, Sixteenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Camden.

Benjamin Sutherland of Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, died January 11, 1895, in Lynn, Mass., at the residence of John B. Sutherland, his son.

Nelson Tenney died February 16, 1894, aged 55 years, 8 months. Co. H, Fifth Maine Infantry. Member Bosworth Post, Portland.

Charles E. Thomas died March 2, 1894, aged 47. Maine unassigned Infantry. Member Hamlin G. A. R. Post, Bangor.

Freeman Thompson died February 12, 1894, aged 55. Sixth Maine Battery. Past Post Commander G. A. R. Post, Winterport.

Charles M. Tibbetts died October 5, 1894, aged 64. Co. G, Second Massachusetts Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Springvale.

William Tindall died September 5, 1894, aged 67. Co. D, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Randolph.

Charles E. Towle killed by a ball February 25, 1894, aged 68. Co. F, Thirty-first Maine. Senior Vice Commander of G. A. R. Post, Oakland.

Franklin True died November 19, 1894. Aged 50 years, 11 months. Co. A, Twentieth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Fort Fairfield.

Russell S. Tucker died January

12, 1894, aged 56. Co. H, Twelfth Maine Infantry. G. A. R. Post, Pittsfield.

Joseph P. Tuttle died August 3, 1894, aged 50. Sergeant Co. D, Eighth Maine Infantry. Past Post Commander G. A. R. Post, Pittsfield.

Waterman Trafton died April 4, 1894. Co. D, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Member Lewiston Post, G. A. R.

John R. Veazie died September 11, 1894, aged 54. Co. B, Second Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Castine.

Wilber F. Vose died December —, 1894, aged 54. Co. H, Second Maine Cavalry. Member of G. A. R. Post, —.

Marcus A. Vose, Lieutenant Co. B, First Maine Cavalry, and Lieutenant Co. H, Second Maine Cavalry, died Thursday, March 14, 1895, at 11:30 p. m., at the Howard Insane Asylum, Providence, R. I. He was taken with a shock, his right side being paralyzed. He has been an inmate of the hospital since last September. He was taken with epileptic fits and suffered terrible agony. The doctors pronounced the case paralysis of the brain. Tuesday, March 14, at 4 a. m. he became unconscious and remained so until his death. He left a widow and three daughters. His daughter May writes also, the following facts: "Father received the *BUGLE* you so kindly sent him and he would sit for hours and read its contents. He has had the worst of luck and sickness most all the

time. Up to last September he had not worked for a year, had run behind in his debts and could get no light work to do. His health has been so poor, he could not work at his trade. He grew so discouraged that he attempted to take his life. He received a pension of twenty-seven dollars a month but it was not enough to support his family. Father was almost totally deaf: it preyed upon his mind, too. The funeral was held at Christ church, Tuesday, March 19. Father has wanted to attend the regimental reunions, but circumstances have prevented. I have seen him moved to tears when he would receive news of the reunions."

Orrin E. Walker died at his home, 420 Washington street, Somerville, Mass., January, 1895. He was 49 years of age. He leaves a widow and one daughter. The deceased had only been a resident of Somerville for a few months. He came from Amesbury. He served in Co. H, Twentieth Maine Regiment, during the war. He was wounded September 30, 1864, at Peeble's Farm.

George Ware died February 1, 1894, aged 70. Seventh Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

John C. Warner died July 4, 1894, aged 57. Co. D, Second Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Foxcroft.

Tristram A. Warren died May 23, 1894, aged 59. Co. D, Seventeenth Maine Infantry. Past Post

Commander G. A. R. Post, Abbott.

Jeremiah D. Webber died November 24, 1894, aged 72. Co. D, First Maine Cavalry. Member G. A. R. Post, Hodgdon.

W. H. Webber died December 30, 1894, aged 63. Co. E, First Wisconsin Cavalry. Member G. A. R. Post, Belfast.

Eben O. Weed died November 17, 1894, aged 74, Co. K, Second Maine Infantry. From disease of heart in Wakefield, Mass. Buried at Waterville, Me. Member of that Post.

Alvin F. Welch died in New Orleans of small pox March 23, 1894, aged 56. Co. I, First and Tenth Maine Infantry. Member Bosworth Post, Portland.

Wm. J. Welch died June 4, 1894, aged 46. Fourth United States Artillery Bugler. Member of Thatcher Post, G. A. R., Portland.

John Wheeler died June 3, 1894, aged 64. Member G. A. R. Post, Westbrook.

Daniel E. Willey died January 20, 1894, aged 56. Co. L, Second Maine Cavalry. Member G. A. R. Post, Fryeburg.

Lamont C. Willoughby died May 10, 1894, aged 47. Co. C, Sixth Massachusetts Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Dixfield.

Wm. H. Wiswell died June 3, 1894, aged 51. Co. B, Thirty-First Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Fryeburg.

James Withee died June 18, 1894, aged 53. Co. C, Eighth

Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Houlton.

George Woods died May 2, 1894, aged 52. Co. F, Eighth Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Augusta.

John Woods died May 6, 1894, aged 63, Fifth Maine Battery, Light Artillery. Member Bosworth Post, Portland.

Samuel K. Wright died November 21, 1894, aged 47. Twenty-Seventh unassigned Co. Maine Infantry. Member G. A. R. Post, Harrison.

Chaplain J. E. M. Wright died in Needham, Mass., April '95, aged 92 years and 10 months. Mr. Wright was called to the pastorate of the Congregational church in Rockport, Maine, in 1857, serving the church as pastor seven years. He was an excellent preacher, a model Christian gentleman, winning not only the hearts of those who attended upon his ministrations, but making for himself a place in the affections of all who knew him. In 1864 he resigned his pastorate at this village and joined the Eighth Maine regiment as chaplain. He was as popular among the soldiers as he had been with the people at home.

Chaplain Wright contributed to the April BUGLE of 1894, a most interesting account of the marches and services of the Eighth Maine infantry, under the title of "From Petersburg to Appomattox Court House." Within a few months two comrades of that regiment have answered the grand roll-call, but both have left appropriate monu-

ments to their own memory, in accounts of their own services on the pages of the BEE.

Gideon A. Young died October 3, 1893, aged 49, leaving a widow and four children. Co. H, Second

Maine Cavalry. Member G. A. R. Post, Camden.

W. K. York died August 1, 1894, aged 60. Co. I, Fifth Maine. Member G. A. R. Post, Stoneham.

A PLEA FOR REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

By J. P. Cilley,

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. "PARTURIENT MONTES, NASCETUR RIDICULUS MUS."
BEHOLD THE MUS.

The committee on military affairs reports the following :

Whereas, The state of Maine has delayed too long to make provision for a history of the part taken by her troops in the great Civil War, for since it ended the grave has closed over many who could have furnished valuable information to the historian, and every year that passes renders it more difficult to obtain the necessary data, and

Whereas, The names of those who endured so many hardships and gave their lives by thousands in patriotic exertions for their country, deserve to be kept in lasting remembrance and inscribed where future generations may read them. Therefore,

Resolved, That the adjutant-general is hereby authorized and directed under the advice and control of the governor and council to collect the necessary data for a history of the Maine troops in the War of the Rebellion, such as regimental histories, official reports of both Union and Confederate armies, works of historians on both sides, special contributions relating to particular battles or events, personal recollections, diaries of soldiers in the field, army letters to friends, war correspondence in newspapers, magazine articles, etc., provided such persons and associations as shall upon application of said adjutant-general, furnish him with said data of history, shall do so free of charge. Be it further

Resolved, That the sum of \$500 for the year 1895 and \$500 for the year 1896 is hereby appropriated for extra clerk hire and other necessary expenses in collecting said data.

Not a single regimental association, not a single post of the G. A. R., not a single petition from any individual soldier of Maine was presented to the committee, reporting the above, asking or favoring such a resolve.

If ever a plan was formulated to prevent the state from securing the history of her regiments, who served in the War of the Rebellion, the above is such a plan.

There were three plans presented to the committee which were duly discussed, which may be named and thus better understood.

WOODEN NUTMEG PLAN.

1. The Connecticut plan, a sample of which was before them and its merits and demerits could be understood by ten minutes' study of the same. It gave one page of history to each regimental organization from Connecticut and one line of record to each soldier who served in such regiments, which line

showed when he enlisted and when discharged, or the date he died in the service or was transferred to some other organization, nothing more. That publication cost the state of Connecticut \$40,000. Her soldiers in the war of 1861-'65 numbered 50,000, while Maine's numbered 70,000. In the same proportion such a history of Maine soldiers would cost this state \$56,000, and what is more in point, Maine in her yearly reports compiled by the lamented General Hodgdon, contains a much more voluminous record of each of her soldiers and an alphabetical index over and above the Connecticut plan.

THE PLAN OF THE GREEN HILLS.

2. The Vermont plan was the appointment of a competent historian to write up a history of each of its regiments. This state had seventeen regiments, one battery of light artillery, and three companies of sharpshooters, and was singularly fitted for the work of a state historian, because most of its troops served permanently during the war in two brigades, the first consisting of six regiments, the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and eleventh, and the second of the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth. Total of the two, eleven regiments. It will be evident at once that the writing of the history of these two brigades necessarily involved the writing of the history of these eleven regiments. It was impossible to separate them, they were joined and woven together so

that it was impossible to part such raiment.

In Maine the problem is entirely different. It sent into the field more than twice as many men and twice as many regiments, which stand as distinct from each other as her multitudinous headlands along her rugged, but beautiful, coast. The history of one is not the history of another. No Hume or Macaulay, yet born, could reproduce their individual life and service. All such histories born from one mind would be like the fabled manner in which vessels are built in the eastern part of this state, that is, they build them by the mile and each captain has his vessel sawed off when he has obtained the desired length. Such histories would be without individuality. They would have no stem, no stern, and would hold water like a sieve. Another fatal objection to the Vermont plan is, that omitting the first three chapters, which fully expatiate the causes of the war, and those chapters relating to the civil staff of the war governors, only thirty-five to some fifty pages are allotted to the history of each of her regiments. So meager and unsatisfactory were the results in such restricted history that regiment after regiment in Vermont have been thus compelled to write and publish their own histories.

THE PLAN OF THE WHITE HILLS.

3. The New Hampshire plan, Laws of 1887 (page 510, chapter 145, of that state), encourages the various regimental associations to

write their own histories and when written in a manner to be decided by the governor and council as valuable to the state and historically accurate and up to a certain standard in size, print, and binding, the state purchased enough copies to supply the public libraries in the state and the state library for exchange.

The results of this plan have been most happy. The different regimental associations in generous rivalry have competed with each other in securing a full military history of each member of each regiment and the fullest and most complete account of each and all the movements, battles, and events of its service, with biographies of its deceased comrades. No one can help perceiving the vastly different results attainable by enlisting every man in the organization in active endeavor in collecting historical information, over one clerk under the awful impetus of a regular salary, waiting in his office for the necessary data for a history of the Maine troops with proviso, "provided such persons and associates as shall upon the application of the adjutant-general furnish him with said data of history, shall do so free of charge," and wait for some future historian to be made by the governor and council.

Read the report of the committee again, the stump speeches in both "whereases" are true and most excellent, but the "Therefore Resolved" is in downright enmity to the compilation of regimental histories. Why is such a resolve so

strongly condemned? 1. Because the only way to compile a history of the Maine troops is to encourage the writing and publishing of each regimental unit. Any other way is putting the cart before the horse. The resolve will not collect ten dollars' worth of information for every five hundred dollars' yearly expenditure. Is there any authority for this assertion? Yes. It is not nearly as broad or effective as a resolve now in force, as will be seen by reference to resolve approved Feb. 23, 1876. (Acts and Resolves of 1876, Chap. 177, page 125.)

2. The thing has been tried. Under the resolve of 1876 with all the enthusiasm of my nature and persistency of endeavor (and no one does deny such qualities on my part) I worked, and planned, and begged, but all the diaries and data I did obtain were from personal friends, by personal entreaty. An account of my work appears on page 11 of Adjutant-General's Report for 1877, but the three hundred and seventy-six large ledger pages of gathered material are now forgotten and buried out of sight in the adjutant-general's office. I did, however, under the authority of that resolve, with the consent of the Governor and Council, present the historian of the First Maine Cavalry with a full copy of the monthly reports of their regiment. I also, under the same authority, accomplished another result for the good name of Maine, wherein the adjutant-general of Massachusetts was, in newspaper language, scooped.

It was for the interest of Massachusetts and Maine to obtain a correct list of her soldiers in the War of 1812. The rumor came that Massachusetts was to move on the departments of Washington in full force to secure such list: I was dispatched alone to Washington to see what could be done for Maine. I presented the wishes and desires of Governor Connor and the Council to Senator Hale. We both went together to the third auditor and asked the privilege of examining the 1812 records. We were met with the response that only a day or two before the adjutant-general of Massachusetts with a large force of clerks had been there with a request that they might be allowed to copy the 1812 rosters and that such a consent could not be given: that the rules of the office permitted such rolls to be inspected but not to be copied. I then told the third auditor that the State of Maine desired no copies, but merely asked the privilege of inspecting such rolls to ascertain if the list of such soldiers, I then had with me, was correct. Senator Hale pressed the question home, and the auditor decided that under the rule "might inspect" we might compare. I immediately obtained the help of two friends, both naval officers, so as to keep official flavor to my comparing and avoid the odium of clerks, and in a short time fifteen hundred new names were added to the Maine rolls, all errors and mistakes corrected, and Maine today is the

only state which has a complete list of her thirty thousand, 1812 troops, and this result was accomplished for less than half the expenditure Massachusetts paid for transporting her adjutant-general and his force of clerks from Boston to Washington and back, so that the resolve of February 23, 1876, was a fortunate resolve in one respect, but it lay a dead letter during the term of the next adjutant-general, and has remained dead ever since.

Can anything better be expected from an inferior new resolve, which ties itself into a gordian knot by its restrictive conditions?

If any member of the legislature wants to see a demonstration of the results of the three plans, let him examine the military rolls of Connecticut, the Vermont history, wherein the historian complains about "the documents, diaries, war letters, and reminiscences he had long asked for in vain," and the New Hampshire plan as shown in the histories of its state's regiments, or if a sample of histories by regimental associations is desired for inspection, examine the history of the First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth regiments of Maine, or any of the later written histories. I only call attention to the history of the First Maine Cavalry, because it is one of the later and its merits are at my finger ends. Compare this history with the Connecticut plan: Connecticut only gives one line to each of her soldiers, the history of the First Maine Cavalry

gives never less than one, that the amount given averages, almost universally, from two lines to half a page, and the ratio of error is no more in one than in the other, and in addition, its rolls contain full obituaries, and then follows a series of tables giving the names of casualties in each engagement, so that its statistical value is beyond that of any similar publication in the land, supplemented with a full index of names. This statistical part occupies 370 royal octavo pages, while its text occupies 382 pages in comparison with the meager 35 to 50 to the Vermont regiments; and no regimental history in the whole United States has received so many endorsements for historical accuracy and fairness as this Cavalry history.

What the First Maine Cavalry have done in their history, the other regiments from Maine are waiting and are now working hard to surpass, and will do so with slight aid from the state. In fact, aid to each regiment equal to the cost of the extra clerk in the adjutant-general's office will enable the state to secure one such history in each of the two years coming. Notice the net results: instead of having \$1,000 sunk in the mouth and on the back of such extra clerk, the state will have \$1,000 worth of histories to supply her public libraries and a supply for the state library to exchange for the various Union and Confederate reports and works of historians on both sides, so

unctuously set forth in the resolve. And right here, I am authorized by the state librarian, to assert that for every dollar in value of a regimental history placed at his disposal, he can obtain, in exchange, one dollar and a half in value in works of military historians; so if the whole \$1,000 worth of regimental histories were placed in his library for exchange, the state would not only have her money back, but a gain of \$500 worth of historical works, whose purchase is contemplated by the objectionable resolve. Can this proposition be honestly controverted?

It has been a wise and long-established policy of this state to encourage and preserve its historical records. At an expense of some three hundred dollars it had a written copy of the early York record made years ago. It is now purchasing the York Deeds at \$5 a volume and some two hundred copies of each volume, ten volumes have been issued and purchased with a sum of money nearly large enough to enable each regimental association in the state to publish its regimental history. The publication of the York Wills has also been aided by the state. This very session has authorized the state to purchase one hundred copies of the Maine Genealogical society's publication at \$5 a volume. The periodical of the Maine Historical society also has one hundred copies of its issue purchased by the state at \$3 per copy. Yet the military committee reported "ought not to

pass" on the proposition of the Maine Association of Veteran Soldiers to have their publication, which contained in its yearly volume as much reading matter as the York Deed or the Lincoln Probate Records, or the Maine Historical society quarterly, purchased in like number by the state at \$1 per volume. Reasoning probably that "Such associations should present to the adjutant-general its publication free of charge," disregarding the fact that the members of the Maine Historical society and the Maine Genealogical society are composed of wealthy men, that it is considered an honor to belong to such societies and an honor difficult to obtain: while the members of the Maine association are men of little wealth, and are all grey-headed men blossoming for the grave. The state is actually under more obligation to purchase their quarterly of historical value than to purchase the York Deeds, or Lincoln Probate Record, or the Maine Historical Society Quarterly, to say nothing of the relative price of \$1 per volume to \$3 and \$5 per volume the amount of reading matter in each being equal, and making no account of the waste of type and paper in presenting the tiresome tautology of wills, and making no account of the fact that it would cost the state by the extra clerk in the adjutant-general's office three times as much to secure an equal amount of historical material pertinent to the war of '61-5.

But let this go. It was asked as

a right, in consideration of money in the possession of the state, which in equity belonged to said association rather than to the state. The only ground on which a soldier can receive help from the state is "when without such aid he will become the subject of public or private charity." The Maine Historical society and the Maine Genealogical society can be generously helped, but the Maine Association and various regimental associations must make a present of their publications to aid some future Macaulay, to be born and made by the governor and council.

At a hearing before the committee appeared Rev. Mr. Philbrook from Boston, Hon. Hillman Smith, the mayor of Auburn, with a delegation of veteran soldiers from that city and vicinity: Maj. Hewett from Thomaston, with a delegation from Knox county: Maj. Nash and Folger, and others from Augusta and many other parts of the state. Before the committee were various petitions from soldiers residing in different parts of the state and resolutions passed by Posts of the G. A. R. The only opposition to what is designated as the New Hampshire plan was from Major Nash. He acknowledged that he was speaking in opposition to the desire and vote of his regimental association, that he was one of the committee elected by the Nineteenth Maine association to write up the history of that regiment, that he had already on hand in printed form some 150 pages of

material in nonpareil type equal to 600 pages of small pica, enough to make a book the size of volume 5 of the York Deeds for which the state paid \$5 a volume in lots of 200 copies (vide, resolve approved March 15, 1883) and please take notice that this resolve was passed at the request of a committee consisting of Edward H. Elwell, James P. Baxter, and William Gould. I acknowledge the financial strength of this committee backed solely by the Maine Historical society, but the large delegation who appeared before the military committee was larger in number and backed by a more extended and numerous host of petitioners, lacking, however, the prestige of wealth. I do not wish to be understood as disparaging the aid to the York Deeds although they have cost money enough to have secured the publication of the history of every regiment that went from Maine. Such publication is most commendable and a wise state policy, and in full accord with the practice and honor of the state, but here is the point: if the above expenditure is wise, as it most certainly is wise, and the truth of the stump speech in the military committee's resolution is true, as it most certainly is true, then the rejection and condemnation of the desires of the regimental association, the arguments of those who appeared before the committee, and the petitions of veteran soldiers from many parts of this state are most unjust and cruel. Let me refer again to Maj. Nash,

whom I reverence as a brave soldier, prize as a good friend, and know to be an honest man. He made this talk to me and I violate no rules of courtesy in repeating it:

"The members of my regiment are poor. In my endeavors to preserve in printed form material pertinent to its history, I have sunk \$150." This is the whole case in a nutshell. The histories of the regiments from Maine should be written. The time is now, before those qualified to supply facts and incidents—all of whom have passed the half-century mark—die. In the very language of the military committee, "It has been too long delayed." The surviving members of these regiments are financially poor as a class. Their histories cannot very well be written, without the customary aid from the state, as granted from the very beginning, and has been granted this very year to the Maine Historical and the Maine Genealogical societies: with only this most important difference, the soldiers of Maine only ask one half the aid per volume which the state has granted to both of said societies this session. The soldiers are comparatively poor. The members of said societies are comparatively rich. In one, the obligation rests in a written contract of enlistment and the honor of the state: in the other, solely in the good name of the state. Members of the legislature now in session have time and again loaded their speeches with remarks indicating

a fear of disapproval on their appropriations of state money; yet the legislature has created a large number of new offices with new salaries and has neglected to ascertain if there are officers in the state's employment drawing some fifteen thousand dollars per year for official services; has neglected to apprehend the common adage, "That money paid for surplus help on the farm, is virtually so much money wasted, while money paid for even new pig pens and barns is money invested for permanent improvements." I have already written too much and in the

language of old, "We who are about to die salute you." If you want the soldiers of Maine to aid in the compilation of their own record, if the request of the regimental associations to have their histories written by men of their own choice, whom they know to be amply qualified, whom they will aid in a most effective manner, because they are in touch with them and impelled by pride in and love for their old regiments, do not force the men of Maine to follow the voice of a stranger; or wait for an historian who has not yet taken the preliminary steps for being born!

THE DEBATE IN THE MAINE SENATE.

THE ROMAN MAIDEN PROVES HER CHASTITY.

If Comrade Seiders had appeared before the committee at the time of hearing he might have learned a few things or at least submitted to a cross examination on the statements he presented.

It was a very safe plan after the field was left clear and not even a visible odor from the last retiring vidette could be discerned, to appear before the committee with all the prestige a position next to the governorship could give him, and perform most deadly shooting on the vacant field.

Such being his position, it is only fair to now return a cross fire on his flank as it appears of record in the debate in the senate.

I. Mr President—When you make the statement "that the history of a Maine regiment contained twenty pictures of one officer," did you utter an untruth or were you lying under a mistake, with a copy of the history in your hand? When a presiding officer leaves the chair and goes on the floor, his words should not be so carelessly spoken as to virtually deceive; nor his efforts to amuse, profane the subject on which he speaks.

The history mentioned must have been that of the First Maine Cavalry, but in that history, the highest number of pictures given of any one person is four. Three persons have four pictures each.

Myself, Captain Horace Cole, and Adjutant Edward P. Tobie. The reason and occasion for these duplicate pictures is clearly evident. It was simply because such pictures were contained in groups. The photographs of the groups were taken in the service and the pictures were historically valuable because they presented the groups just as they were clothed and appeared in the field. Was it vanity to put them in? No. The comrade who raises a laugh on their appearance is unjust and cruel, even as the committee was unjust and cruel. Now about the corporal pictured as a brigadier general! The speaker slips from a correct statement as easily as rolling off a log. He must have been thinking of his own corporalship. Private Henry L. Mitchell, an orphan boy, who, being without father or mother, enlisted in the regiment to find a home; who, by his earnestness to keep with the regimental family, in spite of injuries received, became totally disabled, and has ever since endured pain and discomfort therefrom, put his picture in the regimental family album with the rank and uniform of the grade he held in the Maine militia at the time the pictures were collected. Every man in the regiment, private or corporal, was asked to, and had just as full right to appear on the pages of that history as any of its colonels or higher officers. Private Mitchell had the same right to appear in the uniform he was entitled to wear, as

Gen. Charles H. Smith had to appear in the uniform of a colonel in the regular army, which he was entitled to wear. The slur of Comrade Seiders is either in defiance of that right or it is a slur on the officers of the Maine militia.

At the Battle of Aldie, when the First Massachusetts Cavalry and the Tenth New York Cavalry were at sore disadvantage, Kilpatrick galloped to the First Maine Cavalry and shouted, "First of Maine! you saved the day at Brandy Station, now save it at Aldie!" As the regiment moved on the charge, Joe Coffin, a private of Company G, and now a resident of Auburn, gave voice to the pent up purpose of the regiment, and shouted in like tones, "Here's to the honor of old Maine." Comrade Seiders might have well used this incident to amuse the senate and to prove that such a regiment was "not worth a cuss," because it allowed a private in the ranks to speak with the voice of a brigadier general; while every nine-months man knows that it was unmilitary for a private to talk in the ranks.

The boys who served in the regiment point with commendable pride to a corporal who was governor of Maine; to a sergeant who was a United States district attorney; to a corporal who is a county attorney; an insurance commissioner and a colonel in the Reserve militia; and to a private who was a brigadier general in the state militia. They point to the record of these comrades with the same pride

that they point to the regimental records of battles fought and the number of men and officers lost in front of the enemy. In the First Maine Cavalry what is a joy and a benefit to one comrade is a joy and benefit to every other comrade. We may have our differences of opinion and maintain our positions on such opinion with sharpened sabres, but when it comes to personal relations to each other in matters of friendship, we are as solid as Maine granite.

2. The cost! In the senate debate as reported, Mr. Hume stated the cost from \$30,000 to \$40,000; Mr. Prescott as \$40,000; Mr. Seiders as \$40,000 to \$50,000. The military committee could have easily made the cost at such figures as they themselves deemed reasonable. I stated the cost to the committee, as I figured it, \$14,000; Rev. Mr. Philbrook, a little more, both agreeing that the time in which such regimental histories could be prepared, would extend over ten years. The history of the First Maine Cavalry required eighteen years of labor, much of it continuous, and the number of comrades employed on such work ranged from never less than two and as high as fifty.

3. The opposition to a state historian from "certain parties"! Three times does the speaker refer to this idea. Who were these "certain parties?" Answer: The 1893 encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic of Maine, regimental associations, Posts of the

G. A. R., and various petitions presented to the committee. The only party who appeared and spoke at the hearing in opposition to the New Hampshire plan was one party, Major Nash, who, as has not been before noticed, stated, as was stated time and again in the senate debate, that the history of many regiments would remain unwritten because there were no men in such regiments who could or would write their history. I asked him to name such deficient regiments, and as he named regiment after regiment, I named men who were now at work at such histories, and in one case, the Fourth Maine Infantry, such history had run through its preliminary presentation in a public newspaper. Give the regimental associations as fair a show as the Maine Historical or Maine Genealogical societies, and each and all will provide "a man of ability and of integrity who will work for the love he bears to the work," instead of working for a salary, long drawn out. Right here, if it would not seem a reflection, which I wish in no manner to cast, I would refer to the most excellent commission on the state monuments at Gettysburg, in order to show the length of time and amount of money state officers invariably expend; and what is more in point, this very commission has been forced to apply to regimental associations to perform quite an important part of their own work. It is a fair comparison and should be considered in all three of its aspects.

4. What meaning is to attach to the sober remarks of the senator, while not attempting to amuse the senate? "I do hope that this senate simply, if for nothing else, for the purpose of saying that the desire exists to carry out this work, in some way, will stand by this resolve." Does this mean just what the word naturally expressed, that the resolve is simply passed "for the purpose of saying that the desire exists to carry out this work in some way," which way manifestly was after the plan of a resolve passed in 1876, and which resolve has remained a dead letter ever since 1878? That resolve is in force. A duplicate resolve would amount to nothing except "simply for the purpose of saying"! Nothing but some of the language of Phil Sheridan could do justice to this apparent truthful expression of purpose! But, I write in sorrow, as far as the state of Maine is concerned her regimental histories are no further advanced than they were in 1876, and in the language of Senator Morrill, "The opportunities for getting material were growing less, that it would be harder now than it was ten years ago, and it will be harder two years hence than it is now." I acknowledged that Captain Lane of the house with fairness amended the resolve in a manner that took the Gordian knot out of it and made it almost identical with the resolve of 1876, which certainly accomplished some good, but why! why! why! could it not have been amended as W. S. White of the

house tried to have it amended so as to have it read thus:

"That the governor of Maine is authorized to purchase two hundred copies of the history of each regiment of Maine Volunteers which served in the War of the Rebellion, to be distributed as follows: One copy for each public library, college, or seminary of learning in this state, the remaining copies to be deposited in the state library for exchange with other state libraries and institutions, in order that the record of the part taken by Maine in the War of the Rebellion may be accessible with other similar works at the capitals of the country: *Provided*, that the price of the history of each regiment shall not exceed \$2.50 per copy, which price is authorized for volumes of not less than three hundred pages octavo, substantially bound in cloth, and no such histories shall be purchased unless the same shall have been prepared by the authority of the proper regimental association, and shall have been found by the governor and council to be, as far as practicable in such work, faithfully, impartially, and accurately performed, historically correct, and to contain matters not otherwise easily accessible, and that the sum of \$500 for the year 1895 and \$500 for the year 1896 is hereby appropriated for such purchase." In that event every dollar thus expended would go to enrich the public libraries in our state and would return one dollar and a half, in histories exchanged by the state librarian.

The actual cost can be so easily figured that the problem could be solved by the youngest child in the Bath Military and Naval Orphan Asylum. (1st, 10th and 29th, virtually one regiment) 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, (7th and 1st Maine Veterans) 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, (18th and 1st Maine Hy. Art.) 19th, (20th and 1st S. S.) 30th (31st and 32d, consolidated) (1st Cav. and 1st D. C. Cav.), 2d Cav. (1st Regt. of Lt. Art., consisting of seven batteries), 25th, 21st, 22d, 24th, 26th, 28th (all these regiments served together and served for nine months each, while most of the previously named regiments served three, four, and some, like the eleventh, and part of the twelfth, served nearly five years. They only had some ten hundred men to each regiment, while some of the first named regiments had thirty-five hundred men on their rolls. For this reason it is believed that their combined history would not exceed in pages the history of some of those longer termed and numerically larger regiments), but we will call it two volumes (2) 23d, 25th, 27th, (9mos. Regts.) Coast Guards, Unassigned companies and three Military companies one volume (1), total, 28; 28x\$500 equals \$14,000, which sum is the exact estimate I gave the committee at the time of hearing. Is there any reasonable expectation of greater cost? Now there is a remedy for any of the above organizations, who in spite of the universally admitted fact—that whenever

any particular duty was required from a Maine regiment in the field, at once, men expert in that particular duty, could be called from the ranks. "It is unjust and cruel" to imply that the only detail for an historian must be a "peregrinating chaplain or some biased colonel of the regiment;" which slur is still more unjust as the very project, thus criticised, rests on this foundation, viz., "Shall have been prepared by authority of the proper regimental associations, and shall have been found by the governor and council to be as far as practicable in such works, faithfully, impartially, and accurately prepared, historically correct, and to contain matter not otherwise easily accessible."

The following provision to procure histories for delinquent regiments meets the hearty acceptance of every regimental association, and every Post of the G. A. R., and the resolution of the state encampment of the G. A. R., and every individual of each petition in favor of the adoption of the New Hampshire plan, viz., that for the regiments who cannot from their own ranks find "a man of ability and integrity" "who will work for the love which he bears to his work", then for such regiments, the governor of Maine, with the advice of the council, be authorized to appoint a state historian to write up their record. Finally, I want to go on record before the whole state of Maine on this assertion, that the plan of a state historian, even if successfully

carried out in the life time of the survivors of the War of the Rebellion, will cost a much larger sum of money than the proposed New Hampshire plan. Here is a part of the demonstration. It is an open secret, known to the members of the legislature and should have been known to every member of the military committee—that for years after 1878, and along to the present time, five hundred dollars a year have been appropriated for the preservation of the muster rolls in the adjutant general's office; that the money has been expended but the muster rolls have remained preserved in their increasing dilapidated condition.

To illustrate a poem written by a classic cynic, there is a picture in the Couroran gallery at Washington, D. C., of a Roman maiden trying to prove her charity by carrying water in a sieve from the banks of the Tiber to a distant shrine of Venus. In a like manner the honorable senator carried on to the floor of the senate a sieve like resolve and manifested his leaky purpose of proving his love for histories of Maine soldiers with the following record: "I hope that this senate; simply, if for nothing more, for the purpose of saying the desire exists to carry out this work in some way."

One thing every member of the military committee did know, that in 1878 the annual encampment of the Maine militia was held, the expenses of armory and other inspections and the expenses of adminis-

tering the state pension law—then assigned to and performed by the adjutant general—were—carried through on appropriation from the state of two thousand dollars. What has been their appropriation for the present year? I frankly admit that this method of argument may be a little unfair, but I am provoked to it by what seemed to me unjust and cruel statements, concerning the history of the First Maine Cavalry and such loose arguments that the plan of regimental histories as advocated by most of the soldiers of Maine, would cost from \$10,000 to \$50,000; and their obtuseness to apprehend that a picture of the service of any one regiment is not a picture of the whole war or a whole campaign, no more than a half-tone cut of the Maine Central station at Portland is a picture of Portland, yet such cut is correct as far as it goes, and a series of such photographs from different parts of Portland would give a clear idea of Portland as a whole.

Thus, and thus only, I believe, the military history of the state of Maine can be written. We want a photograph of what each regiment did. When looked at separately they may, to a person who expects to find a tactical history of the whole rebellion therein, appear as "a gross exaggeration," and "not worth the paper they were written on."

The legislature authorized the purchase of certain photographic views, but wherein are those views of value in comparison to the historic photographs of the services of

the regiments of Maine, who served their state with honor and with an unparalleled loss of life?

This postulate, I wish to press home on the minds and consciousness of every surviving soldier from Maine: Can the question whether regimental histories are or are not "faithfully, impartially, and accurately prepared, historically correct and containing matters not otherwise easily accessible," be left, with entire safety, to the governor and council of Maine assisted by the approval and criticism of such regimental association, or shall that question be determined by a nine-months man, and a member of the Corps d' Afrique?

It may be well to amuse the sen-

ate of Maine "it for nothing else than for the purpose of saying," but to us who desire, before we die, to see the history of every regiment from Maine written in a manner that shall commend itself to the approval of the governor and council, and its regimental associations, such amusement comes with the discomfort and sadness of the First and Second Bull Run battles; nevertheless we shall move forward, with faith and courage yet, to a Gettysburg and Appomattox two years hence.

"Bring out the good old Bull Run boys, we'll sing another song,

Sing it with a spurt, that will start the world along."

THE ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT.

The annual state encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic was held at Skowhegan February 12 and 13, 1895, and was largely attended.

The encampment lacks the true comfort and gladness of the various regimental reunions; but it is generally a meeting full of life and active endeavor, frequently abounding in rather strenuous contests for the success or defeat of various measures.

In connection with the account of its proceedings are presented the countenances of comrades known

to all, and hence have no need of any special introduction.

The pictures of other past officers of the organization were promised, but did not come to hand in season to appear.

The department meeting opened at 10 o'clock a. m., Commander J. Wesley Gilman of Oakland presiding. There were present the full list of the department officers, viz.,

James E. Parsons, Ellsworth, S. V. C.

Charles M. Chase, Freeport, J. V. C.

James L. Merrick, Waterville, A. A. G.

A. M. Warren, Dover, A. Q. M. G.

Dr. W. H. True, Portland, medical director.

Rev. C. A. Southard, Livermore Falls, chaplain.

John D. Steward, Winn, inspector.

Henry M. Colby, Rumford Centre, judge advocate.

Henry A. Heward, chief mustering officer.

The staff of the commander was also well represented.

The meeting was opened by prayer by the chaplain, after which the reports of medical director, chaplain, and inspector were read.

In the afternoon the annual address of Commander Gilman was read, in which he took strong ground in favor of the Veteran Family home, recently established at Newport. He said it was favored by action of the state encampment two years ago, endorsed at the meeting one year ago, has become a living fact, and he urged the comrades to stand by the enterprise. He also said that the comrades of the Grand Army had not become united upon pension laws yet, but advised that the department instruct delegates to the national encampment to labor vigorously for a per-diem pension law.

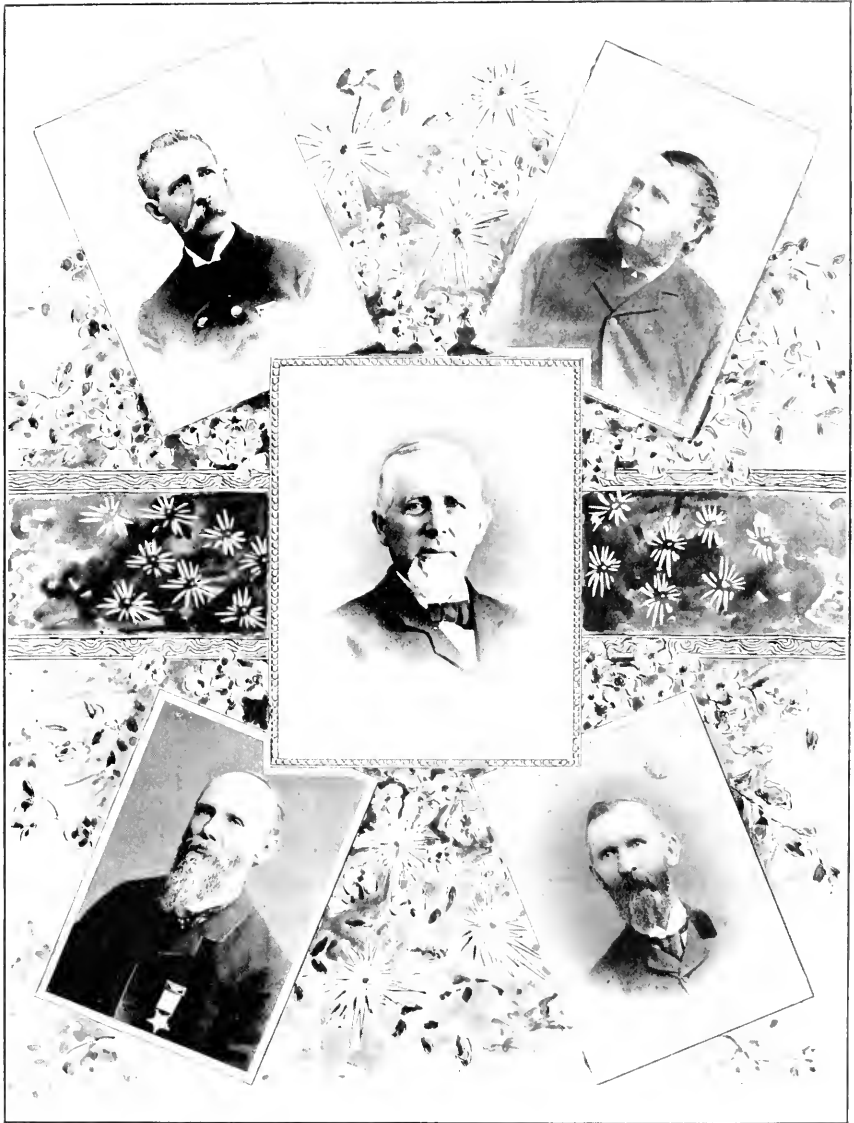
The adjutant-general and quartermaster-general followed the commander in reading their reports. The former reported the member-

ship in the state 8,196, a loss of 354 from last year: 166 posts, a loss of one from last year. James E. Porter Post, of Weld, was the one that ceased to exist. Of the decrease in membership, 217 was by death, 137 by suspension, dropped from the rolls, removals, etc.

The quartermaster reported the receipts of the year, including \$571.60 balance brought over from last year, \$3,774.33. The expenditures were \$2,693.28, leaving a balance on hand of \$1,082.28. The department has supplies on hand amounting to \$527.94 and office furniture amounting to \$260, which makes cash and property amount to \$1,870.12 net.

The state branch of the National Women's Corps has a membership of 2,011, a gain of 350 during the year. There are four new corps, and perfect harmony throughout the society is reported. They are also unanimous in their support of the Newport Home. The corps expended during the year \$3,207 for relief purposes; have a general fund of \$5,000 and a relief fund of \$1,000. This corps held meetings in Odd Fellows' hall. Mrs. Ella Jordan Mason of Saco presided at the meetings of the association.

The State Woman's Relief Corps, whose membership is confined to relatives of veterans, reports sixty-nine corps against sixty-eight last year, with a membership 3,645. The society lost by death last year forty members, an unusually large number for its membership. In



CHARLES F. JONES, A. A. G.
GEORGE M. BROWN, Inspector.

ISAAC DYER, Dept. Com.

H. A. SHOREY, A. Q. M. G.
ABEL D. RUSSELL, C. M. O.

subordinate corps \$9,500 in funds are reported, and since organization, \$29,120.76 have been expended for relief of destitute veterans and their families. This organization held its sessions in Pythian hall. Mrs. Sarah L. Pascal presided at the meetings.

Commander-in-Chief Lawler of Chicago, Ill., visited the encampment with Quartermaster-General Burst, of Rockford, Ill., and both gentlemen spoke briefly. They also visited the convention of each Relief Corps, National and State.

The question of memorializing the legislature for an appropriation for the State Veterans' Home at Newport came up and was discussed pro and con for two hours. Those who favored the Home were: Col. Millet, of Gorham; Abel Davis, Esq., of Pittsfield; George B. Safford, president of the Home Association, of Skowhegan, and Mr. Webster, of Newport. Those who were opposed were: L. T. Carleton, Esq., of Winthrop; ex-Gov. Robie, of Gorham; E. C. Milliken, of Portland, and Maj. A. A. Shorey of Bridgton. The question was under discussion at the hour of adjournment.

Tuesday evening, a public meeting was held in Coburn hall, addressed by the commander-in-chief, his quartermaster, and Mrs. Sarah Fuller, of Boston, past president of the National Relief Corps. The addresses were all excellent and listened to with great interest by the large audience of veterans

and citizens of our town. Kendall's orchestra furnished music for the occasion.

General Lawler and his quartermaster left Wednesday morning, also Mrs. Wallace, president of the National Women's Relief Corps, and Mrs. Fuller, past-president.

In the morning session the resolutions authorizing the department commander to appear at Augusta, and ask for an appropriation for the Newport Home, was further discussed and defeated by a close vote.

The committee on resolutions reported resolves expressing sympathy for ex-Department Commanders Col. H. H. Burbank and Gen. Selden Connor, in their serious illness, and thanking Governor Cleaves and the Maine legislature for their watchful care of the interests of the veteran soldiers and those dependent upon them.

Wednesday afternoon, delegates from the State and National Women's Relief Corps were received, both with enthusiasm, by the Encampment. Mrs. Pascal, for the State Corps, and Mrs. Grant, for the National Corps, made eloquent addresses, to which the commander briefly replied.

Department officers were elected as follows: W. H. Green, of Portland, commander; T. C. Goodwin, Togus, S. V. C.; J. F. Jeffards, J. V. C.; W. H. True, medical director; Rev. J. W. Webster, chaplain; M. B. Watson, J. F. Day, Geo. B. Haskell, John P. Carson, Charles H. Cooper, council of administration.

These were installed, also the following officers appointed by Commander Green: A. M. Sawyer, assistant adjutant-general; John Williamson, assistant quartermaster-general.

Gen. Isaac Dyer from the committee raised for that purpose reported as representatives to the national encampment, James L. Milliken, delegate at large; C. A. Southard, alternate at large; J. W. Emerson, Fred D. Aldus, John F. Whitcomb, George H. Smith, M. A. Safford, W. Z. Clayton, Harrison Weston, G. G. Downing, V. L. Coffin, delegates; Edward C. Milliken, W. S. Howe, John R. Skinner, J. W. Black, G. M. Reynolds, J. B. Wescott, A. B. Sumner, F. C. Robinson, and A. B. Adams, alternates.

Invitations were received from Bangor and Belfast for the encampment next year and it was voted to go to Bangor.

The visitors here this week, both of the G. A. R. and the Relief Corps, were outspoken in commendation of the way they have been entertained at the hotels and homes of our town, and of the halls provided for the meetings. The encampment passed resolves to that effect.

The camp-fire in Coburn hall, Wednesday evening, concluded the exercises of the encampment. It was under the direction of Russell Post, No. 96, and Gen. Isaac Dyer presided. Kendall's orchestra provided the instrumental music; Miss Agnes Safford of Skowhegan and

Mr. Horne of Auburn sang a duet and Mr. Horne a song, which were received with great favor by the audience. Miss Pearle Curtis presided at the piano. Ex-Governor Robie responded to the sentiment, "The State of Maine;" Past-Department Commander R. K. Gately to "The Navy;" Commander Green to "The Grand Army;" Mrs. Pascal, president of "State Relief Corps," for that organization; and Mrs. Mason, past-president of the "National Relief Corps," for that organization; E. C. Milliken for the "Sons of Veterans," and Chaplain Southard for "Our Fallen Comrades." The large hall was filled to overflowing by an audience of interested, attentive listeners, and the occasion was a fitting close of a successful gathering of Maine veterans and loyal women, devoted to the cause of patriotism and filled with love for the old flag.

Maj. William H. Green, the newly elected department commander, resides in Portland. His business is contractor and builder. He is 58 years old. His military record is an honorable one. He enlisted in the Seventeenth Maine regiment as a private, served his full three years, was wounded at Gettysburg, when Pickett made his celebrated charge upon the Union lines, and was mustered out June, 1865, with the rank of brevet major. He has been an active member of Bosworth Post, since November, 1867, serving as post commander three terms. He was city marshal



CHAS. A. SOUTHARD, Chaplain.

A. E. NICKERSON, S. V. D. C.

SAMUEL D. LEWIS, Judge Advocate.

JETHRO H. SWETT, J. V. D. C.

ELISHA S. COAN, Medical Director.

of Portland three years, member of city council two years, and member of board of overseers of poor 12 years. He is a member of the Masonic, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias bodies of this city, and of the Loyal Legion, and Mechanic Association. A prominent citizen, and gallant soldier, he will conduct the affairs of Maine department with ability and distinction.

A. M. Sawyer, assistant adjutant-general, was a gallant soldier in the Nineteenth Maine Vols., entering that regiment in 1862. He was wounded in the Wilderness campaign, May 5, 1864. He held the office of A. A. G. of the Grand Army in 1879, and also in 1880. He therefore brings experience to the position, which is of great value in this office. He has always been an active Grand Army man.

The above account was taken from the *Somerset Reporter*, owned and edited by our esteemed comrade, Joseph O. Smith, of the Eleventh Maine, who has held two high state offices with credit and honor.

He also adds a word of just praise to the hotel and citizens of Skowhegan,—

The hotels over town fully sustained their reputation for the enter-

tainment of guests in first-class style. We made diligent inquiry, and could not hear a word of complaint, which is of itself evidence that our landlords did their work well. Hotel Heselton took care of nearly 200 extra guests, Hotel Coburn 150, and the Skowhegan House 50, beside furnishing meals to others. The highest vote given in the encampment was 341, and there must have been more than 150 who were lookers-on. This indicates that with the ladies, 600 were in attendance.

The citizens of our town have a well deserved reputation for hospitality upon occasions of this kind, and did nothing to detract from this. The committees of the Grand Army and the Relief Corps are entitled to warm praise for the splendid arrangements made, and for the manner in which they were carried out.

The veterans here this week were a grand body of men who served their country in its great peril, and the ladies, fine bodies of enthusiastic women banded together to give relief and comfort to deserving and destitute veterans and their wives and children, whom our people delight to honor.

ECHOES.

GENERAL HYDE'S BOOK.

Following the Greek Cross, or Memories of the Sixth Army Corps. 16 mo. Gilt top. Price \$1.25. (See advertisement).

This most interesting volume is offered to the survivors of General Hyde's regiment and his many friends in Maine and through the North, in connection with the BUGLE, at the following figures: BUGLE one year, and a copy of General Hyde's book for one dollar and seventy-five cents, a gain of fifty cents by the combination. When sent by mail it will be necessary to add the cost of postage, viz., fifteen cents a copy.

As a promise of the delicious flavor of the book, the preface is given entire as the General's appropriate introduction of himself and the volume:

"As a preface should properly be the last thing written, after reading this book again it seems to me that this preface should be an apology for personality. And yet I should like to read a book written in the same vein by some officer of the Revolutionary army. The personal narratives, scant as they are, of the Napoleonic campaigns are of rare interest: So perhaps some day my apology may be received, and I be wholly pardoned for putting upon the public what was originally intended for my children and neighbors. We old soldiers have flooded the country with our kind of literature, and we have been reasonably ready at all times to explain about the war: but it is not for long before

our voices will be silent, our pens as rusty as our swords, and our pensions cancelled. Bear with us a little longer, O gracious Public.

THOMAS W. HYDE."

IMPORTANT.

To liquidate unpaid subscription accounts, fifty cents a copy has been offered by the treasurer, for the July, 1890, and October, 1890, issues. All the issues of Campaign II, viz., the ten issues or calls commencing July, 1890, and ending October, 1892, are worth their cost, \$2.50, and will be received at that price in settlement of unpaid subscriptions. Calls three and four of Campaign II are held by the treasurer in abundance and will be supplied as a gift to any comrade: also the calls of Campaign III and the Reunion Pamphlets, five to eleven inclusive. The first and second Reunion Pamphlets, viz., 1872 and 1873, are in demand to complete sets and will be most gladly received for that purpose.

It is of the utmost importance that persons sending or returning copies of the BUGLE in settlement of their subscription price, should put their names on the outside of such copies: that otherwise it is impossible to know who returns them or to give credit to the right person. It is also important that a letter be written in advance, setting forth the intended return of the copies and a statement of the account as the sender desires it to be settled.

When no letter is sent and no name appears on the *BUGLES* returned, it causes a perplexing and uncomfortable dilemma.

BIND YOUR BUGLES.

Attention is invited to the advertisement of the Leather Stocking Binder Company, in this issue. These binders are fully endorsed by the Maine Association and can be supplied by the treasurer, J. P. Cilley, for thirty-five cents each. Please state whether you want the binders for the Reunion Pamphlets, or Campaign II, or Campaign III, or Campaign of 1894, or for all four.

WISH TO BE REMEMBERED.

Charles W. H. Goff, of Company A, Seventh Maine Infantry, of Minot, Wood county, North Dakota, writes,—“It was a pleasure to get the *MAINE BUGLE*, and I find it great joy to hear from Maine boys. I see a great many names that I know, and wish to be remembered to the comrades of the Seventh Maine, and would like to meet them at their reunions, but live too far away.”

AN INTRODUCTION TO GENERAL SHERIDAN.

C. G. Burton, of Charlottesville, Va., late of Tenth Virginia Cavalry, writes,—“I must say to you, as I do to all old soldiers whether they wore the blue or the gray, the latch string hangs on the outside of my door and welcome waits within. I had an introduction to Gen. Phil Sheridan on April 1st, 1865, at Five

Forks, and reviewed his whole command. The largest body of cavalry I ever saw. I then passed through General Grant's army. No words of mine could describe the immensity of such an army, enough in all probability to have eaten up the whole Confederate army at one meal, if they had been well cooked. I then took a little trip up to Point Lookout and spent the most of the summer there. Enough to say, I got back home in July following, more dead than alive, with nothing left me but a severe case of scurvy and a slight wound, and from that to begin on, by the blessing of God, I have managed to raise a family of six boys and one girl, and still the cruse of oil and the meal has not given out. I hope to be able to start all my boys in some other business besides soldiering.”

WOUNDED WHILE HUNTING.

B. F. Jordan, Company A, First Maine Cavalry, of Oldtown, writes,—“I have just received Call I of Campaign 2d of the *BUGLE*, and it gives me much pleasure to read the names of departed comrades and of those that are left with us for a short time longer. I have been waiting to see the time when I could pay up for back numbers of the *BUGLE*. Four years ago, the 2d of October, 1890, I was so unfortunate as to get wounded and crippled for life. I was hunting moose in the night on head waters of St. John river and one of the guides, we were seated in my canoe, fired at me, the bullet struck me in the right flank

and passed through my body and cut the sciatic nerve in my left leg. It killed the use of my left leg. I cannot step on my left foot or use it at all. I can go across the room on crutches, that is all: I only feel easy when I am lying in bed. I was over one hundred and fifty miles from a surgeon when I got hurt. I was wounded Thursday night, October 2d, at 12 o'clock at night, and did not have my wound dressed until the next Saturday night, when I reached my home in Oldtown. Then I lay in bed fifteen months and my left leg contracted so I could not move my knee and I went to the Maine General hospital at Portland. There I met with my old captain, Sidney W. Thaxter, and it renewed my courage to meet my old captain for the first time since we came home from the battlefield in Virginia. I have been trying to write to you before, but could not seem to get at it. I remember well the day that shell struck you on your right arm at Middletown. It only seems a short time ago, but it is thirty-two years, I think, the 24th of last May. I was second bugler, and I was in the rear of my company, and you were sitting on your horse at the head of your company. The next shell that came just passed over my head and struck in the road and burst, but did no damage. The boys were laying you on the steps at the time. I lost my horse there, and the second night from that I crossed the Potomac on three planks and got a ferry boat and set thirteen of us over. I see in the

history of our regiment that Sergt. Sidney W. White, of Company E, claims the honor of doing the job, but I was the man."

PATRIOTIC FRIENDS STAND BY IT.

Wellington P. Baker, of Company H, First Maine Cavalry, of Annawan, Ill., writes,—“I received the January number of the *MAINE BUGLE* last evening. With anxious eyes I ran over its pages to find what changes had taken place with those men of Maine since the last issue. I found that the Death Angel had been doing its work, that an intimate comrade of yours and mine had been called away, William O. McFarland, while there are others that I do not remember. I was very much interested while reading Lieutenant Coburn's record of his visit to Dinwiddie Court House and Chamberlain's Bed. Well do the survivors of the First Maine remember that day of '65, with its great loss of life and narrow escape of total annihilation. I think he has given a very correct account of the scene which took place that afternoon. If all the war records are as correct the world would have a true history of what took place in the years of '61 to '65 in America. I am glad that we have such an organ as the *BUGLE* to bring back those scenes to our view. May its patriotic friends stand by it as long as there is one left to bear the name.”

A BEAUTIFUL LINK.

A. H. Harris, Company L, First Maine Cavalry, of South Merri-

mack, N. H., writes,—“ I desire to express my pleasure in receiving and wearing the First Maine Cavalry badge as a beautiful link connecting me with the dear comrades and the experiences of peril and suffering which we mutually shared. I have never yet been privileged to attend the annual reunions. I hoped to be present at that held in Boston on the occasion of the G. A. R. national encampment held there several years ago, but it was held before my arrival in the city, the evening previous. I however met a number of my company comrades on the day following, which was a great joy to me. I also caught sight of you for a few moments at the Mechanics building, but had not an opportunity to speak to you. Really I could not see that you looked a day older than you looked when I last saw you at Appomattox. This is not true of myself, however, for although I was but nineteen when I enlisted, there is, I think, a preponderance of grey hairs covering my head now, and my health has not been what it once was, for years, though the present commissioner of pensions refuses me a pension, and I am waiting in hopes that the next congress will enact a *service* pension law.”

AID TO OUR STATE PUBLICATIONS.

W. W. Sawtelle, Sixth Maine Battery Light Artillery, of Shirley, Me., writes,—“ Through the kindness of Comrade J. E. Rhodes of your city (who was a member of the Sixth Maine Battery with me)

I have had the pleasure of reading Call 3. I was not aware that there was such a publication as the MAINE BUGLE. I shall in future give my aid to our state publications, as I take quite an interest in matters connected with our service during the late war. I wish you success in your undertaking.”

SHALL SUBSCRIBE FOR 1895.

P. M. Baker, of Seattle, writes,—“ Please send me January issue of the BUGLE, also Call 1, 1894, giving an account of the losses of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, the charge of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, etc. As I was a member of that regiment I feel deeply interested. I enlisted December 23, 1863, at Bangor, Me. (where I was raised), was stationed at Fort Sumner. After arriving at the fort, by request I was assigned to Company D (Captain Crossman), stationed at Battery Kemble. I served until the war ended. Was discharged September 20, 1865. I shall subscribe for 1895.”

BETTER AND BETTER.

W. R. Pinkham, Corporal Company A, Eighth Maine Infantry, of Oakland, Me., writes,—“ The BUGLE grows better and better, and no intelligent soldier can afford to be without it.”

FIRST NEWS OF THE TWENTY-SECOND MAINE REUNION.

Isaac G. Chandler, Company M, First Maine Heavy Artillery and Company I, Twenty-second Maine Infantry, of West Stoughton, Mass.,

writes,—“I feel glad to hear from the different reunions. I did not hear from the ‘Heavies’ last year until I got the *BUGLE*, what they were doing. I have not seen any of the boys of my regiment for a long time, only Willey; he lives in Foxboro, Mass. I shall be happy to meet them once more. It is the first time I ever heard of the Twenty-second regiment having a reunion.”

ATTENTION! ELEVENTH MAINE.

The history of the Eleventh Maine by Captains Maxfield and Brady is making satisfactory progress. The history proper is nearly finished, but nearly five hundred personal records are yet incomplete, wanting the date and place of death of those deceased and the present postoffice address of those living. These supplied, the book will be ready for the printer, and we think the comrades will be perfectly satisfied with the work. Any information will be thankfully received by Captain Albert Maxfield, 201 West 22d street, N. Y. City.

MAINE SOLDIERS AT SANTA MONICA.

Roll of members of this Home who served in Maine regiments, now at Santa Monica, Cal., branch Home for D. V. S., given by John A. Quinn, Company D, Fourth Maine Infantry:

Felix McHammon, K, 7th Me. Inf.; Albion C. Libby, E, U. S. (Mex. War); Nicholas Leahy, D and A, 9th Me. Inf.; Zina H. Robinson, B, 9th Me. Inf.; Michael Collins, I, 9th Me. Inf.; George

Smith, H, 28th Me. Inf.; Alvin Barnard, B, 1st Lt. Art.; John A. Quinn, D, 4th Me. Inf.; Thomas A. Bean, F, 14th Me. Inf.; Elijah Condon, F, 1st Vet. Inf.; William P. Squire, C, 1st Me. Hy. Art.; Edwin E. Brown, B, 4th Me. Inf.; George S. W. McCurdy, G, 6th Me. Inf.; Samuel E. Coombs, H, 31st Me. Inf.; James P. McKinney, G, 26th Me. Inf.; John H. Cameron, F, 6th Me. Inf.; Frank Libby, 2d Battery, 1st Lt. Art.; Charles W. Olmstead, M, 1st Hy. Art.; William M. Pottle, B, 1st Me. Cav., H, 7th Inf.; James E. Hathaway, C, 6th Me. Inf.

A DINWIDDIE INCIDENT.

Albert H. Higgins, of Readfield, Me., late of Company M, First Maine Cavalry History, page 652, writes,—“Lieutenant Coburn’s article in the January number of the *BUGLE*, on the Battle of Dinwiddie Court House, has carried me back to the old days, and I have tried to call up the faces of my old comrades in Company M, as I saw them in the above named battle. I find that I can remember Lieutenant Jordan, and Comrades Oakman, Lewis, killed at Dinwiddie, Cushman, wounded at Dinwiddie, Sylvanus Quinn wounded at Dinwiddie, John Thomas wounded at Middlebury, Robert T. Thomas wounded at Dinwiddie, George H. Bray wounded on Dahlgren raid, Charles E. Dearborn, and many others. I find myself asking, Where are they? Scattered, no doubt, all over the Union. This calls to mind an incident at

Dinwiddie that will do to tell here. Charles Dearborn and myself were old schoolmates, and were side by side in the line at that battle. We got out of cartridges, and Charles stepped back a few paces to pick up one that he had dropped, as we took up our position in the brush to the right of the road, after the rebels had driven us back across the creek. He picked up his cartridge and was just putting it in his carbine when a bullet struck him on the belt-plate. I saw him fall and supposed that he was killed, and as the enemy were just making a charge I did not notice him for some time. We checked the advancing line, and then I turned to look after Charles. Instead of being dead I saw him sitting on the ground with his shirt pulled up, examining the spot where the belt-plate had rested. There was a large dark spot where the bullet had driven the plate against him but the skin was hardly broken. Gathering his clothing about him, he picked up his belt and tied it on, as the plate was broken, came back to where I lay, and took his place. He lay there a few minutes without saying a word, but finally turned to me and said, 'Hen, there is a d—d reb lying alongside that old log, and I wish you would send a few bullets and see if you cannot scare him out.' 'Why,' I said, 'do n't you do it yourself?' 'Because,' said he, 'I have got that cartridge which I picked up when that bullet hit me, and I'll be d—d if I am going to fire until I can hurt somebody with it.'

I did as he wished, when out jumped a grey-coat, but only to fall as soon as he landed on his feet. 'There,' said Charles, 'I am ready to shoot as many bullets as the rest of you.' Well, those days will never return to us, but we can live them over again in memory. Should this article come to the notice of any comrade who knows anything of Charles Dearborn of Company M, First Cavalry, I should be greatly obliged if he would kindly inform me. Nearly thirty years have passed since we were mustered out, and many of the comrades I have never seen since. But I hope they will remember our next reunion at Newport and not fail to report, and I believe that if they try one half as hard to get there as they did at St. Mary's Church, I shall have the opportunity of shaking hands with them."

WHO REMEMBERS?

John B. Hazen, of Norway, Me., late of Companies F and M, First Maine Cavalry, and Company H, 1st D. C. Cav., writes,—"I was seriously wounded on the Wilson Raid at Roanoke Bridge, June 28, 1864. I was acting first sergeant at that time, and after Captain Benson was hit and sent to the rear, I had charge of Company H, 1st D. C. Cav. for a few hours; during said time I was wounded twice. I can find no account in detail in the history of First Maine. I was disabled again, my horse fell and broke my leg near the ankle joint on the 11th day of

July at Ettrick opposite Petersburg, and I went to hospital at Fair-ground, in Petersburg, where I was when the regiment went home. This, too, was also poorly noticed. Dr. Stevens bound up my leg and sent me to 'Fair-ground hospital,' and in his minutes this was found,—Sergt. John B. Hazen compound fracture of left leg at ankle joint, and otherwise injured.' Why did he not relate this '*otherwise?*' Well, the facts are, the horse in trying to gain his footing rolled on me and broke my ribs, and to-day I am suffering from a pressure of bones toward my heart. If any of my comrades can remember this injury of ribs I received by this fall they will confer a great favor by writing me a statement of their remembrance."

A MAINE MAN.

Heman P. Smith, the new commander of U. S. Grant Post, No. 327, Brooklyn, N. Y., was born at Orrington, Me., December 31, 1842, and consequently he has just passed his fifty-second birthday. He enlisted in the First Maine Heavy Artillery on August 21, 1862. He served as corporal, sergeant, and first sergeant of Company B, and was commissioned second lieutenant in August, 1864. The First Maine Heavy Artillery became distinguished for its bravery and Fox's 'Regimental Losses in the Civil War'—a history of three hundred fighting regiments—places the First Maine Heavy Artillery at the head of the list. Commander Smith was

in the engagements at Spottsylvania, North Anna, Totopotomoy, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. In this last mentioned battle, in the charge of Fort Stedman, he was seriously wounded by the explosion of a rebel shell, while the regiment's loss was 7 commissioned officers killed, 25 wounded, 108 enlisted men killed, 464 wounded; aggregate, 604 killed and wounded. Commander Smith is well known in educational circles throughout the United States. For a number of years he was director of drawing in the public schools of Brooklyn; but some two years ago he resigned to accept a more lucrative position in business with the Prang Educational Company of New York.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Charles W. Skillings, Company F, First Maine Cavalry, of Portland, writes,—My attention was called to an incident which occurred in this city a few days ago and which strongly reminded me of an old saying, "meet again we must; somewhere, somehow, sometime." During the year 1864 there were two young soldier boys members of Company I, First District of Columbia Cavalry, one a bugler and the other a private in the ranks. The bugler was transferred to the band and the private promoted to bugler. Soon after the District of Columbia Cavalry was transferred to the First Maine Cavalry and September 18th Eugene C. Moflitt, bugler of Company I, was made a prisoner in action at Sycamore

church, Va. George M. Young, apothecary in Monument Square, was formerly bugler in Company I, District of Columbia Cavalry, and a member of the band in the First Maine Cavalry, and was mustered out of service with the regiment. After thirty years of separation these two men met in the following manner. A man upon crutches came into Mr. Young's store and asked for medicine. Mr. Young seeing the man's condition asked him if he was in the army, whereupon the following dialogue ensued:

“What regiment were you in?”

“The District of Columbia Cavalry.”

“What company?”

“I was bugler in Company I.”

“Did you know George Young, bugler of Company I?” “Yes, he was a little fellow and joined the band. I took his place as bugler of the company.”

“Do you think you would know him if you were to see him?”

“Yes, I think I should if he looks any way as he did then.”

“What is your name?” “My name is Moffitt, Eugene C. Moffitt.”

“Well, I am George M. Young.”

They grasped hands and after cordially greeting each other renewed old associations and revelled in reminiscences of the past as only old soldiers can do to perfection. The following lines are my suggestion:

Like as a plank of driftwood
Upon the watery main
Another plank encounters,
Meets, touches, parts again,

So tossed and changing ever
Upon life's tumbled sea
Men meet and greet and sever
Parting eternally.

In this instance after thirty years of struggling upon life's troubled sea the planks of humanity meet, touch, and part again.

COMPANY F, THIRTY-FIRST MAINE
TO THE FRONT.

Edwin A. Freese of 133 Hollis street, South Framingham, Mass., writes,—“Must mine be the first letter to the BUGLE from the many, who could send you something interesting, at least to the survivors of the Thirty-first Maine regiment? I know there must be men, members of that regiment, who are well equipped for a statement of what that body of men did, as an organization, towards maintaining the national government, during that long hard struggle with our brothers of the South, and it is and has been a surprise to me, that there does not appear often some interesting account of our part in the closing struggle, stretching over that awful summer, from the morning of Friday, May 6, 1864, to the closing at Appomattox. The losses to the Thirty-first and Thirty-second Maine regiments during the months we belonged to that noble army, the Army of the Potomac, tells how fierce and stubborn were the conflicts, when the Army of the Potomac crossed the path of the Army of Northern Virginia.

“Those days and months brought sorrow to many a home, not only here in the North but to many a beau-

tiful one in the sunny South, and sorrow is not all that those months brought, for in many a home to-day there are maimed and suffering men, old and in middle life, participants in many a severe struggle, who now look back to that time, and say, 'Can it be that I was one among those great struggling masses where so many brave men went down to death?' There is but one reply to the question, and that is, 'We were there.'

'If others are like myself it is very hard to realize that we could pass through such terrible conflicts and escape with life, even come out unscathed. I wish some one, yes, many a comrade, would send to the *BUGLE* an account of the days that followed quick from May 6, when as a regiment we came under fire for the first time on the second day of the fight in the Wilderness.

'I know there are comrades who followed the fortunes (not the fortunes of \$13 per month), of the Thirty-first as well as that of the Thirty-second Maine, who could write a good readable story of those days, if they would, and I watch for some story, hoping to find it in the *BUGLE*, which will be a joy to the living comrades, and an honor to those who have found rest, the last sweet rest of the soldier.

'I watch I say, but look in vain. I have a clipping from a Bangor paper, written by one Kilmer, but if he was a member of the Thirty-first I do not know to what company he was attached, but it matters not even if he did not belong to the regiment

at all, he certainly is aware that that body of men had their full share of fighting, marching, suffering, and joys of active service, in the immediate front of a watchful enemy, for his account of the capture of a 'Runaway Battery,' or at least one gun of a battery, in front of Petersburg during the summer of '64, by Colonel White and some of his men during the progress of a fight, has been very interesting to me, although I took no part and claim no honors, save that of being a member of the regiment, and I am certainly not ashamed to tell anybody that I belonged to that command.

'I got right in the way where some Johnny wanted to shoot, on the morning of May 6, 1864, and had to suffer for being so rude as to stand in his way, keeping me away from the regiment until the 2d day of December, when I found the boys again, finely situated in Fort Davis, front of Petersburg: but oh! how many had gone down to death during the months I had been recovering from the effects of Johnny's good marksmanship. If he is living to-day, I don't want him to do any more shooting in my direction unless he is willing to give me the first shot. When I had gotten back to Company F, our captain, Wm. R. Carrier, our first lieutenant, Byron C. Gilmore, our second lieutenant, Albert J. Swan, and Sergeant Charles B. Cobb had given up their lives in battle, and Sergeant Geo. R. Boyer had gone into captivity from whence he came not until March 23, 1865.

“And the men who had made the supreme sacrifice were not a few, among them being Isaac W. Bates, Phineas Bates, Henry C. Clark, D. Carow, David Dwyer, John Duffy, Jeremiah Donovan, Clement L. Densmore, Peter C. Farnsworth, Bartlett Flaherty, Almanzo Fletcher, Joseph E. Hatton, Daniel E. Hennesey, John E. Kimball, Henry W. Lancaster, Arthur Lycett, George V. McCobb, Corrector K. Richardson, John O. Sullivan, and Steven L. Frost; I want to say a word in regard to Comrade Frost, who was wounded in the head by a musket ball, and who lay all day in the field hospital, and no one did anything for him because, I suppose, they thought as I did then, that his life could not be saved. A ball had cut a furrow in his head, from which the brain had oozed out, and yet he knew me, after lying there all day, and near night called for a drink of water, which I gave him, and asked if he knew me, and he said, ‘Yes,—Freese.’ I have no doubt that he died there on the very spot upon which he lay, when I gave him, it may be, the last drop of water he ever got, to alleviate his thirst, while his young life was ebbing out, far from those who loved him and were praying for his home coming when the war should end; for him, his first battle was his last, for God took him. At that time, I thought it impossible for a man to recover from an injury like his, but to-day I do not think so, and could Comrade Frost come under surgeon’s care such as would be ac-

corded him now, I have not the least doubt he would recover.

“I presume the surgeon who looked at him as he lay there upon the ground said at once within his heart, ‘Poor man! I can do nothing for you, because I have not the means nor the time which should be given to such a case.’ We all know that many a man lost his life during the war because they could not be given care such as men who are injured to-day receive. Then, our noble corps of surgeons had far more than their hands full, and, I doubt not, many a surgeon looks back to his war experience, and wonders that he could do so much.

“But I seem to hear the BUGLE calling me back to its interesting pages, for I assure you it is much company for me, and if I am to judge by the many letters sent it by the comrades, it is interesting company for all.

“Many years have come and gone since our last battle, and the busy life which most of us are living has been a bar to our meeting each other, but we do not forget the faces of the men who formed the company line, and though more things than one hinder us from seeing each other, there is that within the heart which does not forget the days of peril and suffering common to the soldier. I think there are quite a number of the Company F boys in and around Bangor, but as I have not been there but once in twenty-two years, you readily see I am not thoroughly posted as to the number that might be called to-

gether, if the BUGLE blows hard enough.

“I am very glad that other regiments have reunions, and the accounts of their meetings only makes me long the more to see the men of the Thirty-first get together and let each other know that there are some left whom time has not completely knocked out.

“I hope the time is not far distant when the Thirty-first and Thirty-second can have a joint reunion, for we are really one regiment, having been consolidated as one, and came home as such. But I am writing much more than I thought to, when I began: I think I will get back to the rear, out of the way of good men and give them a show, assuring all that as an individual member of Company F and the Thirty-first regiment, yes (and I am sure I am not speaking for myself alone), that we want to see letters from every one of the regiment, and especially from any of our own company men. Time is fast thinning us out, and it cannot be long before the last man will stand alone.

“Do you notice how fast the veterans are laying down the burden? We do not take up a paper in which we do not see notice of the death of some survivor of the war. Now comrades, if you have been waiting for me, you have no good excuse for waiting longer, because I have

come to the front, and it now belongs to you to follow suit. So wake up, for the BUGLE calls, and you ought to be on the move.

“Don't you see how many shots are coming at us by comrades of the First Maine Cavalry? Better look out, they used to have the reputation of ‘Shooting to kill.’ I think my subscription runs out with the year, and remit you one dollar for the coming year, and hope that before the new year closes, we shall hear from many comrades, and that 1895 may be a prosperous year for the BUGLE.”¹

NUMBER FOUR.

D. M. Gilmore of 23 Second St., Minneapolis, Minn., writes: “Please send me the October number of the first MAINE BUGLE for 1892. I have just seen Comrade Hassler's poem entitled ‘Number Four,’ and I want to have a copy.² I was captain in the Third Pa. Cavalry, and brigaded with the First Maine Cavalry awhile. Captain Cole of the First Maine Cavalry lives at Fergus Falls in this state. How long has the BUGLE been issued, and can you supply all back numbers?”

A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY.

C. G. Burton, Charlottesville, Va., late of Sixteenth Va. Cavalry, writes: “I will give you a little bit of history that may interest your readers. During Sheridan's raid

Letters like the above are most interesting. It is a joy to the writer composing it, and every comrade who reads it has his heart beat warmer after its perusal.—ED.

² Comrade Hassler's poem, “Number Four,” to any old Cavalrymen, is worth a year's subscription to the BUGLE. A few full sets of the BUGLE can be furnished, and a few only.—ED.

in March, 1865, there was a party of foragers who had wandered off from the main road while passing through Albemarle county, and a squad of Confederate Cavalry happening along that way, fell upon them while they were foraging at the house of the mother of the lady I afterwards married, dispersing them, killing one man named Whiting, wounding another named Bowers, who was left there, capturing several others, among whom was one man named Johnson, who ran upstairs, and hid under the bed, and was found there later by the ladies, who dressed him up in women's clothes and sent him back to Charlottesville. Whiting was buried in our graveyard. Bowers was carried off prisoner."

FIRST LOSS IN CASEY'S DIVISION.

E. P. Morton of Webster, Mass., late Company A, Eleventh Maine Infantry, writes,—“‘War’s wrinkled front’ appeared very smooth while we were in well-warmed Carver Barracks on Meridian Hill, January to March, ’62, and when on pleasant evenings the brigade square was dotted with gay equipages from the city, and our really fine bands were ‘beating off’ on dress parade. We raw recruits felt very soldierly. But after we had burrowed in the swamps on the left at Yorktown for weeks without even shelter tents, the real thing began to appear to us. Still more grim was the apparition when, on the afternoon of April 29, 1862, we were ordered to fall in and strike

out for the front on a reconnoissance. Well, that was what we came for, and we pulled through the woods and swamps till the pickets were reached, and then formed for the advance. Company A was supposed to deploy as skirmishers, but from some misunderstanding we advanced company front through woods having a road about in our centre. Very soon we encountered picket firing, and in another minute got canister down the road from a gun commanding it, and thus had our first impressions of how it feels to be under fire. We scattered out of that road lively and took to the cover of the trees on each side, one Irishman singing out the slang, ‘‘Oh, why did I go for a soldier!’’ But we stood our ground, and a sergeant and two men were sent forward to spy out the land.

“Soon an aid rode up, heard the report of the situation, and then ordered us back; and just then that aid’s face shone for us as brightly as our brass shoulder scales used to shine on dress parade on Meridian Hill.

“But one man was hit, poor ‘Baby’ Mace, who was shot through, dying before we left; and Company A lost the first man in Casey’s Division. Stumbling, in the pitchy darkness, over roots and into bog holes, we brought him back to camp with us. Poor Mace! He had a ‘presentiment’ that he would fall the first time under fire. Why he was not buried the next day I do not recollect, but a pine box was procured and he was

placed near the centre of the color line; and a comrade and myself guarded the body through the night, the last one, I reckon, who ever had that honor. The evening following we buried 'Baby,' and felt it keenly that we were not allowed to fire the regulation volleys over him. In the perspective of thirty-three years, the first death by the enemy's shot, and that burial at nightfall stands out more vividly than it did in '64, when we were hardened old vets, instead of very green volunteers."

HAD LOST FOUR OR FIVE YEARS.

Isaac G. Chandler, Company M, First Maine Heavy Artillery, and Company I, Twenty-second Maine Infantry, of West Stoughton, Mass., writes,—“I was glad to get the *BUGLE*. I have read it all through and I like it much. O comrades, I am getting way behind the times! I never got a word or happened to hear about the association of the Twenty-second Maine. I did hear of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, but never met with them. I was in Boston at time of National Encampment and saw a few of the boys. My health was so poor that I had to go to my quarters. I have not done a day's work for six years. I did not understand about the *MAINE BUGLE*, or I would have sent the dollar for the quarterly. Shall send for the back numbers, but I cannot at present. I want to meet with my regiment if I possibly can. I do want to meet with the boys once more. I want all the

back numbers. I do feel as though I had lost four or five years, reading about the Maine associations."

OUR FATHERLAND.

Capt. H. M. Williams, First Bucks Rifle Volunteers, of The Square, Wolverton, Bucks, England, writes,—“I duly received the copy of the *BUGLE* for January, 1895, and have pleasure in enclosing postoffice order for five shillings and four pence, amount of my subscription and postage for the current year.

“I am much interested in the *BUGLE*, and am very much obliged to you and your association for allowing me to be one of your subscribers.”

WHO CAN HELP?

Andrew Timothy, alias August Yennah, of Pittsburg, Crawford County, Kansas, late of Company L, Fifth New York Cavalry, writes,—“Do me the kindness as an old comrade to hunt up any and all addresses of members of the Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry, Company L, of which I was a member during the rebellion. I was at Andersonville prison for about eight months, and it left me a complete wreck for the rest of my life, for I have not been able to do a lick of work since. I have been trying to get a pension for these long years, but cannot find enough old comrades to testify that when I was paroled from Andersonville prison I was totally disabled. If you can hunt me up at least the

regimental chaplain of the Fifth New York Volunteer Cavalry, he was a Canadian, and he would no doubt remember me. I am an old man and pretty sick. It is like the last hope in writing to you, to secure help."

DISPLAYED IN THE STATE HOUSE.

Charles H. Nason, 10 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass., late of First Rhode Island Cavalry, writes.—"I have been referred to you by the adjutant-general of your state. I am after a ribbon badge of the Old First Maine Cavalry, which used to be brigaded with my regiment (the First Rhode Island Cavalry, Colonel Duffie's). Am trying to collect the badges of the regiments composing the old brigade. Thus far I have been very successful. When my collection is completed, they are to be given to the state to be hung up in the State House."

A SOLDIER'S LIFE—ARE PENSIONS UNDESERVED?

Mrs. Clara W. Smith of Norway writes,—"Some time ago I commenced a letter to you in behalf of my brother Dimon Hamilton, a member of the First Maine Cavalry, and in your regiment in those days of long ago. The BUGLE was sent him, and he was in arrears for the pay. Mr. Hamilton has been in poor health for many years, in fact ever since he left the army, contracted through privation and exposure. He has been unable to do much hard work for a long time. He drew a pension, a very small

one for his disability, only \$8 a month. He was unsuccessful in having it raised, and this pittance only compensated him for the gift of the best years of his manhood. He thought much of the BUGLE, yet did not feel able to pay for it.

"He was always proud of his record as a soldier, yet was very modest in any display of the same, for it angered him to see and hear from those who took unto themselves great credit for what they did, that was undeserved. He made it a great point to let nothing, no obstacle, stand between him and the services Memorial Day, and gave himself up entirely to the memories of the day; and one of his peculiarities, although sitting in the ranks of Grand Army men, was to discard belt and gloves, but to have his cavalry badge pinned on his breast in a conspicuous place. I write this to show you that he appreciated the BUGLE. A short time ago his sickness seemed to affect the brain, and with many bitter tears we bade him good-bye at the door of the insane asylum at Augusta. He has been there nearly three months, but his condition, instead of improving, seems to grow worse. I write this to you, knowing you would take a personal interest in one of 'your boys.' This has been one of the greatest sorrows of my life. There is little or no prospect of his recovery. Some of his brother comrades may be interested to know his fate. He clung to his pension papers, and has them with him.

The doctor there wrote me his mind was such he could not be induced to sign his name at the last payment, December 4, and it remains undrawn. He has one child, a boy. His wife died many years ago.

“When in Augusta, I wish you would visit him, telling him who you are; I think he would know you. Some he remembers and some he does not. Let us hope that God in his kindness may restore him to us once more or give us submission to bow to his will.”

LIEUT. JAMES MCGUIRE.

The following extract taken from his examination had at Austin, Texas, June 21, 1869, will prove interesting to his comrades:

“I came to the United States in December, 1863. Four days after landing I received a commission from the governor of Maine as first lieutenant, Company F, First District of Columbia Cavalry, transferred in September, 1865, to the First Maine Cavalry and assigned to Company H. I continued in service until August, 1865, when the regiment was mustered out at Petersburg, Va. During this period of service I was in several engagements, in two of which I was wounded, the first time on the 9th day of June, 1864, on the Jerusalem Plank Road, near Petersburg, Va.; again, on the 25th day of August,

1864, at Ream's Station, Va., I was wounded and taken prisoner. I was examined by a board of officers at Baltimore, Md., in November, 1865, and commissioned a second lieutenant in the First Colored Cavalry; served until February, 1866, when I was mustered out in this state. The regiment being about to be disbanded, it was left optional with the members to be mustered out in Texas or go with the regiment to Virginia and be mustered out. After being mustered out I enlisted in Company M, Fourth United States Cavalry, at San Antonio; three days after I was appointed sergeant, and three months later first sergeant of the company, and have held that position until the present date.”

Lieutenant McGuire died at Austin, Texas, leaving a widow and one daughter.

GLAD TO HEAR FROM MY OLD COMRADES.

Patrick Devine, Company I, Fourteenth Maine, of 2322 Clark avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes.—“I am glad to hear from you and from all my old comrades. Give them all my best respects and kindest regards. My health is very bad now, I'm getting the worst of the wear like all the fellows. I should like very much to see you all again but my health is so poor I must postpone my visits. Give my best

NOTE—The history of the First Maine Cavalry (p. 515), thus shows Corporal Hamilton's service: Was a member of Company F; born and resided in Waterboro; was a farmer. Enlisted when nineteen years of age, August 30, 1862, at Cornish. Mustered in September 2, 1862; prisoner in the Dahlgren raid March 1, 1864. Exchanged, and rejoined company. Discharged by General Order No. 83, dated May 8, 1865.

respects to Capt. Ira B. Gardiner and Lieut. C. C. Carter and Sergeant Scriviner and J. Anderson Sprowle and Dr. Elisha Hopkins and Sergeant Smith. I wish you all a happy New Year and a good many of them."

Oren M. Harrington, Company B, First Maine Cavalry, of Newport, writes,—“I send one dollar for BUGLE for the year 1895. I like the BUGLE much, and as long as I can raise the money to pay for it shall have it sent to me. I see by the papers our old First Maine is to meet at Camp Benson next summer. I am glad that they meet on our grounds, and will say we will try to do so well by them they will come again. Recently a state home for soldiers and their wives has been established at Camp Benson, and we are looking for a nice home for many of Maine's brave men. We have a very pretty place at Camp Benson. Nature has done much and a small expenditure of money will make it a marvel of beauty. We shall look for a big turnout of the boys at the annual reunion of our regiment, and hope all will have a good time.”

A LETTER TO MY OLD COMRADES.

Perley Lowe, of Wood street and Blue Island avenue, Chicago, Ill., late of Company H, First Maine Cavalry, writes,—“Since receiving my last number and reading over the accounts of the campaigns of thirty years ago, I have been wondering what sort of times the ‘boys’ (we are still boys to each other,

though many of us fathers and grandfathers to other folks), are having now, more particularly through the last two years of financial storm. For my own part, I can say that I am still in the ring, though a little the worse for the conflict, but feel perfectly satisfied as I did not have to run or ‘lay down.’

“To show how a little thing may waken old memories I would like to tell you a little incident that occurred on one of the dark days of the panic of '93. I was sitting in the office of a business associate on La Salle street, from the windows of which I could see the doors of a bank on which a run was being made, a long line of anxious men and women extended from the paying teller's window, far down the street and kept in line by a detail of police. In the line was many a mother carrying her baby and clutching her little bank book wearily waiting her turn, and altogether it was a sight to make the heart sick. I was greatly interested in the fate of this bank and anxiously wondering if it would stand the strain. My thoughts were never farther from soldiery, when suddenly there rang out the clear notes of a bugle directly under my window, and I give you my word an electric shock could not have brought me to my feet quicker, and looking out saw the Seventh Regulars passing! And I gazed as fascinated at the old familiar uniforms, the sleek and well groomed horses and looked into the

faces of soldiers looking like old comrades, just as you and I looked so long ago, and for a moment I wished I were one of them again, as free from care and with their youth and health, in five minutes they were past on their way to the World's Fair, and the panic was on again.

When winter came I felt the need of a rest and started out on a scouting trip to get some idea of the size of this country of ours, and took along one of my big girls for company. My first stop was at Phoenix, Arizona, in the beautiful Salt River valley, which I consider the garden of this country, spent five weeks in the country and then went on to Los Angeles, San Diego, and other points in Southern California, thence to San Francisco, and the Mid-Winter Fair, thence up to Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, Snohomish and other points in the great timber states. At Seattle I saw D. H. Gilman, of the old District of Columbia and First Maine, and A. M. Lord came down from Snohomish, and we had a reunion on a small scale and fought our battles over again, and had a good time. I then went through to Salt Lake and on to Denver and got back home just four months to a day from the time I left and from a tourist fell into the ranks of a hard working business man again, and soon thought I had things in shape to make a nice year's business, but the strikes came along and made a difference in the looks of things. The 2d of August a fire got started

in my neighbor's yard, and soon reached mine, and as we had nearly 60,000,000 feet of lumber between us, we made perhaps as big a bonfire as was ever upon the same sized piece of ground. I am told you could see to read by it across the lake, eighty miles away. Well, blessed be a good insurance policy in a case like this. I was well fixed in that respect, but it was quite a loss just the same, but you know the First Maine boys never liked to admit that they were licked, and so I could see no other way but to stock again and go ahead, but it has been a season of hustling and I feel like taking another rest and think I will go out and loaf around my Arizona ranche and see if I can still shoot a gun and ride a broncho. Perhaps there is a good deal of *Z* in this letter, but my excuse is that this is a personal circular letter to my old comrades, to whom I send my kindest regards."

CLAIM A MUTUAL INTEREST.

D. B. Rea, of Antigua, Republic of Guatemala, Central America, late of the First North Carolina Confederate Cavalry, writes,—“I learned that you were, during the war, in the Cavalry arm of the service in the Army of the Potomac. I chanced to be a rider in the same arm of the service, on the other side, in the Army of Northern Virginia: and I guess we have met on hostile ground several times, as I recollect facing your regiment more than once, my regiment being the First North Carolina Cavalry,

and bore its share in the hard and perilous rides of Stuart and Hampton. Although our sympathies were then far apart, time heals all things, and I am glad to know that the true veterans of the Blue and Gray have a brotherly feeling for each other; and claim really a mutual interest in the manhood so nobly tested on both sides on many a hard fought field."

THE CHARGE AT FARMVILLE AND ADVENTURES FOLLOWING.

Lieut. Jefferson L. Coburn, whose vigorous and sketchy account of the rescue of Lieutenant Comins at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31, 1865, appeared in the January BUGLE and whose account of a Cavalryman's first experience on the Wilson Raid of June, 1864, was unfortunately delayed by fault of engraver to long to appear in this issue, will present the July issue something interesting concerning the head-long but happy charge at Farmville May 7, 1865.

G. A. R. LITERATURE.

Gen. A. W. Greely, U. S. A., in charge of the War Department, library Washington, D. C., writes,— "The accumulation of Civil War literature, as outlined in my letter of June 18, 1894, and kindly announced in your October BUGLE, has been very gratifying to this library. Without relaxing our vigilance in all other directions, we are now making a

vigorous effort to secure complete files of all the printed proceedings of the annual encampments of the Grand Army of the Republic. California, Maryland, Rhode Island, Georgia, Louisiana and Potomac are fully represented on our shelves, while many other departments are nearly complete. We have only the last three (Twenty-fifth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh of Maine), and it has occurred to me that you might possibly put us in the way of getting more from your state. Anything that you can do for us in this direction will be greatly appreciated."

REUNION OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH.

The annual reunion of the Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Cavalry Association was held at the Crawford House, Boston, on Tuesday evening, March 12. At the business meeting in the earlier part of the evening the following named comrades were elected to office for the ensuing year: A. L. Ordway, president; Shevlin and Gage, vice-presidents; Charles A. F. Emery, secretary; A. C. Drinkwater, treasurer; and Edgecomb, Shevlin, Harris, Jack, and Hall, executive committee. The treasurer reported "no debt."

A larger number of comrades were present than usual, and they were happily reinforced by a larger

NOTE—The BUGLE has supplied General Greely for the library, with the printed proceedings of Maine's annual encampments, from 1867 to 1883, inclusive, and also '87, '88, '89, and '90. The War Department now only lacks 1884, '85, and '86.

number of their wives and children than have before gladdened the occasion. General Cilley and Adjutant Tobie, both of whom have heretofore enlivened and made more joyous the evening by their presence, were very conspicuous by their absence, which all deeply regretted.

A committee was appointed to express, by resolution or otherwise, to General Cilley, the great sorrow of the Association, and its sincere sympathy with him in the recent untimely loss of his talented and manly son, Jonathan P. Cilley, Jr., who had been our guest on several occasions, and who, indeed, seemed to be one of us.

When the business was concluded the line of march was taken up for the dining hall, where for an hour we earnestly discussed the appetizing viands Landlord Goodwin lavishly laid before us. When all were satisfied (inflated would be the better term) President Alfred Pierce rapped to order, and after a bright little speech of congratulation and of welcome, which was heartily applauded, he called out President-elect Ordway, who quickly proved again the old saying that if you want a competent man for president or governor, or for any other responsible position, you can find him in the ranks of the First Maine Cavalry. He then introduced his personal friend and guest, comrade A. H. Knowles, commander of Post 36, Arlington, who was followed by Drinkwater, Hall, and others. I should not forget to state

that the irrepressible Sergeant Jack interested and entertained the audience in his usual dramatic manner for a time, and closed by bringing out the same old sixteen shooter that was his companion in arms during the war. He illustrated its use with such tragic effect upon the nerves of his auditors that heaps of slain seemed lying all around us. Sergeant Jack is a host at a reunion as in the army and elsewhere.

All agreed that this was one of the most enjoyable reunions we have yet held. The only fault that was found with any part of it was the smallness and the fewness of the minutes that made the hours.

SOMERSET BRANCH.

The Somerset Branch of the First Maine Cavalry Association held its fifth annual meeting for election of officers and to participate in a banquet, Wednesday evening, April 10, at Hotel Curnburn. The meeting was originally called for the 9th, but was postponed because of the funeral of one of the honorary members, Brooks D. Savage.

At a business meeting held early in the evening, presided over by F. J. Savage, of Fairfield, president of last year, John H. Wyman was elected president; A. F. Bickford, vice-president; H. J. Varney, secretary and treasurer. A committee consisting of Comrades S. A. Patten and Geo. B. Safford, was appointed to draw resolutions upon the death of Comrade Brooks D. Savage, recently deceased.

The banquet spread by Lord Haines was one of the best of the season, both as to the excellence of the viands and the manner in which they were served, and elicited warm commendation from those present. Grace was said by Comrade Llewellyn Goodwin.

After-dinner remarks were by President Wyman extracted by "detail" from Comrades S. A. Patten, A. F. Bickford, J. O. Smith, F. R. Buck, S. M. Sawyer, R. T. Patten, Sewall W. Smith, Geo. B. Safford, and F. S. Cairns. Some of these remarks were reminiscent, more were patriotic, and all were entertaining.

With a gallantry which merited better results, the chair demolished for the time being the distinction of sex in the matter of speaking, by inviting several of the ladies present to favor the company with remarks. But they all with one accord gracefully declined the honor.

Miss Agnes B. Safford contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion by rendering several vocal selections, Miss Josie W. Smith accompanying her upon the piano. Kendall's orchestra enlivened the occasion by stirring melody. Letters from Gen. J. P. Cilley, of Rockland, Capt. H. F. Blanchard, of Augusta, and Lewis Anderson, Esq., of Skowhegan, were read, and the singing of "America" by all present who could sing closed the exercises.

WHO FIRST RAISED THE FLAG?

C. F. Richards, Rockport, Me., writes,—“I understand that the

question of to whom belongs the honor of first raising the flag of our country over the public school-house is a mooted one. Some of our soldier boys, now men past middle age, wish me to state what I know. In the beginning of the war in 1861 I was the teacher of the high school in Rockport, Me. In the latter part of April, the same year, the Fourth Maine was being raised in the city of Rockland and vicinity. The high school boys were very much interested and very patriotic. One of them came to me one day and asked me if I should object to raising the flag on the top of the school-building. I answered, 'Most certainly not. It is my duty to teach patriotism, and I know of no better object lesson than the flag of our country flying from our school-house.' The next day, this boy, A. D. Champney, afterwards in the First D. C. and First Maine Cavalry, went to the woods, cut a staff, and with the help of his schoolmates erected it. The next Monday morning a large, beautiful flag was thrown to the breeze. The building standing on a hill overlooking the village and surrounding country made the flag very conspicuous. Many a cheer went up from the passers-by during the summer following. The raising of this flag occurred not later than the middle of May, 1861. Mr. Champney is still with us, as are several of his schoolmates, who will verify this statement.”

OUR SONS.

W. P. Libby of Melrose, Mass., just appointed to West Point by Dr. Everett, is a bright young man. He secured the place after a competitive examination. His father, Capt. H. S. Libby, has a brilliant war record of three years as an officer in the First Maine Cavalry. He is a stalwart Republican, so no politics entered into the choice.

CO. I, TWENTY-FOURTH MAINE INFANTRY.

At the reunion of Co. I, Twenty-Fourth Maine Regiment, March 8, 1895, there were eighteen members present, and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year: President, C. W. Smith; vice-president, Nathaniel Goodwin; secretary, W. H. Dudley; committee of arrangements for reunion in March, 1896, A. J. Hooker, Orrison Jaquith and Silas Taylor. After the election of officers, refreshments were served, and the balance of the evening passed with speech making, singing of old war songs, and story telling. It has been the custom of the survivors of this company for the past sixteen years, to meet annually on the night of March 8, to commemorate an experience they passed through, the 8th of March, 1863, in the swamps of Louisiana.

SILVER WEDDING AT EAST JEFFERSON.

Seldom has it been the good fortune of our citizens to witness a larger or more pleasant gathering

than that assembled at the home of Lieut. and Mrs. I. F. Russell, on the evening of January 18, 1895, to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

The best professional and musical talent the town can boast of was promptly on hand, while several friends from Randolph were present. The offerings in silver were so many and varied it will be impossible to give them here, but we will say they were many, well selected and valuable. The evening was pleasantly passed in conversation, vocal and instrumental music, etc., after which refreshments consisting of cake, fruit, and confectionery were served. At the close of the evening's entertainment, the guests departed, wishing Lieutenant Russell and his family added years of happiness and hoping that the comrade may live many years to tell of Company H, eighth Illinois and its gallant service, and as time dims those more active and warlike scenes, he may tell us a good "hoss story," in which line he has no superiors.

MAJOR JOHN M. GOULD'S VALUABLE LIBRARY.

During their boyhood Major John M. Gould of this city and Prof. E. S. Morse, now of Salem, Mass., made a collection of the land, fresh water and marine shells of Maine. Nearly every species known in this vicinity were found by these young enthusiasts. A trip through Aroostook county and western New Brunswick in 1858 was rather a

bold undertaking for boys, but resulted in valuable additions to their collection. After the war Mr. Gould's collection was disposed of, the most of it going to the Agassiz museum, at Cambridge, Mass.

Next Major Gould turned his attention to the literature of the Rebellion and the writing of a history of his own regiment. He entered into this work with his old-time enthusiasm and as a result of his thirty-years' effort he has probably the largest library of this sort in the state. He has made a specialty of gathering personal memoirs of the soldiers of the late war, regimental histories and books of small edition so that the thousand or more volumes in his library could not easily be replaced or their exact money value fixed.

But clearly the most unique and valuable numbers of all his collections are his own diaries covering the six years from 1861 to 1866. These diaries were originally written on large letter sheets and sent home as often as possible, taking the place of letters but containing a full and careful account of everything that passed under the notice of the writer during his long and eventful army service. These sheets have since been bound in four volumes for convenience and preservation, and they make together a pile about the size of a Webster's dictionary. These are too valuable to be kept at home and

are therefore deposited in the National Traders' bank vaults, secure against fire and thieves.

A more recent addition to this valuable collection is an exhaustive correspondence with soldiers of the First and Twelfth Army corps and their Confederate opponents who fought at the battle of Antietam. The study of this battle, or more particularly the part taken by the Union right wing, has been a labor of love and patience, with only the reward of having deserved well of his comrades. Probably there is nothing in existence concerning Antietam outside of the archives of the War Department equal to this voluminous correspondence.

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In correspondence with these attorneys please mention that you found their names here.

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THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

JULY, 1895.

CALL 3.

AN EPISODE OF THE WILSON RAID.

CITY POINT TO ROANOKE, VA., JUNE 21-30, 1864.

By Lieut. Jeff L. Coburn, Co. A, 1st Maine Cavalry.

The First District of Columbia Cavalry was not as its name implies enlisted *tout à fait*, within the limits of the District of Columbia. Eight companies were recruited in the state of Maine. The plan of service from the start was one of doubtful usefulness, for the regiment was to serve as a kind of complex police-spy body-guard under the immediate eye, or at least subservient to the renowned military humbugs who perambulated the streets of Washington like "strutting turkey cocks," under the pretense of saving the country by issuing the most absurd and suicidal orders as well as countermanding all sensible ones.

At all events there was just about as much sense in that part of our military program as there was in the executive of the state of Maine allowing eight hundred well disposed and patriotic young men to be fooled in the manner they were, for those eight hundred soldiers were orphaned in a military sense the moment they crossed the frontier of their native state. Fortunately the

instigators, as well as those who acquiesced in that shameful proceeding, have since had the flags at half mast in their honor.

Although it may be as well to frankly admit that the orphans enlisted under pressure of the most flattering inducements which ever inflated a piratical recruiting officers' repertoire: and that is just where the only amusing part of that military fiasco came in. For instance, let me recite only one of the many ludicrous stories afloat at the time of our enlistment. It was told by one of the subjects and as he reiterated under the pressure of close questioning and at a time, too, when he was supposed to be dying, it must of course stand. He said that the enlisting pirate promised him, among other military perquisites, a full-blooded Arabian mount with gold-plated trappings, a gun that would shoot all day without loading, a uniform that would outshine that worn by Marshal Murat during the First Empire, quarters in the east wing of the Capitol, and every man of them

was to wear shoulder straps two feet long containing receptacles for their *menu de repas* and *carte de visite* outfit printed daily at government expense.

In fact, socially we were all to be above board and inasmuch as we should only be required to uphold the dignity of the fanfaronade *phébus* order of military architecture about the capital, the chances were that the regiment would have brains to let, and muscle running to waste every day of the week. To do justice, however, to the rank and file of the orphans, those who took stock in the above were largely in the minority, and thus the relapse was not so universal in our ranks as was generally anticipated when we awoke one fine morning in May, 1864, to find ourselves at Bermuda Hundred on the James, listening to the music of a free open air concert the C. S. A. were giving with their Whitworths just in front of Fort Pride. It is true that there were some very severe attacks of that old chronic trouble known to the initiated as "acute salaaming" in our ranks when the compliments of the morning were unceremoniously thrust upon us, but as that first concert progressed there crept through the ranks of the orphans a feeling of relief, compared to the uncertainty of things about Washington, and as the days wore on the orphans began to congratulate themselves upon being able to be of some real benefit to the country. This was noticed by our guardians and, as might have been expected,

we were rounded up at two o'clock one fine afternoon and before two o'clock the next morning mounted for the first time in our lives, and on our way across the pontoon bridge at Point of Rocks. The knowing ones looked on compassionately while fatherless innocents were being systematically roasted. Ye Gods! To learn from two p. m. till two a. m. the trade of a cavalryman before marching upon one of the most trying expeditions of the whole war! What a lesson for men unaccustomed to horseback riding! It is true that in the sense of animal classification the orphans knew a horse when they saw one; but could not mount one without a ladder and if they managed to climb on, any gait beyond a walk would have created such a vacancy in their imagination that they could not have located the cardinal points with a rising sun in full bloom. Anyway the mess some of us made in the mists of that early morning trying to make headway with our rudders in front, would have astonished "Hampton's Ideals," I reckon, and perhaps it was well that they did not know anything about it, or they might have interviewed us sooner than they did, a little later on at Sycamore church, where brave Lieutenant Mountfort lost his life, protesting, "I'll never surrender to a rebel," in the vain endeavor to resist the victorious Confederates. The history of the First Maine Cavalry fully recounts the daring deeds of the heroic Mountfort and accords him a place within

its pages as "the bravest of the brave," and no soldier, living or dead, better deserves the appellation.

The morning after "The Cattle Raid," so called, the few of us not dead or on our way to Libby Prison were the most discontented looking

survivors have been able to sit upon one since, is a secret they have kept well covered up from that day to this.

We marched from Bermuda Hundred June 21, 1864, at 2 o'clock a. m., crossing the Appomattox river by the



LIEUT. VINCENT MOUNTFORT,
Co. K, 1st D. C. Cavalry.

crowd of cow boys out of a job who ever perambulated the vacant pastures about Sycamore church since the days of Pocahontas. One week later the relic of the orphans was adopted by its own mother and incorporated into the First Regiment of Cavalry from Maine. Thirty-one years ago this coming June, and yet—and—the chair upon which the writer sits aches as he recalls that first lesson of his cavalry service and how any of the

Point of Rocks pontoon bridge, and marched along the rear of Grant's investing lines to the eastward of Petersburg, and camped for the night a few miles to the eastward of Reams Station. We had not been long on the march before the circus began, and no other circus ever did develop such a diversity of sentiment as regards horseback riding as that one did. Some swore, while others, more conservative, groaned; a few prayed. There

seemed to be no unanimity, as far as the writer observed, except upon one point, viz., which would endure the longest, that circus or themselves. All the while that pulverizing process was going on the forage sacks would wobble and flap and bounce until the grain sprayed and showered so systematically as to have made a granger grain-sowing inventor hide himself in despair. A portable grist-mill under sail, at the stern of the First D. C. Cavalry Regiment that day, might have done the biggest business on the smallest capital of any mill in the country.

To a limited number of the regiment that first day's march was mere pastime, and among that number was the bugler of Company K, an Englishman by the name of Goodbehere, whom the boys used to call "Goodybeer," except when he was full, and then it was "Beery." Bugler Goodbehere had seen cavalry service, but he was such an unmitigated exaggeration, and got his history and geographical lines so much mixed, that it was hard to locate his cavalry service. The boys used to wind him up on Balaklava and Waterloo, and the way he made things boil made the undergraduates want to "go home." At Balaklava he was just one jump ahead of the "Six Hundred" when they stormed the Russian guns.

"Did you take St. Petersburg the same day, Beery?"

"No, not till the next day. The way we cut at Balaklava broke the bloody Roosans all up, don't you

know, and we marched right into St. Petersburg without firing a shot."

"How about Alexander and his Greeks down on the Granicus, Goody? We heard that Alexander gave you the post of honor, and let his Greeks have a rest while you stormed Old Darius!"

"Alexander,—bah, he had n't got up; he nor old Blucher never did until the English had done all the fighting. Alexander and his Greeks! bah, who said anything about Greeks? Do n't try to learn too much at once, young fellow. Better learn first to count four and repeat, which foot to put in the stirrup when you mount, and how to stop on top and face the right way. No, don't get too fresh on me, or I'll make it hexceedingly 'ot for you. You are a 'ell of a 'istorian and a fool cavalryman hall in one, you are."

As has been said, we went into camp the first night a few miles east of Reams Station, near the Jerusalem plank road, and long before dawn the next morning the bugler of Company K went the rounds among the "patients" sprawled about on the ground and gave a gentle whisper into the ear of each with his horn at high C, and that not having the desired effect, he played a solo or two in the same strain,—"Turn out 'ere, you bloody drill-masters, you're wanted up in front; water your 'osses and give 'em some corn."

Good Lord deliver me from ever again experiencing the sensation

of that moment when I tried to turn over and to get upon my feet. Goodbehere was in his element; he was everywhere, omnipresent, nothing escaped his eye. Captain Freese was young in the business like most of us, and he sided up to me at the right of the line and just before mounting he whispered, "By the Gods, Sergeant, if we let old Goody alone another day

Private Hill, Private Drinkwater, take your places on the other side of your 'osses; there now, prepare to mount! Get off your 'osses!—prepare to dismount I mean—" We were all off before he straightened his orders. "Now there, put your left foot in the stirrup and wait for the word mount. Mount!" For a wonder they got there all facing toward the front.



CAPT. JOHN W. FREESE.

you and I will have to take a back seat, don't you think?" "Seat! Don't mention such things, Captain, I have no use for"—"Attention there on the right," Goody yelled. "Now boys, there's one thing you've got to do right here before you move an inch this time, you've got to get on your 'osses, face this way, let their tails alone.

As we were put in the advance that day we took it that our proficiency had been noticed the day before and therefore we had been given the post of honor. We went marching on across the Monk's Neck bridge over Hatcher's Run and out on the Monk's Neck road singing "Dixie's Land" for the benefit of all concerned, and when

near the Vaughn road spied a contraband driving a team in the direction of Dinwiddie Court House. Now that contraband when he caught a glimpse of us, instead of striking an emancipation gait for that mecca of his deluded countrymen, "Massa Linkum's" headquarters in the field, struck out in the other direction toward Dinwiddie. And the way that team made the dust fly along the Vaughn road, showed conclusively that there was one nigger at least in the Confederacy who knew what was best for himself, and also knew how to drive a mule team in a race against Yankee odds. "By the Gods, Sergeant, where do you suppose that nigger is going?"

"Well, Captain, I'm not authority of course on the nigger question, but my map says we are on the Monk's Neck road and the nigger on the Vaughn road, and as he seems to have rapid business out in the direction of Dinwiddie Court House, probably he's about to file an injunction on raiders or a caveat on some overland navigation, rapid transit scheme. You might enquire. Here Goody, go for that nigger." Goody gave a blast on his horn that set the rear guard barricading the road and started out in great shape, and was rods away before he noticed that he was alone and shouted back, "Why in 'ell don't you come on, Sergeant?"

"Yes, why in 'ell don't you, Sergeant," mimicked Captain Freese. "Don't you 'ear Adjutant-General Goody?" "Oh, if the adjutant-

general says so, why come on first two sets, by twos, gallop! march!" and off we went trailing along the road after Goody and his nigger.

We soon came up with the poor devil and yelled "Halt! halt!" but the more we yelled the faster he went.

"Shall we board him by the stern, Goody?"

"Board him? Take him by the flanks. We don't board things in the land service, you fools." Giving an extra blast on his horn, "Halt you nigger! Take him on the flanks!"

The scene reminded me of a picture in some old book, where a Russian peasant with his family in his sled was racing his horses ahead of a pursuing pack of wolves, and while lashing his team with one hand was tossing out one of his children after the other to pacify his pursuers. But whether that nigger was working the Russian racket or not on his pursuers, I reckon it was a good thing for an all around show, when the tail board of his wagon got off its base and his collateral in the wagon which had been dancing about commenced to chase backward and then to profoundly salaam overboard and go waltzing about the Vaughn road, cutting all manner of queer antics not laid down by the masters. A trunk in particular was trying to stand on its head in the road just as poor Goody furiously rode up near the wagon, and the next thing we knew his right and left moulinet had culminated in

a grand flourish, and horse and rider were somewhere in the atmosphere on our front, wrong side up, and when they finally struck bottom it was very evident that whether the nigger had been working the Russian racket or not, he had pacified one of his pursuers to such an extent that he was out of that race. The nigger might have spared time to wave an adieu, but

Now our surgeon was a man of parts,—for a wonder he had graduated and knew a thing or two outside of making wild slashes at arms and legs and things in the dark, and so when he saw poor Goody's delegation striking out after that nigger he had hastened forward, muttering something about an "unexpected funeral just ahead," so the boys said afterwards. Any-



SURGEON R. R. WEISTLING,
1st D.C. Cavalry.

he did not and the last I saw of him for nearly thirty years was when he disappeared with a whoop around a curve in the road. Now as poor Goody had often told us to watch him and "catch on" and not to be surprised at anything he did, we were trying to "catch on" and not be surprised when Surgeon Weistling came up.

way, he was there in advance of his time like most of his specie, who scent blood afar. You should have seen him as he quickly dismounted and peered into poor Goody's face. He didn't even push his cuffs back, preparatory to a diagnosis of the case, but made a deprecatory motion, at the same time giving a grunt of disgust as though he had been

robbed of something, but when he turned and got a glance of the situation down the road his face was a study, for that trunk had contained a wardrobe *efféminé* complete, every article that might be named and many that might not be, except by the initiated.

You ought to have been one of his spectators as he took in that extensive panorama in the road; at first his face brightened, he took a sudden step forward with one hand half outstretched, then two steps backward, dropped his hand and gasped, "My God, where is she?" Then after a moment gave that low, long drawn out whistle that has so much language in it, and exclaimed, "My services professionally are not in order, but my advice privately is, young gentlemen, be careful in making out your report of this—this abduction." Which was good advice, but hard to follow as the owner of the trunk was neither present nor accounted for as absent without leave, and later experiences in life have taught me that live elephants, who sport that kind of trunks, are hard things to manage even under the most favorable circumstances, and I reckon our report would have been disapproved had it not been for a little rosewood casket inlaid with pearl that we found among the ruins, with the owner's name in gilt letters on the cover, and so the report went down in a certain diary "Vaughn road, Va., June 22, 1864. Great international hurdle race on Vaughn road this day by First District Col-

umbia Cavalry and nigger—nigger out of sight. Casualties: one cavalry cycloned; one surgeon astounded; whole squad affected with heart disease, and nigger missing. P. O. address of E. J. W. wanted." Nobody outside of the business knows the responsibilities that live elephants do bring when taken along upon a raiding expedition.

Captain Freese rode up just as we were gathering up the relics with tender hands. "By the gods, Sergeant, you are getting worse than you were at home, for now you confiscate the goods as well. By gad, the rebellion is a goner." But as Captain Freese's remarks are out of order, we will go on with the elephant and the raid out to Dinwiddie Court House, and up to Ford's Station on the South-side railroad, and, out of spite to the elephant's relatives, we will coalpit a locomotive which happened to be standing there on the track as if in unconscious immunity from—well, the nearness of things, and after running riot with everything coupled thereto, and devastating the underpinning of things in general as related to the South-side railroad for a mile or so; we continued our journey rejoicing that no questions had been asked by the relatives of our protégé. The Wilson raiders up to date had paid little attention to such trifles as food, that is, so far as the First District Columbia Cavalrymen were concerned. They passed their time for the most part making bonfires along the South-side railroad, and squandering their

rations until finally, by the time we arrived at Burksville Junction only three days from Ream's Station, our supposed ten days' supplies had grown amazingly less and our relatives amazingly more, and before we got half way down the Richmond and Danville railroad toward Roanoke bridge there was a corner on bread stuff all along the line, and more relatives than ever looking after that branch of industry in Central Virginia.

Our former impressions as to relatives, which had been mere suspicions, became positive convictions that the more one has of them the worse he is off; any way, by the time we arrived at Roanoke bridge,—at least, soon after we did arrive there—we voted and wrote it in the sand that we wished we had not a relative, not even a mother-in-law. For although we had been rear guard that day, when we came in sight of Roanoke bridge, an hour before sundown, we found about seven thousand sojourners lying around on the hills waiting for their "breastwork" and our Magazine Volcanic Henry rifles. Yes, that explains the whole business in a nutshell, and if any of my young gentlemen readers chance to become misled in the direction of "soldiering aspirations," take my advice, and join a regiment armed with an old flint-lock hook barrel in preference to one armed with the "most destructive arm in the service," for the moment the field marshal claps his eye on you, you will have no rest until he has experi-

mented you into your last rest. It may be a good thing to be armed with a rifle that nothing can stand before, but the trouble is reciprocal, for nothing can stand long behind such guns, it being only a question of short time in the life of either a raider or a relative. Any way, the "Henry volcanic repeater" sent one regiment into glory and the families thereof into despair inside of three months during the summer of 1864, in Virginia, and came near serving the First Maine Cavalry the same dose in less than half that time.

Roanoke Bridge being the objective point of the raid, Wilson took it into his head to make it also the objective point of the District of Columbia Cavalry. They told us afterwards that it was a "mistaken military exigency" that sacrificed us by the "blue rolling Roanoke." O Lord, deliver us, then, from "mistaken military exigencies!" They must have been abroad that day, and it must have been one of them who took command of the Wilson raiding column. We were dismounted, and went down from the hills above Roanoke Station in columns of fours, five hundred fifty strong, Colonel Conger leading mounted down the road past the close by the eastern side of the station, then across a little stream and up some rising ground to a broad field or meadow bog stretching away to the bridge along side of a high dump or fill extending for one third of a mile from the station to the bridge, and as we rode the incline and reached the field Colonel

Conger was waiting for us. "Boys, we are to burn the bridge," he shouted. "Left front into line."

The road upon which we were double-quickening paralleled the railroad and was only a few rods to the east of it, and all the first set of fours had to do was to keep right on towards the bridge; but the other fellows caught it trying to come up into line through the tall grass, interlaced with a kind of sticky, clinging vine, that seemed to be put there by nature for the benefit of our relations;—any way, it soon knocked the double-quickening enterprise out of sight, Colonel Conger excepted, who was half way down to the bridge before K troop, which was in the advance, had got into line.

The works of the enemy were on the elevated banks across the river from us,—that is, their elevated works were, but their devilish works were on our side of the river, just down under the low bushes skirting the low, sandy shore,—and by the time we were climbing the high dump toward the north end of the bridge, they took it into their heads to oppose the further prosecution of the bridge, and so they suddenly stood up and took a long breath in that peculiar way you may have heard, and then began to emphasize it by pointing their double-barrel shotguns, loaded on the variegated principle, which created more real necessity for a "ways and means committee" in our ranks in a minute than all of their shelling had done since we passed Roanoke Sta-

tion,—any way, it was so hot about there that our matches wouldn't burn, so the few said who got to the bridge. But when that improvised granger military contingency of the C. S. A. made a sally-port of the north end of that bridge, in phalanx, armed with long-handled pitchforks, the sun had set over the Austerlitz of the Wilson raiders.

One might as well laugh as to cry over "spilt milk." It is my way to laugh, but I feel like crying just here over the general cussedness of that situation, and more so over the graves of the brave men that skirt the boggy flats at the north end of Roanoke Bridge, their names, engraven upon our granite tablets, being all that we have of them in the North except the memory of their heroic deeds. Colonel Conger was soon filled so full of lead plummets that he imagined himself on a vacation and made a dive over the bank hunting horn pouts in the Stanton bogs. The orphans also made a dive over the dump and went hunting tadpoles in a deep slimy ditch that paralleled the river twenty rods or so away, and quiet, with the setting sun, settled down over the orphans and their relatives on both sides of the river. But we had not been in that ditch ten minutes, had not had time in fact to report on the "cording up process," before a beardless young staff officer crept along the lee side of the ditch and parting the long grasses, peered curiously down upon us, up and down the ditch. "Is this the First

District Columbia Cavalry reservation? and where is your commanding officer, might I inquire?" "Oh, how do, Major, walk right in, no ceremony. "No! well, then you took the wrong road up at the station. The reservation is up on the hill. This is the First District Columbia *preservation*, yes, and the gentlemen in gray just over the Stanton are taking observations. Does not this beat Hardee's tactics, a ditch on one side filled with blue uniforms while the commanding officer is on the other side, dressed in gray?"

"Don't mention tactics to me."

"Why not, Major? It is in order, that's the way we do things, fight first, and talk tactics afterwards. But as for tactics I respectfully refer you to the gentleman in gray over the river, for he's probably in the tactic business, more than likely he's a relative of old Hardee himself." "D—n old Hardee and all of his relations."

"That's what we say, Major, and they all would have gone down long ago but for one thing. You see it's this way. It's easy enough to damn old Hardee and sit down upon his tactics, but when you conclude to include all his relatives why relationship counts in that case. You see, Major, as I have remarked it's easy enough to curse old Hardee and set down on his tactics but it's the d—d relatives."

"Shut your clapper, or you'll burn the bridge by spontaneous combustion and so lose all the credit. Do you hear me! take that bridge!"

"All right, Major, barring the relatives. Hear ye, O orphans, forward guide centre in the ditch."

Just then the boys let loose their repeaters and the responding minie bees from over the river made it exceedingly waspish among the grasses above our ditch and we were suddenly reinforced by a pair of gay shoulder straps from the leeward, and there is no mistake about it, the young officer's face did have an ugly look upon it as he found himself stuck fast half knee deep in mud. But his better nature prevailed and after a moment, while all was still about us except the waspish swish of the bullets in the grasses above our heads, he said with a grin, "Well I'll be d—d if this is not tactics after all." "Thanks, Major, but if you are not convinced just saunter out front towards that bridge and you will soon fall into our way of thinking as well as into our ditch again, that is if your health doesn't interfere with your inclinations."

"For God's sake use your tactics on me. How deep is the mud anyway?"

"Sorry, Major, can't say, for those who dove under hav'n't floated yet; let you know later."

The young officer had got loosened by this time and was paddling along the ditch toward its sally-port on the little Roanoke, a fourth of a mile or so to the eastward.

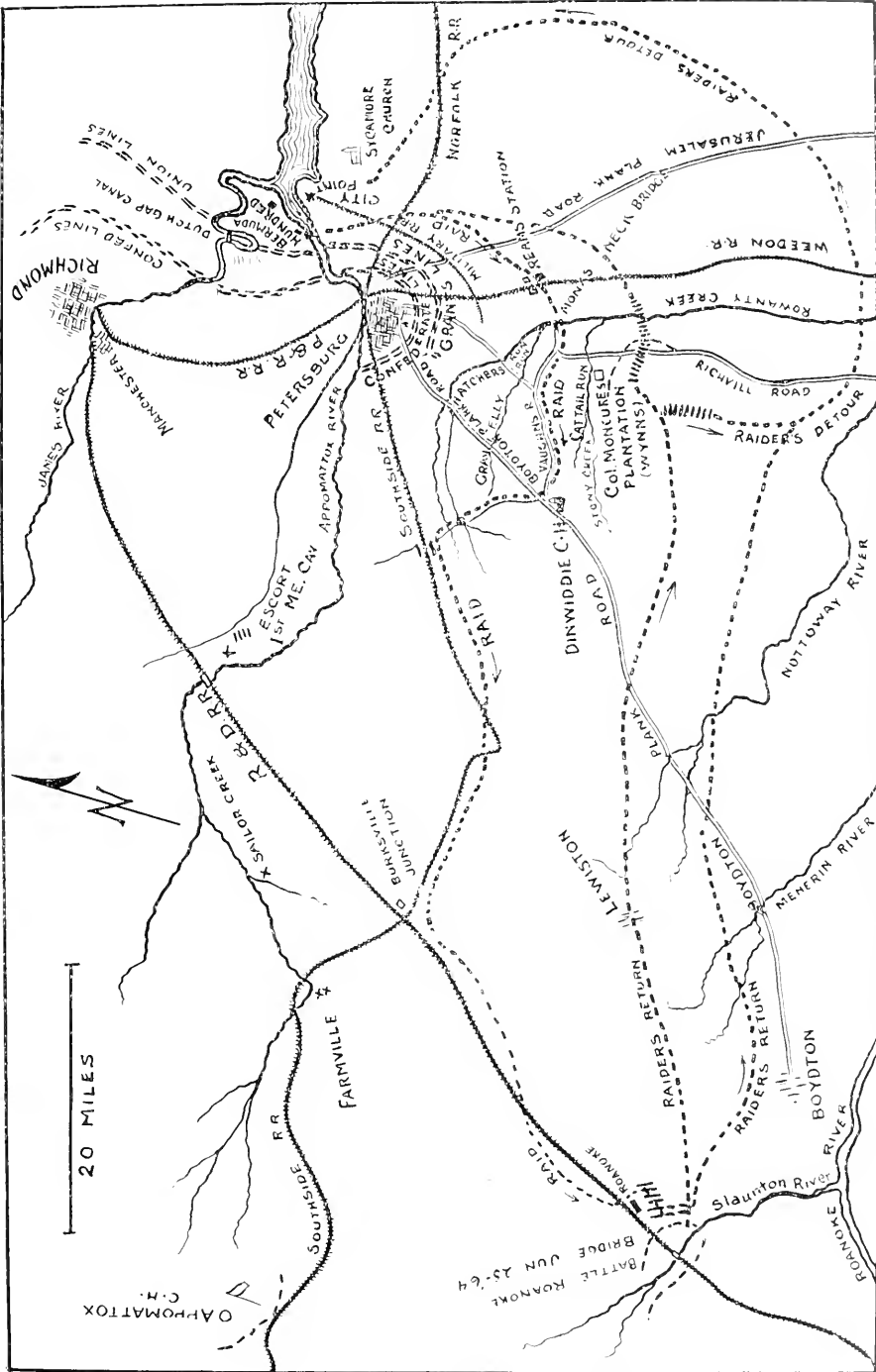
"Good bye, Major, send us less orders and more balloons with pontoon attachments." If the eye of the counsel for the prosecution of

Roanoke Bridge, Va., June 25, 1864, should by any manner of chance happen to stray down these pages, I hope he will rise to explain why it was that plethoric caisons were allowed to sit summing themselves all the afternoon with thousands of well armed and well equipped veteran soldiers keeping them company until the last D. C. Cavalry arrived on the ground, and furthermore why it was that after the first District of Columbia Cavalry had done about all the fighting, why was not that regiment relieved from acting as rear guard during the first day's march from the battle field. No doubt it would all be explained as "A mistaken military exigency,"—at all events we made up our minds to look after our own military exigencies in the future and found a first class chance to put it in force not many days later out on the Rowanty near Monk's Neck. As I recall it now, the return march to the Rowanty was characterized by nothing to eat but with niggers to lend, long day and night marches along dusty roads, until, more dead than alive, on the morning of the 29th of June we turned up on the Wynne plantation just below Monk's Neck bridge, but were turned down again in less than twenty minutes by Mahone's experts from Petersburg, and before we could satisfy them we had no niggers to lend, nothing to eat, and but little to wear. By another coincidence we were in the advance that day when fighting was to be done, and although more than half

dismounted we still had our repeaters and plenty of ammunition and after we found ourselves in the trap, the orphans acted more like a desperate mob than like soldiers, and if the reader will take the trouble to look up history a bit he will learn that the First District of Columbia Cavalry and Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry went through the enemy's line and reached City Point the next day while the main force retreated, making a detour of sixty miles before reaching the same point.

Nearly thirty years after the events above related, the writer was travelling westward from Ream's Station, Va., for the purpose of visiting a correspondent who lived down on the Rowanty. A span of mules attached to an ordinary southern farm wagon driven by a taciturn young southerner was the only means of conveyance at Ream's, and the writer would not have exchanged for the best after he had been a short distance on the road, for the young driver proved very interesting. As we approached Monk's Neck bridge I began to feel a great curiosity as to how the mental picture retained of it would compare with the present situation, and was glad when I found that it did not disappoint me. It is true that a new structure has replaced the old bridge of war times, otherwise things remain as the day we left it.

As our mules went clattering over the bridge, I looked down into the waters of Hatcher's Run, and



MAP SHOWING ROUTE OF THE WILSON RAIDING COLUMN, JUNE 22-30, 1864.

thought aloud, "What tales, O waters, could you tell!"

"Did you speak, sir?" the young driver asked.

"Did I? Well, I must have been dreaming, Hatcher's Run is an old acquaintance of mine."

"Hatcher's Run? I reckon you are mistaken, it is the Rowanty for a mile above. Gravelly Run and Hatcher's unite and form the Rowanty."

"Oh! thanks, I am glad to know it, but what road is this please?"

"Monk's Neck road, sir."

And as he turned to the left upon a road leading south, I made a motion for him to stop.

"What road is this, please?"

"Rietheville road, sir."

"And where is the Vaughn road?"

"Out the Monk's Neck about a mile, I reckon, sir."

"And do they have any races out on the Vaughn road nowadays?"

"Races?" inquiringly.

"Yes, mules and horses, a mixed affair, where mounted men on horses chase a mule team like yours now, only with a black driver." And seeing his hesitation, "I mean on the Vaughn road out toward Dinwiddie Court House."

"No, sir, I reckon not, never heard of but one, old nigger Dave says he raced in war times, though we all do n't believe him."

"Well, you may, but hurry on, please, there may be some of them left around here."

The driver looked up surprised.

"Some what, sir?"

"Johnnies."

My reply made the young fellow laugh, but he gave his mules a vicious clip and started down the Rietheville road. "Were you out here in the cavalry during the war, sir?"

"Well, yes, rather, that is, in a kind of cavalry that chased niggers on the Vaughn road, if you can call that war. Tell old Davy so, please. How far down to Colonel Moncure's?"

"A mile, I reckon, sir."

We soon pulled up before a rather pretentious mansion in the colonial order of architecture, that had such a familiar look about it that I asked myself, "Can it be possible?" And before alighting, I stood up in the wagon and looked off to the southward across the broad level acres of the plantation: then to the eastward to where the forest skirted the Rowanty, beyond the meadows to the westward where the evergreen of the pines rose against the blue horizon and the lengthening shadows of the trees were creeping out upon the open lands. The driver had opened the gate and stood waiting when I turned back from thirty years ago. I could see it all as I saw it that day—the screeching shells, the crackle and the crash of musketry, and the fleeing cavalymen: for it was out there to the southward that our raiding force met with such terrible disaster on that 29th of June so long ago, and this old mansion was the one we had approached so closely and yet never reached.

Colonel Moncure welcomed me

with true southern cordiality and made me feel at home at once, and nothing could have excelled the refined and generous hospitality extended to me by the colonel and his amiable wife during my visit at their home: and it was but another instance demonstrating the discipline of the ages as revealed in acts of gentle attention and courteous consideration which indeed make the southern people renowned the world over. Colonel Moncure is a Frenchman by birth and education, being closely allied to the French nobility of today, his grand pere having been Count Raoul Moncure of Claremont, France.

Colonel Moncure early enlisted in the Confederate service and served his adopted state with fidelity and distinction until the close of the war. Mrs. Moncure is a true Virginian in the most pleasing sense of all the word implies, and although many of her girlhood days were passed beneath the war clouds hovering above the shifting scenes of the military occupation of Petersburg and its environs, and endured many hardships during the awful days of 1864-65: she says, and I believe truthfully, that neither upon one or the other side in our war does she place the blame, but that it was to be, and being is useless to lament. Colonel and Mrs. Moncure were married in the old mansion over which she so graciously presides in February, 1865. General Lee was present at their wedding and his autograph attesting that happy event is treasured

as a priceless keepsake in the Moncure household. While we were at dinner the evening of my call the conversation had become somewhat animated, regarding the political outlook and the new era developed by emancipation, when Mrs. Moncure with great tact changed the subject and led off in the conversation, relating some very interesting incidents of her girlhood days, during war times: when suddenly I became intensely interested when she proceeded to relate how on the 22d day of June, 1864, "at the time the Wilson raiders passed along the Monk's Neck road," she had lost most of her personal effects and proceeded to relate how she had just returned home from the seminary at Farmville to remain during vacation, when word was brought that the "Yankees were coming," and that they had hastily gathered their most precious household effects, among them her trunk containing her wardrobe, and sent them away to a supposed place of safety by a negro servant, but that the negro had been overtaken and that they had lost everything that the wagon contained. While Mrs. Moncure was telling the story of her loss I was sitting in a half dazed condition, but I could see a little rosewood casket plainly enough with the letters in gilt on the cover, E. I. Wynn, and as she concluded and not receiving any comment from me she continued: "And now the strangest part of the story is to be told, for the same day the battle was fought out there"—pointing to

the old battle field—"I had my jewel case returned to me with all its contents intact just as it was several days before when I locked it. Nothing had been disturbed, in fact the lock had not been even tampered with." "What? you don't tell me?" "But I do, it is a fact, wasn't it strange?" "Yes, Madam, it was indeed rather out of the ordinary. I'm so glad for you, can I see the casket, please?"

"Why, certainly," and she tripped away like a girl of eighteen and soon returned and placed the casket in my hands. "It is locked: here is the key, everything in the casket remains just as on that day thirty years ago. How do you suppose it all happened, sir?"

"Oh, I'm sure I cannot tell. It's very evident, though, that your jewels were in the possession of some one during that one hundred and fifty miles or more of cavalry raiding who took excellent care of them, and is exceptional from the fact that the casket was not opened for its guardian must have surmised it contained valuables."

"That's the way I reason," she replied, "and yet it seems so strange it was not opened. What is your theory, sir, please?"

"My dear Madam, there are many things to be considered in a case like this. A very plausible one is that the casket fell into the hands of some soldier who was conscientious enough to really desire to return it to its owner, and learning your whereabouts from some contraband, who joined the said raid,

determined then and there to restore it, and as you know if that was his intention he came very near carrying out his plan, for some of the returning raiders actually passed your door before the fight commenced. But the one who held your jewels in trust might have been further to the rear and his command might have been dismounted and during the fight might have been unable to regain his horse and belongings, and if so your jewels would have fallen into the hands of his enemies and your friends—in fact, this seems so plausible that it really must be the only solution, and surely you could not have been more rejoiced than I am to know that things happened just as they did. Even then it was exceptional, for one is not always sure of his friends in a case like this." Mrs. Moncure laughingly replied, "No, indeed, war time experiences convinced me of that (nodding toward her husband), present company excepted of course on the Confederate side." "Oh, never mind me, Madam, I'm not supposed to be authority on the Confederate side just at present, but I think our friend has given a very plausible solution to the jewel problem. In fact, I believe he must have seen cavalry service."

Mrs. Moncure cast a level, inquiring glance at me across the table, which was equivalent to words. "Yes, Madam, I was in the federal cavalry service." "And were you ever in this section of Virginia before?" "No, Madam," and then

“yes, Madam,” blundering on, “I was in the federal cavalry service and took part in the cavalry operations around Petersburg, but it has been such a long time since the war and so many of the old landmarks have disappeared that I do not recognize things and places hereabouts to any great extent.”

I suppose that imagination had everything to do with it, but to me there seemed just the faintest intimation of a quizzical expression in the lady’s eyes as she laughingly continued, “I understand: besides, Mr. Moncure tells me that cavalrymen as a rule are not expansive historians, and although he is not an authority on the

Confederate side, his experience in that direction makes him very confident.”

The writer has not the slightest impression that Mrs. Colonel Moncure, née Miss Elizabeth Imogene Wynn, did then or has since entertained the faintest suspicion that her Yankee visitor of last April had ever seen her jewel case before, and the wishes are abundant and sincere, besprinkled between every word and line of these concluding sentences, that she may enjoy as great a pleasure in the possession of her jewel case and its contents, as did the writer in again beholding it after having been a defaulter for nearly thirty years.



A TERRIBLE NIGHT ON THE PICKET LINE.

By Sergeant Hiram Ellis, Second U. S. Cavalry.

In October, 1863, after the great flanking march of the Army of the Potomac, the regiment to which I belonged, the 2d U. S. Cavalry, was sent into Maryland to get necessary supplies and to relieve our horses from the hardships of the campaign which had rendered them almost useless. We passed through Leesburg, crossed the Potomac at Young's Island, followed the tow path down to Seneca Locks, under the canal through the culvert and went into camp near the main or river road. We had hardly got settled for the night when the patrol, that was always marching up and down on the tow path, reported that an important post of the picket a few miles down the river was without guard. And it was afterwards found that the patrol on its downward march had reported the same to the Scots 900, a regiment stationed a few miles further down. Upon the receipt of this report our colonel issued the following order:

"Send a company to that point to guard it for the night, to place one sentinel at the mouth of the culvert and two others at his discretion."

At that time I was first sergeant and temporarily in command of the company. The sergeant-major brought the order to me, saying that my company was detailed for that duty, and gave me directions

how to find the place. We saddled up and set out, arriving at the place just after dark, and posted the sentinels according to orders. In order to make my story clear I will make this explanation.

From the main, or river, road to the canal, it was about twenty rods by a small road or by-path, surrounded with sparsely growing shrubs and small pines. This path had a slight rise for about half the distance, then fell off sharply to the bottom of a ravine, this ravine running parallel with the river. The path here made a slight turn to the right, continuing to the bed of a stream that flowed through the culvert, beyond which was a ford of the river. Directly across the ravine, on a slight bluff, stood a block house, or "bomb proof," and I must describe this, as it has much to do with my story. It was built by setting two rows of timber like a stockade, one outside the other about seven feet apart, and the space between filled with earth, the top covered with heavy timbers and then with earth to the depth of about seven feet. The only entrance to this block house was through a hole so small that only one man could get through at a time, and on his hands and knees at that. While the sentinels were being posted, some of the men investigated the hole, got inside and

built a small fire so that the inside of the place could be seen. It looked like a good place to spend the night. Our horses were ranged along the bottom of the ravine and fastened to trees and bushes that grew plentifully on one side.

Upon getting inside the block house it was found that while a good place to spend the night, it would be a bad place in case of attack, because one man armed with a picked stick would hold us all prisoners or starve us to death. It was therefore ordered that if attacked every man should get out and get to his horse as soon as possible. I will say here, that I had posted sentinels as follows: One at the mouth of the culvert, one on the bank of the canal further down the stream, and one at the highest point of the by-path already mentioned. We had hardly got ready to spend the night in the block house when the sentinel posted up the road, challenged, and called out the guard. We got out through that unfortunate hole as quick as we could into line and after a parley allowed one of the party to approach and give the countersign. It was then found to be a company of the "Scots 900" sent there with orders almost identical with mine. It was under command of a lieutenant who at once took command of the whole. He looked at my orders and together we rode round and visited my sentinels, who challenged sharply and required the countersign in good style.

He approved of what I had done

and suggested that as his orders required him to post sentinels he would take two men from his company and for relief take three men from my company and two from his and so on till morning. One of these men was posted south of the block house, on high ground, and the others to the north on what would be a continuation of the ravine, or what we supposed was a cropping ledge slightly higher than the surrounding intervalle. It was afterward found on a direct line with the culvert. These sentinels were posted without saying anything about it to the others. Then our troubles began. I will say that the night was very dark, the stars could be dimly seen through the haze, and the atmosphere was in condition to transmit sound to a long distance. No wind was perceptible. We had scarcely got inside the block house when a shot was fired, immediately followed by others, and a general uproar outside. We all made a dive for that confounded hole and got out, and there was trouble enough. The sentinels on the low ground were chasing each other, challenging and shooting right and left, and those on the high ground were firing and calling out the guard. And then all made a break for the block house. After much confusion order was restored and as no enemy was found, the sentinels were returned to their posts. Then the lieutenant and myself investigated. We found that the last sentinel posted had fired first and he explained that he

had heard something and seen something move, and had challenged and threatened and then fired, but since returning to his rest had seen nothing. I had posted Frank Kelley at the mouth of the culvert, as good a man as I had. He explained that he had heard men talking at the further end of the culvert and after a few pistol shots had been fired, a whole battery of artillery fired, and seeing the flash of a gun up in the field felt sure we were attacked, and made all the noise he could. A further investigation showed that the echo in the culvert would account for all the noise he had heard.

We then returned to the block house and the lieutenant decided to relieve the guard then and start new so as to avoid any further trouble. The detail was made and we crawled out of that miserable hole and made the rounds systematically, relieving the guard and leaving everything in good order. As the night was chilly, the lieutenant and myself crawled inside once more and had scarcely got in when shots were fired and all hands got outside of that infernal hole and found that the shots we heard were from some party up in the main road, and that a regular battle was going on up there. We felt sure that the enemy was around and made a disposition to give him a warm reception as soon as he came within range. Our whole force was drawn up across the path at the bottom of the ravine. Our carbines were fully charged and every man

was instructed just what to do. Soon the firing died out and we could hear a parley going on and after considerable loud talk the whole party seemed to be coming towards us. The lieutenant placed one of his best men at the post on the top of the hill with positive orders to challenge before he fired. True to his instructions, when the party got near enough, he sung out "Who comes there?" fired, and then scampered down the hill to where we stood in line of battle. The forces approaching, then knowing that it was the enemy, opened on us with everything they could, and we knowing that it was the enemy, returned the compliment in kind and together we filled the sky full of bullets for a short time. But our fire soon slackened and the enemy appeared to have retreated. We began to look around to see if any of our men were hurt, when a voice was heard asking what troops we were.

After a long parley he was allowed to come in, and we found that he belonged to our regiment and that the whole crowd were United States troops sent to our relief. It seems that when we had our first scrimmage the noise we made was heard up to our camp and reported to the colonel that Sergeant Ellis was attacked, and he at once ordered out a company to our relief. The noise was also heard down to the camp of the Scots nine hundred, and a company was ordered out to their relief. These two companies meet-

ing where they had no right to expect any troops, naturally mistook each other for the enemy and pitched into each other, and had a regular fight; but after a while found out their mistake and joined together, but were unable to account for the first firing they had heard. They approached our position, and the reception we gave them led them to believe that the picket was in the hands of the enemy, and had therefore opened on us with all their might. About this time it began to grow light, so the pickets were called in and each party prepared to return to camp and report; but first the ranking officers wanted to find out how the row began.

The man who fired the first shot was found and taken to the place where he was posted to explain how it was. He insisted that he had seen and heard something that would not answer his challenge; and sure enough on the low ground, right in front of where he stood lay an old cow—dead, the blood still oozing from a bullet wound. We then started for camp. When we got up in sight of the main road we saw down on the right a line of skirmishers and upon the left a line of skirmishers, all coming towards us, and all wore the blue; and behind each was the rest of their

regiment in all the pomp and circumstance of war.

As soon as we were near enough to understand the case each line involuntarily halted and looked at each other. Then the commander of each regiment, seeming to comprehend, rode to the front between the lines and went at each other, and if you never heard a wordy war you would have heard one then. It did seem as if blood would be spilt then, if not before. But their ammunition was soon expended, and more explanations followed, when it was found that when our second and third fights were going on it was reported to our colonel, "Sergeant Ellis is having another fight down there," and to the colonel of Scots 900, "They are at it again up there." Then each colonel called in all the force he could raise and came to the rescue as I have described. After the investigation had all been gone over again without much satisfaction to any one, each regiment started for its own camp, when a broad smile came over all that had not been actually engaged, but to us who were there, it was a serious affair. We were all badly frightened and much ammunition had been expended but the only thing wounded or killed was that old cow.

A SAILOR'S SERVICE.

By Frank E. Aylward, late U. S. Navy.

Looking back over a period of thirty years, many incidents came under my observation during my term of service in the navy, during the Civil War, which might perhaps be interesting, but have escaped my memory. The fact that I was less than seventeen years of age at the time of my enlistment and a hard battle with the world since, both tend to obliterate many of the scenes of that long ago.

I started for the front (I suppose a soldier should begin thus) on the United States steamer *Albatross* bound for the west gulf blockading squadron then in Mobile Bay. The *Albatross* was a small screw steamer, purchased by the government early in the war and converted into a gun-boat. She carried six thirty-two pound guns on the gun-deck, a thirty-pound parrot rifle on the fore-castle, and a twelve-pound brass howitzer aft. The government had thoroughly overhauled and strengthened her, sheathed the outside with heavy oak and ceiled and braced the inside with heavy hard pine timber. She was also fitted with a ram forward, some six feet in length comprised of oak timber, and if I remember rightly covered with iron plates: she was considered fast for those days, and previous to my joining her at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, where she had been re-fitted, she had done good service with Far-

ragut's fleet during the operations against New Orleans and on the upper Mississippi.

On our passage we encountered a terrible gale of wind in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras, during which we were partially dismasted, lost our smoke stack and three boats, and disabled the engines, and were compelled to put back to Philadelphia for repairs.

Among the crew were some thirty or forty landmen from somewhere in the interior of New Hampshire who had never seen salt water before. I was not much of a sailor myself, having been but a few voyages coasting and one to the West Indies: but I had passed the examination and was rated on the ship's books as an ordinary seaman. I could steer and go aloft and long ago got over being seasick, and so considered myself quite a sailor.

But in the intervening years since that time I have often smiled as I remembered the terrible fright and anguish of those poor landmen during that gale. I have read of naval engagements where blood flowed through the scuppers, but I have seen one gale of wind where undigested hardtack and United States Navy bean soup flowed in torrents across the berth deck with every roll of the ship. I remember one poor fellow who was not endowed with quite as much brains as

is usually given to us poor mortals, who was missing the next morning after the storm; and it was the general opinion among the officers and crew that poor "Looney" N—— had been knocked overboard and met an untimely end and a watery grave; but some three or four days after that one of the coal heavers found an object in the coal bunkers, which upon investigation proved to be poor "Looney." He was a pitiful looking object, and all his clothing had to be changed as—well, he smelled very bad. He lived through it, however, and for aught I know is alive now, as he was sent north soon after our arrival at the station, being, as Captain Boise said, neither useful nor ornamental to the ship.

After refitting and getting a new draft of men in place of those who had deserted during our stay in Philadelphia, we again started out. Nothing happened for the first few days, and the time was passed in organizing gun crews, boat crews, etc.

One morning, however, as it cleared sufficiently we began to pass through many bales of blankets and clothing, barrels of bread, and in fact the sea was covered with floating objects which all knew must have come from some stranded or sunken ship. And at about eight a. m. we made out a large steamer ashore on the Carysfort reef off the coast of Florida, which proved to be the transport steamer *Empire City* bound from New York to New Orleans, and loaded with troops and stores.

She had gone on the reef early the previous evening and all night they had been busy throwing over cargo in hopes to lighten her sufficiently to float off. Our commander went as near as he dared to and sent a boat to inquire what he could do for them. The captain of the *Empire City* requested him to take on board the troops, also some thirty government prisoners, bounty jumpers, etc., and proceed to Key West with them, which he did. The captain of the *Empire City* with his crew stayed on his ship and, we heard afterwards, succeeded in floating her, while we proceeded to Key West and were there ordered to New Orleans, which we did, stopping on the way to land the prisoners at the government penal station on the Dry Tortugas. Among the troops were some recruits for the Second Maine Cavalry.

It was a mean advantage but I will relate it. There was no chance, of course, for the soldiers to sleep, except to spread their blankets on the softest place they could find on the deck, while we of the ship had our hammocks slung and in them a nice soft hair mattress. The soldiers looked with envious eyes at the hammocks and finally began a dicker for the lease of them for the night. This chance was eagerly grasped by our boys and five dollars was considered cheap rent for a night's lodging, the sailor also guaranteeing to help the soldier into his bed (this was a feat we all had to learn). But alas! for

the poor soldier, scarcely had he got nestled down on the soft mattress and begun to dream of home and the girl he left behind him, when along would come one of our Johnny-haul-tauts, and say, "What in h— are you doing in my hammock?" Resistance was in vain, but out he had to get while the two hammock fiends divided up the spoils, and went off in search of new victims. This lasted two nights. On the third night hammock stock had gone away down, and you could not rent them for fifty cents a dozen. Our boatswain's mate's name was William Jay,—some of us called him Bill Jay, while others would irreverently speak of him as Blue Jay. He was a thorough sailor and hailed from Nantucket, and had passed nearly all his life on board a whaler. He was a man probably fifty years of age, and although, as I have said, a thorough sailor, he was also thoroughly ignorant. He used to say that he could not read his own name if you were to fire it at him out of a sixty-four pounder. Large words were his bane, and many a laugh was caused by Bill's mispronunciations. Some time during the winter of 1864-'65, while we were in the Mobile bay waiting for Canby's army to move on the defences of Mobile city, viz., Forts Blakely and Spanish fort, in which we were to take part, the boys got careless. Now every sailor had his little wooden box or canvas bag, in which he kept his thread, needles, etc. These were called

Ditty-boxes or Ditty-bags, as the case might be. As I have said, the boys had got careless and when quarters or boats were called would throw their boxes or bags under a gun carriage or perhaps on the edge of one of the gun ports. Well, one morning the executive officer told Bill to pass the word that hereafter all Ditty-bags or Ditty-boxes found scattered promiscuously about the berth deck, would be confiscated. There was a far away look on William's face as he came to the gangway, and after blowing his whistle shouted, "Do you hear there, fore and aft? Heresumatter all Ditty-boxes and Ditty-bags found promenading about the berth deck will be confiis-fis-fis-fisticated, and be d——d to you."

To say that there was a roar fore and aft would be putting it mildly. But when one morning not long after that poor Bill was brought back to the ship with his good right arm shattered and useless forever, we looked into his pale, honest face, where suffering was written on every line, and forgot all his faults of speech and remembered him only as the honest, true-hearted shipmate that he was. We had been out on a boat expedition the night before and ran into a rebel torpedo, which exploded, only partially demolishing our boat (a large twelve-oared launch), and crushing the arm of our boatswain's mate. He was immediately sent to the hospital, and I have never seen or heard of him since.

We moved up the bay some five

or six miles, in advance of the rest of the fleet. We were in fact doing a sort of picket duty. I am quite positive we were between the Union army and Fort Blakely. We were also on the lookout for any blockade runner who might attempt to run out from Mobile, as Admiral Thatcher, who then had command of the squadron, knew there were quite a number there; also that there was a great quantity of cotton which, owing to Sherman's March to the Sea, then in progress, had been concentrated at that point in the hope that it might be run out through the fleet. I will say here that I afterward had the satisfaction of looking upon that cotton, and helped to roll thousands of bales of it off of the levee in Mobile, and saw it drift down the river, not on its way to Nassau or Bermuda, but to drift ashore, or to be picked up by the gun-boats and transports below. But I will write more about this anon.

One of our crew had died and Captain DuBois decided to send the body on shore and have it buried instead of burying it in the water alongside. Accordingly the launch was called away and with a master's mate in command, and with a crew consisting of a coxswain and twelve oarsmen, we started for the shore (I will say here that I happened to be one of the launch's crew). I cannot remember now exactly how far we were from the shore but I know it was no great distance. No one had any idea that the Rebs. were any-

where near, in any great force, and the thought of being molested by them did not enter our minds. Although the master's mate in charge of the boat had been given orders not to go more than a few rods beyond high-water mark, dig a grave, and bury the body as soon as possible, and return to the ship, we landed, and leaving four of the crew by the boat, the rest of us took the body which was sewn up in a hammock and proceeding a few rods away dug a shallow grave and performed the burial. We had scarcely finished when a shout from some one, I never knew who, caused all to look up. I should say that the woods were thick some mile or more back from the shore, and out from the woods were coming what looked to me like a whole regiment of cavalry; but they told us from the ship afterwards there were only about twenty of them.

Did we run for that boat? Yes, we did. The only arms among our crowd was a shovel and a mean little cutlass which the master's mate had strapped about him. Yes, we ran for the boat: and no professional sprinters ever made better time than we did either.

The officer from the ship had evidently seen them also, for about the time we reached the boat we heard the report of the parrot rifle, and a thirty-pound shell went screeching over our heads. This checked the speed of our pursuers; and after emptying their rifles, or whatever firearms they had, at us,

they turned and rode off out of sight, while we rowed to the ship and for the next few days were looked upon quite as heroes.

Eighteen years after that I was bound to Mobile in a sailing vessel, and while talking with the pilot I pointed out the place (and I will wager a nickle that I was not fifty rods out of the way), telling him that was the place where I once came near being made an unwilling guest of the Southern Confederacy.

Speaking of torpedoes, Mobile bay was planted full of them. We had what was called a torpedo rake. It consisted of two long spars with the large ends lashed one on either bow of the ship, and so lashed as to be capable of being hoisted or lowered at will by means of tackles from the mast head. Across the outer small ends of those spars a cross piece was secured, the length being a little more than the width of the ship. Through this cross piece long rungs or teeth were driven, and when under way the whole contrivance was lowered down so that the cross piece was level with the water. This formed a barrier against torpedoes or any other floating contrivance that we might encounter, as it projected some thirty or forty feet ahead of the ship. It used to be a common inquiry from one officer relieving another: "Have you caught anything in the trap?"

We dreaded torpedoes more than any thing else. In one week we lost the monitors *Osage* and *Mil-*

waukee, and the gunboat *Rudolph*, and one or two transports by torpedoes. I was looking at the *Osage* when she struck the devilish machine. The water seemed to boil up around her for perhaps half a minute. Then she slowly settled out of sight; quite a number of her crew were killed and drowned. I also happened to be looking at one of the transports as she struck the torpedo. I think her smoke-stack must have gone fifty feet into the air. There seemed to be a thick mist rise about her, hiding her completely from sight. When it was cleared away she had sunk, but as the water was shoal where she was her upper deck was out of water. I do not remember whether anyone was killed or not, but think there must have been.

There was a small village or cluster of houses on the banks of the bay, between Fort Blakely and Spanish fort, and the lower defense (which, by the way, had been taken the preceding August) called Alabama City. I think it had been a summer resort or watering place before the war. I presume that General Canby and Admiral Thatcher, between whom there were daily communications, must have thought it more than likely that the rebels had some guns in or around that place, for one morning signals were made from the flag ship, which, by the way, if I remember rightly was the sloop of war *Richmond*, for our commander to report to the admiral. Immediately on our return to the ship we got under

way, and steamed up the bay, to a point within range of the town. Without anchoring we immediately opened fire, first with the thirty-pound rifle, and soon with the whole gun deck battery of thirty-two's, and in less than three hours time I do not think there was one shingle, board, or brick left one upon the other, in that old back number watering-place. We had completely demolished it, and left it a burning, blackened mass of ruins. It was a bloodless and one sided victory though, for I do not believe there was a living thing, either man, beast, or bird, within ten miles of it when we opened fire; if there had been, they left when they saw us coming.

Steaming back to the fleet, our captain went on board the flag-ship, and made his report, while the rest of us rested upon our laurels.

Mobile had surrendered. The Confederate army had fled up the Alabama river, and the Union army was in close pursuit of them, finally overtaking them somewhere near Montgomery, where they eventually capitulated. All the light draft gunboats and monitors were at or near the city, and it became our duty to perform guard duty and enforce martial law.

I had been sent to the Pensacola hospital some time previous, and only got back just in time to be put in at the death. During my absence the *Albatross* had been sent to operate with the fleet then investing Galveston, and on my return I was assigned to the gun boat *Stock-*

dale, then being used by Admiral Thatcher as his flag-ship, and when the city surrendered we took up our position alongside of the levee, at the foot of Government street; I think there were two or three brigades of infantry and several batteries of artillery of the Union forces in the city at the same time, but it required but little show of force to keep order, although there was a large number of paroled Confederate prisoners there, but, as many of them said, they were only too glad that the war was over, for Mobile was the last Confederate place of any importance to surrender. I remember the first afternoon of my stay in Mobile, the old stars and stripes had taken the place of the stars and bars which for four long years had waved over the public buildings. Sentries from the army patrolled the streets, while we of the navy looked after the water front. I was on guard in front of our ship. I think it was the only time in my life in which I have ever been the centre of an admiring audience, but it was entirely a colored audience. Darkies would come within a respectful distance and gaze with open-mouthed wonder at a real live Yankee, and I think that no man, whatever his sacrifices or hardships may have been during that long four years of the war for the Union, if he can look back, as I do now, and the scenes of that afternoon come back to me and I hear again those words, "Bress 'de Lord, freedom's come at last," feel

as though they were well worth the price paid for them.

Another incident comes back to me now, and I can almost see the dirt-begrimed uniforms of the men and hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and the heavy rumbling of the wheels as a battery of artillery dashes past; I think they were Ohio troops. As they passed me one of them sang out to me, "Hello, sailor, where's the black bottle?" They went into camp just below us and for several weeks we were near neighbors, many of them visiting the ship, which seemed such a curiosity to them that we were tempted to think that they had never seen one before.

I wonder how many of them are alive today, and if they ever think of the old *Stockdale*.

When we went into Mobile there was little or no food for the people who were left there, who consisted (outside of the paroled Confederate soldiers) mostly of very old men and the women and children, including of course many darkies, and almost the first duty we had to perform was to serve out rations to them. And I think they must have formed a little better opinion of us than they had been taught to do, as they walked away with their rations of good Yankee beef, pork, beans, flour, hard tack, coffee, sugar, etc., more especially if they took the trouble to remember that within the last four years thousands upon thousands of Union soldiers and sailors had starved to death in their

loathsome dungeons and prison pens in the heart of the confederacy.

One more incident comes to my memory, and I wonder if any historian of the war has ever written of it. It was the terrible explosion of ammunition, which occurred soon after our occupation of the city. There was a large amount of ammunition stored in some buildings at the upper part of the city, consisting of powder, fixed shells, and cartridges. If I remember right, it was said at the time that it was ammunition that had been abandoned by the Confederates when they fled up the river, and I think this is right for I remember that it was the opinion of all the Union officers that the explosion was caused by a slow match, which had been so contrived by the enemy that it would explode at a certain time. This, however, was merely a supposition, as every one near it was killed, and it might have been caused by carelessness by handling some of the fixed ammunition. Be this as it may, it was something terrible and I hope that I may never witness such another sight. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon. One other of our crew and myself were on guard immediately in front of the ship, many of the officers were pacing back and forth on the upper deck, while the crew were employed at various duties about the ship. Suddenly there came a crash and a roar, as though ten thousand pieces of heavy artillery had been discharged at once. The very ground shook

as though by an earthquake: almost every man of the crew fell as though struck by lightning. The air in the direction of the explosion was black as midnight, and seemed to be filled with the debris of shattered buildings.

The building where the ammunition was stored was on the water front and had formerly been a cotton press: near it were moored a number of river steamboats and blockade runners, which had been abandoned by their crews when we took possession of the city, while along the wharves or levee were piled thousands of bales of cotton, which I have spoken of before. After the first great crash there came report after report as boxes of small ammunition would explode, which sounded like the rattle of musketry, which was varied every few seconds by a heavy report as some large shell would explode. Almost immediately the whole city in that direction seemed to be in flames. It was a weird, grand spectacle, to see those great steamboats drift down the river as their moorings burned away and released them from the wharf, their light and inflammable wood-work throwing the blaze, sparks, and smoke far upwards.

Every one in the city was panic stricken. As soon as the first shock was over and those in command had had time to collect their senses there came orders for each ship to send sailors to the scene. I remember of an orderly (I presume from the provost marshal) riding down to

the ship and saying to the executive officer, "Orders from Col. — for God's sake send all the help you can; half the army were quartered near that press, and we expect they are all killed." I think there were some fifty or seventy-five of us detailed from the *Stockdale* to proceed to the scene, which was probably a quarter of a mile distant. I have never seen a battlefield with all its horrors, but if any battlefield could exceed in horrors what met our view as we neared that place of death and destruction I think no artist has ever been able to paint it. Dead men lay in heaps, mangled in every conceivable form, many of them crushed out of all semblance of humanity. In some places were the remains of mules, wagons, and men, all in one terrible heap where they had fallen, as the wall of some building fell upon them (for of course every building within a considerable distance was demolished). There were portions of bodies, arms, legs, and limbless, headless trunks, in all directions, forming a ghastly and sickening sight. Many were civilians, and many were negroes who had only found their freedom to die a terrible death.

But alas! the shreds of blue cloth and here and there a brass button showed that hundreds of our own soldiers who had perhaps seen years of service, and now when the war was over and they could count the days when they could lay aside the musket and the faded blue uniform, and go back to home and friends,

had perhaps met that terrible death through the devilish treachery of their foes. I saw one captain with tears in his eyes, going from one mangled form to another, and heard him tell one of the officers that he did not know but that his whole company had been killed as they were quartered near the building where the explosion had taken place. Terrible as was the sight of the mangled dead, I think that of the maimed and burned, wounded victims was even more harrowing. Squads were formed to carry them to a place of safety, for even at that time shells were constantly exploding and bullets were flying, as the fire reached and burned the boxes in which they were packed. They were taken to any building near by which had remained intact, and there cared for by the surgeons and their assistants, both from the army and the navy. There comes to me now a vision of a long line of burned and blistered victims lying in rows on the pavements of the streets with men moving among them placing great flakes of lint over them, and then saturating it with sweet oil which they carried in pails, using tin dippers to saturate the lint, and I remember of seeing one of those Samaritans with a large watering-pot full of oil going from one to another of the poor victims who were begging them to relieve their terrible sufferings.

Fire was raging and it looked as though the whole city was doomed to destruction. There were a few old hand engines, almost useless,

as there was but little hose. They were used, however, to some advantage in reaching the roofs of the buildings which fortunately were very low, while hundreds of the blue jackets formed in line with the fire buckets which they had brought from the ship and passed water from the river, and so kept the flames in check. Hundreds of bales of cotton were blazing on the levee. These, and in fact all of them that were in danger of being ignited, were rolled into the river, and went drifting down past the city. Cotton was worth nearly its weight in gold at that time, and I have often wondered to myself since how many fortunes my puny strength helped to roll into the river that afternoon and night. The citizens seemed not to take any interest in trying to save their city but left it all for us to do; and it seemed strange to think that after working and fighting so long to take it from them, that we should work so hard to save it for them.

In July, I was on a vessel that was sent down to what was called Mississippi sound. Our boat and a brigade of soldiers were to look after those unreconstructed Rebs. who had not learned or did not want to learn that the war was over. But it was a terrible place to send any one. You could see malaria written in the very air you breathed, and it was but a short time before our ship was a floating hospital. Squad after squad would be sent to the hospital, and a new draft of men sent to us from New

Orleans. I think it was in August that I was taken sick, but there is a blank in my life of some four weeks, for I have no recollection of being taken from the ship, and only remember of waking up one day and wondering where I was, but not having life enough left in me to ask. It was not long, however, before I found out that I was in the Pensacola naval hospital, and that I had been very sick. However I soon got better of the fever, and as strength returned was allowed to leave the ward and eventually was sent to the mess room to get my meals. Now, as all know, when one is recovering from a fever, he is hungry all the time and such was the case with me.

As long as I took my meals in the ward I had all I wanted to eat but when I came to go to the mess room for my meals the case was different. Breakfast consisted of a bowl of coffee and half of a very small loaf of baker's bread, which was like a small sponge which by taking in the hand can be squeezed into a very small parcel: unlike the sponge, however, that morsel of bread would not expand when the hand was opened, but remained in the palm an insignificant little wad about the size of a modern trade dollar. Dinner consisted of a very small basin of very thin soup and the remainder of the breakfast roll. Supper consisted of a bowl of slightly tinged water called tea, and another half roll.

In consequence of this very

limited bill of fare, there was a constant craving and gnawing in my stomach. I was hungry all the time, in fact, I was literally starving. I asked the fellow who had charge of the table where I sat once or twice for a second piece of bread, or a second basin of soup, but I never got it, and so I left the table hungrier than when I sat down. Like *Oliver Twist* I wanted more. At last one night when the bell rang I went into the ward where I slept, and sitting down on the side of the iron cot bed I think I must have fainted away, for the next I remembered, the man who had charge of the ward was asking me what the matter was. Whereupon I told him I was hungry. "Why," said he, "don't you get enough to eat in the mess room?" "No," said I, "and when I ask that messroom waiter for more, he won't give it to me." "Are you hungry now?" said he. "Yes, sir," said I, "I am." "Well then," said he, "just you come along with me," and leading the way to the mess room he gave that waiter such a keel hauling as I have never heard since. After I had had a good square meal of bread and meat, he turned to the fellow and said, "Give that boy all he can eat: bread, meat, soup, and coffee, and don't let me hear of anything like this again." I should like to see that man now and thank him for his kind words, also for saving me from an early and untimely death from starvation in Pensacola hospital.

After I had got sufficiently well, I was sent on board the receiving ship, and in October with some two or three hundred others was sent north for our discharge. Arriving at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, we were given leave of absence for four days with orders to report to the paymaster on the morning of the fifth.

On the morning of the fifth day I was early at the gate, and was one of the first to receive what was due me from the government, and that afternoon was on my way home as

fast as one of the Pennsylvania railroads would carry me, glad that the war was over, glad that I should soon see the dear ones at home, and, boy though I was, proud that the North had conquered, and I think that love for the dear old flag came then, and its stars have ever looked brighter to me since.

And the very angels must have wept
tears of joy to see
A nation saved, six million slaves set
free.

WHO WERE THEY?

AN INCIDENT OF CONFEDERATE SERVICE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG,
VIRGINIA.

By George S. Bernard, Editor of "The War Talks of Confederate Veterans."

At a recent meeting of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans of this city, Dr. Joseph P. Eggleston of Richmond, Va., who was a member of Lamkin's Mortar Battery of Haskell's Battalion of Artillery, delivered a very interesting address, entitled "Artillery Experiences at Petersburg and Elsewhere." Among the incidents of service during the siege of Petersburg narrated by him, was the following, which I give in his own language:

"And now I will relate an incident which is so unusual that I fear that some of you will call it a romance of the Munchausen order.

I can only hope that those who know me will not think so, if not from confidence in my veracity, at least because they will be sure I could not invent the story, from lack of ability. As an evidence to you that I could have no motive in inventing it, even if capable, bear in mind that the heroes were then, as now, entire strangers to me.

AN INCIDENT AT FORT LAMKIN.

"One night at Fort Lamkin, about half-past eleven, while we were firing slowly, trying to attract the attention of the enemy—and occasionally doing it—as our orders

required, two gentlemen, in white duck suits, of jackets and pants, stepped up to us from the little ravine in our immediate rear (just back of the Blandford grounds), which was then filled with bushes and small trees. One of them spoke to my brother, and stated that they were cavalry officers, and, not having seen any mortar practice since they left West Point, were interested in our work, and had come out from their camp to look on. My brother gave them his name, but neither of the strangers gave his. One of them spoke of the other as 'the Colonel, a member of my staff,' so we took this officer for a general. To show his appreciation of the compliment paid our arm of the service by warming the activity of the engagement, my brother said to me: 'Joe, try the railroad iron battery,' a very unwelcome order, for this battery was a veritable hornets' nest, which had our range to a T with its mortars, and, in addition, always opened on us with a six-gun rifle battery alongside. We called the Federal battery the 'railroad iron battery,' because, seen with a glass, it appeared to have a protection of railroad iron over its guns. I was talking to 'the Colonel' when this order was given me, and turned only one mortar on the battery mentioned, and as soon as that began to draw I quietly changed to another point, as I had not been ordered to stir up the hornets all night. The strangers exposed themselves with the utmost

apparent unconcern, which I noticed all the more because it necessitated my doing more of that same thing than I would otherwise have considered at all necessary. I used judgment in directing the gun, and after a while got things more comfortable. 'The General,' as we supposed the officer of superior rank to be, expressed great satisfaction with our work, and after a while asked who was on the front on the infantry line. We told him that Ransom's brigade occupied that part of the line. He then asked if it would be possible to go to the skirmish line and have a look around. We told him there would be no difficulty whatever, and directed him how to find the path through the works. Both officers then thanked us for our kindness and for the beautiful pyrotechnic display we had given them, and walked in the direction of the infantry works, and we saw them no more.

My brother had been a cavalryman the first summer of the war, and curious as both of us were to find out who our visitors were, made every inquiry he could among officers and men of this branch of the service, as opportunity offered, to trace them, but the war closed without our getting a clue to their identity. In 1871 I met my brother for the first time since we parted in 1865. He asked me if I remembered the incident I have narrated, and told me he had the sequel.

THE SEQUEL LEARNED.

He then informed me that some time about 1866 or 1867 he boarded

a steamer at Cairo, Illinois, one night, on his way to Memphis. After a few words with the clerk, not feeling sleepy, he took up a newspaper and sat down to read, when a gentleman stepped up, and politely apologizing for the intrusion, asked if his name was not Eggleston. 'It is,' said my brother. 'Did you not command a small fort near the cemetery at Petersburg, containing two mortars?' inquired the stranger. 'I did,' replied my brother. The gentleman then asked my brother if he remembered the incident of two cavalry officers, dressed in white duck, visiting his fort one night during the siege of Petersburg, and was informed that the incident was well remembered. 'I am one of those two officers,' said the stranger.

'Well,' said my brother, 'who are you? I have always wanted to know.'

'The gentleman gave his name—which I regret that I have forgotten—and stated that he was a brigadier-general of cavalry from Maine. He then explained that he and his companion were neither spies nor scouts, and but for their not being dressed in uniform would have surrendered to us. Of course dressed as they were, in citizens' dress, they would have been promptly hung as spies. He further explained that they had gone from their camp to their own works for the very purpose stated to us—to witness the mortar firing—and from there had gone out to their skirmish line, some half a mile

south of our position, and were walking along from pit to pit, talking to the men, and at last, to their surprise, found from the accent of the men near them that they were within our lines. Discovering this, and casting about as to how they could escape, they concluded that they would be less likely to be questioned by men busy at the front, than those whom they might encounter not so engaged; so, after making a circuit to the rear, they came up to our little fort because they saw we were engaged, and succeeding in their plan, made their way to our skirmish line, and thence across to their own, finding it easy in the darkness to slip over to their own men.

THE GAP THROUGH WHICH THEY ENTERED.

'The gap in our works through which they wandered to our side of the lines, I suppose, was the one that existed for a while between Wise's and Elliott's brigades, near the position of the Davidson battery, on the Baxter Road, and they probably lost their bearings from watching the fuses of the mortar shells crossing the sky. The general said he recognized my brother's voice when he was talking with the clerk, as everything connected with that night was burned into his memory.'

Intending to reproduce this address as a chapter in Vol. II of 'War Talks of Confederate Veterans,' now in course of preparation, I will be glad to learn who

was the "Brigadier General of Cavalry from Maine," and "the Colonel," as member of his staff, who were heroes of the interesting adventures narrated by Dr. Eggleston, and believing that you may be able to trace them through the *BUGLE*, I take the liberty of invoking your aid for this purpose through its columns.

If either of those gentlemen is

still alive, there are many who would like to have his account of the incident.

Dr. Eggleston, and his brother, Capt. George Cary Eggleston, now on the editorial staff of the *New York World*, were both gallant soldiers, the one a sergeant, the other sergeant major of Capt. J. N. Lamkin's battery, both of them gentlemen of high standing.

FIFTH NEW YORK CAVALRY AT FAIRFAX.

By Capt. F. S. Dickinson, Historian Fifth New York Cavalry.

Memory fails to recall the number of days that we remained at Arlington. But we were soon in camp near Long Bridge, where fresh horses were received to replace those needing recuperation and the regiment put in condition for active service. In the meantime the Battle of Antietam had been fought and won by McClellan, yet Lee had been quietly allowed to remove his army back across the Potomac into Virginia without molestation. Therefore it was necessary to send out scouting parties in all directions in order to keep posted as to the whereabouts of the Rebel army.

All the cavalry not used especially for escort duty near Washington, was almost constantly on this fatiguing work. Colonel Johnston with a detail from the brigade and one hundred and ten men of the Fifth New York Cavalry were sent out on a reconnoissance as far as the

Rappahannock river — returning without meeting the enemy, after an absence of three days. October 15th, another expedition went out under Major Hammond, coming in contact and skirmishing with small parties of the enemy at Leesburg, Aldie, Upperville, White Plains, Thoroughfare Gap, Haymarket and Warrenton, returning to camp near Long Bridge. On October 20th the regiment was at Centreville forming line of pickets along Cub Run to Chantilla Church and Fryingpan.

The monotony of constant picketing, scouting, and patrolling was often relieved by guerrilla attacks. Every day and sometimes every night during the month of November, 1862, the regiment was in the saddle, picketing, scouting, and skirmishing with guerrilla parties who infested this region of country lying between the Bull Run moun-

tains and the Rappahannock river and commanded by the guerrilla chief, John S. Mosby. It was generally understood during the war that this force was entirely composed of citizens who resided in the vicinity and who joined the band for plunder and an excuse for not going into the Confederate army, and later as a means of escape from conscriptions. This country was particularly adapted to this kind of warfare, on account of the deep ravines, dense thickets, and mountain passes which furnished hiding places while every white citizen young and old, male and female, was a vigilance committee as to the movements of the Yankee troops, the position of their pickets, strength, etc., communicating it to Mosby or some of his gang by means known only to themselves. Mosby in his book of War Reminiscences says his command was not entirely made up of citizens, but were dismounted men of Stuart's cavalry who came to join him and capture a remount and as soon as one was obtained returned to their own commands. The Confederate government did not furnish horses but each trooper furnished his own horse and the government paid him forty cents per day for the use of it, and when lost or disabled a furlough was allowed the owner to get another: thus those cavalymen who had no other source to draw from, joined Mosby. This small force of partisan rangers kept this whole line of outer defence of Washington in a state of anxiety and watchfulness.

Yet Mosby managed to find some exposed or careless picket post nearly every night he cared to make the attempt. These forays were skilfully managed and generally successful, and kept the Federal cavalry constantly scouting the country and skirmishing with bands of these guerrillas, who were good fighters in their way but when their chances were unfavorable for a complete victory they would scatter and leave our cavalry nothing to fight. The camp of the Fifth New York Cavalry was near the Chantilla mansion in a thick grove of second growth pines. The headquarters of the cavalry brigade were in the mansion. While here Sergeant Elias N. Andrews of Co. E was detailed for an important duty as scout for his known bravery and integrity. On the 15th day of December he started on his first expedition into the enemy's domain with discretionary powers for obtaining information. He selected two or three companions and started on his perilous mission. Before reaching Aldie, a similar party of rebels apparently on the same business were met, shots were exchanged, and Sergeant Andrews fell, shot through the head. His body was recovered under flag of truce and sent to his friends at Fairview, N. Y. The death of this brave comrade cast a cloud of sadness and gloom over his company that no similar fatality had equalled. Only a few days previous he had shown conspicuous gallantry in the brilliant and successful charge of the Fifth

New York Cavalry near Berryville, commanded by Captain Krohm, in which were captured thirty-five prisoners including one captain and two lieutenants, several wagons and ambulances laden with the spoils of a recent raid into Poolsville, Md., and sixty horses and fifty head of cattle. The weather was now cold and wet, and the boys took it upon themselves to fix up more comfortable quarters.

Timber was plenty and at hand; the tents were raised, and stockades and bunks were made of small poles. For beds fine pine boughs did very well; straw was preferable, but was very scarce. A couple of our hawk-eyed foragers, Pecknam and Byington, while out foraging discovered a stack of straw near a house some five or six miles from camp and immediately laid claim to a portion of it by right of discovery. As the location was dangerously exposed to the protecting arm of guerrilla parties they made up their bundles as lively as possible: which were barely completed and strung across their horses' backs when they were confronted by an enemy from an unexpected source, in the persons of three great, muscular, tobacco chewing women running toward them armed with axes and butcher-knives, yelling like wild Comanches for them to "leave that straw or we will take your — lives in a —d holy minute." In such a fight discretion was better than valor; they mounted and fled from the torrent of blood-curdling threats of vengeance on the lives of

the amused corporals, who applauded the speakers for their beauty. The boys felt a little chagrined at being driven away in that manner and, fearing to face the ridicule of such an episode, agreed to keep quiet until others had had some experience in getting straw from the native females, as there would be many eager inquiries made for the location of that stack of straw as soon as their loads were exhibited in camp.

Well, on the following morning, by urgent request of one of the largest, finest proportioned and handsomest men in the regiment, who always wanted straw and other nice things for his comfort, they agreed to go and pilot him to the coveted prize. To effectually mask their real motives, they took along their straps and surcingles to get some more straw for their own tent squads, which they were pretty sure they could do by a little strategy, provided the protectors of that straw were inside of their house when they got near enough to make a dash for it, which they did as lively as possible, instructing their protégé to follow them. He, not knowing that great speed was necessary, did not keep the stack in range between him and the house, and soon the Amazonians had his horse by the bits and threatening to kill it and him if he did not leave that straw. The terms were immediately accepted and the female warriors hesitated to kill so fine a specimen of humanity or take the life of so beautiful a horse.

Thus the honor and dignity of the Confederacy were maintained, but the straw gradually disappeared all the same. Orders against foraging were now less strict, and a good forager was looked up to by his comrades as a person of enterprise and ability. Thus a desire to do something more than ordinary was developed, which accounts in a certain measure for some of the outrages committed in defenceless houses by some who had failed to gain a reputation for bravery in the face of the enemy. It is gratifying to know that there was but a few of that stamp who cared to gain notoriety by committing acts of vandalism or destroying property of no use to them. But it cannot be denied that this cowardly act was sometimes done.

Therefore strict orders were issued against depredations of this kind and strictly enforced. To better enable the general reader to understand the manner in which legitimate foraging was conducted when wagons were not used for transportation, a description will be necessary. The government furnished surcingle to keep the blankets on their horses when unsaddled. Two of these were taken by each forager if he was going after straw or hay, and a bundle buckled in each, and fastened together with a saddle strap, which was ordinarily used to bind the overcoat and blanket to the saddle, then the horse was loaded with bundles on each side and a man in the saddle. If a beef or porker had been killed the quar-

ters were fastened together and transported in the same way, the skin being left on to keep the meat clean.

This camp was fixed up in pretty good shape for winter, with stables built of poles and covered with pine boughs. Being in thick woods camp fires were allowed, around which the boys gathered to make their coffee and indulge in criticising the military management of affairs and pointed remarks or yells toward officers who had incurred their displeasure. This luxury was more freely indulged in when the officers in question were known to be lurking around in the shadow of the stables listening for these remarks.

At this time a grand opportunity chanced to present itself for indulging in this sweetest of luxuries, retaliation. One of our newly promoted majors had got the ill will of nearly all of the regiment and being a tyrannical disciplinarian made a great effort to suppress this unsoldierly yelling.

Now six months or more had elapsed since Uncle Sam's paymaster had gladdened the hearts of his soldiers, and a good many of the boys were getting remittances from home, while others had hopes in that direction so well developed that any rumor set afloat that reflected unsafety for the mails was enough to set them in a cold perspiration or wild frenzy. This was about the state of affairs when our hero was requested by the colonel to bring the mail up from Fairfax

on his return from a short leave of absence. The mail for the Fifth New York Cavalry was received and placed in a common grain sack and strapped to the cantle of his orderly's saddle. This bag had not proceeded far towards camp before the end came untied, and a part of the contents scattered along the road. As soon as it was discovered diligent efforts were made by the major and his orderly to secure every letter and return it to its place in the sack. All would have been well had they prudently kept the accident to themselves. Unfortunately it leaked out that some of the letters had been lost out of the sack. The news spread like wild fire through the camp, and the misfortune was magnified by those who were inclined to take uncharitable views. Many were taken suddenly and forcibly with the idea that they had money in that mail and when they failed to get a letter it was thought to have been lost or stolen, so the ungenerous cry was raised, "Who stole the mail?" Vigorous efforts were made to suppress the insubordination, but it would not down. The cry would come loud and clear from some point remote from the aggrieved party, and the answer "Billy Platt" would come from a dozen or more secluded points. On the march, on parade, and the midnight stillness of the sleeping camp was broken by the occasional cry of "Who stole the mail?" and the resounding echoes of the cruel answer "Billy Platt" from many voices like a lux-

urious morsel rolled from beneath the tongue of the delighted troopers—"Sweet revenge, thy charms are many." To a highly wrought, sensitive nature like the aggrieved party's this vile slander so stealthily, yet so publicly, expressed was the rankest kind of an insulting irritant to his mind, and was only stopped by a resignation. There were other similar cases that came up in the regiment, but this is mentioned as a sample of the latent power for redress that was occasionally resorted to where the grievances, imaginary or real, were universal.

The monotony of picketing and scouting was relieved by frequent raids by Mosby's gang on some portion of our long line. Many schemes were devised to entrap the wily foe, but were rendered useless or came to naught by some verdant, garrulous person who had more vanity than sense. One case in mind will be a fair sample of many of our discomforts, and a key to the solution of the successful career of our adversary.

Mosby, in his book of War Reminiscences, page 46, says,—“We did not go into a number of traps set to catch us, but somehow always brought the trap off with us.” A picket reserve post was conspicuously posted at a place called Fry- ingpan, and a large force carefully concealed in ambush. Hear what Mosby himself says of it: “I had heard that a cavalry picket was stationed and waiting for me to come after them. I did not want them to be disappointed in their

desire to visit Richmond. When I had got within a mile of it, and had stopped for a few minutes to make my disposition for attack, I observed two ladies walking rapidly toward me: one was Miss Laura Ratcliff. . . . Their homes were near Fryingpan, and they had got information of a plan to capture me, and were just going to the house of a citizen to get him to put me on my guard when fortune brought them across my path. But for meeting them, my life as a partisan would have closed that day. There was a cavalry post in sight at Fryingpan, but near there in the pines a large body of cavalry had been concealed. It was expected that I would attack the picket, but that my momentary triumph would be like the fabled Dead Sea fruit, ashes to the taste, as the party in the pines would pounce from their hiding-place upon me. A garrulous lieutenant had disclosed the plot to the young lady, never dreaming that she would walk through the snow to get the news to me. *This was not the only time* during the war where I owed my escape from danger to the tact of a Southern woman."

On the tenth of January orders were issued to break camp and move back to Germantown, where a convenient site for a camp had been selected on a gentle knoll, thickly timbered with second growth pine. As we had just got our camp in comfortable shape, this caused much slinging of vile language, mixed with cuss-words, and "Who

stole the mail?" The site selected was systematically laid out in streets by companies, each company occupying a space in width of about thirty feet, which made ample room for stables on one side of the street and tents on the other, the space between being the company street, which was corduroyed. The men built quarters for themselves by making a pen, or stockade, as it was called, of convenient size to fit the bottom of an A tent. These stockades were constructed of pine poles, cut the desired lengths to make a pen about seven feet square and about three feet in height. A hole was cut through this to receive the fireplace of the chimney, which was built at the back end and outside, of straw or brick—usually of brick taken from the remains of ruined houses near by. When the supply of brick and stone was exhausted, chimneys were built of small poles, cut the desired length to make the chimney of the right size when laid up cob-house fashion. These poles, or sticks, were laid up in a mortar made from the soil, ready mixed and always at hand, and of a superior quality either for making chimneys or plastering up the crevices in the stockades. This sacred soil of Virginia, when baked by a good fire, made a chimney as of one solid brick. For fire-wood, the persimmons timber was selected as being excellent, and about the only timber available for that purpose. The pine timber that so thickly surrounded our camp was of the pitch variety, and was

worthless when green for that purpose.

On the strength of information received that a party of guerrillas was at Brentsville, the regiment went out on a scout on the night of the eleventh with the hope and expectation of capturing them. This was one of the dark nights. While it helped to veil our approach to the objective point, it also provided a cover for the escape of our prize, who were notified by the scream of a female sentinel, which made the country ring for miles around. She was instantly captured, but could not be induced to cease yelling by threats of hanging; as we did not wish to resort to that harsh measure with a woman we had to let her yell. This woman undoubtedly volunteered to watch and give the alarm at the approach of danger, and did her work to perfection. Certain it was that the prime object of the expedition was defeated, through the heroism and devotion of this Southern lady to the Southern cause, while on our part, we returned to camp by way of Bristoe station and Manassas Junction, with the humiliating feeling that this expedition, after making a toilsome march nearly all night, and composed of all the men of the regiment who could be spared from the work of building winter quarters, was effort wasted. The only thing that seemed to afford any relief to the weary, disappointed troopers as we came in view of camp was the yelling "Who stole the mail?" Not far from our camp, say one

and a half or two miles in the direction of Herndon, lived a man who was perfectly familiar with every road and by-path, and it was reported that he was an active, zealous worker for Mosby, and his principal scout and guide. It had also been reported that goods of a contraband nature were being smuggled from Washington, through our line, into the Confederacy somewhere near Herndon station. C. A. Phelps of G company, a rising young sergeant of more than ordinary ability, coolness, bravery, and discretion, was placed in command of a party of volunteers, who were especially charged with the duty of capturing Mosby, Underwood, and the smugglers. I think this was his first experience in his famous career as an independent scout in the outer defences of Washington and the Army of the Potomac under Pleasanton, Hooker, Meade, and Grant.

The first night we laid in ambush in a thicket near Fryingpan, and watched for guerrillas to attack that picket post, but Mosby chanced to be engaged elsewhere. Two nights we lay concealed around the house of John Underwood, without reward in either case for our suffering from the cold while lying in about two inches of snow that covered the ground at the time. The fourth night was the 23d of March; there was no snow on the ground, but the cold seemed intense while we lay concealed in a thicket near Herndon. Just at break of day of the 24th we were rewarded for our

night's vigilance and misery by the sight of a fine span of black horses trotting gaily up the road, hitched to a stylish new sutler's wagon, on which was seated, as driver and proprietor, a richly-dressed, but ugly-looking man, who was apparently a Jew. He had a wonderfully pleased expression on his face, which, when interpreted, meant, I am now out of danger: I have passed the Yankee picket, and can now trot along. The expression on that face suddenly changed when he saw several men spring out of the brush with revolvers pointed at him, and his team grasped by the bits and a demand made to halt. The thing was done so quickly that resistance was useless. When he came to a realizing sense of the situation, he made a great show of bluster and indignation, and demanded to know why we halted him, a regular sutler, on his way to the regiment at Dumfries.

As he was travelling on the road toward Aldie, and was then northwest from Washington, and Dumfries was southeast from that place, his bluster was taken for a bluff and a demand was made for him to unlock his wagon so that the contents could be examined. This he at first refused to do, but suddenly changed his mind, when he saw that the wagon was about to be broken open by force, and opened it himself and produced a long, slim jug, which contained something of a fluid nature, that all seemed willing to sample. While the sampling was going on, the Jew showed

great volubility in his efforts to convince us that he was a genuine sutler for the one hundred and twenty-second regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, then at Dumfries, and that he had simply lost his way, he said, "You are good! poys shust take one more goodt drinks all rount and let me gos and gits dare all rights." The bribes of drinks and flattery were not considered a sufficient excuse for his release, or the withholding our examination of his stock which was found to consist of ladies' old style dress goods, shoes, hairpins, and other notions, and baby shoes by the bushel and several cans of phosphorus. As we were not in want of woman's wear or baby shoes, the prisoner was not released. F. J. Ehman volunteered to take a seat by the side of the driver and conduct him to the provost marshal's office at Fairfax Court House, where the whole outfit was confiscated, and the old bogus sutler sent to the old Capital Prison in Washington under a charge of smuggling. One of the most unaccountable incidents that happened in the regiment while in camp at Fairfax was the desertion of Sergeant Ames of Company L, who went over to the enemy and joined Mosby's command. No reasons were ever learned by the writer for this strange conduct. I was not personally acquainted with or even knew him by sight, yet I have reason to believe that through his influence a personal favor was shown me and others about the commissary department at Fairfax

C. H., as I shall show further along in this narrative. Mosby says in his book of Reminiscences, page 63 :

“About this time,¹ I received a valuable recruit in the person of Sergeant Ames of the Fifth New York Cavalry, who deserted his regiment to join me. I never really understood what his motives were in doing this, as I never cared to inquire. The men of my command insisted that I should treat him simply as a prisoner, and send him back to join many of his comrades whom I had sent to Richmond. After a long conversation with him, I felt an instinctive confidence in his sincerity. He came to me on foot, but proposed to return to camp and mount himself if I would receive him. It happened that a young man named Walter Frankland was present, who also came on foot to join my standard. With my consent, they agreed to walk down to Fairfax that night, enter the cavalry camp on foot, and ride out on two of the best horses they could find. . . . On my return to Middleburg [page 67], I found Ames and Frankland there in advance of me. They had entered the camp of the Fifth New York Cavalry at night, on foot, and had ridden out on two of the finest horses they could find in the stables. They had passed in and out without ever having been molested or challenged by the guard. Ames had not had time to change his suit of blue for a gray

one, but Frankland was in full Confederate uniform. . . . But still the men were not satisfied of Ames's good faith. . . . A few days after that, I once more put him to a test which convinced the men of his truth and fidelity. He seemed to burn with an implacable revenge toward his old companions in arms. I never had a truer or more devoted follower. He was killed in a skirmish in October, 1864, and carried the secret of his desertion to the grave.”

On a very dark and stormy night, at about 2 o'clock a. m., March 9, 1863, Mosby's raiding party, under the guidance of Sergeant Ames, assisted by information furnished by Belle Boyd, the female spy, made their appearance in the streets of Fairfax, having somehow got through our picket lines without firing a shot or creating an alarm, capturing General Stoughton and his staff—taking them out of their beds—and all the guards around his headquarters and the stables, and all the horses and equipments belonging to Stoughton and staff—taking them out of the barn which they occupied—and all the horses in the corral. The column halted in front of Colonel Johnstone's headquarters, and began a search for him, but he slipped out of bed and out of the house just in time to escape notice and hid himself under the horse barn, minus all clothing but his shirt, and happy in the thought that he was still alive and

¹ This was about March 1, 1863.—Author.

had that much protection from the cold March winds. The rebels, in searching for the colonel, found Mrs. Johnstone in the bed just vacated by him, and being questioned as to the whereabouts of her husband, the brave little woman replied that he had gone to get his regiment out and that if they would wait a few minutes he would be glad to see them. While this scene was being enacted, an active searching party was looking for the provost marshal, L. L. O'Conner, familiarly known as Teddy O'Conner, who managed to elude his pursuers and escape, but could not have been concealed long if the date of his report to General Heintzeman, commanding outer defenses of Washington, D. C., is correct, which was found on file in the war department. Here it is,—

•• PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE, VA.,
March 9, 1863, 3:30 a. m.

•• Captain Mosby, with his command, entered this town this morning at 2 a. m. They captured my patrols, horses, etc. They took Brigadier-General Stoughton and his horses, and all his men detailed from his brigade. They took every horse that could be found, public and private. The commanding officer of the post, Colonel Johnstone of the Fifth New York Cavalry, made his escape from them in a nude state, by accident. They searched for me in every direction, but, being on the Vienna road

visiting outposts, I made my escape.

L. L. O'CONNOR,
Provost Marshal."

•• P. S. All our available cavalry forces are in pursuit of them.

MAJOR HUNT,
Asst. Adjutant-General."

O'Conner makes a good report for himself, but when he talks about the horses and all the men being captured that were detailed from the brigade, he is talking of something that he had not yet found out at the hour his report was made. The horses were not all taken out of the barn which contained those belonging to General Stoughton and his staff. There were in that barn horses and equipments that were not molested, belonging to the following named persons: Captain W. P. Dye, commissariat; E. L. Morris, receiving sergeant; L. L. Razez, issuing sergeant; F. S. Dickinson, clerk; James M. Pollard, clerk; and Charles Mansfield, manager of transportation.

In the court house was a large amount of army supplies, and in the office was a large amount of money received from sales to officers. The old clerk's office was used as an office for the commissary department, and the only occupants that night were Dickinson and Pollard, Captain Dye being in Washington at the time. It has always been a mystery why everything belonging to the commissary department was left undisturbed. Even the horses and equipments

that belonged to the employees, that were in the same barn with General Stoughton's, were unmolested. It is natural to conjecture that there must have been some one of the gang, of large influence, who was perfectly familiar with everything connected with the department. It is hardly probable that it could have been Sergeant Ames, the deserter, for he had scarcely been with Mosby long enough at that time to have gained the necessary influence.

Belle Boyd, the rebel female spy (of course it was not known at that time that she was a spy), was making her home that winter at Fairfax, and inviting the officers to frequent evening entertainments at Dr. Boyd's residence. The principal object, no doubt, was to get information from the simple, unsuspecting young officers, who felt themselves so highly honored by an invite from the southern lady, that they had no thought of the little beauty's probable motives, so were made easy victims to the deceptive intrigues of the shrewd little rebel. This was the writer's view on those entertainments at the time, and freely expressed. I was only a corporal then, so of course was not invited. Raids like these within our lines reflect great discredit upon the whole cavalry brigade. Humiliating as it is, it cannot be omitted from a truthful narrative of events in which the Fifth New York Cavalry was connected. Efforts to punish Mosby and his fugacious

gang were futile or nearly so until the 3d of May. General Stoneman, the commander of Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, had gone off on a raid in rear of Lee's army and left the Orange & Alexander railroad to the care of the troops for the outer defences of Washington; thus obliging us to extend our line on Warrenton Junction. On the 3d of May, General Hooker's Battle of Chancellorsville was also in progress, and the First Virginia Cavalry (Union) was guarding the railroad at Warrenton Junction. Mosby, thinking to make a diversion in favor of Lee by striking Hooker's communications, attacked and surprised them while their horses were unsaddled and grazing in the field, and the men carelessly lying around in the grass sunning themselves and listening to the distant cannonading at Chancellorsville. Now it so happened that the Fifth New York Cavalry was sent out that day to relieve the First Virginia at Warrenton Junction. On approaching the junction they heard firing; when they had got out of the woods into an open space they soon saw the state of affairs. The Virginia boys not knowing that help was near took refuge in some buildings and made a good fight but finally surrendered. Mosby was about making off with them when the Fifth New York Cavalry boys came in sight. They took in the situation at once, and immediately charged them with a yell. A desperate hand to hand

fight with sabres and revolvers ensued, which resulted in a complete rout of the guerrilla band and the killing of quite a number, and the capture of twenty-three, including Dick Moran, the famous bushwhacker, and two of Mosby's officers. One of the killed was Templeton, the rebel spy. It was soon learned that the rebel prisoners captured were all wounded which showed the severity of this brief encounter, which resulted in the recapture of the First Virginia boys, a large number of whom were wounded, Major Steele mortally.

Mosby says of this affair, in his book of War Reminiscences, page 132: "Just as we debouched from the woods in sight of Warrenton Junction, I saw about 300 yards in front of us a body of cavalry in the open field. It was a bright warm morning, and the men were lounging on the grass, while their horses, with nothing on but their halters, had been turned loose to graze on the young clover. They were enjoying the music of the great battle, and had no dream that danger was near. Not a single patrol or picket had been put out. At first they mistook us for their own men, and had no suspicions as to who we were until I ordered a charge and the men raised a yell. The shooting and firing stampeded the horses, and they scattered over a field of several hundred acres, while the riders took shelter in some houses; but the main body took refuge in a large frame building just by the

railroad; I did not take time to dismount my men, but ordered a charge on the house. I came up just in front of two windows by the chimney, from which a hot fire was poured that brought down several men at my side, but I paid them back with interest when I got to the window, into which I emptied two Colts' revolvers. The house was as densely packed as a sardine box and it was almost impossible to fire into it without hitting somebody. There was a hay stack near by, and I ordered some of the hay to be brought into the house and fire set to it. Not being willing to be burned alive as martyrs to the Union, the men above now held out a white flag from a window. . . . All who were able now came out of the house. . . . I was sitting on my horse near the house giving directions for getting ready to leave with the prisoners and spoils, when one of my men named Wild, who had chased a horse some distance down the railroad, came at full speed and reported a heavy column of cavalry coming up. . . . We had defeated and captured three times our own number, and now had to give up the fruits of the victory, and in turn to fly to prevent capture. My men fled in every direction, taking off about fifty horses and a number of prisoners. Only one of my men, Templeton, was killed, but I had lost about twenty captured, nearly all of whom were wounded. Dick Moran was among the number. I never made a better fight than this.

although finally compelled to retreat before ten times my own number."

Mosby is said to be a very cool, level-headed commander, whose judgment could be relied upon under trying circumstances, but this seems to be a case where his judgment was too confused to estimate numbers who fought him, for he says farther along in his book that he "was attacked by DeForest's whole brigade." When the facts are, there was only the Fifth New York Cavalry, about two hundred strong, that attacked his force of about the same number or more (Mosby claims less), with the advantage of having been notified of our coming, although it was rather a short one, so cannot claim that he was surprised. This was not a battle of very great magnitude as compared with the one Hooker was fighting on that day, but was great in desperation and results. Had this been a defeat Hooker's transportation and supplies would have been at the mercy of Mosby and would have been destroyed. Now that the guerrilla band was broken up so completely, all was quiet along our lines for about ten days. The chief was at large and soon had his band in good working order again. These reverses seemed only to invigorate and inspire him to greater exertion, but in a much more cautious manner. After ten days of rest, we find him again assailing our pickets with the usual vigor, and continuing these assaults almost nightly until the army of the

Potomac came through this section on the flank of Lee, who had defeated Hooker at Chancellorsville, and was now moving north by way of Culpepper, Sperryville, and the Shenandoah valley.

It would hardly seem proper to close this chapter of the almost continuous picketing, scouting, and skirmishing during the winter of 1862-'63, so briefly sketched, without speaking of some of the individual acts of bravery and heroism performed by the men who participated in these engagements, although they were small, as to numbers engaged, yet there was as much patriotic devotion to the old flag displayed as at those immense battles that attract the attention of army correspondent and historian who were ever ready to chronicle all cases that came under their eye, especially if it was a drummer boy. Memory recalls many acts of bravery performed by individual members of the regiment too modest or too conscientious to think that they had done more than their simple duty, but somehow they always "got there," and so frequently that it became a matter to be expected. Matthew Strait, who was subsequently promoted to a lieutenancy for conspicuous acts of bravery, had quite an exciting experience with one of Mosby's men in an engagement near Aldie, Va.

The guerrillas, as usual, when hard pressed scattered out, and Strait became engaged with one of them, five hundred yards or more from his companions, single handed,

in a strip of open woods, and killed his antagonist's horse: the plucky Johnnie jumped behind a tree and demanded his surrender, but Strait was too gamey for that, although his antagonist had the protection afforded by the tree, he rode round and round him Indian style, firing as best he could, while the Johnnie who was doing more deliberate shooting had wounded his horse seven times, and the result of the contest was doubtful, when Wheeler Green of "G" company came to his rescue, and the Johnnie surrendered.

A MAINE POET.

Rev. A. F. Chase, principal of the East Maine Conference Seminary at Bucksport (Maine), presents for publication, in the *BUGLE*, some manuscript poems of one of the many unheralded heroes of the War of the Rebellion, William H. Jones. Mr. Chase writes:

"My friend was a young man of brilliant talents. He enlisted in the First Maine Battery, Light Artillery, December 30, 1863, and was almost immediately, by recognition of his character, promoted to Corporal and Sergeant in the then Veteran organization, but was taken sick and died in hospital, at Washington, April 1, 1864. His literary efforts are chiefly in my hands. I would like to send a poem for the *BUGLE*, number by number, for some time to come. They are all the works of a poet, and not of a dabbler in rhyme, and I hope that they will interest the readers of the *BUGLE*."

OUR RETURN.

By William H. Jones, Sergeant First Maine Battery.

Say Northern hearts and Northern hands,
 What shall our welcome be
 When peace calls back our shattered bands,
 To where home's holy altar stands,
 Shrine of the loved and free?

It may be years ere we return,
 Victorious from the wars,
 It may be years of duty stern,
 And peril wild ere we shall earn
 A soldier's hundred scars.

And we may come not as we went
 With manhood's steps of pride,
 The strong young form disease has bent,
 And stolen from the soldier's tent
 The musket at his side.

Or left a cripple's crutch instead,
 Say hearts we leave behind,
 When he returns from where he bled,

His manly strength and beauty fled,
What welcome shall he find ?

The world will shout a general's praise,
And vote its chieftains thanks ;
But will it have a cheer to raise
For him who faced the fiercest frays,
The soldier in the ranks ?

It matters not, when we return,
The beating heart of home
Will rank and pride and title spurn,
A better triumph we shall earn
Than conquerors of Rome.

Give me no ringing of the bells,
No cannon's welcoming roar,
No shout that ever a nation swells,
One look for truer welcome tells,
One word, we ask no more.

I would not check the generous shout
The very earth will raise,
When right its fellest foe shall rout
And peace shall wave her banner out
The flag of better days !

But yet it needs no throngs or cheers,
To greet us back again ;
For dearer are the happy tears
That tell the love of many years,
And these will greet us then.

When we return : I see a light
In eyes we love will burn ;
Our North Star guiding us aright
Through weary march and deadly fight,
Guiding till we return.

When we return : I hear a voice
Shall greet the soldier's ear ;
It stills the cannon's thunder noise,
It speaks through sorrows, hopes, and joys,
'Twill murmur, " Once more here ! "

When we return : My musket then
Ever shall rest and rust ;
My bayonet become a pen
To serve, not slay, my fellow-men ;
Be this my hope and trust.

WITH SHERIDAN IN LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

By Col. Fred C. Newhall.

[Continued.]

In the matins of this Sabbath day of April 2, General Miles had already reported his division of the Second Corps to General Sheridan, and was now on the march in advance of the Fifth Corps with orders to attack the enemy at the junction of the White Oak and Claiborne Roads, where they were reported to be in heavy force. This, Miles did promptly and successfully: and before he was overtaken by Griffin, had driven the enemy northward across Hatcher's Run toward Southerland's Depot on the Southside Railroad, where they held a strong position and were prepared to dispute his further progress. General Sheridan, riding ahead of the Fifth Corps, caught up with Miles beyond the run, and found that gallant officer confident of being able to drive the enemy and very anxious to attack. General Sheridan authorized him to do so, and intended supporting him with Griffin's command; but just then General Humphreys—Miles's corps commander—came up with authority to resume command of his division, which General Sheridan at once turned over, and then, lest the enemy at Southerland's should slip away, rapidly countermarched the Fifth Corps to Five Forks, and crossing Hatcher's Run by the Ford Road, gained the

Southside Railroad, at Ford Station, without opposition: thus placing his corps in flank and rear of the force confronting General Humphreys.

This station was reached about ten o'clock on this beautiful Sunday morning, not a shot being fired to check our advance to the celebrated railroad, for the possession of which so much hard fighting had been done in the winter, and for which General Lee had sacrificed Anderson's Corps the day before at Five Forks. But now he had no more detachments to spare; he had learned wisdom of experience, and though in the night he had sent a division to the station which had thrown up a strong line of works across the Ford Road, it was rapidly recalled and gathered under the wing of the main army, when he heard that Anderson's Corps was annihilated and scattered, and that this division was exposed to a similar fate. The earth was yet damp on their breastworks as we rode through, and some grinning darkeys hard by informed us that the rebels had "done took out" about two hours before. At the station, we found an abandoned locomotive and two or three freight cars, in which were loaded some medical supplies and a dozen of the enemy's wounded:

and from the upper story of the station-house crept down some others sound in mind and limb, who had taken advantage of the fog of the morning to bid a long farewell to the trembling Confederacy. As their division moved away they had stolen into the woods: thence for greater safety to the station-house, "and so good-by allegiance." Evidently the ruin was beginning to crumble about the edges, although it was not yet known here that the main wall had been pierced and broken in front of Petersburg that morning by the Army of the Potomac, and that it was tottering and threatening to fall before the chief Confederates could stand from under. General Lee had had his hands so full that he had not even found time to give the alarm to Richmond, and while we were breaking the Sabbath in the saddle, the pious Mr. Davis was keeping it in church: and, just as he was listening to the prayer for him and his cause, a matter-of-fact messenger came in to say that both were past praying for and he had better cut his lucky. Mr. Davis's confidence was so far shaken by what he heard, that he questioned the safety of the Southside Railroad as a means of travel, and discreetly departed by the Danville Road, which the ruthless invader had not yet reached. We rather expected him our way when we heard the news from Petersburg: but he disappointed us.

The enemy's cavalry had collected in considerable force on the

north side of Hatcher's Run west of Ford Station, and Merritt and MacKenzie, crossing the run to the west of the infantry, had gone to look after them: but they rapidly retreated before our troops, who now could be discerned moving northward across the open country to our left. Without waiting to hear from them, General Sheridan with the infantry moved on up the railroad toward Southerland's Depot, in hopes to catch the enemy there in flank and rear; but Miles, meanwhile, had been pressing them in front, and before we came within striking distance they took to flight in the direction of the Appomattox, vigorously followed by Miles, who captured their artillery and a whole field full of prisoners.

Just at dusk, some of our cavalry that came up with us and passed us *en route*, and Crawford, who led the infantry advance, overtook the rear-guard of this retreating column and exchanged some good-night shots with it in the open country to the north of Southerland's Depot: but pursuit was useless after dark, and the command was put into camp. Meanwhile Merritt pursued the enemy's cavalry toward Scott's Corners, on the Namozine Road to the north and west of Southerland's, and rested in that neighborhood for the night, after an almost bloodless day of marching.

General Sheridan had felt a good deal disappointed in the morning, when he was obliged to relinquish Miles's division, for he thought

there was a good opportunity to do a deal of damage to the enemy at Southerland's Depot; but now at sunset they had in the main escaped, and altogether this seemed a *dies non* with us, with our troops flushed with victory and in splendid spirits for a fight. Marching up the railroad, they greeted the general all along the column with such hearty cheers as had been seldom heard in the army since the old enthusiastic days, when everybody believed that the generals were born to command, and that every campaign was to end the rebellion. There was plenty of good news to sleep on, however, and there was no danger that the men's good spirits wouldn't keep over night, as they were not aware of the chance that the general thought had been missed, and were beginning now to lose their skepticism in regard to success, and to realize what a very fine thing it was to be a hero of the Battle of Five Forks. What a theme for a letter!—what a card with a girl! As late as the middle of the night, some of the wakeful "boys," thinking over it all, startled the owls with sudden yells of satisfaction, and kicked the dying embers of their camp-fire into an astonished gasp of flame.

Early on the morning of Monday, the third, we were on the move again in a new direction and with a new object. Hitherto the efforts of General Sheridan had been directed toward breaking in upon the right flank of the enemy's fortified lines defending Petersburg;

and that task was in itself comparatively a simple one, in the execution of which strategy was not necessarily involved. It is true that the fertile mind of the general had found occasion for a good deal at Dinwiddie and Five Forks, and had used it to good advantage; but a general, innocent of strategy, could in some way have attacked the enemy's right flank, and with superiority of force could doubtless have doubled it up somewhat, and perhaps have gained the Southside Railroad. But now was to begin another phase of war; the fortified lines were abandoned: the enemy had evacuated Richmond and Petersburg in the night, and were now in full retreat along the Appomattox, and without successful tactics could not be brought to blows. Wits were now to be called into play, and wits that must come quickly to the call; for we must hurry on in pursuit, and yet be careful in our haste, lest the broken fortunes of the Confederacy might be mended with a false move of ours. The questions to be determined were, what point General Lee would aim to reach, and how to prevent his reaching it. By these questions, suddenly proposed, General Sheridan does not seem to have been staggered at all; and his opinion, once formed, does not seem to have wavered for a moment. To the first question, he answered: Danville, North Carolina; and to the second, he replied: Turn his flank: head him off; attack him—never mind the rear of his column:

never mind the stragglers, but get to the head and front; stand across his path and cry "No thoroughfare," and let the enemy fight for the right of way. Having mentally solved this problem to his own satisfaction, the general proceeded to demonstrate it to the army, to the public, and to General Lee, as will now be related.

THE PURSUIT.

When Griffin broke camp this morning, April 3, his men were marched off by the left flank, and soon had Petersburg over the right shoulder as they moved rapidly across to Scott's Corners, where Merritt was already with his cavalry. All along the road were evidences of the demoralization of the enemy, for it was by this road that their force had retreated from South-erland's the evening before. Flankers and scouting parties of cavalry were constantly bringing in scores of prisoners from the woods on either side,—prisoners who would throw down their arms at the sight of blue uniforms and respectfully request to be captured: a hundred were willing to surrender to one. They were lost from the main body of their army: they were hungry and tired: and if there was a Confederacy to sustain they could not find it in the woods, and gave it up also for lost. Three brass guns (light twelve-pounders) were lying deserted in a wood road near by, and their caissons kept them company in a field by the roadside, the mutilated wheels bearing testimony

to a lingering love for their cause on the part of the drivers. Arms, ammunition, knapsacks, and some very seedy clothing dotted the line of march, and we had come up with Merritt before there was any indication of belligerent people in this direction.

He had found some cavalry to contest his march beyond Scott's Corners, and skirmishing now began to be heard in his front, but he soon brushed away this obstacle, and pushed on out the Namozine Road, meeting no serious opposition until he reached Deep Creek, where he encountered a strong body of the enemy's infantry, which he attacked with spirit and success, driving them from the ford, and pursuing them vigorously as they fell back toward the Danville Railroad to join the main army of General Lee. General Griffin followed Merritt all day but was not engaged; and in rear of our column marched General Crook, who had now closed up, the retreat of the enemy relieving him from guard on the south side of Hatcher's Run, where we left him on the day of "Five Forks."

As we rode along it was evident that the inhabitants now began to realize that General Lee had at last been overcome. From all sides they heard of his utter discomfiture: on every hand they saw the evidences of his defeat and rout: and they had given up the Confederacy, and showed signs of a desire to anticipate reconstruction. We found more Union men in Virginia on this day

than all our travels had heretofore developed. Their own soldiers had proclaimed that the rebellion was "gone up," as they had flocked by in retreat, and the steadfast women who begged them to turn back and face us again, had been laughed to scorn, and told that fighting was "played out." The darkeys were jubilant, grinning vast grimaces of delight, and dancing fantastic juba as we passed by. "Where are the rebs?" said the general to a gray-haired old contraband, who was leaning over a fence, doing uncouth homage, and flourishing wonderful salams with a tattered hat. "Sifin' south, sah, sifin' south," said the old man aptly, for certainly in this fret-work of retreat the Southern army was sorely sifted, and the part which remained to General Lee was not much greater than that which came through to us.

The line of our march was parallel to General Lee's, along the Appomattox River—his army moving on both banks from Petersburg and Richmond, evidently pushing for Amelia Court House, on the Danville Railroad, south of the Appomattox. It seems probable that he selected this as the most central point for the rapid concentration of his army and the most available depot of supplies, for that he did not anticipate so vigorous a pursuit, least of all a systematic effort to bring him to battle for his line of retreat and supply, is evident from his subsequent movements and the events of the following day. At night we camped

along Deep Creek; and while the command was asleep the restless Major Young, with a few of his scouts, took a ride with the enemy's cavalry, which was moving off toward Amelia Court House, and kindly assisted General Barringer, who commanded the rebel brigade, in finding a comfortable camp-ground. Young managed to lead him off a little from his troops, and then persuaded him, with pistols, to surrender, and brought him and a staff officer safely to our headquarters.

At daylight on April 4 our command was again on the road, separating now into three columns, for the covering of a wider territory—Merritt and MacKenzie striking off to the right, toward the Appomattox, following the enemy who had retreated before them the night before from the ford at Deep Creek; Crook making for the Danville Railroad, at a point between Jetersville and Burke's Station, some ten miles south of Amelia Court House, thence to advance toward Jetersville along the railroad; and the Fifth Corps, under Griffin, moving out for Jetersville, a station five miles from Amelia Court House, in the direction of Burksville Junction. Merritt, as usual, flushed the enemy, and at Tabernacle Church had a severe fight with their cavalry and infantry, through whom he found it quite impossible to force a passage, although he made a gallant effort, for they were obliged to stop him there if they would march in peace on the south side of the

Appomattox, he being already uncomfortable near their trains, from which he had snatched a goodly number of wagons before they could hurry troops to guard them. MacKenzie kept off to the right of Merritt, with whose day's work his own was almost identical. The Fifth Corps marched rapidly all day, and the head of the column reached Jetersville about 5 p. m., a march of some sixteen miles, but "long drawn out" by the very bad condition of the roads,—their normal and constant condition though; and if anywhere it is neglected to state that the roads were bad, the reader will please supply the omission, and not lose sight of a fact which adds much to the credit of all the troops, retreating and pursuing, for it is one thing to march an army over a turnpike and another to drag it through Virginia mud.

Before reaching Jetersville two or three of our staff with a small mounted escort went off to the left to get on to the Danville Railroad and learn the news, if there was any. At Scott's Mill, on West Creek, they were filling their empty grain bags, when a scout of Young's passing that way, rode up to say that the rebel army was at Amelia Court House and was advancing down the railroad. He was a little premature in his report—"went off at half-cock," as he himself confessed; but he proved to be correct in regard to Lee's position. This information was immediately sent over to General Sheridan, who was moving with the

Fifth Corps, and then the party quit the mill and the sable miller, who very much regretted that any of Mr. Scott's corn should be left behind, and trotted on toward the railroad. Squads of soldiers in gray, some with guns and some without, were wearily straggling on to Danville, and here and there could be seen a mounted man in gray, armed and equipped, listlessly joining them from a wood-path, slouching in his saddle like a tired trooper, and apparently with no object in life but to have company in shirking the calamities hanging over General Lee and those who remained with him. As the staff party neared the railroad these mounted men became evidently uneasy, and made furtive signs to prevent its closer approach: but they made no hostile demonstration, and seemed to urge the footmen to move on, as if they were satisfied that the strangers were friends. Then one or two of the gray riders cautiously advanced across the fields, and a couple of men in blue went out to meet them. When they came within earshot, the gray dragoons said: "Keep back out of sight: we are Major Young's men. The major's down the road a piece, and has a whole corral of Johnnies:" at which the blue men laughed, and riding off to the left, into the woods, soon caught sight of Young in a little thicket by the side of the railroad, his horses tied to the trees, and a score of his men with cocked carbines imposing silence on a regiment of prisoners, and bagging

the unsuspecting game which his mounted decoys were leading in. Young chuckled and told the news, and expressed an eager desire for two or three hundred cavalry with which to surprise a lot of rebel horsemen that he knew of down the road, but lacking these, was amusing himself as best he might.

Stragglers to the front indicate the line of a retreat as surely as stragglers in rear guide the follower of an advance: neither are of any use to an army, and might just as well not belong to it for all the good they do, but they cling to its utmost limits, keeping it in view, and intending to rejoin when prudence permits. This light driftwood in advance of Lee pointed out the course his wreck was driving, and, hearing of it, General Sheridan urged forward Griffin's infantry toward Jetersville, and sent word to Crook, down the railroad, to hurry on and join him.

At Jetersville, our advance captured in the telegraph office a dispatch just written by General Lee's chief commissary, ordering 200,000 rations to be sent up immediately by railroad from Danville to feed his army. It had not yet gone over the wires, and General Sheridan gave it to a scout to take to Burksville and have it telegraphed from there, in hopes that the innocent commissary of the C. S. A. at Danville might be deluded into sending the supplies into our lines. The scout, by a plausible story, succeeded in getting off the message from Burksville: but it is not

known if the rations were forwarded. Probably they were not, if bad news flies fast as telegrams, for the wires could have flashed a plenty of the very worst to Danville that afternoon: but the finding of this dispatch proves beyond question that General Lee had no expectation of meeting any opposition in his intended march. He doubtless supposed that the pursuit would follow him, and he hoped to check it easily by bold stands of strong rear-guards and such obstacles as chance would throw in its way; and so his plans must have been sadly disarranged when some strolling cavalry he had at Jetersville sent word to him that the Yankees were pouring in there on horseback and on foot.

Either by his instructions, or from curiosity, or from an evident necessity to test the strength of these marplots at Jetersville, the Confederate cavalry promptly moved down to investigate: and, just as General Sheridan was sending an urgent message back to General Meade there was some sharp and sudden firing in front. "Tell General Crook to drive them away," said the general, simply, and went on with his message. At this stage of the war, it was not considered necessary for our cavalry to make very elaborate preparations to meet the enemy's horse: we outnumbered them, and "had the morale on them," as the men used to say, and the general would grow very impatient and indignant if there was much firing at the front and

no infantry opposing us. Now, before the officer got away to General Meade, Crook had cleared Jetersville, and held, occupied, and possessed the town, such as it was; and the leading division of the Fifth Corps was rapidly moving into line on both sides of the railroad fronting Amelia Court House.

Here was Lee's opportunity for escape, if he was in a condition to avail himself of it. Confronting his Army of Northern Virginia was one division of cavalry, and the head of one corps of infantry, boldly placed across his path in battle array, with no force within supporting distance; Merritt and MacKenzie were fighting Lee's flankers miles away on our right; the Army of the Potomac was at Deep Creek—a long day's march to Jetersville; and the Army of the James, moving down the Southside Railroad, was not yet near enough to Burksville Junction to intercept the enemy there if he should cut his way through our force at Jetersville. All these thunderbolts launched at Lee would waste themselves in mid-air, if he could reach Burksville first; for a stern chase is a long one, and our only hope of destroying or capturing his army lay in our ability to bring him to battle for his line of march. We have said already that General Sheridan fully appreciated this fact, and it is owing to his lively recognition of it that we now see him putting his small isolated force into position throwing up breastworks as they come into line, and sending word to General Meade to

hurry on and reinforce him, lest Lee should escape.

The galloping messenger is soon out of sight of Jetersville, making the best of his way against the adverse current of the Fifth Corps, through whose ranks he is at first obliged to tack like a schooner working up against wind and tide; but after a mile or two he has left them behind, except the stragglers, who lag along after the column, and drag their feet as if they were lost in thought determining some most important matter, and doubtless will soon halt between two opinions and lie down for the night. It is a good long ride to Deep Creek, whose banks we had left at early dawn, before the larks sang "hymns at heaven's gate," and it is well into the night before General Sheridan's officer gains the headquarters of General Meade and tells his errand to General Webb, the chief of staff—for after reaching the camp of General Meade's troops, it is no easy matter to learn his whereabouts in the dark; the staff officers having quitted the roads and gone to sleep, and the men standing about the fires not knowing and not caring for anything under the stars so much as for their supper, which is stewing on the crackling rails. General Meade had established himself for the night in a large house beyond Deep Creek, and the tents of his staff were pitched outside; and behind the house General Humphreys, commander of the Second Corps, with his staff, was partaking of a dinner

fit "to set before a king," to which in good time the hospitable general ushered in General Sheridan's hungry courier, who here records his hearty thanks. General Meade was quite unwell, and had taken to his cot, but the chief of staff immediately delivered to him General Sheridan's message, and he then called for the messenger and asked him to repeat what General Sheridan had said—which was to this effect: That he was at Jetersville with the Fifth Corps throwing up some earth-works, and in hopes to be able to hold that point; that Lee without doubt was at Amelia Court House, but five miles distant, and would in all probability endeavor to break through to Burksville; that this seemed to him a crisis in Lee's affairs and ours: that in his opinion if Lee could be balked here his army would be "bagged;" and to win this result he urged upon General Meade the great importance of forsaking everything, but arms and ammunition, and at any sacrifice hurrying on to the Danville Railroad.

The commander of the Army of the Potomac responded cheerily to this summons. He said: "Do I understand you to say that in General Sheridan's opinion Lee's army will be destroyed or captured if my troops gain the Danville Railroad to-morrow morning?" and being answered yes, he went on to say that his men had undergone great privations in marching, in want of food, and in the severe labor of helping the trains through the mud; all

day long they had been corduroying roads, and had only just gone into camp; the supply wagons were still far in the rear and the men had no rations in their haversacks. "Still," he said, "everything must be given up for the good of the cause;" and he immediately issued an order of march for 2 o'clock a. m., stating that the distinguished General Sheridan had notified him from the front that the capture of Lee was now possible, and calling on the troops to submit to fatigue and hunger with the same alacrity and courage they always displayed upon the battle-field. Staying their appetites with this, "the weary boys" (as General Milroy called them, after his unlucky fight at Winchester,) turned out from beneath their shelters, with their teeth chattering in the chill air, and set out for Jetersville, starvation, and glory. Like enough they didn't entirely believe in the "distinguished General Sheridan," and wished he had gone to bed and kept quiet, instead of sending back his dashed assurances to get them up in the middle of the night—"bad luck to this marching." But they trotted on cheerfully, with light hearts and light haversacks, that the general might not say it was their fault if Lee should escape. Before General Meade broke up his camp, other staff officers from Jetersville came in hurriedly with messages from General Sheridan, and rode by with dispatches for General Grant, all of one import—all urging haste at any cost.

Meanwhile Merritt had been recalled from Tabernacle Church and was on his way to Jetersville when the head of General Meade's command encountered his cavalry about 3 a. m. The double column crowded the road somewhat and delayed the infantry considerably until Merritt's troopers had all passed by, when the march was vigorously renewed; and the Second Corps in advance pressed on toward the railroad as fast as the night and the mud would permit. General Sheridan's messengers, reaching his headquarters before daylight, reported to him the progress of Merritt and General Meade, and then caught a cat-nap before the early breakfast to which the first rays of the sun would certainly ring the bell.

Everything was quiet in front of Jetersville all night, and the troops that had reached there had a good night's rest behind the earth-works they had hastily constructed, waking refreshed, and ready for the next stage on the road to the ruin of Lee. When the sun was well up, and the enemy still made no demonstration, it occurred to General Sheridan that Lee perhaps had decided to dodge the issue of a fight at Jetersville, and was trying to make his escape by passing around the obstacle which he fancied he could not overcome. General Cook was therefore ordered to send out General Davies's brigade of cavalry toward Fame's Cross Roads, five miles on our left, as we looked toward Amelia

Court House; and this curling reconnoissance, thrown out like a lasso, soon discovered that the general's suspicions were founded in fact, for the wily foe was already trundling his wagons through the Cross Roads when General Davies came in sight and made for them with a view-halloo which startled the jolly wagoners, and brought out the Confederacy, mounted, to their defense. But it had not been often in the war that our cavalry had caught sight of the enemy's trains. Ours they had often defended, but theirs they had seldom attacked; and now the force which opposed them was blown away in the wind of their wild gallop as they dashed upon them and despoiled them; soon they were rifled of all their valuables, which were not many, and then the quaint vehicles were burned, and the C. S. A., branded on the dingy covers, was illuminated for a moment by the flames, and then curled slowly up into a flimsy tissue and disappeared in smoke. General Davies destroyed about one hundred and eighty wagons, and brought back to Jetersville a thousand prisoners, five pieces of artillery, some battle-flags, and several hundred mules—sorry looking, but no doubt glad to be captured, for the flying Confederacy had no time to feed, and no feed to give if there had been time, while under the beneficent flag of the Union even a mule could better himself and get fat again while the hair was growing to cover up the

C. S. A. on his shoulder. It may be remarked, in passing, that one point of difference between this mule and his late master is that the latter won't consent to be fattened except upon his own terms, with the express stipulation that the C. S. A. shall not be covered up, but be blazoned as when he first was branded.

Sending his plunder in advance toward Jetersville, General Davies soon found himself hard pressed in the rear and flank by a strong force of the enemy, who, learning of his raid, had moved rapidly out from Amelia Court House to intercept him: it was found necessary to hurry Gregg's and Smith's brigades, of Crook's division, to his support; and the sharp fighting that at once ensued seemed to indicate that Lee had at last determined to attempt an escape by the way of the Danville Railroad. Meanwhile Merritt's cavalry and the Second Corps had nearly all reached Jetersville, and General Sheridan no longer felt anxious as to the possibility of Lee's breaking through our line. General Meade had come up, too, and being the senior officer would naturally have assumed command of the infantry, but he was still feeling very unwell, and asked General Sheridan to put the Second Corps in position, while he retired to a little house where we had camped the night before.

Shortly after the arrival of General Davies's spoils a negro reached our headquarters, bearing a small note, which a Confederate officer

had intrusted to his care to deliver to his mother. It was dated Amelia Court House, April 5, and read thus:

Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. Theodore left us sick. John Taylor is well; saw him yesterday. We are in line of battle this ev'g. General Robert Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our our cause. General Hill is killed. I saw Murray a few moments since: Bernard Perry, he said was taken prisoner, but may get out. I send this by a negro I see passing up the railroad to Michlenburg. Love to all.

Your devoted son,

W. B. TAYLOR, *Colonel.*

This intelligent negro was not going to Michlenburg, as his course indicated, but was on his way to join the "Yanks," but, as he explained, he didn't intimate his intention to anybody at Amelia Court House. Colonel Taylor seems a little ahead of time in saying "this ev'g," as General Sheridan had his letter before 3 p. m.: but the Southerners call anything evening that comes after noon, and no doubt it had seemed a long day to him, as he says "our army is ruined, I fear," and adds, "My trust is still in the justice of our cause," as if he had no longer much hope in General Robert Lee, nor in John Taylor, nor Murray, nor Bernard Perry, and the other plucky fellows who still stood by the sinking ship. This despondent letter from an officer high in rank confirmed General Sheridan's own impression in regard to the demoraliza-

tion of Lee's army, and he immediately wrote the following dispatch to General Grant, who was moving upon the Southside Railroad with the troops from the Army of the James :

JETERSVILLE, April 5, 3 p. m.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT:

GENERAL: I send you the inclosed letter, which will give you an idea of the condition of the enemy and their whereabouts. I sent General Davies's brigade this morning around on my left flank. He captured at Fame's Cross Roads five pieces of artillery, about two hundred wagons, and eight or nine battle flags, and a number of prisoners. The Second Army Corps is now coming up. I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for General Lee. I will send all my cavalry out on our left flank except MacKenzie, who is now on the right.

(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

The lieutenant-general received this dispatch at dark, and set out for Jetersville without delay, instructing General Ord, of the Army of the James, to push on to Burksville before halting for the night—thus placing a strong force in rear of General Sheridan and a second line in front of General Lee.

Meanwhile General Sheridan had put the Second Corps on the left of the Fifth, and Merritt went out to the left of the infantry; but he had hardly reached his position there and dismounted his men to await further developments, when the vig-

orous and sustained attack upon Crook's cavalry led General Sheridan to think that the enemy were perhaps about to try a general assault. The direction from which they approached suggested a change of plan on our part, and Merritt was quickly recalled to the right, and sent out in advance of the infantry on that flank. The ground about Jetersville is open, but Griffin, with the Fifth Corps, was intrenched in the edge of an oak wood, which concealed him from the enemy's view, and his line extended along a ridge which effectually commanded the wide valley that it overlooked: the ground occupied by the Second Corps was not so favorable for defense, and invited attack, as the land sloped upward from their front and rather commanded it, and toward them the force of the enemy was tending. General Sheridan's impression was that if any attack were made it would, from the nature of the ground, fall principally upon the Second Corps, and then, no doubt, he intended, when they were well engaged, to dash suddenly upon the enemy's flank with Griffin and the cavalry of Merritt, which was now lost to sight in the valley beyond Griffin's ridge. This sort of flank movement is a favorite with General Sheridan, and had won him handsome victories at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Five Forks; but on this occasion, although everything on our side favored another trial, the enemy declined to be subjected to

the experiment, and gave up their attack on Crook's cavalry before they came within range of our infantry fire.

Crook had his hands full though, and some fine fellows in his command lost life and limb at this late day. Brave young Colonel Janeway, of the First New Jersey Cavalry, bearing already thirteen scars, went down in a charge with a pistol bullet through his brain, losing to us a noble-hearted friend and soldier. Major Thomas, commanding the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, was badly wounded after having four horses shot under him. He had captured a gorgeous yellow sash in the raid on the wagon train, and had wound it about him by way of a lark, and, as some of us warned him, was taken to be a major-general at least, and became a special mark for the enemy's bullets. There were many more who fell, and every loss seemed heavier now because we felt that the fighting was nearly over.

The enthusiastic infantry, cheering everything and everybody from rabbits to generals, was obliged to go to sleep without a fight; and in the night Lee resumed his march by way of Fame's Cross Roads and Deatonsville, vainly imagining that it was possible to move with impunity upon a road which passed within five miles of Sheridan's cavalry, to say nothing of the eager infantry of Humphreys and Griffin.

Here Lee vacillated, faltered, and failed: for here he confessed

his inability to make his way to Johnston by the road of his own selection, and there was now no hope that he would be permitted to join him unmolested by any road whatever. It was puerile to fancy that on a parallel road, only five miles away, he could march unharmed, with his flank exposed to our attacks and his retreating column liable to be cut into sections and destroyed piecemeal. But, unwilling yet to accept the situation and acknowledge defeat, he still chose to retreat by such avenues as offered—as a sulky chess-player, loth to succumb, will move his king from square to square, while his opponent pushes up the pieces which in a moment must inevitably checkmate him. With the hope of reaching Burksville died the hope of saving his army, unless indeed Lee calculated upon our giving up the chase; and this he had no right to do, judging by recent events, for he could see well enough that we had dash on the prow and vigor at the helm of our craft, and that, instead of following in his wake, we were keeping to windward of him all the time, crippling him fore and aft, and watching for a chance to run him down. That he had such wild hopes of our giving up the chase, is the only defense that could be made to the charge that every life lost after this was sacrificed by him. As he understood his duty, it certainly demanded of him that he should try every possible means of escape before pronouncing all means hopeless, lest we

should perhaps slacken pursuit and open a way for his safe retreat: but knowing that our policy was fatal to him, humanity demanded that he give up the struggle, when once convinced that this policy would be persisted in to the end. The readers of history will judge for themselves how far General Lee is responsible for the lives which were given up to sustain and to break down his cause, after he turned aside from his chosen path at Jetersville and wandered off trusting to luck.

When we woke on the morning of the sixth, Lieutenant-General Grant was already at our headquarters with his staff, consulting with General Meade and our chief about the best mode of bagging the remnants of the Confederacy: for "bagging," which had its day once early in the war, was come into fashion again, and was believed in now with the old enthusiasm, and, be it said, on much better grounds. The Sixth Corps had come up in the night, thus concentrating the Army of the Potomac at this point. By request of General Meade, the Fifth Corps had been returned to his command, and MacKenzie had gone back to the Army of the James, so we had nothing but our own troopers now to depend upon for glory: but they could always be depended on, and that was a good thing.

The council of war was short; and, soon after "sun-up," we rode out in a heavy shower with Merritt's cavalry following the trail of

General Crook, who had already started for Deatonsville—a ville that is below Fame's Cross Roads, on the road that may lead to Danville and may not: we shall see. Before we caught up with Crook the sun came out gloriously, breaking through the clouds to see how beautifully we managed these things in America after four years of war. It took the chill off and warmed "the boys" to their work, so that they cheered with delight when in a gap in the woods on the Deatonsville Road were descried the dusky wagon covers of Lee's retreating train. But they were pleasanter to look at than to get hold of, as Crook discovered when he essayed to take possession, for Lee knew now what he had to expect and prepared accordingly. Yesterday wagons were roaming about, half protected, in fancied security: but to-day they bristled with arms in the gallant convoy of Lee's forlorn hope.

.. In battle's wild commotion,

The proud and mighty Mars
Demands his tithes of hostile triles,
By death in warlike cars."

And so General Lee sent his wagons into the battle, and flanked their wheels with guns and muskets,—chariots with scythes having gone out of use somewhat in these modern times. Crook's men had no sooner shown themselves, than from round this warlike train there burst out an awful flame of fire and sulphurous smoke and curious heavy lead and iron balls, which none could see, but which struck

down many a man and horse, and so we found that these eccentric vehicles were not to be had without a serious fight or successful strategy: and both being in General Sheridan's line, he was soon forming combinations for their capture by means of one or the other, or both.

Crook was ordered to make room for Merritt by moving off to his left parallel with the trains, and keep moving until he should see an opening for attack, and then to make it; Merritt, following him, would pass him then and attack farther on, while Crook should endeavor to get a foothold for himself, or failing in that, attract the attention of the enemy. It was expected that by the rapid execution of this manœuvre, one or the other would shortly gain the Deatonville Road at some weak point and break up the enemy's march, and otherwise inconvenience him. As they moved off to test the merits of this idea, General Sheridan, retaining Stagg's brigade of Devens's division for any emergency that might suddenly arise, rode up a hill overlooking the Deatonville Road, and, planting his flag on the top, remained for half an hour peering through his glasses at the lay of the land.

The Army of the Potomac was now *en route*; and, moving west from Jetersville, the Second Corps, under Humphreys, had already engaged the rear-guard of that portion of the enemy's force which was moving on the Deatonville Road. Across the country, a mile

in front of General Sheridan's position on the hilltop, the rebel skirmishers could be plainly seen slowly retreating before Humphreys's men, halting now and then to fire, and finding this had no effect, doggedly moving back again; and we almost fancied that they shook their heads, as they shouldered their muskets, as if to say that it was no use fighting with fate any longer. They had three or four light guns, too, which spitefully cracked away every few minutes; but neither guns nor skirmishers did more than add dignity to their hurried retreat, which without them would have seemed a hopeless rout; and this slight semblance of organization and good order did not avail to keep them in our view very long, for by the time that Merritt and Crook were out of sight they also had disappeared in the woods, and the solid lines of the Second Corps had replaced them in the open ground in front of us.

Closely following the rear of Merritt's column, General Sheridan rode on then for a mile or more, until he reached a wide plateau overlooking the Deatonville Road, on which the enemy's trains were rapidly moving, plainly in view, a thousand yards away on high ground in the edge of a wood, an open valley intervening. Halting here, the general determined to make a diversion in favor of Merritt and Crook, who had gone farther on to look for a more favorable opening to reach the wagons, which evidently were

strongly guarded at this point; for in the field below the road long lines of flanking troops were visible, with small parties of cavalry patrolling their front to give warning of the approach of danger. It was obviously important to detain this large force here, by a pretense of attacking it, until Crook and Merritt could perform their errand, and the Sixth Corps, which was following us, could be brought up to attack it in earnest. So Colonel Stagg's brigade, which the general had retained for special service, was now advanced into the valley with skirmishers deployed, and ordered to demonstrate as though intending to attack, while Miller's battery of horse artillery, unlimbering on the crest where General Sheridan was, opened fire on the trains on the Deatonville Road.

All of our horse artillery was splendid, commanded by young and dashing fellows, whose delight was to fight with the cavalry in an open country, where they could run a section up to the skirmish line and second the carbines with their whistling shells: and if we were retreating and hotly pressed, as sometimes used to happen, the eager enemy was always held at bay by the rattling fire of these steady cannoneers, who would cling to a ridge till the gaining of it was hardly worth the cost. The cavalry had no better soldiers than the battery commanders and their lieutenants. Tidball, Randol, Fitzhugh, Pennington, Williston, Mar-

tin, Dennison, Eakin, Woodruff, Vincent, Calef, Butler, and the rest were out-and-outers—not very often heard of, and not much known beyond the army, but where the sharp fighting was they could be found: in the hardest marches they pulled through somehow; and in camp it was pleasant to see these swells, with their open jackets, tight trowsers with the double crimson stripe, their gorgeous badges, their riding whips, and their fast horses. Now, when Miller got his guns well to work, we were not surprised to see the trains stampeded: his first shot just clipping the fence by the roadside and glancing on through a party of horsemen galloping by at that moment. These we afterward learned to be General Ewell and staff, who told us that this shell grazed the cap of one of them, the wind of it nearly unhorsing him. Miller directed his fire at a little opening in the woods, and soon had the range so exactly that every shot was planted on the road, tossing the mud into the air, damaging wagons and demoralizing teams, and the unhappy teamsters, who, being darkeys pressed into the service, and not paid to be shot at, and having no sympathy with the cause nor care for the safety of the train, objected to driving through Miller's Gap. Some of them took out into the timber, and some, who were arrested in the attempt, drove on only because to refuse was certain death, while Miller might miss them if they had good luck.

As we have said, the Sixth

Corps was following us—the old Sixth Corps we used to call it, in memory of our Shenandoah campaign together: and the general had not long to wait before General Wright's staff officers came forward to report the progress of his march. Now the reader is asked to note the participation of General Wright and the Sixth Corps in the battle which soon will follow, because here again there is a question between General Sheridan and a fellow-officer, as whoever read in the newspapers the first official reports of the battle of the 6th of April, 1865, will doubtless remember. General Sheridan announces a victory won under his command by the cavalry and the Sixth Corps, and General Wright describes a similar victory won by the Sixth Corps with the coöperation of the cavalry. As these victories were one and the same, we now propose to weave into our narrative something of the relations of these two officers to each other, and of the part they played in the great engagement of the day, and in such a way as will not interrupt the natural course of the story. We have been going on so smoothly since Five Forks in our legitimate business of crushing the rebellion, that perhaps the narration has grown tame, and needs to be seasoned with the *sauce piquante* of a personal matter, and if so the reader will welcome the introduction of this element. But if any reader doesn't like the discussion of personal matters, and thinks them un-

worthy of the great events of the time, he is asked to remember that they have been always linked with great events, and to believe that in the moment of its greatest triumph our army was not a mutual admiration society. If all the adverse opinions entertained in regard to various commanders had been publicly avowed, the world would have wondered how such dolts of generals could have triumphed at all, and therefore it is not to be wondered at if occasionally in the history of the war we shall encounter a number of officers, each claiming or claimed to be the special hero of certain battles. For instance, Gettysburg. General Meade commanded in chief, and is popularly and rightly supposed to be entitled to the chief credit of that great fight: but there are those who say that he had nothing to do with it, good, bad, or indifferent. According to General Meade, General Sickles, by a false move, almost lost the day: and if we believe General Sickles, he didn't do anything of the kind, and his friends claim that *he* is the hero of the battle, while General Meade was, by Sickles's audacity in engaging the enemy, forced to fight when he fully intended to retreat. It has been claimed for General Warren that he was the hero of the day, because of his excellent engineering in the selection of ground for the posting of infantry and guns: General Hancock and General Howard have each received the thanks of congress for their valuable services

on that occasion: General Doubleday has a grievance in regard to the battle; General Howe has an adverse opinion; and doubtless there is an impression on the minds of many distinguished officers engaged that congress was blind to merit when it left them unhonored and unthanked. Wherever we look we will find bickerings and jealousies, no less in war than in society, until we find a cause whose grandeur shall swamp ambition and a society that will brook successful rivalry. So let us not be surprised if we find rival claimants for honors in our war but study what testimony we can reach to learn whose claims demand our recognition.

But this digression is mostly by the way. What we have to do with suggests but does not fully illustrate it, for we do not mean to say that the matter at issue here caused any serious breach of personal or official relations; it is simply a matter of conflicting records, which we hope to adjust by a truthful account, leaving the reader to decide whether any conflict need have occurred, and whether strict justice did not for the moment desert a gallant officer who permitted himself to be swayed by an excusable *esprit de corps*.

While waiting for General Wright's column to arrive, General Sheridan took occasion to notify the lieutenant-general of the condition of affairs, and to urge again that the pursuit should be continued with unabated vigor. He seems to have feared that even the

earnest commander-in-chief might fail to appreciate the golden opportunity which was now afforded for ending the matter. He wrote: "From present indications the retreat of the enemy is rapidly becoming a rout. We are shelling their trains and preparing to attack their infantry. Our troops are moving on their left flank, and I think we can break and disperse them. Everything should be hurried forward with the utmost speed." This dispatch had hardly been folded, and forwarded at a gallop, when the general had his field-book out again, scribbling away as follows: "The enemy's trains and army were moving all last night, and are very short of provisions, and very tired indeed. I think that now is the time to attack them with all your infantry. They are reported to have begged provisions of the people of the country all along the road as they passed." This was sent off galloping, too, and then the general seemed to think he had done all he could to feed the engine that the lieutenant-general was driving, and his nervous impatience increased to be driving one of his own.

Lieutenant-Colonel Franklin and Major Arthur McClellan, of General Wright's staff, had already come forward to learn the whereabouts of General Sheridan, and to report progress. Major McClellan had mistaken the track of some rebel artillery for our trail, and, riding confidently on through the wood, had run upon the flank of

the enemy's force in front of us, and had been unkindly greeted by a volley from those who caught sight of him; but, fortunately, he was missed in his quick retreat, and giving a wide berth then to the hostile wood, reached us safely as General Sheridan was ordering Colonel Stagg to make a more serious demonstration against the enemy's lines, to give color to the deception he was practising with this small force of cavalry. Stagg's men moved gallantly out for a mounted charge, and, as seen from the knoll where General Sheridan was, there never was a prettier panorama of war in miniature than when this brave brigade trotted across the valley and began to go up the slope on which the enemy's infantry was now entrenched. A heavy fire met them, but they pressed on boldly, as if they had an army at their back, and the puff! puff! of their carbines echoed the sputtering fire from the enemy's hillside. As they neared the lines, they took the gallop and charged in handsome style, and some men and horses fell far up the hill, almost at the foot of the enemy's works. It was a most unequal fight, that could not last long without becoming a sacrifice, but, as a dashing diversion, it was a complete success, its boldness and audacity taking the place of numbers, and, supported by the moral force of Miller's guns, evidently seemed to the enemy a considerable demonstration not to be lightly regarded.

As the brigade fell back in scattered groups, to avoid the musketry fire, and re-formed in the valley to the left and front of Miller's battery, General Wright arrived upon the field, a little in advance of Seymour's division of his corps. He rode up to General Sheridan at once, and, after a friendly salutation, said: "Where shall I put in my men?" When General Sheridan was campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley, General Wright served under him, in command of the Sixth Corps, and did not now appear to feel that the old relations had changed at all, and nothing in his manner indicated an unwillingness to serve under General Sheridan again. Nothing could have been more prompt and soldierly than this first interrogatory as he glanced over to the enemy's slope and saw that there was work cut out for him there. General Sheridan officially reports (of which more anon): "I had been notified by the lieutenant-general that this corps would report to me;" and General Wright, finding his superior officer and former commander awaiting his arrival, reported to him accordingly: and so to General Wright's very natural question the general as naturally replied, pointing to the valley below: "Put your men in here. We won't wait for the next division; I am anxious to attack at once." Here now was the head of the Sixth Corps going into line under General Sheridan's directions, and over the hills and far away was the

cavalry of Merritt and Crook, "co-operating," by the general's orders, too; and if what followed was not owing to his plans, it must have been due to a dispensation of Providence, for without either the infantry or the cavalry the happy results we are about to record could not have been achieved, and none but the general knew what relation the Sixth Corps and the troopers bore to each other at this moment. It may be that the stars in their courses fought against Lee, but they were certainly abetted at this juncture by the ingenious devices of General Sheridan, who now, at the head of Seymour's division, moved down into the valley where Stagg was.

This infantry apparition seemed to disturb the enemy much, and before Seymour had begun to climb their hillside, they fidgeted out of their works in the open, and drew back to the edge of the woods on the road that Miller's guns had been shelling. The wagons had all passed now but a dozen or more, which lay scattered about in odd positions, badly knocked out of time by Miller's fire. This road we speak of leads from Deatonsville to Prince Edward Court House, from where there is a pike, "a good broad highway leading down" to Danville (which place the enemy was "still a-harping on.") and it was about two miles and a half from Deatonsville to the upturned wagons in Miller's Gap. Along this road General Humphreys had been advancing with the Second Corps, following the

rear of the enemy, whom we had been trying to annoy in flank. There is no road where Seymour was moving across the brown meadows, but just behind the enemy, as they stood confronting him, there is a by-way which runs off at right angles from the Deatonsville Road, and probably will carry the traveler to the Appomattox if he likes. For this intersection the enemy seemed disposed to fight, and Seymour's men, dashing gallantly up the hill, encountered a warmish fire from the inevitable woods, but they pressed on in unwavering line, and soon stood upon the road, despite the wicked musketry and guns, which retired then still farther for another effort.

At this point Colonel Sandy Forsyth, of our staff (whom shape of danger cannot dismay), penetrated the woods at the head of Stagg's cavalry, and discovered that the enemy's line had broken in two, that part was keeping the Court House road, while part was taking the by-way toward the Appomattox; and just as he returned to General Sheridan with this important information, Humphreys's infantry came out of the timber on the right of Seymour. Forsyth reported his discovery to both General Sheridan and General Humphreys, and the latter immediately deflected to the right in pursuit of the fragments which had broken off in the direction of the Appomattox, leaving to the Sixth Corps the remnant on the Court House road. Seymour then pushed on again,

just catching breath in this short halt, and had hardly advanced a hundred yards before the shooting was renewed with increased vigor by the enemy, and with such good effect that after a few minutes' stubborn firing it was decided to hold on for Wheaton, who was rapidly closing up with his division, and soon ranged up alongside of Seymour, and was ready to try his hand. He undertook the left of the road, and Seymour was put on the right, Generals Sheridan and Wright, with staff officers and escorts filling the gap between them. In this order the advance was quickly resumed toward Prince Edward Court House, while on the right of the line the bushes cracked under the tramping of Stagg's brigade of cavalry. Meanwhile General Humphreys pressed on gayly by the other road, and was soon engaged in an independent encounter there.

Finding our fire had so quickly doubled, the enemy now retired almost at double quick to look for better ground, and perhaps to overtake some part of their force that had gone before. On through the

jungle our men galloped in pursuit, for even infantry must take a gallop to get over the tangled undergrowth of Virginia woods. Almost a mile of this, hot skirmishing meanwhile, with yells defiant and cheers triumphant, and much music in the air from bullets, as if they played on the jews-harp as they flew, and then we came in sight of land beyond the sea of trees—beautiful, too, as a wood-worn voyager could wish to look upon. Stretching far away to the right and left, until lost in counter-currents of table land, is a broad plateau, shelving down from the edge of the woods to Sailor's Creek (which trickles into the Appomattox): a shelf that will hold an army, but, until our arrival, upheld nothing save a barn and a tree or two, unless we take count of the weight of sacred soil: and beyond the creek is shelving ground again, woody there, and rolling, and

“An old road winding as old roads will.”

And in this road we will halt before rehearsing the coming triumph of Sailor's Creek.

THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS, AND RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETING HELD AT NEW LONDON, CONN., JUNE 18 AND 19, 1895.

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.

NEXT MEETING.

Place of meeting next year, as fixed by Society of the Army of the Potomac, is Burlington, Vermont, date not named.

BADGE OF THE SOCIETY.

The badge of the society is a pair of crossed sabres, accurately copied from the regulation cavalry sabre, and finely finished in gold, upon a boldly worked "sunburst" of silver. It is attached to the coat or the ribbon of the society by means of a brooch-pin at the back.

Price \$5.00. Send money with order to Major G. Irvine Whitehead, treasurer, 206 Broadway, New York.

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS.

The Cavalry Society met in the headquarters rooms of the Third regiment of the Connecticut National Guards and was called to order by the president, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley. In the absence of the secretary, Gen. L. E. Estes, George W. States was elected secretary pro tem. The report of the proceedings of the last meeting at Concord, N. H., as printed was duly approved. Major Whitehead, treasurer of the society, submitted the following report:

GERRARD IRVINE WHITEHEAD, Treasurer.
In account with the Cavalry Society of the
Armies of the United States.

DR.

June 18, 1895, To balance of cash in hand on account audited June 21, 1894 at Concord, N. H.	\$250.89
(No receipts since then.)	

Cr.

June 20, 1894, Expressage on treasurer's books to Gen. Cilley at Concord, N. H.	\$.35
July 30, Cash to <i>Maine Bugle</i> for publishing proceedings	50.00
June 18, 1895, Cash on hand	200.54
	\$250.89

On motion, the president appointed Sergt.-Major George W. States, Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, Private E. L. Walter, Second New York Cavalry, and George Haven, First Connecticut Cavalry, as auditing committee on the treasurer's report, who reported the same as correct and supported by proper vouchers, and on motion the report was approved and ordered to be entered on the records.

On motion, the president appointed Gen. Charles H. Smith, U. S. A., Gen. Charles G. Sawtelle, U. S. A., and Sergeant Charles H. Hawley, First Connecticut Cavalry, as the usual committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

This committee reported as follows:

President, Gen. Charles G. Sawtelle, Governor's Island, N. Y.

Vice-presidents, George Haven, New London, Conn.; George W. States, Boston, Mass.; Edwin L. Walker, Scranton, Penn.; Gen. Charles L. Fitzhugh, Pittsburg, Pa.

Vice President of Society of the Army of the Potomac, General Jonathan P. Cilley, Rockland, Me.

Treasurer, Major Gerrard Irvine Whitehead, 206 Broadway, New York.

Secretary, Gen. Llewellyn E. Estes, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Secretary, Capt. Oliver E. Wood, West Point, N. Y.

Adjutant General, Major Charles G. Davis, Boston, Mass.

Standard-bearer, Capt. Peter M. Boehn, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bugler, Henry T. Bartlett, New York City.

Historian, Gen. W. W. Averill, Bath, N. Y.

The report of the committee was accepted and the officers nominated were unanimously elected by ballot for the ensuing year.

The proposition of the Cavalry Post G. A. R. of Philadelphia in regard to custody of Cavalry banner which was referred to this meeting from the reunion held at Concord, N. H., in 1894, was brought up by Sergt. George C. Platt, of the Sixth U. S. Cav., and it was found on examination of the constitution of the society, that the standard-bearer was an appointive, rather than an elective officer, and that consequently the election of the standard-bearer was void, and further that the charge and custody of the flag of the society was one of the duties of the standard-bearer, and such duties could not be severed without change of the Constitution.

The president appointed Capt. Peter M. Boehn as standard-bearer and duly announced such appointment.

On motion of Major Whitehead seconded by Gen. Chamberlain it was

“*Resolved*, That in kindly memory of the personal character and patriotic achievements of Major General John Buford, United States Volunteers, and particularly of the great service rendered by him in command of the cavalry composing the advance guard of the Army of the Potomac, at the Battle of Gettysburg, the sum of one hundred dollars be contributed in aid of the Buford memorial to be erected on that battlefield; said sum to be paid by the treasurer of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States out of any funds not otherwise appropriated, remaining in his hands.”

On motion of Private George C. Platt, Sixth U. S. Cavalry,

Resolved, That this society instruct Gen. Charles G. Sawtelle, U. S. Army, to present, on the part of this society, the following preamble and resolution to the Society of the Army of the Potomac for its action thereon:

“WHEREAS, The various organizations composing the army which fought the Battle of Gettysburg have marked the principal positions occupied by them upon that field with monuments commemorating their dead, who died on that field, and, whereas, the regiments of the regular army which participated in that battle have no monumental record of their service there,

Resolved, That we, the Society of the Army of the Potomac, respectfully request the government of the United States to cause an appropriate monument to be erected upon the battlefield of Gettysburg to commemorate the soldiers of the regular army who fell in that engagement.”

On motion of Gen. Cilley, the president of the Cavalry Society was unanimously directed to pre-

sent the name of Gen. David McM. Gregg as its candidate for the office of president of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Upon motion the society adjourned to meet at the time and place to be determined by the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

GEORGE W. STATES,

Secretary pro tem.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

? means "present address unknown;" co. means company; periods after initials and abbreviations are omitted.

Abbott, M A, private co M, 1 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, colonel 1 Maine cavalry, Thomaston, Me; Allen, Vanderbilt, brevet-major, first lieutenant, Eng, U S A, 115 Broadway, New York city; Allison, Wm F, private 2 U S cavalry, Centerdale, R I; Alvord, Henry E, major 2 Mass cav, Agricultural College, Md; Atkinson, Louis E, assistant surgeon 1 Penn cav, Millintown, Penn; Austin, Benjamin, lieutenant 18 Penn cav, Alexandria, Va, (P O Box 221)?; Averill, W W, brigadier-general, colonel 3 Penn cav, Bath, N Y.

Baker, Allen, captain 1 R I cav, Providence, R I; Baker, C C, major, Salem, Ohio?; Barker, E J, colonel 5 New York cav, Crown Point, N Y; Barker, Wm, private co H, 1 Mass cav, 283 Westminster st, Providence, R I; Barnitz, Albert, colonel, 1761 Cedar ave, Cleveland, O?; Bartlett, J M, captain 5 Mass cav, Concord, Mass?; Bartlett, Samuel W, sergeant co H, 1 Mass cav, 41 Hanover st, Prov R I?; Bartlett, Henry T, bugler 1 Mass cav, 209 Lewis st, N Y city; Bartram, A B, sergent, Meriden, Conn; Barnard, L R, 1 lieutenant 2 N J cav, 58 Market st, Newark, N J; Barnard, John, private co H, 8 Penna cav, 331 Lombard st, Phila?; Barney, L L, brevet-major, capt 10 N Y cav, Elmira, N Y; Barrett, James, lieutenant 1 Vt cav, Clarendon, Vt; Bell, James M, brevet-major, capt 7 U S cav, Washington, D. C, care A G O; Bell, William, lieutenant-colonel 12 Penna cav, Millintown, Penna; Benjamin, W H, brevet-brigadier-general, colonel 8 N Y cav, Rochester, N Y?; Benson,

Andrew M, captain 1 Me cav, 27 Kilby st, Boston; Betts, Charles M, lieutenant-colonel 15 Penna cav, pier 42, no wharves, Phila.

Bibber, A H, captain 1 Me cav, Orange, Cal; Bigelow, E C, captain 1 Me cav, Boston, Mass; Birdsall, John, major, Glencoe, I. I?; Birdseye, Mortimer B, lieutenant-colonel 2 New York cav, Binghamton, N Y?; Bishop, J A, captain, Baltimore, Md?; Bishop, Wm G, private co L, 4 Penn cav, Brookville, Penn; Bixby, Augustus H, brevet-major, captain 1 R I cav, Francess-town, N H; Backmar, W W, brigadier-general, Boston?; Backwell, Clayton E, 1 sergeant co E, 2 N J cav; Blakeslee, Erastus, colonel 1 Conn cav, New Haven, Conn; Bliss, Aaron T, captain 10 N Y cav, Saginaw, Mich; Bodamer, John A, lieutenant, 269 7th st, Buffalo, N Y; Bodenweiser, Jacob, private co G, 1 N J cav, Orange, N J; Boehm, P M, captain 1 U S cav, 726 Union st, Brooklyn, N Y; Bolton, William J, private co A, 10 N Y cav, 76 Cumberland st, Brooklyn; Bosworth, George B, major, New York city?; Bowne, George A, captain 1 N J cav, Middletown, N J; Boyce, John M, corporal 1 Penn cav, Patterson Mills, Wash co, Pa.

Bolene, M, major, St Louis, Mo?; Boyd, R N, major 1 N J cav, New Hope, Penn; Brackett, Josiah N, R Q m, sergeant 1 Mass cav, 100 South st, Boston; Bradshaw, W T, 1 sergeant co E, 9 N Y cav, Jamestown, N Y; Bray, Joseph B, sergeant B & L H bat, 2 U S art, Orange N J; Brewster, Charles, lieutenant 13 N Y cav, N Y city?; Brewster, George H, captain 13 N Y cav, 128 Broadway, N Y city?; Bricker, Peter D, captain, 13 Penn cav, Jersey Shore, Penn; Brinton, R M, brevet-lieutenant-colonel, 2 Penn cav, Philadelphia, Penna?; Bristol, Jacob, lieutenant 5 Mich cav, Detroit, Mich; Britton, C A, colonel 1 N Y cav, Trenton, N J?; Brown, Jos Mansfield, brevet-lieutenant-colonel, 1 lieutenant 2 Mass cav, Boston?; Brown, Allen G P, captain 24 N Y cav, 382 Bergen st, Brooklyn; Brown, F C, brevet-major, capt, 32 Clark st, Chicago, Ill; Buckingham, C M, private 2 N Y cav, Francess-town, N H; Budlong, J C, surgeon 3 R I cav, 233 High st, Providence, R I; Bulless, J Morton, brevet-captain 13 N Y cav, Orange, N J; Butts, Edward D, corporal co I, 2 U S cav, Charter Oak, Iowa.

Callanan, J J, lieutenant 5 N Y cav, Holyoke, Mass; Campbell, John W, 1 lieutenant

2 N Y cav, Glen Cove, Long Island, N Y; Carpenter, L H, brevet-colonel, lieutenant-colonel, 10 U S cav, Washington, D C (care A G O); Carr, C C C, Major 8 U S cav, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Casse, J A, captain, 460 Pearl st, New York City; Castle, Geo J, Capt 13 N Y cav, Carlinsville, Illinois; Caulfman, E, lieutenant, Philadelphia, Penna?; Cavanagh, Geo H, private 1 Mass cav, 166 Devonshire st, Boston; Chamberlain, Simon E, brevet-lieutenant-colonel 25 N Y cav, Baltimore, Maryland?; Chamberlain, Sam E, brevet-brig-general, colonel 1 Mass cav, Weathersfield, Connecticut; Chappell, August F, corp 6 Ohio cav, 116 14 Avenue, Detroit, Michigan?; Chapman, John K, corp co, D 9, N Y cav, Hornelsville, New York; Chauncey, Chas, captain 2 Penna cav, 269 S 4 st Phila, Pa; Christianity, J C, captain 9 Michigan cav, and A D C Washington, D C, (Indian Office)?; Cheaney, P C J, captain, Chelsea, Mass?; Cheney, Newell, captain 9 N Y cav, Poland Centre, New York; Cille, Jonathan P, brevet-brigadier-general, colonel, 1 Me cav, Rockland, Maine; Claggett, Dorsey, 1 lieutenant, 1 Maryland cav, Washington, D C?.

Clark, Augustus M, brevet-lieutenant-colonel U S volunteers, Belleville, Essex county, N J; Clark, Charles L, corporal 7 N Y cavalry, Gloversville, N Y; Clark, John E, major 5 Mich, cavalry, 30 Trumbull st, New Haven, Conn; Clark, S R, colonel, Orville, O; Clarkson, Floyd, brevet-lieutenant-colonel, major 6 and 12 Cavalry, 39 Broadway, N Y; Cline Wm A colonel, Boston, Mass?; Cole, Edmund L, major, 21 N Y cavalry, Troy, N Y; Colerick, Wm, captain, 1 Mich, cavalry, Lapeer City, Mich; Conroy, Geo T, major, Carlisle, Penna?; Corliss, Jacob V, sergeant, co G, 1 N J cavalry, Orange, N J; Corliss, Geo W, brevet-major U S volunteers, 45 William st, N Y; Crabtree, Edward, private, 1 Mass, cavalry, Chelsea, Mass; Crocker, George A, captain 6 N Y cavalry, 58 Broadway, New York City?; Creery, Wm, captain, 6 Mich, cavalry, Port Austin, Mich; Cromelien, Alfred, 1 lieutenant, 5 Penn cavalry, 1829 Spruce st, Philadelphia, Penn; Crooks, Samuel J, colonel, 22 N Y cavalry, 1040 Lafayette ave, Brooklyn?; Crosehmire, C F, captain, 1 N J cavalry, 115 Chestnut st, Newark, N J; Crowinshield, Casper, brigadier-general, major 2 Mass cavalry, Boston, Mass?; Curtis, Joseph R, corporal co I, 1 Maine cavalry, Portsmouth, N H.

Dam, Charles F, bugler co F 1 Me cav, Portland, Me; Darling, J D, bugler 1 Mass cav, Manchaug, Mass; Davies, Henry E, major-general, Fishkill-on-Hudson, N Y; Davis, Charles G, major 1 Mass cav, Boston, Mass, (state house); Day, John, private 10 N Y cav, 149 Washington st, Saratoga, N Y; Deems, James M, brevet-brigadier-general U S volunteers, 163 W Fayette st, Baltimore, Md; Denison, Frederick, chaplain 1 R I cav, Providence, R I; Denworth, James B, sergeant co K, 8 Penn cav, Williamsport, Penna; Detritt, F N, surgeon, St George's, Del; Dodge, Rodolph L, private co F, 1 Me cav, Portland, Me; Doolittle, Leland L, major 24 N Y cav, Stapleton, Staten Island, N Y; Doty, David R, private 6 N Y cav, New York (P O Box 1069)?; Dumott, Thomas J, surgeon, Harrisburg, Penna; Dunbar, G Edwin, colonel, Kalamazoo, Mich; Dunn, Edmund, 1 lieutenant 16 Penn cav, Connellsville, Penn; Duryea, Henry T, private 2d N Y cav, Glen Cove, Long Island, N Y.

Eagan, George M private 1 Conn Cav, Waterbury, Conn; Edson, P O'Meara, maj-surgeon, 17 Vt vols, Roxbury, Mass; Edwards, Ellis B, brevet-major, captain 1 Vt cav, High Bridge, New York?; Edwards, Robert W, bugler 5 New York cav, Lansingburg, N Y; Edwards, William, major 6 N Y cav, N Y city?; Ehert, James, 1 N J cav, Pittston, Pa; Elliott, R C, captain, Boston, Mass?; Emery, G M, sergeant 1 Maine cav, Portland, Maine; Estes, L G, brevet-brigadier-general, lieutenant-colonel A A G, Washington, D C; Erhardt, Joel B, captain, 1 Vt cav, Custom House, N Y; Everson, James, sergeant 1 Vt cav, Rutland, Vt.

Farlin, Theodore, private 8 Illinois cav, Glen Falls, N Y; Farnham, G M, captain 10 Michigan cav, 304 Opera House Block, Chicago?; Fenton A Ward, captain 6 Ohio cav, Cleveland, Ohio; Feyerabend, Otto, corporal 1 Michigan cav, Bay City, Mich; Fitzhugh, Charles L, brevet-brigadier-general, col 6 N Y cav, Pittsburg, Penn; Field, Thomas E, private co B 1 Mass cav, Falls, Wyoming Co, Pa; Foley, John P, private 6 Penna cav, Philadelphia, Pa; Foote, E C, captain 3 New York cav, Cobleskill, N Y; Ford, Charles A, sergeant 5 Michigan cav, Litchfield, Mich; Forbes, W H, lieutenant-colonel 2 Mass cav, 30 Sears Building, Boston; Forsyth, George A, brevet-brigadier-general, lieutenant-colonel, 4 U S cav, Washington, D C; Foster, William S, 1st lieutenant adjutant 1 Penna res cav, 133 Wylie Ave, Pittsburg, Pa; Fox,

Reuben L., captain 22 New York, Oneonta, N Y (care A G O); Frazer, Douglas, brevet-brigadier-general, Boston, Mass, B & M RR station.

Gates, William A., private co A 1 Conn cav, 8 Hempstead st., New London, Conn; Galbraith, John J., captain 5 Penna cav, Williamsport, Penna; Gere, E B, captain 21 New York cav, Fredericksburg, Va; Getman, David, captain 10 N Y cav, Mayfield, N Y; Gibson, Charles H., major, Germantown, Penna?; Gibson, Horatio G., brevet-brigadier-general colonel 3 U S art, Washington, D C; Gleason, D H S., captain 1 Mass Cavalry, Natick, Mass; Gordon, Henry, sergeant brevet-lieutenant 2 Ohio cav, Detroit, Michigan; Goble, J R, major 1 Wisconsin cav, Hoboken, New Jersey; Gould, Edwin C, private 1 Colorado cav, Melrose, Mass; Goodrich, Edwin, captain 9 N Y cav, Tonawanda, N Y; Gregg, William L., 1 lieutenant 3 Penna cav, 1625 Green st, Phila, Penna; Gregg, D. McM., brevet-major-general, brigadier-general U S A., Reading, Penna; Green, Augustus P., brevet-colonel and major 13 N Y cav, 9 W 13 st., N Y; Green, Jacob L., brevet-lieutenant, colonel major A A G, Hartford, Conn; Greenleaf, Wm L., 1 lieutenant 1 Vermont cav, Burlington, Vermont.

Halsey, H M., 1 lieutenant 13 N Y cav, 253 Washington st., N Y; Haight, William J., 1 lieutenant 13 N Y cav, Peekskill, N. Y; Haley, W D., quartermaster-sergeant 25 N Y cav, Templeton, Cal?; Hall, Henry C., brevet-major 1 Me cav, Woburn, Mass; Hannon, John, private 24 N Y cav?; Harrison, W H captain 2 U S cav, care A G O, Washington?; Harrington, D W., private 1 N Y Dragoons, 1430 Main st, Buffalo, N Y; Harmon, John, bugle 24 N Y cav, Davis Mascomb co, Mich; Hazeltine, John W., captain 2 Penn cav, 291 So 11th st, Philadelphia, Penn?; Hatch, M F., captain 2 N Y cav, 91 Pearl st, N Y; Haven, George, corporal co C 1 Conn cav, New London, Conn; Haviland, Francis, captain 1 Penn cav, Soldiers' Home, Mont co, O; Hawkins, J M., captain 13 N Y cav, North Brighton, Staten Island, N Y; Hawley, Chas H., sergeant co K 1 Conn cav, Westerly, R I

Hawley, John C., private 8 N Y cav, 325 D st, S E Washington, D C; Hegeman, Elbert, brevet-major, captain 13 N Y cav, Long Island City, N Y; Hibbard, W H., captain, Denver, Col?; Hicks, Frederick M., private 5 N Y cav, Rome, Bradford Co, Penna; Hick,

William H., brevet-colonel, major 1 N J cav, Arcade, N Y; Hill, John, private 1 Mich cav, 62 Congress st, Detroit, Mich; Hill, John F., captain, Philadelphia, Penna?; Hills, William G., private co E, 9 N Y cav, 301 N 2d st, St Louis, Mo; Horn, John B., private co I, 6 Penna cav, 72 S Jefferson st, Orange, N J; Hughson, H W., private 9 Mich cav, Muskegon, Mich; Hunter, George M., captain, Newport, R I?; Hunt, James A., private, Washington, D C, (pension office); Hyndman, William, brevet-major, captain 4 Penna cav, 15 Whitehall st, New York.

Ives, Philo L., major 2 N Y cav, New Haven, Ct, (P O Box 428)?.

Jenkins, W S., colonel, Leavenworth, Kan?; Jackson, Walter H., sergeant 1 N Y Dragoons, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Keer, Edward C., captain 1 N J cav, 44 Thomas st, Newark, N J; Kenny, Charles B., bugler 1 Me cav, Portland, Me; Knauff, A L., captain A D C, 410 Bolton ave, Cleveland, O.

Lacy, A H., maj, A Q M, Detroit, Mich?; Lancey, M A captain, Boston, Mass?; Lane, Julius M., captain, Chicopee, Mass; Lansing, E Y., brevet-major 1 lieutenant 13 N Y cav, Albany, N Y; Lee, J G C., brevet-lieutenant-colonel, major, A Q M, 612 Pullman bld'g, Chicago; Lee, E M., lieutenant-colonel 5 Mich cav, N Y?; Lenning, Thompson, captain 6 Penn cav, Union League club? Phila; Lester, E., surgeon, Seneca Falls, New York; Libby, H S., captain 1 Maine cav, Am Ex Co, Boston; Lightner, N Ferree, corp co F, 12 Penn cav, 2017 Poplar st, Phila, Penn; Loeser, Chas McK., captain, 2 U S cav, Larchmont, Manor, N Y; Lord, F C., captain Virginia City, Nev; Loveland, F C., col 6 Ohio cav, N Y city?; Lucas, R A., captain, Harrisburg, Penn; Lynch, D., captain, Washington, D C?; Lyman, Joel H., 1 lieutenant 7 U S cav and 9 N Y cav, Randolph N Y.

Matson, Morris M., private co B 1 Penn cav, Elizabeth, N J; Mann, Hobart D., major, S N Y cav, Leadville, Col?; Martin, A L., captain, Philadelphia, Pa?.

Martin, George E., sergeant 1 Conn cav, Camden, N J; Mason, F H., captain, Cleveland, O; Mathot, Louis, captain, N Y city?; Mayell, Henry, brevet-major, N Y?; McAdam, Thomas, private co D, 5 Penn cav, 746 S 18th st, Philadelphia; McCook, E M., brigadier general U S vols, Washington, D C?; McCook, John J., captain A D C, U S vols, 120 Broadway, N Y city; McCrea, A B., sergeant S Ill cav, Creston, Ill; McBride, G L., ser-

geant; McDonald, John, captain 1 U S cav, Potomac, Md; McFarland, James E, major 11 Penn cav, West Chester, Penn; McGinn, Daniel, corporal co H 1 Conn cav, Niantic, Conn; McGloin, Felix, private co E 6 N Y cav, 603 G st, N W W, Wash?, D C; McGliney, James A, lieutenant, Springfield, Mass; McKinney, Edw P, brevet-major captain C S, Binghamton, N Y; McKilvey, Samuel, colonel, Philadelphia, Penn?; McMakin, Louis, captain, Philadelphia, Penn?; McMillan, Charles, lieutenant-colonel and surgeon, Rome, N Y?; McReynolds, B F, 1 lieutenant 1 N Y cav, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Mead, Isaac N, assistant surgeon 5 N Y cav, Amenia, N Y; Meeker, C B, 1st lieutenant 2 New Jersey cav, Madison, N J; Miller, William, captain 3 Penna cav, Carlisle, Pa; Miller, Warner, Harris light cav, Herkimer, N Y; Meyer, Henry C, brevet-major, captain 24 N Y cav, 140 William street, New York?; Middleton, G, brevet-brigadier-general, Philadelphia, Pa?; Mitchell, John F B, captain 2 New York cav, 74 Leonard st, N Y; Moore, C W, surgeon, Mount Joy, Pa?; Moore, J F, 1st lieutenant 1 Penn cav, New York?; Moore, Andrew J, sergeant 2 U S dragoons, Goshen, N Y; Morrison, A J, colonel 3 New Jersey cav, Troy, N Y; Morrison, Wallace, sergeant horse bat M, 2 U S art, Gloversville, N Y; Mothersill, Philip, major 5 Michigan cav, Detroit, Mich?; Murphy, John J, sergeant Co F 5 U S cav, 829 Federal st, Camden, N J; Meyers, Michael, private co G, 13 Penna cav, Williamsport, Pa.

Nephew, Lewis F, private 1 Conn cav, New York?; Nevius, Henry M, major 25 N Y cav, Red Bank, N Y; Newman, George W, sergeant 5 Mich cav, 99 Brainerd st, Detroit, Mich?; Newton, John W, captain 1 Ver cav, Boston, Mass?; Nichols, George S, brevet-brigadier-general, Col 9 N Y cav, Athens, N Y; Nugent, Edward B, major 3 Mich cav, Bay City, Mich.

Page, Henry, brevet-colonel, lieutenant-colonel A Q M, Salt Lake city; Page, Alfred W, commissary-sergeant, 8 Penna cav, Williamsport, Penna; Palmer, Arthur S, 1 lieutenant 1 Virginia cav, Reno, Indiana; Palmer, Wm M, Surgeon, Camden, New Jersey; Page, J P, 1 lieutenant U S cav, New York?; Parker, Myron M, sergeant 1 Vermont cav, Washington, D C?; Parnell, W R, lieutenant-colonel 1 N Y mounted rifles, Columbus, Ohio?; Patton, A G, brevet-lieutenant colonel 1 U S cav, U S army, care A G O; Paul, John C, major 4 Penna

cav, 115 Broadway, N Y; Payne, George L, 17 Penna cav, Hanford, Penna; Peale, James T, brevet-lieutenant-colonel, major 4 Penna cav, Washington, D C?; Pease, Clark M, captain 5 N Y cav, Crown Point, N Y; Peck, Theodore S, captain, A Q M 1 Vermont cav, Burlington, Vermont; Pedrie, W E, captain, Cleveland, Ohio?; Penfield, James A, major 5 N Y cav, 155 Charles st, Boston, Mass; Perkins, Wm H, captain 1 Mich cav, 165 Woodward av, Detroit, Mich; Phelps, N B, private, Bridgeport, Conn?; Pierson, J L, major 2 New Jersey cav, Painsville, Ohio; Platt, F. A, captain, Chicago, Illinois?; Platt, Geo. C, private co H 6 U S Cav, 3033 Grays ferry road, Philadelphia, Penna; Pomroy, Edwin C, major 3 Rhode Island cav, Providence, Rhode Island; Porter, George L, brevet-major, assistant sergeant 5 U S C, 266 State st, Bridgeport, Conn; Probascio, Jacob O, captain 6 Michigan cav, Detroit, Michigan.

Rawle, Wm Brooks, brevet-lieutenant-colonel, captain 3 Penn cav, 710 Walnut st, Philadelphia, Penn; Reagles, James, surgeon, major U S vols, Schenectady, N Y; Rea, John P, brevet-major, captain 1 Ohio cav, Minneapolis, Minn; Reed, J C, 1 lieutenant, adjutant 2 Penn cav, New York?; Reeder, Frank, brigadier-general U S vols, Easton, Penn; Reeves, Furman, captain, Jefferson, O; Reno, Marcus A, major 7 U S cav, Harrisburg, Penn?; Rice, William, surgeon 9 Penn cav, Rome, Bradford co, Penn; Richards, John T, major 2 Mass cav, Gardiner, Me; Richards, Lucius J, captain, Philadelphia, Penn?; Richardson, John C, captain, Cambridge, Mass?; Rittenhouse, N M, corporal co C, 2 Penn cav, foot of Cross st, Baltimore; Roberts, C S, captain A D C, U S A, Fort D A Russell, Wv; Roberts, James H, captain 2 Me cav, Chelsea, Mass; Robinson, O O G, major 3 Penn cav, Philadelphia, Penn?.

Safford, Charles H, captain, Worcester, Mass?; Sargent, Horace B, brevet-brigadier-general, colonel 1 Mass cav, Los Angeles, Cal; Sawtelle, C G, brevet-brigadier-general, Governor's Island, N Y; Sawyer, Henry W, major 1 N J cav, Cape May City, N J; Saxe, J L, bugler 4 N Y cav, Waterbury, Conn; Sayles, Willard, colonel 1 R I cav, Providence, R I; Sayles, A W, sergeant 13 O cav, 1164 West Taylor st, Chicago; Schlund, Fidel, private 24 cav, Newark, N J; Schoonmaker, James M, colonel 14 Penna cav, Pittsburg, Penna; Schrow, Henry, corporal

2 Mass cav, 78 Hancock st, Everett, Mass; Schwarz, Andrew, captain 6 U S cav, Columbus, O; Seamens, William H, captain, Tombstone, Ari: See, Clement R, captain, 2 Penna cav, Philadelphia, Penna?; Scip, Albert N, captain 2 Penna cav, 919 Westminster st, Washington, D C; Senfedel, James A, Boston, Mass 2; Shattuck, Fred R, brevet-major, captain signal corps, 41 Kilby st, Boston, Mass; Shaw, James H, private co E, 1 Mass cav, Middleboro, Mass; Sheffield, A A, captain, Chagrin Falls, O?; Shelaufe, W H captain, Philadelphia, Penna?.

Sheppard, J Henry, captain 1 N Y cav, New York city?; Sherer, Samuel B, major, Chicago, Ill?; Sherman, George A, surgeon, Lansingburg, N Y?; Sleeper, Jacob D, bugler co I, 1 N H cav, Rutland, Vt; Small, S C, major 2 Me cav, Winchester, Mass; Smith, C H, brevet-major-general, colonel 19 U S infantry, Washington, D C (care adjutant-general); Smith, Dana, captain, Boston, Mass?; Smith, Erwin H, sergeant co C, 1 N H cav, Peterborough, N H; Smith, James A, captain 9 N Y cav, St Clairsville, N Y; Smith, Norman M, colonel, Pittsburg, Penn?; Spencer, Fred A, 1 lieutenant, 2 Col cav, Waterbury, Conn; States, Geo W, sergeant-major, 21 N Y cav, 145 Tremont st, Boston; Stevenson, James H, major, Philadelphia, Penn?; Storer, A R, corporal 4 Mass cav, Winter st, Dorchester, Mass; Stranahan, F S, 1 lieutenant 1 Vt cav, St Albans, Vt; Sturges, W E, captain 2 N J cav, 228 Mt Pleasant ave, Newark, N J; Stiles, A W, captain, Jefferson, O?; Sullivan, M D, bugler, co H, 7 Mich cav, 38 Foundry st, Detroit, Mich?; Sweeney, H B, captain 20 Penn cav, West Chester, Penn.

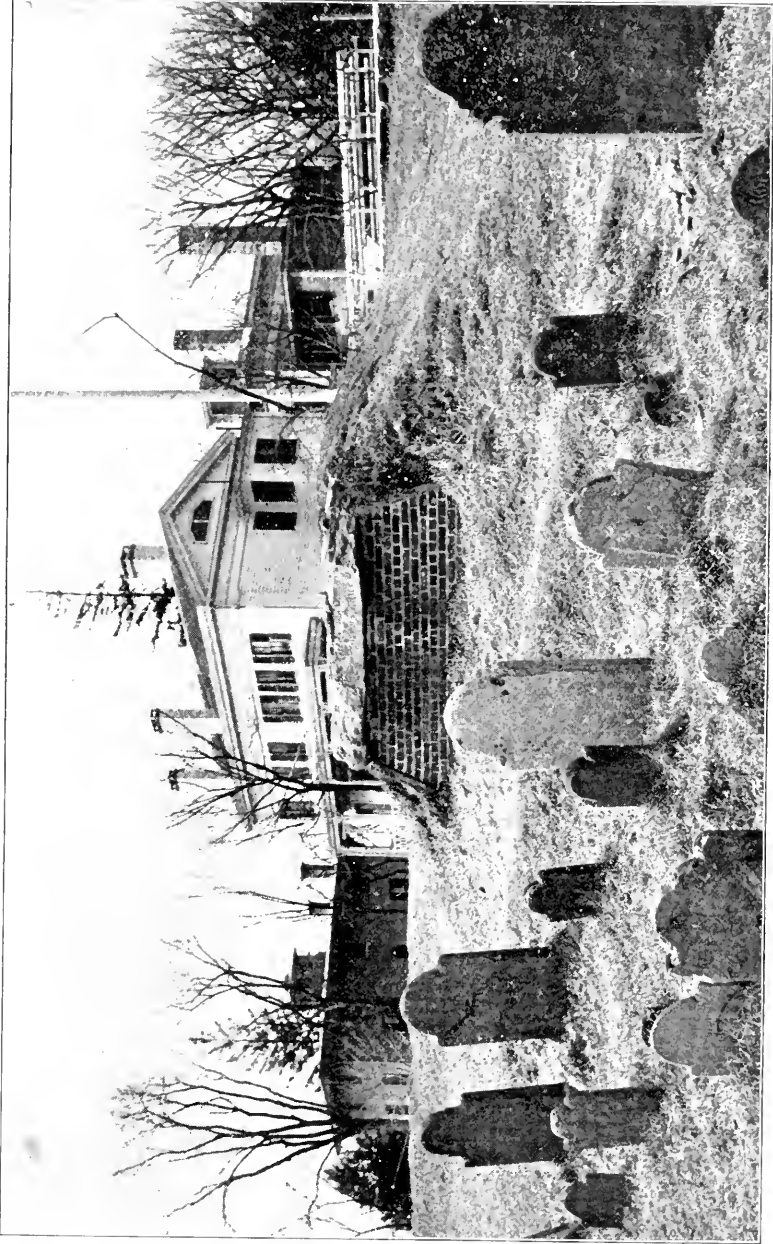
Tate, Theodore F, surgeon, 3 Penn cav, Gettysburg, Penn; Taylor, Alfred, major, New York City?; Taylor, E W, colonel, Washington, D C?; Taylor, John P, brevet-brigadier-general, colonel, 1 res cav, Reedsville, Penn; Taylor, Oscar, captain, 13 N Y cav, 700 Quincey st, Brooklyn, N Y; Taylor, Woodbury M, brevet-major, captain 8 N Y cavalry 81 Washington st, Chicago, Ill; Thaxter, S W, major, 1 Maine cav, Portland, Me; Thomson, Clifford, major, 1 N Y cav, 14 Cortland st, New York City; Thornton, James A, lieutenant, 1 R I cav, Providence, R I; Thomas, H S, colonel, 1 Penn cav, West Chester, Penn; Tibballs, John G, sergeant, 1 Md cav, 221 N Gilmore st, Baltimore Md; Tobie, Edward P, lieutenant, 1 Me cav, Pawtucket, R I; Towers, Angelo E,

captain, 6 Mich cav, Ionia, Mich; Tremaine, Henry E, brevet-brigadier-general and A D C, 167 Broadway, New York City; Trowbridge, L S, brevet-major-general, major, 5 Mich cav, Detroit, Mich; Truck, Mathew, captain, 252 W 123 st, New York City; Turk, M V B, corporal, co G, 10 N Y cav, Elmira, N Y; Turner, Wm H, lieutenant-colonel, 1 R I cav, Providence, R I?; Tyler, G F, captain, Boston, Mass?.

Van Cleaf, A, colonel, Harrisburg, Penn?; Van Slyck, D B, major 22 N Y cav, Passadena, Cal?; Vernon, George W, lieutenant-colonel Cole's cav, Maryland, Baltimore, Md.

Wade, J F, lieutenant-colonel, 10 U S cav, Washington, D C (care adjutant-general); Wagner, S C, captain 3 Penn cav, Newville, Penn; Walter, Edwin L, 2 N Y cav, Scranton, Penn; Walsh, James T, bugler co G 1 Mass cav, 278 E Broadway, N Y city; Warner, Homer H, surgeon 1 Mass cav, 148 W 45th st, N Y city; Warnke, G, colonel, Washington, D C, (treasury department); Ward, G S L, captain 3 Penn cav, 21 Lafayette Place, N Y city; Watkins, E C, brevet-major, captain A A G, Thompson, Mich?; Wells, C A, major 1 N Y vet cav, New York, Tribune building; Welles, Thomas G, brevet-lieutenant-colonel, lieutenant 1 Conn cav, San Diego, Cal?; Werkheiser, Charles, bugler 2 N Y cav, Easton, Penn; Weston, Henry C, private co E 1 Mass cav, Chicago, Ill?; Wetherill, F D, captain 3 Penn cav, Germantown, Penn.

White, A H, colonel 5 N Y cav, 91 Jefferson ave, Detroit Mich; White D M, colonel, Petersborough, N H; White, H K, captain 1 Mich cav, La Pierre City, Mich; Whitehead, G I, major judge-advocate, 1st lieutenant 6 Pa cav, 206 Broadway, N Y; Whitaker, E M, brevet-brigadier-general, colonel 1 Conn cav, Washington, D C; Whitney, W Scott, 2nd lieutenant 2 N Y vet cav, Glen Falls, New York; Wickersham, Chas I, lieutenant-colonel 8 Penn cav, Chicago, Ill, (Portland Block); Wier, H C, brevet-lieutenant-colonel, A A G, Sugar Loaf, N Y; Williams, S B, corporal co B 4 Ind O V cav, Dayton, O; Wilson, C I, major paymaster, Washington, D C (care Adj-Gen)?; Wilson, S H, colonel, Boston, Mass?; Wilson, Thos, captain, Philadelphia, Pa?; Winsor, Henry, captain 6 Penna cav, 174 Oliver St, Boston, Mass; Wood, A, assistant surgeon 1 Mass cav, Worcester, Mass?; Wood, James R, sergeant Co B 6 U S cav, Herald Building, Boston; Wood, Oliver E, lieutenant 5 U S artil-



TOMB OF JONATHAN BROOKS, WHERE BENEDICT ARNOLD SAT ON HORSEBACK WATCHING THE MASSACRE ON GROTON HEIGHTS.

lery, Washington, D. C. (care Adj-Genl; Wood, S. H., sergeant 1 Vermont civ, St Albans, Vt; Woodruff, Carl A., brevet-lieutenant-colonel 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, Gen. H. Capelhart, 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 Evets, 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, Capt. R. E. Hedden, Major E. L. Kinney, Capt. L. W. Knight, Gen. Anderson 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, Col. Charles G. Otis, Capt. E. G. Pope, Col. Chas. H. Parkhurst, Surg. R. W. Pease, Gen. Alfred Pleasonton, Gen. B. S. Roberts, Surg. W. B. Reznor, 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, Major Charles Freichel, Chap. I. W. Woodward, Gen. Wm. Wells, Col. P. Jones York.

NOTES ON THE REUNION.

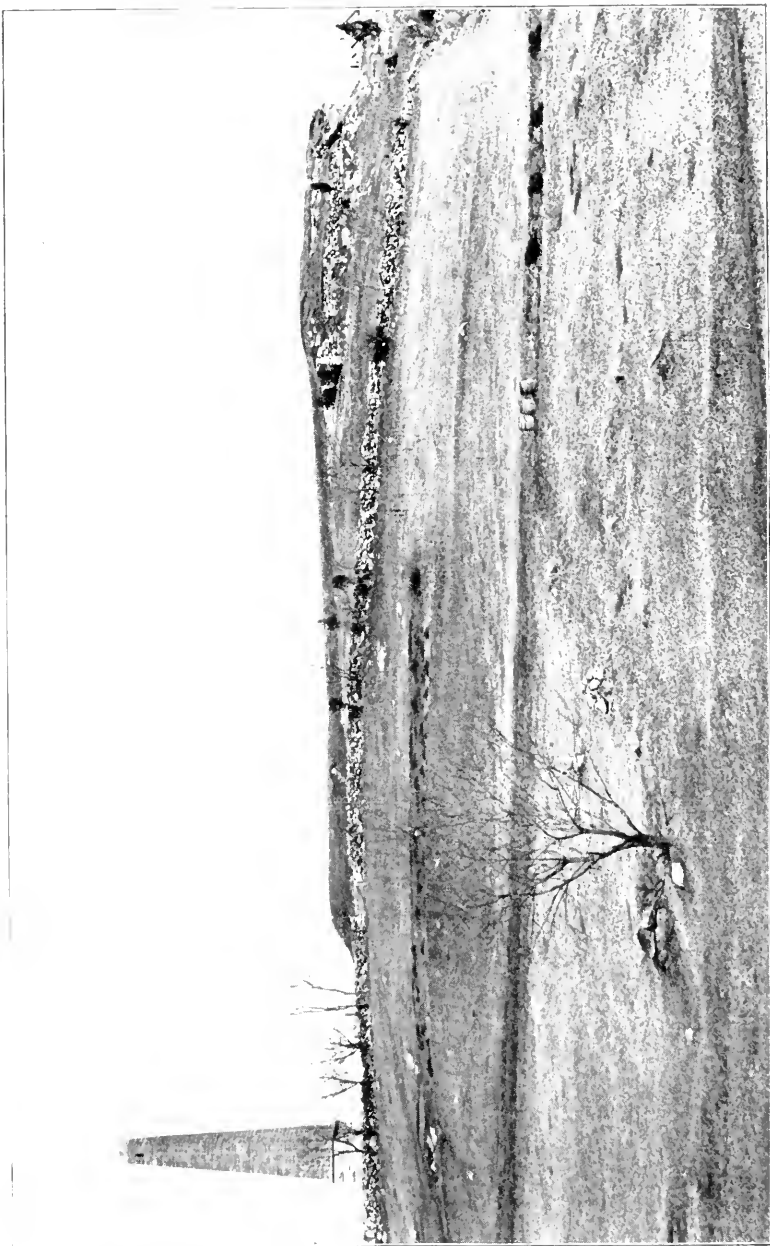
While the number of cavalymen in attendance at the reunion was larger than usual and filled the commodious headquarters rooms of the Third Connecticut Regiment of National Guards, the absence of Bartlett and his bugle was much lamented. The bugle calls during our service waked us in the morning, directed and timed each duty of the day, and in melodious tones as clearly enunciated as spoken

words, "put out the lights," in our shelter tents at night as we pulled off our boots as the only unrobing act for the night. In field, in battle, and in camp the bugle inspired and controlled us.

"Its echoing notes your memory shall renew
From sixty-one until the Grand Review."

However, our flag was still there, and Capt. Boehm, our standard bearer. It is not generally known to the Cavalry Society what rich associations cluster round our beautiful silk banner as the special gift of the great cavalry general, Sheridan, and that the name of our society, which has the appearance of a mis-nomer, was fixed in its present form because Sheridan's large heart wanted to encircle every cavalry man in the whole United States, especially desiring that when the Society of the Army of the Potomac met in the western part of our country, the cavalry boys in that section should come in as members and participants in our reunion.

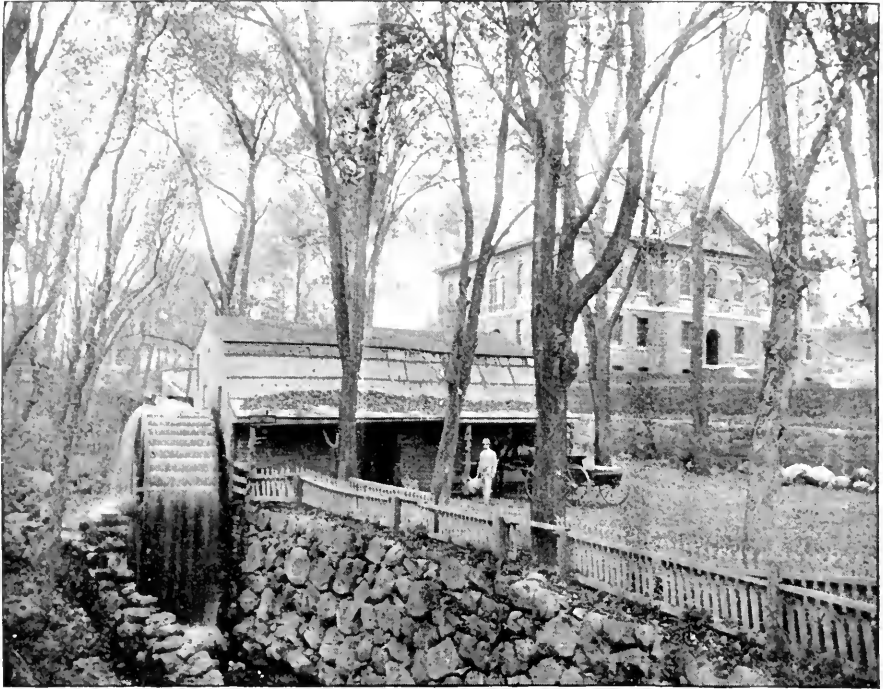
The resolutions of the Cavalry Society, presented by Gen. Sawtelle at the meeting of the Army of the Potomac, in regard to a monument to the soldiers from the regiments of the regular army participating in the Battle of Gettysburg, received a unanimous vote at such meeting, and Senator Hawley, who sat near Gen. Sawtelle, stated that he would give his personal efforts to secure the passage of an act for the purpose desired.



THE OLD FORT ON GROTON HEIGHTS WHERE LEDYARD FELL.

The Cavalry reunion lacked some of the minor incidents which added much to the enjoyment had at Boston in 1893, but the impress New London left on our memory was most happy and the pictures of the place where Arnold stood, appropriate in its sepulchral relations, and the remains of the old fort on

THE OLD MILL AT NEW LONDON.
 The same old mill that Winthrop built,
 Few were the men that saw it rise;
 To-day it passes on their life,
 Transmitted through the centuries.
 In quietude this lowly house
 Has stood beside the peaceful glen,
 And seen the busy years go by,
 Full of the toils of busy men.



THE OLD TOWN MILL, BUILT 1650, AND WINTHROP SCHOOL.

Groton Heights will enable each visitor to remember the historical war flavor of the city, while its memorial library, and the most interesting of any relic of the past, "the old town mill," with its rocky stream and trees as they existed in their primitive form of 1650, will recall its literary and artistic aroma.

Has stood through revolution's blood,
 Recorded Arnold's guilty raid,
 And looked on England's ships of war,
 From out its soft secluded shade ;
 Has seen our churches and our schools
 With tower and spire rise one by
 one ;
 Has heard the chimes of Sabbath bells
 Ring out their call from sire to son ;

Has heard the rising city's din,
The railroad's shriek, the steam-
boat's call,
Yet never, through the tumult, lost
The dash of its own waterfall.
And men have come and men have
gone,
Houses been built and homes laid
low ;
And now, the same old mill-stones turn
E'en as two centuries ago.

How many through this wild ravine
Have wandered in their youthful day,
And where the water rushed between,
Have skipped from rock to rock their
way ;
Then, from the miller's humble door,
With borrowed cup, have rushed in
haste
To where the ever-flowing trough
Poured for each thirsty lip a taste !
How many by the placid pond,
The little wharf, the dainty bridge,
Have watched the willows as they
dipped
Their fringes in the water's edge.
Or, lingering near this quiet spot
In the soft moonlight pale and still,

Have listened to the water's gush
And drank the peace of the old mill.
Some changes, 'tis not all the same ;
The years could never leave us all ;
Time's footsteps make their impress felt,
However silent be their fall.
Some little, low, deserted room,
With lacy cobwebs hanging o'er,
Some widening rifts among the laths
Show what was once that is no more.
And still the water wends its way
With rush and gush of happy sound,
And throws its arch of sparkling spray,
And pushes the big wheel around.
Long may the ancient mill-stone grind !
Long may the ancient mill be seen !
Long wave the trees, long flow the
pond !
Long rest the rocks in their ravine !
Long through the narrow, open door
And little window o'er the wheel,
May sunshine gleam upon the floor
O'er golden heaps and bags of meal.
Soft be the touch of rushing time,
Swift as they need the prompt repairs ;
Reverent the care shall pass thee on
As thou hast been, to waiting years.

FOURTH MAINE BATTERY ASSOCIATION REUNION.

The Fourth Maine Battery reunion held in Augusta, June 12, recalls to the minds of the older inhabitants of Augusta the days which tried men's souls, from 1861 to 1865. This battery, which proved to be one of the best organizations of the Union army, was mustered into the U. S. service December 21, 1861.

In the winter of '61 and '62 there were here in Augusta the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Batteries, the First having been raised in Portland, the Second under Capt. Davis Tillson, Third, Capt. James G. Swett, Fourth, Capt. O'Neil W. Robinson, the Fifth, Capt. George F. Leppien, and the Sixth, Capt. Freeman

McGilvery. The Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Batteries encamped south of the state house, there being at that time but one old farmhouse there.

The Second encamped with the Thirteenth Maine Infantry, Neal Dow's regiment, at the arsenal grounds, while the Fourteenth, Colonel Nickerson, and the Fifteenth, Colonel McClusky, were on the grounds east of the state house, and the First Maine Cavalry within the enclosure where the Augusta driving park is now.

In March, 1862, when the rebel ram, *Merrimac*, moved down the James river and attacked and sunk the Union vessels, *Cumberland* and *Congress*, which were guarding the mouth of the river, it was then the *Monitor* appeared on the scene, attacked the rebel *Merrimac* and drove her back to Norfolk. At that time the people at the North were at fever heat, fearing that the *Merrimac* might get out of the James river, proceed north and destroy some of our cities, and perhaps Portland would be the first city to be bombarded by the rebel ram. Consequently, troops were hustled to the seat of war from all parts of the country; the batteries here were ordered to Portland in great haste, the Fourth Maine with the others. They left Augusta about the middle of March, remained in Portland about two weeks, leaving there for Washington, April 1, 1862.

After staying in Washington a short time, we were ordered out to Fort Ramsey, near Falls Church,

Va., drilling here as heavy artillery for three weeks, when we were ordered back to Washington, where we were mounted, received our guns and horses, proceeding at once to Harper's Ferry, and from there down the Shenandoah valley, where we joined General Siegel's corps.

Stopping at Cedar Creek some two weeks, where Sheridan fought his famous battle in '64, we then proceeded up the valley, taking part in the Battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, and also taking part in Pope's retreat, and in the second Battle of Bull Run, thence back to South Mountain and Antietam.

In the winter of '62, '63, we quartered at Harper's Ferry, doing picket duty at Bolivar Heights. We joined the Army of the Potomac again the following June, remaining until after Lee's surrender at Appomattox: passing through nearly all the battles of that army excepting General McClellan's campaign on the peninsula.

At the time of the Gettysburg battle, ten thousand troops were stationed at South Mountain Pass to prevent the retreat of Lee through the pass, and here some right smart skirmishing was done.

We quartered at Brandy Station, Va., during the winter of '63 and '64, moving from there May 4, 1864, taking part in all the battles of Grant's campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg.

The Fourth Maine Battery returned to Augusta in June, 1865.

having been three and one-half years in Uncle Sam's service. Such is a glimpse of the history of the battery.

The meeting of the Fourth Maine Battery Association was a pleasant and agreeable occasion to all the comrades and their ladies. Battles were fought over again and many funny reminiscences were recalled that took place during that awful struggle.

Dinner was served in G. A. R. Hall at 12 o'clock sharp, the prayer being offered by the Rev. Mr. Wyman. At 1:30 a business meeting was called by President French, but as some of the comrades wished to visit Togus, the meeting was postponed until 7:30.

Supper was served at six, after which the adjourned business was called. Committees were appointed, officers elected, and letters read from Comrades Lieutenant Eaton, Corporal Plummer, and also from Past Department Commander J. Wesley Gilman, expressing the kindest wishes and regretting that it was impossible for them to be present. The officers elected for the ensuing year were:

President, Ethel H. Jones, Augusta.

Vice-president, C. H. C. Dearborn, Mt. Vernon.

Treasurer, Charles Crymble, North Anson.

Secretary, James A. Jones, Augusta.

The business having been completed, the evening's entertainment was begun by the Young Ladies'

Mandolin and Guitar Club giving a selection, which was very pleasing to all. James Stone, the boy cornetist, gave a solo, which was praised by all, and when he closed the exercises for the evening by playing the army bugle calls, tears could be seen running down the cheeks of many of the old veterans. Miss Minnie Dixon's singing was applauded by all. Miss Holmes's reading was much enjoyed. Miss Edith Bonny of Gardner also pleased the audience very much with her singing and playing on the piano and banjo. Short speeches were made by Comrades A. S. Bangs, Abel Davis, Esq., the first man wounded in the Fourth Battery, Jud Ames, who read Abial Chandler's account of the Battle of Cedar Mountain, and others. Howard Owen, an honorary member of our association, brother to Sergt. Jere Owen, has always taken a great interest in us, has always helped us out, and the boys look upon him as one of the original members of the battery. He knows just how to talk to old soldiers. During his remarks he told a story of the darkey's version of the old hymn, "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?" also of the Irishman's description of the moving of hell, which completely "stormed the battery." Judge Peabody of Portland made a very pretty speech, although he said he had never faced a battery. Judge Stevens, captain of the Fifth Maine Battery, gave an interesting history of the Fourth and Fifth Maine Batteries.

The boys and their ladies went away happy, all speaking in the kindest manner of the Augusta people.

The following is a list of the boys in attendance, as far as we were able to obtain their names, but as some were visiting Togus and other places, doubtless there were some of whom we did not get the names :

Wm. H. Brooks, wife, son, and daughter, Augusta.

A. S. Bangs and wife, Augusta.

E. H. Jones and wife, Augusta.

James A. Jones, wife and daughter, Augusta.

Mrs. C. M. Williams, Augusta.

Howard Owen, Augusta.

George Brick, Augusta.

D. O. Dearborn and wife, Everett, Mass.

Judson Ames, 65 Park Ave., Montreal, Can.

C. H. Dearborn and wife, Mt. Vernon.

E. M. Dearborn and wife, Vienna.

Joseph French, wife, and daughter, Chesterville.

Charles Crymble and wife, North Anson.

Peter F. Hurd and wife, Athens.

Lester Holway, wife, and son, North Fairfield.

Emery L. Hunton, Readfield.

Frank Bartlett, Bethel.

Octave Thompson, Bingham.

George W. Moore and wife, Auburn.

John Foss, Harmony.

Henry B. Stevens, South Norridgewock.

Marian Mills, Skowhegan.

Frank White and wife, Oakland.

R. G. Harriman, Fryeburg.

Capt. John B. Holbrook, wife, and daughter, Peak's Island.

Cyrus Perham and wife, Farmington.

Lysander H. Parker, Farmington.

Cornelius Dutton, Mt. Vernon.

Sewall Dolloff, Mt. Vernon.

Abel Davis and wife, Pittsfield.

Hannibal Powers, Pittsfield.

Cyrus Sturdy and wife, Togus.

Luther B. Jennings and son, Cooper's Mills.

Amaziah Southard and wife, Brunswick.

Jos. T. Johnson, St. Albans.

Alfred Berry, wife, and daughter.

SEVENTH MAINE BATTERY REUNION.

The Seventh Maine Battery, the last artillery organization sent from Maine, was organized in December, 1863, in the most perilous times of the war, when it required courage as well as patriotism to enlist with the certainty of going to the front and entering at once into active service. It was composed largely of young men, few of whom had

seen prior service, and coming from the colleges, schools, offices, workshops, and farms they were unused to privations, hardships, and dangers, but they proved to be as sturdy, strong, and brave as any sent from the old Pine Tree state. Captain Twitchell was a graduate of Bowdoin, and he easily won a rank among the best artillery officers in

the service; he was brave at all times, never flinching in the face of the enemy, and infused such courage among all his followers that there were only two or three against whom was ever breathed a suspicion of cowardice.

This battery was organized at Augusta on the 1st day of January, A. D. 1864, was quartered in Camp Coburn, until February 1, 1864, when it left for Washington, and went at once into the artillery camp of instruction at Camp Barry on Capitol Hill, which was then commanded by that gallant Maine officer, Major, afterwards General, James A. Hall. They received their guns, viz.: six light twelve-pounders, on the 12th of March, and their harnesses on the 31st, from which time until the 25th day of April every moment of time given to labor was employed in drill and inspection. On the 15th day of April, 1864, the battery was assigned to the Ninth Army Corps, then stationed at Annapolis, Md., and joining said Corps on its way through Washington, on the 25th of April, it reported to the Third Division under Brig.-Gen. O. B. Wilcox. Moving at once with the Corps to the front, its first active service was on May 6 and 7, at the Lacy House, and from that time to the close of the war it was never off duty, and was ready to respond to any call. It took active part in the following engagements, viz.: The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, *The

Taylor House, Burnside's Mine, Poplar Spring Church, and the final struggle before Petersburg, and the pursuit to the final surrender at Appomattox Court House.

The following extract from the History of the Battery, recently published, gives a brief but interesting account of its last engagement:

“The memorable 2nd day of April was Sunday: and all those who attended Divine Service on that day, before Petersburg (and we say it reverently, for we believe that God himself conducted the services and led us to victory), will remember how warm it was, both in the natural world, and in the little world which we called Hell, and which on that day, at least, was worthy of its name. From 2 to 4 A. M. there came a lull in the firing; but it proved to be the lull which precedes the storm. At 4, heavy firing was again commenced, under which our troops charged the rebel line in front of the fort held by our guns, and carried and captured three of their forts nearest to us. At this time, Lieut. Staples, commanding the centre section, not being in a position where he could work his guns to advantage, proposed to his men that they go over into the nearest captured fort and make the guns of the enemy do work for the Union cause. Every man of the section then on duty responded with a will, anxious to do his bidding: and under the heavy fire they entered the fort, manned the guns, turned them upon the enemy and

remained thus engaged until they had used all the ammunition they could find. This done, they returned to their own guns, without any men of the section being killed or injured.

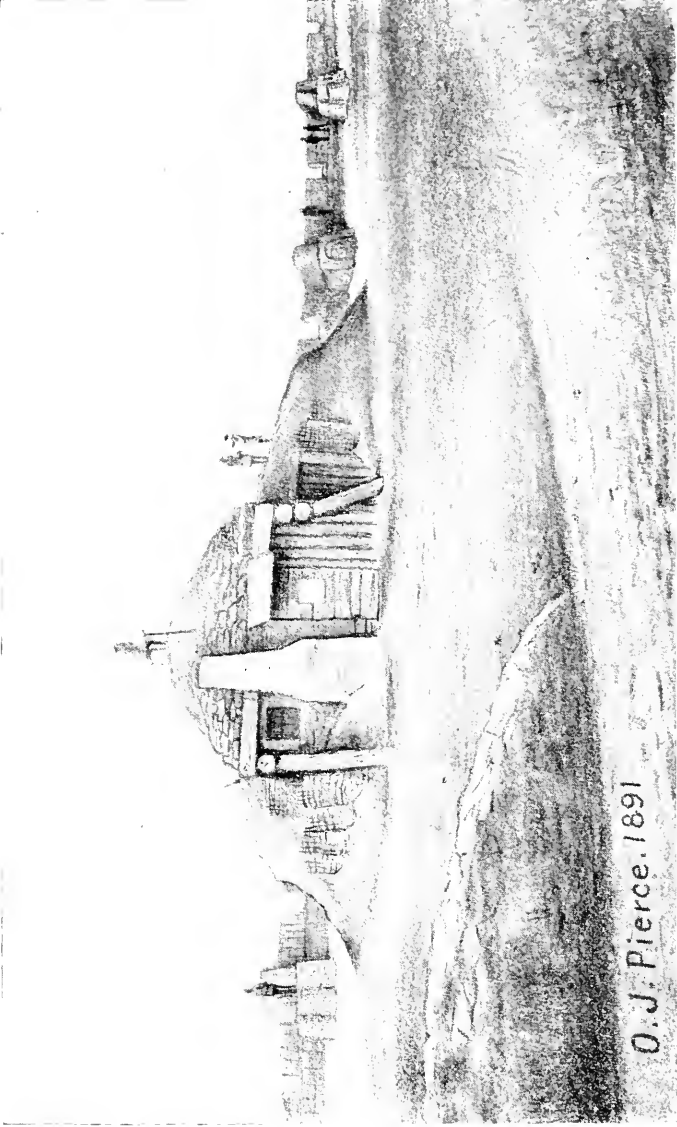
“The enemy made several attempts to regain their lost position; but though our line was weak they were held back. At about noon a Zouave regiment and a few marines arrived as a reinforcement, thus strengthening our line and cheering the hearts of those who had so nobly gained the ground. Those in the fort at the time will remember with what joy the coming of the Zouaves filled their hearts, for we were in momentary expectation of a charge from the enemy; and knowing our weakness, with very little support at that point, it was not an enviable position. They will remember also, as the “red jackets” filed through the fort and out at the front, to go to the assistance of our advanced line, what a fearful slaughter awaited them as they bravely ran the gauntlet in the face of the deadly fire. It seemed to us who watched their progress that one-half, at least, of their number fell on the way beneath the bullets of the enemy, who seemed more merciless than ever in their death struggles.

“General Potter, of the second division, Ninth Army Corps, was fatally wounded in the morning by a piece of shell passing through his body, while standing near our bomb-proof in the fort; but no

member of the battery was injured, though the guns were kept hot with their firing during all the engagement, and did excellent service. About 1,000 rounds were expended by the battery during the day. Our advanced position gained in the morning was held until the arrival of reinforcements, against the repeated attempts of the enemy to retake it, largely by the effect of our fire from the fort, which was rapid and uninterrupted from early morning throughout the day, firing as often as the supply of ammunition and the heat of the guns would permit. It was a day never to be forgotten—a day of hope and fear; for we waited the result as the anxious watchers wait for the turning of the fever, hoping for life but fearing the worst, till the setting sun went down upon the victory won. Then we knew the Union had been saved; for the news from all quarters assured us it was the death struggle of the rebellion.”

The following brief but complimentary notice of the battery was published in a short historical sketch, while it was in the service and stationed in Fort Sedgwick, which on account of its closeness to the enemy's line and the hot shots given and received was nicknamed “hell.”

“This battery was the only new battery retained in the Ninth Corps when the artillery of the corps was organized into a brigade, the others being sent into the reserve artillery. Though entering the field only a fortnight after receiving their guns



O. J. Pierce. 1891

BOMB-PROOF OF FORT HELL.



MAJOR ADELBERT B. TWICHELL.

and harnesses, and consequently having but little time for drill, it has kept up its organization and discipline; never been for one hour unprepared for service, and is held among the first-class batteries of the army for efficiency and discipline.

“It is composed of a superior class of men; and starting with a new battery, and entering at once upon and passing through the severest campaign recorded, it is sufficient proof of the efficiency and excellency of its officers that it was not only not disorganized, but it has made for itself a reputation which is an honor to the state and an earnest of what it will be in the future.”

The Battery returned to Washington and on the 23d day of May, 1865, took part, being assigned to a prominent position in the “Grand Review”, Captain Twitchell commanding the battery and Lieutenants Lapham and Thorp commanding sections, with its brave Orderly Sergeant O. J. Pierce acting as chief-of-caissons; this ended, they returned to camp, near Alexandria. June 5th, we headed homeward and arrived in Augusta at 11 p. m. June 8th, and camping again “on the old camp ground,” were “mustered out” on the 21st.

About fifteen years ago the Association of the surviving members of this Battery was formed and many interesting reunions have since been held, the most successful being the present, the 30th, anniversary of the muster out of its members.

This anniversary was held at the commodious quarters of the First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Regiments on Long Island, Portland Harbor, which was kindly opened for them and their families. The following were present and partook of the glad enjoyment of the occasion:

- A. S. Chapman, Bethel, Maine.
- A. S. Twitchell, Gorham, N. H.
- Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Kenny, Master Fred Kenny, Portland, Maine.
- Mrs. C. M. Bixby, Mr. C. M. Bixby, Chicopee, Mass.
- W. O. Carney, Mrs. Carney, H. E. Carney, Portland.
- Fred A. Smith, Haverhill, Mass.
- Joseph T. Merrill, Ellen M. Merrill, Massachusetts.
- Howard Gould, Portland, Maine.
- David R. Pierce, Somersworth, N. H.
- Frank S. Wade, South Norridgewock, Maine.
- William M. Hobbs, South Norridgewock, Maine.
- Horace Burrill, Gardiner, Maine.
- H. J. Mason, Mason, Maine.
- W. S. Starbird, South Paris.
- W. A. Stevens, Lisbon Falls.
- I. F. Lapham, Litchfield, Maine.
- Isaac J. Marvel, Brownville.
- J. L. Crie, Searsmont.
- H. E. Hale, South Norridgewock.
- Albert Billings, Portland.
- William Martin, Rumford.
- Geo. H. Blake, Portland.
- T. Q. Waterhouse and wife, Bryan, Ohio.
- Mrs. C. F. Babbington, Toledo, Ohio.
- J. H. Dunham, Paris.
- Jos. Lapham, wife, and daughter, Lewiston.
- E. A. Lothrop, wife, and son, Auburn.
- A. F. Twitchell and two sons, Frank Q. and Fred S., Portland.

L. F. Jones, Andover.

E. T. Harden, Kennebunk.

Samuel Y. Reed and wife, Franklin, Mass.

Miss Mary Keefe, Franklin, Mass.

A. M. Carter, Bethel.

The greetings of the old comrades were joyous and pathetic. Thirty years since they were mustered out had wrought such changes that many did not at first recognize old comrades. Mr. Ferdinand A. Smith, formerly of Portland, was of the first to arrive. He seated himself on a stump by the roadside, and waited for the arriving comrades to pass by. He wore no badge and was curious to see if they would recognize him. No one did, and as the last man went by, he said in a loud voice, "No one knows me, I guess I will go back to Portland." This aroused the curiosity of the veterans and they gathered around him to guess his identity.

Another comrade warmly greeted was T. Q. Waterhouse, formerly of Portland, now of Bryan, Ohio, and immigration agent of the Pecos valley. He has not been here for thirty years, and was marked with the asterisk of death in the battery history.

Another well known in Portland, was ex-Department Commander David R. Pierce, of Somersworth, N. H., a prominent Republican in that state.

Above the building where the reunion was held floated the stars and stripes and also the well known flag of the battery, consisting of a red star in the centre of a white field.

Like most of the boys in blue the members of the battery are gradually beginning to feel the relentless grip of time and do not walk now with that sprightly tread with which they marched to the front over thirty years ago. But their zeal and patriotism is just as fervent now as it was then and the boys always gather with full ranks at the reunions, where the various thrilling scenes and incidents of long ago are rehearsed.

The fraternal feeling which exists among the veterans when they gather is truly grand and seems to be of the pure Damon and Pythias quality. As each veteran meets a comrade a hearty shake of the hand is generally followed by some amusing or dangerous reminiscences in which each took part in tramping through Dixie.

No greater proof is needed of the interest the veterans take in their organization than the fact that this reunion was attended by members who came from Ohio and Minnesota in order to mingle again with their old comrades.

Shortly after 12 o'clock the command "Fall in for dinner," was given and in a very few moments the long table was filled. At one end of the table was a fine likeness of that grand old soldier, Phil Sheridan, while at the other was a picture of another general of honored fame, Nathaniel P. Banks. A fine array of good things had been prepared and they were not by any means neglected, for everybody seemed to have brought their ap-

petites with them. The wants of the inner man having been finally satisfied, and as the blue smoke from the fragrant Havanas began to ascend in fantastic forms, the president of the association, Mr. A. S. Chapman, arose and made the blood tingle in the veins of his hearers, as he rehearsed the grand record of the Seventh Maine Battery. Remarks in a similar vein were also made by Gen. A. S. Twitchell, David R. Pierce, Thomas Q. Waterhouse, Ferdinand A. Smith, H. E. Hale, W. E. Stevens, and others.

The speeches showed that the battery possesses fine orators as well as soldiers.

Letters were read by the secretary from the following members who were unable to attend :

Captain A. B. Twitchell, of Newark, N. J., Samuel Fessenden, of Stamford, Conn., O. J. Pierce, of Chicago, J. C. Quimby, of Sheboygan, Wis., Aurestes S. Perham, of Washington, Thomas S. Simms, of St. Johns, N. B., L. W. Gerrish, of Minneapolis, Minn., J. H. Anthoine, of Wakefield, Mass.

These letters were very interesting and were in part as follows :

Captain A. B. Twitchell of Newark, N. J., wrote : " It is one of the keen disappointments of my life that I cannot be with you at this time of your gathering and meet you face to face.

" I the more regret this as it is probable you will not have present with you any one of the officers that served with you in the field.

Staples, Bundy, and Lapham will not answer to the call again, and Thorp, our youngest officer, by reason of duty, is probably beyond reach.

" Thirty years, a generation in human life, have passed since we were mustered out of service one morning in June. I recall the personnel of the 7th Maine Battery as tried men and true. No "carpet knights," but good soldiers as ever shouldered a musket or trained a gun on the enemy's redoubts. Indeed it seems to me that they were a little better timber than the ordinary soldier is made of, and, coupled with intelligence, were pattern soldiers and exemplary men, steadfast and loyal to the end. I feel that it would invigorate my body and mind to look upon your faces again, and grasp you by the hand, but I can be with you in spirit, and express in feeble words a part only of what is in my heart.

" You, my comrades, who are alive to-day I salute ! I bear in my heart for you respect and love. I would that I could give you length of days, and multiply the joys of life.

" May the last closing days of your lives be your best and happiest in the consciousness of duty done ; and though pain and weakness come to you from the hardships and exposures you experienced, and the wounds received in the service of your country, may you never repine, or regret that you offered your lives for her preservation in the hour of her peril.

“ I commend you for your devotion to the Seventh Maine Battery Association, and for the bold front you maintained although your numbers are less and less when the roll is called. ‘ Hold the Fort ’ so long as there is a man left !

“ ‘ Taps ’ have sounded for many of our gallant comrades, and the lights are out ! God grant them a peaceful rest, and a joyous awakening at the great reveille.”

Samuel Fessenden of Stamford, Conn., wrote,—“ I have delayed replying to invitation to the reunion in Portland, June 21, hoping that affairs might so adjust themselves as to enable me to be present and join with my comrades in the exchange of cordial greetings and renewal of friendships which were formed when we tented on the battle-field and ‘ drank from the same canteen,’ as well as to otherwise enjoy the exercises of the thirtieth anniversary of the muster out of the gallant Seventh Maine Battery. But the business of the closing days of the legislature renders my presence in Hartford imperative. Let me say, however, that it gives me pleasure to note how many of the men are living yet, and to observe from the excellent history prepared by Sergeant Twitchell, and the photographs therein, that not only has time dealt gently with my comrades of the Seventh, but that they have had a fair share of happiness and success which will, I trust, continue to be theirs until the Supreme Mustering-out Officer calls upon each one of us to answer ‘ here.’

“ Regretting my enforced absence, I desire you to remember me to all the comrades, and with renewed assurances of my regard and esteem.”

O. J. Pierce of 716 Medinah Building, Chicago, wrote,—“ I fondly wish that I could be with you all at your annual reunion, but I fear it cannot be. Most specially I wish it might be, because owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding as regarding the hour of meeting, I was not permitted to see many of the boys at the reunion in Boston in 1890, as I fully intended and expected to do. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet them one and all, and with them celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of our ‘ Muster Out,’ and pleasantly renew the acquaintances of long ago.”

F. S. Simms of 57 and 59 Dock street, St. John, N. B., wrote: “ I have put off answering your circular of 6 ult, hoping to be able to meet with you in Portland the 21 inst, but regret to say I shall be unable to do so. It would afford me much pleasure to meet with the old comrades again, especially on the anniversary of our muster out. I shall never forget the impression made on me a few years ago at one of the reunions when I met for the first time since ‘65, middle aged men from whom I had parted only as a boy. At first their faces looked strange, but by degrees I could see the features familiar so many years ago, though masked by age. Though it has been my lot large-

ly through circumstances beyond my control to live under a foreign flag, I have ever been true in my allegiance to the stars and stripes and love my own country as well as ever."

A. S. Perham, of Washington, D. C., wrote,—“Every year I have hoped to meet my comrades, but each year brings its obstacle which I cannot overcome. I cannot express how strongly I desire to meet you once more and renew acquaintance. It has been fifteen years since I have been in New England, and during that time I travelled in thirteen states but have only met a few of you. One year ago I met Comrade Augustus Barden in Fayette, Fayette county, Iowa. I extend to each of you and your families, my best wishes for your health and prosperity, and the hope that the few remaining years of life which God may spare to you, may bring to each one peace and happiness. Let us never forget the great principles for which we all risked our lives, and for the success of which so many were laid away, while others live with shattered health.”

J. C. Quimby, of Sheboygan, Wis., wrote,—“Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of our ‘muster out,’ but it is impossible for me to do so now. I am everybody’s servant and June is a busy month, so I cannot get away. But is it possible that it is thirty years since we parted at Augusta? I could not believe it if I did not

have the positive proof of it here at home. My first point of proof lies in the fact that on next Friday, the 15th of June, I shall be fifty-seven years old, and the second point is that my boy who was but a baby when we were soldiering, has grown to manhood, is married, and now I am a grandfather to a bright-eyed little girl. But with these and other facts to prove that I am growing old, I try to feel as young as I can, and could I meet all the old boys again, I think I would feel as young again as I did when we were marching home. But as I cannot be with you in Portland, please do me the favor to extend to all the old comrades my warmest regards.”

At a business meeting following the banquet, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year, viz. :

President, Algernon S. Chapman, of Bethel.

Secretary, A. S. Twitchell, of Gorham, N. H.

Treasurer, Warren O. Carney, of Portland.

Executive committee, A. S. Chapman, A. S. Twitchell, Warren O. Carney, Howard Gould, Charles G. Kennedy, David R. Pierce, and Herbert E. Hale.

A vote of thanks was passed to the First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Regiment association for the use of the headquarters, also to Comrades Greely and Clark for valuable aid in providing headquarters and the splendid dinner.

It was also voted to meet next year in Portland, the time and

place being left with the executive committee. A pleasant feature of this anniversary was the receipt of a Masonic pin by A. S. Twitchell, which he had made in January, 1864, before leaving the state, on which was inscribed his name and the battery, and which was worn for identification in case of need. This pin he lost on the way to Washington in February of 1864, and it had been entirely forgotten. A few days before going to Portland to attend the anniversary, he received a letter enquiring about him and mentioning the fact that a pin bearing his name had been found. This letter being answered and the fact of his attending the

reunion being mentioned, the pin was sent to him at Portland by Mrs. Fayette Bicknell of East Pepperell, Mass., with the information that it was found in a car at Norwich, Conn., in the war time by Mr. L. E. Walker who had carefully preserved it, and had only within a few weeks discovered its owner through the mention of it to Mr. Bicknell, a brother of Sergeant D. B. Bicknell, of the battery, and who at once sought to find the owner, and through whose efforts it was so happily returned. It will now be more valuable than ever, especially as a souvenir of the war, and on account of its loss for more than thirty-one years.

ECHOES.

THE BUGLE WAKES AN ARTILLERY MAN IN DISTANT IDAHO.

Thomas J. Daggett of Harrison, Cootenai county, Idaho, Sixth Maine Battery, writes,—

A gentleman called on me last evening and handed me the April call of the MAINE BUGLE, and requested me to read an article commencing at page 127, by James E. Rhodes, Sixth Maine Battery. Well, I perused the article with pleasure. I am going to write you (James E. Rhodes) a few lines. Your description of Fort McGilvery, Battery No. 9, and Fort Steadman has just carried me away back. I am bewildered as in a dream. Accept my thanks for thinking of me. I have never seen

Joel F. Robinson since we were mustered out, but I got a letter from him in 1866. He was then in Chicago, Ill., attending Bryant & Stratton's commercial college. I have never known his whereabouts since. I saw Miles Standish the 3d, in Leadville, Col., in 1881. He told me that John Welch lived at Flagstaff, on the Dead River, in Maine; but I am not sure of that. I saw Jimmy Metcalf in Williamsport, Penn., in 1871 or '72. He was then at work in a saw mill.

Lyman Gilpatrick, alias Uncle Sam, lives in Spokane, Wash. He is in good circumstances, a dealer in groceries and provisions. He told me that Winslow Hutchins lived at Arlington, Ore. I wrote

to him, but got no reply, so I suppose he is not there. I would like to know who are living of the Sixth Maine Battery. Were I able to reach your hand this morning I would. You know how glad I would be to meet the boys of that brave old battery. Should you meet any of our comrades give them my kindest regards, for they are the dearest on earth to me. I am not sure that you are living in Rockland, so I will not write much, for you may not get this. But if I hear from you I shall be more than glad to write a biography of my last thirty years, with some few little incidents left out (it would read better I suppose). I am not worth a great fortune, neither am I so very poor as some have the misfortune to be. It is thirty-one years to-day since we arrived at Petersburg. Oh, what a job we had before us! but we finished it. I am not just satisfied with the way the soldiers of the Union army have been treated.

I have been reading your article over again, and I wish to ask you a few questions. I cannot remember any member of our battery whose name was Merrill, neither do I remember Mr. Howard that you speak of; there was Joshua P. Merrill: he went home with me and married a sister of Frank Daggetts, in the fall of 1865 and died in 1866. Then there was Orville W. Merrill who was a lieutenant in our battery and resigned in 1863, just before the Battle of Gettysburg. I cannot remember any other Mer-

rill, and I have forgotten Mr. Howard. Where was our battery when you came to it? I am past the fifty-fourth milestone,—I think you are about forty-eight now. In your article you spoke of your wife: that sounds good and manly. I have no wife to write about. Give my regards to Mrs. Rhodes and tell her (if you have not already) that Uncle Sam nearly robbed the cradle to make a soldier out of you, but she need never blush for anything you ever did that was degrading to a soldier.

THE MAINE BUGLE CHEERS ME.

G. E. Dillingham of Hesper, Winnesheik county, Iowa, hospital steward of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, and in Company C, Seventeenth Maine Infantry, writes, —I was in Albert Lea, Freeborn county, Minn., Memorial day. A hard rain did not prevent that city of five thousand people from performing a glorious service. I looked among living and dead for a Maine boy; I found none. Thirty years, nearly, of life in the West dims my memory, but not my love for Maine soldiers and Maine people. The soil of Maine holds dust dear to my heart; her skies and homes I love. The MAINE BUGLE cheers me on life's way. The April BUGLE's account of the First Maine Heavy Artillery glittered my mind with past scenes. "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." Blow, BUGLE, blow! until the trumpet of God calls every patriot into glory!

WRITES UP THE FIFTH MAINE BATTERY.

Thomas G. Jones, 192 Washington avenue, Pittsburgh, Penn., Fifth Maine Battery, writes,—

"I received your letter and a copy of the MAINE BUGLE, which I read with interest. Your publication seems to be devoted to the interest of that branch of the service known as the cavalry. The article on the Sixth Maine Battery I was well pleased with, in fact I was well pleased with the BUGLE, and read it all through. In order to make the BUGLE interesting for all old soldiers, it is necessary that the artillery and infantry should be recognized, and I must say that I feel somewhat flattered by your invitation to write something for the BUGLE. The article published in the *Tribune* was abbreviated; it was my first attempt, and I made it short. The Fifth Maine Battery was in a number of fights, and I believe that the engagement at Chancellorsville House was the most severe that they were ever in, and I am surprised that some one in the battery has not written it up before this. There were about seventeen men detached from the One Hundred and Thirty-sixth Regiment Pennsylvania volunteers who served in the battery about eight months.

"The most pleasant part of my army life was spent with the Fifth

Maine Battery, and anything relating to the old boys of the battery is interesting to me, and I hope some one in the battery will write something good for the BUGLE."

PORTLAND'S MEMBER OF THE G. A. R. STAFF.

Mr. Frank C. Johnston, of H. J. Bailey & Co., has been appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of the national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Johnston, who is a member of the common council, is a very prominent G. A. R. man, and a member of Bosworth Post. Although a New York man, his service was in the West entirely. As a member of Fremont's body guard, he went to Missouri, and there served in the early, exciting scenes of the war. He participated in the Battle of Wilson's Creek, where Lyon was killed, and at another time was one of the bold troopers who participated in Zagoni's charge. He was at Pea Ridge, and at Prairie d'Ann was wounded. He was later at the Battle of Shiloh, serving in Merrill's horse, and later as a member of the Second Missouri he went with Sherman's army as far as Atlanta, and then turned back to help fight Hood at Nashville.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

OCTOBER, 1895.

CALL 4.

INCIDENTS IN VIRGINIA WHEN THE REBELLION BEGAN.

By Sergeant Nelson S. Fales, Co. B, Seventh Maine Infantry.

In October, 1860, I hired with McDonald & Lermond to go to Virginia to cut ship timber. We left Thomaston about the first of November in the schooner *Joseph Fish* loaded with supplies, oxen, and equipage, for a winter's work. There were twenty of our crew as passengers, and after an uneventful voyage of twenty-two days arrived at our destination up the Mattaponi river, Va. We built our camp and got at work in the woods the day after our arrival. We had three ship frames to cut and having a good crew and good luck it was all cut and two frames hauled to the landing by the last of March. Mr. McDonald and Mr. Seth O'Brien, foreman, were there when we arrived, and Mr. Lermond came out the latter part of the winter and stayed until we finished up. We had as cook Andrew Collamore, afterwards a member of Company B, First Maine Cavalry. About the first of April the most of the crew were discharged and went home, leaving in camp Mr. McDonald, Mr. Lermond, Mr. O'Brien, cook

Collamore, three teamsters, Israel Woodcock, Charles Sumner, and Simmons, and two swampers, Alan-son Monk and myself, nine all told. We had one ship frame in the woods and went to work getting that to the landing, and everything went well until we had about one week's work left. The 26th of April was Sunday, and we were quiet in camp as usual on that day, expecting that it would be about the last one we would spend there, when we heard an unusual tramp- ing and on looking out, we found that we were surrounded by a troop of horsemen, armed with shot guns, revolvers, and old swords and various other weapons, and ready to shoot or cut without much provo- cation. Their leader came for- ward and ordered us to leave and get out of the state as soon as pos- sible. Mr. O'Brien, who had been in Virginia a number of winters, and was acquainted with the most of them, prevailed upon them to let us stay twenty-four hours, that we might dispose of what we had to abandon and pack what we could

take away. They finally left us with the warning that we would not get off so easily next time. After they had gone and we had got over our fright a little, we held a conference and came to the conclusion it was more wind than fire and that we had better keep on and finish our work: so Monday morning we went to work as usual and worked all the week. Saturday night saw, if night has vision, all the timber on the landing, and one more day's work would finish it, ready to ship. Sunday followed in camp as usual until about four o'clock p. m., when our callers of the week before, made us another visit. They were apparently mad enough to hang and shoot the whole lot of us, but again the good persuasive powers of Mr. O'Brien, and a belly full of baked beans and other stuff, calmed them so that they allowed us twenty-four hours longer and left us once more. McDonald was for picking up and getting out as soon as possible, but the majority of us were in favor of finishing up with the timber. We did not have any expectation that there would be any war, and if there was, Uncle Sam would close it up in a few weeks, at most, so that they could send and get the timber. We did not sleep much that night, and by twelve o'clock in the morning we were on the road to the landing to pile the timber. Communication with the north had been cut off and we were in some doubt about getting home, but Mr. White, the man who owned the plantation the tim-

ber was on, informed us that there were two schooners in the Pamunkey river which were about to sail, and that possibly we might get passage in one of them, so when we started for the landing, cook Collamore started for the Pamunkey river. We went to the landing, piled the timber on the wharf, and arrived back at camp at twelve o'clock noon, about the same time Collamore returned from his errand and reported that he had engaged passage in the schooner *Georgiana* of St. George, Me., bound to Quincy, Mass., but that they were short of provisions, and that we would have to furnish our own grub. There was plenty of provision in camp, so we borrowed a two-horse team of Mr. White, loaded our chests, took provision enough to last the voyage of about a week, and started for the Pamunkey river. Arriving, we found that the vessel had gone but had left a boat for us, into which we hurried our things and started down river. We overhauled the schooner about midnight, got on board, and helped work the vessel down river. We arrived at West Point, York river, soon after sunrise, May 4th, and found the *General Knox* at anchor. We were hailed from the shore and the captain was ordered to anchor; pretty soon an officer came on board and told the captain they had orders not to allow anything to pass up or down river, and that we were to remain on board and not have any communication with the shore or other vessels, and ordered him

to unbend his sails and stow them away. Perhaps a description of the vessels would give a better understanding of our situation; the *General Knox* was a schooner of about one hundred and fifty tons and one of those old-fashioned kind, built by the mile and sawed off in lengths to suit; she was too square to be much of a sailor, built and owned by Stetson, Gerry & Co. of Thomaston, and commanded by Capt. John Small of Thomaston. The *Georgiana* was about one hundred tons, clipper built and a good sailor; she hailed from St. George, was commanded by Capt. Darias Teal of that town, and carried four men besides the captain. These schooners had been chartered to load timber for Stetson, Gerry & Co., had reached the Pamunkey river sometime in March, and were loaded and ready to sail, the *Knox* for Halifax, N. S., and the *Georgiana* for Quincy, Mass., but were held up and the crews taken to Richmond to be sent through the lines that way and the vessels confiscated. The captains, however, prevailed upon the governor to let them go with their vessels, and give them liberty to return, but it was only a verbal order to them and the officers on the river had not been notified, and hence our detention at West Point. When they got on board their vessels they found that they had been robbed of most everything movable, their rigging unrove and carried away, sails cut and torn, and their provision appropriated. They picked up what they

could find and got away as soon as possible. When we went on board the *Georgiana* all the provisions they had were a half barrel of pork and some dried apples. The provision we had with us did not last long; as we did not expect to be detained, we did not put ourselves on allowance. The *Knox* had ten or twelve bags of corn meal on board, and in a short time we were reduced to corn bread and pork, our bill of fare was corn bread, pork, dried apple sauce and tea, tea and whiskey being the only articles we could get on shore. There were eleven of us, all told, on a little schooner with a cabin not more than ten feet square with the cook stove in the middle, bunks on each side, and bed bugs on all sides. It was pretty close quarters and I made my bed on deck and slept there every night except one, which I will describe when I come to it. We had been at West Point about three days when one morning the captain was ordered to haul the schooner in alongside the wharf. We got up the anchor with a will and hauled her in, as it was a change and a chance for exercise. When we got alongside the wharf and made fast we found three big cannon there, and a crew of men ready to put them on board, and they proceeded to do so and did not ask permission of the captain either. West Point was quite a busy place at that time; it was the terminus of the Richmond & York River railroad, and trains were running at all hours day and night;

there were about fifty soldiers there, and they were building fortifications and drilling and loafing about the hotel and appearing to have a good time generally. A man that they called Captain Whittle was in command: he was a short, stout, puffy, pompous man, and had been a captain in the U. S. army, but had deserted and joined the rebels. There was a steamboat at the wharf, the *Mohawk*: she had been a passenger boat running between Baltimore and West Point, was caught there by the blockade of the York river, was confiscated by the rebels and was run from there to Gloucester Point. After the cannon were put on board the steamer took us in tow and proceeded down river, and we soon found that our destination was Gloucester Point. Arriving there the schooner was hauled onto the beach at high water, and at low water the cannon were dumped overboard and rolled up to the fort which they were building there. The soldiers were more abundant than at West Point. When the schooner again floated we were ordered to haul out into the river and anchor. About sundown eight soldiers came on board, fierce looking fellows, armed with pistols and long swords, dressed in nice new gray uniforms with gilt stripes, and we thought that they were all generals. We were ordered into the cabin (and this was the night that I did not sleep on deck), the doors were closed and we were told not to make any noise or to try to get out. Eleven of us in a little seven

by nine hole! It soon began to get rather close and uncomfortable, but we could hear our guard tramping about the deck with their sabres rattling and we expected if we made any noise that we might be taken out and have one of those cheese knives run through us. We kept as quiet as we could under the circumstances, but it was a hard night and we waited for morning. It did come at last, and we were let out and ordered to get back up to West Point. Our guard left us, and we got breakfast, bent sails, weighed anchor, started up river and arrived at West Point late in the afternoon, when old Whittle strutted down to the wharf, ordered the captain to anchor and unbend sails, and then began a long, tedious wait for something to happen. We were not allowed to go on shore, but we did not obey strictly: somebody went on shore every day to get the Richmond papers and occasionally get a little jug filled with apple jack, and if they did not run afowl of old Whittle, they were all right, but if he caught one of them he would scare them about half to death.

He spent the most of his time at the hotel, which was a grocery store and postoffice also. We managed to get the papers and plenty of whiskey nevertheless. There were some pretty large stories in the papers about the size and strength of the rebel army. One morning there was a description of a regiment which had left

Maine for Washington: regiment of giants, that ten of them when lying on their backs and placed in a continuous line one above the other would measure sixty feet: when they marched down to the landing to take the transport, that the colonel did not give the order to halt quite soon enough, and about a hundred of them went right over the capstan into the river and waded for the other shore, but they did not care how big or wild they were, that one of their gentlemen could lick a dozen of them before breakfast every morning.

So the time passed away with nothing for excitement, until about the twentieth of May, when an officer came down from Richmond and boarded the *Knox* and gave the captain permission to go, and they got under way and started, and that was the last we saw of her for several days. The officers came alongside of us and were surprised that we were there, but had no orders for us; it seems that Captain Small had written to the governor how he was situated, but had not mentioned the *Georgiana*, but the officer promised to report us when he returned, and that in all probability we would be released in a few days. He was right and the third day after, old Whittle came out on the wharf and told the captain he could go, and we were not long getting ready; the passengers were all sailors: a part went for the anchor and by the time they had got it out of the mud, the others

had bent sails enough to get under way and we were off for home, as we supposed, but doomed to disappointment, for when we arrived at Gloucester Point there lay the *Knox* with anchor down and sails unbent, and it was not long before we were in the same condition. It seems that verbal orders did not go a great way there, and our word did not amount to much, so the authorities at Richmond had to be consulted a third time, while we waited, hungry as ever, till a week later; one Saturday afternoon, about four o'clock both vessels got orders to go, and as before, it did not take us long to get ready to go.

The wind was blowing a stiff breeze right up river, dead ahead, but as we had plenty of sea room, it was not long before we made York Spit and near the same time saw a steamer, and soon a puff of smoke rose from her and then a splash under our bow, and we knew she had sent us a message, but the captain knowing we were all right, and were not rebels trying to run the blockade, kept right along, when soon another puff of smoke and another splash, and then the captain concluded that it was time to heave to. Soon a boat came with a prize crew, and we were prisoners. The prize crew remained on board, but we were not confined to the cabin that night, but staid on deck all night and got the news and told our trials and had a good time. We waited there until the *Knox* came up and the steamer took her in tow, while we

ceased out our sheets to the breeze and were anchored under the guns of Fortress Monroe. It was Sunday morning and we were not disturbed until the next day. The steamer which took us, came along with a schooner in tow, which hailed from Nassau, N. P., and claimed to be English: she came out of the James river and was loaded with tobacco. The captain was mad clean through. The steamer hitched onto the *Knox* and *Georgiana*, and we started up the bay and then up the Potomac river for Washington, D. C.

There was one little incident on the way that was rather comical: the captain of the boat was not acquainted with the Potomac river and wanted a pilot; the Englishman said he was a pilot so they took him on board, and he had not gone two miles before the *Knox* was hard and fast on a sand bar, and then he went on board his own vessel, made sail, and started up river on his own hook. The steamer finally got the *Knox* afloat and proceeded up river, and soon found Mr. Englishman hove to under the guns of Fort Washington. He hooked onto her again and soon arrived at the navy yard, Washington. We concluded that we would go on shore and try and get home by land, so the captain set us ashore. We left our dunnage on board the vessel and only took what we stood in. There was not money enough in the crowd to pay one passage to Boston. We could have had our pay for our winter's work before we left camp, but it

would have been in Virginia bank bills, and they were at a discount in the north. Mink and I each took ten dollars, and the others had a dollar or two apiece. We got our Virginia money changed for gold coming down the river at the rate of ten per cent. discount. We had spent quite an amount at West Point for tea and supplies, so that there was not much left.

The two passengers from the *Knox* had joined us and they were worse off than we, as they had no money. We held a council of war and concluded that we must have help, so we made Woodcock and Sumner a committee to go and see what could be done. They soon came back and reported that they went to the capitol; that they found President Lincoln and General Scott, and that they had given them a free pass for all of us to Boston. We went on board the train and were soon on our way home; the pass was all right, but the conductor took it on the road to Philadelphia, saying that was as far as it was good. We made a tarpaulin muster and found that we had money enough to pay our passage to New York and two cents left. We bought our tickets and started. We knew that we were all right when we got to New York, as Chapman & Flint were the brokers of the firm we had worked for, and that we could get all the money we wanted of them, but we should arrive in New York in the night and would have to stay in the street until morning and were beginning

to get hungry. We happened to get into a car with one Colonel Wilson (he was colonel of that famous regiment called Billie Wilson's thieves), and a gentleman who had been to Washington to see his son, a member of the Seventh New York. We told them our story and they on our arrival in New York, took us to the Pacific hotel and paid for our lodging and breakfast in the morning. We found Chapman & Flint who gave us one hundred dollars, sixteen dollars apiece. We took boat down the sound that night and the cars from Boston to Bath, and stage from Bath for home.

When the stage drove up to the Knox Hotel, Thomaston, the clock on the Baptist church was striking twelve, and it was the morning of the first day of June, 1861. The Fourth Maine regiment was then camped in Rockland, and the boys

were full of war. I came very near going with them, but concluded that I had had about enough of it for the present, so I went over to Togus and hired with Mr. Beals to work on his farm, which has since been purchased for the Soldiers' National Home. When we got the news of the first Bull Run battle I thought it was time for me, and the next day went to Augusta and enlisted.

The next May, a year later, I was a veteran soldier, had been in several fights, had been wounded, and was helping drive old Lee up the peninsula when we came to a place on the Pamunkey river where the rebels had some vessels partly built and had set them on fire, and I saw them burning and recognized the timber we hauled to and placed on the landing, and thus the property we had worked so hard to save, went up in smoke.

NOTE.—Nelson S. Fales, of Thomaston, Me., was a member of a family honored in the annals of that town. Four of its members entered the service in the War of the Rebellion, three of them in the First Maine Cavalry, two of whom lost their lives from wounds received in battle, while the other was disabled by a wound. Nelson S. enlisted in Company B, Seventh Maine Infantry, was promoted sergeant, and at Fredericksburg, May 4th, 1863, in battle where his company displayed special bravery, was very severely wounded.

Idæ Adjutant-General's Report, Maine, 1863.

WITH SHERIDAN IN LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

By Col. Fred C. Newhall.

[Continued.]

With a picture of this triumphant field in our memory, as portrayed in the July *Call*, we commence the battle of Sailor's Creek.

The bulk of the enemy's force

was across the creek before we caught a glimpse of it, but their skirmishers' bullets, game if they were rebellious, hummed the old tune still from this side of the water.

The barn was about midway on our plateau, and, reigning in "Rienzi" there, General Sheridan carefully studied the land beyond the stream through his glasses, while, under his directions, General Wright moved Seymour and Wheaton down to the water's edge, the enemy's skirmishers falling back as they advanced. Immediately in front of where the general stood the ground is somewhat peculiar, and may be likened to the face of a man. Five hundred yards beyond the creek, and running parallel to it, there is a ridge crested with pine-trees, and this we will say is the top of the head, pine-trees at a distance answering very well for unkempt hair. Toward the creek the hillside is clear then for a little way, and just where we want eyebrows there are belts of timber spreading to right and left. Our face is native Virginian, so its eyes were shut that it should not see the impending calamity to the cause it then supported; but it has a Roman nose, which was very much at the service of the Confederacy. This protrudes boldly, and shows rather a profile from our stand-point, as it is turned down the stream, and was snuffing Humphreys's battle from afar. The lip is smooth, except some stubble of reeds that border the creek, which we will call the mouth: and Wright's men obscured the outline of the chin as they gathered about the ford and hurried over the water, which could not be crossed at every point, for, though the stream was not deep, its bed

was very miry, and quite impassable here, except where our men were now. As they reached the other side they rapidly deployed into line again in the face of a constant but not very heavy fire from the enemy, who had secured an excellent position on the farther side of the Roman nose, across the bridge and tip of which they directed their scattering musketry.

Meanwhile Merritt and Crook, with the troopers, had not been idle. While General Sheridan had been sitting in Miller's battery on the hill, and while the enemy was being driven from the Deatonsville road and followed to Sailor's creek by the leading divisions of General Wright's corps, the cavalry had pushed on steadily in their overlapping movement to find a good place to get at the flank of the enemy's retreating column. They had found a ford a mile or two above us on the creek, then circled round toward the crest which represents the top of our topographical head, and were now looking about for an avenue promising entrance to the enemy's highway. That it should be somewhat debarred by hostile force and rude barricades on the perilous edge of the bristling woods, was to be expected and regarded as a matter of course, for they had not hoped to find an open doorway inviting such unwelcome visitors: so they felt their way carefully at first, testing the opposition warily lest they should become entrapped and lose the means of exit, as sometimes happens in war to those who enter

hurriedly. A part of their force had crept up to the ridge in front of us, and, just as Wright's line was forming beyond Sailor's creek, the heart of General Sheridan was cheered by a glimpse he caught through his glasses, of a small party of our cavalry advancing directly toward the rear of the enemy whom he was about to attack. In another moment a huge column of smoke shot up into the air far away beyond the hill, and told plainly that somewhere thereabouts the bold dragoons might be safely placed, and that the enemy's wagon trains were furnishing the fuel for this "cloud by day." But conjecture became certainty in another moment, when across the creek came a galloping young cavalryman, who reported to the general that he had just been charging with Custer's division beyond the crest; had come through the enemy's line and could n't get back, and seeing our troops advancing from this direction, had ridden down to us to escape capture and to tell of the doings of the cavalry. It was boldly done, and well deserved reward; but in this country the generals commanding do n't have the power to pronounce a soldier a captain on the spot, nor do they carry in their pockets the ribbons and crosses of the Legion of Honor; and so this young fellow, who was lost sight of in the excitements of the moment, probably rejoined his regiment that evening not at all aware that he had done anything remarkable. What he

had to say now he said very coolly, and was listened to very attentively by the general, who asked him several questions and got very straightforward answers. From him, and from other sources afterward, we learned that the position of the cavalry at this time was on the left flank of the road which we were following; beyond the crest, of course, but edging up to it rapidly. Custer was on the right and nearest to it, Crook was in the centre, and Devin was on the left—Merritt's divisions having become separated in the course of the overlapping movement, Custer not having yet broken off from the right to follow Devin when the point of attack was reached. In front of them they had found a swarming hive of the enemy, and though there was honey in it, no doubt, in the way of trains and guns, it was bitterly hard to get at. Crook had tried it first with as little success as in the morning, and was beginning to think that by going farther he should fare better, when Merritt came up to the rescue and sent in Devin and Custer on each side of him to make sudden grabs at the spoil while Crook should seem to be the only spoiler. This ruse was working successfully, and the enemy, in spite of his sting, was being hard pressed on every side. Crook had come pluckily up to the charge again, and was riding at the breastworks desperately; Devin was pegging away, and had gained the road, effectually cutting off retreat; and Custer was merrily sounding

the advance toward the crest, and almost had his hands in the pine-tree curls that surmount it. Among them they had captured some wagons, which they had burned, some artillery, and prisoners to a large amount; they were still pressing forward ardently, and at any moment might be expected to crown the ridge and swoop down resistlessly in rear of the force that opposed our infantry.

By this time General Wright's troops were nearly ready to move on: Seymour's division had the right and Wheaton's the left, and General Getty's was held in reserve at the barn on this side of the water, partly because it was thought the other divisions were strong enough to cope with the enemy's force, and partly because time was all-important, and some valuable moments would have flitted away in sending Getty over the creek. All the artillery of the two divisions in front was put in position on the high ground near the barn, and everything being now ready, General Sheridan ordered an attack—Seymour on the right to move straight on, and Wheaton on the left to bear to his right and gain the bridge of the Roman nose, and thus appear on the flank of the enemy who were opposed to Seymour on the farther slope. It was a hot ride then along the banks of Sailor's creek, for though the enemy seemed in happy ignorance of the presence of our cavalry behind them, they evidently appreciated these designs in front, and before

the orders were carried to begin the attack, the water in the creek was dancing over the dropping bullets which buried themselves in its bed, and, in the brave lines beyond, a good many men are falling. Seymour, on horseback, gallantly started his division in prompt obedience to the order, and in the face of a terrible fire led his men up the slope. Wheaton on the left had farther to go perhaps, and not being very warmly engaged, advanced more slowly (for at close quarters men move more rapidly than they do at long range), and so it happened that before he could gain the bridge of our nose and rest his muskets there to play into the enemy's flank, Seymour had passed the nose's tip on the other side, and, engaging nearly the whole of their force, was almost surrounded by a galling fire, which was cutting his troops up badly. Seeing our momentary advantage, this brave rear-guard of Ewell's essayed a counter attack, dashed down the slope at a run, and mingled with Seymour's men in the open; there was a moment of desperate fighting, almost hand to hand, but the left and centre of Seymour's line, which were most exposed, were soon wrapped about in a deadly fire that human nature could not endure, and it bore them back and tossed them into the creek in spite of their struggles to repel its folds. Immediately in their front the rebels had a brigade of marines, who had been pressed into the ranks when Richmond was given up, and who, new to war,

and eager in the cause, now followed our retreating troops with an *élan* which was never surpassed: their standard-bearer led them on dauntlessly till he planted his flag-staff at the water's edge, where he defiantly waved the stars and bars, as reckless of his life as if the cause were worthy of it. But while the gallant sea-soldiers, seeking their element, were thus hurrying to the water, they were getting into much trouble on land, for, as soon as the plain was clear of our broken troops, eighteen guns of ours, which had been angrily watching from the plateau all this infantry fighting beyond the creek, opened their furious fire, and ploughed the soft soil into rude furrows, that made graves for many of the enemy who fell before this awful mowing of shot and shell. Just then, too, the right of Seymour's line, which was held by the fine brigade of General Edwards, and had not left the other side, came into action with determined front, and moving up along the stream, aided the artillery with such a heavy flank fire that the enemy who had ventured to the water's edge hardly knew which way to turn. To stay where they were was impossible; to fall back to their old position was still to run the gauntlet of Edwards's brigade; on the other side of the nose they could see Wheaton moving up solidly; and so, in sheer despair, to get out of this dreadful *cul-de-sac*, many of them, with wild looks, floundered through the creek and gave themselves up as

prisoners to the brigades of Seymour which they had just driven back.

General Getty's division now advanced to the creek to fill the gap in Seymour's line, and while General Wheaton gained the bridge of the nose and began poking the enemy in the ribs in a very hilarious way, General Edwards, by his steady fire, kept the ground clear on which Getty was about to form his line beyond the stream. A moment later, as the divided sections of the Sixth Corps swung together again like gates in this new formation, and just before they were closed, there was a mighty stir far up the hillside, and the irrepressible cavalry of Merritt and Crook, with Custer in advance, suddenly swept through the pine-trees like a gale.

It was all over now with Ewell and his men. There was one bewildering moment in which they fought on every hand; but then they saw how hopeless further fighting was, and threw down their arms and surrendered.

Here was the science of coöperation beautifully illustrated, and here was "bagging" indeed! Such a lot of game had never before in the war fallen victims to our wiles in the open field; and they were prime birds, some of them, in this covey under the pines. There was General Ewell, of hard-earned Confederate fame: Kershaw, as familiar to us as a household word: Custis Lee, who had been a bureau officer in Richmond, but drew

his sword in front of the last ditch: Semmes, uncle or something to the bold buccaneer: and Corse, Defoe, Barton, and several others unknown to us. Besides all these, there were inferior officers by hundreds, and enlisted men by thousands—how many we never knew exactly, for there was no time to count them then, and afterward they were marched off to the rear by various provost guards of cavalry and infantry; and the question which ensued as to whether their capture was due to good management on the part of anybody, or to general good luck, or to a dispensation of Providence, included in its consequences a failure to obtain an accurate report of the results of this engagement. From the best information we could get though, there is no doubt that the day gave us from eight to ten thousand prisoners, and that Ewell's command was captured entire, with the artillery and wagons which had accompanied his column on the Prince Edward Court House road. When the march was resumed after the junction of the cavalry with the Sixth Corps, there were a few stray shots, to be sure, here and there through the woods: but these came from scattered and insignificant groups, which had escaped through the openings of the network which surrounded them, as grains of corn will drop through the coarse texture of a bag.

With Getty's division, as it moved forward for the attack which was about to be made when the

cavalry *coup* put an end to the fighting, General Sheridan had advanced, and following the winding road, which twists up to the crest beyond the creek, found that our topographical head had only a forelock of pines, behind which was a wide, bald crown: and on this open plain the general dismounted to rest, while Getty's divisions, by his orders, pushed on for a mile or two in support of Devin's cavalry, which had been sent to beat up the country still farther on, to see if perhaps there was any more game. It was long after dark now: we had almost used up the short April afternoon when the Sixth Corps first crossed Sailor's Creek: and the crackling camp-fire which was lighted at the general's headquarters served the triple purpose of a beacon, an overcoat, and a torch, as anxious officers hunted for him, to get orders and give reports: as the roaring flame warmed the chill air; and as he wrote the following dispatch to the lieutenant-general:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,

April 6th, 1865.

LIEUT. GEN. U. S. GRANT,

Commanding Armies of the U. S.:

GENERAL: I have the honor to report that the enemy made a stand at the intersection of the Burke's Station Road with the road upon which they were retreating. I attacked them with two divisions of the Sixth Corps, and routed them handsomely, making a connection with the cavalry.

I am still pressing on with both cavalry and infantry. Up to the present time we have captured Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, Defoe, and Custis Lee; several thousand prisoners, fourteen pieces of artillery and caissons, and a large number of wagons. If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender.

(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

At the same time, by the light of another camp-fire whose smoke was blowing into our eyes, General Wright was reporting to General Meade concerning the operations of the gallant Sixth Corps. He wrote to General Webb, chief of staff, and first gave details of the fight on the Deatonsville Road by Seymour, and the advance toward Sailor's creek when Wheaton came to the front. It is no use repeating it all here and going over that ground again, so we will only quote so much as alludes in any way to the cavalry—we cannot quote his allusions to General Sheridan, from the fact that he forgot to mention him. He says,—“In the first attack, a portion of the cavalry operated on our right flank: in the subsequent attacks, the mass of the cavalry operated on our left and the right flank of the enemy. The result has been a complete success. The combined forces captured five general officers, among them Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, and a large number of other prisoners.”

This was a perfectly fair report so far as the cavalry and his own troops were concerned, and General Wright could not be condemned if he had expressed himself more strongly than he did in regard to the conduct of his own men; and it would be pardonable if he had claimed for them the lion's share of credit in this successful fight, for they had behaved all day with unsurpassed devotion, and had gallantly driven the enemy to a point where the coöperative movement of the cavalry could be utilized. If at the close of the game the cavalry seemed to play the winning card by throwing brilliantly upon the cloth their unexpected and resistless trump, yet looking calmly back to the burden and heat of it, nobody could deny that the partner had played good cards boldly and well, and deserved equal glory for the success and the heavy stakes that were pocketed. General Wright, too, might have claimed something for himself, if his sense of propriety had permitted; for he bent his entire energies toward gaining this success, and seconded General Sheridan like a true man and a soldier. But that he did second him cannot be denied with truth. First in command, first to direct, and first to inspire the execution, was General Sheridan; and as he now lent the prestige of his presence to these old followers of his in the brilliant campaign of the Shenandoah Valley, will anybody deny who heard them cheer him

that it gave them a confidence which told upon the enemy? As he gave directions on every side as to how a division should guide its advance, or how a brigade should be disposed: as he rode so far to the front with the skirmishers, that even General Wright suggested shelter under a knoll if only to save the horses: as he planned and directed the main attack against the crest beyond the creek, where he knew that the cavalry, following his orders, too, might appear at any moment,—did any one who saw him doubt that he controlled absolutely the movements of the Sixth Corps? It is no use to pause for an answer: nobody will deny. Therefore it may be claimed with propriety that it would have been civil, to say the least, if General Wright had casually mentioned General Sheridan, if only to say that he had been spending the afternoon with him.

But this so far is a mere question of proprieties: the more serious consideration of justice became mingled with it, when, after Lee's surrender, General Sheridan, with a view to his own official report, requested of General Wright a report of the operations of the Sixth Corps, and General Wright declined to furnish it on the ground that he had already reported them to General Meade, to whose army he belonged. In this it is thought that General Wright, as has been already said, permitted himself to be swayed by his *esprit de corps*.

As the Army of the Potomac

was justly proud of the old Sixth Corps, so it is very natural that the corps commander should be proud of the army and jealous of its renown: but it was hardly fair to steal the thunder of a deserving general to add to the volume of that which already belonged to the glorious A. P. General Grant seems to have taken this view of the matter when it was referred to him by General Sheridan on General Wright's refusal to send in a report: and as the official papers are brief, they may best tell their own story. Professor Coppée, in "Grant and his Campaigns," informs us that a paper bearing this indorsement was duly received at the headquarters of the lieutenant-general:

••Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan forwards copy of dispatch to General Wright, commanding Sixth Corps, asking him to report the action of that corps at the battle of Sailor's creek, April 6th, and forward same; also General Wright's reply, who says he has reported to General Meade, under whose orders he is, and to whose army his corps belongs. Asks that General Wright be instructed to report to him (General Sheridan)."

Under which indorsement General Grant saw fit to write as follows:

HEADQUARTERS U. S. ARMY,

Washington, May 8th, 1865.

Respectfully referred to Major-General Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, and atten-

tion invited to inclosed copy of dispatch, of date 6th inst., to Major-General Wright, commanding Sixth Army Corps; also to copy of dispatch to Major-General Sheridan, of date April 6th, 1865.

This corps was not by any order, at any time, detached from your command, but under my instructions to Major-General Sheridan, in answer to information I had just received from him, he was authorized to assume the command of this corps, when it joined him, and it is considered a matter of simple justice that its action, while under his command, be reported to him.

In your official report you will report the whole of the operations of that corps on the 6th of April, 1865, and General Wright will be required to make to you a report of the whole day's operations, including the battle of Sailor's creek.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

The dispatch to General Wright reads as follows :

HEADQUARTERS U. S. ARMIES,
Washington, May 6th, 1865.
MAJ. GEN. H. G. WRIGHT,
CITY POINT, VA.,

Please furnish an official report of your corps in the battle of Sailor's creek, fought April 6th, 1865, to Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan. It was the intention of the lieutenant-general that (in the absence of other orders) when you joined Sheridan you should act under his orders, and he was so instructed.

A copy of this dispatch will be forwarded to Major-General Meade.

By command of Lieutenant-General Grant.

(Signed) T. S. BOWERS,
Ass't Adjutant-General.

Thus the controversy arose and was settled in the army, but to people at home there was a strange inconsistency, which was not easily reconciled, owing to some further complications. In addition to the dispatch which General Wright sent to General Meade, General Humphreys, commanding the Second Corps, and who, it will be remembered, had followed the force of the enemy which broke off toward the Appomattox, from the Deatonsville road, after Seymour's first attack, also reported concerning his operations and success. He had gone on swimmingly, capturing guns, flags, prisoners, and all sorts of plunder till the broken wagons and limbers on the road impeded his march. At dark he had been obliged to call a halt, being unable to get across Sailor's creek, which crosses his road a couple of miles to the right of where General Sheridan fought. He wrote,—“The wagons are across the approach to the bridge, and it will take some time to clear it. The enemy is in position on the heights beyond with artillery. The bridge is partially destroyed, and the approaches on either side are of soft bottom land,” etc.

This dispatch, together with General Wright's, General Meade for-

warded to General Grant, and said in their behalf, "I transmit dispatches from General Humphreys and General Wright, which, in justice to those distinguished officers and the gallant corps they command, I beg the War Department for immediate publication."

They were published accordingly, and so in the same issue of the newspapers was the dispatch of General Sheridan, and the following from the Secretary of War to General Dix, whose duty it was to deal the information which the War Department cut for him:

"General Sheridan attacked and routed Lee's army yesterday, capturing Major-Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, and many other general officers, several thousand prisoners, and a large number of cannon, and expects to force Lee to surrender all that is left of his army. Details will be given as speedily as possible, but telegraph is working badly."

Certainly the enthusiastic Secretary of War made up to General Sheridan any deficiency of credit for that day's work. Where he got his information does not appear—perhaps a little bird told him—but all these dispatches are said to have been somewhat confusing to the eager and unmilitary readers of the morning papers, as apparently none of the numerous fights bore any relation to each other except in the overwhelming defeat of the enemy, who must have been badly used up indeed, they thought, if these several

calamities had befallen him "all at once, and nothing first;" and they began to hope that so much disaster would cause the Confederacy to break up suddenly, "just as bubbles do when they burst." It is to clear up any remaining mist of misapprehension that may still befog the operations of this day, that they are here so fully explained, and to demonstrate that there was but one battle of Sailor's creek, which, from first to last, was fought by General Sheridan, ably aided by General Wright and the cavalry commanders. General Humphreys's fight, which was entirely independent, was no doubt a good one, and will some day be fully described, let us hope, but it had nothing to do with General Sheridan's operations, for the battle of Sailor's creek was fought beyond the stream, two miles away from General Humphreys's troops, who did not get across that night.

When we struck off into these digressive paths, General Sheridan was sitting by his camp-fire in the plain on top of the crest, where the fighting had ended, and now he is on the broad of his back, on a blanket, with his feet to the fire, in a condition of sleepy wakefulness which can only be attained through excessive fatigue and a sense of responsibility. Clustered about are blue uniforms and gray in equal numbers, and immediately around our camp-fire are most of the Confederate generals who have just been captured. General Ewell is the principal figure in the group,

and attracts, though he seems to avoid, attention. He has plainly admitted that there is no hope now for General Lee, and has begged General Sheridan to send him a flag of truce and demand his surrender, in order to save any further sacrifice, but the general has made no further response to this than to urge General Grant to push on faster. Ewell is sitting on the ground hugging his knees, with his face bent down between his arms, and if anything could add force to his words, the utter despondency of his air would do it. The others are mostly staid, middle-aged men, tired to death nearly, and in no humor for a chat; and so the party is rather a quiet one, for our fellows are about done over, too, and half starved. To this sprawling party enter Sandy Forsyth, aide-de-camp, to announce that he has established headquarters in a lovely orchard, where tents are up and supper is cooking; so we follow the beaming colonel down the road for a mile and find ourselves quartered just in rear of Getty, who has gone into position for the night, Devin in front of him reporting no enemy.

We carried the Confederate generals with us and shared our suppers and blankets with them, as we would be done by, and after a sleep of hardly an hour, took breakfast in their company, and then parted with it as we followed the general's swallow-tailed flag down the road.

This day, April 7, we were left

again with nobody but the troopers. The general had no orders of any kind, and we were as free as "birds that wanton in the air:" so we took a bird-line for what was supposed to be the enemy's flank and head-of-column, passing ahead of Gen. Humphreys's troops (early birds, too), whom we encountered on the road he had followed yesterday—the enemy having retreated from his front in the night—and soon found ourselves in the open country, with nothing to obstruct our march but mud. It rained a little all day, just to keep the soil soft and make things pleasant and help the crops; but nobody ever noticed the weather or the roads now, since the earth and the elements had combined at Dinwiddie Court House to mar our campaign. We all knew that was the worst they could do; and, measured by that standard, the present condition of things was in the highest degree delightful. If anyone had complained, he would have been summarily told to go to—Dinwiddie. Our march took us over hill and dale, through all sorts of by-ways and wood-roads for the first ten miles or more, till we gained a decided thoroughfare leading to Prince Edward Court House; and meanwhile General Crook's division had left us *en route*, having been sent by General Sheridan on a reconnoissance to Farmville Station, where the Lynchburg railroad meets the Appomattox river. We had suddenly transferred our attention from the

Danville to this other road, because Lee's retreat toward Danville had been entirely frustrated by the battle of Sailor's creek: and whereas he had been marching south-east before the battle, he now was heading but a little west of north, and making a long double across the Appomattox river, for what reason was not apparent, unless he hoped we would lose the scent at the water and give up the chase. But the hope which was blasted at Jetersville ought not to have bloomed again after Sailor's creek, for it was no longer problematical as to whether his army would be captured; he must surely have seen that now it was only a question of time. It may be that he innocently deceived himself at Jetersville, when he fancied that he could march on to Danville through Prince Edward Court House unmolested; but now he was fully undeceived as to the possibility of gaining Danville at all, and when he accepted that bitter conviction, it became doubly incumbent upon him to save a useless sacrifice of life by proposing, to say nothing of accepting, terms of surrender. But he could not yet endure to face this humiliation, and every natural obstacle that he could oppose to rapid pursuit no doubt seemed to him a buoy to float his army a little longer: so he made for the Appomattox river, and hurried to get it behind him.

Soon after entering the highway to Prince Edward Court House, we halted for lunch under the

great branches of some splendid oaks that stood in the door-yard of a fine old house, into which some of us wandered, and finding a piano there, first frightened and then pleased the inhabitants with our rousing chorus, and had quite a little *matinée* before we moved on, when a dimpled young woman informed us that we need n't be in a hurry to go—Yankees were not so very black, after all, as they had been painted. She promised to remember our sins in her orisons, and then we went on our wicked way to the Court House, where we found MacKenzie had just arrived on a reconnoissance from the Army of the James. It is a neat little town of one broad street (the Richmond, Prince Edward, and Danville Pike), with two or more stores, and twenty or thirty houses, mostly smuggled in behind hedges of evergreen, and nestling under the shadow of heavy overhanging boughs. We reached there about three in the afternoon, and massed the command for a feed and a rest, as they had marched nearly twenty miles since morning, with that long slinging walk the horses had acquired in their numerous campaigns and raidings. It was surprising the way they would get over the ground after they were used to this route-step. Early in the war a cavalry column was a sight to behold, as it straggled along in uneven paces, keeping none for more than a minute: when from a decorous walk, which was easy

to man and beast, they would break into a furious gallop, while officers shouted "Close up! close up!" and tin-pans rattled, and sabres swung dangerously to and fro, blankets slipped, backs galled into shocking sores, feed-bags split open, and oats were sowed on the trampled highway: then there would be a shock as if two railroad trains had collided, and pulled up with a sudden halt, the panting horses would gasp for breath, while the riders would wonder whatever had happened to the head of the column, to which nothing had happened at all. But we had changed all that now, and could march ten thousand cavalry on one road from daylight to dark, and never change the gait in a single regiment, and never turn a hair.

The general dismounted here, at the fence of a stiff old gentleman, who was sitting on his high piazza and scowling severely as we rode up. He was the typical Southerner of fifty years; his long gray hair fell over the collar of his coat behind his ears; he was arrayed in the swallow-tail of a by-gone mode, a buff linen vest, cut low, and nankeen pantaloons springing far over the foot that was neatly incased in morocco slippers; a bristling shirt-frill adorned his bosom, and from the embrasure of his wall-like collar he shot defiant glances at us as we clattered up the walk to his house. Prince Edward Court House was a stranger to war, and our indignant friend was looking now for

the first time on the like of us, and certainly he did not seem to like our look. He bowed in a dignified way to the general, who bobbed at him carelessly and sat down on a step, drew out his inevitable map, lighted a fresh cigar, and asked our host if any of Lee's troops had been seen about here to-day.

"Sir," he answered, "as I can truly say that none have been seen by me I will say so: but if I had seen any, I should feel it my duty to refuse to reply to your question. I cannot give you any information which might work to the disadvantage of General Lee."

This neat little speech, clothed in unexceptionable diction, which no doubt had been awaiting us from the time we tied our horses at the gate, missed fire badly. It was very patriotic and all that: but the general was not in a humor to chop patriotism just then, so he only gave a soft whistle of surprise and returned to the attack quite unscathed.

"How far is it to Buffalo river?"

"Sir, I don't know."

"The devil you don't! How long have you lived here?"

"All my life."

"Very well, sir, it's time you did know. Captain, put this gentleman in charge of a guard, and when we move walk him down to Buffalo river and show it to him."

And so he was marched off, leaving us a savage glare at parting: and that evening tramped five miles away from home to look at a river which was as familiar to him as his own family. Doubtless to this day

he regales the neighbors with the story of this insult that was put upon him, and still brings up his children in the faith for whose dogmas he suffered. Doubtless, too, he considers General Sheridan a perfect gentleman.

After making some geographical inquiries of a smart colored boy, who seemed to know more than the white people hereabouts, the general borrowed MacKenzie again, and sent him off toward Prospect Station, on the Lynchburg railroad, several miles to the west of Farmville, to learn if the enemy was moving that way: and to fill up all the chinks of time, forestalled other chances by sending a staff officer with a regiment toward Farmville, with orders to get into that town, if possible, and learn what he could of the enemy's doings. His party found no difficulty in accomplishing this, for Farmville was swarming with our troops when he came in sight. Crook was there with his cavalry, and was rapidly crossing the Appomattox river in pursuit of Lee's rear guard: so was the Sixth army corps, and General Humphreys's corps was already on the other side. Everybody, almost, seemed to be at Farmville or in the neighborhood, and no safer place to approach could have been found in the enemy's country. Everything was bustle and hurry: troops marched and countermarched in every side street, while the long avenue which pierces the center of the town was blocked with all the *impedimenta* of an army. Lee's

artillery, from the northern bank, had been firing over the houses noisily, and the natives looked anxious and worried with the fear that a battle would be fought within range of their windows, from which they peered wistfully, flinching a little at every crack of the guns.

In the middle of the town and the midst of the confusion appeared the lieutenant-general, serenely smoking on the piazza of the Farmville hotel while farming out the remnant of the Confederacy to his various partners in the undertaking. He received the report of General Sheridan's whereabouts, and indorsed his intention of moving off toward Prospect Station to hunt for the enemy's flank and head of column. "Tell General Sheridan," he said, "that I think well of his movement in that direction. I will push on from here rapidly across the river, and send some infantry to follow him. I have written a note to General Lee, and I think perhaps he will surrender soon." This note was the first in the correspondence which is so familiar to all that it seems hardly worth while to refer to it, except that what has been written here already may aid the reader to appreciate the real condition of affairs when Lee replied to General Grant, who asked him to surrender because he thought it his duty to shift from himself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, that he did not entertain the opinion General Grant expressed on the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the

Army of Northern Virginia. What hope he had that he did not consider further resistance hopeless, does not appear in his communication, and certainly did not appear to any who followed him in pursuit, and doubtless to few who shared his fortunes. It is difficult to see what he expected to gain by further demur, or on what grounds he justified the losses that he must incur by still staggering on. It was time for him to drop his sword's point when honor was satisfied and there was nothing to gain, and only more life to lose by this reeling fighting his army was keeping up. They did it bravely, though, as if they saw beyond it all a promise of victory instead of defeat. Crook, pushing after them in too great haste, struck a snag on the hills beyond Farmville, where the enemy made a dashing attack upon his column, and before he could form line to repel them, whisked off with the head of it and General Irvine Gregg, who was riding at the front; and all that afternoon, until recalled to General Sheridan, Crook found them in such force and fighting mood that it was quite impossible to get among their trains, as he had amiably intended to do.

When the party which had left Prince Edward Court House as scouts returned as messengers from the lieutenant-general, they found the cavalry column already on the road to Prospect Station, and, after hard riding, General Sheridan was overtaken only on the bridge that

spans the Buffalo river. What he heard from Farmville strengthened his earlier impressions that the course he had chosen would lead him across the enemy's path very soon, so he went into camp after dark, near the railroad, in a cheerful frame of mind and with pleasant anticipations for the morrow. Meanwhile General Griffin, with the Fifth Corps, and General Ord, with a part of the Army of the James, came down to Prince Edward Court House from Farmville, and followed the trail of our cavalry; and Crook, by way of the railroad, arrived at Prospect Station.

Bright and early next morning, the 8th, we and the sun rose together, and both set out for a day's journey to the west. It was General Sheridan's impression that the enemy's movement across the Appomattox at Farmville was a blind, intended to baffle and mislead pursuit; he knew that as he had abandoned Danville as a base of supplies he would have to find another, and Lynchburg was the only depot that offered, so he concluded that sooner or later his advance would appear on the Lynchburg road, and then the general proposed to be in the neighborhood. Our line of march to-day was therefore parallel to the railroad, and the general determined that the main column should not be diverted by any side issues or any reports of Lee's meanderings beyond the Appomattox. Just before mounting his horse he wrote to the lieutenant-general to let him know that the troopers were

in the saddle, and to drop one of his urgent spurs upon the flank of the main army of pursuit. He said: "I will move on Appomattox Court House. Should we not intercept the enemy, and he be forced into Lynchburg, surrender there is beyond question." Appomattox Court House is on the Richmond and Lynchburg Pike, commonly called the Cumberland Road, five miles to the north and east of Appomattox Station, where the pike crosses the Lynchburg railroad, and on the Cumberland Road Lee was reported to be marching. From this despatch, then, we glean the general's intentions, and learn that Appomattox Court House, to be so famous in history, did not blunder into notoriety, but came by it through deep design. Our programme of the day was very simple. We would march rapidly to Appomattox depot, and if Lee had ordered supplies to await him there would receipt for them in his name: if no force of the enemy had yet reached the station, we would turn to the right, on the Cumberland Road, and go as far as the Court House to meet them. This would be civil and at the same time serve the interest of both parties, for there was no use in any more fighting, and if we could block the road at the Court House while General Meade followed Lee's rear, there would be an end of it.

From the woods about Prospect Station (at which point we found neither station nor prospect), the cavalry was pouring out as we rode

up with the general: Merritt led off, with Custer in advance, followed by Devin, and Crook brought up the rear—MacKenzie, having left us to report again to General Ord, was not of our party to-day. As the general gained the head of the column, a short distance beyond the station, one of Young's scouts met us and reported that already there were four trains of cars at Appomattox depot awaiting General Lee.

The general heard this joyfully. His dead-reckoning was verified now by the scout who had had an observation, and he could press on confidently to harbor; so passing the word to Merritt and Crook to shake out the last reef and carry all sail, he set his eyes on the distant horizon and bore down for Appomattox depot, twenty-five miles away.

The roads were not so bad as usual, the soil being somewhat sandy, and we made capital time, halting only once, for rest and water. The general took advantage of this waiting place to send a regiment off to the right to Cutbank Ford, near the head-waters of the Appomattox, to see if any of the enemy were coming across to our side: but all was reported quiet there, and the river was flowing on undisturbed. It was a day of uneventful marching, and we hardly saw a human being all the way: the country had never been withered by war's touch, and the fields had been peacefully plowed for the coming crops: fences were up, and

the woods had all their growth: the sparse farm-houses seemed to be inhabited, and the farms to be tilled by ample contrabands. If it was not the garden-spot of the world, as tradition might have led us to expect, it was a home of rude plenty and peace until now; and the weather being fine and our spirits good the ride was a very enjoyable one. When the sun was only an hour high in the west, energetic Custer, in advance, spied the depot and four heavy trains of freight cars lying there innocently, with the white smoke of the locomotives curling over the trees: he quickly ordered his leading regiments to circle out to the left through the woods, and then, as they gained the railroad beyond the station, and galloped down upon the astonished engineers and collared them before they could mount their iron horses, he led the rest of his division pell-mell down the road, and enveloped the trains as quick as winking. Custer might not well conduct a siege of regular approaches: but for a sudden dash, Custer against the world. Many another might have pricked his fingers badly with meddling gently with this nettle, but he took it in his hand boldly and crushed it: for it was a nettle, and a very keen one, as appeared in a moment when there opened on his slap-dash party a banging of batteries going off like a bunch of fire-crackers. Custer was a good deal struck aback but not upset. He kept his wits about him enough to man the trains and start

them off toward Farmville for safe keeping, and they were pulling up the road as General Sheridan, in the midst of Custer's galloping division, reached the station. Then he turned his attention to the guns, and dashed into the woods to see who was firing so wildly, and to see if it couldn't be stopped. General Sheridan rode rapidly to the right to look at the ground, and sent word to Merritt to bring Devin up there at a trot, and put him to work in the enemy's rear, and then returned to Custer, who, concluding that there was more sound than force in the woods, was going in to silence the one and bag the other. Devin, under Merritt's directions, took a wood-path to the right, and soon found a fine open field, dipping gently to a broad valley, and rising again beyond to the ridge of a commanding hill, from whose top the last gleams of sunset were just ricochetting into the air. Dismounting his men as they came into line, he moved down into the valley, where a marsh bothered him some, and then bearing to his left, went into the woods on the hillside. He was a little slow for the crisis, but no harm came of it, for Custer had meanwhile scoured about in his random way, recklessly riding down all opposers, and, the force with the guns proving more noisy than numerous, he had captured nearly all of both before Devin opened his fire. Then they pushed on together, mounted and dismounted, driving before them, toward Appomattox Court House,

the surprised and demoralized enemy.

These guns and troops had not come to the depot with any expectation of finding a fight there: they were only the advance of Lee's column on the Cumberland Road, and fighting was far from their thoughts. A feed was what they were after, and even the guns must have smacked their lips sympathetically as they went into park in sight of the trains of supplies: so when Custer rudely snatched away the meal, the hungry gunners, who had so fiercely resisted his theft, had no stomach for a fight in lieu of a supper, and losing one against their will, had no inclination for the other. Therefore they surrendered, for the most part, as the cavalry charged them from every side, and a thousand or more of them took the chances of supper with us.

By the time that Devin had joined Custer it was quite dark, and, no serious opposition occurring, they halted for the night in the woods, a mile or two on the road to the Court House; and after becoming satisfied that the fighting for the night was over, the general sent the following despatch rapidly to General Grant, who was marching with General Meade on the other side of the Appomattox:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,

APPOMATTOX STATION,

April 8, 1865.

LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT,

Com. Armies U. S.:

GENERAL—We have captured

four trains of cars with locomotives, twenty-five pieces of artillery, and a large number of wagons and prisoners. The trains, one of which was burned, were loaded with supplies.

If it is possible to push on your troops we may have handsome results in the morning.

(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,

Major-General.

Then retiring to a little house near the depot, and stretching out on a bench in the cheerful parlor, which a bright wood fire comfortably furnished otherwise, he immediately dictated the following:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,

April 8, 1865.—9:20 P. M.

LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT,

Com. Armies U. S.:

GENERAL—I marched early this morning from Buffalo Creek and Prospect Station on Appomattox depot, where my scouts had reported trains of cars with supplies for Lee's army. A short time before dusk General Custer, who had the advance, made a dash at the station, capturing four trains of supplies with locomotives. One of the trains was burned, and the others run by him toward Farmville for security. Custer then pushed on toward Appomattox Court House, driving the enemy, who kept up a heavy fire of artillery, charging them repeatedly, and capturing, as far as reported, twenty-five pieces of artillery, and a number of prisoners and wagons. The first cav-

alry division supported him on the right.

A reconnoissance sent across the Appomattox reports the enemy moving on the Cumberland Road to Appomattox Station, where they expected to get supplies.

Custer is still pushing on. If General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night we will perhaps finish the job in the morning. I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so.

(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

As Lee was compelled to surrender next morning, this is the last despatch which the general found it necessary to write. All through the campaign he had been urging on the whole army by word and example, and now he was to see his hopes realized, his confidence vindicated, and his labor repaid. From the morning that we saw him riding out of his camp below Petersburg until this hour, he had never doubted for a moment that a crowning victory would attend our arms should the whole force be put vigorously in and opening success thoroughly followed up. Looking back over what he wrote to the lieutenant-general, we may see how from the first he did not hesitate to commit himself to the defeat and capture of Lee, and how he boldly avowed his belief in entire success, shouldering, as it were, the responsibility of the undertaking, and render-

ing himself liable to the severest criticism if failure had ensued. As early as the 31st of March, in the mud at Dinwiddie Court House, he wrote: "If the ground would permit, I believe I could, with the Sixth Corps, turn the enemy's left flank (at Five Forks) or cut up their lines:" and we have seen how he made good this declaration with the Fifth Corps the next day, and when this was done how he promptly moved against the flank of Lee's main line at Petersburg, without waiting for orders. From the Namozine Road, on the 4th of April, two days before the decisive battle of Sailor's Creek, he wrote: "If we press on we will no doubt get the whole army." At Jetersville, the next afternoon, he said in his despatch: "I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for Lee." Then, as the enemy staggered back from the blow he dealt them at Sailor's Creek, he wrote: "If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender." And at sunrise and dark to-day he had three times renewed these confident and urgent messages: "I will move on Appomattox Court House. Should we not intercept the enemy, and he be forced into Lynchburg, surrender there is beyond question." "If it is possible to push on your troops, we may have handsome results in the morning." "If General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night we will perhaps finish the

job in the morning. I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so."

Truly he stands deep to-night in

pledges for success, and if victory attend us in the morning, his share of the joy and glory will have been richly deserved.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND SERVICE OF WELLINGTON C. FROST.

My full name is Wellington C. Frost. (Army record no C. used). Was born in Perry, Washington county, Me., June 8, 1846. My father's name, William Frost. Mother's maiden name, Abigail Hibbard. Father was ship carpenter and farmer. I enlisted November 27, 1861. Mustered into service December 3, 1861, in the First Maine Battery Light Artillery. I went to Portland, from there to Lowell, Mass., where we pitched tents in the snow for a few weeks. Nice for a boy of fifteen just out of a good warm feather bed. From Lowell to Boston where we took the sailing ship *Idaho*, where bound unknown to us, but after thirty days and most of the time very rough weather and running ashore on Cat island near Ship island and having pitched into the sea lots of U. S. stores, we were towed off and landed on Ship island where we had a most beautiful bed of the fine white sand—still another change from my dear old mother's feathers.

At Ship island we got our horses, it seemed once I was favored, for I drew a fine pair of sorrels that I took a great fancy to. Now one of

the most happy events of my life took place. Farragut's fleet lay off the island ready to go up the Mississippi, among them the sloop of war *Pensacola*, and on board of her was my brother, Jacob Frost. Mind you, he had been from home ten years, leaving me about five years of age when he left home, still I had a dim recollection of him. Of course he was a great man in my mind. He knew of my being in the Battery through my parents, and he came on shore and hunted me up. I never shall forget that day. Through Lieutenant Hubbard of my Battery, I got permission to go on board the ship with my brother. Well, it was a palace to me, to see things in such order and so many men on one ship was a surprise; however, it was the cause of my being crowned king of Ship island in this way: My brother seemed to be well liked on board, and I do believe that every sailor on board gave me a piece of tobacco or some thread or needles. I staid all night with him, he and some of his best chums and myself getting permission to sleep on deck as I could not sleep in the hammock with him. Many the story I listen-

ed to that night. Why should not I be happy with my big brother near me after so many years' separation, and me a boy of sixteen?

Well, my tobacco, thread, needles, etc., were nicely tied up in a large sailor's handkerchief, colored such as you have seen, and when I undid that parcel, I had lots of friends. I was king and happy. I think one man, James Huntress, who died August 10, 1862, the gunner on my gun No. 6 (I drove the leaders on that gun) became a firm friend through that tobacco.

We went from Ship island to New Orleans where we had very good quarters for a time, in troop circles; however, I went with the Battery as far as Thibodeaux (Baton Rouge), La.

While there we lost heavily, men dying all around me. My friend from the next door where I was born, one young fellow by the name of Cook, we buried in a swamp where we had to hold his coffin down with sticks while it was being covered. In March, 1863, I was sick, very low with fever and ague. Through my cousin, Corp. Gilman Frost, who was afterwards killed at Baton Rouge or Port Hudson, I was sent to New Orleans, St. James Hospital, where I was carried up stairs by a big negro. There my brother came to see me again for the last time—will speak of him later on. At that time the steamer *New Brunswick* was running on the Mississippi river commanded by Captain Winchester.

The Hon. Bion Bradbury of East-

port, afterward of Portland, father of Lieut. A. W. Bradbury, came South to see his son, and Lieutenant Bradbury telling him of my being in the hospital, he with Captain Winchester called to see me, and asked me if I wanted to get home, I said yes. They went and saw the head surgeon, made arrangements to have me discharged, offering me a free passage home on the steamer if I got through in time, but I could not, so had to take transport and drink warm condensed water. I was discharged April 15, 1863, being then nearly seventeen years of age. When I got home and was able to ride two miles to the nearest store to get weighed, ninety-five pounds turned the scales instead of one hundred and fifty pounds when enlisting. All of the country doctors called and all had me dead, but thanks to what is called old Sam Leighton's receipt for fever and ague, and the good care of my mother and another old lady by the name of Patterson, I was cured as nearly as a man ever can be cured of fever and ague, and chronic diarrhoea.

I recovered so as to get into Company M, First District of Columbia Cavalry, March 4, 1864. While at home, William A., brother number two, was on the ironclad new *Iron-sides* of Charleston, S. C., where they had lots of fun. My other brother, Jacob, still on the *Pensacola* on the Mississippi river. I had no more than got to the front than William's time of service expired; he re-enlisted in the Thirty-

second Maine, Company G, taking with him my still younger brother, Columbus B., making four of us in actual service, viz. : Jacob, sloop of war *Pensacola* : William A., Thirty-second Maine : Columbus B., Thirty-second Maine : myself, First District of Columbia Cavalry.

Very well. I served with First District of Columbia until September, 1864, when I was wounded and sent to hospital at City Point, where the gangrene got into my hand. From there I was sent to Chestnut Hill Hospital, Philadelphia, where my hand was fixed up as well as possible, but it is totally disabled. I could not get permit to go to my regiment. My ward-master told me he could not get me forwarded, for I was disabled, but I could try it without my papers, so when the next squad went out I was with them, and went to Camp Distribution, Alexandria, Va., where through some way the officer in charge found me to be unfit for duty and no papers with me from the hospital and held me there in that dirty hole. Finally I went up to the hospital where I put on a bold front and demanded in rather a delicate way to be sent to my regiment (that time to First Maine Cavalry), showing him how well I could handle the reins with my hand. He discharged me there and then.

Now I will go back to June, 1864, on or about June 20th. We started out on the Wilson raid, returning July 4. When we got into the old camp we staid for a few weeks

building up our poor horses. Now then for a visit to the front of Petersburg to see my brothers, William and Columbus.

Through my good captain, Daniel Sargent, who was afterward killed, I got permission to take my horse and go. Finally I arrived at Burnside's headquarters, and made my inquiries through some of the officers. I was informed that the Thirty-second and Thirty-first were at that time in the rifle pits at the extreme front, having gone on the night before under cover of the darkness, and it would be impossible for me to reach them in the light. Well, I started, went a short way, came to a dug-out on the railroad, saw some men getting water on the opposite side. Well, I heard several bullets whistle : some came near enough to say "chick," some said "zip." Whether it was my uniform or my making faces that attracted their attention, cannot say, but they very politely invited me "to run under cover of this bank or be shot." One of the party belonged to the Thirty-second (I would like to know who he was), and we found the regiment, after crawling over lots of men on my hands and knees, for we had to lay low : if you happened to get above the dirt you would hear a "zip." Stopped with them until relieved that afternoon : went to rear, had supper, etc. Next day my oldest brother, about 4 p. m., got permit to go back to Jones's lauding with me. How was he to get there? "Well," says I, "you are not used

to riding so take my horse, and I will pick up an old plug I saw feeding around," so we started. I found an old piece of blanket and a rope to equip my horse. We had to go very slow on account of my old horse; it was dark as pitch. Came to a squad of old horses, thought I would swap: after feeling them over and lighting a match, finally took one: he was a little sorrel. But we got there after several swaps. A man by the name of Hilton gave him a little mule he had captured, to ride back on.

I never shall forget the last look of my younger brother, Columbus, as I bid him good-bye at Petersburg that day. It was the last time I ever saw him. The Thirty-second Regiment went into the charge July 30. I think my younger brother was by Will's side when they went into the enemy's works; he saw him fall and heard him say, "O, my God! I'm shot!" He lay down on the field all day, and at night was taken to the field hospital, where he died in two days' time, mortification setting in. This was written to my mother by William Trott from his company, who was in hospital and was also afterwards killed. Now to William: when he heard his brother's cry he was in the charge, and was taken prisoner with the death cries of his youngest brother still fresh in his ears; he says it haunted him all through his prison life. He was buried at Poplar Grove cemetery and has a stone. I was at City Point some seven years ago looking for his

grave. Was told by the man in charge that he would find it out if he was at Petersburg. He did so.

William was taken to Danville, where he was kept for a short time, when he made his escape, got up in the Alleghany mountains: there he was recaptured by rebel parties looking for their conscripts. He was chained to a big raw-boned fellow and led down to Richmond, where he spent seven months in the capital city of that great and noble anticipated Southern Confederacy. He got home and found a wife and became one of the smartest sea captains that sails. He is now living on the banks of the river here, pretty well fixed with a buxom wife, two children: Mable, married, aged about twenty-two, lives in Melrose, Mass., well fixed; Alfred, now on his way to Africa, captain of a good ship, aged twenty-four.

We will leave him and return to Jacob, whom we left on the *Pensacola*. His time was not expired within six months on ship, when he went ashore and had a hankering for the cavalry; enlisted in the First Louisiana Cavalry under the name of John Rogers, where he was killed at Carriors Bayou, La.; he was shot twice in the body, a bullet through his head, and a scalp wound made by some dull instrument. He was seen by parties, who afterward buried him, sitting against a tree, and six dead bodies lay near him: his carbine and revolver were empty and his sabre badly used up; the side of his face

was all blackened by powder, as if a gun had been put near his head. These statements in regard to him can be backed up by Col. A. W. Bradbury and others of the First Maine Battery.

Now this was all very fine news for my old mother to receive: Columbus dead; Jacob dead; William in Libby Prison; myself in hospital. Young men who do not read much may say, "Oh, that was not much of a war." My father and mother died 1874 and 1875.

I was married in Perry, July 17, 1872, to Louise M. Gilson, daughter of Henry and Margaret Gilson. Mr. Gilson is eighty-six years old next Saturday, the 17th; is hearty, runs his farm, has been married sixty-one years, his wife still lives. We had four children: Carrie L., born at Boston, October 4, 1878; Jessie died, aged nine months; Clarence, born at Brookline, Mass.,

June 1, 1882; Margie, born at Pembroke, August 9, 1883. My wife died here October 26, 1889. Went to her bed in apparently good health, and died the next day at 11:45 a. m. I am trying to give my children the best schooling I can. I am poor, and am here, where there is no business but common labor: can't get out on account of my family being young.

I get thirty dollars pension for gun-shot wound in left hand rendering it useless, fever and ague, and results. I am a good marble salesman and understand all kinds of cemetery goods, marble, granite, etc. I sold in Massachusetts many years, and since have been selling for Tarbox, of Calais, but he is old and sick and gone out of the business. If I had a good house to represent I could sell monuments in this vicinity, as people call on me for such work.

A PENNSYLVANIA WAR INCIDENT.

By D. B. Rca, of the First North Carolina Confederate Cavalry, now of Antigua, Guatemala.

Grim War has its ludicrous as well as serious phases. The old veterans can still look back on the memories of camp, march, and field, and recall occurrences that will ever provoke a smile. One of this class we call to mind, which took place on Gen. Jeb Stuart's celebrated cavalry raid into Pennsylvania, in October, 1862.

Starting out from Martinsburg

on the 9th, with about eighteen hundred picked and well-mounted men, he dashed across one of the upper fords of the Potomac, and passed without interruption through the enemy's lines, over the narrow neck of north-eastern Maryland—up to that time the "Ultima Thule" of Southern invasion—and gained the hostile soil of the "Glorious Old Arch" about ten o'clock next day.

His movements had been conducted so quietly and his march had been so rapid, that his appearance to its border population was like an apparition suddenly dropped down upon them. We entered by an obscure private road that led into a secluded valley on the borders of Franklin county, where no hostile foot had ever been before. The people there were of the old staid Dutch stock, whose customs and brogue smacked still of the "Fatherland."

The lingual feature was especially accentuated, as we still remember, when our hungry boys would steal out of ranks and rein up before their cozy vine-clad doors and ask for something to satisfy the inner man. The corpulent, kind-faced matron was usually seconded by her robust, rosy-cheeked daughters. One deftly sliced the great white loaves; another, in all dispatch, spread on the golden fresh butter; while the third, as an optional compliment, stood by with her jar and spoon in hand, suggestively inquiring of each waiting recipient in his turn, "Vill you hef it smer't mit apple putter?" The toothsome amendment was always accepted with a "Thanks: I'll take mine smeared."

The broad, well-kept acres of these well-to-do people spread out before us as an inviting prospect; that among the bounties of their land were the choicest horse stock, which furnished an interesting side issue of the campaign. As the precedent had been set by the

Federal commanders on our side of the line, that such live property was "contraband of war," here was a chance for reprisal in kind. War is hard. The day being a cold, drizzly one, the troops had donned their overcoats, and as we were wont to make frequent forced requisitions upon our enemy's quartermaster's stores for this and other comforts, the blue color prevailed in the column. So the unsuspecting inhabitants met and hailed us as Union troops, and no assertion to the contrary would induce them to think otherwise. And even when the "horse pressing" orders were put into exercise, they would look incredulously after us as we led their stock off before their eyes, and ask for return receipts from our officers.

As an instance of this confounding idea, we will give an amusing incident that occurred between an old Dutch farmer and a detachment of our boys who were scouring the country for horses some distance from the road over which the main column was passing.

They approached a thrifty looking farm-house, and rode unceremoniously up to the large brick barn that stood in a spacious oak grove near the dwelling and dismounted at the barn-yard gate. Entering, they proceeded to relieve the well-stocked stalls of their coveted contents. The proprietor, an old gentleman of solid avoirdupois, and his equally cumbersome better-half, were standing in the piazza intently watching the strange pro-

ceedings, and as the last instalment was being led out, he appeared on the ground, trembling with mingled emotions of anger and astonishment, and in almost breathless excitement accosted the party, "Gude mornin't, mens, gude mornin't! By vot du dis men't?" He was curtly informed that his horses were wanted for military purposes. Then with an air of rage and defiance he exclaimed, "Mine hosses! hosses! by yu shoust can't hef dem agin, by ven, you tam for nuttin? No count Home Guards . . . hed dem afore." (When General Lee's forces threatened Pennsylvania from Maryland a few weeks before the border counties here resolved themselves into an organization for home defence, known as the "Home Guards," and had pressed the farmers' horses into service for transporting their baggage during their operations: and the old gentleman took us to be some of that same hated contingent on another pressing errand.)

"Ven rebbles vas didn't cum from Maryland, you shoust keep dem vun veek ober de time vut you vants dem for, en den you pring dem home you vetch dem mit der vedder en shoulders all sore en der packs all skint from mane tu tail." Growing warmer with his subject, he continued in a more vehement strain, "I vould shoust so leaf Old Stoneval Shackson vould cum tish vay en took de last dam vun of you Home Guards, es tu let yu hef mine hosses vun

time more; vat ver you vant dem fur enyhow?" He was frankly apprised that Jeff Davis wanted them this time.

Now in utter amazement, in despairing tones down to a heavy moan, he exclaimed, "Sheff Tavis! Sheff Tavis! Mine Gott in Himmil! By vot Sheff Tavis got to du mit mine hosses? Mine Gott, he vill never pring dem back, never agin!"

In the meantime the stock was secured and being led off. The old Dutchman seeing that his protests and remonstrances were unavailing, immediately ran violently towards the house, hallooing at the top of his voice to his wife, who too was joining her protests, "Old Vooman! Old Vooman! blo de horn! blo de horn!" whereupon she snatched down the old tin dinner instrument, hanging in its place at the door, and, with her rotund cheeks inflated to their fullest tension, she tooted it most lustily, striding the piazza from one end to the other, seemingly to spread the blast wider to the four winds. She kept on blowing till we were out of hearing.

What this strange musical demonstration meant was a question, unless it was suggested by the old Scottish custom of "winding the horn" when the realm was invaded, and her dinner horn blasts were to call to arms those valorous Home Guards the old man so much derided before the real situation dawned upon him. But these manor lords of war did not seem to heed her horn signals, as the

little detachment moved out of the settlement without molestation, and safely joined the main column at Mercersburg, on the turnpike to Chambersburg, which we reached and captured that night.

We kept on the next day, swelling our led horse column to over 2,000 head, and after one of the hardest, most adventurous, and most perilous rides of the war, we safely reached our lines near Leesburg. Successfully dodging immense bodies of Federal troops sent in our course to intercept us, we also carried out four hundred prisoners, and besides destroyed over \$1,000,000 worth of government army stores on the way, and what was remarkable, with the loss of only three men captured, who all escaped and reached us a week afterward.

The following back-handed compliment was paid us at the time by the New York *Tribune*. In com-

menting upon the affair it said "that Stuart's gang of horse thieves, notwithstanding they richly deserve the halter, made a favorable impression wherever they went. We all like pluck, dash, and boldness, even when exhibited by highway robbers. The old farmers who lost all their horses, and are firm in support of the Union as the hills, could not but admire the coolness, bravery, and discipline which characterized their every movement. Compared with Stuart's cavalry, our own sink into insignificance, and seem about as valuable as the crowd of dandy ponies that gallop up Fifth Avenue every pleasant afternoon." So much for good old Horace Greeley's comments at the time. We only calculated closer and ran faster, and only escaped the vigilance of our adversary by the skin of our teeth, riding ninety miles in twenty-two hours.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

By Major Sidney W. Thaxter, First Maine Cavalry.

"The passions and animosities excited by the Civil War have been so far allayed by the soothing influence of thirty years of prosperous reunion, that thoughtful men on both sides are coming to take a more just view of the causes which led to the great strife, the questions settled by it, the results which followed it, and to make more correct

estimates of the characters of the great leaders in it."

The North has always looked kindly upon Stonewall Jackson and meted out her judgment of him, even when his success was bringing confusion and dismay into her borders, with a spirit tempered by a high appreciation of the noble qualities of his character. The influ-

ence of Puritan ideas has not so far lost its power upon the people of the North that they do not recognize in this man a spirit kindred with their own, although perverted by the influences that surrounded him.

At the breaking out of the war, Jackson was a teacher in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington; a quiet, commonplace man enough to all outward appearances, filling out the work of each day in a quiet, unobtrusive manner; kind, gentle, but firm of purpose, of a strong and deep religious nature, impressing himself upon those who observed his character as a man of great reserve power whom some strong influence might arouse to heroic action. He was intense in his Southern sympathies and convictions; a firm believer in the legitimate character of slavery and in the doctrine of state rights; a strong supporter of Breckenridge for the presidency in the great contest of 1860. Whatever doubts Lee and other prominent statesmen may have had in regard to their future course at the beginning of the contest, there was no wavering on his part. He unhesitatingly and with the firmness and enthusiasm of conviction cast his lot with the South. The first clash of arms excited him to instant and energetic activity. He it was who captured the United States arsenal at Harper's Ferry in May, 1861. He commanded a brigade at Bull Run and so impressed his indomitable courage and inflexible will upon his hitherto untried troops that they stood immovable as a

"stonewall" and made an imperishable name for themselves and their great leader.

What a misnomer "Stonewall" seems for this uncomely, gentle, man seated upon his sorrel horse, shuffling along beside his troops on the march,—quiet, abstracted, with no outward marks of the heroic soul within. But when the inspiration of battle was on him, with his thin lips compressed, or moving in prayer, as was often his wont in the midst of the fight, he sat immovable amid the shifting scenes of the action, no more appropriate and characteristic name could have been given him. If we wish to get a correct idea of his military skill and genius and give him his appropriate place among the great military leaders of modern times, we must study what is termed the "Valley Campaign," for here he was in independent command, and while his operations were conducted with armies small in number, they covered a large extent of country, and a country, too, with conditions favorable to the display of military genius.

Early in May, 1862, the line of operations of the Union armies in Virginia extended from the James river, a few miles below Richmond, to the Blue Ridge, holding the line of the Rappahannock river, the Manassas railroad to Strasburg, with a heavy force in the valley between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies (and a force under General Cox in the Kanawha valley). This line was held on the left by the Army of the Potomac under General

McClellan with about 100,000 fine troops: the centre by the Army of the Rappahannock under General McDowell, with rising 40,000 troops, and the right by the Army of the Shenandoah under General Banks, with a movable force of about 15,000 men. The objective point of all these armies was Richmond and the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, then under the command of Gen. J. E. Johnston. McClellan had come to a halt before this army which covered Richmond, and which was ready to oppose with all its power the further progress of the Army of the Potomac. McClellan was calling upon the government for reinforcements in urgent tones and the government had unwillingly acceded to his request, and had already determined upon moving the army under McDowell down to join McClellan's right wing, and a transfer of a part of Banks's force from the Shenandoah Valley to join McDowell. This concentration of Union forces against the army under General Johnston was what the rebel government feared, and what it bent its energies to prevent.

The position of the rebel armies opposed to the Union army was as follows: The Army of Northern Virginia of about 75,000 troops under Gen. J. E. Johnston, was within the entrenchments of Richmond, opposing the further advance of McClellan: 15,000 troops under General Anderson observing the movements of the force under McDowell; 8,000 men under General

Ewell, near Gordonsville, ready to move to reinforce the army of General Johnston at Richmond by rail, or move to the support of Jackson in the valley: Jackson himself with about 8,000 troops at the western entrance of Swift Run Gap, threatening the flank of General Banks if he should continue his movement farther up the valley toward Staunton: lastly about 4,000 men under General Edward Johnson, a few miles west of Staunton, opposing the advance of General Fremont, which consisted of two small brigades under Milroy and Schenck. General Jackson had been in his position at Swift Run Gap strengthening his army and watching the movements of the army under General Banks, ready to move down the valley again, should any of Banks's troops be withdrawn to reinforce McClellan at Richmond, or to move his own army to Richmond if McClellan threatened the rebel capital too strongly. While awaiting developments, he proposed to General Lee (who was at this time general-in-chief, with headquarters at Richmond,) three different plans of campaign, one of which was approved by General Lee and was immediately put in execution. This plan was to unite Jackson's army with General Edward Johnson's, attack and beat the force under Milroy and Schenck, then with the united armies, move speedily back into the Shenandoah Valley, take up the army of General Ewell, and drive Banks down the valley. It was anticipated that this

plan would at least neutralize the forces under McDowell, if it did not result in bringing them again into the valley, that further progress toward Richmond by McClellan's army would be stopped and the pressure upon Gen. J. E. Johnston relieved. Let us see how far these anticipations were fulfilled. General Jackson ordered General Ewell to move from Gordonsville to Swift Run Gap and take his (Jackson's position). Jackson with his own army on April 30 left Swift Run Gap, and in order to deceive Banks and give the impression that he was moving to Richmond, proceeded through Brown's Gap to a point on the Virginia Central railroad at Meclum's River Station, there took the cars and moved west to Staunton. A few miles west of this place he joined the small army of General Edward Johnson, and marched rapidly to the village of McDowell, about twenty miles west of Staunton. Here, late in the afternoon, the brigade under Milroy was encountered and the next day, May 8, a fierce and sanguinary engagement took place between the forces of Jackson and Johnson on one side and Milroy and Schenck on the other. During the night, the Union forces withdrew from the field and after destroying their stores and all that could not be transported, retreated in the direction of Franklin. Jackson followed them closely for two days but was not able to bring them into another action. Finding further pursuit would be without result, he immediately retraced his

steps and turned down the valley toward Harrisonburg, sending word to Ewell to take up his line of march and join him. The united forces of the three commands were about 18,000 men. Banks had been stripped of the larger part of his forces by the withdrawal of Shields, who was on the march to join McDowell at Fredericksburg, preparatory to the union with McClellan. His force numbered about 8,000 men and were entrenched at Strasburg, a point of some strategic importance, with the design of holding the lower valley against the irruption of any force which it was thought likely might be left in the valley. Jackson, instead of going straight down the valley and attacking Banks in front at Strasburg, turned off at New Market, crossed the South branch of the Shenandoah, and poured down the Luray valley. The first obstruction he met with was a regiment of infantry at Front Royal which was quickly overwhelmed, and the fragments of it pushed toward Strasburg and Winchester by the onward march of the rebel column. The final news which Banks had, that Jackson was on his flank and threatening his rear at Winchester, came from the frightened fugitives of the fight at Front Royal. His trains and infantry were immediately put on the pike from Strasburg to Winchester, but before the rear had passed Middletown, Jackson with a part of his force struck his column, threw it into utter confusion, and made large captures of wagons, men, horses, and

material. Banks, however, reached Winchester with his army somewhat broken but not demoralized, and the next morning, after a slight show of opposition, continued his retreat to the Potomac at Williamsport, and crossing over, found safety on the Maryland shore.

We see as the result of these operations thus far a strong detachment of Fremont's army, under Milroy and Schenck, beaten, Banks's army routed, the fertile valley of Virginia cleared of Union troops, Harper's Ferry in danger, and Maryland and Washington threatened. In addition to these direct and positive results, the government at Washington, with good reason, was thrown into a state of alarm and trepidation; McDowell's movement to connect with McClellan was suspended; he was ordered to move 20,000 men into the valley through Manassas Gap to cut off the retreat of Jackson; while Fremont with his whole force was ordered into the valley at Harrisonburg for the same purpose. The whole plan of union operations had been completely upset, and confusion reigned from one end of the line to the other. At no time during the war was there such dismay at the North.

The government at Washington appealed to the states nearest the scene of action for help to ward off the threatened blow: the governors of Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts issued stirring appeals to the people of their respective states, and the militia was

called upon for service. The force of Jackson was largely over-estimated as well as the magnitude of the danger.

General Geary, who was guarding the Manassas Gap railroad, seems to have been sadly misled by that most unreliable of all creatures, the intelligent contraband. He dispatches Secretary Stanton as follows: "I am informed that Jackson with a force of 10,000 men is in the mountain pass near Markham and advancing. A similar force is also on the south of me approaching by way of Orleans. This statement is furnished me by two contrabands who sought my head-quarters, breathless, and who evinced sincerity in their manners."

There was no truth in either of the statements. Geary was frightened and had lost his head, like a good many others.

Here is another to President Lincoln in reply to a request from the president to give him Geary's impressions as to the number of the enemy moving north of Strasburg and Front Royal. After giving the president an answer to his request, which was extravagantly incorrect, he goes on to say,— "Contrabands have told me that they have heard letters read in the families of Secessionists in which they belong, saying that 10,000 cavalry are about passing through this valley from the direction of Warrenton."

Again to Stanton: "My scouts report Jackson advancing with a large force through Middleburg to

cut off my communication by Aldie Gap. This force is estimated at least 20,000. This information is reliable." It was utterly incorrect. Twenty minutes later to Stanton: "There are also heavy forces south of me, and I cannot hope to successfully resist the combining elements against me. I might make [he didn't like to say retreat] to Manassas, if it will meet with your approbation." The result was, he "made" Manassas, probably, without meeting an armed rebel.

Here is another dispatch from General Kimball, commanding Shields's advance on the march to Front Royal, dated New Market or Hay Market, and directed to General Shields: "We are moving finely: road good. Geary burned 1,000 Enfield rifles and 700 carbines, all new, and tents and clothing. This is the all-firedest scare I ever heard of. The railroad is all right, one or two baggage cars on the track here and one at Gainsville. The one at Gainsville is loaded with corn."

Geary, on his retreat, must have been in a great hurry to leave a car of corn unburned. The truth of it was, there were only scouting parties from Jackson's forces east of the Blue Ridge. Geary was not threatened from any direction,—got badly frightened, abandoned the railroad, telegraph, cars, in his disgraceful panic and retreat.

General Jackson himself seems to have been the only one who had not "lost his head." He kept his army from the 26th to the 30th in

an attitude threatening Harper's Ferry, and an invasion of Maryland, and, gathering up the immense spoils of men and material that General Banks had left in his hands, he moved the main body of his troops on the latter date up the valley, reaching Strasburg the 31st. He was none too soon, for the advance of McDowell's troops under Shields had already crossed the Blue Ridge and had appeared at Front Royal, a distance of twelve miles from Strasburg.

Fremont, on the other side, was distant with his advance only ten miles. Two brigades of Jackson's forces had been left by him in front of Harper's Ferry, with orders to march the 31st and join the main body. Their distance from Strasburg was over fifty miles, and Jackson with his troops must keep the road open until they joined him. So, sending a part of General Ewell's division on the Romney road to check the advance of Fremont, with the remainder Jackson held on at Strasburg. The night of the 31st brought the two brigades he had left behind to Strasburg, after an extraordinary march of thirty-six miles.

Our surprise and admiration at the perfect knowledge Jackson seems to have had of the movements of the Union armies and their exact positions: the unexampled celerity with which he moved: the adroit manner in which he slipped through the meshes of the net that had been spread to catch him, is only equalled by the

shame and indignation we feel, that so much incompetency was shown on the part of our Union generals.

Having started his wagon train filled with the spoils of his brief campaign, he withdrew his army up the valley, leaving a strong rear guard to check a too vigorous pursuit on the part of Fremont. General Shields, instead of joining Fremont at Strasburg and pressing Jackson with their united forces, turned down the Luray valley, with the hope and expectation of crossing the south branch of the Shenandoah and striking the flank and rear of Jackson. But his movement was known to Jackson, and as the latter proceeded up the main valley, he destroyed every bridge crossing the Shenandoah and defeated Shield's purpose. Fremont's pursuit was feeble and resulted in no engagement of any importance until the main body of Jackson's army had reached Port Republic, where the two valleys unite. Here Jackson formed the bold plan of fighting his pursuers in detail. (He directed General Ewell to oppose the further progress of General Fremont, while he with his own and the division of Johnson's, held Port Republic, and held his force in readiness to assist him in case of need.) General Ewell formed his line of battle at Cross Keys, about half-way between Port Republic and Harrisonburg, and in a sharp fight forced Fremont from the field. Shields's cavalry now appeared upon the scene and made an irruption into Port Re-

public, but were quickly driven out. The following day, General Jackson, leaving a small force to repress Fremont, crossed the river at Port Republic, attacked the leading brigades of Shields and drove them in confusion down the valley with large losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Fremont came up on the opposite side of the river in time to hear the last guns of the battle and to find that the bridge had been destroyed by Jackson, that he had lost his game and could render no help to Shields. The result of this pursuit of Jackson was very different from what both Shields and Fremont had promised the government at Washington in their daily dispatches, as will appear in the following extracts from Shields and McDowell:

HEADQUARTERS SHIELDS' DIV.,
ENROUTE FOR LURAY,
June 2nd, 1862.

Hon. E. M. STANTON, *Sec. of War,*
Washington:

Jackson passed through Strasburg Saturday and Sunday (May 31 and June 1). Fremont has not been heard from yet. There was firing at Strasburg yesterday—supposed to be Banks in the rear. My poor command were without provisions twenty-four hours. We would have occupied Strasburg, but dare not interfere. His failure has saved Jackson. I will force my way down to Stanardsville to cut him off, but the railroad is miserable and miserably managed. Cars are running off the track and

coming in collision. I never saw anything like the way of efficiency and skill in organization. Our telegraph line ought to be in operation, but it has no working party. I let them have my pioneers, whom I need now. General McDowell has done everything to mend matters, but not much can be done with such means. We have too many men here and no supplies. How I will get along, I do not know, but I will trust to luck—seize cattle, live on beef—to catch Jackson. I could stampede them to Richmond had I even supplies of hard bread and a little forage. I have no fears of their numbers, which have been ridiculously exaggerated by fear.

My dear friend, see the president, he has confidence. I know, in me. Tell him that my opinion is to put things back again where they were as soon as possible. Bring Fremont's force or a part of it, to Strasburg, Banks to Front Royal, McDowell again to Fredericksburg, where I can join him, and we will hurl them out of Richmond as fast as we can march. Here, now, the men will starve. Too many men: no supplies. Again, I repeat, General McDowell has shown great energy in forwarding everything. As far as myself, I did all that man could do under the circumstances. Permit me again to declare that no man could have done more than General McDowell did to achieve everything possible. With him we can accomplish a great deal down South. Let me suggest most respectfully, to restore things as they were. Bring

Fremont's force to Strasburg and Banks's to Front Royal—both are impregnable in the hands of men who know how to hold them—and General McDowell again to Fredericksburg, where I could join him. Good-by.

JAS. SHIELDS,
Major-General, Commanding.

COLUMBIA BRIDGE, Va., June 4,
VIA FRONT ROYAL, June 5, 1862.

HON. E. M. STANTON:—The advance of my command is at Conrad's store, opposite Harrisonburg, twenty miles from here. All the bridges on Shenandoah are burned. The river is a torrent, owing to the incessant rains for three days, and utterly impassable. The enemy is on the pike between Strasburg and New Market. I think at Rude's Hill; but this is only conjecture. Our forces in his rear will keep you advised. I cannot now take him inverse, owing to the inundation. Roads have become impassable. I want hard bread, salt, sugar, and coffee. Send me these. We have too many men and no supplies. While the river is up, I could move on Stewardsville—his depot—and destroy the road, if I had supplies. The rains have saved him at present from annihilation. Give me bread and I will do it yet. I cannot fight against the elements, but give me bread to keep me alive and they will never leave this valley. Their force is inconsiderable, not in my opinion 7,000. I will stampede

them down to Richmond if you give me plenty of bread.

JAS. SHIELDS,
Major-General, Commanding.

—
COLUMBIA BRIDGE,
June 4, 1862.

COLONEL CARROLL, Commanding
Fourth Brigade :

Our friends have driven the enemy to New Market. He can only escape by Staunton. He has burned his own bridges. The whole of your command is to march to join you. Leave a guard and wagons and caissons at Conrad's, and on to Staunton. Destroy cars, railroads, depots, and all facilities for his escape. You must go forward at once with cavalry and guns to save the bridge at Port Republic.

JAS. SHIELDS,
Commanding Division.

—
COLUMBIA BRIDGE,

June 6, 1862—11 A. M.

BRIGADIER GEN. CARROLL, Com-
manding Div., Conrad's Store :

I have received your very instructive communication and kept the orderly until this morning. We are at work building a bridge. The progress is satisfactory. I have ordered the rest of your brigade to join you. Can you prepare for a spring on Waynesborough to burn the bridge, depot, cars, and tear up the railroad? Will this be practicable? I fear the enemy will escape if it is not done. I will send you all the cavalry I can if you can do it, but they are very few. I will

send Captain Hugh to lead them. If you can cut the road at Waynesborough, it will be a splendid exploit, and end Jackson, if we can thunder on his rear and you can take a good position to assail his flank. This, I think you can safely do by keeping the river between you and them, and getting into one of the angles you will see on the river above Long Meadow Creek. There is a bridge across the Middle river, on the turnpike. That would destroy him. Let me know your opinion. We will soon send infantry across the river and cavalry too, to reconnoiter and cut their telegraph.

JAS. SHIELDS,
Major-General, Commanding Division.

—
COLUMBIA BRIDGE, VA.,

June 7, 1862, 2 A. M.

BRIGADIER GEN. CARROLL, Com-
manding Fourth Brigade, Con-
rad's Store :

Such is my anxiety that I rise from my bed to write to you. Captain Kelley, who will hand you this, has just returned from New Market. The enemy passed New Market on the 5th. Blenker's division on the 6th, in pursuit. The enemy has flung away everything, knapsacks, and their stragglers fill the mountain. They only need a movement on the flank to panic-strike them and break them into fragments. No man has had such a chance since the war commenced. Few men ever had such a chance. You are within thirty miles of a broken, retreating enemy, who still hang together. Ten thousand

Germans are on his rear who hang on like bull-dogs. You have only to throw yourself down on Waynesborough before him, and your cavalry will capture them by the thousands, seize his trains and abundant supplies: and yet there is a strange want of enthusiasm in the command. The enemy is in retreat right before you. The men who follow him have no train—live by the way. This command can throw itself upon his flank, and yet I am pestered about shoes and stockings and clothing by officers like Colonel Gavin. Why, if the clothing was here, there is no time to get it. Take five thousand of the enemy prisoners, then there will be time to clothe you. Some of the officers are discouraging their men instead of putting heart into them. Officers who do so at this time are not worthy of their places.

The Germans are not half as well off as you are, but they hang on the enemy without respite. This enemy has insulted the capital of your country: he is in retreat; you are within a day and a half of him and you hesitate. I don't mean you personally, but some of your officers and men. This would be a disgrace. Can this be my boasted Shields's division? If an officer hesitates, send him back—go on with the men.

JAS. SHIELDS,
Commanding Division.

LURAY, June 4, 1862.

MAJOR-GENERAL McDOWELL:—
I have just issued orders to have all

who are sick and unable to march (sent) back to Front Royal, and with the residue, if it be humanly possible, I will ascend the river, cross it, and take Jackson in the rear. My command are already destitute of everything in the way of shoes, and will soon be destitute of provisions and forage. Already the Rhode Islanders have broken down, and my own brave division will fail unless supplies are forthcoming. There are none to be had at Front Royal. I have asked for subsistence and it has not come. The railroad has failed. We must make quick work with Jackson, as it is all bad.

JAS. SHIELDS.

LURAY, June 4, 1862.

Received June 5, 11-30.

MAJ.-GEN. McDOWELL, Commanding Army of the Rappahannock:

GENERAL:—I have the honor to communicate that Colonel Carroll with a force of 100 men and two pieces of artillery, after a forced night's march, reached Conrad's bridge this morning at 5 o'clock, which bridge he found burned. You will perceive from this, and my previous communications, that all the bridges,—Columbia, White House, and Conrad's,—have been destroyed. Owing to the recent heavy rains, the river has become so swollen as to make a crossing impossible for the present. The roads have become impassable for wagons beyond Columbia bridge. The remainder of the division is

stationed near the town and occupying all the roads leading to it. The enemy is doubtless at Rude's Hill, where he would keep the army in check; Stewardsville is one of the principal depots, where I think they have supplies for Jackson's army. We must try to get hold of this, burn the cars, destroy the road, and save the supplies. This will prevent Jackson's escape and the enemy's advance. Our supplies are exhausted, and we must now live on the country. To fall back would not better our condition, as there is nothing at Front Royal, and it might lead to a stampede of this whole army. Please instruct me as to the position and condition of your forces, and any information in regard to the other commands that you may possess.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAS. SHIELDS,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

—
HEADQUARTERS SHIELD'S DIV.
June 8, 1862.

COLONEL SHRIVER, C. of S. Headquarters, Army of the Rappahannock, Front Royal, Va.:

On the evening of the 6th inst. I sent a party of cavalry and infantry through the gap to New Market. They found that the enemy had passed the day before, and that Fremont had just passed. One was sent to his headquarters, and one of his aides-de-camp came to my quarters last night with the communication marked "A." He

lets me know that on the 6th Jackson was about nine miles above Harrisonburg on the way to Staunton, and finding great difficulty in getting along. His men are deserting him by hundreds, and burn the bridges after him. Ashby has infernal activity and ingenuity in this way. Jackson's men seem to be suffering for provisions, he says. The prisoners we take say they have been on half rations. Their supply of ammunition seems, by their cautious mode of firing, to be nearly exhausted. He is doubtless pushing toward Staunton, and perhaps turning a part of his train toward Port Republic to escape by Waynesborough or Stannardsville.

The head of Jackson's retreating column may be at Staunton this morning: the head of my column, as you will see by document "B," is in Port Republic. Port Republic is eighteen miles from Waynesborough, where I am trying to get. If I get there first, and I think I will, the bridge will be burned and the railroad cut up. This will arrest him, and get him between Fremont's command and ours. If his train attempts to get to Stannardsville we will have it. I think the head of our column will be in Waynesborough to-night. I am sending information to Fremont of my exact position, so we may cooperate. I think we have Jackson, but I beg you will let the commanding general know that we have to guard our flanks, and this weakens us.

JAS. SHIELDS,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

General Banks to General McDowell:

MARTINSBURG, June 4, 1862.

MAJ.-GENERAL McDOWELL, Front Royal:

The best information that I can get is that Jackson left Winchester Friday, May 30, at 11 a. m.; encountered Fremont's advance at Cedar Creek, which he held in check until his army passed up the valley. His rear guard took position on a hill two miles above Strasburg, which he held: the cannonading on Sunday and Monday was here, and was incessant. He is said to have eighty pieces of artillery, two twenty pounds. When last heard from his force was at New Market. General Sigel goes to Winchester to-day. I shall be there to-night. My advance will be there to-night. Will communicate further.

N. P. BANKS,
Major-General.

FRONT ROYAL, June 3, 1862.

HON. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War:—I sent an aide-de-camp yesterday a. m. to overtake General Shields with information of General Fremont's presence in the valley above Strasburg. I have just received the following in return:

“LURAY, June 3, 1862.

“4 A. M.

“GENERAL McDOWELL, Commanding:—Your dispatches received. We had heard the sound of cannon on the Strasburg turnpike

yesterday, and judged it was Fremont's men. My advance last night reached the Shenandoah river to cross to New Market, but found bridges burned. This will retard us. We must cross to-day somehow. Let Fremont know that I will follow his rear. We have caught him now. Jackson knows that I am in his rear, because several fled from here on our approach. Elzey is said to be at Thornton's Gap.

“Yours sincerely,

“JAS. SHIELDS,
“*Major-General.*”

The “somehow” in which the general is to cross the river to-day, swollen as it is by heavy rains, is not so clear, and the delay defeats the movement. I have heard nothing from General Fremont since my telegram of this morning. A small supply of food came this morning in wagons. It will give us another day's supply, and may enable us to wait for the railway. I this moment learn as a cause for delay on the railroad that out of all the locomotives put out but two are doing duty. We are literally from hand to mouth, and may have trouble.

IRVIN McDOWELL,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

HDQRS. DEPT. OF THE
RAPPAHANNOCK,

June 3, 1862.

HON. SECRETARY OF WAR:

The following has just been received from Major-General Shields:

LURAY, June 8, 1862.

10:30 A. M.

MAJ.-GEN. McDOWELL, Commanding Army of the Rappahannock :

GENERAL :—The route from here to New Market is impracticable. The rebels burned down the bridges on the route ; one called the Columbia bridge, ten miles from here, over the river, the other the White House bridge, on the direct route from the river. The rains have so swollen the river that every effort to construct a bridge of boats has proved impracticable. My only chance now is to push on to Conrad's store. The bridge there I expect to find burned also, but this would bring us out at Harrisonburg. If the river rises as at present it is doing, I cannot hope to ford even there.

My next move will be to push on to Stannardsville, destroy their railroad and depot, and if possible, to Staunton or Charlottesville. I have no cavalry. The Rhode Island cavalry has broken down, and I must send it back, keeping only a few for orderlies. This cavalry has been sadly neglected. Can you not send me a cavalry that can work, forage, etc.? If I cannot take the enemy in reverse at Rude's Hill, look to it. You cannot carry it in front without loss, and perhaps heavy loss.

Rude's Hill is between Mt. Jackson and New Market. I drove him out by a flank movement on the west side of the turnpike, but I fear the river is too high now to effect

this. With good cavalry I could stampede them to Richmond. I will destroy their means of escape somehow. Send me a cavalry that can march and know how to take care of themselves.

Yours most respectfully,

JAS. SHIELDS.

The amount of all this is that he cannot cross the Shenandoah in time to intercept Jackson. General Shields asks as a condition of being able to stampede the enemy to Richmond, some cavalry of a kind I am unable to give him. The Rhode Island is as good as I have, and as to his preventing the enemy's escape "somehow," I fear it will be like his intention of crossing the "river somehow." His command is not in a condition to go to the places he names. It has occurred to me that possibly the enemy, having effected his purpose here, may now go to Richmond or Fredericksburg without being stampeded to do so.

IRVIN McDOWELL,

Major-General Commanding.

WASHINGTON, June 7, 1862.

COLONEL SHRIVER, Chief of Staff :

Say to General Shields that it is the order of the president that Major-General Fremont shall hold the valley in connection with Major-General Banks, and that the forces belonging to the Department of the Rappahannock be immediately marched on to Richmond to cooperate with General McClellan. It

has been much desired by the president, and no doubt is still, that Jackson should be made to pay for his late dash down the valley, and if there is a reasonable expectation of his being caught, no doubt the order for the advance on Richmond would be suspended. It is not clear from Shields's report what is the position of his command at this time, except that he has only two of his brigades advanced, in which he has forgotten my instructions not to move his force so that the several parts should not always be in supporting distance of each other. It is inferred that the force he has at Port Republic is small, and that the party he is expecting to leave at Waynesborough is only a bridge burning force. If he is in hot pursuit and is about to fall on the enemy, and can do so with reasonable chance of success and without relying upon the troops at Front Royal, who are too far in the rear to support him in his extended movement, I am not disposed to recall him: but if, as I infer, he has only detachments thrown out to the front, he should not place his command out of the possibility of complying with the president's general plan of the operation, but should at once call in his parties and move upon Fredericksburg, when he can be refitted for the march to Richmond.

Let this go in addition to your former reply, and have the messenger start immediately for Luray.

IRVIN McDOWELL,

Major-General Com. Dept.

In a little more than a month Jackson's army had marched more than two hundred and fifty miles, fought four pitched battles, in which he had captured more than 4,000 prisoners, guns, wagons, and immense military supplies.

The features of this campaign which mark Jackson as a military genius are first:

RAPIDITY OF MOVEMENT.

Some of the marches of his troops have never been surpassed by organized bodies of men. The march of two brigades May 31st, from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, a distance of over fifty miles, was never equalled by the troops of either army in Virginia at least. (The sixth corps of the Union army covered thirty miles from daybreak to sunset on its march to Gettysburg, July 2d. Jackson's infantry were called "foot cavalry," so rapid were their movements.) The Southern soldier does not seem to have had more endurance than the Northern, but in the case of Jackson's infantry, their celerity was due to the energy and restless activity of the commander himself. The rapid movement of his troops in the valley contributed largely to his success. Before the opposing general could get reports of his whereabouts, he was threatening an attack at some point so distant from his last known position as to create a surprise and even panic, as was the case in his rapid movement down the Luray Valley against Banks. Second:

SECRECY OF MOVEMENT.

There was always a mystery enveloping his army and its movements; the most contradictory reports of his numbers, movements, and plans were continually being carried to headquarters. It was a part of his tactics to deceive and mystify the enemy. His circuitous march when moving against Fremont's forces at McDowell, was only for the purpose of giving Banks the impression that he had begun the movement to reinforce the army of Johnson at Richmond. There was nothing mystical or mysterious in his nature: he was frank and open in his conversation, but not communicative of his plans and purposes. He seldom confided his plans even to his most trusted lieutenants. He was thoroughly self-reliant; never but once, and that early in his career, did he hold a council of war. By his reticence he impressed those who did not know him and who were not close observers of his character, with a poor opinion of his ability. (General Ewell, his trusted and loyal lieutenant, when he first served under him, called him "crazy.") General Whiting reported to him with his division at Staunton after the Battle of Port Republic, having been sent to reinforce him from Richmond, and leaving his troops at Staunton, rode twenty miles to report in person to him at Port Republic, thinking Jackson would unfold to him his plans in detail, but returned the same night to his division with this only—that he would

receive orders in the morning. He complained of his reception to a friend in terms not very complimentary to Jackson, but acknowledging that he had been treated in the most courteous manner. The next morning the curt order came for him to move his division to Gordonsville. There he met Jackson and moved with him to attack McClellan's flank at Richmond. He soon had reason to revise his opinion of his chief. Third:

HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE MOVEMENTS AND PLANS OF THE ENEMY

was usually very complete and accurate, and if any links were missing, he supplied the deficiency by an almost prophetic and intuitive insight. His success was never due to a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, but was the result of plans elaborated from abundant data, carefully collected and considered. Genius never displays itself in haphazard methods. His retreat and withdrawal of his forces from the Potomac to Strasburg was timed with remarkable accuracy and shows a complete knowledge of the movements of the opposing forces. It was necessary that he should maintain his threatening attitude in front of Harper's Ferry and along the Potomac to the very last minute consistent with his safety, for if he were to make simply a vigorous pursuit of Banks's defeated army and an irresolute dash at Harper's Ferry, and then a precipitate retreat up the valley again, he would have lost not only a large part of the material

results of his advance and victory over Banks, but destroyed entirely the moral effect of it. He would have shown his weakness; the fear and panic in Washington, and in the states bordering on the Potomac, would have immediately subsided; the movement of McDowell's troops would have been stopped and they would have immediately returned to reinforce McClellan. But by an accurate knowledge of the progress of McDowell's troops on the one side and Fremont's on the other, and keeping his advance in constant contact with the Union troops in his front, he was able to prolong his occupation of the country in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry until the advance of McDowell's troops was appearing through the Blue Ridge at Front Royal, and Fremont's advance was showing itself a few miles west of Strasburg, then by a march of his main army to Strasburg, he separated those two forces which do not seem to have been over-anxious at any time to come together, and stretching out his right and left arm, held them apart until he had gathered in his forces. We might multiply instances of his correct knowledge and grasp of the situation in which he was placed. Fourth :

JACKSON WAS AN AGGRESSIVE
FIGHTER.

This we consider the most powerful cause contributive to his success. The moral effect (which is to be studied in war) of taking the initiative in battle, of first assuming the

offensive, cannot be too greatly over-estimated. It was a part of Jackson's character, it was natural for a man of his intense activity and energy, coupled with indomitable courage and will, to strike instead of waiting to be struck. He moved his troops with a terrible swiftness and directness upon his foes, and delivered his blows without hesitation and with a power backed by his resolute will. He recognized the fact that armies were organized for fighting and he never attempted an easier way to victory than by fighting for it. It seems contradictory to the character of this devout, pious man of God, to call him a determined and persistent and ready fighter, but such he was, as all his campaigns testify. His eagerness to attack was sometimes to his great injury, as in Kernstown in April, 1862, when he made an attack upon a much larger force under Shields, and again at Port Republic,—such was his impetuosity that he hurled a small part of his forces against the advance of Shields, too impatient to await the slow movement of the balance of his forces over the narrow improvised bridge across the Shenandoah.

Fifth—He had a wonderful hold upon the affection and veneration of his soldiers, not so much because of his success, as by reason of his lofty character,—strong in its simplicity and truthfulness, self-denying and self-sacrificing.

He inspired his men with a spirit of devotion and confidence in him which sustained them on their long

and trying marches, and in the stress of battle. His appearance among his troops on the march or upon the battlefield was always greeted with an enthusiasm born of love and reverence. He made no use of artificial means or garish display to attract the admiration and applause of his soldiers. His steps were not attended by a numerous and brilliant staff; he did not attempt to cover defeat or announce victory in lying phrase or bombastic speech or egotistical reverence. This is his style—"God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday"—"Hoping through the blessing of Providence to defeat Banks."—"On Thursday the army, after divine service for the purpose of rendering thanks to God for the victory with which he blessed us and to implore His continued favor, began to retrace its steps."—"The troops were halted for a short rest to attend divine service and observe the fast recommended by the President of the C. S."—"May 26th—During the last three days God has blessed our arms with brilliant success."—"On this day divine service was held for the purpose of rendering thanks to God for the success with which he has blessed our arms and to implore his continued favor."

"Early Monday morning, the 9th of June, I attacked the Federals on the east side of the river and after about four and a half hours hard fighting, the same kind Providence which had so blessed us on Sunday, completely routed the enemy."

There is something Cromwellian

in all this without Cromwell's brutality.

After the Battle of Port Republic Jackson lodged his army in Brown's Gap where he could watch and threaten any advance of Fremont or Shields: or should they withdraw from his immediate front, he could move rapidly to reinforce the army defending Richmond. It was now the purpose of the government at Washington to restore its lines and endeavor to carry out its project of reinforcing McClellan. For this purpose, Fremont was withdrawn down the valley to Strasburg. Shields dragged his wounded columns slowly back to Front Royal, and dawdled about there waiting for a force from Banks to relieve him. In the meantime, the swift-moving and eager Jackson hurried to Richmond in person and after a consultation with General Lee in regard to the plan for the next campaign, met his troops already advancing to join the army of Northern Virginia at Hanover Junction. The plan of operations decided upon by Lee, was to hold on strongly with the right of his line to the entrenchments covering Richmond, and with a large movable column under Jackson, to move around the right flank of McClellan's army, and attack him in flank and rear. The plan was successfully carried out by Jackson. He rolled up the right wing of McClellan's army; forced it over the Chickahominy and obliged it to seek safety in retreat to the James river. His next service was to move

his corps to Gordonsville to check the advance of the heterogeneous forces that had been formed into an army under General Pope. He met and defeated at Cedar Mountain a part of this force under General Banks. After this fight, Jackson being joined by the balance of Lee's army, Pope was pushed back of the Rappahannock river, and while Lee with Longstreet's corps was holding him near its banks by a constant threat to cross, Jackson commenced that famous march around the right flank of Pope's army, and fastened himself in his rear upon his line of communications with Washington, and induced or obliged Pope to fight the disastrous battle known as the "Second Bull Run." This movement has all the characteristics of Jackson's genius—audacious, rapid, effective, and deliberate. All the rules of war were set at defiance: he cut himself loose from all connection with his base of supplies: he put himself completely in rear of the large Union army under Pope, and gave him easy opportunity to interpose between him and the balance of Lee's army: he separated his corps from the rest of his army by a two days' march. While in the rear of Pope's army, he moved with the utmost coolness and deliberation: he captured immense supplies at Manassas Junction: he threw the government at Washington again into confusion and dismay, and for twenty-four hours they were without communication with Pope's army, although only fifty miles

away. After having broken Pope's communication with Washington by rail and carried off and destroyed the great stores of commissary and other supplies at Manassas, he set himself with the utmost deliberation and good judgment to put his troops where they could again make connection with Longstreet's troops, which were on the march, by the same route pursued by himself to join him. If Jackson's march to the rear of Pope's army is open to any criticism by reason of its audacity and recklessness, we think that no criticism can justly be made of his plan and movements to extricate himself from his perilous situation. It was done with deliberation and it seems to me with the most perfect knowledge of the position and movements of Pope's army, or else with that correct insight into the movements of his enemy, which we have before pointed out as a distinguishing characteristic of this great commander.

No sooner did Pope know that Jackson had struck his communication at Manassas than he began in the most expeditious manner to concentrate his whole army upon that point of attack, and to attempt to capture Jackson, but after a march which exhausted his troops, and without coming in contact with any of Jackson's divisions, he found that he had escaped him. By this march he had partially opened the way of communication between the two corps of Lee's army and facilitated their junction. All military critics agree that Pope's move

should have been to have interposed his whole force between the two corps of the rebel army and fought them in detail. If Jackson's strategic movement in the Manassas campaign was daring, his tactical movements were deliberate, cautious, and precise. He brought his three divisions by uninterrupted and not circuitous marches out of a position at Manassas, where it would have been dangerous for him to have been attacked by Pope into a line of battle commanding the turnpike road from Warrenton to Centerville; his right extended so as to put out its hand to the rapidly approaching forces under Longstreet,—a line of retreat open in his rear and ready for any attack Pope might see fit to deliver. We cannot too much admire the skill and precision with which Jackson moved his troops into this most favorable position, either for attacking or receiving an attack.

It is not our purpose to discuss the part taken by Jackson in the battles of the 28th, 29th, and 30th of August on the famed battle-field of Bull Run. The heaviest of the fighting was done by his corps, and he displayed the most undaunted courage and tenacity, and to him alone belongs all the credit for the victory of the rebel army. We will not follow him through the Maryland campaign that immediately followed the rebel success at Bull Run, for his operations were directed and controlled by General Lee, but in all that he undertook,—the capture of Harper's Ferry and the ter-

rible struggle on the left of the Rebel army at Antietam,—he displayed fertility of resources, rapidity of movement, and terrible earnestness.

Let us now turn briefly to his great flanking movement at Chancellorsville, which was as audacious as the movement to the rear of Pope's army at Manassas and of a somewhat similar character. Detaching himself from the rest of the Rebel army, he moved with about 25,000 troops by a circuitous route around the right of Hooker's army, threw his whole corps with terrible force and energy upon the eleventh corps of the Union army, and drove it into utter rout and confusion. It needed only a few hours of daylight for Jackson in his resistless course to have crushed the whole right of Hooker's army, and to have imperilled its safety, but the darkness of night shrouded both armies, and a deeper gloom than that of night fell upon the Rebel host when it was known that their great leader had been carried from the field with mortal wounds. The blow which had been struck with such vigor and success by Jackson at night would have fallen with redoubled energy the next morning, but the great leader that would have given force and power to it had done his last service in the Confederate cause.

This movement of Jackson's was not wholly unknown to the Union commanders. Early in the day while it was progressing, General Sickles pushed out a reconnoitering party, which attacked the rear

of the column and broke off and captured a part of it. A less determined general than Jackson would have halted his whole column and deployed a force sufficient to have developed the extent of the attack before proceeding, but that was not the way of Jackson. He had an object in view, and he would not be swerved from the accomplishment of it by any slight interruption. Notwithstanding this attack, he pressed forward,—a less determined man would have waited till morning before delivering his attack (it was 6 p. m. when it began), but his impetuosity would brook no delay. In none of his campaigns do we find him showing such terrible earnestness as in this battle at Chancellorsville. The whole plan of this battle is open to the severest criticism, if genius can be criticized. But Jackson seems to have planned the battle as though he knew the irresolute character of the Union commander and acted upon that knowledge.

At Chancellorsville culminated the power of the Southern confederacy. Victory never again perched upon her banners: the genius that inspired her armies and led them on to victory had taken its flight from earth. "Let us cross over the river and rest under those trees," were the peaceful words that closed the lips of this great hero.

Motley, in one of his letters written in August, 1862, speaking of the incapacity shown by *our* generals, says,—“The coming man must have military genius

united with intense faith in something.” Jackson was such a man. He had a strong faith in the justice of his cause, which intensified and energized all his actions: his religious fervor, springing from deep convictions, gave an elevation to his character which exerted an immense power over his soldiers,—a power that no other soldier of modern times possessed. We cannot make a just comparison of his military genius with that of the famous generals of other times, for the conditions of modern warfare have so greatly changed that such a comparison would be partial. Many of the conditions of our Civil War were unique,—the undisciplined forces, the unusual physical obstacles which the unsubdued character of our country interposed, the introduction of the railroad and water transportation upon our great rivers, by which the movement of troops was greatly facilitated, and the use of the electric telegraph, were factors in the conduct of the operations of our war that do not largely appear in the wars of other times. But Jackson's genius overcame all obstacles, and even turned some of them to his advantage. He used the mountains and impassible forests to screen his movements, the raw and undisciplined troops that came to his hands he fused into a homogeneous army,—not very well disciplined soldiers, perhaps, but a devoted and loyal body,—never failing to respond to any demands he made upon them on the march or in the field of battle.

IN MEMORIAM.

General Davis Tillson died at Rockland April 30, 1895. His illness was of but a few days' duration and was an affection of the heart. All that medical skill could do was done, but without avail. The end came quickly and peacefully. The news of the death spread rapidly over the city and the grief was genuine and universal.

General Davis Tillson was born in Rockland, April 17, 1830, and was the son of William F., who settled in Rockland in 1794, and Jane (Davis) Tillson. When 19 years old he passed a successful examination and entered the United States Military Academy at West Point. Here he confined himself closely to his studies, showing a special liking for military tactics. Two years later he met with an accident which necessitated the amputation of a foot. The injury compelled him to leave school and he returned home. His fellow-townsmen honored him in 1857 by electing him to the Maine legislature and the next year he was further honored by being appointed adjutant-general of the state. In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln collector of customs of Waldoboro district.

The South was in open revolt and the country was threatened with civil war. Brave, patriotic men were wanted. Young Tillson felt uneasy and, resigning his lucrative position, he organized the Second Maine Battery, of which he was

made captain. He was mustered into service November 1, 1861, and from this date until after the surrender of General Lee he was a brave, fearless champion of the country's interest. Owing to trouble with England over the Trent affair, Capt. Tillson was compelled to remain at Fort Preble, Portland Harbor, part of the winter. This afforded him an excellent opportunity to train his men, and the training received at this time gained for them, in after days, an enviable reputation. He reached Washington in April, 1862, and was assigned to the Army of the Rappahannock under Major-General McDowell.

May 22 he was promoted to major and made chief of artillery in Gen. Ord's division, which position he held until August 9, the day of the Battle of Cedar Mountain. On this day he was appointed chief of artillery under Gen. McDowell. While on Gen. McDowell's staff he participated in the three days fight at Rappahannock Station, at Bull Run, and several minor engagements. In these battles the artillery played an important part, doing most of the work, and Major Tillson won great praise from his superior officers for his gallantry and the efficiency of his men. In October, 1862, he was made inspector of artillery at Washington; in January, 1863, he was appointed lieutenant colonel of artillery and on

March 27 was honored by being commissioned brigadier-general, and ordered to investigate the defenses at Covington and Newport, Ky., and also to take charge of the defenses at Cincinnati, and the works on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. While here he raised and organized two regiments of heavy artillery.

December 14 he was appointed chief of artillery for the Department of Ohio and took charge of the defenses of London and Kingston. He was given a brigade in the 23d Army Corps, which he commanded in several engagements during the winter of '63-'64. He continued in charge of these works, which were officially commended as the best in the military division of the Mississippi. He also organized the First U. S. Heavy Artillery of colored troops and the Third North Carolina Mounted Infantry. He subsequently had command of the District of East Tennessee until early in 1865, when he was transferred to the Fourth Division of the Department of the Cumberland, and held that command until the close of the war. He then tendered his resignation, which was not accepted, and he remained on duty until December 1, 1866, in charge of the Freedman's Bureau at Memphis, and later in Georgia. He engaged in the cotton business in Georgia for a year, when he sold out and returned to Rockland.

Soon after returning to this city he opened a lime quarry in company with Orris B. Ulmer, and the

enterprise was a success from the start. This property was subsequently sold to F. Cobb & Co. for a good price. Gen. Tillson, with his keen business insight, purchased Hurricane island and organized a company to develop its rich granite quarries. In developing these quarries Gen. Tillson was assisted by his son-in-law, William S. White, who now is in charge. This business was conducted on a large scale and at one time 1,400 men were employed. Several years ago he leased the quarries to another concern and confined himself to extensive orange groves which he had purchased in Leesburg, Florida. These groves are considered among the largest and finest in the state.

Gen. Tillson was interested at different times in many extensive enterprises and he did more for his native city than any other single individual. One of the best things he ever did for Rockland was the construction of Tillson wharf. This immense structure of granite cost \$200,000 and its construction was commenced about fifteen years ago. The business men of that day considered the scheme a wild one and predicted financial ruin for the builder, as they considered the size of the city and the amount of business transacted did not warrant the expenditure of so great a sum of money. Gen. Tillson, however, had the utmost confidence in his enterprise and he worked persistently and determinedly on the construction of the wharf. At last the magnificent structure was complete

and the fondest hopes of the far-seeing and enterprising builder were realized from the start. All the steamers that do business in these waters, with one exception, have their headquarters at this wharf, and it proved to be Gen. Tillson's best paying piece of property. More than this, it will perpetuate the memory of the builder for generations to come.

He was a member of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., and he remembered the Post in a most substantial manner on divers occasions. A recent gift to the Post was a check for \$500.

Deceased served on the board of aldermen, and was for three years a member of the school committee. He married Margaret E., daughter of Michael and Celinda Achorn, who, with two daughters, Mrs. William S. White of Rockland, and Mrs. W. H. Day, Jr., of Dubuque, Iowa, survive him.

April 9, 1895, Brooks D. Savage was found in his stable by his son, Mark, about half past eight, dead from the effect of a rifle shot fired by his own hand.

Mr. Savage was 53 years old the day of his death. He had for some months shown indications of mental unbalance, but of late had appeared better.

He was the son of Jacob Savage, deceased, and always resided here, excepting during nearly four years' service in the War of the Rebellion as a member of Company F of the Third Regiment of Maine Volunteers. He was a member of Rus-

sell Post, G. A. R., also of the Masonic bodies in Skowhegan, Somerset Lodge, Somerset Chapter, and DeMolay Commandery.

His wife died in December, 1893, and his only brother, Austin Savage, died some months since. Two sisters, Mrs. James Morse and Mrs. Webster Clark, who reside in Rhode Island, survive him. He leaves two sons, Webster C. and Mark, and one daughter, Miss Alta.

For some years after returning from his army service he was in the employ of the Maine Central Railroad Company in charge of a construction crew and as freight conductor, but for twenty years past had been in the ice cutting and distributing business and market gardening, mostly for the local trade. He was a man of good business habits, thrifty and honorable, and took a lively interest in public affairs; was for many years connected with the fire department, serving as chief engineer for several terms.

Dr. Francis M. Eveleth was stricken with paralysis and died in Waldoboro', Tuesday, April 9, 1895.

He was at town meeting during the early part of the afternoon of the eighth, had returned home, and was watching his men who were sawing wood by water motor power, when without warning he staggered against a wall and it was apparent that he was very ill. With the assistance of Mrs. Eveleth and the workmen he reached

the house, being able to keep on his feet. He spoke two or three times in answer to questions and when Dr. George H. Coombs arrived and asked if he recognized him, he indicated by pressure of the hand that he did. He became unconscious, however, almost immediately and remained so until his death.

Dr. Eveleth leaves a widow, two sisters, Mrs. Martha C. Strout of Boston, and Mrs. Mary W. Moore of Madrid, Me., and a half brother and a half sister in Denver, Colorado.

Francis Marion Eveleth was born in Phillips, Maine, May 22, 1832, and would have been sixth-three years of age next Memorial Day. He received a good common school education, after which he spent two winters teaching in Maryland. On his return to Phillips he began the study of medicine with Dr. Amzi Sanborn of that place. He attended lectures at Brunswick and finally graduated from a medical college in Cincinnati about 1856. He again returned to Phillips and practised his profession in connection with Dr. Sanborn, whose daughter, Ellen A., he married in 1858. Soon after he located in Presque Isle.

In August, 1861, being in Augusta on business he was offered and accepted a commission as assistant surgeon of the Seventh Maine Infantry then being organized in that city. He participated in all the campaigns of this famous regiment which was a part of the Third

brigade, Second division, Sixth corps. February 13, 1863, he was promoted to surgeon with the rank of major. In August, 1864, the original term of service of the Seventh having expired, the re-enlisted men and recruits were consolidated with the battalions of the Fifth and Sixth regiments and became the First Veteran Volunteers. Surgeon Eveleth was transferred to the new organization and served till the close of the war, being mustered out June 28, 1865, having been in the service nearly four years. At one time he was in charge of the division hospital. His large experience as a military surgeon was of invaluable service to him in his subsequent practice in civil life.

After the war he came to Portland where he remained till the spring of 1866 when he again located at Presque Isle. In 1867 or '68, at the suggestion of our townsman, Mr. L. P. Haskell, he came to Waldoboro, where he spent the remainder of his days.

Pay Director Augustus H. Gilman (retired), U. S. N., died very suddenly in New York yesterday. It was only a few days ago that Captain and Mrs. Gilman, their daughter, Mrs. Bursley, and Miss Deering and Mr. Henry Deering, went on a pleasure trip to New York.

Captain Gilman, who was born in Exeter, N. H., in 1822, was the grandson of John Taylor Gilman, governor of New Hampshire, on the paternal side, and of Chief Jus-

tice Mellen of Maine on the maternal. He belonged to a family which, for a century and a half, influenced the political, ecclesiastical, social, and financial history of New Hampshire. His great grandfather was Nicholas Gilman, a leading spirit in the political affairs during the Revolution, and fourth in descent from John Gilman, one of the earliest settlers of Exeter, N. H., and one of the royal councillors, when 1680 the state was separated from Massachusetts. Governor John Taylor Gilman was a member of the Continental Congress, then state treasurer of New Hampshire, and later governor. His brother, Captain Gilman's great uncle, was adjutant of Col. Scammell's regiment in the Revolution, after whom Fort Scammell, Portland harbor, is named, declined a position on the staff of General Benedict Arnold, and afterwards joined General Washington's military family, received Lord Cornwallis's sword when he surrendered at Yorktown, and had charge of the prisoners when the capitulation took place. After the Revolution he was a member of congress, and from 1789 to 1797 senator from New Hampshire. Captain Gilman's sister was the first wife of ex-Governor C. H. Bell of New Hampshire.

When the War of the Rebellion broke out, Captain Gilman's patriotic blood was fired. He was appointed paymaster June 1, 1861, and attached to the sloop *Marion* on the Atlantic squadron, and trans-

ferred to the *Santee* in 1862. During these years he saw a great deal of blockading service. From that time until he was appointed fleet paymaster of the Asiatic squadron in 1869 he was chiefly on special duty. He in 1871 was promoted to pay inspector and in 1879 to pay director. He was retired as pay director with the rank of captain some six years ago, when he reached the age limit.

Captain Gilman since his retirement has resided in Portland. His wife was born Miss Margaret Deering, a descendant of the late James Deering, the founder of the Deering family of this city.

Hon. Everett A. Stevens of Boston died at the Fairbanks Stevens farm on Ward Hill, Norridgewock, Saturday, the thirteenth of July.

Everett A. Stevens was born in the town of Madison, Maine, May 13, 1843, and was educated in the common schools. At the breaking out of the civil conflict he was in the employ of a Montreal concern, and, although occupying a lucrative position, he, in company with other brave and patriotic sons of New England, enlisted in the army of the Union, going to the front a member of Company I of the Eleventh Regiment of Massachusetts Infantry in 1862, when only nineteen years of age. Mr. Stevens remained in this regiment until it left the front at Cold Harbor, when its term of service expired and was mustered out June 24, 1864, in Boston.

In 1883 he was nominated as a member of the board of railroad commissioners by Governor Butler, receiving the unanimous vote of the executive council, and in 1886 he was renominated by Governor Robinson and again in 1889 by Governor Ames.

Governor Ames continued him in office by re-appointing him in 1892, and less than a month ago Governor Greenhalge sent in his name to the executive council, making the fifth appointment received by him as railroad commissioner.

Henry T. Benner died at Rockland, August 20, after an illness of several months. He was the son of Simon and Alice (Walsh) Benner, formerly of Waldoboro. His wife was Harriet A. Sherer. Their married life has been a very happy one. One son, Sydney Benner, survives his father. Mr. Benner's life has been largely that of a farmer, though at one time he manufactured lime in connection with James Tolman. He served in the late war for the Union, in Company E, Maine Coast Guards, and had a good record.

Phineus H. Ricker died in Chicago, May 26, 1895, aged sixty-nine years. He had been an invalid for the past ten years. He experienced religion when quite young, and always took a great interest in religious matters: he was a deacon of the church at South Waterboro.

He was a member of Company K, Twenty-seventh Maine Regi-

ment. His wife died two years ago, since which time he has lived with his son in Chicago. He leaves three sons and one daughter in Massachusetts, and two sisters, Mrs. Wentworth of Kennebunk and Mrs. Crediford of Shapleigh.

John P. Morrison, for many years a resident of West Falmouth, died at his home there June 8, at the age of 56 years, 9 months.

At the first call for troops in 1861 he enlisted in Company C, Twelfth Maine Regiment, and with the exception of a few months spent in nursing the sick and wounded in Union hospitals, he served faithfully as a soldier until peace came in 1865.

His many noble qualities won for him the esteem of all, and in his family his loss will be severely felt. A wife and two children survive him.

Edward B. Sheldon died May 21, after an illness of two weeks. Mr. Sheldon was born in Camden, Me., in 1839, and came to Searsport when about fourteen years of age. He lived with Capt. Charles Gordon until July 19, 1862, when he enlisted in Company E, Nineteenth Maine Regiment, and followed the fortunes of that regiment until he lost his right arm at Gettysburg. He lay on the field forty-eight hours after he was wounded before receiving attention from the surgeons. As soon as able he was sent to Maine. He joined the invalid corps and was at Augusta, Me., until finally discharged Nov.

20, 1865. He was for sixteen years postmaster at Searsport, and was town clerk and treasurer five years, 1886-'90. He had a position in the patent office, Washington, D. C., for a time. He was a member of the First Congregational church, was a past commander of Freeman McGilvery post, G. A. R., a past grand of Sears lodge, I. O. O. F., and chaplain of Eben Whitecomb Command Union Veterans Union at the time of his death. He married Ann S. Gordon, Oct. 2, 1867, by whom he had two sons, Edward, who died several years ago, and Charles G., who, with his mother, survives.

Elias Burbank Berry of Boylston, Mass., died October 10, 1894. He served three years in Company C, Twelfth Maine Regiment, and was the son of Elias Berry, who was born January 26, 1802, at Denmark, Me., and Nancy E. (Burbank) born August 10, 1809, who were married April 22, 1834. In 1867 the soldier moved to Worcester, where he learned the jeweler's trade, and in 1874 he established himself at West Boylston, Mass., as a watch-maker and jeweler, and resided there till his death, October 10, 1894. He was a member of the G. A. R. Post of Boylston, also in the order of Odd Fellows and Masons. He was a worthy member of society and held the office of deacon and treasurer of the Baptist church in his town for many years. He married Rebecca Page, daughter of John O. and Hannah

(Faunce) Page, May 16, 1869. He left a widow and three children surviving him, Grace E., Arthur H., and Myron E. Berry.

Belville R. Hunter died at Brunswick, Me., August 15, 1895, aged forty-seven years, late of Company A, Fourteenth United States Regulars. Comrade Hunter was a member of Post 10 of Worcester, Mass., and leaves a widow.

Frederick Holman died at Worcester, Mass., July 23, 1895, of heart disease, aged forty-six years. Comrade Holman was a member of Post 10 of Worcester and served in Company K, Ninth Maine Vols. He leaves a widow and one daughter, aged fourteen years.

Dr. Frederick A. Smith died at Vinalhaven, May 29. Dr. Smith was born in Dartmouth, Mass., April 6, 1839. He was a member of the Lafayette Carver post, No. 45, and that organization attended services in a body. He enlisted in 1862, and was assigned to the Eighteenth Regiment Massachusetts Vols.; was taken sick with malaria at Arlington Heights and sent to Camp Convalescence, and afterwards transferred to the Twelfth Regiment V. R. C., serving until the expiration of service of the Eighteenth Massachusetts. He re-enlisted in the Twenty-sixth New York, or First Frontier Cavalry, as hospital steward, and was acting assistant surgeon until the close of the war, being discharged in July, 1865.

Charles V. Ellis, corporal, Company E, Thirty-first Maine, aged fifty-nine, died at Fort Fairfield, Me., March 4, of disease contracted

in the service. The comrade was a member of Kilpatrick post, No. 61. A widow and three children survive him.

ECHOES.

THE POSITION AT ALDIE.

General Thomas T. Mumford writes,—

I was amused just now in looking over the July number of the *BUGLE*, 1894, at Major Henry C. Hall's rebuttal to Captain Bliss's review of Aldie. It is impossible to see the same object through different shapes, and from different standpoints. General Stuart in his report saw Fitz Lee all along that line. We who were there remember positively that General Fitz Lee was not in thirty miles of the Aldie fight, so you see the difficulty is not confined to the Union side, but it is long past. It was a rough fight. I had a splendid position and it was screened by a skirt of woods from the fire of General Gregg. The Federals had the numbers but I had the position, I doubt if there was a stronger position in fifty miles of Aldie than the one I had. We had our left protected by the high banks of the creek, impracticable for mounted men; I had a rock wall in my front, and a post and rail lane on either side of the road the Federals had to pass. They could not get at my command without a volley as they passed up and

one as they returned, and were met in or near the lane with mounted men who charged every time they received a volley. Stuart was back at Middleburg, dining at General Rogers and came very near being captured as Duffie's command came in suddenly from the direction of Warrenton.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF LIEUTENANT JOSEPH L. CLARK.

Members of Co. I, 19th Maine Infantry, who were present at Gettysburg:

Edwin Anderson, Harrison B. Bowley, Caleb P. Bunker, Geo. W. Barter, Gorham L. Black (w), Geo. S. Cobb, John F. Carey, Roscoe D. Creamer, John Calph, Hiram Clapp (missing), Orrin F. Conway (w), John H. Cables, Joseph S. Clark, Luther Clark (w), Lafayette Carver, Francis S. Carver, Alden W. Dyer (w), Adrian C. Dodge (w), Franklin Fish, Samuel Farnham, John H. Higgin, Luingleous Hutchings, Geo. E. Holmes (w), Harvey C. Joyce, Edwin S. Jacobs (w), Albion R. Kinsel, Daniel G. Lamb (w), Thomas Little (w), Wm. H. Little, Jr., Otis Little, Jos. G. Maddocks

(w), Jas. H. McIntosh, James P. Mills (w), Joseph H. Norton (w), Amos B. Oxton (w), Chandler F. Perry (w), Freeman G. Pierce, Francis W. Rhoades (k), Geo. E. Sherwood, Geo. Studley, Rufus Shibles (w), Warren B. Thorndike, Geo. S. Turner (w), John Vinal (w), Woster S. Vinal, Calvin B. Vinal, Jos. W. Wilson (k), pioneer, Hosea West, Hiram Whittier, teamster, Alpheus L. Wither-
spoon.

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH L. CLARK'S
DIARY COVERING FROM JUNE 14,
1863, TO DECEMBER 8, 1863.

Sunday, June 14: Broke camp eight o'clock, evening; returned one o'clock, morning.

Monday, June 15: Started at daylight; marched twenty-two miles, then halted for the night; fifteen men died on the march.

Tuesday, June 16: Left Dumfries half past ten o'clock, A. M.; arrived at Colchester at seven o'clock, P. M.; camped on the bank of the Occoquan river.

Wednesday, 17: Left Occoquan, eight o'clock, A. M.; arrived near Fairfax Station, two o'clock, P. M.

Friday, 19: Marched to Centreville; camped for the night.

Saturday, 20: Left Centreville Heights at twelve, noon; marched till twelve, night.

Thursday, 25: Left Thoroughfare Gap; marched to Gum Spring, rained: got shelled at Haymarket and man killed.

Friday, 26: Left Gum Spring at half past seven o'clock; arrived at

Edward's Ferry at about one, P. M.; Corporal Lamb and Thomas Little joined the regiment at Gum Spring; F. Carver put in ambulance.

Saturday, 27: Camped on the Maryland shore near Edward's Ferry: crossed the Potomac last night on pontoon bridge sixty-six boats long; left the ferry at one o'clock, arrived at Poolsville at five o'clock, P. M., at Barnesville at eleven o'clock; camped at Sugar Loaf mountain.

Sunday, June 28, 1863: Sherwood and Thorndike absent at roll call. Started from Sugar Loaf at 9 o'clock; marched through Urbanna to Frederick City: arrived at 4 o'clock.

Monday, 29: Left Frederick City at 7 o'clock; marched through Liberty, Johnsonville, Union Bridge, and Uniontown; sick all day; fell out and laid in the woods all night.

Tuesday, June 30: Regiment on picket all day; got up to the regiment at 8 o'clock; warm.

Wednesday, July 1: Left Uniontown at 1 o'clock, and marched through Smithtown, Taneytown, and marched with the ambulance: halted for the night near Gettysburg.

Thursday, 2: Marched about two miles; fight commenced about 9 o'clock; laid in line of battle all day; engaged the enemy at 5 o'clock; regiment lost one hundred and thirty-eight; Perry and Frank Rhoades shot.

Friday, 3: Cannonade commenced at 12 o'clock; infantry advanced; engagement lasted two

hours: Sergeant Barrows killed; stayed in line of battle all night.

Saturday, 4: No cannonading through the day; piled up rails for breastwork, dug rifle pits with our bayonets; rained heavy in the afternoon; John Carey died of wounds received yesterday.

Sunday, 5: No fighting to-day, the Rebs fell back; our men burying the dead Rebs; rained all night; laid in water two inches deep.

Privates present for duty July 5: E. Anderson, H. B. Bowley, C. P. Butler, George S. Cobb, J. H. Cables, F. S. Carver, F. Fish, Z. Hutchins, William H. Little, Otis Little, J. H. McIntosh, George E. Sherwood, W. B. Thorndike, W. S. Vinal, C. B. Vinal, A. L. Witherspoon.

Monday, July 6: Sick all day; had no rations: did not march.

Tuesday, 7: Still sick: started at 5 o'clock and thirty minutes, and arrived at Taneytown 6:30 o'clock.

Thursday, July 9: Marched to Fredericksburg; went to Provost Marshal, got a pass to general hospital: sent to Baltimore, and started at 12 o'clock; arrived at Baltimore at 6 p. m.; sent to National hospital, Camden street, Baltimore, Md.

Sunday, July 19: Went aboard the boat at 8 o'clock for Annapolis: all night on the boat: arrived at Annapolis at 3 o'clock in the morning.

Monday, July 20: Went to St. James hospital at 7 o'clock.

Thursday, July 30: Received letters.

Wednesday, September 23: Left St. John's College hospital, Annapolis, Md., 7 o'clock a. m.

Monday, Sept. 28: Left soldiers' retreat, Washington, D. C., for convalescent camp, Alexandria, Va.

Saturday, October 3: Left convalescent camp for the regiment.

Sunday, October 4: Joined the regiment at noon.

Saturday, October 10: Broke camp near Culpepper.

Sunday, October 11: Camped near Bealton Station.

Wednesday, October 14: On the march to Centerville: fought the Rebs at Bristoe Station; took about five hundred prisoners, marched to Bull Run in the night, camped on the west side of the river.

Thursday, October 15: Moved up and formed a line of battle.

Sunday, October 18: Second division broke camp near Bull Run.

Monday, October 19: Left camp near Bull Run and marched toward Warrington Junction; ate dinner near Bristoe Station.

Tuesday, October 27: Promoted to second lieutenant of Company I, Nineteenth Maine Vols., mustered by Captain Brownson this date.

Tuesday, November 3: On picket.

Saturday, November 7: Broke camp near Warrington at daylight; camped in the woods near Kelly's Ford.

Sunday, November 8: Crossed the river at about 8 o'clock: warm.

Thursday, November 26: Left camp near Culpepper at daylight:

halted at night near Germania Ford.

Friday, November 27: Marched to Old Fredericksburg road, skirmishing all day; forty killed and wounded in the second division.

Saturday, November 28: Skirmishing commenced at 8 o'clock, a. m., cannonading for one half hour, the rebs falling back at noon.

Tuesday, December 8, 1863: Left camp near Brandy Station for Washington. Arrived in the city at 7 o'clock evening.

CAPTAIN FREESE.

Lieutenant Jeff L. Coburn of Co. A, 1st Maine Cavalry, writes,—

As an illustration of the tremendous strength and lion-like spirit of Captain Freese, let me relate a little adventure that befell us in the city of Washington, D. C., in March, 1864. In the wee hours of a starlight night, we were returning to camp on East Capitol hill by a short cut. We were unarmed and leisurely walking along, the captain just in front of me laughingly chatting, when, swish! some object cut the air, just missed the top of my head, glanced down beside my neck, taking the rim of my cavalry hat along, and brought up on my shoulder with such force that I was knocked forward against the captain and rolled upon my back on the ground. Captain Freese uttered an exclamation as I fell against him, and stumbled forward but regained his equilibrium on the instant, wheeled, and sprang back

to where I lay. I was numb and helpless but saw what was transpiring about me; Captain Freese stood astride my helpless body and his form against the starlight seemed twice its natural size as he met the ruffians. It was soon over, for his terrible left hand and straight-from-the-shoulder thrust sent one of the scoundrels staggering to the ground, another was lifted a foot off the ground by a blow under the chin, and the other started to run away, but Captain Freese was upon him with the spring of a panther, and all three were soon useless pieces of humanity. During the half minute that Captain Freese stood over me I heard that awful swish two or three times and felt something warm fall upon my cheek and trickle across my neck as the captain sprang back to my side after his skirmish, and seeing me lying there so quiet, kneeled beside me, pressed his hand over my heart, then seeing his own blood upon my face, ejaculated, "Are you alive or dead?" He afterwards said that I was non-committal, muttering "Not much," as he lifted my one hundred and ninety pounds of anatomy and carried it out to the dimly lighted thoroughfare and propped it against a small tree and put a flask of stimulant to my lips. It was a week before I could walk much and Captain Freese carried the scar of a dagger stab just above his left elbow till the day of his death. The scene of our adventure has long since been a magnificent boulevard, as safe to traverse at all

hours of the night as Pennsylvania avenue, and I have rested many times since that night beneath the spreading branches of a majestic shade tree which was the sapling, three or four inches in diameter then. As I have said, Captain Freese is with the silent majority now. For many years prior to his death he was a resident of California and at his death was accorded one of the grandest demonstrations of respect from the general public, either civic or military, which was ever accorded by the state of California, but he deserved it all and more, and although his old comrades in arms were deprived of the privilege of attending his funeral, there were many saddened hearts throughout the old Pine Tree state on that day.

CORRECTION OF ROSTER OF FIRST
MAINE CAVALRY.

J. C. Decker of Waterford, Me., Company E, First Maine Cavalry, writes,—

BUGLE Roll Call for January, '93, has in Company E, the names of James Ragan (Hist. p. 537) and John W. Ragan (Hist. p. 537); the latter is reported to have died of wounds received October 12th, '63. Now I was with the company at that time and knew of only one Ragan in the company and his name was John. He was with us when the regiment was sent on a reconnoissance to Little Washington about the twelfth of October, '63, and he and I were in the squad of ten who were sent back to head-

quarters with an officer carrying a dispatch. We were cut off and all captured and carried to Belle Isle and kept till March 21st, '64. While there Ragan was taken sick and carried to a hospital in the city (Richmond) and I never saw him again. But he was reported to have died there. The report of his being wounded must have been a mistake.

NOTE.—James Ragan, age 21, res. Houlton, Me. Mustered in Company E, August 16th, 1862, and was discharged in June, '65, by General Order No. 83, mustering out men whose time expired in less than a year. John W. Ragan, age 28, and married, also of Houlton, Me., was mustered in same company, August 16th, 1862. The date of muster is given in History, p. 537, as in October, which is an error.

J. C. Decker further writes,—

In the roll call of the First Maine Cavalry, John M. Hunter (Hist. p. 530) is reported as being killed in a charge on Lee's train, April 6th, 1865—a slight mistake, which this incident calls to my mind. It was April 5th, and at Jeterville, the day before the charge in which Captain Heald and a number of our brave boys were killed, we were ordered to prepare to fight on foot. Now I had for about a week been troubled with night blindness, could see all right by day, but as soon as the sun set was stone blind. I dismounted, passed my bridle rein to No. 4 and took my place in the ranks, when Captain Heald said I had better not go, as they might be out till

dark and I might get lost. John M. Hunter who was not in my set of fours, volunteered to change places with me and was killed before returning.

Colonel Edward A. True, of 64 Federal street, Boston, of the Eighth Maine Infantry, writes,—

I enclose my subscription to the BUGLE. I thank you, and our comrades of all the Maine troops will thank you, for your able presentation of the attitude of the state towards aiding the histories of Maine regiments. The fatuous opposition of the military committee is difficult to account for.

FOR MY BOYS TO READ.

Benjamin C. Hicks of Palouse City, Washington, Company E, First Maine Cavalry, writes,—

Monroe Daggett, who lives at St. Maries, Idaho, tells me that the First Maine Cavalry have a History. I want it for my boys to read and keep in the house. I was a member of Company E, First Maine Cavalry; joined the regiment at Frederick City, Md., in 1862, and was discharged at Petersburg in May, 1865. I have a large family, six children, all boys.

DON'T LET IT STOP.

Edgar Clements of Liberty, Sullivan Co., New York, writes,—

I enjoy reading "With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign." Don't let it stop. Some one of the cavalry should open fire on the "cannoner" and masked battery for the way they talk of Sheridan in connection with Warren.

A CAPTURED CONFEDERATE
LETTER.

CONFEDERATE STATES
OF AMERICA,

RICHMOND, VA., June 9, 1862.

MY DEAR UNCLE: I am glad to hear that you are well and like soldiering. I am very well. I would like very much to (see) grandmother, grandfather, mother, and sister. I was very glad to hear that "Old Stonewall" had routed the infamous Banks. I had some hopes of getting home, but, alas! my hopes are all defeated. The hero made a splendid haul of medicines and commissary stores, did not he? I would like to have seen you, but when we meet again we may meet at our homes; it may be never in this world of sorrow, but I hope we may all meet each other in a better world than this. I saw General Floyd some time ago; he passed our house; George Bender showed him to us. He is a very fine looking man. But what do you think? Mr. Maurey started home some time ago, shortly after you left, and when Jackson routed the enemy he got in one of Mr. Smallwood's fields and then could not get home. Was not that bad? Messrs. Briscoe, Shewbridge, Gannon, and Sagle went as far as Newmarket and when he (Jackson) fell back, they remained until the Union army reached there and then went on through. That shows what kind of men we have got among us. John Fossett, Uncle James, and several others started

for home last Tuesday but did not get any farther than Staunton. I saw on the bulletin board this evening that they have whipped that old rascal, Fremont, and also Shields. It is too late to send the things to Bender by the captain as Fossett met him in Lynchburg.

I had a very great letter written for mother but she could not get it, as I said before, John did not get home. I wonder how those Har-

per's Ferrians felt in "Stonewall's" clutches; they must feel very small. It is reported here that the brave and noble Ashby was killed on the sixth of this month. I hope it is not so, as he would be a great loss to the Confederacy. If the Yanks keep on they will get enough of old "Stonewall," I believe. I have nothing more to write.

(Signed) H. F. MYERS.

To his uncle, I. Bair Myers.

REUNION OF VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The twenty-fourth reunion of the First Maine Cavalry was held at Camp Benson in the town of Newport, Aug. 22, 1895.

There were many features connected with the meeting which were new and interesting, but the hall the committee supposed would be at our disposal for the meeting and banquet was occupied, and all the other accessories of the grounds were crowded, so that the matter of meals and lodging caused the premature departure of many comrades and their ladies. The location of the reunion was one of attractive beauty on the shores of the wide Sebasticook lake, and the assembly was held at the attractively placed cottage of Comrade Henry T. Tilton, of Newport, who threw open wide his folding doors to accommodate the gathering numbers of his old regiment.

One hundred of the old comrades stood again where they could be

seen by each other, and again, as it has proved in every reunion held, some comrades met and greeted each other for the first time since they rode in mounted column in the days of danger and death. The reunion, in one way, gave a zest to the old army experiences, and revived some of the forgotten elements of that long ago life. It is the rule of Camp Benson to have guard mount in the morning and dress parade at night, the camp being organized as a regiment, with a colonel in command, with field officers and a band for such accomplishment. It is the custom to have each regimental or other organization holding a reunion fall in at the close of its day of meeting for dress parade. The dress parade of cavalry day was held in cavalry style. It formed in single rank, marched from the rear directly to its place, and came "front into line" in a manner that is more

impressive than possible when approaching from the left and facing into position.

After the parade was dismissed the wearers of the yellow badge marched to their headquarters headed by the band. The old time step and touch so revived the desire to possess a horse that the old "maniac" spirit caused the regiment to again form in column and advance with warlike measure on a canopied enclosure, apparently walled in by large masses of men and equipped with an engine of vociferous power, and with "Front in line! Trot! March!" it took the gallop and charged and captured every wooden horse on the merry-go-round and held them whirling for ten minutes. The regiment were boys again and in the saddle once more.

The business meeting was presided over by the president, Orin H. Haskell. In absence of the secretary, M. F. Richer, J. P. Cilley was elected secretary *pro tem*. The records of the reunion meeting at Skowhegan were read and duly approved. The treasurer, Chas. F. Dam, made the following report, which was duly accepted:

Received from comrades contributions amounting to	\$30.00
Expended by order of the president for expenses at Skowhegan	16.65
	<hr/>
Balance in hands of treas.,	\$13.35

Respectfully submitted,

CHAS. F. DAM,
Treasurer.

The committee appointed to recommend the places for our next reunion reported Waterville, Lewiston, and Northport camp grounds. The association voted to hold the reunion at Waterville, in compliance with a hearty request from that locality.

A committee of one from the field and staff and each company was appointed in accordance with the by-laws to nominate a board of officers for the ensuing year. This committee consisted of Major Geo. M. Brown of Field and Staff, Benj. F. Young of Company A, Captain Jacob B. Loring of Company B, Daniel D. Flynt of Company C, N. C. Stowe of Company D, E. L. French of Company E, Richard Daniels of Company F, George Gatchell of Company G, John E. Hart of Company H, A. O. Stoddard of Company I, S. B. Newbegin of Company K, Chas. A. Thoms of Company L, and George Doughty of Company M, who reported the following nominations:

President, Anson O. Libby, of Waterville; vice-president, Nathaniel S. Emery, Waterville; treasurer, Charles F. Dam, Portland; secretary, Milton F. Ricker, Auburn; corresponding secretary, Orin S. Haskell, Pittsfield.

The board reported were unanimously elected as the officers of the association for the ensuing year.

On motion of Captain Jacob B. Loring, after full discussion, it was voted to hold the next reunion on the Wednesday on or after September 15. A vote of thanks was

passed in favor of the retiring board of officers, and the meeting adjourned with a manifest determination to meet in large numbers and enjoy the hospitalities of the city of Waterville so generously tendered the association.

THE BANQUET.

The banquet was not what the committee intended and planned when the regiment was invited to Newport, but was as good as tired proprietor and operators of the camp culinary department could provide. It was enjoyed, and will be remembered with pleasure by all those who participated and broke bread together.

The following letters received by the president will be read with much interest:

EASTPORT, August 19, 1895.

CAPT. O. S. HASKELL:

My very dear companion and friend:—Your kind letter of 10th inst. is before me. You urge me to attend the approaching annual reunion of the Association of our glorious old First Maine Cavalry, a regiment adored by every one of its own members with pride and affection, and is known of and honored by every intelligent soldier of the war. An opportunity after all these years to meet a gathering, however small, of its proud and distinguished survivors is very alluring, indeed, almost irresistible. Such opportunities will not, cannot, recur many times. Our ranks are rapidly thinning. The greater number have already passed on, and the wrinkles

of age, hastened in many cases by the war, are impressed upon nearly every survivor. As I contemplate these facts and recall my relations to that regiment which honored me so highly, and which I so dearly loved, my desire to join you at its coming reunion nearly overpowers me. But I deeply regret that a peculiar combination of circumstances will necessarily prevent the consummation of my dearest wishes. I must, therefore, be deprived the pleasure of answering to roll call, but I want to be accounted for, and ask you to represent me. I know your hearts, in spite of years, will be young as you live over again in song and story, the most important days and years of our lives. May the reunion prove a rich blessing to every one present, is my sincere wish and fervent prayer. I also recall afresh the close personal and official relations you and I sustained to each other for considerable time, and would gladly revive those memories with you, and express more fully than ever my appreciation.

With fond remembrance and love to all,

Yours most sincerely,

C. H. SMITH.

AUBURN, Me., August 2, 1895.

DEAR COMRADE:—Yours of the 1st is at hand. I did think when I first returned to the state that my stay would be till about the 22d, but I find now that it will be impossible for me to remain longer than the 15th. I've been here since the 4th of July. I regret very much not

being able to meet with the comrades of the "dear old regiment" this year.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY LITTLE.

BROOKSVILLE, August 12, 1895.

DEAR COMRADE:—I am sorry to say I shall not be able to attend the reunion of the regiment this year. I had my mind all made up to be there, and I feel very much disappointed to think I cannot attend. But I hope the time will come when I shall be able to meet them and renew old comradeship once more before my final muster out.

Yours in F., C. & L.,

A. P. FRIEND.

BOSTON, Mass., August 9, 1895.

DEAR OLD COMRADE:—I expect to be with you at Newport, August 22. I am glad always to see your name; it brings pleasant memories. To see you in health and strength, if not as of old in youth, will make me gladder. I am getting old like all of the rest of the boys. Am seventy; well up, you see, on the scale of years.

Love to you and all yours.

As ever,

CHAPLAIN S. A. FULLER.

BOSTON, Mass., August 22, 1895.

O. S. HASKELL, President First Maine Cavalry, Camp Benson, Newport, Me.:—To my regret I am unable to be with you to-day as I expected. Success for the reunion is the wish of

A. C. DRINKWATER.

The following is a list of those who registered. There were quite

a good many present who did not register, and the total number during the day must have exceeded one hundred.

Melvin J. Allen, Co. H, Skowhegan; Levi Bagley, Co. K, Troy; George W. Barnes, Co. A, Winslow; Preston L. Bennett and wife, Co. F, Newport; George M. Brown, Field, Bangor; Plummer H. Butler, Co. H, South Norridgewock; E. R. Carr, Co. G, Pittsfield; J. P. Cilley, Field, Rockland; L. Copeland, Co. H, Corinna; O. W. Cole, Co. H, Etna; Charles F. Dam, Co. F, Portland; R. M. Daniels, Co. F, Pittsfield; G. A. Davis, Co. M, Abbott Village; A. R. Deveraux, Co. D, Ellsworth; George Doughty, Co. M, Augusta; E. B. Emerson, Co. H, St. Albans; John Emery, Jr., Co. A, Hampden; D. D. Flynt, Co. C, Dexter; Henry W. Folsom, Co. E, Eddington; V. H. Foss, Co. G, Bangor; E. L. French, Co. E, Belfast; Chas. D. Furbush, Co. A, Garland; Henry W. Furbush, Co. G, Lewiston; D. W. Gage, Co. G, North Cambridge, Mass.; E. Gay, Co. C, Center Montville; Dudley B. Gerald, Co. C, Canaan; George W. Getchell, Co. G, Brewer; Amasa Gilman, Co. M, Dover; Chas. H. Goodwin, Co. F, Stetson; L. Goodwin, Co. H, Skowhegan; Charles R. Gould, Co. A, Hampden; S. J. Gurney, Co. B, Waldo; Marcell W. Hall, Co. M, Dover; O. M. Harrington, Co. B, Newport; John E. Hart, Co. H, Burnham; O. S. Haskell, Co. A, Pittsfield; S. C. Hastings, Co. H,

Sidney; H. A. Hersey, Co. K, Turner; Albert H. Higgins, Co. M, Readfield; Edwin Hill, Co. F, Dover, South Mills; William H. Hoxie, Co. C, Pittsfield; Hanson Hutchins, Jr., Co. E, Etna; Edward Jordan, Co. M, Bangor; Warren A. Jordan, Co. D, Bangor; Sylvanus Judkins, Co. H, Athens; O. Kelly, Co. M, South Etna; Alfred W. Knight, Co. E, North Whitefield; Baptiste LeSault, Co. E, Milford; Anson O. Libby, Co. A, Waterville; W. H. Lombard, Co. H, Ripley; J. B. Loring, Co. B, Rockland; Charles H. Lowell, Co. M, Dexter; B. P. Lowell, Co. I, Lewiston; T. W. MacIntire, Co. M, Plymouth; Wm. H. Moore, Co. H, St. Albans; Dennis Murphy, Co. H, Skowhegan; Josiah Nason, Co. C, Sumner B. Newbegin, Co. K, Old Town; G. A. Ordway, Co. M, Hingham, Mass.; E. H. Otis, Co. M, West Bangor; Reuel W. Porter, Co. M, Detroit; J. N. Prescott, Co. F, South Exeter; Milton S. Ricker, Co. L, Auburn; W. K. Ripley, Co. G, Canton; B. F. Russell, Co. F, Exeter; Charles H. Sanborn, Co. C, William M. Sanborn, Co. C, Detroit; G. A. Savage, Co. M, Fairfield; W. H. Severance, Co. A, 40 Charles St., Bangor; Chas. W. Skillings, Co. F, Portland; J. H. Smith, Co. M, Trenton; A. M. Stevens, Co. A, Exeter; A. O. Stoddard, Co. I, Belfast; C. O. Stone, Co. F, Charlestown, Mass.; N. C. Stowe, Co. D, H. E. Stowe, Co. D, Dover; A. L. Sylvester, Co. L, Pittsfield; J. W.

Sylvester, Co. A, Etna; Henry F. Tilton, Co. A, Newport; Frank E. Towle, Co. D, Worcester, Mass.; E. S. Tozier and wife, Co. C, Milford; William Trimble, Co. C, Calais; A. M. Warren, Co. M, Dover; C. W. Weymouth, Co. I, Augusta; Charles Whitten, Co. C, Hartland; Llewellyn L. Willey, Co. H, Newport; F. A. Wilson, Co. G, Augusta; Andrew Young, Co. C, Detroit; Benj. F. Young, Co. A, South Brewer; Henry Young, Co. C, Detroit; Henry J. Varney, Co. H, Skowhegan.

The following visiting comrades were present and registered:

Hiram Ellis, C Troop, Second U. S. Cavalry; Nelson S. Fales, Thomaston, Me., honorary member, Co. B, Seventh Maine Infantry; Solomon Jewell, Co. M, Second New York Cavalry, Indianapolis, Ind.; William L. Ross.

REUNION OF THE FIRST DISTRICT
COLUMBIA BRANCH OF THE FIRST
MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION.

The annual reunion of District Columbia Branch of the First Maine Cavalry was held at Camp Benson, August 20, 1895. Headquarters were established at Stephen Davis Post cottage. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: N. S. Emery of Waterville, president; H. E. Stowe of Dover, first vice-president; R. M. Daniels of Pittsfield, secretary and treasurer. The next reunion will be held at Waterville. Very patriotic speeches were made by Mrs. Stevens of Stetson, General Cilley, Abel Davis, Fourth Battery, and

D. D. Flint. Thanks were voted the Ladies' Relief Corps of Stephen Davis Post for courtesies received.

Members of the D. C. Cavalry Branch who registered: H. B. Allen, Co. I, D. C., Co. G, First Maine, Palmyra; Benjamin Bagley, Co. E, D. C., Co. B, First Maine, Dexter; M. M. Branch, Co. D, D. C., Co. A, First Maine, Waterville; Abner Babb, Co. D, D. C., Co. E, First Maine, Hudson; G. W. Barnes, Co. K, D. C., Co. A, First Maine, Waterville; E. R. Carr, Co. I, D. C., Co. G, First Maine, Pittsfield; W. H. Carr, Co. I, D. C., Co. G, First Maine, Pittsfield; Charles H. Caverly, Co. G, D. C., Co. L, First Maine, North Newport; John Caverly, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine, South Paris; J. P. Cilley, Field, Rockland; O. W. Cole, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine, Etna; Uriah Curtis, Co. E, D. C., Co. B, First Maine, Carmel; R. N. Daniels, Co. D., D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Pittsfield; William H. Daniels, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Exeter; Charles Dyer, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Etna; N. S. Emery, Co. I, D. C., Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, Waterville; S. Fowles, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Corinna; Daniel W. Gage, Co. I, D. C., Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, Huron Avenue, Cambridge, Mass.; C. H. Goodwin, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Stetson; Orrin M. Harrington, Co. E, D. C., Co. B, First Maine Cavalry, Newport; E. Hill, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Dover South Mills; Alexander Jenkins, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Newport; M. S. Johnson, Co. F, D. C., Co. C, First Maine Cavalry, South Exeter; Daniel Lawrence, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Stetson; J. McKinney, Co. E, D. C., Co. I, First Maine Cavalry, Orono; E. B. Melvin, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Exeter; S. B. Newbegin, Co. H, D. C., Co. K, First Maine Cavalry, Oldtown; J. N. Prescott, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Exeter; B. F. Russell, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Exeter; Hollis Simpson, Co. —D. C., Co. D, First Maine Cavalry, Waterville; H. E. Stowe, Co. F, D. C., Co. D, First Maine Cavalry, Dover; C. O. Stone, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Charlestown, Mass.; N. C. Stowe, Co. F, D. C., Co. D, First Maine Cavalry, Dover; A. L. Sylvester, Co. G, D. C., Co. L, First Maine Cavalry, Pittsfield; G. H. Varney, Co. D, D. C., Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, Plymouth.

THE SECOND MAINE CAVALRY REUNION.

The Second Maine Cavalry Association met in Custer Post hall, Lewiston, Sept. 5, 1895. President S. C. Small opened the meeting with an address. Mr. Henry D. Moore of Philadelphia was elected president in place of Mr. Small, who has held that office for four years to the perfect satisfaction of all the members of the association.

This is the most successful and largest reunion ever held by the regiment. Over two hundred veterans are here and among these are the leading men in many cities and states.

Among those present were General A. B. Spurling, of Elgin, Ill., who was the commander of the forces at the state of Maine count out, and was brigadier-general, and earlier was the lieutenant-colonel of the Second Cavalry in the war. Lieutenant Quarter-Master S. C. Small, of Boston, whose biography is given below; Captain Moses French, of Solon, Me.; Lieutenant Daniel S. Simpson, of Everett, Mass.; Lieutenant W. J. Gillespie, of Boston; Captain J. F. Twitchell, of Hiram, Me.; Lieutenant Noah Jewett, of Auburn; Lieutenant W. H. Moody, of Liberty, Me.; Lieutenant S. S. Holbrook, Alabama; E. G. Spofford, Providence, R. I.; George B. Lock, Boston; G. R. Smith, register of deeds of Augusta, who was secretary last year and was re-elected; C. H. Cox, Haverhill, Mass.; Lieutenant E. S. Pres-

cott, Farmington; Byron Roberts, California; C. H. McNear, Winchester, Mass.; J. S. Jacks, Gardiner, Me.; J. L. Burns, of Washington, Me.; Dr. A. R. G. Smith, Whitefield, Me.; Surgeon George W. Martin, Augusta; L. K. Litchfield, Litchfield, Me.; S. A. Miller, Augusta, Me.; Reuben Quimby, Stark; Lieutenant S. W. Parlin, Boston, a newspaper editor, "The American Horsebreeder"; Lieutenant Nelson F. Libby, of Waltham, Mass. The officers elected were as follows: President, Henry D. Mower; vice-president, Lieutenant W. J. Gillespie, Boston; second vice-president, C. S. Crowell, Lewiston; third vice-president, J. L. Barnes, Washington; secretary and treasurer, George R. Smith, Augusta. President Small read a letter from Charles S. Wilson, Esq., late sergeant major of the Second Maine Cavalry, now department commander of the G. A. R. of California. He could not be here on account of the National Convention at Louisville, Ky. Robert C. Whitten, of Boston, son-in-law of President Small, and a celebrated baritone of Boston, was present, and sang that evening accompanied by his wife, Mrs. Ethel Small Whitten.

Comrade Moore was born in Steuben, Washington county, Maine, in the year 1842, where he received a common school education in the public schools of that place, and in the academy at Cherryfield, Maine.

At the age of eighteen he emigrated to Rochester, New York, and went into the counting house of an uncle of his, Charles W. Dundas, who was in the wool manufacturing business in that city. He remained with him until the fall of '63, when, upon becoming of age, he returned to his native state, and enlisted in Company K, Second Maine Cavalry, Moses French captain, then being organized at Augusta. He served with his company and regiment until the same was mustered out at Barrancas, Florida, in December, '65. Remaining at home during the balance of that winter with his parents, in the spring of 1866 he started out to seek his fortune in the far West. While on his way there his attention was diverted to the fruit-growing regions of New Jersey, where, together with his brother, William J., formerly quartermaster-sergeant of Company K, he lived at Hamonton, New Jersey, for about a year.

He then went to New York and entered the employ of an uncle. After a short stay at Bristol, Rhode Island, as the book-keeper of Camp, Munson & Cherry, sugar refiners, he went to Philadelphia, and engaged as book-keeper for W. Barnett Le Van, a machinist in that city. He remained about three years with him, and then accepted an engagement as book-keeper for the firm of W. E. Garrett & Sons, the oldest firm in the United States engaged in the snuff manufacturing business in that city. After remaining with them twenty-three years,

he purchased the business, in company with his partners, and has since that time been successfully running the old business now in its hundredth-twelfth year.

At the reunion of the Second Maine Cavalry Association at Gardiner, Maine, he was elected as vice-president of the association.

He has resided at Haddonfield, New Jersey, for over twenty-two years; has been prominent in Grand Army circles, having organized Thomas H. Davis Post No. 53 at that place, and is also past master of Haddonfield Lodge No. 130, F. & A. M.

The past spring in company with his son and daughter, he made a trip of the Mediterranean sea, Egypt, Palestine, and Europe.

Sylvanus C. Small, the president of the Second Maine Cavalry Association, was born in Bowdoin, Maine, April 25, 1840; worked on the farm until he reached the age of seventeen. His father was a master sparmaker and worked at his trade which took him from home a large part of the time. The subject of our sketch was the oldest of ten children and the management of the farm devolved upon him at an early age. His ancestor was Judge Edward Small who came from England about 1640. His grandmother Small lived to be nearly one hundred and five years of age. At the age of seventeen he left the farm, and took a position in a general store at Bowdoinham village for fifty dollars per year, working for his board with an aunt and

attending the high school, which were the only educational advantages within his reach. In 1859, he went to Boston and took a business course in Comer's Commercial college: then entered the employ of a well-known carpet house and continued there until August, 1862, when he came to Maine, and enlisted as a private in Company F, Twenty-fourth Maine Infantry, afterwards promoted to quartermaster sergeant of that regiment. Two brothers and a brother-in-law were at that time in the service, the youngest sixteen. The regiment went south with the Banks Expedition and participated in the siege of Port Hudson. Came home at the expiration of the nine months. Mr. Small, then thoroughly conversant with the quartermaster's department, applied for the position of quartermaster of the Second Maine Cavalry, but Governor Coburn said to him, "Young man, I don't think you have hair enough on your upper lip." So an older man was appointed. Nothing daunted he accepted the position of quartermaster sergeant of that regiment, and was later on promoted to quartermaster, which position he held un-

til mustered out at Augusta, Maine, December 21, 1865. He then obtained a position with a large furniture manufacturing firm in Boston, and was with them as employee and partner until twelve years ago, when the well-known house of S. C. Small & Co. was established. Mr. Small has held many positions of trust and responsibility in the business world: President of the New England Furniture Exchange, vice-president of the National Furniture Manufacturers Association, member of the Boston Associated Board of Trade, Past Commander G. A. R. Post, member of the military Order of the Loyal Legion Mass. Commandery. A Universalist in religious belief, Republican in politics, and a strong temperance man and a firm believer in the Maine law. A ready speaker, a good presiding officer, and an earnest advocate of all political and moral reforms. He formed the Maine Veteran Association of Massachusetts, an organization of over one thousand veterans from Maine now residing in Massachusetts, and has been secretary or president since the organization. He is a loyal and typical son of Maine.

FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY REUNION.

The First Maine Heavy Artillery, in the War of the Rebellion, held its annual reunion in Dover, Wednesday, August 21. The veterans assembled in Central hall soon after 10 a. m., and were called to order by President, Major Charles J. House, of Augusta, and proceeded with the business of the day. Reports were submitted by the officers of last year, and each of these being found satisfactory, was promptly accepted. The next proceeding was the election of officers for the ensuing year, resulting as follows: President, Captain G. R. Fernald, Wilton; first vice-president, V. D. Sweetland, Palmyra; second vice-president, L. K. Marston, Boston, Mass.; secretary and treasurer, Captain H. E. Sellers, Bangor; directors, H. H. Shaw, Portland; A. C. Sawyer, Bangor; Charles W. Bosworth, Oldtown; W. W. Warren, Dover. The business of the forenoon being finished, the association adjourned to convene at one o'clock p. m., and for dinner, which was served in abundant quantity and choice in quality in the banquet hall, beneath the place of meeting. The repast was a fine lay-out by the ladies of C. S. Douty Relief Corps, No. 63, and friends, who always know how to anticipate and provide for the needs of the veteran soldier, so far as the cravings of the appetite are concerned.

Promptly at 1 o'clock the associa-

tion comrades were again called to order, when President House introduced Hon. W. E. Parsons, of Foxcroft, who gave an address of welcome in behalf of the citizens of the "twin villages," of the Piscataquis valley. As is usual with him, Mr. Parsons spoke vigorously, earnestly, and eloquently, recalling memories of their past services in the cause of their imperiled country, their devotion to its flag in battle, and in every position of danger and fatigue that go to make up the life of the true soldier and patriot, closing with extending a heartfelt welcome to the homes and hearts of the people of this community. He was rapturously applauded while speaking and at the close of his address. Colonel H. H. Shaw, of Portland, happily responded at considerable length, congratulating his comrades of the G. A. R., complimenting the ladies of the Relief Corps, and extending his thanks to citizens for the generous reception accorded to the surviving veterans of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, for whom he spoke. A resolution was adopted by the association, thanking the citizens for their hospitality shown, the Relief Corps for its generous entertainment, and the different railroad companies for reduced rates of fare.

There were in attendance about one hundred and fifty survivors of the largest and finest regiment of troops that left the Pine Tree State,

during the war. History bears out the assertion that no Union regiment suffered to so great an extent on the battlefields of the South. In two battles one thousand and eighty in the aggregate were shot down, and either killed or wounded. On one of these occasions, the regiment charged the enemy's works at or near Petersburg, Va., and out of nine hundred men who went into the fight, only two hundred and sixty-eight came out unhurt. For forty days the regiment was constantly under fire.

Among the survivors at the reunion last week, there were six men who had each parted with a leg in battle. There were also present, ten of the commissioned officers of

the old regiment. These were as follows: Major C. J. House, Augusta; Captain H. E. Sellers, Bangor; Colonel H. H. Shaw, Portland; Lieutenants H. G. Thomas, Sangerville; C. H. Sawyer, Greenville; A. W. Chapin, Monson; V. D. Sweetland, Palmyra; Charles W. Bosworth, Oldtown; James Leavitt.

Wednesday afternoon Central Hall was handsomely decorated with American flags, and around the front circle of the balconies were the names of the various battles in which the veterans had taken part a generation ago. All honor to the gallant old Eighteenth Maine! The Regiment of Heavy Artillery from Maine.

REUNION OF THE FOURTH MAINE INFANTRY, AND SECOND MAINE BATTERY.

Union received the members of the Fourth Maine regiment and Second Maine battery with open arms. Sept. 12, 1895, and the reunion of the two organizations was a complete success.

When the special train arrived this morning, the boys fell in and marched to the hall where addresses of welcome were delivered by R. B. Robbins, chairman of the board of selectmen, and L. Norwood, commander of the Cooper Post. C. D. Jones responded in behalf of the visitors. A bountiful dinner was spread in G. A. R. hall, under the

auspices of the Woman's Relief Corps, whose work was supplemented by generous contributions from citizens of Union. After dinner an open air concert was enjoyed on the common. At 2:30 the business meeting was called to order in Town hall, President John H. Thomas presiding. The report of Secretary and Treasurer E. G. S. Ingraham was read and approved. The treasurer's report showed that the association was in debt fourteen dollars. At Colonel Carver's suggestion, seconded by Comrade Gordon, of Brooks, a collection was



GEN. DAVIS TILLSON.

taken to meet the deficit. As a result the neat little sum of twenty dollars and thirty-four cents was deposited on the treasurer's desk.

The location for the next annual gathering was then taken up. W. H. Simmons extended a cordial invitation to the comrades to meet next year with Edwin Libby Post in Rockland. He also suggested that it was now time to select some permanent place of meeting, and made the liberal proposition, that if it was decided to meet every year in Rockland, Edwin Libby Post would see to it, that the visitors were well cared for during their stay in the city, and their only expense should be for transportation to and from Rockland.

The proposition was discussed at some length. Among those who took part in the debate were Colonel Carver, Colonel Walker, Comrades Gordon, of Brooks, Hart, of Appleton, Harding, of Camden, Russel, of Hope, and Jones, of Rockland. It was finally voted to hold the next reunion in Rockland, and to settle then the matter of permanent location.

The following officers were elected: President, George F. Thomas; vice-presidents, Colonel L. D. Carver, Fourth Maine; C. D. Jones, Second Maine Battery; secretary and treasurer, John Turner; secretaries of companies, A, Llewellyn Lincoln; B, John Titus; C, O. J. Conant; D, Edward Hall; E, Almon Hall; F, William C. Rowe; G, Zealor W. Young; H, John H. Thomas; I, Clifford Whitham; K,

Adelbert A. Daily; battery, Charles E. Ames.

The stirring address by Mrs. Herbert Hawes, president of the Woman's Relief Corps, was greeted with rounds of applause.

The committee on resolutions reported the following resolutions on the death of General Tillson:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our supreme and all-wise commander to transfer from us our much loved and esteemed comrade, General Davis Tillson, to that innumerable army that we are destined soon to join, that has crossed over the silent river of death, and is now resting its final rest in God's eternal encampment.

Therefore be it resolved. By the Fourth Maine Regiment and Second Maine Battery Association, at its annual reunion assembled, that it is much grieved at the loss of our noble comrade, whose absence from us this day we sadly miss, for his presence always gave us good cheer, wise counsel, and open-handed hospitality, with apparently much pleasure to himself.

Resolved. That in General Tillson was found all of those qualities of heart and mind that make up the volunteer soldier. Entering the service a maimed man, leaving a lucrative position for the hardships of camp and field, he leaves behind a record of unselfish patriotism that will endure so long as the history of the late civil struggle shall survive. His conspicuous services as commander of the Second Maine Battery, as chief of artillery of the

first army corps, and as a brevet major general of volunteers, are a source of pride to his comrades, and have added imperishable luster to the military record of our noble state.

Resolved, That we have watched with pride his prosperous career in civil life, have partaken of the bounties of his generous nature, and now delight to direct attention to the many public spirited acts which have ever marked his course as a son of Maine, and as a citizen of this great republic. We mourn his loss, not as one dead, for such as he never die in the fond recollection of a grateful people, but as one gone for a little time apart from us. His untiring energy, his sagacious foresight in the management of vast interests, and his phenomenal success in business life all mark him as a man of wonderful intellectual power, whose genius can best be comprehended by its results.

Resolved, That his hand was in every good moral work, and he was an uncompromising and outspoken foe of those vices and their promoters that degrade, impoverish, and drag down his fellow man.

Resolved, That these resolutions be added to the records of this association, and a copy of them be presented to the family of the deceased.

JOHN H. GORDON.

CHARLES D. JONES.

NATHAN BATCHELDER.

The Women's Relief Corps is entitled to great credit for the sumptuous

feast prepared, and the manner in which it was served. Among those who took active part in the commissary department were: Mrs. Herbert Hawes, Mrs. Nellie F. Lynch, Mrs. Elias Davis, Mrs. Emerson Creighton, Mrs. Martha Thompson, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Joseph Cummings, Miss Ida Cummings, Mrs. E. A. Fossett, Mrs. John Bradford, Mrs. John Creighton, Mrs. M. J. Hemenway, Mrs. Julia Dean, Mrs. Harris Lenfest, Mrs. Laura Robbins, Miss Amanda Messer, and Mrs. Dexter Leach.

The transportation was in charge of Colonel C. B. Greenhalge, and the boys were all landed properly and safely without a hitch in the arrangements. It is estimated that about five hundred people were in attendance.

A campfire was held in town hall in the evening, breaking up about 9 o'clock. The Union band furnished excellent music.

W. H. Tripp, of Lancaster, N. H., who served in the Fourth Maine, until that regiment was mustered out, and then in the Nineteenth Regiment as lieutenant, until the close of the war, arrived Wednesday, and was the guest while in town of his old friend and comrade, G. H. Page. Also Benjamin Burr, a veteran of the Fourth Maine, was present, coming from Beaufort, S. C., where he resides. Anson Hewitt of the Second Maine Battery came from Arlington, Washington Co., Nebraska, to attend the reunion.

FIFTH MAINE.

The members of the Fifth Maine Regiment held their annual meeting at Peaks island, August 14. In the morning the election of officers took place at the regiment's finely situated club house, on the eastern side of the island facing the sea. At twelve o'clock dinner was served at the Peaks Island house, the dining room of the regiment being too small for the number that had arrived. During the dinner the veterans "swapped" some very interesting and always amusing anecdotes. A number of the comrades brought their wives and children. Members arrived from all parts of Maine and Massachusetts, the greater part leaving for their homes last evening. The following officers were elected: President, N. B. Lougee, Nashua, N. H.; first vice-president, H. T. Bucknam, Mechanic Falls; second vice-president, James Taylor, Pleasantdale; third vice-president, Frank F. Goss, of Anburn; secretary and treasurer, Captain George E. Brown, of Portland; chaplain, Rev. George W. Bucknam, of Cambridge, Mass.; executive committee, B. A. Norton, George E. Brown, H. T. Bucknam,

James T. Sanborn, H. B. Millett, John C. Sanders.

The following were noticed seated at dinner: H. J. Bucknam, John McLellan, Charles A. Richardson, I. P. Harmon, Otis C. Holt, A. H. Hutchison, William B. Adams, Henry Weston, Ellis Ripley, David B. Woods, J. I. Edmunds, George E. Brown, James H. Shannon, J. J. G. Hannaford, Thomas B. Chase, James P. Pridham, John W. Jordan, John M. Grant, J. M. Fernald, R. B. Kendall, James E. Hayes, General Henry Thomas, Thomas Sawyer, James H. Shannon, Henry Boodey, John F. Wesbitt, N. B. Lougee, Leander Prentiss, Colonel E. Edwards, A. A. Gilbert, L. D. Edwards, Clark Whallen, Clifton Jones, Benjamin A. Norton, George Gay, J. J. Edmunds, Frank Kimball, H. H. Hutchinson, L. L. Baker, Joseph C. Dennett, A. B. Hutchinson, and General Clark E. Edwards.

The night of Sept. 15, the Fifth Maine held a camp fire, and one of the chief features was the readings of Miss Margaret McLellan, daughter of Captain John McLellan, of South Windham.

THE SIXTH MAINE INFANTRY IN REUNION.

The fifteenth annual reunion of the Sixth Maine Regimental association was held in Dover and Foxcroft, September 5 and 6. The survivors of this brave and gallant organization were here in large numbers and their presence lent an aspect of unusual bustle and activity to the twin towns. Every preparation had been made for their comfort and entertainment during the reunion.

The first contingent arrived in town Tuesday evening on Owen's train. Also a few came over the B. & A. Wednesday morning a large number came on Dalrymple's train and the most of them were assigned to quarters in private families. A large number of the ladies of the Relief Corps were also present. Most of the day Wednesday was spent informally in a social way, the veterans exchanging greetings and telling stories of their soldier days in the sunny South.

There was no regiment in the service that gained a better record for bravery than the old Sixth Maine.

The first meeting of the association was held Wednesday afternoon in the hall of C. S. Douty Post, G. A. R. It was called to order by Vice President E. T. Douglass. The records of the last meeting were read and approved; also the report of the treasurer was read and accepted. Adjutant Clark

made a few interesting remarks in which he tendered his resignation as historian of the association, which was accepted on condition that he act as assistant to Dr. Sanger, who was elected in his stead.

The committee chosen to nominate officers for the ensuing year reported as follows: President, S. B. Wescott; vice presidents, O. E. W. Hinckley, Oldtown, L. H. Whittier, Guilford, Henry Ricker, Auburn; secretary, J. B. Nagle, Lubec; treasurer, R. D. Campbell, Pembroke, who were duly elected by the secretary casting the vote. Invitations were extended for the association to meet in 1896 in Houlton, also in Blue Hill. After some debate it was voted that the next reunion be held in Houlton. C. C. Lee, principal of Foxcroft High school, was elected an honorary member of the association.

Wednesday evening the comrades of C. S. Douty Post and the ladies of the Relief Corps gave a banquet in the dining room under Central hall. An elegant supper was served and the tables presented a fine appearance. After supper a camp fire was held in Central hall. Comrade A. M. Warren of the First Maine Cavalry presided. The meeting was opened with a prayer by Rev. C. C. Whidden, and singing, "Marching Through Georgia," by a quartette composed of Miss Josie Farn-

ham, soprano: Mrs. Effie Harvey, alto; C. C. Nichols, tenor; J. T. Runnalls, bass. Colonel J. B. Peaks of the First Maine Cavalry was introduced to give the address of welcome. He said it was a pleasant duty he had been detailed to do. The old Sixth Maine is well remembered here because some of its most gallant members were Piscataquis boys. Colonel Peaks's remarks were eloquent and heartily applauded by the "boys."

Adjutant Clark was introduced to give the response. His address was eloquent and loudly applauded by his comrades.

A letter from Hon. A. M. Robinson was read by Mr. Warren. Mr. Robinson had two sons who enlisted when they were not of age. A telegram from Colonel S. W. Russell, son of General Russell, of Iowa, was read:

"I send veterans of Sixth Maine of heroic memories greetings and congratulations. The flag is raised over my home to remain during their reunion.

Yours truly,
S. W. RUSSELL."

Mr. Warren read a poem which was fitting and appropriate to the occasion. Remarks were made by Dr. Sanger, of Bangor, and Comrade Blackman.

Thursday, the visiting veterans were the guests of Charles Peleg Chandler Post, G. A. R., Foxcroft. In the morning as many as desired were driven about town in buckboards and carriages. Four buckboards and several carriages were

pressed into service, all of which were loaded to their capacity. A large number of ladies were in the party. The banquet was served in the opera house. The tables were arranged in the form of the Greek cross, the corps badge of the regiment. At the intersection of the four tables was a beautiful collection of potted plants and evergreens. Beautiful bouquets were arranged on all the tables and the scene presented a fairy-like appearance. That the spread was as elaborate as anything ever seen in the twin towns no one will dispute.

About one hundred and twenty-five sat down at the first table, and those who were unable to be seated at the time were accommodated as fast as the first ones retired from the table. Before partaking of the spread a prayer was offered by Rev. H. R. Mitchell. After the banquet, the following programme was carried out:

MUSIC.

Greeting for Foxcroft,—
"To you who survive and to those who have
bled,
Here's a welcome to all, whether living or
dead."
Barker.

HON. W. E. PARSONS.

Greeting for Chas. P. Chandler Post,—
"If friends of yours, then are they comrades of
mine."
Longfellow.

COMMANDER THOMAS DAGGETT.

Song,—
MRS. EFFIE HARVEY, N. W. MITCHELL,
MISS ETHEL KNOWLES, ACCOMPANIST.

TOASTS.

Toastmaster, Thos. Daggett.
The Sixth Maine in the battlefield,—
"Our country to be cherished in all our hearts,
To be defended by all our hands."
Robert C. Wentworth.

DR. H. C. VAUGHAN.

The Sixth Maine in the cornfield,—
 "There is a history in all men's lives,
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased."
Shakespeare.

HON. W. CUSHING.

Song,—

MRS. HARVEY, MR. MITCHELL.

The younger generation in the Civil War.—
 "God be thanked that the dead have left, still,
 Good undone for the living to do."

Owen Meredith.

CLARENCE PULLEN.

W. S. R. C.,—

"What house hath ever gained prosperity
 Without the grace of woman's nobler nature?"
Sophocles.

MRS. I. P. WING, State Chaplain.

Poem,—

MRS. SARAH A. MARTIN.

Song,—

MRS. HARVEY, MR. MITCHELL.

Till we meet again!

"The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence;
 else who could bear it."
Shakespeare.

C. C. LEE.

Thomas Daggett of Foxcroft, commander of Chas. Peleg Chandler Post, G. A. R., was the presiding officer; he introduced Hon. W. E. Parsons, who responded to his toast in words of eloquence. Soldiers and civilians extend a cordial and heartfelt greeting. Of all the regimental organizations, the old Sixth Maine is the dearest of all. Dear, because it had its inception in Foxcroft, commencing with Co. A, composed of students of the academy. So full of patriotism were they that they drew lots to see who should enlist first. Mr. Parsons in words of feeling eloquence spoke of the regimental officers, and especially those who went from Dover and Foxcroft. He thought it no wonder that Foxcroft and Dover should take a peculiar interest in this old regiment. He spoke of the glorious bravery and valor of the regiment

and the words of praise which it received for the glorious deeds it performed.

Mr. Daggett responding to the toast "Greeting for Charles Peleg Chandler Post," said: "The reunion of your regiment is of more interest to me than any except my own regiment. The old Sixth Maine has a tender spot in my heart. It was a member of that regiment that nursed me and with whom I shared his cot in my sickness. All such things have a deep significance to me. They serve as educators; educators to the young."

In responding to the toast, "The Sixth Maine in the Battlefield," Dr. H. C. Vaughn said he had discovered a new attribute of the regiment. That was stealing corn. He knew that the Fifth Wisconsin would steal corn, but that the Sixth Maine should give time and attention to anything else but fighting, he was not aware. Major Wainwright Cushing had been assigned to the toast "The Sixth Maine in the Corn Field," but he declined in favor of Colonel Clark, who said in part: "I used to think I would never be taken as a substitute on any occasion. On this occasion, however, I cheerfully submit. I owe it to Comrade Cushing as a mark of respect. I used to order him around most unmercifully sometimes, when we were in service, and I think I can stand it this once for him to order me around. The Sixth Maine in the corn field—it rather strikes me I was there. The fact was we had to resort to

any expedient to put down the Rebellion. The corn field was one of them and the Sixth Maine showed its usual enterprise in pushing to the front on such occasions. I must confess if you had a little more corn for dinner the Sixth Maine would have felt a little more at home."

Colonel Clark read a poem of his own composition, eulogizing the gallant John Gray, the regiment's color bearer, who was shot dead at the charge on St. Mary's Heights, and of the heroic deeds of the regiments.

"The Younger Generation" was responded to in a very appropriate manner by Clarence Pullen. He spoke of the interest which the boys of Dover and Foxcroft took in the events that led up to the Civil War. He related his experience in enlisting and his disappointment on hearing that the war had ended as they were on their way to the front.

"The Sixth Maine Infantry Illustrated" was a unique thing. Comrades Buck, Crockett, and Wing, all large and heavy men, stood up before the audience and announced that they were the infants. This incident took the house by storm.

The toast, "Till We Meet Again," was responded to by C. C. Lee, in very appropriate words. The singing, interspersed between the speeches and the remarks, added much interest to the occasion. The song, "Just Before the Battle, Mother," by Mrs. Harvey and Mr. Mitchell, was very feelingly rendered.

Letters of regret were read from the following absent members: H. H. Bowles, Cherryfield, Me.; A. P. Benner, Willimantic, Conn.; B. F. Goodwin, Waterville; H. E. Mathews and Mrs. Fannie Mathews; C. M. Drew, Tella-mook, Ore.; Hon. C. A. Boutelle, Bangor; B. A. Campbell, Pembroke; N. T. Smith, Castle Rock, Cal.; Father Locke, poet of the Army of the Potomac, Chelsea, Mass. The following telegram was also received:

"LUBEC, Me., Sept. 4.

To Wainwright Cushing:

Convey to comrades and your people my regrets that I cannot enjoy with them the pleasure that I know your proverbial hospitality will afford.

Yours truly,

A. B. SMITH."

The following resolution was read, and later upon motion by Comrade Cushing was adopted: "In behalf of comrades of the Sixth Maine Veteran Association be it

Resolved, That the sincere and hearty thanks of this association be extended to the comrades of C. S. Douty Post, to the comrades of Charles Peleg Chandler Post and to the Relief Corps of both posts, and to the citizens of Dover and Foxcroft generally, for the cordial and hearty entertainment afforded them, and which has made this one of the most enjoyable reunions ever held by this association."

Following are the names of the

members of the regiment who were present at the reunion :

C. R. Dexter, Bangor; O. O. Roberts, Dexter; Wm. George, Augusta; S. L. Heyward, Bucksport; John Kennedy, Bucksport; W. A. Richardson, Ellsworth; E. C. Morrill, Henderson; E. L. Emery, Foxcroft; Thos. Farrell, Willimantic; P. G. Sumner, Amherst; J. A. Lawton, Newmarket, N. H.; Benj. Harris, Brownville; E. R. Heath, Portland; G. A. Clay, Bluehill; C. A. Clark, Cedar Rapids, Ia.; T. J. Rockwell, Dover; W. R. Blackman, E. Cambridge, Mass.; F. W. Titcomb, Houlton; Edward Bonzey, Ellsworth; Apollo Hunt, Ellsworth; F. M. Ames, South Dover; Miron Webster, East Corinth; James Hutchinson, Eastport; F. W. Morong, Lubec; A. P. Buck, Foxcroft; J. B. Nagle, Lubec; C. C. Lee, Foxcroft; Arthur Saunders, Ellsworth; F. G. Pratt, Foxcroft; E. T. Douglass, Dover; L. H. Whittier, Guilford; Edward B. Fox, Dover; E. T. Crockett, Foxcroft; F. W. Merrill, Foxcroft; D. Severance, Foxcroft; O. E. W. Hinkley, Oldtown; Frederick Prescott, Sanford; R. D. Campbell, Pembroke; Shepard Morrill, Brownville; A. H. Bridges, Sprague Mills; Eugene F. Sanger, Bangor; Frank Campbell, Cherryfield; S. B. Westcott, Blue Hill; W. Cushing, Foxcroft; S. T. Ayer, Kewanee, Ill.; A. M. Robinson, Jr., Bangor; Aaron Frost, Newport; B. F. Gray, Ells-

worth; G. W. Frost, Dover; C. L. Ray, Sangerville; Snell Cummings, Ludlow, Vt.; C. F. McKusick, Amesbury, Mass.; C. F. Tibbetts, Charlestown.

Following is the poem read by Mrs. Martin :

In the village square he stands
With his cold and marble hands,
Folded as a soldier at rest.
At his chill and quiet feet
All life's waves may flow and beat,
Nor e'er a throb disturb his breast.

Where to-day that polished stone
Four and thirty years ago
Was the brave old Sixth Maine born.
I can seem to hear again
The even tread of drilling men
That made that old green bare and worn.

Four and thirty years ago
How you marched to meet the foe
In the glory and the glow
Of youthful prime!
Now you come again to-day,
While your locks are turning gray,
To recall in speech and lay
That olden time.

You can see those boys in blue
Who kept steps in line with you,
Who were loyal, brave, and true
A thousand strong.
Ah! the many are no more:
They have crossed the river o'er,
And you gather scarce three score
Your ranks among.

They sleep on the banks of Warwick Creek;
On Williamsburg's slope they lie;
And the daisies white of Garnett Farm
Turn red with their life-blood dye.
You mind the hell of Antietam's field,
The fight of the Wilderness,
The shot and shell of White Oak Bridge,
And the Battle of Crampton Pass;
Rappahannock Station you'll ne'er forget;
Cold Harbor, and Malvern Hill;
The lonely graves of White Oak Swamp,
And the horror of Chancellorsville;
The terrible field of Fredericksburg,
The climb through the leaden rain
To the blood-stained heights of St. Mary's,
O gallant! O brave Sixth Maine!
From that strong-hold height on St. Mary's,
Blood-bought with a fearful loss,
Floated first the flag of the old Sixth Maine
Neath the glorious sign of the cross.

In the village square he stands,—
The soldier with the folded hands,—
And the tale he tells to-day—
Ho for justice, long denied,

Brave men fought and bled and died,
He shall tell, and tell away.

Men upon the busy street,
Lad and lass, the tale repeat,
Of a nation's need and pain,
How upon that village green,
Wall of church and school between,
Was born the valiant old Sixth Maine.

Company A, Sixth Maine, was enlisted and drilled on Foxcroft Square, now called Monument Square, where the soldiers' monument now stands.

Printed programmes were provided for the reunion, and the covers of the same were very unique. It was designed by Chase, the photographer, who, by the way, did some excellent work during the veterans' visit to the twin towns. The design referred to consisted of a verse across the cover which read as follows :

We sing again of the old Sixth Maine,
Of its valor in camp and field,
Of the midnight tramp, the guard, the camp,
And the corn they used to steal.

In the upper right hand corner was a scene in a cornfield with a soldier shying about shucking corn. In the lower left hand corner was

another scene, which is supposed to represent the soldier with a rail on his shoulder, paying the penalty for his theft of the corn, but who, in reality, is another fellow, while the guilty one is in the rear with a gun over his shoulder, looking after the man ahead of him. In the centre at the top was the Greek cross, the Corps badge of the Sixth. The verse was composed by Mrs. Martin for the occasion. The whole thing was a very tasty arrangement, and was very favorably complimented by the "boys."

Among those from abroad no comrade was more gladly welcomed than Colonel Clark, a Sanguerville boy. His home is now in Cedar Rapids, Ia. He is one of Iowa's ablest lawyers and has a large practice.

The ladies of the two Relief Corps did themselves proud. They spared no pains to do anything that would add to the comfort and happiness of the visiting veterans of the gallant Sixth.

REUNION OF THE SEVENTH MAINE REGIMENT.

The members of the Seventh Maine Regimental Association, who live in the western part of the state, left Portland on the M. C. R. R. August 20, on the 11 a. m. express for Newport, to attend their annual reunion. August 21, the thirty-fourth anniversary of their muster into the United States service.

After a pleasant ride through cities and towns and delightful scenery, new to most of the "boys," they arrived in Newport, and were met by a delegation of their old comrades and escorted to Camp Benson. Tents had been pitched for their accommodation, but as the nights were cool and breezy, and

the old boys getting rheumatic and shaky, they concluded that it would not be safe to go into camp and sleep on the ground, as in the days of yore, so Comrade Stuart of Newport went to the village in the capacity of a sort of quarter-master scout, and soon returned and reported he had found good quarters for the crowd, that one of his neighbors, a Mr. Stuart, had kindly consented to open his doors to the "old veterans." In this mansion they were comfortably lodged in large, airy, well-furnished rooms, with all the comforts of home. Good rations were furnished at the restaurant on the camp ground. The annual meeting was held at Head-quarters building on the camp ground Wednesday, August 21, as usual, and it seems more strange each time it occurs many of the comrades meet for the first time since they were mustered out of service at the close of the war. Then, they parted as young men, full of life and vigor, but today, most meet as old men, with gray heads and wrinkled brows, showing clearly that the weight of years rests heavily upon them, but in the joy of meeting old comrades, who had marched shoulder to shoulder over hot and dusty roads and through mud and mire, had bivouacked on the field in the pelting storm, and borne the brunt of battle together, their aches and pains were soon forgotten. They all became boys, and lived again the days of "Auld Lang Syne." The Seventh was made up of companies recruited

from all parts of the state, one being furnished by Portland and vicinity. It participated in eleven battles, and in minor fights and skirmishes without number.

BUSINESS MEETING.

Meeting called to order at two o'clock p. m., August 21, by the president, W. S. Norcross, and appropriately opened by the comrades singing the following reunion song, written specially for the occasion by the historian and poet, W. D. Hatch :

Thirty long years and more have passed
 With all their weal and woe,
 Since we left home for war and strife
 To meet the daring foe ;
 Then we were young, our hearts were brave,
 Our inspirations high ;
 For the old flag we fain would fight
 Or for our Country die.

Our youthful days have passed and gone,
 As veterans we meet here ;
 We'll take each other by the hand
 In friendship and good cheer ;
 What, though gray hairs our heads adorn,
 With wrinkles on our brow,
 We'll bid adieu to grief and care.
 And all be merry now.

Old friendships still our hearts unite
 In strong, fraternal love,
 The silver cord that binds our souls
 Is blest by God above ;
 We'll not forget the brave old boys
 Who marched by our side,
 Who nobly fell on bloody fields,
 And for the old flag died.

The old flag waves o'er our broad land,
 Each stripe and star entire ;
 Bravely 'twas borne o'er hard fought fields,
 Through battles, smoke, and fire ;
 Bright as the star of Bethlehem
 That shone o'er wild Judea,

So may its stars new lustre gain
 Throughout the cycling years.
 Comrades, our ranks are thinning fast
 As time goes rolling on;
 We miss old friends and comrades dear
 Who from our ranks have gone;
 No more we clasp their friendly hand
 In kindly greeting here,
 Though from our ranks they're mustered out,
 Their memory we revere.

God give us strength as time rolls on
 Life's battles brave to fight;
 May we with loyal hearts stand firm
 For justice, truth, and right,
 That, when life's campaigns all are o'er,
 May we be called above,
 In our eternal home to dwell
 With those on earth we love.

Prayer was offered by Col. Stephen C. Fletcher, and the roll of the survivors called.

The secretary's report was then read and accepted. This report showed diligent and faithful work on his part, and that the Association was in a healthy condition, with two hundred and fifty-five names of survivors on the rolls.

The treasurer reported the Association financially sound, bills all paid and small balance in treasury.

The historian reported a loss of ten members by death during the past year, showing the rapid manner our comrades are being mustered into the larger army above.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Winfield S. Norcross, Lewiston.

Vice-presidents, Frank Haynes, Passadumkeag; Sumner T. Stuart, Newport.

Thirty-two comrades were pres-

ent; speeches were made by Col. Stephen C. Fletcher, Dr. W. S. Norcross, W. H. Motley, R. H. Mitchell, S. T. Stuart, R. W. Cooper, H. A. Withee, and many other comrades contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion by anecdotes of their service and reminiscences of the deeds of the regiment. The regimental poet, W. D. Hatch, closed the literary part of the reunion by recalling the army life and army experiences in a most bright and attractive manner.

ARMY DAYS.

Old army days we'll ne'er forget,
 How oft they come to mind,
 The life in camp, the march, the fight,
 Old comrades we left behind.
 How oft in memory's wide domain
 The past comes back to view,
 The stirring scenes that tried our souls
 When we were dashing boys in blue.

Thank God, those days of war and strife are
 past.

In peace we muster here,
 Around the social board we meet
 In friendship and good cheer;
 'Twas not in scenes like this we met
 When we sat down to dine
 On B. C. hardtack and raw pork,
 In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

We oft have met in camp and field
 And at the cook-house door,
 Where pork and coffee was served out
 And hardtack by the score.
 'Tis there we'll meet no more old boys
 Upon the shores of time,
 Nor for the hardtack and the pork
 We'll never more repine.

We'll ne'er forget those luscious beans,
 Which in the ground we baked,
 Nor the rails we used to lug
 Until our backs did ache;
 The old bean-hole long since filled up,

Its fires have ceased to burn,
 No hungry soldier to that spot
 His longing eyes now turn.
 We hear the sergeant's voice no more
 Fall in for brigade drill,
 No more we double-quick through mud and
 mire
 O'er field or rugged hill:
 To dress parade we march no more,
 Looking so gay and fine
 With shoes all blacked with salt pork fat
 And shirt-flaps out behind.

The bugle notes no more resound,
 That blowed the surgeon's call;
 No homesick bum for his discharge
 Unto the doctor crawls.
 The whiskey and the quinine, too,
 Their rations long since ceased,
 That to our weary, aching bones
 Did give such sweet release.

No reveille our ears now greet,
 Sounding out loud and long,
 To rouse us from our slumbers sweet,
 At the first dawn of morn;
 No more on lonely picket line
 We pace the weary beat,
 Nor through the dark and gloomy hours
 The midnight vigil keep.

When on the long and weary march,
 How often have we swore,
 If we were safely out of this
 We'd go to war no more;
 But when in camp we'd rest awhile,
 Get feeling about right,
 We'd growl because we did not move,
 We were spoiling for a fight.

But when we'd get into a fight
 With Johnnies drawing near,
 About the knees we'd feel quite weak,
 Our stomachs they'd feel queer,
 But then we'd boldly form the line
 'Mid showers of shot and shell.

Then we'd pitch in with all our might,
 But sometimes catch H—!
 Now up my lads, three loud buzzas,
 For both the blue and gray,
 No North, no South, no East, no West,
 We boast of here today,
 For our broad land and our brave flag
 In solid ranks we'll stand,
 We'll cheer the flag that proudly waves
 O'er our reunited land.

The land for which our fathers fought,
 And shed their blood to free
 From haughty tyrant's slavish yoke
 They gave us liberty.
 May we, as sons of noble sires,
 Our liberty maintain,
 And the dear cause for which they fought
 We bravely will sustain.

And now, old boys, we are at home,
 And here intend to remain;
 Around the fire we'll swap our lies
 Of how we did campaign,
 Of scenes and days that'r past and gone
 We'll bring them back to mind,
 We'll ne'er forget when last we met
 In the days of Auld Lang Syne.

On motion of Dr. Norcross it was voted to have the poem printed and a copy sent to each comrade: adjourned at four o'clock to meet at Portland, Camp Connor, the regimental home, in 1896. After spending two happy days at Camp Benson the "old boys" shook hands and bid good-bye to each other, wishing for many returns of reunion day. The boys from the western part of the state assembled again at Camp Connor to enjoy a couple of weeks' outing in a royal good comradeship.

EIGHTH MAINE REUNION.

August 13, 1895, the Eighth Maine Association held its reunion in the beautiful Eighth Maine building at Peaks Island. From the verandas of this building the view of the ocean, of White Head, and adjacent islands, is one of the most beautiful on the Maine coast. About two hundred were present, many of the veterans bringing their wives and children to the reunion. The following were among the veterans present:

Edward A. True, Boston; Oliver P. Cromwell, Boston; Horace B. Richardson, Auburn; Horatio B. Sawyer, Auburn; Elijah S. Grant, Hudson, Mass.; George E. Dunton, Natick, Mass.; George L. Dacy, South Boston, Mass.; Edmund C. Sperrin, Auburn; Orrin L. Richardson, Waterville; T. S. Brown, Belmont, Mass.; P. P. Woodward, Lisbon Falls; America Walton, Lowell, Mass.; S. B. Rogers, Patten; Alvin B. Canwell, Boston; Chandler Eastman, Charlestown, Mass.; Oramandel M. Hubbard, Brunswick; S. L. Emerson, Auburn; O. P. Richardson, Waterville; Charles Bennett, Alfred; Edwin Hanson, Biddeford; Samuel C. Larrabee, Peabody, Mass.; Washington C. Taylor, Alfred; John L. Townshend, Alfred; William E. Jones, Salem, Mass.; William Canwell, Wilton; Ezra Clark, Alfred; Delance Young, Auburn; L. W. Hackett, Saco; C. W. Sawyard, Woodstock,

Vt.; G. R. Littlefield, Wells; John W. Treadwell, West Kennebunk; George W. Coppers, Lewiston; David S. Austin, South Berwick; George Perry, Portland; O. C. Hanscom, Sherman; Lyman C. Downes, Cape Neddick; Fred D. Larrabee, New Gloucester; C. E. Metcalf, Auburn; Wallace Smith, Auburn; A. S. Bump, Wilton; J. M. Shackley, Livermore; A. D. Millet, Burnham; N. Perkins, Jay; W. R. Pinkham, Oakland; Henry Boynton, Augusta; Charles Bennett, Boston; George S. Dutch, Saco; Miles Rhoades, North Berwick; David Austin, North Berwick; Jonas C. Littlefield, Boston.

The veterans set up housekeeping in the building, the ladies getting plain, but delightful, meals with the aid of the well-equipped kitchen of the building. Chowder and baked beans were the main elements of the dinner.

Tuesday's programme included a campfire in the evening. The large hall of the building affords fine accommodations for such campfires.

Colonel McArthur, who presented the building to the Association, was unable to be present.

The annual meeting of the Eighth Maine Memorial Association was appointed for Wednesday.

At the business meeting General Henry Boynton, of Augusta, presided. He reminded the comrades present that they had met once

more on the march through life. He congratulated them that they had done so well in the march, and that so many could gather to recall memories of the days of yore.

Capt. Hillman Smith of Auburn was secretary.

The report of the committee appointed to get an appropriation from the legislature for a regimental history, was made by Comrades Sawyer and Boynton.

Officers elected were as follows: Committee on nominations, Capt. A. Dalton of Lowell, Col. John Hemming of Emery Mills, Me., Capt. L. B. Rogers of Patten; president, Col. Henry Boynton of Augusta; first vice president, Austin Bump of Wilton; second vice-president, Samuel Emerson of Auburn; third vice-president, Lorenzo W. Hackett of Saco; secretary and treasurer, Hillman Smith of Auburn; executive committee, E. C. Spearing of Auburn, Wallace Smith of Auburn, R. B. Sawyer of Auburn; chaplain, Henry A. Philbrick of Orono.

The amount subscribed Tuesday

was \$130.50: amount originally paid, \$124. The debt was \$172, leaving \$41.50 still due.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Eighth Maine held their meeting and elected these officers: President, Mrs. E. A. True, of Newton Highlands, Mass.; vice-president, Mrs. Fred Larrabee, New Gloucester, Me.; secretary and treasurer, Mrs. O. P. Richardson, of Waterville; executive committee, Mrs. Brown, of Waltham, Mass.; Mrs. Libby, of East Saugus, Mass.; Mrs. Rogers, of Patten; Mrs. Littlefield, of Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. H. B. Sawyer, of Auburn.

At the annual meeting of the corporation of the Eighth Maine Regiment the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, Col. E. A. True, of Boston; vice-president, W. R. Pinkham, of Oakland, Me.; clerk, J. H. H. Jewett; treasurer, O. P. Richardson.

At the meeting of the new board of officers plans for making additions to the building were discussed, but no action was taken.

REUNION OF THE SIXTH MAINE BATTERY.

The Sixth Maine Battery Association held their annual reunion at Camp Benson, Newport, August 21. The members are widely scattered, and it is an impossibility to assemble a large number at any one point. Only twelve presented themselves at roll call but they were a host among themselves in all that pertained to the battery, and enjoyed a royal good time rehearsing the services of the old battery, and its memorable associations. Two deaths were reported in the past year, A. S. Lander, and Jesse G. Tarbell.

The comrades dined together at the Pavillion, with Lieutenant Burke at the head of the table. On account of the necessity of holding the reunion in connection with some large gathering to secure low rates of travel, it was voted to meet again at Camp Benson, in 1896. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

President, W. S. Leavitt; first vice-president, J. W. Burke; second vice-president, J. B. Merrill; secretary and treasurer, J. E. Rhodes, Rockland.

TWENTY-SEVENTH MAINE REUNION.

The reunion of the Twenty-Seventh Maine Infantry, at South Waterboro, August 27, was the largest attended of any ever held, and the Association was royally entertained by the Ladies' Relief Corps, J. W. Brown Post, G. A. R. and the citizens of that place. Speech making and singing was indulged in until twelve o'clock, when dinner was served in the I. O. O. F. hall. The meeting was called to order by President John Hall of No. Berwick, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

President, W. S. Dunn, Portland; vice-presidents, Captain J. M. Getchell, Berry's Mills; Captain J. F. Warren, Buxton; secretary, W.

S. Hasty, Saco; treasurer, J. T. Mason, Biddeford.

Voted to hold the next reunion at Kittery, August 27, 1896. It was voted to publish the history of the regiment as compiled by the historian, Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Stone, of Kennebunk. The speaking was done by President Hall, Captain H. F. Snow, of Company H, Lieutenant-Colonel Stone, Adjutant E. M. Rand, Mrs. Ella Jordan Mason of Biddeford, Captain Josiah Jones of Sixth New Hampshire Regiment, and others. Among the prominent members of the association present were Hon. John Hall, and Lieutenant M. S. Hurd, No. Berwick, Captain J. M. Getchell, formerly of Wells, Cap-

tain H. F. Snow of Cornish, Captain A. D. Smart, Parsonsfield, Captain William H. Johnson,

Waterboro, Lieutenant J. F. Warren, Buxton, Lieutenant John McJellerson, Shapleigh.

BUGLE "TATTOO" FOR 1895.

A remarkable revival of interest in the matter of regimental histories, has been manifested in the various regimental associations at their reunions held this year. It is to be regretted that the state of Maine, whose honor and good name was so well upheld by her soldiers in the field, should be the greatest laggard of all the states of the North, in putting the deeds of her world renowned regiments into historical books for preservation, in the libraries of the state and Union. It is a duty acknowledged and observed by every state of New England, and all the North; but Maine, in many respects under greater obligations, not only neglects this duty but wastes money that should go for this purpose in providing new clerks where no additional labor is demanded, and expending a larger sum, to protect the wild beasts and birds of our forests—and distributing pictures of slaughtered wild game—than would be required to print the history of every regiment of Maine, in vellum and full morocco. Evidently honoring the man of leisure, who burns powder in our forest, for his selfish gratification, and the occasional destruction of vast tracts of lumber—while those who burned powder in front of the enemy, that the

nation should not be destroyed, are treated in a contemptuous manner. Printed histories of those men who served at the front for years, histories which have been praised and honored by other states, and by the best literary and military critics of the nation, have been denounced as "not worth a cuss," "not worth the paper on which they were written," held up for laughter, and men who have devoted years of effort in completing the record of the men of their regiment have been denounced as "peregrinating chaplains," or "some biased colonel of the regiment." We write this in sorrow not in anger, but there is such a commendable attribute as righteous indignation, and "a scourge of small cords."

This is the final page of Campaign II. Review its year of endeavor, and contemplate its accomplishments. See what a magnificent "dress parade" its table of contents makes. As your eyes march from right to left of this unequaled line see if your heart does not keep step to the old time music. And whether or not the old time impulse, the highest incentive to duty, brings you to your place in line, with the answer, "All present or accounted for?" "Fall in," for Campaign III, 1896!

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CAMPAIGN III.

JANUARY, 1896.

CALL I.

WITH SHERIDAN IN LEE'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

By Col. Fred C. Newhall.

[Concluded.]

The troops of General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps, to which General Sheridan alludes in his last dispatch, were those which General Grant had sent down to Prince Edward Court House from Farmville to follow the trail of the cavalry; they had pressed on vigorously after us, and had now responded to General Sheridan's appeal of last evening for one final effort, by marching all night long, and the head of their column was pattering by our headquarters before daylight on the morning of the ninth. Although General Sheridan knew very well that the remnant of Lee's army confronted him on the road to Appomattox Court House, and would try to break through to the railroad at sunrise, he never thought of abandoning his position there even if the infantry could not get up. If at daylight he should have to bear the brunt of Lee's attack alone, he would impede him as much as he could and make slow marching for him till support

could come to the relief of the cavalry, which now, knowing nothing of the reinforcement that was so near at hand, was preparing to mount to be ready for the shock.

With the advance of the infantry column came General Ord, of the Army of the James, who was General Sheridan's superior officer, and therefore would control the infantry troops; so after a short consultation with him, the general started on to look after the cavalrymen, who by this time were skirmishing briskly with the advancing enemy. Crook was in advance and soon was hotly engaged: dismounting his men and rapidly running his guns to the front, he resisted their heavy onset with determined pluck, holding on to his ground with a grip which at first the enemy found it hard to loose; but their force was infantry, fighting for a point that must be gained or all would be lost, and they greatly outnumbered Crook's division. On the day before, General

Lee had written to General Grant: "To be frank, I do not consider that the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army;" and if it had not arisen, it was only because of the open road to Danville. If that were closed, then a faint glimmer of necessity to entertain surrender would probably break upon General Lee, so doubtless he got up this morning prepared to prove that the emergency which he had repudiated did not exist; and as he had no time to trifle, he came down to this doorway prepared to accept a peaceful passage, or to batter his way through if opposed. Evidently his men were aware of how much depended on forcing an exit, and as they came across lots from the Court House, they didn't stop to note the springing grass, nor step aside from the tender flowers just opening in their path, but pressed on with ruthless tramp, and scared the pleasant Sunday with their fierce volleys and slap-banging of heavy guns. 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 him. The enemy's line was not moving down the road but was formed almost parallel to it, and on the left as they looked toward 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 a division of colored troops of the Twenty-fifth Corps belonging to General Ord's command, were now ensconced among the trees silently waiting for orders to advance. On the extreme left General Davies was skirmishing with some rebel cavalry, and MacKenzie was out there, somewhere, stealing round to their flank. 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 alone couldn't hope to stop them, and evidently we had no other troops at hand. Appomattox depot gained, their troubles would be at an end, for thence the road to Danville is straight; at last they would have cast us behind them and we might catch them if we could. Fast walkers they and not much encumbered with *impedimenta*, they could laugh at our heavily-loaded infantry if once they could shake it from the flank; and if ever they should join Johnston, well, wonderful things would happen then, so they gave us their best yell and pressed on faster. But not far. For 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. They staggered back as Don Giovanni does before the ghost, and their whole line wavered as if each particular man was terror-struck like Leporello. They did n't even fire, palsied as they were by surprise, but rolled back like a receding wave which has spent the force of its assault against the earth-works of the shore.

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. At the head of the horsemen rode Custer, of the golden locks, his broad sombrero turned up from his hard, bronzed face, the ends of his crimson cravat floating over his shoulders, gold galore spangling his jacket sleeves, a pistol in his boot, jangling spurs on his heels, and a ponderous claymore swinging at his side,—a wild, dare-devil of a general, and a prince of advance-guards, quick to see and act. Seeing him pass by, a stranger might smile and say "Who's that?" as he noticed his motley wear, his curls, and his quick, impetuous way, but would wonder to see him in the thick of a fight: for Custer loves fighting, and hated his enemies then.

As he is about to strike a final blow for the good cause, his hand is stayed and his great sword drops back again into the scabbard, for out from the enemy's lines comes a rider, "bound on bound," bearing a white flag of truce, to ask for time to consummate surrender. General Sheridan is just behind, and word is sent to him at once, though the wild cheers of the men

have passed the good news back on the wind, and he meets the messenger half way. The general notifies General Ord, and the whole line is halted on the crest overlooking Appomattox Court House and the valley beyond, in which lies broken the Army of Northern Virginia. As we gain the crest, there is no organized line of the enemy visible below, though their skirmishers, which are halted on the farther side of the Court House, confront ours on this side, man for man. Behind them is a mass of men and matter unavailable for fighting. Groups of soldiers are sitting about or wandering off to the wagon trains, which stand huddled together in disorderly park, with batteries which seem tangled up badly, some facing one way and some another, as if divided in opinion whether to advance or retreat. There is nothing worthy the name of an army, and nothing that looks competent to uphold the Confederacy for another half hour. As word is passed along our line to halt, the truth breaks on the men, and rousing cheers follow the orders from right to left.

General Sheridan, confiding in the flag of truce, and trusting to a complete cessation of hostilities as a matter of course, rode out in front of his cavalry and struck across toward Appomattox Court House, which was about the centre of the position our troops held at halting. But his faith proved to be ill-founded, for he had hardly gone a hundred yards when some rebel

troops in front of him suddenly fired on his little party. Luckily they aimed badly, and nobody was hurt, and the general and his staff, supposing some mistake was at the bottom of this eccentric proceeding, waved their caps, and made other friendly signals, only to be answered by another volley, happily as ineffectual as the first; then, galloping away, they found shelter behind a hill, while the officer who had brought the flag of truce, and Major Allen, of our staff, rode rapidly into the enemy's lines, on the flank of this dangerous party, and demanded to know the cause of this violation of the flag. A general in command, who evidently supposed himself to be General Taylor in Mexico, replied that South Carolinians never surrendered, and declined to receive any order to suspend hostilities. He was doubtless seeking to die in the last ditch, and the opportunity was likely to be soon afforded him, for Custer, hearing this firing in the direction the general had taken, promptly moved out to look into it.

Meanwhile the general wended his way more carefully to the Court House, and there was met by the Confederate Generals Gordon and Wilcox on the neutral ground between the picket-lines, in the midst of which Appomattox Court House happened to stand. Just as they began to talk, firing was heard again on our right where the contumacious South Carolinians were. General Gordon looked up anxiously and ordered a staff officer to go

rapidly and find out what it meant, but General Sheridan said: "Never mind! never mind! I know what it is. Let them fight it out!" and then explained that the bold general who never surrendered had fallen into the hands of Custer, and was likely to come to terms or grief very shortly. In a moment all was quiet again, and the last angry shot had been fired from the war-worn lines, which now could only stack arms, sling carbines, return sabers, and await the result of the negotiations for surrender.

General Gordon asked for a suspension of hostilities, and said that General Lee was prepared to surrender his army, and would immediately send to General Grant a communication to that effect. General Sheridan replied that he was very anxious to avoid further loss of life but the effort of the morning had n't looked like an intention to surrender, and he must have some certain assurance that this was a bona fide proposition, and not a make-shift to gain time and advantage. Both General Gordon and General Wilcox earnestly declared their entire good faith, and said Lee's case was hopeless now, and he must surrender and would. There could be no doubt of their sincerity or of the pass to which Lee had come, and so General Sheridan agreed to wait for further developments, and returned to our lines, promising to meet these officers again at the Court House in half an hour.

Meanwhile General Ord came

up, and others began to gather from right to left: but there was no excitement at all. After the first cheer, the tired troops had stretched themselves on the ground at full length, and were calmly surveying the novel scene of a harmless enemy in front. Indians could n't have conducted themselves with more propriety, or have observed a more serene indifference in the face of a matter of surpassing interest; and a stranger arriving on the ground would have said the halt was only a rest, that nothing unusual had occurred, and that the march would be resumed after coffee. As the generals rode up there was some hand-shaking, more smiles than are often seen in line of battle, but nobody was very demonstrative. If we believe that men of rough natures have underlying them some finer sensibilities which do not openly find expression, let us say that all this quiet was the index of a feeling of overpowering gratitude to Heaven that on this Sabbath day they were permitted to see the sun shining on the downfall of rebellion, and gilding the hope of country restored, friends reunited, and enemies disarmed.

When the half hour was up, General Ord and General Sheridan, together with several other officers of rank, rode through the pickets again, and met the Confederate generals at the Court House. General Longstreet was there this time—a grisly-looking man, disabled in one arm, and bearing all over the evidences of hard cam-

paigns and traces of disappointment in his troubled face—and he bore a dispatch from Lee to General Grant. It was in answer to one that the lieutenant-general had sent to him stating the terms on which he would receive his surrender, and was in these words :

APRIL 9th, 1865.

LIEUT. GEN. U. S. GRANT :

GENERAL: I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

(Signed) R. E. LEE,
General.

With this dispatch General Sheridan immediately sent off a staff officer to find General Grant, who was reported to be on his way from General Meade to Appomattox Court House. Taking a wood-road leading off in the direction from which the lieutenant-general would come, the officer rode fast on his errand, and after galloping some five or six miles and striking the main road on which we had marched the day before, fortunately met General Grant just beyond the intersection, rapidly pacing down this road in search of General Sheridan. Turning off into the woods at a lively trot, the party was not long in reaching the Court House

(and would have gained it sooner but for stupidly missing the way and almost wandering into Lee's lines), and there it was found that the second interview had not been much longer than the first, and that all of our officers had come back inside the pickets. As General Grant rode up, Generals Ord and Sheridan and the rest were standing on foot at the end of the broad grassy street which intersects the Court House—that is, the town. The lieutenant-general dismounted, came forward, and said: "How are you, Sheridan?"

To which, in a pert manner, the general replied: "First rate, thank you: how are you?"

"Is General Lee up there?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, we'll go up."

This is all that was said at that time, and the conversation, in view of all the circumstances, would illustrate a statement that we are not a very demonstrative or dramatic people. In effective groupings and treatment of remarkable occasions the people of the other continent can give us heavy odds. How poor this seems by the side of the Prussian king and Bismarck hunting over the field of Sadowa for the Crown Prince, whom, when found, the king grapples to his soul, decorates his manly bosom with beautiful insignia of honor and glory: and then their feelings master them, and king and prince and Bismarck (Heaven save the mark!) burst out crying, field and staff officers joining in. And yet our field

of Appomattox Court House was more than the field of Sadowa. What recollections had they there of years of alternate disaster and victory; what memories of hard campaigns and well-contested fields; of friendship cemented by the trials of camp and battle; of patient watching and anxious thought; of the fierce attack and the stubborn defense; of waiting, and work, and war! If they had had any such, thronging into their minds, and had met on the evening of Sadowa, as our generals met now, it is painful to contemplate what they might have done. The king would probably have stood upon his head; Bismarck would have nimbly climbed to his upturned feet; to him the Crown Prince would have vaulted through the air, and from this perilous height would have made a leap to astonish the Buislay brothers, while the Count, flying out with extended arms, would have caught him descending, as Young America catches the swinging trapeze; and the king would have died dramatically of a rush of blood to the brain. But we don't understand that sort of thing, and the result is what we have cited.

So Generals Grant, Ord, and Sheridan, with three or four staff officers each, went up to the Court House, and of our staff there went three, a senior aide, the chief of staff, and the adjutant-general. The town consists of about five houses, a tavern, and a court house, all on one street, and that was boarded up at one end to keep the

cow's out. On the right hand side as we went in was the principal residence, owned by Mr. McLean, and to his house General Grant was conducted to meet General Lee. At the fence the whole party dismounted, and walking over a narrow grass-plot to the house noticed General Lee's gray horse nibbling there in charge of an orderly, who was holding his own as well. General Grant entered the house with one or two of his staff, and the rest of us sat down on the piazza and waited. Mr. McLean was out there too, but was so much excited by his appreciation of passing events that he didn't know where his pump was, or if he had any, and if not, couldn't tell us where there was a spring. In a moment Colonel Babcock came out, smiling, whirled his hat round his head once, and beckoned Generals Ord and Sheridan to come in. They walked the floor silently, as people do who have first peep at a baby, and after awhile General Lee came out and signaled to his orderly to bridle his horse. While this was being done, he stood on the lowest step of the piazza (we had all risen respectfully as he passed down), and looking over into the valley toward his army, smote his hands together several times in an absent sort of way, utterly unconscious of the people about him, and seeming to see nothing till his horse was led in front of him. As he stood there he appeared to be about sixty years of age, a tall, soldierly figure of a man, with a full gray beard, a new

suit of gray clothes, a high gray felt hat, with a cord, long buckskin gauntlets, high riding boots, and a beautiful sword. He was all that our fancy had painted him; and he had the sympathy of us all as he rode away. Just as he gathered up his bridle, General Grant went down the steps, and, passing in front of his horse, touched his hat to General Lee, who made a similar salute, and then left the yard and returned to his own lines with his orderly and the single staff officer who had accompanied him to the interview, and who was said to have been Colonel Marshall, his chief of staff, a quiet-looking man, in spectacles, looking more like one of thought than action. General Grant presented something of a contrast to General Lee in the way of uniform, not only in color, but in style and general effect. He had on a sugar-loaf hat, almost peculiar to himself, a frock coat, unbuttoned and splashed with mud, a dark vest, dark-blue pantaloons tucked into top-boots, muddy also, and no sword. His countenance wasn't relaxed at all, and not a muscle of his face told tales on his thoughts. If he was very much pleased by the surrender of Lee, nothing in his air or manner indicated it. The joyful occasion didn't seem to awaken in him a responsive echo, and he went and mounted his horse and rode away silently, to send off a dispatch which should electrify the North and set all the church-bells ringing jubilant vespers on this happy Sunday evening.

As soon as he had gone, the officers sitting about the porch suddenly bethought them to secure relics of this event by carrying away the greater portion of the house in which it happened. The most important and valuable, of course, were the materials and articles of furniture that had been used to draw up and sign Lee's letter of surrender; and these were scuffled for manfully, and the quickest bore off the prize. The brawny Custer might have been seen proudly marching away with the table on his shoulders at which Lee sat, the rest crying out "Sheridan's Robbers" as he went off; but they didn't know that General Sheridan had bought it of Mr. McLean for twenty dollars in specie (the general being injudiciously long in gold at this crisis), and had sent it to Mrs. Custer with his compliments. The moral guard which had kept away the crowd during the presence of the lieutenant-general was now relieved, and curious officers of every grade inundated the house. Everything that would do for a relic, however unwieldy, was confiscated or bought, and Mr. McLean seemed likely to pay a high price for the glory of going down to history on the arm of a great event. Somebody suddenly thought of the pen. Where was that? That was the thing for his money; and this suggestion was followed by another burst of relic-hunters, who threatened to overturn the principal officers of the army in their effort to profit by it.

Probably this was the last relic that anybody would think of, everything else having been gleaned; so to get rid of the mob, and for the sake of peace and quiet, now that the war was over, a staff officer, who had been at the house during the ceremonies of surrender, drew from his pocket a gold case-pen, and holding it aloft declared that General Lee had borrowed it of him to sign his name to the letter of capitulation; and this declaration, which turned out to be an infamous lie, evoked many congratulations and much envy. But it had the effect to break the ranks of the relic hunters, who slowly dispersed to their several commands; and then those who had not cared to run amuck for chairs and table-legs, clipped a budding flower from the bushes in the garden and sent it home as an emblem of peace, with thankful hearts.

Meanwhile there was a great stir in General Lee's army, and they were still cheering wildly as we left McLean's house to find a camp for ourselves. Of course his intention to surrender had been noised abroad, and as he returned from his interview with General Grant he was greeted with the applause we were now hearing. Cheer after cheer marked his progress through the old ranks that had supported him so gallantly; but what or why they were cheering seems not to be fully decided. The Southern writers of the day agree that they applauded General Lee thus to

show for him their sympathy in his misfortunes and their devotion to him and the lost cause. The latter reason is possible, but the former is not probable: sympathy for sorrow and calamity does not find such loud expression in crowds any more than it does in individuals. Nobody would give three cheers for a man who had lost his father, with the idea of soothing him. When Queen Victoria made her first public appearance in England, after the death of the Prince Consort, it was reported that as her carriage moved down the Strand, the thousands who had gathered there to welcome her suppressed the rising cheer and stood all silent with one consent as she passed by; and will anybody say that the army of the Confederacy was less sympathetic than an English crowd, and less keenly alive to a proper regard for misfortune? Doubtless Lee's army was sorry for him, because his loss was theirs, and when his hope foundered theirs went down, too; but it was not because of his loss that they cheered so long and loud. It was because he had surrendered: because he had confessed defeat at last, though all they had known he was defeated long before; because they saw in surrender some hope of beginning life anew to repair the blunder of the Confederacy; and thanking him for this, the brave fellows who stood by him to the last, and would have died rather than desert the cause, cheered him rapturously as he returned to tell them that they were set at liberty.

In the evening we sent rations for 20,000 men into his hungry camp, and he released our hungry prisoners, who came joyfully into our lines, with Irvine Gregg at the head of them, serene as usual, but with a good appetite. Then we went to bed, and had a good night's rest, and tried to appreciate the great blessing of peace that had suddenly descended upon us.

BREAKING RANKS.

Then there was the slow march back to Petersburg, saddened by the news we got at Nottoway Court House of the death of President Lincoln. We had a tent pitched in our camp there for a telegraph operator of our own, who, at ten o'clock on the night after the assassination, came running to the general with an incoherent dispatch which he said he had copied from a message that had passed by on the wires to General Meade's headquarters at Burkesville, farther up the South-side Railroad. It was signed by Major Eckert of the War Department, and reported that President Lincoln had been shot at Willard's Hotel at ten o'clock that morning and would certainly die. None of us believed it. We asked each other what would the President be doing at Willard's Hotel at ten o'clock in the morning. It was a hoax, evidently. It was so badly expressed, too,—the words all jumbled together in a way that no officer of the War Department would send an important message. The general read it without the

least visible emotion and passed it to one of his staff, who whistled incredulously and passed it on. After inspection it was universally condemned; we were not to be sold by a telegraph operator, drunk, probably, and trying to get up an excitement in the army. If the story was true, why didn't the Secretary of War notify the army? Who the deuce is "T. T. Eckert, Major, etc.?" every one asked. May be everybody but the major was shot, somebody said. In fact it was so shocking, *if* true, that by common consent it was only to be ridiculed; and so we went to bed, offering to bet anything that there was n't a word of truth in it.

How this distorted dispatch was ever telegraphed was not explained, but next morning we had official information of the President's death which left no room for doubt, and the joy of the army was turned into mourning; men who could laugh at disaster in the field and hope for better luck next time, who could cook coffee five minutes after recrossing the river from Fredericksburg, and forget all about the heights of St. Marye in Killikinick, had sad faces now, for the army was as keenly alive to the President's character as the people, and realized how necessary such a character is to the safe conduct of affairs through the delicate diplomacy which the new situation demanded. The most hopeful predicted trouble ahead for the new *régime*; and if trouble shall come in an unexpected way, it will be

trouble none the less, and the foreboding none the less fulfilled, and the honest President none the less worthily mourned.

After a short rest at Petersburg there was the pic-nic-ing excursion toward Danville, North Carolina, to assist in the campaign against Johnston in case of his demanding to be conquered on his own account instead of falling with the downfall of Lee, as he wisely and honorably concluded to do; and then there was the long return to Washington, where we dissolved the great co-partnership. But our head-quarters—traveling partners in the firm—couldn't wait for the formal dissolution. The silent partner sent us off to Texas to look after Kirby Smith, and we had to say good-bye to the rest in a hurry and leave behind us the coming glories of the Grand Review; which was a disappointment, and we may as well own it. Of course we had the high and mighty military idea of duty to be done; considered that of late we had done no more than the Union expects every man to do, and had the proper indifference to popular applause, and all that; yet it may be now confessed that, from the general to his orderly, there was a suspicion of regret pervading this patriotic party, that we were not to ride up Pennsylvania Avenue at the head of "Sheridan's cavalry," and be welcomed by the "thundering cheer of the street."

However, a sense of martyrdom is perhaps almost as agreeable as applause, and we consoled our-

selves with the thought how dulce and decorum it is to be sacrificed pro patria, and had quite recovered a becoming frame of mind by the time our train had started.

Here at Washington, though the campaign ends when we shake hands with the old cavalry party and propose their jolly good healths at our last lunch at Willard's. At odd times on the road, we have been associated with sundry other gallant commanders and various gallant troops; but they all have returned to their respective places, and now only with cavalymen do we feel that we sever a tie at parting. It is to them that we fill now—to Merritt, who has done so much good fighting and won so little printed fame, a man of brains, with a boyish face and a splendid head; to Custer, quick as a flash, daring and reckless almost without equal, yet showing coolness and judgment in some tight places; to Devin, who is of the school of Polonius, a little slow sometimes in entrance to a fight, but, being in, as slow to leave a point for which the enemy is trying; who cut off his beard because it was growing gray, declaring the rôle of "old Devin" to be played out, and won his stars forthwith by the virtue of a smooth chin; to Gibbes, courteous, jolly and hospitable, always ready with his brigade for whatever fortune found for him to do; to Irvine Gregg, "cool as a clock," looking out from under his broad slouch-hat on any phase of battle; to Smith, of Maine, steady as a light-house and

to be counted on in an awkward pinch, sturdy in form and character, and looking like Governor Carver, the Puritan, leaning on his sword at the landing at Plymouth Rock: to Crook, easy going and kindly, who has done more good service than has been blown to his credit through "the trumpet that speaks of fame:" to Davies, earnest and dashing, always getting horses killed and balls through his boots, a strict disciplinarian and efficient in camp and field: to Fitzhugh, who left his battery to command a brigade, and more than sustained his old reputation: to all the rest unnamed who have fought with the troopers in this campaign: to the old associations with D. McM. Gregg, Torbert, Wilson, McIntosh and the others, who in earlier campaigns were prominent in Sheridan's cavalry and made it famous by their swords; and to the glorious memory of those who have fallen.

Then to the chief, with all the honors. He has done much to make the cavalry illustrious, and his name is linked with it everywhere. "Sheridan's cavalry" is now the Alma Mater of the horse-men, and the Head-centre of the best *esprit de corps*. There is a good deal of regimental pride, of course, and the honor of his brigade and division is something to every man: but ask a trooper in a general way to what he belongs, and he will begin with "Sheridan's cavalry," and take you down the successive steps to his regiment afterward in case you want to go.

It is like the (North) American's answer that he belongs to "the States" when you meet him abroad and ask him his home; he is nothing loth to tell you his state and city and dilate on their beauties at length if you like, but he feels that his chief glory is in the Republic, and fancies that the effulgence of its institutions beams from him, as a representative. And like the States, Sheridan's cavalry is a cloak that covers good and bad alike, and the distinction which is sufficient for the best men in the best regiments in the command, is a brilliant covering to some whose single worth would perhaps have earned but poor renown. Such share of the glory of this title as properly belongs to the general all are ready to award; nowhere in the army are more harmonious relations and mutual respect, and nowhere would a parting be more keenly felt.

In taking leave of him let us simply accord to him the credit which history will give to his rare ability and soldierly qualities. With the material which he found ready to his hand (and certainly it would be hard to find better) he established at the outset a good understanding, and, never proving captious or unfair, retained the confidence of all and obtained results which, without hearty co-operation and good-will, could never have been recorded, developing meanwhile a genius of his own which in some special phases has been unequalled in the war. Speaking of him as we have seen him in

this campaign, if others were wanting, may we not ascribe to him a rare combination of military power: prudence and judgment to plan; energy and courage to execute; dash and vigor to follow up advantage; unbounded faith to "attempt the end and never stand to doubt;" and withall, ability to cope with sudden emergencies, and patience to defend when assault is turned upon him? As the gallant leader of the cavalry advance to-day, as the brilliant general handling an army in its support to-morrow, where shall we find greater or more varied ability? If we grant him only the specialty which this campaign has illustrated, where could we have looked for one to take his place? The army does not contain his counterpart, and, if he had fallen, there would have been

Sighing that nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan.

So much it is right to say of him, for it is the truth, and though more might be said perhaps, with equal truth, of his ability in other spheres, it is not worth while to go further than the scope of this narration, lest some one think we are idealizing him, which at the outset we promised not to do. In fact it is not worth while to idealize anybody nowadays, for we don't set up an image of a living hero said to be done in gold, and stand far off and worship it; but in this enlightened country we go very near to whatever is put before the public, and scratch the surface ruthlessly to

learn its true worth, and if it isn't the real thing it gets knocked off the pedestal of public favor sooner or later. So it is idle to set up false claims in a man's behalf and gain for him a short life of popular belief in them, and a sudden fall from honor when the claims are disallowed; therefore, temperate praise has been studied in this slender narrative, lest any one should say that fancy outweighs fact.

And now that the reader may know General Sheridan if he meet him, and not complain that friendship has disguised him past recognition, let us take a parting look at him across the table as we drink his health, and long life to him, and a pretty wife.

He has not seen more than five and thirty summers, and is not tall of his years, but, as his brain is not cramped by his inches, nobody has ever lost confidence in him on that account: for

Though not a Giant, he is learned and wise,
And wisdom compensates for want of size.

His mental stature is not easily measured, and men whose eyes look over his head are puzzled to know how much is in it. His military caliber, too, is hard to guess, and he would be a clever soldier who could claim to have found it out: he has been competent for every emergency that he has been called upon to meet, and for the largest command he ever controlled, but nobody is found to say what emergency would stagger him, or what number of troops would prove too many for him.

His face is flushed, not with wine, but with life, and his eyes twinkle like stars; the ends of his moustache curl up with decision, and his *mouche* hides the sharp outline of his chin: his uniform coat is buttoned to the throat, across a square, deep chest, which rightly indicates his physical power, and he is very simply dressed throughout, with nothing of the gay cavalier about him. He talks slowly and very quietly, smiling now, and working his mouth cross-wise. If excited on the field, he wont bluster, but *may* swear, and be not so careful of the elegancies of speech as are some *dilettanti* people, who never have many thoughts of their own to express and never mingle in stirring events: one of whom,

That never set a squadron in the field
Nor the division of a battle knows,

might perhaps be shocked in these fiery moments, but if he has a chance for a quiet chat with the general, will think him rather gentle than otherwise, and begin to doubt the terrible oaths and fierce imprecations of song and story: will find him proud of the achievements of his various commands, but modest about his own performances, and as silent as a pyramid if a speech is to be made. Accustomed

to reserve, and not having the faculty of hiding himself in words, he resorts to the unusual expedient of silence, and the public never would have known him but for the great events which called him out. With them he can grapple, but a serenading party is too much for him. If the reader has occasion to correspond with him, any of his staff will be happy to decipher his hasty reply, and assure the correspondent that the signature is not copied from the Rosetta stone, but is the sign-manual of "yours truly, P. H. Sheridan, Major-General."

So much for the generals who have won glory and renown.

But before we rise from this festivity, let us join in remembering "the boys," who deserve a bumper filled to the beaker's brim.

Pledge me round. I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray,

and otherwise:

Have they not followed the Flag unfalteringly, though they lost many comrades by the way, who gave their lives unsparingly to fill the chasm that was dividing the Union? Let us cherish the memory of these: and the blessings they have secured by such unstinted sacrifice let us not forfeit now,

Ere yet ever a month is gone.

A CONFEDERATE'S ACCOUNT OF THE FALLING FLAG.

We quote the following from the small volume entitled the "Falling Flag," written by Col. Edward M. Boykin, of the Seventh regiment, South Carolina Cavalry. This account is very interesting and valuable, because Colonel Boykin confines his narrative to what he actually saw. Those of us who were in the fight at Farmville as well as at Appomattox will read his account with pleasure because it dovetails in and explains what we saw from our point of view. This work was published by E. J. Hale & Son, New York city :

We marched April 6, until the afternoon, among the infantry, artillery and wagons, going towards Farmville, on the Appomattox river and the Lynchburg railroad. There was a bridge across the river, at which, as was afterwards shown, it was General Lee's purpose to cross his infantry wagons and artillery.

We had been having a very tiresome march on our worn-out horses, through the fields on the side of the road, giving up the road proper to the wagon trains and troops, sometimes dismounting and leading our horses, to relieve them as much as possible.

About two or three o'clock we saw the infantry in front of us breaking from the line of march by brigades into a large field on the left of the road, and rapidly forming into compact masses in proper

position and relation with one another, to be used as might be required. We halted and did the same, being the only cavalry at that point. We soon heard heavy firing on another road over to the right, two or three miles from us, artillery and small arms, and nearer to us—not a mile—was a lesser fight going on, to which we moved at once. The last, which was over before we got to it, was between General Lee's division of cavalry and a body of the enemy's infantry. They were, as we were told, a fresh set of troops who had just come on, and were literally gobbled up by Lee. We met the prisoners—some eight or nine hundred—going to the rear. Their coats were so new and blue, and buttons so bright, and shirts so clean, that it was a wonder to look upon them by our rusty lot.

They were pushing on to coöperate with the larger movement that was going on to the right, and fell in with General Lee's cavalry, and after a very respectable fight had their military experience brought to an abrupt conclusion. Lee's men had possessed themselves of a complete set of new brass instruments that formed their band.

The fight on the right was the heaviest and most damaging to us that occurred on the retreat, and is known as the Battle of "Sailor's Creek," where the divisions of

General Kershaw and General Custis Lee, under the command of Lieutenant-General Ewell, were knocked to pieces—and General Richard Anderson's command, composed of Pickett's Division and Bushrod Johnson's, with Huger's artillery. Pickett's and Huger's commands were, I think, destroyed, but Johnson managed to get through. Generals Kershaw, Ewell, and Lee were, I know, taken prisoners. All this we knew nothing of at the time, only that there was heavy fighting, and that being a matter of course, excited no surprise.

The sun was nearly down and we moved towards Farmville, to go into camp for the night. It was after dark when we got there, went through the town to the grove on the other side, and made the best of it. We lived upon what we could pick up, as we had no wagons with us, and our servants and spare horses were with the wagon train.

The most fruitful source of supply was when we passed a broken down commissary wagon. The men would fill their haversacks with whatever they could find; and whatever they got, either in this way or at the country houses, was liberally shared with their friends and officers.

By a big fire we lay down, and slept the sleep of the tired. The nights were cold, so near the mountains, and, with light coverings on the cold ground, the burning down of the fire was a general

awakening and building up of the same. At one of these movements we were surprised to find, between Colonel H. and myself, two men, who, attracted by the fire, cold and tired, had crept to its friendly warmth, making a needless apology for their presence. We found one to be a colonel of Pickett's division, the other a lieutenant, and realized fully how complete the destruction of that famous fighting division must have been as an organization, that we should find a regimental commander who did not know where to look for its standard. There seemed to be no particular hurry in getting off in the morning. We were waiting for orders by our fire, and filled up the time pressing horses in the town, from a kind consideration of the feelings of the owners, that they should not fall into the hands of the Yankees, much to the disgust of the said owners, who seemed much to prefer (good men and true as they were) the possible chance of the Yankee to the certainty of the Confederate abstraction.

One or two amusing incidents occurred in that connection. One of our young lieutenants had heard of a very fine bay stallion, belonging to a gentleman in town, and as the rumor had spread that pressing horse flesh was going on, he went off promptly with a man or two, reached the house, and was met at the door by a young and pretty woman, who, with all the elegant kindness of a Virginia

lady, asked him to come in. He felt doubtful, but could not resist: ordering his men to hold on a minute or two, while he talked horse with the lady, wishing, in the innocent kindness of his heart, to break it to her gently. After a few minutes' general conversation he touched on the horse question. "Oh! yes, sir," she said, getting up and looking through a window that overlooked the back yard. "Yes, sir; I am sorry to disappoint you, but as you came in at the front door my husband was saddling the bay, and while you were talking to me I saw him riding out of the back gate. I am so sorry; *indeed I am.*" With a hasty good morning our lieutenant rode back to camp upon a horse some degrees below the standard of a "Red Eye" or any other race horse. The laugh was with the lady.

Another case was against a class who met with but little sympathy from a soldier in the field—a local or collecting quartermaster, *when of a particular class*—some able bodied young man, every way fit for the soldier, except in spirit, getting the position to screen himself from field duty and make money out of a suffering people. The order had been given through the brigade to take the horses wherever they could be found. A wagon with two good horses drove between our fire and that of the squadron lying next. A captain stepped out, stopped the wagon, and the horses were taken out and appropriated—the boy driving them

ran off—and soon there came riding up a dashing young quartermaster on a fine grey horse, groomed to perfection, and horse and rider redolent of the sybaritism of the department, claimed the horses as belonging to *his department*, with a most insolent air, looking daggers and court martials, and swelling as only over-fed subsistence agents on home duty could do. While he was talking I saw Captain D. walking round him looking at the gallant grey, and then at our colonel inquiringly. A nod from the colonel and Captain D.'s hand was on the grey's bridle, and a quiet but firm request, that sounded very much like an order, for him to get down, as his horse was wanted for cavalry service. The man of the subsistence and transportation department was so dumbfounded that he would have let pass the best operation possible of making money out of the necessities of the people for which his tribe was famous; but just then a bugle rang out the call for "boot and saddle;" the bugles of the other regiments took it up; the momentary diversion of the horse pressing and the quartermaster was forgotten; work was at hand; the rumbling of the artillery and wagons crossing the bridge, with columns of infantry between, could be heard down in the town at the foot of the hill, and the cavalry were wanted on the other side of the town, by the Randolph House, to hold the enemy in check and cover the crossing of the river.

The brigade was soon in the saddle, and moving at a swinging trot down the long street that constitutes mainly the town of Farmville. As the regiment passed a large building on the right, which was shown to be a boarding school for young ladies, from the number gathered on the piazza in front, we were greeted by their waving handkerchiefs and moist eyes, while cheer after cheer rose from our men in response to their kindness and sympathy. They did not know, as we did, that their friends and defenders were to pass by, leaving them so soon in the hands most dreaded by them. They saw us going to the front: our men were excited by the circumstances and the prospect of a fight, and the light of that wild glory that belongs to war shone over it all. The rough, grey soldier, the tramping column, and the groups of tender girls, mixed with it like flowers on a battle-field, incongruous in detail, but blending with the picture, like discords in music, making it complete.

So on through the town, across the little stream, and up the hill, on the top of which on the right stood a large white building, called, as I recollect, the Randolph House: in the field around were gathered and gathering large bodies of our cavalry, under the command of Gen. F. H. Lee, General Rosser, and other distinguished cavalry officers. We took our position among them. As before stated, our column, artillery and wagon train, were pouring

in a steady stream across the bridge, and the enemy were pressing up their artillery, and already throwing long shots at it from batteries not near enough to do much, if any harm, and too much under cover to admit of an effectual attack from us.

General Lee dismounted the most of his command and formed a line of battle along the road looking toward the point from which the enemy were advancing.

We (our brigade) were kept in the saddle at the point we first occupied on the right of the road. There was a house some three hundred yards from the road on the left, directly in front of General Lee's line, in a grove of oak, with a lane or avenue leading to it from the main road. Behind the house a battery seemed gradually advancing and already throwing its shells at or about the bridge. So far they were completely masked by the house, and we could only judge of their movements from their fire, which seemed closer every moment.

In pursuance of some order we changed our position, and rode to General Lee's dismounted line of battle. As we rode up—our regiment, the Seventh, leading—we were the right flank regiment in the brigade formation, and in column with the right in front were necessarily in advance. The battery seemed by this time to have gotten immediately behind the house, and was pitching shells about the bridge and into the town (the bridge was at the foot of the

street) with precision and rapidity. Expecting to see it unmask itself in front of the house every moment, General Lee said to our colonel, "Haskell, as soon as that battery shows itself take it with your regiment; you can do it."

We moved at once down the avenue toward the house up to the edge of the oak wood, with which the lawn in front was surrounded, formed the regiment in column of fours in the road. The colonel rode along the side of the column, the adjutant detailing three of the best mounted men from each company—the horses were the animals specially selected—the *men* at that stage of the game were all known to be good—making thirty men, and the senior captain, Doby, in immediate command of the party.

The colonel rode in front of the halted column some forty or fifty yards, with his thirty men, after directing the officer next in command to ride down the flank of the regiment, form, and speak to each "set of fours" separately. Each set of fours waited for the word of command to be given to themselves specially, and as the order was given "to close up and dress," they did so steadily and firmly, and I looked into the eyes of each man in the regiment, and they looked into mine. There was little left for words to say.

There we sat, waiting to charge the battery that was momentarily expected to unmask in front of the house—something over two hundred men of the thousand on our

muster roll, and all the cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia, looking on to see how we did it.

The shells from the battery whistled four or five feet above our heads, for they had discovered our line on the hill and turned their fire on it. The shells went over our heads, but struck a few feet in front of General Lee's dismounted line, making gaps in it as they did so.

Just then information was received that our marching column had crossed the bridge—our charge was not to be—there was nothing to wait for. General Lee mounted his men, formed, and moved off promptly to cross the river at a ford some two miles farther up, leaving General Gary with his brigade to cover his retreat. We drew off from the position we had taken to attack the battery, the regiment resuming its position at the head of the brigade, with the exception of Colonel Haskell, Captain Doby, and the thirty men before chosen—this party remained in the rear of the brigade, all moving off slowly, the last of General Lee's division having by this time gone out of sight over the top of the hill.

We had not yet been able to perceive that the bridge was on fire. General Gary said that General Lee had left it to his discretion to cross at the bridge if he could, as he expected he would be pressed very closely at the last: so, instead of following General Lee's line of retreat, we turned down toward the town again and halted in the street while the general himself galloped

down to the bridge to see if it was practicable. The shells were bursting over the town, and in the street occasionally, while the good people of Farmville, in a state of great, though natural, alarm, were leaving with their goods forthwith. We told them we were going at once: were not to make a fight in the town: to keep quiet in their houses, and it was not probable they would be interfered with.

The bridge, bursting into smoke and flame, told the story before the general got back. On we went up the street, through the grove where we camped the night before, on toward the railroad, following the track taken by General Lee.

Just beyond the wood, on the outskirts of the town, a large creek runs under the railroad through an arched way or viaduct, wide enough for the road to pass along its bank. After crossing this creek, on a bridge on the town side of the railroad embankment, we passed along the road under the culvert, and formed on the edge of the woods some three or four hundred yards beyond. Colonel Haskell, with Captain Doby and his thirty men, halted at the bridge to destroy it, as by this time bodies of the enemy's cavalry could be seen moving at a gallop on the hill above. The creek was too deep for a ford: so it was all important, in connection with our crossing the river, to check their advance by burning the bridge. Colonel Haskell, dismounting, placed all of his party, except his axemen, behind the rail-

road bank which overlooked the bridge and served as a capital breastwork, and went to work with a will. By this time the enemy was upon them and commenced a heavy fire, which was returned handsomely by the party under cover and with good effect. Colonel Haskell succeeded in the complete destruction of the bridge, with the loss of only one of his axemen killed.

The cover of the bank, and the small number actually exposed when at work, enabled him to perform a gallant and dangerous piece of service with slight loss.

General Gary, who had occupied a position between the wood where the brigade was formed and near where the bridge party was at work, so as to be in complete command of whatever might take place, moved on at once toward the ford where General Lee had already crossed his division. We moved by regiments in intervals after him.

By some mistake of our guide we were carried to a point in the river which was not practicable, at the then stage of the river, as a ford—which we duly discovered after nearly drowning two or three men and horses of the ambulance train, whom we found at the head of the column when we reached the river, their usual place being in the rear. The adjutant, finding them in front, asked them, "What the deuce are you doing here—your place is in the rear?" "No, sir," said a long-backed individual of the party, in a copper-colored raiment,

who seemed to have been making a study of the rules and regulations as applying to his own department. "Not so. In the rear, I grant you, in the advance; in the front, if you please, in a retreat." "So be it," said I. "In with you;" and in they went, nothing loth. The river was swimming, and the horses swam badly, making plunges to reach the opposite bank, which, when they gained, was steep and treacherous, and it was only after repeated efforts, and their riders getting off into the river, that they made a landing. It was apparent that this could not be the point that General Lee had crossed his division. Some one turned up who led us right. About a mile farther up we found the ford that he had crossed at, and got over without difficulty or molestation: it was scarcely swimming to the smallest horse, and directly opposite lay all of the Virginia cavalry to cover our crossing, if pressed, while it was going on. We were the first regiment that crossed; found some stacks of oats; halted, formed in squadrons, fed our horses, ate what we had to eat, rested, and, as usual, made the best of it.

After a rest of about an hour General Lee moved off, we following in his rear, the Virginians ahead of us with General Lee destroying the equanimity of the good people on their line of march by pressing every horse found in their way. It seemed hard to come down so on our own people, after all the sacrifices already made by

them, but if the horse was lost by our taking him, which was apt to be the result, the proceeding mounted at least one of our own troopers: on the other hand it gave a fresh horse to the enemy, and was equally lost to the owner—and this was the view the Virginians usually took of it. General Lee, being ahead of us, made a clean sweep as he went along, leaving scarce a gleaning of horseflesh for us. After a while we came upon the wagons and infantry again. It was not long before the ringing of a volley and the roar of a piece of artillery let us know that an attack had been made on our train again. We moved up to the firing at a gallop, and as we passed along there came sweeping through the woods, from the road running parallel with the one we were on, a body of infantry in line, moving at a double quick upon the same point, which was but a short distance ahead of us. They were what was left of the famous "Texas brigade," well remembered by some of us in 1861 on the Occoquan at Dumfries—first commanded by Wigfall, then a short time by Archer, then by Hood, then Gregg, who was killed October 26th, 1864, at the fight on the Darbytown road. At this time the brigade counted about one hundred and thirty muskets, commanded by Colonel Duke. We had been fighting with them all summer, from Deep Bottom to New Market heights, to the lines around Richmond, and they recognized the brigade as we rode along their

front, and with a yell as fierce and keen as when their three regiments averaged a thousand strong, and nothing but victory had been around their flag, they shouted to us, "Forward, boys, forward, and tell them Texas is coming!"

When we got into the open field we found that General Lee's division of cavalry had engaged the enemy, driven him from his attack on our train, and taken the Federal General Gregg prisoner.

The enemy were occupying in force, apparently, the woods on the right of the field with infantry and artillery. We were holding the open field which had been the scene of the skirmish before we came up, and threw out skirmishers, and returned the fire of their sharpshooters—both sides using a piece or two of artillery at long range.

After this had gone on for a while, "ours," the Seventh, was ordered to charge in line on horseback, through a piece of old field, grown up in scattering pines, upon the battery that was working on us from the edge of the oak woods. The line was formed and we went at it very handsomely, our men keeping up their line and fire astonishingly, considering we were armed with "muzzle loaders" (the greatest possible of all drawbacks to the efficiency of cavalry.)

We drew on ourselves at once a heavy fire of artillery and small arms, which told smartly on our line, knocking over men and horses, until the left flank of the regiment came upon a ravine, or deep wash,

covering nearly half of its front. The horses could not cross. We moved by the right flank to clear the obstruction, and then found that the object of our demonstration had been answered. It had been made to cover the withdrawal of a body of our infantry that had been advanced on our right. It was sundown. We left a strong line of pickets, or rather a skirmish line, under command of Lieutenant Munerlyn, upon the ground we had occupied, and drew off into the open field, waiting for dark before going into camp, or rather lying on our arms. It had been a tiresome day, and, though neither then nor now an admirer of strong drink, I fell back upon and fully appreciated the contents of my canteen—the famous apple brandy of Amelia Springs.

This, although we did not know it then, was destined to be (save the last of all) the hardest night upon us. We moved into a piece of woods as soon as it was dark, and formed the regiment in squadrons, with orders to water horses, a squadron at a time—the rest holding position, the men in the saddle, until the return of the preceding squadron—and then picket their horses and make fires as near as possible on the same ground. But when the first squadron returned from the water, and the field officers had just unbuckled their sabres and stretched themselves on the ground to take the rest so much needed, and watch that most interesting process to a hungry man, the building up the

little fire that was to do his modest cooking, when an orderly comes from General Gary to change camp—to buckle up and mount, and follow the orderly a half mile to the rear. We were, it seemed, too near the enemy's line looking to the contemplated movement.

At the new location—a comfortable piece of pine woods old field—we finished what we had begun at the other point. At our mess, sleep seemed to be the great object in view. I went to sleep immediately, my head on my saddle; woke in about a half hour's time to eat what there was, and instantly to sleep again; but that was not to be. At about ten o'clock a quiet order mounted us. Almost before, as the little boys say, we got the "sleep out of our eyes," we were in column on the road, and non-commissioned officers under the direction of the adjutant riding down it, each with a handkerchief full of cartridges, supplying the men with that very necessary "article of war." And then commenced that most weary night march, that will always be remembered by the tired men who rode it, that ended only (without a halt, except a marching one,) at Appomattox Court-house.

The line of retreat had been changed, and by a forced night march on another road a push was being made for the mountains at Lynchburg. Had we gotten there (and Appomattox Court-house was within twenty miles of Lynchburg) with the men and material General Lee still had with him, Lee's last

struggle among the mountains of his native state would have made a picture to swell the soldier's heart with pride to look upon. The end we know would have been the same: a few more noble hearts would have bled in vain, and song and story would but have found new themes to tell the old, old tale—how willing brave men are to die for what they believe to be right. Through long lines of toiling wagons, artillery trains and tired men, we pushed on as rapidly as we could; at a bad piece of road, at a creek or a muddy hill, the column sometimes got cut in two by a portion getting through the wagons, the train then closing, waiting upon a wagon mired down ahead.

At one of these halts for the brigade to close up and for the regiments to report position, General Gary had halted at a large fire made from the rails of some good farmer's fence by troops ahead of us, and round it we all gathered, for the night was cold. The subject of conversation with the brigade staff when we joined was, that Captain M., the inspector, not being well, had, early in the night, halted at a farm house and gone to bed, just to see how it would feel, putting his horse in the farmer's stable; and when he roused himself to the necessities of his position, and sought to ride with the rest, he found his horse was gone. Some pressing party had gone that way.

I remembered, when I listened to the drowsy talk about the captain's loss, that a couple of enter-

prising young fellows had reported some horses at a farm house and gotten permission to go after them. They had not long returned with their prizes: they, the horses, stood just on the edge of light thrown by the fire against the darkness that rose like a wall behind it, the hind-quarters of one, a large, leggy bay, with stockings on his hind legs, could be seen from where we sat; one of the orderlies, looking with sleepy eyes from the log on which he was sitting at the horses, expressed himself to the effect that he thought that "long-legged bay" looked about the hind-quarters a good deal like the captain's missing charger. And so it proved. While the captain "dallied at Capua," pressing the luxurious blanket of the Virginia farmer, his horse, in camp parlance, was "lifted" by our enterprising youths; and much to their disgust, the captain reëntered into possession of his leggy war horse. They expressed themselves to the effect that they would as soon have stolen his horse as anybody else's.

Again in the saddle, tramping through mud holes, splashing in ruts, we worked our way amid the long line of wagons, troops, and artillery, until daylight came to our relief. About eight o'clock we came upon our own wagon train—the first, and, by the way, the only time we encountered it on our route—comfortably camped in a fine grove, good fires, and a glorious smell of cooking permeating the early morning air. The headquar-

ter wagons of our regiment were parked near a fine fire, and our servants (never expecting to see us again, I suppose) were cooking on a large scale from our private stores for a half dozen notorious wagon-rats of the genteeler sort.

Of course, as we rode up our boys declared they expected us and were getting breakfast ready, which statement was sustained by "messieurs," the wagon-rats; but the longing look they cast at a big pot of rice steaming by the fire as they drew off, indicated a deeper interest than I think it possible for them to have gotten up on any one's account but their own. We had a most comfortable breakfast and a rest of an hour only, the time being taken up in dozing and eating.

Bad as the night had been the day was a beautiful one. The sun was shining bright: our breakfast and rest had so refreshed us, short as that rest was, that we resumed our march and the work before us, cheerful and ready to meet it, whatever it might be, and what that "might be" was no man troubled himself to know.

Not long after resuming our march we posted pickets at some cross roads, under the immediate direction of General R. E. Lee himself. We moved steadily on to-day without molestation of any kind, the wagons moving in double lines, the road being wide enough to admit it. About twelve o'clock or a little later we had halted to water our horses at a stream that

crossed the road. It takes a good deal of time for a large body of cavalry to water their horses, particularly if the stream is small, and the men have to be watched closely to prevent their fouling the water.

So I felt satisfied that there was a likeness between Captain Allen, of the Twenty-fourth Virginia, and General R. E. Lee of the Southern Confederacy.

A little after this we got orders to move on, as quickly as we could, in advance to Appomattox Court-house. "Appomattox Court-house" is a small county town about a mile from the Lynchburg railroad. At the foot of the hill on which the court-house and the three or four houses that constitute the village stand, run the headwaters of the Appomattox river, a small stream, not knee deep to a horse.

As soon as we cleared the wagon train we got over ground much faster, and rode into and through the town just as the sun was setting. We stopped at a piece of woods on the outskirts of the village, and halted in the road while the quartermasters were selecting the ground, and the regiments were closing up. Our foragers, that had been detailed before we got into town, were riding in with the hay they had collected on the pommels of their saddles, and all was as quiet as a scene in "ready," when the stillness was broken by the scream of a shell, the report of a gun, and then the burst-up of the missile as it finished its mission and reported

progress—and then another, and another, until as pretty battery practice was developed down yonder by the depot, as you would wish to hear.

Without knowing positively anything about it, those whom I had conversed with relative to our pushing on to the Court-house were under the impression that a large body of our infantry were ahead of us—General Dick Anderson's corps. He was there, as it turned out, but his corps had been expended a day or two before; it had been completely fought out, for we had no better officer than Lt. General Richard Anderson, an old West Pointer—cavalry at that—and a South Carolinian to boot.

It was, however, "hammer and tongs" down there at all events—shell, grape, and canister at short range. Custer's division of Sheridan's cavalry had taken the chord of the arc, and reached the depot just about the time we got to the village. A knowledge of his movements had caused our being sent forward, his object being to strike the artillery train, which was in advance of us—sixty pieces under General Walker. Three batteries were left at the depot to hold it, while the rest retreated along the Lynchburg pike. The three batteries were six guns under command of Major James C. Coit—consisting of two guns Pegram's battery, Va., Lieut. Scott; two guns Wright's battery, Va., Lieut. Atkisson; two guns Martin's battery, Va., Capt. Martin; with sixteen men, Kelly's battery, S. C.,

Lient. Race, who assisted in working Wright's guns.

While we were closing up our scattered ranks, and getting the brigade ready for action as rapidly as coolness, skill and courage could do it, a department officer (I think he was) came galloping up to us from the scene of action, apparently under orders from himself to get out of the way; but the natural insolence of his class broke out in spite of the scare that was on him, and he commenced giving orders at once. I happened to be the person addressed—"Get on at once: the enemy are down yonder. Why don't you go at once? Are all you men going to stand here and let the enemy"—and so on. The colonel had ridden down the column to see that all was straight, while the "Legion" and the Twenty-fourth Virginia were closing up, so that when we did move it would be as a compact body—when the order came ringing along—"Forward, forward, men! gallop!"—and our indignant friend was lost in the rush of the column while yet haranguing us for being so slow.

The roar of the batteries was incessant. They were evidently holding the dismounted cavalry in check. As rapidly as we could get over ground we moved towards them, and formed the brigade in the field to the left of the position held by the batteries, in what might be called a column of regiments. As we formed the regiment from a column of fours into line, they came down from a gallop to a trot at the

order, "Front into line," as steadily as if on parade; then followed, "Right dress, front"—and all were ready for the next move.

Our batteries from the right were shelling the woods opposite to us. In front, under cover, some of the cavalry skirmishers were using their Spencers upon us at long range, and a squadron of ours, the Fifth, was detailed to move up and take a position opposite and return their fire.

By this time the grey of twilight was lighted up by the rising moon, and there seemed to be a lull in the attack. General Gary and Colonel Haskell had ridden over our front and communicated with the commanding officer of the batteries; the consequence of which was, the brigade was dismounted and double-quickened through a small piece of wood to the batteries. Before our men could get to the guns the enemy charged and got among them, but were driven back by the fire and our rush, but taking with them some of our men as prisoners—among them Captain Hankins, of the Virginia battery, who got away and came running up to me as I rode to my place. Our men fell in between the guns, and then began one of the closest artillery fights, for the numbers engaged and the time it lasted, that occurred during the war. The guns were fought literally up to the muzzles. It was dark by this time, and at every discharge the cannon was ablaze from touch hole to mouth, and there must have been six or

eight pieces at work, and the small arms of some three or four hundred men packed in among the guns in a very confined space. It seemed like the very jaws of the lower regions. They made three distinct charges, precluding always with the bugle, on the right, left, and centre, confusing the point of attack; then, with a cheer and up they came. It was too dark to see anything under the shadow of the trees but the long dark line. They would get within thirty or forty yards of the guns and then roll back, under the deadly fire that was poured upon them from the artillery and small arms. Amid the flashing, and the roaring, and the shouting, rose the wild yell of a railroad whistle, as a train rushed up almost among us (the enemy had possession of the road), as we were fighting around the depot, sounding on the night air as if the devil himself had just come up and was about to join in what was going on.

Then came a lull; our friends in front seemed to have had the wire edge taken off.

Our horses had been sent back to the turnpike road; General Gary taking advantage of the present quiet sent Colonel Haskell to get them together—rather a difficult task, as it afterwards proved.

General Gary's great object was to draw off the guns, if possible, now night had set in, from the depot, and get them back with the rest of the train in the line of retreat. So the order was given to limber them up, which was done,

and the guns moved off at once, it being but a few hundred yards to the main road.

Our brigade in line faced to the rear, the guns behind them, and covered the movement. The silence of the guns soon told our friends over yonder what was going on, and they were not long in following after; our men, facing to the rear, delivered their fire steadily, moving in retreat, facing and firing every few steps, effectually keeping off a rush; they pressed us, but cautiously—the darkness concealed our numbers.

We were going through an open old field, and came now to a road through a narrow piece of woods, where we broke from line into column, and double-quickened through the woods so as to get to the road beyond. Before we got to the turnpike we heard the bugles of the enemy down it, and as the head of our column came into the road their cavalry charged the train some two or three hundred yards below us. Sixty pieces of cannon, at the point where we came into the road, the drivers were attempting to turn back toward the Court House, had got entangled with one another and presented a scene of utter confusion.

As our regiment got into the road some thirty or forty men were thrown out from the last squadron and faced to the rear on the right and left, opening a fire directly upon those of the dismounted men who were pressing us from that quarter. I had but little fear of the

enemy's cavalry riding into us on the road, so blocked up as it was with the routed artillery train, and there were woods on both sides just here.

In passing from the old field, where the guns had been at work, into the woods that separated it from the turnpike, two men were walking just in front of me, following their gun, which was on before. I heard one say, "*Tout perdu.*" I asked at once, "What battery do you belong to?" "Donaldsonville." It was the creole company; and they might well have added the other words of the great Francis, after the battle of Pavia, "*Tout perdu fors l'honneur.*" all lost but honor: for well had they done their work from 'sixty-one, when they came to Virginia, until now, when all was lost, "*Tout perdu*"—it was the motto of the occasion.

The stag was in the toils, but the end was not yet. We could hear the rush, the shouts and pistol shots, where the enemy mounted and in force had attacked the train: the artillerymen having no arms could make no fight, as they could not use their pieces. We could do nothing (being closely pressed by a superior force of their dismounted men) but fall back upon the town toward our main body, making the best front we could, leaving the road and marching under cover of the timber on the side, being on foot giving us a better position to resist any attack that might be made upon us by the cavalry.

The fifth squadron of the Seventh,

that had been thrown out as skirmishers when we first came on the ground, had kept their position covering our left flank when the fight at the batteries was going on. And when we commenced falling back after the guns, the adjutant, Lieutenant Capers, was sent to bring them to the road, so as to join the regiment. They had also been dismounted, and their horses sent with the rest. He found them, led them to the road, and, on getting on it at a point nearer to the town than where we struck it, hearing the bugles and the rush of the cavalry on the train, he at once posted the companies, with their captains, Doby and Dubose, in the woods immediately on the road-side, and with the parting salutation, "Take care of yourselves, boys." (he had been a private in one of the companies, and both were from his native district), dashed back to his place in the regiment and disappeared round a turn in the road. They had scarcely lost sight of him when a heavy volley rang out, and his horse came round the bend at full speed without his rider, jumping over in his fright a broken caisson that lay across the road—the horse, a very fine roan, the one he was riding when, at "Amelia Spring," he, Capers, was the only one of the five in advance who escaped, to meet his fate that night, pierced by a dozen balls: the whole fire of the column was concentrated upon him, for we found his body next day. Some kind hand had given him a soldier's grave: some

one, most likely of those who fought us, who could not but respect and admire the gallant young fellow lying in his blood, and with the feeling developed by a soldier's life, "So be it to me and mine in my sorrow as I may be to thee this day." All the respect was shown that circumstances admitted of.

One of our captains, who was wounded at the "guns" severely, fell into the enemy's hands when we moved them—as everybody was too busy to look after the wounded, and ambulance men and stretchers were this time neither in the front or rear. He was taken up by his new friends quite tenderly, as he thought, and put into an ambulance; but in the course of the evening's entertainment the Yankee wounded came dropping in, and our friend, Captain Walker, was disposed of rather unceremoniously on the roadside, for others they valued at a higher rate than even a Confederate captain.

Immediately after the adjutant's horse came Custer's cavalry. Seeing all clear before them, they came on without a check until, when nearly opposite where our men of the Fifth squadron were lying in the woods, they caught the fire of the entire squadron, which emptied a good many saddles, and was the last shot probably fired that night.

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 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 on 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. General Gary riding up, put everything that had a horse in the saddle, and moved us down the hill, just on the edge of the little creek that is here the "Appomattox," to wait under cover until wanted. Two of our young men, who had some flour and a piece of bacon in their haversacks, had improvised a cooking utensil out of a bursted canteen, and fried some cakes. They offered me a share in their meal, of which I partook with great relish. I then lay down, with my head, like the luxurious Highlander, upon a smooth stone, and, holding my horse's bridle in my hand, was soon

in the deep sleep of a tired man. But not for long, for down came the general in his most emphatic manner—and those who know Gary know a man whose emphasis can be wonderfully strong when so minded. "Mount, men, mount!" I jumped up at the sharp ringing summons with the sleep still in my eyes, and found myself manœuvring my horse with his rear in front. We soon had everything in its right place, and rode out from the bottom into the open field, about two hundred and fifty strong, to see the last of it.

Firing was going on, artillery and small arms, beyond the town, and there was General R. E. Lee himself, with Longstreet, Gordon, and the rest of his paladins.

When we rode into the open field we could see the enemy crowding along the edge of the woods—cavalry apparently extending their line around us. We kept on advancing towards them to get a nearer view of things, and were midway on the Richmond side between the town and a large white house with a handsome grove around it. In the yard could be seen a body of cavalry, in number about our own; we saw no other troops near. Two or three hundred yards to the right of the house an officer, apparently of rank, with a few men—his staff, probably—riding well forward, halted, looking toward the town with his glass. Just as he rode out General Gary had given the order to charge the party in the yard. Some one remarked that it looked

like a flag of truce. "Charge!" swore Gary in his roughest tones, and on we went. The party in the yard were taken by surprise; they had not expected us to charge them, as they were aware that a parley was going on (of which, of course, we knew nothing), and that there was a suspension of hostilities.

We drove them through the yard, taking one or two prisoners—one little fellow, who took it very good-humoredly; he had his head tied up, having got it broken somewhere on the road, and was riding a mule. We followed up their retreat through the yard, down a road, through the open woods beyond, and were having it, as we thought, all our own way—when, stretched along behind the brown oaks, and moving with a close and steady tramp, was a long line of cavalry, some thousands strong—Custer's division—our friends of last night. This altered the complexion of things entirely: the order was instantly given to move by the left flank—which, without throwing our back to them, changed the forward into a retrograde movement.

The enemy kept his line unbroken, pressing slowly forward, firing no volley, but dropping shots from a line of scattered skirmishers in front was all we got. They, of course, knew the condition of things, and seemed to think we did not. We fell back toward a battery of ours that was behind us, supported, I think, by a brigade of North Carolina infantry. We moved

slowly, and the enemy's skirmishers got close enough for a dash to be made by our acting regimental adjutant—in place of Lieutenant Capers, killed the night before—Lieutenant Haile, who took a prisoner, but just as it was done one of our couriers—Tribble, Seventh regiment—mounted on a fine black horse, bareheaded, dashed between the two lines with a handkerchief tied upon a switch, sent by General Gordon, announcing the "suspension of hostilities."

By this time the enterprising adjutant had in turn been made prisoner. As soon as the orders were understood everything came to a stand-still, and for a while I thought we were going to have, then and there, a little inside fight on purely personal grounds.

An officer—a captain—I presume the captain in command of the party in the yard that we had attacked and driven back upon the main body—had, I rather expect, been laughed at by his own people for his prompt and sudden return from the expedition he had set out on.

He rode up at once to General Gary, and with a good deal of heat (he had his drawn sabre in his hand) wanted to know what he, Gary, meant by keeping up the fight after there had been a surrender. "Surrender!" said Gary, "I have heard of no surrender. We are South Carolinians, and don't surrender. [Ah! General, but we did, though.] Besides, sir, I take commands from no officers but my

own, and I do not recognize you or any of your cloth as such."

The rejoinder was about to be a harsh one, sabres were out and trouble was very near, when an officer of General Custer's staff—I should like to have gotten his name—his manner was in striking contrast to that of the bellicose captain, who seemed rather to belong to the snorting persuasion—he, with the language and manner of a thorough gentleman, said, "I assure, you, General, and I appreciate your feelings in the matter, that there has been a suspension of hostilities, pending negotiations, and General Lee and General Grant are in conference on the matter at this time."

His manner had its effect on General Gary, who at once sheathed his sabre, saying, "Do not suppose, sir, I have any doubt of the truth of your statement, but you must allow that, under such circumstances, I can only receive orders from my own officers; but I am perfectly willing to accept your statement and wait for those orders." (Situating as we were, certainly a wise conclusion.) Almost on the instant Colonel Blackford, of the engineers, rode up, sent by General Gordon, with a Federal officer, carrying orders to that effect.

We drew back to the artillery and infantry that were just behind us, and formed our battered fragments into regiments.

Desperate as we knew our condition to be since last night's affair, still the idea of a complete surren-

der, which we began now to see was inevitable, came as an awful shock. Men came to their officers with tears streaming from their eyes, and asked what it all meant, and would, at that moment, I know, have rather died the night before than see the sun rise on such a day as this.

And so the day wore on, and the sun went down, and with it the hopes of a people who, with prayers, and tears, and blood, had striven to uphold that falling flag.

It was all too true, and our worst fears were fully justified by the result. The suspension of hostilities was but a prelude to surrender, which was, when it came to a show of hands, inevitable.

General Lee's army had been literally pounded to pieces after the battle of "Five Forks," around Petersburg, which made the evacuation of Richmond and the retreat a necessity. When General Longstreet's corps from the north bank joined it, the "army of Northern Virginia," wasted and reduced to skeleton battalions, was still an army of veteran material, powerful yet for attack or defence, all the more dangerous from its desperate condition. And General Grant so recognized and dealt with it, attacking it, as before stated, in detail; letting it wear itself out by straggling and disorganizing effect of a retreat, breaking down of men and material. The infantry were almost starved.

It was not until the fourth day from Richmond, the battle of

Sailor's Creek was fought, in which, with overwhelming masses of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, our starved and tired men were ridden down, and General Grant destroyed, in military parlance, the divisions of Kerchaw, Ewell, Anderson, and Custis Lee.

The fighting next day was of the same desultory character as before, and the day after there was no blow struck until we encountered with the artillery Custer's cavalry, at the depot of Appomattox Court-house, as has been described—all their energies being directed toward establishing their "cordon" around that point.

The terms of the surrender, and all about it, are too well known to go over in detail here—prisoners of war on parole, officers to retain side arms, and all private property to be respected, that was favorable to our cavalry, as in the Confederate service the men all owned their horses, though different in the United States army, the horses belonging to Government.

General Gary, true to the doctrine he had laid down in his discussion with the irate captain, that "South Carolinians did not surrender," turned his horse's head, and, with Captain Doby and one or two others, managed to get that night through the "cordon" drawn around us, and succeeded in reaching Charlotte, North Carolina, which became, for a time, the headquarters of the "Southern Confederacy"—the President and his cabinet having established themselves there.

Colonel Haskell, who had been separated from us the night before, while gathering up the horses of the brigade, by the charge of cavalry on the turnpike, and had joined and been acting with General Walker and his artillery, came in about two o'clock. All the Confederate cavalry at Appomattox, some two thousand or twenty-five hundred, were under his command as ranking officer.

The brigade crossed the road and bivouacked in the open field near the creek, within a few hundred yards of the town. Our infantry, and what was left of the artillery, were scattered along the road for two or three miles toward Richmond—the enemy swarming in every direction around us, and occupying the town as headquarters.

The articles of capitulation were signed next morning under the famous "apple tree," I suppose; what we saw of it was this: General Lee was seen, dressed in full Confederate uniform, with his sword on, riding his fine grey charger, and accompanied by General Gordon, coming from the village, and riding immediately in front of where we were lying. He had not been particularly noticed as he had gone toward the town, for, though with the regiment, I have no recollection of his doing so. As soon as he was seen it acted like an electric flash upon our men; they sprang to their feet, and, running to the roadside, commenced a wild cheering that roused our troops. As far

as we could see they came running down the hillsides, and joining in, along the ground, and through the woods, and up into the sky, there went a tribute that has seldom been paid to mortal man. "Faithful, though all was lost!"

The Federal army officers and men bore themselves toward us as brave men should. I do not recollect, with my personal observation, a single act that could be called discourteous—nor did I hear of one. On the other hand, much kindness and consideration were exhibited when circumstances made it war-rantable—such as previous acquaintance, as was common among the officers of the old army, or a return of kindness when parties had been prisoners in our hands, as was the case with a portion of the Seventh regiment when it was the cavalry battalion of the Holcomb Legion, under Colonel Shingler, and the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry.

Regular rations were issued to men and horses. An apology was offered, on one occasion, by the Federal quartermaster, for not serving out horse feed, as General F. Lee's division of cavalry, who were, as I mentioned before, outside, up in the James River direction, had cut off a wagon train that held their provender, so we had to send out a forage detail in the neighborhood, with a pass from General Sheridan, to get through the Federal troops that filled the woods for miles around, for their name was legion. We stacked eight thousand stands of arms, all told;

artillery, cavalry, infantry stragglers, wagon-rats, and all the rest, from twelve to fifteen thousand men. The United States troops, by their own estimate, were 150,000 men, with a railroad connecting their rear with Washington, New York, Germany, France, Belgium, Africa, "all the world and the rest of mankind," as General Taylor comprehensively remarked, for their recruiting stations were all over the world, and the crusade against the South, and its peculiar manners and civilization, under the pressure of the "almighty American dollar," was as absolute and varied in its nationality as was that of "Peter the Hermit," under the pressure of religious zeal, upon Jerusalem.

Success had made them good natured. Those we came in contact with were soldiers—fighting men—and, as is always the case, such appreciate their position and are too proud to bear themselves in any other way. They, in the good nature of success, were more willing to give than our men, in the soreness of defeat, to receive.

The effect of such conduct upon our men was of the best kind; the unexpected consideration shown by the officers and men of the United States army toward us: the heartiness with which a Yankee soldier would come up to a Confederate officer and say, "We have been fighting one another for four years; give me a Confederate five dollar bill to remember you by," had nothing in it offensive.

They were proud of their success,

and we were not ashamed of our defeat; and not a man of that grand army of one hundred and fifty thousand men but could, and I believe would, testify, that on purely personal grounds, the few worn-out, half-starved men that gathered round General Lee and his falling flag held the prouder position of the two.

APPOMATTOX AND THE LAST MAN KILLED.

At Appomattox Court House, Va., April 9, 1865, the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph B. Pattee of the Third Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Corps, was the only part of that division actively engaged with the enemy. This command consisted of the fragments of three Pennsylvania regiments, the 157th, 190th, 191st. The last two were veteran regiments organized from the veterans of the Pennsylvania Reserves when that Division was broken up in 1864. The 190th was armed with the Spencer rifle. At the opening of the campaign they numbered about 500, perhaps a little short of that number. At White Oak Road and Five Forks they lost 59, and some had broken down under the strain of the very trying march of the preceding day and night. Probably not more than 400 were in line that morning. About seven a. m. the Second Division was nearing Appomattox Court House on a road which crosses the railroad a little east of the station. The sharp firing which could be heard in front indicated that the enemy were present in substantial force. After crossing the railroad an order reached Pattee, who was then at the rear of the Division, to bring forward his command and deploy them as skirmishers. The column had halted in the road when an aid galloped up to Colonel Pattee with this order. A thrill of enthusiasm flashed along these files of weary men. Blistered feet, aching limbs, the pangs of fatigue and hunger are forgotten. Pressing on at double quick, they bore to the right and soon reached a point in the timber west and south of "Trents." The order was given to deploy, and in a few minutes our skirmish line stretched away toward the Lynchburg road. It is not certain that the line reached the road as first formed, but it was drawn to that road in the subsequent advance. Colonel Pattee was directed to connect with skirmishers of the First Division on his right, and with men of Ord's command on his left. As soon as he gave the order to deploy, he rode forward to learn the condition of things in his front. He found a line of mounted cavalry engaged with rebel infantry. They were fighting gallantly, but were

slowly yielding ground. He hurried back, and without waiting for connections on either flank, he ordered his line forward. While waiting a few minutes in the timber and while advancing to where the cavalry were fighting, the bullets of the rebels flew harmlessly over their heads: but now the deadly missiles hissed viciously about their ears. They opened fire and pressed forward against the enemy. The first obstruction seemed to be a heavy skirmish line. Back of these could be seen from our right lines of battle, and still farther back, artillery on the ridge near the Lynchburg road, west of the old graveyard.

Our right was most exposed, and Pattee thinned this part of his line, and pushed his left against the timber in his front and on the flank of the battery. The right pushed on rapidly, going all the faster because of the shells which the battery was hurling at them. A few of these men got in close to the front of the guns, where they found it very uncomfortable from the fire of the guns and of some riflemen along the ridge, but they made it equally hot for the enemy. Finally the left of the command swept down on the flank of the battery, capturing a caisson and driving everything before them in confusion. The whole line then pushed forward directly toward the village. As this final advance was made the 155th Penn-

sylvania came forward on the double quick, overlapping slightly our right and mingling with it. As they neared the village the nature of the ground and the drift of the fight had brought the men nearer together, and they were in a reasonably regular line extending diagonally across the Lynchburg road, and about where a road comes into it from the south near the town, west. Here a rebel officer came with a flag of truce, and the men halted and ceased firing. A little later some rebels opened fire from the houses and from a ridge a little north and east of this point. The men advanced again and drove them away, when the skirmishers were brought back to the position where the flag met them. A cavalry man was killed by this last firing. His name and regiment were not ascertained, and he is still unknown. He was "the last man killed" of the Army of the Potomac. From this description the position of Pattee's command can be located. The 155th Pennsylvania was on the right. We cannot give the exact position of the Second Division, but are confident that it was formed in line of battle directly in the rear of where Pattee's command formed. The First was on its right, and the Third did not get into position until after hostilities ceased. The same incident is described in 1894, *BUGLE*, pp. 269, 270.

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES IN REBEL PRISONS, 1864, 1865.

By Major A. R. Small, Sixteenth Maine Infantry.

The hard pan of a soldier's life was not reached until the door of Libby prison, or the gate of a stockade, closed upon the unfortunate captive.

My regiment (the sixteenth) was well represented in the prison pens of the South, and the survivors bear witness to the inexcusable barbarity of their keepers.

It has been truthfully said that cruelty without pretext or passion was a brilliant element in the character of prison commandants throughout the South.

There is not to be told by me one exceptional voluntary act of mercy or kindness, not one ray of sunshine to relieve the black darkness of that long night of systematic cruelty, during whose tedious hours illiterate, superficial, bombastic, and cowardly subordinates, with stolid indifference to suffering, executed the will of their superiors.

It was years ago and yet it all comes home to me like a terrible dream—a nightmare of agony—an ever-present horror—a thing of the past—living in the present, and reaching out into the future to sting with its poison every hour of life until death brings welcome relief to physical suffering.

We are told by the press to "modify our convinced opinions" that we were cruelly treated.

Go and study the faces of humanity yet living, and read therein whole chapters of prison horrors which a lost intelligence fails to express in words, and let the idiotic stare emphasize every line wrought by suffering and modify your opinions if you can. Ask the widowed mother who saw the name of her boy among the paroled prisoners from Salisbury, took her little all and hurried to Annapolis to nurse him back to health.

Weary and worn and trembling with excitement, yet glad with expectation, she was shown to the number indicating his cot. One quick glance and she said: "That is not my James, show me to him quick."

The attendant took from a shelf a worn Testament, on the fly leaf of which was written "From Mother," and showed it her. It was her boy, and she was laid unconscious beside the skeleton soldier. Oh! the awakening of that mother. To see her smile through her tears as she traced a resemblance to her son, and repeatedly kissed his poor face and hands and even the hems of his garment. She brushed his hair, smoothed the pillow, and did a thousand little things to hide the anguish of her heart while waiting recognition.

How pathetically she pleads for

a word or even a look. And for weeks she patiently watches, as only a mother can, for a return of intelligence, but all is vain. His answer to every question is: "I am hungry, so hungry!"

A purse was taken up and I saw that boy sent home a jibbering idiot.

"I am so hungry, so thirsty," is still ringing in my ears. Before God I say I cannot in words portray the reality of southern prison life.

At the successful capture of the Weldon Railroad, August 18, 1861, I was successfully captured by the rebels, and under fire of our own batteries, marched hurriedly towards the enemy's rear.

Our artillery opened fire just as we were climbing the fence which enclosed an extensive corn field contiguous to the woods in which our troops lay.

I was both angry and mortified at my capture, and when an exploding shell actually drove a rebel through the fence into Kingdom Come, I was more than glad.

Fear was as fully developed in a rebel as it was in a Yankee, when I was double-quickened out of range into open ground.

I was astonished to find that the enemy's one line in the woods had no infantry support whatever. For obvious reasons I used all my persuasive powers on my captor to allow me to escape. I sincerely believe that he had it in mind, for, looking me full in the face, he said: "I am damned sorry you did not capture me instead of I

you. I am heart-sick of this war."

Seeing me bareheaded he offered me a gray cap to wear until we should reach the quartermaster's tent near Petersburg, when I would have to give it up. I was not especially pleased to don any part of a rebel uniform, but a drenching rain drove me to it. It seems needless to add that I was again left without a head covering.

The rebel quartermaster's department was that day enriched by my new hat, rubber coat, and an elegant silver corps badge, presented to me a few days before by Colonel Farnham.

I saved my watch by dropping it through the arm-size of my coat. As it left my hand and made its way down, with a short prayer at every stop, I instinctively thought of the future, of the suffering in store for me, if penniless. I thanked God for that watch when I felt it wearing into the flesh during my unwilling march.

I was led like a lamb to an alert, but an inferior-looking, officer, mounted on a sorrel horse and wearing stars on the collar of his badly fitting coat, who, I was told by my guard, was Billy Mahone. General Mahone was possibly in command, as he was exceedingly anxious to learn just what he was facing. The general was a cadaverous, dyspeptic looking man, with nerves all over him and an eye as cold as a glacier.

"What corps do you belong to—what batteries—what corps—any cavalry—is Grant there—who com-

mands?" were questions fired at me in rapid succession, and were answered in these exact words: "General, you are too good an officer to expect correct answers." Smiling with the lower muscles of his face, he motioned me to the rear.

The morale of the Gray must have suffered a relapse from my preconceived opinions of discipline under Lee, to allow the private who clung to me like a brother, to tell an officer who ordered him to go back to the front to "Go to hell."

I felt like saying, "Keep nearer to the front and you 'uns will all get there."

Under a strong guard, with loaded rifles and bayonets fixed, several hundred of the boys in blue—first stripped of outward adornments—started on an excursion to Richmond. Through the principal streets of Petersburg we marched in good order, if not in triumph. The walks were lined with old men, decrepit women, and boys, who vied with each other in flinging insults and venom. The worst talk and the most objectionable epithets came from the women. They spat upon us, laughed at us, and called us "The scum of hell."

Our first night was passed in an old out-building—a sort of a shed—strongly flavored with Africa.

In the black darkness of the night, I felt a hand light on my shoulder and glide towards my watch-pocket. Thoroughly awak-

ened, I grabbed something tangible and held on, when a whispered warning came, "Keep quiet, friends are around."

This particular friend appeared anxious to furnish me with green-backs and directions how to escape, asserting himself to be a Northern man there to aid us. On his asking me if I had a gold watch, negotiations were suspended and I requested him to move on, and he was kept moving, until the hole called a door allowed him to crawl out, with a kick in the rear.

Stealing by the officials was systematic; first our captors took visible plunder: rubber coats, hats, and spurs. At this way-station we were searched for orders, letters, or any scrap of paper which might possibly index a military secret.

On arriving at Libby prison, gentlemen could not have been treated more courteously than we were when asked to announce our names for register.

Major Thomas P. Turner, the commandant, asked us sweetly if we desired to deposit, in the office safe, watches, jewels, or other valuables, assuring us that he would give receipts for same, which would redeem our property on our release. He was not at all anxious for us to do it, for reasons very soon after most signally manifested.

Immediately ordered into line in a room adjoining the reception-room, we were called by name, one by one, to the rear of the

prison, where, out of sight, a little puppy named Ross stripped to the skin every man who denied the possession of money or valuables. Not a garment escaped inspection, and yet I saved \$150 in the waistband of my pants and other places, which helped mitigate the suffering of my mess later on.

One by one we went out, and none came back. Only after the last one had reached the second floor of the famous prison and saw the stairs pulled up after him, did he learn of the indignity offered his comrades.

Libby, so often written about, was a perfect paradise in comparison with other prisons and stockades farther south. The officers' quarters on the second and third floors in the south end were kept decently clean by negroes who swept the floors every morning and washed them twice during the week.

James river water for drinking and bathing was abundant in a large tank set in the kitchen—a room 12 by 20 feet in the east end of the second story.

The kitchen was furnished with three old cook stoves and a limited supply of cooking utensils for those who preferred to prepare their own food.

I was at first surprised at this, but was soon only too glad to take my turn as kitchen scullion; for human nature rebelled at scant rations of tough meat boiled dry and rancid soup on which floated bugs and white worms.

Those fortunate enough to safely

secrete money fared well as long as it lasted.

The officers organized a Commissary Department with Colonel C. H. Hooper, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts, as chief, who divided us into messes of from six to twenty. Each mess chose its own officers, consisting of commissary, secretary, and treasurer. The treasurer was not required to give bonds.

My mess was numbered 6, composed of Captains Fred R. Kinslee and John Hutchins, Lieutenants Luke R. Tidd, C. H. Chapman, Chas. W. Hanson, and George A. Barker, of the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts; Captains Joseph O. Lord and John D. Conley, Lieutenants William H. Broughton, Atwood Fitch, and Wilmot H. Chapman and Adjutant A. R. Small of the Sixteenth Maine, and D. R. Sage of the One Hundred and Forty-fourth New York. Later on, Captain Thos. J. C. Bailey, Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, Captain Wm. Cook, Ninth colored troops, and Captain Daniel R. Boice, of the Third New Jersey cavalry, joined the mess.

Greenbacks could be exchanged for rebel currency. One dollar of our money would buy from five to fifteen of theirs.

Thousands of dollars changed hands, and it must have surprised our keepers to know where and how so much money could have been secreted. On referring to my diary, I find that I paid \$3 per pound for flour; \$2 for rice, and

\$10 for a quart of sorghum; one half peck of potatoes cost me \$7.50; \$2.50 bought three pounds of coarse salt; \$7 one quarter of pepper, and \$3 a quart of beans. Good tobacco cost \$2.50 per pound. These were expensive luxuries, in which those who had money indulged. My mess account shows an expenditure of \$1,275 in six months. Later on the cash supply became exhausted, when piece by piece we disposed of personal effects. Inside of six months we looked like Rip Van Winkle.

So anxious were we to get "the news," that we subscribed for the Richmond papers at the expense of our stomachs. We got mighty little comfort, however, from the head lines of the *Enquirer* and the *Dispatch*. It was not agreeable reading that "the Union army had been terribly whipped—thousands killed and wounded—the North rebelling and success of the Confederate arms assured."

The commandant of Libby, Major Thomas P. Turner, might possibly have been a gentleman under favorable circumstances. It would be treason to common sense to assert that Dick Turner, the keeper, was other than an unmitigated scoundrel in the pay of an irresponsible faction calling itself a government. He had been a Baltimore bootblack—a heeler-in at caucuses—with a heart blacker than any brogans he ever cleaned with a brush. He took exquisite pleasure in tormenting us, in subjecting us to little, stinging annoy-

ances. He lied to us for pure love of that fascinating vice. His extreme vanity was often wounded, and then he was like a hornet let loose in a campmeeting. Dick Turner strove for an ideal which one day became something more than a conception, and his cruel masters were satisfied.

At the close of the war I had the pleasure of seeing him in one of the dungeons—a sort of horse stall—in the basement of Libby. The artificial polish was all gone, and he shone resplendent in all his natural ugliness.

Either Turner would have been excellent fruit for missionaries to gather.

Our first meal after three days fasting, consisted of eight ounces of corn bread and a plate of vile bean soup flavored with rancid bacon. This was our regular fare for weeks.

September 28, 1864, General Butler attacked Fort Harrison, Chapins Farm, and captured it on the 30th.

The heavy cannonading and bursting of shells less than six miles away, set us wild with hope and the stay-at-homes of Richmond wild with terror. Men and women climbed to the house tops, and from cupolas and roofs looked anxiously in the direction of the firing. Officials and orderlies ran to and fro. The bells rang—the long roll sounded and soon down the streets of Richmond marched—rather waltzed and straggled—the *élite*, the ragtag and bobtail—the

dernier resort of the capital city: some mounted, some in uniform, some in linen dusters—all jubilant. The following day saw this conglomerate mass of chivalry come marching home in the rain with drooping feathers—and myself, along with three hundred and twenty-five officers and several hundred enlisted men, *en route* for the South.

At 3 o'clock, a. m., October 2, in a drizzling rain, we marched across the James and boarded box and cattle cars at Manchester. United States haversacks were given us with three days' rations, *i. e.*, three square inches of corn bread and twelve ounces of meat—hardly sufficient for a lunch. On the road, officers disposed of personal property at seemingly fabulous prices in Confederate currency. Some swapped shoes, knives, and buttons, receiving to boot more rebel shin-plasters than they then knew what to do with. Captain Kinslee, Thirty-ninth Massachusetts, sold to the engineer of an up-train crossed at Clover Station, his cherished meerschaum pipe for \$200, and generously gave me \$50 for my mess should we become separated. Those Thirty-ninth fellows were true grit, and all were royally good comrades. True, Kinslee, Hutchins, Tidd, Barker, Chapman, Hosea, Hanson—they showed the same brave, hopeful spirit in captivity that they did in the army.

At every stop of the train hucksters, both black and white, would

crowd around for a chance to dicker. One old darkey had four sweet potato pies in one hand and a peck basket in the other. "What do you ask for the basket?" inquired Conley. "Golly, colonel," answered the black, "reckon couldn't 'spose of dat ar,' brung dat to put de blue greenbacks in."

Arriving at Greensboro, N. C., our Pullman cars were side-tracked to await the up train from Atlanta, which soon rounded the curve and came to a stop directly against us.

In a worn passenger car, which was no better or worse than the only other car in the train, sat Jefferson Davis—once a central figure in the politics of this country, honored of all men, with prospects as brilliant as that of any living American, north or south—with Mrs. Davis and General Beauregard.

No man could have sat for a photograph with a sadder face than that worn by Davis. Seemingly oblivious to his surroundings, he was possibly seeking a solution of the terrible difficulties facing him. His face expressed the agony of the grip which held him. I wondered if he was moved by any feeling of remorse or regret for his suicidal folly. Whatever he may have felt it was evident that he imparted none of his feelings to Mrs. Davis, who, well dressed and exceedingly comely in appearance, came to the platform of the car and looking us over said, "Gentlemen, I am exceedingly glad to see you; I hope to see more of you." Was this sarcasm? Those of our

number who wore hats raised them without any remarks whatever.

General Beauregard stood near Mrs. Davis. His manner was nervous, restless, and disagreeable. He followed the first woman of the Confederacy into the car, turned back a seat, and seated himself, facing her. Their conversation might or might not have been interesting.

To me that car appeared like a coach of mourners en route to a funeral.

The natives of Greensboro were at heart loyal, but the force of events drove them into the rebellion. I saw but few civilians on the street, and looked in vain for the motherly form of a woman or the sweet face of a child. The village was silent as a graveyard. Neither cat, dog, nor even a pig greeted us.

Immediately on the departure of Davis's special train north we were ordered to bivouac for the night on a green plot near the station. Surrounded by a guard, we alternately chewed the cuds of discomfort and reflection. Desperately hungry, we rejoiced when from a storehouse near by came a detail bringing several boxes, and left them in our midst. Their contents were quickly distributed, and the result as quickly defined in scientific profanity. No human being could possibly penetrate with ordinary teeth that rice bread, baked to a hardness equalled only by petrified wood. The cakes, the size of government hard-tack, were of no use

as food, and from the hands of indignant men went skimming through the air in all directions.

Several enlisted men from a body of troops encamped near by came and looked us over, but with kindly eyes. One, noticing a peculiar badge I wore, spoke to the guard, and immediately started on a run for his camp. He returned shortly, and placed in my hands a package, which on opening I found contained hot biscuit, spread with real butter, broiled steak, and some corn dodgers. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, and I have loved that man ever since. He gave me the Masonic grip as he took my note addressed to Colonel Tilden, "To succor J. B. Hobson, 1st N. C. Sharpshooters, if captured."

Captain C. had not got over his hankering for "cocktails," hence when a grayback winked several drinks at him he passed over a \$5 script to be invested in applejack. The southerner looked honest and sympathetic when he went on the run for the appetizer, yet the captain, if living, is still waiting his return.

We left Greensboro with regret. Our progress was slow. The road was sadly out of repair, rails were bent and broken, and our passage exceedingly dangerous. The rolling stock was worn out and fuel scarce. Often on an ascending grade the train would stop, and sometimes run back, in spite of brakes. The train men replenished the tender with fence rails

and themselves with corn whisky. The fire-box was crammed with pitch knots—the heat became fervent—the steam hissed—the engine creaked and groaned at every joint when the throttle was pulled wide open at the head of a long, steep grade, and down the serpentine track with its living freight went twenty-five cars into the darkness at a fearful rate. We were dashed from side to side, thrown down and piled in heaps amid groaning and cursing. During that perilous ride several of our number saw their opportunity and leaped from the train, preferring the risk to an indefinite stay in a stockade.

The guard fired several shots after them, but they must have gone wide of their mark.

SALISBURY STOCKADE.

Salisbury, N. C., was our objective point, and late in the evening of October 14, 1864, thirty-seven United States officers and several hundred enlisted men were marched through the accursed gates of a stockade which for long weary weeks never opened but to let through the dead cart, with its terrible burden of silent, fleshless remnants of humanity.

At first the old cotton factories enclosed within the fence were used as a sort of slop-jar, into which the Confederacy dumped deserters and political nondescripts, the scum of a most disreputable government. This coterie of villains soon took the name of "Muggers," a synonym for thieves and murderers.

They seemed to have the white card to rob and kill the northern captives afterwards sent there.

Led by General Joseph Hayes of the Second army corps, we were forced up the filthy passage-way to the monitor room under the roof, step by step, through nameless filth and over objects emitting an intolerable stench. The horrors of that first night can never be told.

The fiendish "Muggers" from below crept in upon us and succeeded in robbing several before the alarm was given.

Two officers, stationed at the door with billets of wood, will never be held accountable for the crushing blows through a man's skull as he attempted to force his way in. With a fearful yell he fell backward, and I heard him bound from stair to stair into what I hoped was the bottomless pit.

Here commenced the suffering which filled the length, breadth, and height of our lives, and it sat in faithful guard over us until we were parolled.

In the early morning the officer of the day was called, who denied responsibility and called the commandant. General Hayes, ignoring that officer's extended hand, silently pointed to the filth-drenched hall and staircase, and with a look which brought the color of shame to the commandant's face demanded larger and better quarters for officers of the United States army. The general's courageous words, "That ten thousand fresh prisoners would not bear for an-

other hour such indignities," had their effect. The morrow saw the prison yard extended to cover some twelve acres, enclosing four small log houses.

Into these we were admitted, and yet there was not standing room for half our number. Although filled with vermin, they were preferable to the factory.

Albert D. Richardson, of the *New York Tribune*, shared our quarters for a while.

I shall always see his pallid face, greasy coat, and threadbare pants. Junius Henry Browne, war correspondent of the same paper, enjoyed misery with us. His cheerful heart and bright smile were better than sunshine, and warmed into life the waning hopes of many a poor devil. He and Richardson crawled to salvation without leave soon after we left Salisbury for Danville, Va.

Armed sentries paced an imaginary line which was drawn around the yard within ten feet of the fence and between the officers and enlisted men. These lines were significant, and we kept away from them, for the brutal guard would fire at men passing within ten feet of his beat, as a pastime. On October 16, I saw Lieutenant Davis of a New York regiment fall, shot through the heart while standing near this imaginary line.

When those scoundrels at Richmond drew the order for the specific government of prison yards, and there went flashing over the wires the command to establish an invisible boundary, towards which none

should approach on the penalty of death, none knew of the horrible results that were to set vibrating the sympathy of the world for the victims of the "dead line,"—invisible then, invisible now, yet forever marking the bounds where compassion ceased and murder began.

The swift passage of the bullet as it sped on its mission of death, set in motion the air, and its vibrations grew into ripples, and its ripples into waves which overwhelmed the loyal hearts of the north with anguish.

The "Confederacy" has passed away, prison yards are rich in grain, the keepers are dead, but the order has passed into history.

In this prison pen were 10,000 captives, and all the water for this 10,000 came from two or three ordinary wells. In ten days the suffering became so intense that two worn shovels were thrown to us, and we were told to dig, which we did like beavers day and night. Fifteen feet down we came to water. An old bucket resembling a nail cask, and a rope, were thrown to us, and a windlass was quickly made from green fire wood. Mud and water was scooped up, settled in dippers, and eagerly drank. At the end of a week the fiend in charge came with a guard and took away the shovels, saying, "It is by order of the government."

Many a day I was so thirsty that my ears would ring, and my tongue almost protruded from my mouth, and yet men have had the impudence to ask me, a representative of

10,000 sufferers, to "modify my conceived opinions" that I was cruelly treated.

Is it surprising that the daily death-rate of the enlisted men reached 70 from thirst, starvation, and exposure?

The poor fellows burrowed in the ground without blankets, barefooted and bareheaded, and many with nothing on but pants and shirt which they had worn for months. After a rain the shelves upon which they lay were but a few inches above the water, which floated offal full of maggots and vermin. Sometimes two or three days would pass before the dead cart came to take away the dead to be dumped in a common receptacle—that is in a shoal trench a short distance from the stockade. It was a scene full of human stories living out their last chapters without a shadow of romance.

My life here was full of regret for the Turners. I would have taken any amount of Turner in exchange for Alexander.

I shall never forget the gloom of that prison yard with its living horrors at flood tide for months. The daily pictures of untold suffering pass before me like a panorama, each succeeding picture more expressive of misery than the last. The atmosphere was so impregnated with the horrible stench which arose from the offal of thousands of men that my stomach would not always retain the little food I swallowed.

Every foot of ground was full of

vermin and reeking with nameless filth, and on this filth-glutted soil starved men walked, and slept, and died, without clothing and no other covering than the sky overhead.

I saw men walking to and fro, with heads bowed and eyes searching the ground for a stray bone or morsel of food dropped perchance from some weak hand. I saw men with clasped hands and streaming eyes praying for the dear ones at home into whose loving eyes they would never again look.

I saw men in delirium beat themselves, tear their hair and curse God, and I saw, shuddering as I looked, the dead cart on its morning rounds, in which God's images were tiered up like sticks of wood.

The sunshine brought no gladness to the hearts of these suffering men. They were past help and had ceased to hope.

I had never believed that any race of men on God's earth could be so cruel, so utterly devoid of human feelings as were our keepers. To me the boasted chivalry, the culture, the hospitality and openheartedness of the south is all sham and humbug.

I cannot censure our men for taking the oath of allegiance to the rebel government, as a life-preserving act; but I glory in the loyalty of those men who preferred a probable death to dishonor. In Richmond I saw an officer in full uniform of the United States army go out of the prison and in plain sight of us swear fealty to the cause of our enemies.

I was told that he had been a prisoner for two years, that he twice escaped, and was twice recaptured. No doubt he saw in his act his one chance to success in a last attempt to escape and reach our lines.

Despair, horror, and death were so long my companions in that pestilential air that at times I almost doubted God's goodness. On sleepless nights, when I watched the full moon in its splendor and the stars in their brilliancy light up the wan faces and shivering forms of those poor fellows forsaken by their government, I questioned if God too had forsaken them: if the loving Saviour with pierced feet and hands had an eye of pity for his brothers pierced through and through with wounds, who cry to him for succor.

The bright sunlight, the sweet songs of birds seemed like mockery, and the Christian work of our chaplains appeared like a farce. I record these things simply to show the withering effect of prison life upon one's spiritual nature.

Soon after arriving at Salisbury we commenced to organize an army corps under command of that accomplished officer, Gen. Hayes. General —— was assigned to the first division and a Massachusetts colonel to the second. So perfect was the organization that every enlisted man over the line knew his immediate commander. Codes of signals were adopted and quickly learned. Orders were written, wrapped around a stone and after dark thrown far over the heads

of the sentries pacing the dead line.

An attack on the guard, on the gate, on the batteries outside, the commissary, the railroad station and the city, was planned for October 17. We felt reasonably sure of success: but the afternoon before the attack was to be made, Lieutenant Gardiner, in sending a last command of caution, threw his ball too swiftly, when his note becoming detached fell fluttering to the foot of the guard. He immediately called the corporal of the guard, and he the sergeant, and so on, until the officer of the day came, who, it was said, was the only one of the number that could read.

The scene was worthy the skill of a painter. The sharp call warned the camp that something unusual was transpiring. The officers on one side and the enlisted men on the other stood as if paralyzed. Every eye was rooted on that little group of rebels in the centre. Like a flash came to the minds of hundreds the thought to dash upon that knot of rebels, hold them as hostages, seize their guns and break the stockade, when like a trumpet rang out the call, "Turn out the guard: Turn out the camp: Man the guns:" and the critical moment for action passed.

The parapet bristled with muskets and black mouths of cannon faced us from either corner of the yard. Then began a search for Lieutenant Gardiner. No one knew him—he did not even know himself when addressed. All the

next day was spent in trying to spot him. Finally we were formed in one rank and the roll called. On answering to his name each officer was passed through the gate. We all went out taking with us Hugh Conway, a private of Co. H., of my regiment. For a long time he was like a misplaced and forgotten package.

To my surprise we were marched to the station and taken thence to Danville, Va.

DANVILLE, VA.

Ten o'clock p. m., October 20, saw us quartered in the second and third stories of a cotton factory. The first floor was used during the winter as a promenade in which a limited number exercised daily in turns. Our sanitary arrangements were limited to a wooden trough for lavatory, and one other institution more deplorable than an army sink. All the water we used was brought in pails from the river daily, by a detail of prisoners.

The personal property of mess 6, numbering 13, inventoried 6 tin plates, 10 pewter spoons, 2 dippers, 7 case-knives, 1 fork, 3 jack-knives, 1 set of checkers made in Libby, and an old stove hearth on which we fried our delicious flapjacks. These fritters were made of corn bread and river water, sometimes flavored with dried apple juice and pepper.

We took turns in cooking. Captain Lord became an expert. Captains Conley and Cook swore they would starve before they would do scullions' work.

It was humiliating to see an United States officer with an old stove hearth under one arm, and a handful of splinters under the other, and a rusty lobster-can full of corn mush start for the back yard to prepare his dinner. I felt honored but cried with shame, when a live colonel sent his compliments and requested a loan of my stove hearth.

Yankee blood is always practical; even when in prison, we would live, hence we cooked. It would have made Marion Harland or Madame Parloa green with envy to see the dishes evolved from corn dodgers, dried apple and sorghum, and the hair of a rutabaga turnip stand on end to see us swallow some of the concoctions of our mess.

Several messes clubbed together and bought an old cook stove with two legs, and some funnels of different sizes. The stove was set up and the funnel ran through the window. When the wind was right we were happy, but as that particular window was in keeping with our other misfortunes, we were soon most beautifully bronzed. Every hour, day and night, that superannuated relic of a stove did service. It was covered with dilapidated kettles, old tin coffee pots (minus handles and noses), tin pails, and lobster cans. A dish once on, the owner must watch it with untiring vigilance until his mess was cooked, or lose his turn, which came as often as he could steal a chance. His back turned for an instant, off came his pot and on went another.

As one hundred and fifty or more officers practised cooking on that apology for a range, it required ingenuity of an unknown quantity to have meals at regular hours.

Very little reading matter was obtainable after we left Libby. A few books and some old back numbers of monthlies were brought us by the Rev. Dr. Hall, who occasionally preached to us on the Sabbath. This gentleman furnished some with stockings and underclothes, for which they were very grateful. A few of our number with religion sixteen ounces to the pound, found none too much time to study the Scripture, hence games had no fascinating power for them. A large number devoted hours to chess and backgammon, but the ungodly—the majority—killed time and escaped insanity with cards, whist and euchre being the favorite games.

Many developed a wonderful mechanical talent, which was shown by hundreds of ornaments made from bone and wood. Many crosses, rings, and pins, were artistic and most beautifully chased. Busts were carved from bricks taken from the walls of the building, checkers with monograms and raised figures, Masonic charms and emblems, altogether enough to stock a respectable museum.

The dickering qualities displayed by the officials wherever I was confined, dispelled all my youthful illusions of the chivalrous sons of the sunny south. The expressions of avarice and duplicity on the face of

an average southerner would discount the meanest qualities ever ascribed to a Down East Yankee. Every day and often into the night, officials in full uniform would haggle for an exchange of anything we had, for a tin pot, pint of sorghum, or a vermin-filled blanket stolen from some captive.

Greenbacks, jack-knives, spurs, boots, watches, rings, buttons, badges, and even toothpicks were commodities of traffic. As last resort for possession, these fiends would take by force if they could n't steal, what was not otherwise attainable. Boots were a quick commodity and brought one hundred and fifty dollars. Captain Conley's pride in a pair of nice boots lasted until his luxurious habits of smoking demanded a sacrifice. The officer of the guard, who by the way looked like a Malay pirate, offered one hundred Confederate dollars and finally a pair of good shoes also for the boots, which was accepted. The cash was paid, and with tears the captain gave up his boots. After waiting two weeks, a package was passed into the prison addressed to Captain Conley. "My shoes," cried Conley. He quickly tore off the wrapper, and for an hour sat and swore at two old army brogans, numbers 7 and 12 and both for one foot!

Prison life had its different shades of effect upon the captives. A few months was sufficient to develop the natural man, or rather bring him to the surface. Men won rank here and men lost what they never

should have possessed. It was astonishing how a life like ours would change the facial expression. I remember three officers, one a Yankee from Vermont, one an Irishman from New York, and one a Dutchman from Ohio, who messed together over against the wall opposite me. When they came to Danville they were distinct in feature and personnel as men could be. They became homesick and disheartened. They lost all interest in everything and would sit in the same attitude hour after hour and day after day with their backs against the wall, and their eyes striking the floor at my feet. It grew upon me that they were gradually being merged into one man with three distinct bodies. They looked just alike. Truly I could n't tell them apart: and they were slowly dying of nostalgia.

It gave me the nightmare to lie down in front of these men and I resolved that I would break the spell which held them over the grave. So one morning I fortified myself with the stimulus of corn bread and crust-coffee, and took a position just in front of them and looked from one to the other repeatedly, until the Dutchman exclaimed, "Got in Himmel: Vot for you shoost look like dot on me?" Paying no attention, I concentrated my gaze yet stronger on the trio, when the Vermonter asked "what in h—l I wanted?" This aroused the Irishman, who yelled an interrogation point at me. My medicine was working well, but, not being

very strong, I feared lest my strength fail before the cure was effected. By sheer will power I forced both the Vermonter and the Irishman to their feet. The Dutchman was fast sinking back into stolidity when I spat full into his face. The insult worked like magic, and I just ran for my life around the room with Dutchy after me. He gave it up, but the warm current of blood which I had started did not again stagnate.

When the three cooled off, I made them a morning call and explained matters. Perhaps they did n't believe all I said, but they forgave me,—and lived.

There joined us in September two men of equal physical strength, of the same age, full of life and courage. On the same diet, and with like surroundings, one, Lieutenant Knower of the Fourth New York Artillery, left the prison erect, with an elastic step and joined his command apparently none the worse for his experience. The other, with bent form and blank face, tottered feebly down stairs, out into the fresh air and bright sunshine, without the least show of appreciation.

I am sorry to say that military rank was soon ignored by the majority of our officers in prison No. 3; that selfishness and dishonesty added much to our cup of humiliation and suffering; but I know much should be forgiven men who from exposure and starvation had almost lost their identity.

Only a slight provocation would cause a quarrel like that between

Lieutenant H. and Captain McG. over a few rusty fruit cans, in which the former's shirt was torn to shreds. As it was the only one he had, and the balance of his wardrobe consisted of a well-ventilated pair of trousers, he was to be pitied.

Note should be made of the manly acts of some, and of the Christian character maintained under the most adverse and depressing influences.

General Hayes, who closely resembled our much loved Chamberlain, especially so in his eminently courteous bearing, several times severely rebuked those who indulged in profane and obscene language. Chaplains Fowler and Emerson, Captain James Stewart, 146th Penn., Captain William Cook, and Captain Henry S. Burrage, 36th Mass., seemed never to forget their Christian and moral obligations.

I was not personally acquainted with either one of these gentlemen, and was influenced only in a general way, but I have never ceased to feel grateful for the breath of pure atmosphere blown by them through the clouds of profanity that enveloped me like a polluted garment. I believe their influence saved many from moral collapse.

All sorts of makeshifts were adopted to cover our persons as decency demanded. When captured I was the proud possessor of a new staff suit, sleeves and cap ornamented with gold lace. At the end of five months my most intimate friends would have failed to

recognize me in the disreputable looking tramp who one morning sat on the floor in a nude state and robbed the ends of his trousers to reseat them.

Not until I reached Annapolis did I shake off those trousers—I couldn't, for when after sewing up the legs when on, I couldn't get my feet through. I bore it like a soldier, for it was the regulation uniform.

On November 8, 1864, we voted for president of the United States with the following result: Abraham Lincoln received 267 votes, and General George B. McClellan 91.

In December, life was so unbearable, and prospects of exchange so delusive, that about seventy of the most courageous, or most wanting in judgment, made an attempt to break prison and escape, and miserably failed. Unconscious of the attempt to be made I was, with five others, walking the lower floor for exercise, when I beheld an officer seize the guard stationed at the yard exit, by the throat, while another took his gun. At the same moment Colonel Rollsten, 24th N. Y. Cavalry, tried to choke into silence the guard by the stairs, but his grip was too weak, and the brave fellow, in spite of threats, shouted, "Turn out the guard!" which cry being repeated outside, all those on the floor were immediately covered by rifles thrust through the sashless windows.

I have outlived the sensation of that moment, but I was never more conscious of being suspended

between the positive and negative poles of destruction than when I caught a glimpse of eternity through the black muzzle of a gun held within six feet of my breast. The others were as helplessly exposed when Colonel Smith, the commandant, cried, "Cease firing," but not quickly enough to save Colonel Rollsten, who, shot through the bowels, ran up two flights of stairs. He died December 15th, five days afterward.

Colonel Smith immediately came inside, ordered a number of officers into close confinement, and coolly told us that a keg of powder was buried under the prison, and if another attempt was made to escape he would "blow us all to hell."

December 25th, there were present two brigadier generals, four colonels, eight lieutenant-colonels, sixteen majors, eighty-six captains, and three hundred and twenty-eight lieutenants, making a total of four hundred and forty-four.

These equally divided into two rooms would give us 6 by 8-10 feet of space each, in which to walk or lie down, with thousands of others. I suffered untold horrors, but I lived through it all. I lived to curse the chivalry, I curse them now. If I were to live a thousand years I couldn't coin a vocabulary of invectives strong enough to denounce their cruelty, inhumanity, and barbarity, the outcome of the underlying principle which has controlled one section of this country since the Declaration of Independence.

A strong influence, inspired doubtless by Jimmus Henri Brown, was brought to bear upon our government at Washington, which resulted in negotiations for a general exchange of prisoners, and the welcome news reached us February 15, 1864.

We left Danville on the 17th, and reached our old quarters in Libby at 2 o'clock a. m., the 18th. I had the pleasure of occupying my old room—*i. e.*, a space six feet by two on the second floor near a post. Here I shed the one threadbare blanket which so long had covered Captain Conley and myself.

The thought of going home was overpowering, and we alternately laughed and cried. Did I cry? I couldn't help it; I was like a child. At this late day some, with a great show of dignity, will tell you how stoically, how coolly, they met the change that came to them. Don't believe it; they lie.

February 20th, I signed the parole. I believe I would have signed anything without the least intention of keeping it. While waiting for the flag-of-truce boat in which to depart, there came into Libby prison a number of rebels just paroled from Camp Douglas. They were on their way home, and came in to see us in order to confirm their belief that the South treated their prisoners as well, if not better, than the North did theirs.

They stood silent and looked us over, and one of the number cried like a child. The faces of all

expressed sympathy, and their language the strongest indignation and the deepest disgust for their home government. It warmed my heart to hear such good English, so well handled in our behalf.

Perhaps it ought to modify my opinion of the South, but it doesn't.

At 8 o'clock in the morning of February 22, the door of Libby prison opened to us for the last time, and we went forth free men. Slowly and painfully we made our way to the steamer waiting for us in the James. I fell to the ground repeatedly, but I got there, backed up against the smokestack for warmth, and immediately went to sleep.

When I opened my eyes the steamer was going back to Richmond; I might have jumped overboard had not Captain Lord's happy face changed my thought, and then I remembered how crooked the James river was.

At Cox's landing we crossed the dividing line between a mildewed country, with its barbarous life and customs, and our own God-fearing and progressive land.

I then came to the unsanctioned conclusion, which I still hold, that if rebel prison life were perpetuated, hell would be a superfluous institution.

At 11:30 we caught sight of "Old Glory" at Aiken's Landing,

and soon boarded the *Governor Leary* for Annapolis.

We were several times served with a light lunch of ham, bread, and coffee, also one half ration of whiskey, while en route. I think the whiskey came first, and those who drank the portion refused by others, in addition to their own, had no need of the lunch. The warm welcome we received at Annapolis, the earnest manifestations for our comfort, and the sweet words of sympathy, filled our eyes with tears. That long, linen-draped, well-filled table, at which we were seated, shall I ever forget it? How kindly were we cautioned to control our appetites; and earnestly warned of the fatal consequences of too free indulgence. Alas! for self-confidence and non-resistance, several of our number were soon laid under the green sod at Annapolis.

After thirty years it may be that I should erase the criticisms more or less bitter in their character, recorded during my captivity. Sometimes I wish I could forget it all, and again I rejoice that it is indelibly stamped into my being, that my sons cannot but inherit, along with their father's loyalty, some of the conclusions of a life spent in helping to make secure, lasting, and forever free, the government under which they are living.

ELEVENTH MAINE REUNION.

The veterans of the Eleventh Maine Regimental Association began their annual reunion in Bangor, August 13, at the Windsor house. Among those who were present were the following members:

Albert Maxfield, Captain, Co. H, New York; David Clendenin, Co. I, Togus; Thomas T. Tabor, First Sergeant, Co. G, Bangor; Adelbert H. Ward, Co. I, Salem, Mass.; R. C. Burgess, Co. D, North Vassalboro; Adams D. Plummer, Sergeant, Co. C, Harrington; Daniel Morrissey, Co. I, Bangor; Llewellyn K. Webber, Co. E, Bangor; Charles M. Dexter, Sergeant, Co. C, Dexter; George A. Orr, Co. A, Bangor; Thomas Nye, Jr., Co. A, Brewer; Charles W. Trott, Sergeant, Bangor; Eaton H. Bunker, Co. K, Bangor; Horace S. McKinney, Co. K, Bangor; Anson Crocker, Corporal, Co. B, Machias; George Phillips, Sergeant, Co. G, Waterville; Kenney C. Lowell, Co. E, Cambridge, Mass.; Harris M. Plaisted, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General, Bangor; J. D. Stanwood, Captain, Co. D, Winn; W. S. Pennell, Captain, Co. A, Bangor; Elbridge Chick, Co. E, Clifton Corner; Oscar F. Abbott, Co. K, Orono; John Spearing, Co. A, Orono; George W. Jones, Co. B, Lagrange; Reuben G. Gross, Co. G, Winterport; Willard Davis, Co. K, Sebec; Daniel W. Woodbury, Co. D, Thomaston; Benjamin Gould, Corporal, Co. D, Lewiston;

Jonathan A. Hill, Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General, Powell, Pa.; Llewellyn B. Grant, Corporal, Co. I, Sebec; Robert Brady, First Lieutenant, Co. I, New York; William H. Darling, Co. D, Enfield; John Lary, Captain, Co. H, Dexter; William E. Feeley, Sergeant, Co. F, Monticello; S. S. Hubbard, Co. G, Bangor; Stacey A. Griffin, Co. H, Fort Fairfield; Andrew J. Sinclair, Co. I, Swan's Island; Charles A. Davis, Sergeant, Co. C, Bangor; William Demen, Co. H, Cambridge, Mass.; William E. Laffin, Co. H, Bangor; Benjamin J. Smith, Co. C, Caribou; Nathan P. Downing, First Sergeant, Co. F, Minot; Adelbert P. Chick, Sergeant, Co. K, Bangor; Alvin Morrell, Monson; A. P. Martin, Holden Centre; A. J. Mudgett, East Jackson; Stephen Mudgett, Dixmont Centre; Thomas Smith, Camden; Judson L. Young, Co. A, Lincoln; Ezra W. Gould, Bangor; Peter Bunker, Lieutenant, Co. G, Brewer; Caleb H. Ellis, Chaplain, Fort Fairfield; Prince E. Dunnifer, Co. D, Winn; Sanford Marco, Co. E, Bradford; J. H. Morse, Dixmont; H. G. Herrick, Bluehill Fall; G. W. Young, Winn; T. W. Annis, Bradford; Roger A. Erskine, Sprague's Mills; William H. Huston, West Levant; Charles H. Clark, Bradford; James Bowley, Co. G, Alton; William Clark, Co. E, Orono; Ira F. Cross, Orland; Nelson T. Smith, Brown-

ville; Matthew S. Berry, Brownville; Eben G. Prescott, Brownville; George W. Smith, Brownville; Lorenzo D. Bickford, Dixmont Centre; Charles H. Foster, Stetson; Charles O. Varney, Plymouth; Henry G. Dresser, Oldtown; Phineas Billings, Bluehill; John Wilson, East Newport; Jeremiah Stratton, Hancock; Asa W. Googins, Eastbrook; Amaziah Hooper, Franklin; William W. Norton, Arnold; Lacassard Lassell, Etna; M. V. Bryant, North Carmel; John Whitcomb, Simpson's Corner; Morey Miliken, Pittsfield; John Day, Medford Centre; Edward Noyes, East Sullivan; Edward Kelley, Boston; Dr. G. B. Noyes, Charleston; M. Cole, Prospect Harbor; Hosea Staples, Bangor; Robert H. Nowall, Hermon; Charles W. Royal, Brewer; H. B. Sherburne, Orono; H. V. Totman, Bar Mills; J. S. Annis, Enfield; A. P. Bickmore, Hyde Park, Mass.; Frank L. Kenney, Eddington.

The time was passed socially and the veterans had a good opportunity to extend greetings to each other, and to talk over old times when they were fighting for the Union. Captain Maxfield, the historian, was busy gathering information for the work from the members who were present.

He has the manuscript of the history of the regiment in seven large books and the personal sketches in three small ones. An effort is being made to complete the histories this year. The Eleventh Maine has a history for

valor and efficient service of which any regiment might be proud. It was organized at Augusta on November 12, 1861, to serve three years, and left on the following day for Washington, where it arrived on the 16th and there encamped until March of the next year. The first important engagement with the enemy was on April 29, at Yorktown. They bore a distinguished part in the engagement at Williamsburg on the 5th of May. Their next battle was at Seven Pines on the 31st of May. After several minor engagements at White Oak Swamp, and other places they moved to Charleston. They were present at the unsuccessful attack on that city by the ironclads.

From Charleston they went to Beaufort, S. C., and then to Florida. On October 11th, they were assigned to the First Brigade as artillerymen and for a long time they were engaged day and night in shelling Sumter, and the rebel works on Sullivan and James Islands.

In April, 1864, they were assigned to the Third Brigade, First Division, Tenth Corps, and joined General Butler's command at Gloucester Point, Va. They participated in an engagement at Port Walthall Junction on the 7th; a Chester Station on the 10th, and were around Richmond until the 16th, losing in the several engagements twenty-four men killed, and wounded. On the 17th they lost twenty-six men at Bermuda Hundred and on June 2, they lost forty-one more.

On November 2, one hundred of the regiment left for home, their three years of service having expired; and later the remainder of the regiment left for New York, having been one of the number selected to accompany General Butler, to assist in keeping the peace of the city at the Presidential election, after which they returned to the front.

The total number lost in 1864, was three hundred and sixty-three, viz. : seventy-four killed, two hundred and seventy-four wounded, six missing, and nine taken prisoners. They received during the year five hundred and forty-nine recruits. In 1864, they were stationed at Newmarket road for some time. Up to November of that year they participated in many sharp battles, and their record when mustered out in February, 1866, was a noble one.

The Eleventh Maine Regimental Association continued their annual reunion August 14, and assembled at G. A. R. Home on Columbia street in the morning. The business of the day, and the social time were held in the hall at the home. The meeting was called to order by President R. C. Burgess.

Prayer was offered by Chaplain C. H. Ellis, and the records of the secretary were read, and approved. The report of the treasurer was made and accepted. The list of deaths among the members was announced as follows :

Thomas McPherson, Company

H, September 9, 1894; Thomas Star, Company E, September 18, 1894; Thomas Coots, November 11, 1894; Lieutenant Robert Brady, Sr., November 12, 1894; Lieutenant N. H. Norris.

Feeling remarks were made regarding those who had died by Captain Maxfield, and Captain Stanwood. Chaplain Ellis and General Hill favored the assemblage with some interesting remarks.

A committee on nomination of officers was appointed, and they reported the following who were elected to serve during the ensuing year :

President—Lieutenant Judson L. Young, Co. A.

First Vice-President—Sergeant George Phillips, Co. G.

Second Vice-President—Sergeant W. E. Feeley, Co. F.

Secretary and Treasurer—First Sergeant Thomas T. Tabor, Co. G.

Chaplain—Caleb H. Ellis.

Musical Director—Brooks D. Stewart.

The president suggested that the ladies be encouraged to meet with the members of the association.

The ladies reported that a Ladies' Aid Association had been formed, and organized by the election of Mrs. W. S. Pennell, chairman, and Mrs. H. Maria Ward, of Salem, Mass., secretary.

It was voted that the next reunion be held at Winn.

Master Pennell then played a piano solo with much skill, and was heard with pleasure.

Letters were read from the following absent members :

C. B. Rogers; J. F. Brackett, Co. A, Lawrence, Mass.; J. H. Perkins, Co. I, Togus, Me.; Sylvanus Smith, Co. I; W. B. Young, Co. H; J. F. Clark, Co. G, Egypt, Me.; James V. Tabor, Co. G, Hodgdon; L. D. Ray, Co. F, Augusta; A. R. Smiley, Co. F, Chillecothe, Mo.; Sewell Pettengell, Co. F, Wayne, Me.; A. G. Brann, Co. F, Pierce, Nebraska; Edward S. Bunker, Co. C, Stockton, Cal.; Dwight C. Rose, Co. C, Bethel; W. H. Parker, Co. C, Bayfield, Wis.; E. P. Morton, non. com. staff, Webster, Mass.; Major H. C. Adams, New York; Brooks D. Stewart, Dover, N. H.; A. W. Shorey.

It was voted to adjourn at 7:30 P. M., for a campfire.

The campfire at G. A. R. Hall, brought together the comrades for a pleasant social gathering. Comrade Thomas T. Tabor, of this city, was called upon to preside, which he did very gracefully. He called first for a roll of the drum by Comrade A. H. Ward, and then announced a speech by Lieutenant Brady, on the subject of "Farming in Aroostook."

A piano solo was finely rendered

by Miss Orr, and Mrs. A. H. Ward gave a recitation, "Music on the Rappahannock," with pleasing effect. Captain Maxfield recited "Old Wiley," in a way which brought forth much applause. Master Pennell's skillfully rendered piano solo was followed by remarks by Comrade A. P. Bickmore.

Mr. L. Orr then rendered a song which was fully appreciated and applauded. Remarks by Comrade B. J. Smith were followed by another piano solo by Miss Orr, and General H. M. Plaisted, of this city, favored his hearers with some reminiscences. Remarks were made by Chaplain Ellis, Comrades Kelley and Bickmore, Mrs. W. S. Pennell for the Ladies' Aid Society, and others, and the exercises closed with the singing of "America," and the benediction by Chaplain Ellis.

The history committee reported the progress they had made during the past year. The committee consists of General Hill of Powell, Pa.; Albert Maxfield of New York; Lieutenant Robert Brady, Jr.; E. P. Morton, and John A. Brackett.

The publication of the Regimental history was assured by a most generous gift from General Hill.

TWELFTH MAINE REUNION.

The reunion of the Twelfth Maine Regiment veterans was held at Long Island August 27. The dinner was served at Cushing's, the

illness of Mr. R. Greeley preventing the use of the 1-10-29th building, of which he is custodian.

After an enjoyable repast Cap-

tain Thompson was called upon by President Towle, and responded briefly. He embellished his speech with an amusing sketch, and expressed the feeling of all by remarking, "I am glad to see so many present." He concluded with remarks on their good fellowship, their former deeds, and expressed the desire that all might remain true to their regiment and flag until death.

After Captain Thompson's speech the business meeting took place, President Towle presiding. As the regiment had had no regular historian up to this time it was strongly advocated that one should be chosen from those present; but finally, on motion of Mr. Thompson, a committee of three was appointed with full power to add members and to choose a historian from their number. Lieutenant George E. Andrews was at once voted a member of the committee.

Next, the report of the treasurer, Mr. Albert H. Purington, was read and accepted. Mr. Purington, as secretary, then read letters of regret from comrades and those unable to attend. Mr. Purington, as chairman of the banquet committee, reported the sum on hand insufficient to cover expenses and a collection was taken up, enough to make up the deficiency, with a large surplus.

After some business had been transacted the following officers were elected for 1895-96:

President—W. P. Hodsdon.

Vice-President—H. E. McCann.

Secretary—Albert H. Purington.

Treasurer—George E. Andrews.
Executive Committee—E. A. Hastings, Westbrook; J. M. Thompson, New Gloucester; M. J. Milliken, West Scarborough; Jesse Allen, Portland, and Kendall Pollard, Swampscott.

After all the other business had been transacted considerable discussion arose about the time and place of the next meeting. Some were in favor of not bringing the matter up at all. The 19th of September was approved by many as the anniversary of the Battle of Winchester, in which many were wounded.

Kimball Post of South Paris extended an invitation to the regiment to hold their next meeting with them, but it was thought inadvisable to accept, South Paris not being centrally located. It was finally decided to hold the next reunion at Long Island next August, the 27th. The meeting then adjourned.

Everything passed off smoothly and the comrades broke up declaring it to be one of the best of their meetings. They will doubtless look forward to the next one with considerable anticipation.

There were about sixty-five at dinner and at the meeting, among whom were the following people:

W. C. Towle, John Mulvey, Hiram Berry, Clarence G. Libby, Joseph W. Libby, M. M. Smart, F. M. Thomas, George Goff, Thomas C. Pratt, George E. Andrews, Ira C. Jordan, O. A. Maxim, Paris, Me.; James M. Thompson, New Gloucester; Marshall

Emery, Auburn: John Haskell, M. J. Milliken, West Scarboro: East Dixmont; George P. Underwood, Saco; James Brown, North Waterford; Nathaniel Harding, Everett, Mass.: S. Libby, Portland; H. C. Johnson, South Bridgton; Edwin Ilsley, E. W. Thompson, George E. Andrews, N. Warren Webb, W. P. Hodsdon, A. H. Purington, M. S. Merrill, William W. Watson, South Waterford: J. B. Allen, Wm. E. Hanson, D. E. McCann, L. E. Redlon, Portland; Peter Lane, Freeport; E. W. Elder, Lewiston; N. W. Kendall, East Biddeford; E. G. Bolton, Portland; George Alord, Vassalboro;

J. M. Daly, Boston; Alvah Johnson, South Bridgton; W. H. Thomas, Merrimac, Mass.; G. A. Hastings, Bethel; Kendall Pollard and wife, Swampscott, Mass.; S. L. Houghton, Auburn; Lewis H. Bradbury, Chelsea, Mass.; Samuel Butterfield, 99 Green street, Portland; Eben Patterson, Freeport; Franklin Martin, Rumford Point; J. D. Wood, Biddeford; W. H. H. Roberts, 54 Winter street, Auburn; C. H. Townsend, 24 Graham street, Biddeford; S. H. Park, Mapleton; William T. Greenleaf, Auburn.

THE THIRTEENTH MAINE REUNION.

The boys of the Thirteenth Maine gathered, August 13, at the Peaks Island House, having no summer home as do the Eighth and Fifth. Previous to the dinner, which was served about noon, the comrades, many attended by wives or children, gathered on the piazza or lawn of the hotel and renewed acquaintances or exchanged reminiscences.

At the dinner the following were among those present:

S. S. Andrews, Biddeford; G. W. Haskell, East North Yarmouth; Thomas S. Pine, 42 Hancock street, Portland; Eben S. Burns, S. C. Gordon, Portland; Anna Sawyer, Woodfords; Mrs. S. S. Andrews, Biddeford; J. L. Sawyer, Deering;

Isaiah Randall, Portland; I. F. Quinby, Westbrook; O. W. Davis, Steuben; H. C. Caston, Auburn; Wm. A. Cutter, Lynn, Mass.; Adelbert I. Clark, Greene Corner, Me.; H. M. Crockett, Everett, Mass.; Thomas S. Pine, Portland; E. G. Bangs, South Portland; G. T. Starr, Rufus A. Coffin and wife, South Freeport; John F. Bragdon and wife, Portland; Elmer J. Bean, Spencer, Mass.; G. A. Sleeper, Auburn; Jere. Osgood, Cumberland Centre; Stephen Burbank, 6 Harvey Place, Lynn, Mass.; G. T. Berry, 240 Brackett street, Portland; E. A. Bickford, 20 Cumberland street, Bangor; Charles W. Herrick, 37 Free street, Portland; Charles A. Anderson, West-

brook; John Staples, Brooklin, Me.; W. R. Gribben, Mary A. Gribben, N. C. Mortenson, Mrs. M. C. Mortenson, Portland; E. W. Tobey, Norridgewock; B. F. Thompson, New Portland; O. A. Skillings and wife, Portland; A. B. Richardson, Peabody, Mass.; J. O. S. Nichols, Lynn, Mass.; Eva C. Nesmith, Peaks Island; B. B. Fuller, Auburn; C. A. Stanchfield, Creston, Iowa; George Kincaid and wife, Waterville; A. M. Mosher, New Bedford, Mass.; Franklin Perry and wife, Peaks Island; G. F. Mariner, Westbrook; D. F. Tripp, Mrs. D. F. Tripp, Watertown; George N. Rich and wife, Beverly, Mass.; J. H. Banks and wife, Westbrook; Melissa A. Gray, Malden; John H. Gray, 70 Ferry street, Malden, Mass.; Mary E. Gray, Manchester, N. H.; J. C. Bean, West Bethel; Daniel T. French, Rosannah French, Limington; Edward S. Pennell, Dillis T. Pennell, Westbrook; Robert Plummer, Cash's Corner; W. H. French, Helen A. French, Conway Center, N. H.; Ansel B. Collin, Freeport; L. B. Twitchell, Mrs. Hattie E. Twitchell, Mrs. Addie F. Angel, South Portland; C. B. Webster, Washington street, North Easton, Mass.; A. S. Bisbee, Gorham, N. H.; W. H. Graffam and wife, Lewiston; James G. Adams, Wilton P. O., East Dixfield; Thomas Ellis, 201 Main street, Charlestown, Mass.; Nelson Howard, Lewiston; C. B. Adams, Gorham, N. H.; P. L. Herrick, J. H. Shackly, Mechanics Falls; Edward S. Hall and

wife, 19 Cleaves street, Portland; Charles A. Pearson and wife, West Somerville; A. B. McComber, 46 Mason street, Worcester, Mass.; F. O. J. S. Pride, Falmouth; Edwin B. Lufkin, Weld; Joseph G. Hall and Mrs. J. G. Hall, Portland; W. H. Abbott, 65 West Concord, Boston; Mrs. W. H. Abbott, 5 Woodville Park, Boston; Mrs. W. H. McCann, W. H. McCann, Herbert McCann, Will Simmons, Lewiston; W. Lawton and wife, 208 Franklin street, Portland; R. T. Jordan, Roslindale, Mass.; H. S. Thrasher and daughter, Portland.

After the dinner was held the business meeting. Captain Simon S. Andrews of Biddeford presided. On motion of Dr. S. C. Gordon, Captain Amos G. Goodwin of Biddeford was elected president for the ensuing year. He was called up, and spoke in acceptance, relating incidents of the regiment's history.

Captain Isaac Randall of Portland was elected first vice-president; Wm. H. McCann of Lewiston, second vice-president; W. R. Gribben of Portland, secretary.

The rallying committee of one from each company was continued as during last year.

It was voted to hold the next reunion at Biddeford on the second Tuesday in August, 1896.

The executive committee were continued as last year, and Captain S. S. Andrews and George R. Andrews of Biddeford were added.

A roll call showed the following members present by companies: A, 3; B, 4; C, 3; D, 3; E, 20;

F, 12; G, 17; H, 10; I, 3; K, 5: field and staff, 1.

Dr. S. C. Gordon, as the one from the field and staff, was called on and responded.

General H. G. Thomas brought greetings from the Fifth Maine, whose reunion he had attended.

Historian Edwin Lufkins of Weld was introduced. He stated that he had the history of the Thirteenth all written. There was then discussion about publishing it. Finally the following committee were appointed to consider the matter: Comrades W. Lawton, W. R. Gribben, and Eben Burns, all of Portland, to determine the cost of publication and to report at the next reunion meeting. The history will make a volume of some 250 pages.

Major H. A. Shorey was elected an honorary member.

Comrades who have died during the past year number ten, as follows: N. A. Swett, Co. E, John H. Dennison, Co. I, A. P. Noble, Co. B. C. H. Cates, Co. I. M. G. Fry, Co. C, Theodore Perkins, Co. K, J. A. York, Co. K. J. R. Pike, Co. K. Brooks D. Russell, Co. E. James Hodgkin, Co. E.

The following letter from Judge Foster, who is much respected by the boys and who were much disappointed in not seeing him, explains itself.

IN COURT, Aug. 13, '95.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—I am prevented meeting with the boys of the 13th to-day, our Law Court not yet having adjourned.

This is the fifth week of our session and we shall probably adjourn to-morrow.

I am extremely sorry I cannot be present to-day and meet the comrades. Tell them how I am situated and say I am very much disappointed because I cannot be with them. I want the boys to know the reason of my absence.

Hastily and sincerely,

ENOCH FOSTER.

DEPARTURE OF THE REGIMENT IN 1862.

The Thirteenth Regiment of Maine Volunteers (919 men), Colonel Neal Dow, left Augusta at a quarter past eight February 18, 1862, by a special train, and arrived in Portland at a quarter before one. The train numbered twenty-three cars and was drawn by two powerful locomotives. The regiment debarked at the depot and, forming on Chestnut street, marched through the city to the Western depot. They made a splendid appearance as they passed along, and the quiet, orderly behavior and soldierly bearing of the troops won the warmest encomiums from the immense crowds which gathered to receive them and speed their departure. The regiment carried the splendid silken standard recently presented at Augusta. The arm of the regiment was the Enfield rifle, with brown barrels.

At the P. S. & P. depot the soldiers partook of hot coffee and other refreshments, and at 3 o'clock they left (for Boston *via* Dover) amid the greatest enthusiasm. Cheer

after cheer rose from the outside crowd, accompanied by the waving of handkerchiefs, and the response by the soldiers was hearty and unanimous.

On the arrival of the regiment at New York they were received by the Sons of Maine, residents in that city, and were also presented with a regimental flag.

The following is the correct roster of the regiment at that date :

Colonel—Neal Dow, Portland.

Lieutenant-Colonel—Henry Rust, Jr., Norway.

Major—Frank S. Haseltine, Bangor.

Adjutant—Frederick Speed, Gorham.

Quartermaster—D. S. Stinson, Auburn.

Surgeon—James M. Bates, Yarmouth.

Assistant Surgeon—Seth C. Gordon, Gorham.

Sergeant Major—Edward H. Wilton, Cumberland.

Quartermaster Sergeant—Wayne W. Blossom, Turner.

Commissary Sergeant—George W. Dow, Portland.

Hospital Steward—Simeon Evans, Fryeburg.

LINE OFFICERS.

Company A—Captain Frederic A. Stevens, Bangor ; 1st Lieutenant, Wm. H. H. Walker, Hampden ; 2d Lieutenant, George E. Moulton, Westbrook.

Company B—Captain, Wm. D. Snell, Fairfield ; 1st Lieutenant,

Edw. P. Loring, Norridgewock ; 2d Lieutenant, Jos. B. Corson, Canaan.

Company C—Captain, Alfred E. Buck, Lewiston ; 1st Lieutenant, Freeman U. Whiting, Newport ; 2d Lieutenant, John S. P. Ham, Lewiston.

Company D—Captain Charles A. Bates, Norridgewock ; 1st Lieutenant, Almon L. Varney, Brunswick ; 2d Lieutenant, James H. Witherell, Norridgewock.

Company E—Captain, Isaac F. Quinby, Westbrook ; 1st Lieutenant, Morrill P. Smith, Wilton ; 2d Lieutenant, Wm. A. Brainard, Farmington.

Company F—Captain, Charles R. March, Portland ; 1st Lieutenant, Waldo A. Blossom, Turner ; 2d Lieutenant, John H. Sherburne, Portland.

Company G—Captain, Joshua L. Sawyer, Portland ; 1st Lieutenant, Aaron Ring, Westbrook ; 2d Lieutenant, Wm. T. Smith, Augusta.

Company H—Captain, Abernethy Grover, Albany ; 1st Lieutenant, Augustus W. Clough, Portland ; 2d Lieutenant, Enoch Foster, Jr., Newry.

Company I—Captain, Stillman C. Archer, Cherryfield ; 1st Lieutenant, Isaiah Randall, Portland ; 2d Lieutenant, Wm. C. Cushing, Winterport.

Company K—Captain, W. R. Swan, Paris ; 1st Lieutenant, Amos G. Goodwin, Biddeford ; 2d Lieutenant, Melville C. Linscott, Readfield.

THE FOURTEENTH MAINE REUNION.

The Fourteenth Maine regiment held their annual meeting at their club house at Long Island, Portland harbor, August 7. About fifty attended, and all enjoyed a sumptuous dinner, after which several speeches of interesting and sometimes humorous nature were delivered. At the conclusion of the dinner all adjourned to the hall, where the following officers for the ensuing year were elected:

President—Charles Barnard, Chelsea, Mass.

First Vice-President—J. W. Porter, Bangor.

Second Vice-President—Colonel T. W. Porter, Boston.

Third Vice-President—Captain George Blodgett, Bucksport.

Secretary and Treasurer—General Samuel J. Gallagher, Augusta.

Executive Committee—E. L. Clark, Chelsea, Mass.; Stuart

Worster, Woodfords; Joseph W. Grant, Bangor.

Finance Committee—E. H. Lyford, Vinalhaven; Willard Carver, Livermore; F. D. Mixer, Auburn.

Drum Major—John Derelin, Auburn.

A general afternoon of a sociable nature followed, with impromptu music, remarks, etc.

The Fourteenth was mustered into service December 31, 1861. Its engagements included the Battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862, at which the regiment was thanked by General Butler for bravery; two expeditions to Amite river, the assaults on and siege of Port Hudson, and many minor engagements in the department of the Gulf. It was constantly at the front, and saw three years of hard service. A history and roster of the regiment was published by the secretary, Willard Carver, in 1891.

THE FIFTEENTH MAINE REUNION.

The survivors of the Fifteenth Maine regimental association held a most pleasurable reunion at Old Town Sept. 10, spiced with such varied attractions as to render it one of the very best of the series, covering an expanse of over a dozen years. The reunion proper was at Old Town, a dozen miles

from Bangor, and at a railroad junction, rendering it a very convenient meeting place for the large number of members residing in Aroostook and Penobscot county. About seventy-five of the members came together, a number of them accompanied by ladies. Included among those in attendance were

the old commander and adjutant of the regiment, the one seventy-four and the other seventy-eight years of age—well-preserved "old boys."

The business session was held at Old Town in the afternoon. The routine business was transacted, reports received and acted upon, brief interchange of greetings had, and the following board of officers elected:

President—General Isaac Dyer, Skowhegan.

Secretary and Treasurer—Major H. A. Shorey, Bridgton.

Assistant Secretary—Walter C. Ross, Brunswick.

Vice-Presidents—E. W. Sprague, Easton; Captain D. P. Rolfe, Wakefield, Mass.; Lieutenant Thos. H. Wentworth, Bangor.

Executive Committee—(The foregoing *ex-officio*) and Adjutant Edw. A. Lowe, Houlton; Rev. Malry Kearney, Eddington; Sergeant L. D. Small, Bowdoinham; Captain James Walker, Gardiner; Captain Geo. W. Capen, Eastport.

At 4 o'clock, under the escort of Editor Robbins of the Old Town *Enterprise*, a personally conducted electric car excursion to the state college at Orono was made. The Cadets were out in uniform to receive the old veterans, and they and the faculty of the college were very cordial in their attentions, throwing open to inspection all departments of the institution. Our Everett Gibbs (Bridgton), of the senior class, was of course foremost in these attentions.

In the evening a very entertain-

ing camp-fire was held, at which a representative of the Old Town city government and Professor Rogers of the state college, extended a hearty welcome to the locality in eloquent words, followed by addresses from Fifteenth Maine men, including General Isaac Dyer, Major H. A. Shorey, Adjutant E. A. Lowe, Hon. T. H. Wentworth (state fish and game commissioner), Revs. Malry Kearney of Eddington, Rufus Bartlett, Hermon and M. S. Preble of Dresden Mills, J. W. P. Johnson of Gardiner, Luther V. Gilmore of Eddington, Benj. F. True of Bangor, and a number of others.

But the crowning feature of the reunion was the grand railroad and steamboat excursion to the famous Kineo House, Moosehead lake, on Wednesday. The railroad managers had been so very generous as to their rates that this attractive trip was brought within the means of all, and a goodly proportion of the party participated. Leaving Old Town at 7 a. m. by the Bangor & Aroostook and moving up through the Piscataquis towns of Dover, Foxcroft, Milo, Guilford, etc., to Greenville, we reached the foot of the great lake,—a veritable inland sea, surrounded with majestic hills and mountains,—after a four hours' run. Then transferring to the finely equipped lake steamers and luxuriating in a twenty-five mile lake sail, we reach the dominions of the renowned Kineo House at about noon, in season for dinner at

one o'clock and a hasty inspection of the charming surroundings,—unsurpassed in variety and grandeur by any spot in Maine. It was a great treat to all of the party, most of whom had never seen the wonderful Moosehead lake scenery, which, until recent railroad connections, has seemed so far removed from the centers of civilization as to be well-nigh unapproachable.

Those of the Fifteenth association present at the reunion whose names we were able to ascertain were as follows :

General Isaac Dyer, Skowhegan ; Adjutant E. A. Lowe, Houlton ; Quarter-Master Sergeant, Benj. True, Bangor.

Company A—Rev. Rufus Bartlett, Hermon ; Johnson G. Trask, Newburgh.

Company B—Major H. A. Shorey, Bridgton ; Sergeant Carlton Lancaster and wife, Bowdoinham ; James E. Alexander, Brunswick ; Walter C. Ross, Brunswick ; Wm. A. Newton, Bowdoinham ; Leemon H. Bard, Lisbon Falls ; Nathaniel A. Beals, Lisbon Falls ; W. H. Megguier, Glenburn ; Almond Clark, No. Hermon ; Ira O. Allen, Vinalhaven ; S. A. Prescott, Searsport ; W. W. Burrill, Dedham.

Company C—Rev. M. S. Preble, Dresden Mills ; H. H. Robinson and wife, Presque Isle ; Alonzo Randall.

Company D—Jacob Eldridge, Etna Centre ; James Doyle, Greenbush.

Company E—J. W. P. Johnson and wife, Gardiner ; Rev. M. Kearney, Eddington.

Company F—Ralph Mason, Bangor ; Sam V. Hartford, Bangor.

Company G—Major L. Dwinal, Bangor ; Lorenzo D. Page, Kenduskeag ; F. C. Bolster, Fort Fairfield ; Bartlett C. White, Greenfield ; Kendall S. Jackins, Hodgdon ; Sanborn C. Murphy, Ashland ; James Hunter, Alton ; Patrick McManus and wife, Bangor.

Company H—Lieutenant Thos. H. Wentworth and daughter, Miss Estelle, Bangor ; H. W. Gay, East Corinth ; John McKinney, Newport ; Frank Rollins, East Bradford ; Jere R. Leathers, Palmyra ; Wm. E. Skillin, Garland ; Samuel V. Goodwin, Garland ; Charles F. Dearborn, Corinna ; J. L. Russel, Dexter ; Frank B. Trickey and wife, East Corinth ; Wm. E. Pullen, Exeter Mills ; Frank Page and wife, North Newburgh ; Melvin Tibbetts and son, Seal Harbor ; Chesley Shaw, Garland ; John C. Sweet, So. Atkinson ; Charles H. Carpenter, Newport ; Jasper I. Fisher and wife, Bangor ; Benjamin T. Hubbard, Bangor.

Company I—L. V. Gilmore, Eddington ; Freeman C. Peaslee, La Grange ; Calvin G. Roberts, Brewer ; Joel A. Friend, Hermon ; Emery O. Pendleton, Belfast ; Albert O. Hall, Belfast ; Charles F. Jordan, Old Town ; James H. Wentworth, Belfast ; George A. Smart, Brewer ; Wilson Paterson, Waldo ; Joseph W. Williams, Easton.

Company K—Sergeant E. W. Sprague, Easton.

THE NINETEENTH MAINE REUNION.

The Nineteenth Maine reunion was held at Waterville, August 21, 1895. It being found impracticable to hold the reunion at Lewiston, as voted at Bath, August, 1894, the secretary, by the advice of members at Waterville, cast about for a location to hold the meeting, and finally decided to hold the same at Waterville. The veterans began to arrive early, and hearty greetings and congratulations were noticed everywhere. The business meeting was called to order at 2 p. m., by P. P. Getchell, president, of Lewiston. Prayer was offered by the chaplain. Records of last meeting were read by the secretary and approved. Committee on roster was appointed by the chair as follows: Company A, J. T. Ingalls, Norridgewock; Company B, A. E. Nickerson, Swanville; Company C, Gersham Tarbell, Benton; Company D, J. W. White, Bangor; Company E, Joseph R. Cookson, Searsport; Company F, Stackpole, Hallowell; Company G, O. P. Smart, Augusta; Company H, C. B. Vinal, Vinalhaven; Company K, Abijah Campbell, Georgetown.

The following is their report:

Company A, 11; B, 13; C, 12; D, 2; E, 5; F, 8; G, 11; H, 25; I, 2; K, 8; field and staff, 7; total, 100.

On motion of the secretary voted that a permanent committee be appointed on deaths, and the following comrades were appointed:

J. L. Merrick and Silas Adams, Waterville, and A. E. Nickerson, Swanville.

The secretary made a statement about the progress made in the history of the regiment, and it was voted to continue the committee.

Voted that a committee be appointed by the chair to nominate officers for the ensuing year, as follows:

G. L. Whitmore, J. L. Brown, Dr. A. J. Billings, and A. E. Nickerson, who reported the following, who were duly elected:

President.—George L. Whitmore, Bowdoinham.

First vice-president.—J. L. Brown, Bowdoinham.

Second vice-president.—A. E. Nickerson, Swanville.

Secretary.—Silas Adams, Waterville.

Chaplain.—F. P. Furber, Clinton.

Committee of arrangements.—J. L. Brown, A. Cutler, Robert Warren, William A. Wood, and George L. Whitmore, all of Bowdoinham.

Voted to make F. M. Cotton of Fairfield an honorary member.

Captain George L. Whitmore of Bowdoinham extended an invitation for the association to hold their reunion at Bowdoinham, August, 1896, and the association voted to accept. Adjourned till evening.

At 7:30 p. m., they met at the banquet, furnished by the Woman's Relief Corps of Waterville, and

they did ample justice on this occasion, showing a due appreciation of the liberality and taste displayed on the table. After the banquet the association was called to order, and listened to an address by Colonel Sewall, of Bath, the first colonel of the regiment. It was a grand effort, and appreciated by all the boys. Interesting remarks were made by Dr. Billings of Freedom, whose presence is always welcomed by the boys, and who is always patriotic. Song by a quartette of girls. Remarks by the secretary, Silas Adams, giving the statistics of the regiment. Major Rowell, of Hallowell, was called upon, and spoke eloquently. John D. Smith, Company F, from Minneapolis, Minn., arrived, and was greeted with cheers. He was called to the platform, and spoke of the services of the regiment, and of his service with it. The boys enjoyed the address very much. J. L. Brown of Bowdoinham gave an interesting talk.

On motion of Comrade Smith, it was voted to have a roster printed and sent to every member, by the secretary, and a collection of \$11 was taken for that purpose.

On motion of committee, J. L. Brown voted the following resolutions be adopted :

Resolved, That the thanks of this association be extended to W. S. Heath Relief Corps for their hearty welcome, and to the resident members of the Nineteenth Maine, for their very substantial aid in making this reunion a success :

also to the railroad officials, for their reduction of fares.

Thus the glad event of the twenty-third reunion of the Nineteenth Maine Regiment passed into history as a most interesting meeting, enjoyed by all; and the comrades separated for another year, though many may fall out by the wayside and fail to answer "present" at our next gathering. Yet all will be remembered in heaven's eternal camp ground.

SILAS ADAMS,

Secretary Nineteenth Maine Association.

COMRADES PRESENT.

Staff.—Colonel F. D. Sewall, Bath; Sergeant A. J. Billings, Freedom; Quartermaster B. B. Hanson, Pittston; J. W. Winter, Bath; J. L. Brown, Bowdoinham; D. E. Parsons, Oakland; Colonel F. E. Heath, Waterville.

Company A.—A. Osborn, Skowhegan; J. L. Brown, Bowdoinham; G. W. Bigelow, Smithfield; B. B. Wells, South Norridgewock; B. F. Charles, Rome; R. W. Grover, Smithfield; J. F. Ingalls, Bangor; J. Hartford, Norridgewock; C. W. Fish, Anson; P. S. Heald, Waterville; F. A. Kimball, Gardiner.

Company B.—W. H. Churchill, Centre Montville; Henry Parsons, Thorndike, (6 ft. 2 in.); E. T. Wilson, Camden; Nathaniel B. Whitten, Saugus, Mass.; M. R. Heal, Searsmont; William H. Wood, Searsmont; William Clements, Swanville; George F. Chap-

man, Oakland: A. E. Nickerson, Swanville; Jno. Dean, Freedom; Jno. Witham, East Benton; A. H. Ellis, Swanville.

Company C.—G. L. Whitmore, Bowdoinham; O. F. Mayo, J. B. Adams, G. F. Tarbell, C. G. Dow, B. F. Buzzell, J. L. Merrick, O. O. Bessey, G. A. Osborne, Henry Judkins, Pittsfield; J. D. Emery, N. B. Libby.

Company D.—James W. White, Bangor; Ithel Pease, North Searsmont.

Company E.—W. H. Grant, Auburn; Franklin Cookson, Burnham; Jno. Baker, Newburg; Joseph S. Cookson, Winterport; A. E. Nickerson, Swanville.

Company F.—A. G. Goodwin, Valley City, N. D.; G. S. Durgin, Cambridge, Mass.; Jno. Crane, Topsham; W. R. Stackpole, Hal-
lowell; P. P. Getchell, Lewiston.

Company F.—Silas Adams, Waterville; Jno. D. Smith, Minneapolis, Minn.; Horace L. Smith, Weymouth, Mass.

Company G.—O. P. Smart, Alfred Haskell, Charles Jackson,

William Tobey, B. Hanson, C. Call, William Drody, William Jackson, C. H. Nelson, Benjamin Cluer.

Company H.—D. B. Abbott, Clinton; I. C. Hodgdon; F. L. Wells, Togus; S. Brann, Gardiner; R. M. Estes, South Boston, Mass.; W. F. Gerald, Albion; J. Phillips, Holyoke, Mass.; J. Cayford, Oakland; A. Parmiter, Pishon's Ferry; J. D. White, Morrill; Jno. Withee, Madison; F. P. Furber, Clinton; William Leonard, Albion; E. Richards, Benton; J. McKenney, Clinton; C. H. Stewart, Gardiner; J. Jewell, Canaan; C. E. Burrill, Canaan; J. C. Trask, China; Albert Hunter, Clinton; S. H. Abbott, Benton; John T. Walker, Waterville.

Company I.—W. S. Vinal, Vinalhaven; C. B. Vinal, Vinalhaven.

Company K.—E. Campbell, Riggsville; J. Winters, Bath; E. Mitchell, Bath; A. M. Holbrook; H. Knights, Richmond; A. Lawyer, Bath; H. McKenney, Westport; E. Dunton, Bath.

TWENTIETH MAINE REUNION.

The annual reunion of the Twentieth Maine Regiment, which occurred at the Portland Club house, Great Diamond island, August 29, 1895, was a very enjoyable affair for the survivors of this famous regiment, who were so fortunate as to be present.

The time before dinner was spent on the spacious piazzas in renewing old acquaintances, and recalling the stirring events of their war experience.

At seven o'clock the company assembled in the dining room to the number of sixty-five, and were

served with a bountiful dinner by the hostess. The room had been beautifully decorated with flowers, evergreen, Chinese lanterns, and red, white, and blue streamers. At the head of the hall was hung a copy of the old division flag, bearing the red Maltese cross. The tables were also adorned with magnificent bouquets of choice roses, contributed by Comrade Ben. Gribben. Those gathered around the tables were: General and Mrs. J. L. Chamberlain, General John Marshall Brown, Major and Mrs. H. S. Melcher, Major W. H. Green, Commander Department of Maine, G. A. R.: Major C. W. Roberts, President of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment Association: Mrs. H. L. Prince, Misses Ethel and Susie Prince, and Paul Prince, Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Macurda, Mr. and Mrs. Reuel Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew C. Muncy, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Bateman, Captain and Mrs. J. H. Stanwood, Major P. M. Fogler, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Littlefield, Twenty-ninth Maine: Mr. and Mrs. J. E. DeWitt, Mr. E. S. Coan and wife, Miss Beulah Brownell, C. M. Chase, Ira M. Field, A. W. Bradbury, Captain A. E. Fernald, L. A. McGowan, *Argus*: C. T. Buck and son, C. L. Buck, A. B. Latham, B. F. Fairbrother, E. S. Wetherell, Mr. G. W. Reynolds and wife, W. S. Morse, Miss Anna Petersen, Dr. S. A. Bennett, W. D. McKimn, M. F. Verrill, Samuel S. Longley, S. M. Pratt, Cyrus Osborne, S. T. Lowell, J. W.

Morris, W. D. Ring, Wm. Elwell, T. S. Benson, J. S. Hodgdon, Captain Wm. K. Bickford, F. M. Rogers, Irvin Tyler, Joseph Tyler, S. B. Libby, J. C. Rundlett, wife and son, S. T. Farris, John F. Bateman, Asher C. Hinds, representing the Portland *Press*.

During the banquet the Club House orchestra furnished excellent music and at its conclusion, Major H. S. Melcher, President of the Twentieth Maine Association, welcomed the comrades to the reunion, and then introduced the old commander of the Twentieth, General Joshua L. Chamberlain, who was received with hearty applause. General Chamberlain made one of his impressive speeches, in the course of which he said: "The great force which inspired the Northern Soldier was the elevating, and holy inspiration of the home which he had left behind him in the North. The home, with its attachments, its memories, and its loved ones, was the great force behind our armies. For after all, it was our homes for which we were fighting. For it is the institutions for which we then fought that are building up the noble manhood and womanhood of to-day." General Chamberlain referred to an evening which he recently had with General Locke, who said: "That Twentieth Maine of yours was the best regiment I ever saw." General Chamberlain said he had hoped to bring Colonel Merriam with him, but the latter had been unable to remain so long in Maine.

General John Marshall Brown, the first adjutant of the regiment, was introduced next, and received with applause. Although he had not been with the regiment when it earned its great laurels, he said he had a great pride in the achievements of the regiment. This was a double anniversary, for on the day when this regiment was mustered in, thirty-three years ago, a great celebration was held at Popham, to observe the anniversary of the settlement of that spot by the English. He was on the train going to Popham, when he received a telegram signed "Chamberlain," informing him that he had been chosen adjutant. He left the train and returned to Portland. That telegram was now a cherished relic. Speeches followed from Major Fogler of Augusta, and others.

Department Commander Green spoke of the intimate relations existing between the Seventeenth and Twentieth regiments, and the work of the Grand Army.

Major C. W. Roberts spoke in behalf of the Seventeenth Regiment Association.

Letters were read from Captain Howard L. Prince (at which time his son, a stalwart young man, was introduced, and received a round of applause), Charles E. White, Charles H. Mero, Major J. F. Land, J. Wesley Gilman, Charles Powers, Arad Thompson, Merritt Stimson, E. C. Allen, George R. Rich, and a telegram from General Ellis Spear.

The following comrades were ap-

pointed committee on nominations: DeWitt, Stanwood, Wetherell.

The secretary reported names of comrades who had died since last meeting.

President Melcher referred to the matter of regimental history, and was followed by General Chamberlain, E. S. Wetherell, Geo. W. Reynolds, and A. E. Fernald.

Resolved. To choose a committee of five, with power, to take into consideration the preparation of a regimental history.

Committee on nominations reported the following board of officers:

President—Holman S. Melcher.

Vice-President—George W. Reynolds.

Secretary and Treasurer—Sam'l L. Miller.

Resolved. To accept the report of the committee, and to authorize General Chamberlain to cast the vote of the association for the comrades nominated.

Remarks by Captain J. C. Rundlett.

Secretary Miller extended an invitation to the association, to hold its reunion in Waldoboro next year.

Resolved. Unanimously, to accept the invitation.

Resolved. That the thanks of the association be extended to Comrade Gribben for his generous contribution of flowers.

The president announced the following committee on history: J. L. Chamberlain, Ellis Spear, H. L. Prince, S. L. Miller, E. S. Wetherell.

REUNION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD MAINE.

A cool breeze and fair skies greeted the Twenty-third Maine regiment on their reunion August 8, at South Paris. Circulars had been sent to every member known to the committee, and a general invitation had been published in the state and county papers, and as a result at least one hundred Oxford Bears, who had done some growling in old Virginia, were on the ground at South Paris, greeting each other as only those can who have tented on the "old camp ground," or marched through Virginia mud. On the arrival of the train from Auburn and Lewiston, more than one hundred veterans from Oxford county stood in line to greet those from Androscoggin, who came one hundred strong. The line of march from the railroad station was to the public hall, where Captain H. N. Bolster, chairman of the committee in behalf of Company F association, —which held its last reunion at Bethel, and where the first steps were taken to bring about a reunion of the regiment—called the meeting to order with a few well-chosen remarks, and called upon E. T. Luce to act as temporary chairman. Cheer after cheer greeted Colonel Luce as he stood on the platform, straight and erect as when in dress parade in the days of the Rebellion, and made a short and touching speech.

J. H. Barrows, of Bethel, was chosen secretary. On motion of

Captain Bolster, it was voted to organize a Regimental Association and to appoint a committee from each company to perfect the organization. The following committee was appointed: Co. A, F. A. Conant; Co. B, W. L. Grover; Co. C, C. H. Prince; Co. D, H. C. Haskell; Co. E, C. H. Bailey; Co. F, H. N. Bolster; Co. G, A. P. Lamb; Co. H, Amos T. Noyes; Co. I, James White; Co. K, John Atherton. At 11:30 the meeting adjourned to meet at 1:30 at the Methodist church. Dinner was served at 12 o'clock, and about three hundred sat down to tables loaded with good things that the ladies of South Paris know so well how to prepare. A happier company, and one blessed with better appetites, would be hard to find.

At 1:30 o'clock there was a full attendance at the Methodist church, called to order by Colonel Luce, as temporary chairman. A committee of one from each company reported, recommending the regiment organization to be known as The Twenty-third Maine Regiment association. On motion of Captain Prince, it was voted to proceed to the election of officers. Colonel E. T. Luce, of Waltham, was unanimously elected president, and upon taking his seat made a very patriotic and feeling speech. E. F. Goss was elected vice-president; James White, treasurer; and Frank A. Conant, secretary. On motion of

Captain H. N. Bolster, it was voted that the officers elect be the executive committee. By a rising vote the thanks of the association were extended to Co. F, W. K. Kimball post, and the ladies of South Paris for the generous and pleasant manner in which they had been entertained.

It was voted that members from each company report to the secretary, J. H. Barrows. The following members reported present:

Col. E. T. Luce, Waltham, Mass.

Company A. C. C. Lander, Sabastus; W. F. Brown, Auburn; H. B. Rose, East Auburn; A. K. Gilbert, Lewiston; J. M. Jackson, Lewiston; Nathaniel Davis, Auburn; John B. Fowler, Auburn; Geo. B. Beance, Lewiston; John L. Horn, Lewiston; John Shehan, Lewiston; C. W. Brown, Lewiston; Frank A. Conant, Lewiston; Elbridge G. Thomas, Sabastus; R. A. Field, Lewiston; J. D. Merrill, Lewiston; R. Recker, M. D., Lewiston.

Company B. H. Little, Lewiston; W. L. Grover, Harrison; Albert Libby, Harrison; Benj. Neill, Harrison; H. P. Wheeler, Gilead; Eli T. Peabody, Gilead; L. G. Grover, Bethel; J. E. Russell, Hanover; Edward G. Rounds, Norway; Daniel B. Johnson, Norway; Moody McClucas, Brownfield; W. W. Moore, Brownfield; J. L. Bennett, Budgton; Albert Grover, Bethel.

Company C. C. H. Prince, Stephen Heald, Gilbert Wardwell, A. Roberts, Fred Buck, Abel Irish, W. H. Brown, M. Brown, Gilman

Buck, D. Palmer, Edgar Record, Julius Record, M. L. Richardson, Sharon Robinson, James Buck, Os-good Drew, Jacob French, G. Fletcher, David Jordan, Moses Kimball, E. R. Kucelund, W. R. Sewell, S. Stetson, J. Young, Geo. K. Johnson, Freeland Starbird, R. Barrows, W. Bisbee, A. Warren, J. A. Warren, A. Ellis.

Company D. George Wheaton, Azor Bicknell, J. Doris, W. Haskell, Sanford Conant, Calson McKenney, H. T. Conant, J. R. Beance, L. T. Perry, Thaddeus Leavitt, Sherley Merrill, J. S. Ash, B. T. Beals, C. T. Farrar, Gilman Whitman, W. D. Curtis.

Company E. Robert M. Sykes, Auburn; R. E. Rounds, Auburn; David L. Curtis, Auburn; Chas. Keith, West Auburn; F. W. Reed, East Auburn; W. C. Green, Lisbon; James M. Thompson, Sabastus; S. W. Hersey, North Auburn; W. B. Cutter, Sabastus; Geo. Bailey, Auburn; George F. Mellow, Auburn; Thos. Mitchell, Auburn; Harry A. Coffin, Lewiston; D. H. Sawyer, Auburn; C. K. Vickery, Auburn; L. S. Libby, Sabastus; B. R. Durgin, Auburn; Joshua Littlefield, Minot; John Wallace, Lisbon; J. L. Flagg, Auburn; H. H. Bailey, North Auburn; Darius Jordan, Sabastus; Harris Jordan, New Gloucester; Clark Mitchell, Auburn; Augustus Haskell, Turner; J. T. Jordan, Sabastus; W. F. Alexander, Sabastus; W. W. Holmes, North Auburn; S. H. Haskell, Auburn; C. H. Curtis, J. E. Cutter, Riverside, Cal.

Company F.—H. N. Bolster, South Paris; J. H. Abbott, South Paris; S. A. Bolster, Boston, Mass.; J. H. Barrows, Bethel; E. F. Goss, Lewiston; Olcott B. Poor, Andover; E. E. Stevens, Rumford; J. D. Cummings, South Paris; Joseph H. Brown, North Woodstock; John C. Cummings, Auburn; Geo. W. Cole, Paris; J. P. Dumbam, Norway; Charles W. Dunham, West Paris; S. B. Frost, Bethel; W. L. Gray, South Paris; A. K. Jackson, South Paris; Hudson Knight, South Paris; Milton Morton, South Paris; John D. Newton, Andover; J. B. Poland, Machias; Calvin Richardson, Norway; A. J. Smith, Hebron; Chandler Swift, South Paris; Jarvis M. Segar, Lowell, Mass.; John P. Bennett, Rumford; J. M. Virgin, Andover; W. W. Woodis, Greenwood; George E. Walker, Norway; Freedom Young, Norway.

Company G.—A. R. Lamb, Auburn; L. M. Mason, Green; David Woodsom, Mc. Falls; George W. Wagg, Danville; C. M. Goss, Auburn; G. C. Libby, South Danville; W. W. Royal, South Danville; C. L. Thurston, Danville; F. R. Rounds, Danville; C. C. Gorman, Keens Mills; Lucius Davis, Minot; Joseph Tripp, Oxford; Benj. Davis, Sabbath Day Lake; Stephen Bray, Mc. Falls; Green Emery, Bethel; T. G. Downing, Minot; Joseph Goss, Auburn; W. D. Pulsifer, South Auburn; Almond Crooker, Oxford; C. R. Daggett, Green.

Company H.—Amos Noyes, H. B. Kneeland, L. D. Raudall, W. T. Smart, Lorus Lovejoy, E. McKeen,

B. Russell, George Milliken, E. Grove, W. F. Cox, C. Young, L. B. Moody, C. L. Hathaway, W. Garry, Josiah Stearns.

Company I.—James White, C. Brown, S. D. Brown, J. Saunders, H. McQuinnis, T. D. Norris, Tho. Jenkins, J. Fuller, Milton Lasett, W. Tuttle, W. L. Monk, S. Dudley, J. Sumner, Emerson Hill.

Company K.—R. L. Jordan, O. R. Haskell, A. Hill, S. Merrill, A. Page, Joseph Burnell, John Atherton.

At 7:30 o'clock the bugle called, and two hundred soldiers, who had many times obeyed the call in the Sunny South, fell into line and marched to the station to meet Governor Cleaves, who had promised to meet his comrades at the camp fire in the evening. The large hall was packed by 8 o'clock, and many were unable to find seats. The meeting was called to order by Colonel Luce, president of the newly-formed association, and in a happy speech the ball was opened for a camp fire that did credit to the living members of the Twenty-third Maine regiment. On the platform were Rev. J. C. Snow, of Haverhill, Mass.; Rev. C. R. Daggett, of Green; Hon. S. Perham, Governor H. B. Cleaves, Captain Amos Noyes, Captain H. N. Bolster, Captain C. H. Prince, Hon. John P. Swasey, and many others, who, as called upon, spoke words eloquent, patriotic, and instructive to an appreciative audience. It was voted to meet next year, at the call of the executive committee, in Auburn.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH MAINE REUNION.

Gardiner welcomed within her gates August 28, 1895, the comrades of the twenty-fourth Maine Regiment, and bade them enjoy whatever pleasure could be found within her limits. Thirty-three years ago she welcomed the same regiment and was proud of the honor. Then they numbered one thousand men, sturdy sons of Maine, in the prime of life, and eager to go to the front in support of the Union. What a contrast was that visit, when now less than a hundred of them, many with forms bowed by age and locks whitened by the snows of time, meet once more to renew acquaintances long since forgotten, and to live over again in story the days of long ago. But if the city was proud of them in '62, she is doubly so now, and feels that too much honor cannot be accorded to the brave old veterans that they are.

The Twenty-fourth Maine Association is but two years old, and many of its members who were comrades in the days of '62 have forgotten one another completely. At the first reunion but fourteen members were present, hardly enough to complete the list of officers. At the second reunion about thirty appeared, and to-day when they assembled at Grand Army Hall, it was found that there were present about seventy-five. It will thus be seen that the membership is growing, and when the next reunion comes around there will doubtless be an increase.

The business meeting was held this forenoon and was called to order by the president, Edwin Totman. Prayer was offered by Chaplain Benj. F. Ring, and was followed by the election of officers, the following being chosen for the ensuing year:

President—Edwin Totman of Richmond.

Vice-Presidents—C. F. Waldron of Lewiston, A. J. Hooker of Gardiner, and Llewellyn Libby of Albion.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. H. Dudley of Randolph.

Chaplain—Benj. F. Ring, Gardiner.

Executive Committee—J. H. Alexander of Topsham, A. N. Ward of China, and J. S. Hatch of Litchfield.

Committee on Resolutions—Benj. F. Ring, W. H. Dudley, and C. F. Waldron.

The place in which the next reunion will be held was left to the decision of the officers.

At the conclusion of the meeting the comrades adjourned to the dining room of the hall where justice was done to a bountiful feast of good things prepared for them by the comrades of Co. I and the ladies of Heath Relief corps.

At two o'clock the boys took the train on the Kennebec Central for Togus, where they enjoyed a few hours looking over the soldiers' National Home at that place. Supper

was served to them at Grand Army Hall.

At 7:30 o'clock the line was formed at Grand Army Hall and, with the Eagle drum corps at their head, the boys marched down Water street. There were about fifty of them in line and they marched with a firmness and snap that showed that years had not effaced the memory of the training they had received.

A short business meeting was included in the evening's programme, at which it was decided to hold the reunion of 1896 at Pittsfield.

The events of the day concluded with an old-fashioned campfire and

smoke talk, which was enjoyed by a large number of Grand Army men and invited guests. Speeches were made by Comrades S. E. Johnson, G. H. Harrington, and M. C. Wadsworth of this city, and Dr. Pierce of Richmond, and the hours passed pleasantly in social intercourse. The reunion was voted by all present as a grand success.

Among these who attended the reunion from out of the state were: Chas. S. Spaulding of Leeman, Outagamie county, Wis.; Chas. Smart of Rhode Island, and Isaac Cannon of Peabody, Mass., and Dr. G. P. Noyce, Chicago, Ill.

TWENTY-SIXTH MAINE REUNION.

The Twenty-sixth Maine Regimental Association held its tenth annual reunion at Northport Camp-ground, Tuesday, August 13th. The day opened with rain and the forenoon was quite well advanced before the weather became settled, which kept many away. There was, however, a large attendance and the auditorium was well filled. The meeting was called to order by the President, Fred S. Walls, who made brief opening remarks, followed by remarks by H. R. Dawson and music by Mrs. E. S. Pitcher.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and showed the association to be in good condition. The Necrologist's report showed ten deaths since the last

report, as follows: Capt. Thos. Rogers, Edward Eaton, Mrs. Chaplain Bowker, Jas. L. Sawyer, Levi S. Brown, N. B. Sargent, Reuben P. Perkins, John H. Gardner, Nathan Shaw, and James McGown.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—John S. Fuller, Rockport.

Vice-Presidents—Co. A, A. W. Fletcher; B, Charles Baker; C, John F. Whitcomb; D, Simeon J. Treat; E, Stephen Tripp; F, James L. Kellar; G, Ansel Wadsworth; H, Geo. W. Blodgett; I, Fred Barker; K, Joshua W. Black.

Secretary—Daniel W. Billings, Swanville.

Treasurer—A. F. Clark, Belfast.

Executive committee—Simeon J.

Treat, Rockport: S. T. Conant, Camden: Samuel Ayres, Camden: J. S. Fuller, Rockport: D. W. Billings, Swanville.

Finance committee—Charles T. Knight, Northport: Isaac Cook, Monroe: Geo. W. Morse, Belmont.

The committee on By-Laws reported a code for the Association and R. G. Dyer was made a committee to have 1,000 copies of the same printed.

Voted to hold the next reunion at Rockport, September 10, 1896.

Voted to make the yearly dues 25 cents per member.

An hour was taken for dinner, which was partaken of at the hotel, at cottages, or from the lunch baskets, as each preferred.

The afternoon session was opened with music by Mrs. Pitcher, followed by remarks by F. S. Walls in relation to Regimental history. He stated that members would be supplied with blanks on which to answer the following questions:

Name in full, where born, age, residence and occupation when enlisted, married or single, rank, wounded when and where, sick when and where, mustered out when and where, married when and where, number boys, number girls, resided where, present post-office address, age now, died when and where, where buried. Remarks.

Comrades who do not receive such a blank should write to the Secretary for one, and any comrade knowing of a recently deceased comrade should fill one out for him.

It is hoped by this means to get a complete roster of the regiment.

Mr. Black then read by request a poem read at the reunion at Camden in 1888.

D. O. Bowen gave a sketch of some of the vicissitudes of a soldier's life as recalled by the poem.

L. C. Morse stated that he was one of six brothers, five of whom were in the army, four in the 26th Maine, all living to-day, and three present at this reunion.

Miss Cora E. Eames read the favorite poem, "John Burns of Gettysburg," and received hearty applause.

Captain Ansel Wadsworth read a touching and patriotic letter from Colonel Philo Hersey, now of Santa Clara, California.

Captain Fred Barker of Elmira, N. Y., made brief but eloquent remarks which went to the hearts of his hearers.

Captain A. E. Clark spoke very briefly, and Captain A. W. Fletcher and Charles Baker were called upon but were not in the hall at the time. Miss Eames was again called upon to read the following poem, written by Miss Emily J. Brown of Belfast, October 24, 1862:

TO THE TWENTY-SIXTH MAINE REGIMENT.

They have left their own loved hearthstones
Mid the pine-clad hills of Maine,
They have parted with the dear ones
They may never meet again.
Mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts,
Children, many a happy band
They have left behind to wait them
In this pleasant northern land.

We shall miss them, we shall miss them
As the autumn passes by.

We shall miss them yet as sadly
When the winter draweth nigh.
With yearning at our heartstrings
And the bright lamp of remembrance
Never, never 'l cease to burn.

'Tis a good cause they have entered
Striving treason's wrath to quell,
May the ever-powerful guide them
Mid the flying shot and shell.
And to every name may glory
Its own shining seal affix,
And once more to dear New England
May we greet thee, Twenty-Sixth.

Mrs. Julia G. McKean read an original and patriotic essay on "The Growth of the Stars and Stripes," which was greeted with hearty applause.

Miss Charlotte T. Sibley, "the grand-daughter of the Regiment," was the next speaker and in her inimitable style held the close atten-

tion of the audience. She spoke first of the soldiers of the various nations met with in her recent tour in the East, comparing them with our own soldiers. Then, comparing our country with theirs, she spoke of the great past, the greater present, and the grand future before us. "America," she said, "is queen among the nations." Her remarks were interspersed with witty and pertinent stories and she was frequently interrupted by applause.

A vote of thanks was passed to Misses Sibley and Eames, Mrs. McKean and Mrs. Pitcher, and the meeting closed with the hymn "America" by Mrs. Pitcher, in which the audience joined.

THE FIRST, TENTH, AND TWENTY-NINTH MAINE REGIMENTS.

At a business meeting of First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Maine Regiments at Portland in their regimental building, August 8th, the following officers were elected:

President—Almon L. Goss of Lewiston.

Vice Presidents—Ivory W. Emerson of Lewiston; Charles Harris, Saco; J. Frank Bradbury, Norway; P. Wells Stoneham, Portland.

Historian—Edward H. Sawyer of Boston.

Secretary and Treasurer—John M. Gould of Portland.

Commissary—R. Greeley of Portland.

Chaplain—Rev. F. Starbird of West Farmington.

Surgeon—Dr. Josiah F. Day of Alfred.

Executive committee—Charles H. Frost, Charles R. Burg, Benj. M. Redlon of Portland.

The feature of the reunion was the dedication of the cottage of the ladies' auxiliary.

REUNION OF THE THIRTY SECOND MAINE.

The annual reunion of the Thirty Second Maine Regiment Association occurred Wednesday, at the building of the First Pentth, Twenty ninth association at Long Island, Portland Harbor. There was a large attendance of veterans with their wives and children. There were four deaths during the year. Dr. Henry S. B. Smith of Middleborough, Mass., a native of Bridgton and graduate of Bowdoin, and Joel H. Little of Bremen, Me., James I. Meserve of Centre Lovell, and Loren C. D. Hobbs of Norway. It was voted almost unanimously to meet at Rumford next year.

The officers elected were: President Benjamin Swasey of Rumford Falls. Vice President Jerry C. Brackett of Lewiston, Charles P. Burr of Auburn. Secretary E. C. Milliken of Portland. Treasurer John Ham of Lewiston. Executive committee Winfield S. Howe of Hanover, Forest E. Bisbee of Auburn, Hiram Conant of Buckfield and the President and Secretary ex officio. Historian Henry C. Houston of Portland.

FAVORITE POEMS OF THE WAR

"HEXANDROM"

- "O Auntie, I've been to that wonderful play
The play on the war, you know,
Where Sheridan rides on his coal black steed
Right into the face of the foe.
- "'Twas the jolliest fun that ever I saw,
And Dick, who was by my side,
Said, 'Daisy, I'd give—what wouldn't I give,
To be off on such a ride!"
- "And, Auntie, I wish it was war times now,
With the rush and the cannon's roar,
And Lincoln calling for volunteers
'Three hundred thousand more!"
- Then Daisy touched the piano keys,
To the tune of a double quick,
As she thought of Sheridan's famous ride,
And her youthful lover, Dick,
- But Auntie's face had a look of pain,
And her lips grew strangely white,
As she thought of her sweetheart, tender and true,
Who died in Sheridan's fight.

HELEN M. GLOVE

IN MEMORIAM.

BENJAMIN GILES MERRY.

Major Merry was born at Edgecombe, Me., January 7, 1834, and died at Stillwater, Minn., March 27, 1865, after a painful illness which baffled medical skill.

At the outbreak of the late rebellion he was studying dentistry, but promptly surrendered his aims in that profession and entered the service of the nation as a private in Company G, Twenty first Regiment, Maine Volunteer Infantry, on August 23, 1862.

On September 2, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of the same company, and on September 10, 1862, was promoted to Major in the same regiment.

He was discharged on expiration of service, August 25, 1863. On October 20, 1863, he re-entered the service as Captain of Company B, Second Maine Volunteer Cavalry, and was discharged December 6, 1865, his "services being no longer required."

He leaves surviving him a son Charles William Merry and a widow, both residing at Stillwater, Minn.

Company records in the possession of the family show that as Captain he was frequently sent out on important expeditions while in the field, and exercised independent command at times, operating against the enemy, and at one time captured quite a force of the enemy.

After being mustered out of the service at the close of the war he returned to his old home and completed his course of studies which had been interrupted by the outbreak of hostilities.

In 1868 he removed to Stillwater, Minn., where he has since resided, and during his residence at that place he prosecuted his profession of dentistry with great success.

Companion Merry was universally esteemed as a man of solid attainments in his profession, genuine patriotism, strict integrity, a good citizen and neighbor, and of steadfast loyalty to himself, his family and friends, as well as country. His long service during the war and his undeviating life of exemplary citizenship all marked him as a representative citizen, and one whose loss must be deeply felt by the community.

Undoubtedly, this last "muster out" has been another "promotion."

J. N. SEARLES,

SAM'L BLOOMER,

P. G. C. MERRILL,

Committed.

GENERAL DANIEL WHITE.

General Daniel White, who was for many years a prominent figure in the military service of Maine and in political and business circles of Bangor, died in Boston, November 24, 1865, at the age of sixty-seven years. General White was

born in Winterport in 1828. At the out-break of the war he immediately took part in the preparations for the country's defense, and from the first to the last of the Rebellion, his record was one distinguished for ability and bravery. On December 16, 1861, he was commissioned Captain of Company I, Second Maine Regiment of volunteers, serving in that capacity until June 10, 1863. On March 2, 1864, he was commissioned as Captain of Company A, Thirty-first Maine Volunteers; on April 29, 1864, as major, and on July 1 of the same year as colonel. At about this time he was captured by the rebels and was held a prisoner until the following winter.

On March 13, 1865, he was made brevet brigadier general, and on July 21 of that year received his discharge. On May 28, 1870, General White was elected captain of the Jameson Guards, now Company G, Second Regiment, N. G. S. M. On April 11, 1873, he became lieutenant colonel of First Regiment of Infantry, M. V. M., old organization, which disbanded on June 16, 1880. On July 1, 1880, he became colonel of the Second Regiment of Infantry, M. V. M., which position he resigned on July 15, 1881. The G. A. R. post at Kenduskeag is named for him.

CHARLES B. MCCAUSELAND.

Lieutenant Charles B. McCauseland of the Brookline police department, died at his residence, Brook-

line, Nov. 17, 1895, as a result of injuries received by falling from his bicycle while coasting down a steep hill two hours previous.

He was one of the most popular officers in the vicinity of Boston. Was known throughout the state as a particularly efficient and fearless man.

Was born in Winslow, Me., 1840. Came to Brookline as a small boy. He enlisted in the First Massachusetts Regiment, May, 1861. In the summer of 1862, severely wounded at Fredericksburg, was forced to leave the service.

After returning from the war, Mr. McCauseland learned the trade of a mason, which he followed until he entered the police force as patrolman November, 1875. As mounted officer, he displayed much bravery and skill in stopping runaway horses. In 1892 was made lieutenant. He leaves a wife and a son.

HEZEKIAH LONG.

Lieutenant Hezekiah Long died at Stoughton, Mass., November, 26th, 1895, aged seventy-one years.

Lieutenant Long was born in Gorham, Me., October 21st, 1824. When he was about four years old his parents moved to Thorndike, Me. At the age of twenty he went to Belfast and learned the trade of ship carpenter. In 1859, he moved to Thomaston, where he was employed as watchman in the state prison.

July 31, 1862, he enlisted, and his company was assigned as Company I, Twentieth Maine Regiment, which was mustered into the U. S. service August 29, 1862. In the organization of his company he was made Fourth Sergeant and for a time carried the colors of the regiment. He was promoted to First Sergeant of Company F, and in December, 1864, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant of the same company, and was mustered out with his regiment, June 24, 1865. Soon after the war Lieutenant Long was appointed keeper of the light at White Head where he remained nearly ten years. In 1875, he went to Canton, Mass. In 1890, he purchased a place in Stoughton, where he resided till his death.

EDWIN EMERY.

Edwin Emery, a well-known educator and member of the firm of Lawrence Grinnell & Co., insurance agents, died Saturday evening, Sept. 28, 1895, after a brief illness.

Mr. Emery was born in Sanford, Me., in 1836. After graduating from Bowdoin college, he served as principal of the high schools in Gardiner and Belfast, Me., Great Falls, N. H., Southbridge and Northbridge (Whitinsville), Mass., resigning the latter position in 1877 to become instructor of cadets on board the revenue marine schoolship *J. C. Dobbin*.

During the Rebellion, he served in Company F, Seventeenth Maine

Infantry, being promoted to Second Lieutenant for bravery on the field. At the time of his death, he was Junior Vice Commander of Post 190, G. A. R.

DAVID P. SPROUL.

David P. Sproul peacefully passed away at his home in the town of Bristol, on the 29th day of August, 1895, aged fifty-five years, and was buried with fraternity honors by members of Harlow Dunbar Post. Comrade David P. Sproul was born in the town of Bristol, Me. He enlisted September 10, 1862, in the War of the Rebellion and served in Company I, Twenty-first Regiment of Maine Volunteers, from which he was discharged August 25th, 1863, by reason of the expiration of his term of service. He was a member of Harlow Dunbar Post, No. 59, G. A. R.

JOHN T. ALLEN.

At Centreville, Me., September 9, 1895, of cancer of the stomach, John T. Allen, Company F, Twentieth Maine, died, aged sixty-six years. Comrade Allen was a man of ability and integrity, and respected by all who knew him. He was a member of the state legislature in 1867. His funeral was largely attended, the comrades of Hiram Burnham Post, of which he was a member, assisting at the ceremonies.

CAPTAIN EDMUND E. TITUS.

Captain Titus, who was well known as a master mariner along

this coast, died at the Boston Homeopathic Hospital, December 9th, 1895, of Bright's disease. He enlisted in Company G, Thirty-first Maine Volunteers, and served until the muster out of the organization July 15th, 1865. In the spring campaign of Lee's surrender, he was on detached duty as a mounted orderly for General Griffin, and on the 2d day of April while carrying an order he was thrown by his horse and severely injured. This injury caused him great suffering during all his life and was undoubtedly the actual cause of his death. He left a wife and two children.

GIDEON TOWER.

Gideon Tower died at his home in Camden, November 5th, 1895, at the age of sixty-seven. He was born in Lincolnville and at the breaking out of the rebellion he

enlisted in Company G, Twenty-sixth Maine Infantry. After serving his time he re-enlisted in Company B, First Maine Cavalry, and served until the muster out of the regiment. After the close of the war he moved to Camden, where he took charge of Carlton & Norwood's lime kiln, now Carlton & Pascal's. He was a faithful employee there for twenty-five years, and won the respect and kind feelings of all. He was a charter member of the George S. Cobb Post of Camden and a deeply beloved comrade. Though a great sufferer Mr. Tower always met his many friends with sunny smiles and cheerful greetings. He leaves a second wife, two daughters, Mrs. Wilder Irish of Rockland and Mrs. Harry Dailey of this place; two sons, Charles and Alonzo, and one sister, Mrs. Ann Libbey of New York.

ECHOES.

PRISONER APRIL 9, 1865.

John Clouser, late of Company F, First Maine Cavalry, 219 16th St., Philadelphia, Penn., writes:

You desire to know how my capture came about on the morning of the 9th of April. It was caused by my wind giving out, "asthmatic bronchitis." I stumbled, and fell. I was captured shortly after the rally and advance to the top of the elevation which we had just come

over, and fought until we were ordered to retreat. You mention in *BUGLE* for January, 1893, "ravine." I suppose that is what I have always called level land: there were two ditches running down that ravine, and in jumping over the last one I fell. That which on the maps looks to me like a bunch of trees, is where we rallied and fought. I lay quiet until the rebels passed over me. I turned my head just as an old reb was passing: he

saw me and said, "Hullo, Yank, what's the matter?" I told him "I was played out," and I sat up. "Can't you walk?" "I will try," and we walked slowly on after the rebel lines of battle. A rebel artillery officer came up, and wanted to know what regiment I belonged to. I told him "First Maine Cavalry." "How many men in the regiment?" "I don't know." "Where is the infantry?" "Have n't seen an infantryman for three days." "We have got you this time." I kept quiet, but wondered if he meant myself only or the cavalry. The man that had me in charge asked him what he should do with me. "Shoot him," he said, but the old fellow told me he would not do anything so cowardly. Shortly after that, three cavalry men came up, called a halt, and proceeded to rob me of my revolver, and a ten dollar note. I had on a straw hat which I had captured at Farmville, two days before, marked one hundred dollars which they took, and from their actions I thought my time had come, but for the old man. Shortly after that we about faced, and I was not long finding out the cause. They did not have us but we had them. When we came to a halt I tried to get something to eat, as we had left everything on the horses the night before but carbines and ammunition. But they did not have enough for themselves so I lay down and went to sleep, woke up, heard of the surrender, was turned over into our lines, and found my company next night. I am very

glad to know you are among the living, as you have been in my mind's eye for over thirty years in the ten days "go as you please," after Lee.

FOURTH MAINE BATTERY CAPTURED.

Peter Hurd who officiates as clerk for Bartlett & Cairns at the Fletcher store, Skowhegan, conceived the idea of holding an impromptu reunion of the Fourth Maine Battery of which he was a member. This was occasioned by the presence in town of two non-residents, Messrs. Powers of Pittsfield and Foss of Harmony. The two members who reside in town, Marion Mills and Mark Harville, together with Messrs. Powers and Foss met with Peter at the store last evening, and after discussing the merits of his coffee, and the substantial lunch which he had provided, they lit their pipes, and sat down to rehearse the old tales and reminiscences of the war. As the effects of the coffee began to be felt they waxed warm and enthusiastic, and were carried back to their days of strife so realistically, that when a party of their friends, disguised as Johnny Rebs, marched in on them, armed with muskets, and demanded their surrender they did so without any parley whatever. Then prisoners and captors sat down to a jolly good time, and spent an evening which will be remembered very pleasantly.

TOBIE'S HISTORY.

C. A. Partridge of Waukegan,

Ill., late of the Ninety-sixth Illinois Veteran Infantry, writes :

I want to express to you my high appreciation of the history of the First Maine Cavalry, which you so kindly sent in exchange for my history of the Ninety-sixth Illinois Veteran Infantry. Comrade Tobie is deserving of high praise for the admirable manner in which he carried out his work. I can appreciate better than many others the great labor bestowed by him in editing such a volume. I think that I have always understood the heroic services of our cavalry better than most comrades. I have always felt that the individuality of the soldier counted for more in the mounted service than with the infantryman. Your history confirms that belief. The book is a rare one, "in matter and manner." I have read it almost every page, and found more to commend, and less to criticise than in any other of the sixteen or eighteen regimental histories in my library. Again let me thank you for the courtesy of the exchange, "unsight and unseen." In most of my exchanges I have felt that I gave more than I got, but in this case I am more than satisfied.

I ENJOYED THEM.

John O. Winship of Cleveland, O., late of Company A, Fifth Maine Infantry, writes :

Your package of bound volumes of the BUGLE, and history came in due time, and I assure you I enjoyed them very much. They are

an elegant set of books, and the contents are particularly interesting to me because of my personal acquaintance with so large a number of your regiment. It brings back again those pleasant associations to me vividly. There are several members of the Sixth Ohio Cavalry in my Grand Army Post, and their admiration for the old First Maine is almost equal to that of the members of the regiment itself.

NO MIDDLE NAME.

Bradley Smith, Companies G and A, Ninth Maine Infantry of San Jose, Cal., writes :

I have no middle name. I am the only Bradley Smith ever enlisted in the Ninth Maine Regiment. The error occurred after I left Co. "G," and I think not before the reports of 1865. Some sergeant in making report thinking my name would look better parted in the middle, inserted the letter "R," and it got to the adjutant-general's office in that way. It's a nice letter, it means republican, "one of whom I am." Still as my people were too poor to give me a middle name, and I am too poor to support one, please omit.

WISH TO BE COUNTED IN.

Captain A. H. Keene, late of Company E, Fourteenth Maine Infantry, of Whitman, Mass., writes :

To-day's mail brought me a copy of the MAINE BUGLE. As requested I sign and return enrollment blank, and wish to be counted in the Maine Association. I left my old

regiment, the Fourteenth, in the summer of 1863, while in the "Department of the Gulf;" was mustered out as second lieutenant to enable me to accept an appointment as captain in the Eleventh Corps d'Afrique, afterwards Eighty-third U. S. C. T.; later I was assigned to the One Hundred and Ninth U. S. C. T. in the Army of the James. I left the service in Texas, March, 1866, and engaged in farming in my native town, Atkinson, Piscataquis county. In 1872 I left Maine, engaging in business in Massachusetts. For the past eight years I have made my home in North Dakota. Though separated far from my old comrades of the Fourteenth I have not forgotten them, and I am now looking forward to the next regimental reunion as an occasion when I may again meet some of them. I appreciate the desire to perpetuate the valiant deeds of Maine's brave boys in the War of the Rebellion. Should it be in my power to aid in any way so worthy a cause I shall be very glad to do so.

CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA, SEPTEMBER, 13, 1863.

S. A. Clark, Company F, First Vermont Cavalry, of Willow Lake, South Dakota, writes,—

In sounding my first call on the BUGLE's pages, it may be well to commence with an entertainment in which all the cavalry, "Army of the Potomac," had a hand. While no two persons see the same thing from near the same standpoint, how

much more lee way must one give to different divisions? I can speak only from the point of Kilpatrick's Division. My keynote will be the cavalry advance on Culpepper Court-House, Virginia, September 13, 1863. After the Gettysburg campaign things were practically quiet for a while, but by September 13, 1863, General Meade commanding the army considered the men sufficiently rested and refitted to again commence offensive operations. The cavalry corps, under the command of General Pleasanton, were the first put in motion to clear the obstructions from the path of the infantry. The divisions were commanded by Buford, Gregg, and Kilpatrick, and numbered on this fine fall morning upwards of ten thousand sabres. The line of march was to the Rappahannock river at Kelly's Ford and the two upper fords.

Previous to this time rumors had reached General Meade by scouts and otherwise that General Jeb Stuart with the Confederate cavalry were at Culpepper and intended to have a review of his troops September 13, or, at least, this was the current camp rumor. This, then, was the cause of our early start on that morning, so as to be present also. General Stuart had invited General Lee to witness the movements of his troops who he considered could whip the world. He had not invited us to his entertainment, but he ought not to complain if we graced the occasion with our presence. General Lee said to

Stuart. "Agreeable to your request I came up to see your troops and have also brought our friends along," pointing to Longstreet's Corps of Infantry approaching.

The day was clear and refreshing. The column crossed the river at Kelly's Ford and the fords above, the three divisions uniting at Brandy Station. The country around Brandy Station was open and well calculated for a cavalry display. At Brandy Station the enemy's cavalry was found and they straightway began an opposition to our advance. Gregg's and Buford's Divisions were sent further to the right, Kilpatrick's Division taking the extreme left. Our column at once threw out a line of carbines deployed and were supported by a long line of mounted men with drawn sabres. The enemy met our skirmishers with skirmishers and further back artillery; they were largely outnumbered and were obliged to retire. Had Stuart not been informed of our approach by his friends in and around Brandy Station it might have been a serious review for him, but being informed of our movements he moved his train and artillery back before our arrival.

In the line of advance on Culpeper Kilpatrick's Division had the left and Custer's Brigade the extreme left. As we came out in full view of the field the other divisions were seen curling around Culpeper to our right, each division straining every nerve to be first at the Court House. We saw a long

line of dismounted cavalry behind a fence, and supported by artillery, to guard a train of cars about to start for Orange Court House. Kilpatrick ordered Custer to charge the train. Custer never needed a second word when such work was to be done, and struck out boldly at the head of his men, but an overflowed creek, with a muddy, miry bottom, prevented carrying out his design on the train. After floundering in the mud a short time Custer then led his men, the First Vermont and Second New York, dashing into the town, capturing three guns of Thompson's Battery. The Vermonters occupied a knoll on the south side of the village, under a lively artillery fire, then, by order of General Custer, attacked the enemy along the Orange Court House road. Two companies were sent forward to the right, dismounted, and engaged the enemy's skirmishers, while four companies charged the enemy.

The fighting was most lively and somewhat protracted. The Second New York had been once repulsed by the enemy, but rallied and charged with the First Vermont, the two regiments driving the enemy from the road into the woods, under cover of his artillery. General Custer, who led the first charge, was slightly wounded by an exploding shell, but kept at his work during the day. The enemy had us in check until he removed the balance of his artillery, when a third charge of the First Vermont forced the enemy in full retreat.

Nightfall checked the pursuit. The working of the other divisions was lost to our view owing to our undivided attention to the village. No doubt their experience was very much like ours. The infantry followed us up and General Meade established his head-quarters at Culpepper.

The next morning the cavalry was again put in motion and advanced to the Rapidan. Custer at noon reached Raccoon Ford, where he found a strong force on the opposite bank. The cavalry were the eyes of the army, and at all times on the move, in front and rear, whichever way the army might be moving. The stay of the army at Culpepper was not very long and the Brandy Station cavalry fight was the result of the backward movement. Of Brandy Station we may speak later.

I SHALL BE THERE.

H. S. Cole of Fergus Falls, Minn., late captain of Company A, First Maine Cavalry, writes,—

Enclosed please find P. O. order for four dollars to apply on my account for *BUGLE*. I read it with great pleasure and would like to meet once more with the First Maine Cavalry. Am going to try and meet with you next year. Hope to see some of the regiment in St. Paul next summer at the encampment. I shall be there.

Wish you a happy New Year.

EXCELLENT WORK.

N. F. Carter, librarian of the

New Hampshire Historical Society, writes,—

Would like complete sets of the *BUGLE*, if to be had. You are doing excellent work in the publication.

RIGHT HARD FIGHTING.

General Edward W. Whitaker of Washington, D. C., late of the First Connecticut Cavalry, writes,—

I desire to call Colonel Newhall's attention to some errors in his account, "With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign." He fails to do full justice to Custer and his division of cavalry, as have all writers on that campaign. A reader of his article fails to get a correct idea of the desperate fighting at Appomattox Station, by which Custer alone captured twenty-five pieces of artillery and gained the pike late in the night, alone cutting off Lee's retreat toward Lynchburg and holding it while fighting forces of the enemy on the pike in both directions, east and west. Confederate Colonel Boykim of South Carolina, published a book in which he tells about some of our charges on the guns. There was no rollicking, "reckless" riding that night, but downright hard fighting, dismounted in the woods in the dark, against artillery well supported by infantry.

BLOW THE BUGLE.

Edward Schutte, of 101 Mott St., New York city, late of the Thirtieth Massachusetts Infantry, writes,—

Blow the *BUGLE* right along as

usual, as I look for and read each issue with the greatest pleasure and enjoyment in vivid remembrance of the old days when campaigning as a part of the old Army of the Potomac.

Extract from the muster roll of Company B, Second Regiment Maine Cavalry :

January 26, 1865, Captain Merry and thirty-seven men of Company B went to Milton on a scout and returned the next day. February 12, Captain Merry with twenty men of Company B went in pursuit of a rebel who escaped through our lines. They marched thirty-six miles and returned the next day. February 22, Captain Merry with thirty-two men of Company B and a detachment from the other companies of the regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Spurling, started on an expedition to Milton. Captain Merry, in command of two hundred and fifty dismounted men, marched eighteen miles to a rebel camp, which they charged, capturing nineteen prisoners. They returned to camp February 25, 1865. They also captured thirty horses. This was the only muster roll I have been able to find; the most of his army papers were destroyed by accident.

Frank H. Hinkley of Minnesota's Soldiers' Home, late of Company D, First Maine Cavalry, writes.—

I will drop you a line to let you know where I am. I came into the Home three weeks to-morrow. My eyes are very weak: by spells I

can see hardly anything. I have had good health ever since I wrote you last. I was with Captain Allen then; I left him in July and went to farming up to Fergus Falls. I went out of the Home a year ago last April, on a furlough, but my eyes got so bad I thought I would come to the Home this winter. This is a nice place to be in cold weather. I have seen Captain H. S. Cole very often this summer. I expect my pension soon, and if I get it I am coming to Maine. I want to see my old commander and comrades once more if I live long enough.

Captain Martin V. Moore of Auburn, Ala., writes.—

I was a private in Company D, First North Carolina Regiment (Cavalry). After the campaign referred to in Mr. Rea's interesting paper in the April number of the *BUGLE*, I was given a captain's commission and assigned to staff duty in the West under General Wheeler, acting with the Sixth North Carolina Cavalry: was afterwards transferred to local duty on the coast of North Carolina, surrendering with General Johnston near Greensboro. The different commands to which I was attached during the war frequently encountered the cavalry from Maine. I have an intimate and dear friend in North Carolina, the Honorable Clinton A. Cilley (formerly from New Hampshire), whom you may know and to whom you are doubtless related, whose command, a

Federal regiment, fought my regiment at Chickamauga, Ga.

UNDER FIRE.

Captain Moore further writes,—

I was very much interested in Mr. Rea's article in the April number. I have very vivid recollections of the event he so graphically and truly portrays, and especially of the bridge burning, in which I was the conspicuous *quorum pars*. Doubtless some of your Maine readers were also present on the other side, for it occurred to me at the time that all the Federal cavalry of the whole army was there in my front (something besides distance occasionally magnifies the view,—if not lending enchantment)!

There are some events in connection with that bridge burning which have never been made public. I shall never forget General Stuart's parting words to me when he ordered me forward in the discharge of the perilous duty. I had an idea that he thought I might never get back to our lines remaining drawn up in full view and awaiting my actions. The general rode down with me to a point within some three or four hundred yards of the river. We knew each other quite well, and he was always lively and chatty when occasion would permit. Without any halt in our rapid ride he touched my hand in a warm good-bye. "Don't fire the bridge," said he, "until you have waited at the eastern end and satisfied yourself that none of our boys are on the enemy's side of the river. Let us not cut them

off. Wait till you see the very whites in the eyes of the 'blue coats,' and then burn, and save yourself if you can. Good-bye. Be a good boy, and God bless you!" And then he wheeled, waving a hand at me as I looked over my shoulder; and as the distance between us grew more rapidly, he going back to our lines and I down towards the bridge, through the open field, I felt the necessity of his pious benediction, "God bless you!" In all my thinking and writing about the event since I have never disconnected from it the divine favor and mercy. It occurred to me that a wagon load of balls went whistling harmlessly about me as I rode back triumphantly to our lines.

In the fight in the streets of Middletown, the advance of the Federal cavalry gave us much worry. Among the casualties were two officers in my regiment, struck with pistol shots, one of the men, Captain Silver, disabled for life. Lieutenant B. R. Brown of my company was hit with a pistol ball. A number of us emptied our pistols in the faces of the Federal advanced cavalry. I was one of the men who assisted in carrying General Young from the field after he was wounded later on in the evening. Mr. Rea speaks of this incident. Just before sundown, and while we were cheering over the dispatch from Jackson announcing the surrender of Harper's Ferry, we were shelled most furiously by some of the Federal batteries which

had gotten within range. At the time we thought we were safely ensconced in a dense wood on the mountain side several miles to the south west of Middletown. The result was an immediate "change of our base," and a swift move around to Harper's Ferry, where we arrived in time to share in a division of the spoils of Jackson's victory there.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. ROSS.

Captain William L. Ross of the Sixty-fourth New York Infantry, who married a Maine lady, and was present at our state reunion at Camp Benson, gives the following incidents of his service in the campaign of Lee's surrender:

"Towards night of the 17th of April, 1865, thinking from the movements of the enemy that the Union troops had advanced from Farmville as he expected, General Humphreys made an attack with three regiments of Miles's division, but our forces at Farmville had not been able to cross and make a supporting move, and our men were repulsed. Nightfell, Barlow's division having come up the river late in the day." Colonel Glenn, in his address, referred to an experience of this day as follows: While slowly following up the retreating rebels, all of a sudden they opened a battery on our marching column, and took the brigade bugler's head off with a cannon ball. General Miles came riding speedily down the line inquiring excitedly, "Where's the Sixty-fourth New York?" When answered promptly, Here,

he ordered it to charge upon the battery, which it did, and gained possession of it: but not being followed by support, had to yield it, with a loss to our command of fourteen men killed and wounded, two of them commissioned officers, one of whom was the lamented young Captain Darby.

At the time we were ordered to charge upon that piece of artillery, the enemy's main line was located in front of us, with first an open field, and then a wood between us and them, and the gun lay directly before us in an opening in this wood. We scaled a fence, and formed a line on the edge of a wood near by, and then marched in line of battle across the field: as we neared the rebel woods, we charged upon the artillery and Company "G" men being directly in front of the opening were the first to reach the battery: as the colonel says, we were obliged to yield it up at once, for, as we reached the top of the hill, and put our hands upon the piece, we discovered the enemy behind their works, rising up and firing a heavy volley upon us, killing and wounding many, and causing the rest of us to retreat pell mell down that hill, some throwing themselves upon the ground and rolling down to get out of range of the musketry. Reaching the foot of the hill, we were scattered, and the balance of the regiment had moved off on our right. I stopped to rally the remaining men, and then discovered that the enemy had cut us off by a flank movement

through the woods, and simultaneously with this discovery I found a number of muskets levelled at me, and was ordered to surrender. Daniel W. Bates, sergeant Company "A," who stood next me, turned to escape, but was shot dead at my side. Discretion seemed to be the better part of valor, and with eight or more others of the regiment I was taken prisoner. I was relieved not only of my sword, but also of watch and money. My disappearance from the regiment led at first to the supposition that I had been killed, and this accounts for the colonel's reference in his address to a second officer's death at the time that poor Darby was killed.

. . . . After being taken prisoners on the 7th, we were taken to the rear, and turned over to the provost-marshal who, I think, was a colonel of a Georgia regiment. There were a thousand or so of Union prisoners, who had been taken from time to time by Lee's army since the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond; among the number was Brigadier-general Irving J. Gregg of Sheridan's cavalry, also nearly an entire regiment, with the colonel, from the Second Division. As we gathered together comparing notes, we heard heavy firing at what we might call the extreme right of Lee's line, and our extreme left. We could there see Union cavalry, which we took to be Crook's, ride up and drive the enemy back. A bullet from our own forces at that time struck an officer in the body of prisoners, and

we were hurried out of this position, and taken to the center of the circle (as Lee was now almost surrounded) and placed for safe keeping in a cut in the road, with an embankment on either side for shelter. The circle was so close that Union bullets struck the banks on either side of the road bed. While in this position, the road being not over twenty feet wide, General Lee passed along to the front of the line and back again, being accompanied by a single courier. After dark when the firing had ceased, we were moved to a clump of trees near at hand, and hoped we were to have a night's rest there, but at ten or eleven o'clock we were quietly moved on with a close guard, being carefully examined to make sure we had nothing like dippers or canteens about us that would rattle. We marched all night, and the greater part of the next day and night. During the night of the 8th, we were suspicious that something was wrong with the Confederate army, as we seemed to march and counter-march over the same ground. At last we came to a halt in a clump of woods, and we awaited no instructions from our guard, but dropped off at once into the sleep of exhaustion.

On the morning of the 9th, the sun was well up when one of the officers with whom I had marched the day before, woke me, saying something was up, as the guards were allowing the officers to stroll off down the road, and go almost

anywhere as long as they kept within sight of the guard. That forenoon we skirmished about for news. The provost-marshal informed us that it was rumored General Lee was about to surrender to General Grant or, as he termed it, to General Meade's army. That afternoon we were informed by him that General Lee had surrendered, and we were then and there parolled, and permitted to return to our respective commands, if haply we could find them. It was impossible to get definite information as to where the Second Army Corps lay. We went by way of General Sheridan's head quarters, and our committee of three was pleasantly received by the brave "General Phil," who asked many questions as to the condition of Lee's army as we had seen it, and then directed us to march to General Grant's head-quarters, which we reached at ten o'clock that night. We there learned that we had been traveling directly away from the Second Corps, which we could not hope to reach that night. We were tired and hungry, but secured nothing better than a mirage of promises by way of supper, and went to sleep in a drizzling rain. When, next day, we received permission to return, we did so. The Confederate army formed a circle encompassed by the Union army lying about in a larger circle. Our march took us from a point on the outer line straight across the Confederate circle at two points, and on the Union lines on the further side.

We reached the regiment head-quarters at about dark on the 10th.

COL. A. C. HAMLIN'S HISTORY OF
THE ELEVENTH CORPS AT CHAN-
CELLORSVILLE.

At the annual meeting of the Association, on the evening of the 19th of December, 1895, Col. A. C. Hamlin, the Corps Historian, presented to the Association his completed history of "The Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville." It consists of 112 pages of closely written manuscript with notes and nine carefully prepared maps in color showing the several positions of the Corps and of the Union and Confederate forces during the first day's battle.

Colonel Hamlin has been engaged on this work for the past five years and has expended large sums of money in its preparation. The Association gratefully and unanimously accepted the History and resolved to have the same printed.

It is the duty and privilege of every member of the old Eleventh Corps, to gladly take part in and carry forward this work so generously presented to the Association by Colonel Hamlin, whose sole object has been to thoroughly investigate the action of the Corps on the first day at Chancellorsville and to do justice to the men who composed the same; that he has succeeded in righting a great wrong will be clear to anyone who may read this history.

Estimates have been obtained

and it will cost \$700 to print the required number of copies (5,000). This amount it is proposed to raise by subscription from the members, and you are earnestly desired to contribute to this object. In return each subscriber will receive, for every dollar paid by him, three copies of the history.

Subscriptions, with full names and addresses of the subscribers, may be sent to the treasurer, Gen. John T. Lockman, 88 Nassau Street, New York, who will acknowledge receipt of same and enroll the name and address and send copies of the work when printed to such subscriber. Two thousand copies are to be given to Loyal Legion, G. A. R. Post, and Confederate Camp, and 3,000 to be divided among subscribers.

FIVE BROTHERS.

E. T. Bates, T. J. Bates, O. W. Bates, Calvin Bates, and Warren Bates, Jr., five brothers who served in the Union army, all sons of Warren Bates, Orville, Me. The record is as follows: E. T. Bates, Sergeant Company B, Twenty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers. Enlisted in 1861; re-enlisted in the spring of 1864, and was shot through the head at the Battle of Winchester, September 17th, 1864. T. J. Bates, Private Company D, Eleventh Maine Volunteers. Enlisted 1861. Died in Hospital at Fortress Monroe, April 8th, 1862. O. W. Bates, Private Company B, Eighteenth Maine Volunteers. Enlisted 1863. Had his right leg

shot off in a charge before Richmond a few days before its capture, April 1st, 1865. Calvin Bates, Corporal Company E, Twentieth Maine Volunteers. Enlisted August 14th, 1862. Was in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac until May, 1864, when he was taken prisoner at the Battle of the Wilderness, and confined in Andersonville and Florence prison-pens ten months, where both feet rotted off from cold and starvation. Warren Bates, Jr., was drafted in 1865, but did not leave the state. Their mother still lives.

HEART AND HAND ALWAYS READY.

Isaac G. Chandler, Company M, First Maine Heavy Artillery, of Stoughton, Mass., writes,—

I am greatly obliged for the *BUGLE*. I am ashamed I was not able to pay before; money is very limited with me. I have sent for General Hyde's book, "Following the Greek Cross," and the *BUGLE* issues of 1896. I have not been able to go to any of the reunions. I do feel as though I was out in the cold; still I will try to do better another year if my health is as good as this year. My heart and hand will always be ready to meet comrades. I will try and write something in the future for the *BUGLE*. I have lots of work to do. I get very tired and do not feel much like writing.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Henry T. Libby writes,—

I was born October 9, 1826, in Otisfield, Me. At the time of enlist-

ment resided in Wyndham, Me. Enlisted in Company F, First Maine Cavalry, September 21, 1861. Was mustered as corporal October 19, 1861: com. quar. sergeant July 2, 1862. Promoted supernumerary second lieutenant September 1, 1862, and mustered out as such January 10, 1863, because the office was not recognized by the War Department.

About the best thing I ever did for the regiment was when we were on duty at Frederick City, Md. I went down to Washington and got the pay for the officers of the regiment. I went and came back alone. It was pay for two months. When I handed the package to Colonel Allen he said it would have been a good thing to have skedad-dled when I was coming up. I told him I never thought of that. When I got home from the war in February, 1863, I lived in Windham. I moved to Portland soon

after going to work for the government, April 1, 1863, as overseer of improvements at Fort McClary, Kittery Point, Me. In July of the same year was ordered to Eastport, Me., where I built 25-gun batteries, these were earthworks, one on Todd's Head, the other on Treat's island. They were built to protect the place from rebel cruisers that were off the coast at that time. We mounted the guns the last of October, 1863. I went to work at Fort Georges, Portland harbor, until the appropriation got low and the work stopped.

My political preference since my discharge is the same as it was when I voted for Abe Lincoln for president, first term. I believe in a protective tariff, and should like to see it applied to imported labor as well as manufactured goods: then the laborer would be protected as well as the manufacturer.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN III.

APRIL, 1896.

CALL 2.

WHAT BECAME OF THE FLAG.

HOW THE SIXTEENTH MAINE SAVED THEIR FLAG FROM THE DIS-
GRACE OF CAPTURE.

By Albion W. Stratton, Company C, Sixteenth Maine Infantry.

When we left Augusta for the front, we carried with us, as other regiments did, a new, silken flag, made by loving, loyal hands. How our hearts thrilled as it was unfurled above our heads, its white and crimson bars undulating in the gentle wind; its stars set in azure blue as undimmed as those in the heavens!

After our fiery baptism at Fredericksburg that flag was no longer spotless, but was still as beautiful to our patriotic eyes. It was "tattered and ragged with bullet-holes," but we thought of the strong, heroic souls who hailed it as their pride. And, with their faint and anguished eyes lifted in deathful agonies, saw it between them and the skies. Blessed it, and blessing died! and we treasured it more carefully. When that fateful morning of July 1st, 1863, dawned upon the opposing armies, the Sixteenth Maine broke camp about 9 a. m., and marched rapidly toward Gettysburg. We heard the heavy cannonading

as we advanced, and the ominous sounds fired our souls. We double-quickened impatient to know how the war tide was going. Just before we halted southeast of the seminary, we met a messenger who gave the news that General Reynolds was killed, and that our division, the First, was desperately trying to hold its own against twice its numbers. We took our position behind a rail fence, which ran nearly parallel with the Chambersburg turnpike; and were soon engaged, the enemy being behind another fence, not very far away. I think Corporal Yeaton, of the color guard, was the first to be killed that day, and the Colonel had his horse shot under him. Then came the order to "Charge bayonets!" We leaped that fence, cheering defiantly!—and, in face of the rebel fire, charged and scattered them. Then we moved to the right, still fighting against the odds of superior numbers, and just as the whole division was falling back, General Rob-

inson—to save the many by the sacrifice of the few!—personally ordered our Colonel to advance, and hold the hill. The Sixteenth did advance. They would have obeyed any order of their beloved Colonel. They crowned the hill, the color company in the center, and waited there obediently, a mark for rebel sharp-shooters. A monument now marks the spot. The monument of the Sixteenth Maine is the tallest of the collection, being an obelisk of the same proportions as the Egyptian needles. The shaft, which is of cut granite four sided, stands on a base five feet square, and one foot thick, and has twenty-three feet rise, being two and one half feet square at the base, and tapering gradually to the top. It is incribed,—

“Sixteenth Maine Infantry, First Brigade, Second Division, First Corps, July 1st, 1863. Fought here from one o’clock to four p. m. when the division was forced to retire, by command of General Robinson to Colonel Tilden. The regiment was ordered to the right, near the Mumasburg road, as indicated by a marker there, with orders to hold the position at any cost. July 1st, and 2nd, in position with the Division Casualties, killed eleven, wounded sixty-two, captured one hundred and fifty-eight out of two hundred and seventy-five men engaged.”

You see that there were forty-four men left to answer the roll call after the fight. But I am fighting the battle over—not telling what be-

came of our flag. As the rebels closed around us, mowing us down upon that fatal hill, the brave color bearers, Mower and Thomas, waved the flag defiantly until we knew that we were surely doomed to capture. Then, with the consent of the officers, they broke the staff into kindling wood, and the remnant of the regiment tore the silken flag into shreds, each one taking a portion. When the capture was made the flag was missing, but to this day the pieces are carefully treasured in many homes “away down in Maine.” It was not my good fortune to get a piece of the flag which I had followed, and would still have followed to death, for I numbered one of the sixty-two wounded, who were taken to a church in the city which served as a temporary hospital. As I lay in the pulpit I could watch the battle from the window. So through the night, through the next day,—July 2nd,—through another night, another day, and still one more night, we waited listening to the noise of the conflict, not knowing what our fate would be. We talked in hushed tones of the dreaded prison pens of the South, and dreamed of the homes which we might never see, whenever sleep visited us lulling us to a moment’s forgetfulness of the situation. Early upon the morning of “The Glorious Fourth,” there was a sound of hurrying feet. The rebels were retreating! A detachment entered the church, and ordered all who could walk to come,—to follow, as prisoners of war, to

the dreaded prison pens! I could not walk, being wounded in the leg, but my satisfaction was forgotten as I watched those brave fellows march away to a fate worse than death. "Our Colonel is a prisoner, too," was the direful news whispered from one to the other. "I guess the old Sixteenth is busted," said D. who lay in the pulpit beside me. When the day of Independence had fairly come to our Northern homes, I was once more under the dear old flag. Haven't I reason to celebrate the Fourth of July always? Years passed. Peace and prosperity ruled our land, when I attended a meeting one evening. The speaker glowingly told the war history of

the Sixteenth Maine. "But I do not quite remember what became of their beautiful silken flag," he said. Instantly more than a score of hands were held toward him, each one extending a faded, tattered remnant of that flag, smoky and soiled and time worn, but treasured still. "This piece went through Libby Prison, in the corner of my blouse," said one gray veteran. "Ah, I understand," said the speaker, amid the hush. There was no need of many words.

"Tattered and ragged with bullet-holes."
 But we thought
 "—of the strong, heroic souls
 Who hailed it as their pride.
 And, with their faint and anguished eyes
 Lifted in deathful agonies,
 Saw it between them and the skies.
 Blessed it, and blessing died!"

INCIDENT IN BURNING THE HON. THADDEUS STEVENS'S IRON WORKS DURING LEE'S INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

By D. B. Roe, of First N. C. Confederate Cavalry.

On the line of General Lee's march during his invasion of Pennsylvania, no remains of the incendiary's torch marked his hostile track, except one instance, the burning of the iron works of the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, that stood at the foot and on the west side of the Cashtown mountains on the turnpike from Chambersburg to Gettysburg. The owner, one of the bitterest and most unrelenting of his party against the Southern cause, had devoted the best years of his life to throwing hot shot into

the ranks of his pro-slavery adversaries, and when hostilities broke out, in keeping with his belligerent spirit, he put his iron works in full blast in manufacturing shot and shell, the better to reach his former foes. And consequently, under the stern rules of war, the invaders were not disposed to have his private establishment free from harm.

Our advance guard, to which the writer was attached, was ordered to apply the torch. The extensive and magnificent plant was reduced to ashes, after securing first all the

military contraband of war it contained and placing it out on the roadside for our ordnance trains to pick up, and all the live stock or personal property which would in any way contribute to our wants, were carried off with us: and there was nothing left on the premises but the smouldering ruins for its devoted owner to chafe over.

I well recollect in passing the ill-fated place on my return a few days afterward, and feeling the sting of the results of the ill-starred affair, in which I had been an humble and earnest actor, I drew out of the road and took a look of spiteful satisfaction at the charred and ruined site. Having been taught to believe that its notable owner was to a considerable extent one of the main authors of the trouble through which I was then passing, I could with a hearty good will have seen the place eternally sown in the traditional salt, and have been a willing pall-bearer at placing its owner in its new-made ashes. So we rode away and joined our retreating throng, leaving our curses on the place. Time wore on apace and the war closed, and its changes found us many years afterwards in one of our frontier territories where, under a strange coincidence, we met and became associated with Mr. Edward Reily of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in a mining enterprise: and in comparing notes on our past experiences, he told me that he had read law with and was at one time associated in its practice with the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, and he referred to this incident of the des-

truction of his property in which he himself, at the time, had a professional interest to serve. He adverted that Mr. Stevens, with all his superior ability and tact in managing public affairs, displayed poor management of his own private affairs. And that at that time he had this identical piece of property under heavy mortgage to an old, exacting, widow client of his, who, on learning of Mr. Stevens's misfortune, in rather uncharitable haste, considering the jeopardy in which the untoward turn of events had placed her claim, she hardly waited for Lee's rear guard to clear the road till she insisted on her attorney going over and interviewing the mortgagor relative to securing her "pound of flesh." Mr. Reily reluctantly undertook the unpleasant mission, and, knowing Mr. Stevens's petulant and irritable nature, expected to find him in a corresponding state of mind, pulling his hair, anathematizing the rebels, making things sulphurous generally around him: but to his great surprise, found him quietly seated on a blackened stove amid the scorched and charred great spreading oaks that once shaded the inner grounds around his office, like the great Marius amid the ruins of Rome, serenely viewing the fire-swept wreck. After a cordial greeting, Mr. Reily remarked: "Mr. Stevens, the rebels have done you sadly up. It looks like they have burned you clean out and carried away everything clear off the place." Whereupon the great old commoner, with

an oblique glance of his searching eye, in deep, earnest tones, interrupted him, "Yes, they have for a fact taken everything except that mortgage your client holds on it. In their devilish kindness they didn't take that off." This anticipating hit completely disarmed Mr. Reily from introducing the object of his visit. He simply left his deepest sympathies with his old

friend, and on his return related the interview to his anxious client, which operated to prevent any further harassment of her debtor. She ordered her attorney to take no immediate action in the matter. And so far as the legal operation of the mortgage went during the life of Mr. Stevens, the rebels might as well have made a clean sweep and taken it off with them, too.

HEROES' GRAVES.

By W. D. Hatch, of the Seventh Maine Infantry.

Up among the hills of Maine, in a quiet country graveyard near the pleasant village of North Bridgeton, are the graves of three Revolutionary soldiers who were among those who struck the first blow for American liberty at Lexington and Concord. On a dark slate headstone we read the following inscription :

CAPT. JOHN HAYWARD,
Died Feb. 13, 1825, aged 84 years and 9 months.

Epitaph.

Behold and see as you pass by,
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

He was an officer of the Revolution.

At the head of the grave the American Sons of the Revolution have placed an iron socket for the decoration flag, dated 1775, similar to those used by the G. A. R. Captain Hayward was an officer in a company of minute men from Acton, Mass. He was engaged in the skirmish with the British at Lexington on April 19, 1775, when

they marched out from Boston to destroy the military stores that the Americans had stored at Concord ; in the Concord fight his captain was mortally wounded. He took command of the company and led the charge across the north bridge. He served faithfully through the war. After the war closed he moved to Maine and settled on a farm in the town of Bridgeton. The farm is still in the possession of his descendants. His sword is preserved among the family relics.

In this same burying ground are the graves of two other revolutionary heroes who were enrolled among the minute men of Massachusetts: Abijah Carter, who died April 5, 1847, aged 89 years, was placed on the pension rolls March 3, 1833, under the act of June 7, 1832, and Jonathan Barnard of Harvard, Mass., who was also engaged at the fight of Lexington, and Concord. After the war he came to

Maine and settled at Bridgeton, where he died February 28, 1849. At the time when the British were marching on Lexington, Jonathan Barnard was at work in the woods clearing land and did not know of their approach. Martha Atherton, a young girl ten years of age, went out to call him. In her haste she ran across a piece of land that had just been burned over. She burned her feet in a shocking manner, well nigh crippling her for life. She afterwards became the wife of Jonathan. She died December 17,

1849, aged 82 years, and lies buried by the side of her husband.

The graves of the nation's dead are scattered far and wide,

From lofty mountain's slope to ocean's restless tide,

They sleep on flowery plains where daisies bloom,

Where sunbeams bright dispel the gloom.

Some sleep near the blustering city's noisy street, Where the crowd pass by with hurrying feet,

Alike to them is peace or strife,

They have fought the fight, they're done with life. No warlike bugle's stirring notes, nor rolling drum's loud beat

Can call them from their silent tents, their last and sure retreat.

Quietly resting in the land they helped to free, Waiting the last call of the grand reveille.

A SOLDIER'S STORY OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

By Jonathan Newcomb, Jr., of Company A, Third Maine Infantry.

I was reading a letter, by Lieut. Johnson, Company B, Third Maine Vols., stating things that were not as I saw them and if these personal and individual observations of the Battle of Gettysburg will interest your readers, I will tell you some things that I know.

To begin with I will say that on the morning of July 2nd, 1863, our regiment was sent out in a lane some half mile or so in front of the road to support about one hundred of Berdan's sharpshooters and to skirmish through a belt of woods. The sharpshooters were just in advance of us, deployed as skirmishers, and we, following them up as a support, had advanced only a few hundred yards in the woods when our regiment was ordered to deploy

as skirmishers. Commencing on the left, we executed the order on the march forward.

The company on our left had deployed and I was on the left of Company "A." I had just gotten my distance, or about ten feet to the left of John Little, when our sharpshooters became engaged or commenced to fire. We were at the time very near to the skirmishers. Very soon the fighting became general and both sides were firing their best. Right in the height of this I saw Colonel Berdan ride through, between the skirmishers and in front of our regiment, on a white horse, as fast as the horse could go, while the bullets were flying lively. After the work began and as I stood in my place, loading

and firing, I looked to my right and the only man I could see was John Little. His face was as white as a sheet of paper. I suppose he had his mortal wound then.

There was a sharpshooter right in front of me behind a big tree, and as I was the only one I could see who had no shelter I got behind the same tree with him. The firing, by this time, had ceased on our side, and in a moment I saw the Rebel regiment on our front advancing on a bayonet charge. They were quite near me when I saw them from behind the tree, and I made up my mind it would be death to me to try to run away, so I stepped out and threw up my hands. Immediately there were more than a dozen rifles in that line aimed at me, I saw the flash and as quickly went to the ground, and did not receive a scratch. The sharpshooter who had remained behind the tree was wounded in the knee severely.

I was taken a little way to the rear and stopped at the Field Hospital, where were many wounded Rebels and soon the wounded sharpshooter and a private wounded in the bowels, from Company "I," were brought in. The doctor in charge was a very tall man and much of a gentleman. I asked him if I could assist in taking care of the wounded and he said if I would give him my word of honor that I would not run away, I might have the liberty of the camp. I did all I could for the sharpshooter and also for the private from Company "I," Third Maine, who asked me

to write his wife that he died happy and to keep the promise she made before he enlisted.

All the troops that I saw in those woods were two regiments of rebels, and if there were any more I did not see them. Some hour or more after, I saw a long line of rebels marching by the right flank and coming towards our hospital; they passed the very spot where we had the fight in the morning. At the head of this line rode General Robert E. Lee, on his right rode General Longstreet and another whose name I have forgotten.

General Lee called me to him and asked who had command of our army. I told him I did not know. He said "Where is McClellan?" I replied, "I heard this morning that he had gone to the rear to bring up 50,000 state troops for reinforcements."

General Lee had in the line behind eighteen brigades of the flower of the Rebel Army, mostly Virginia troops. I stopped there and saw them pass. They were very jovial and bragged of what they were going to do. It took them till about one o'clock to get into position and then the ball opened in earnest. The cannon balls from our side came into the Rebel camp. About four o'clock in the afternoon our side caused a stampede among the Rebs, and in their retreat they took me back about a mile, to an old barn full of wounded Rebels. I was kept there all night; the next day I was put with the rest of the Union prisoners, and on the Fourth of

July we started on our march up the Shenandoah Valley; we had no rations issued to us till after we had passed Winchester.

There were among the prisoners from Company "A," Oliver Webber, Wm. Hughes Trull, and myself. I happened to have \$50 in greenbacks on me when I was taken prisoner and I used it to buy flour from the Rebels at \$1 a quart and we paid as high as \$1 for a teacupful of salt. Webber found an old watch in the road and he sold it to a Reb for \$30 Confederate money, which was just as good for us as greenbacks. There were about 4,000 prisoners of us and we were guarded by about 800 men, and they were what was left of the eighteen brigades that made the charge at Gettysburg.

I was talking with a Rebel sergeant who belonged in Richmond, Va., and he told me these facts, adding, "I believe we are going to be beaten, but I will fight it out as long as I can, and if I live to get out of this, I have a wife and two little boys in Richmond whom I will teach to hate Yankees."

We remained in Stanton, Va., a few days and took the cars for Richmond, Va., and once there, I was put in Castle Thunder, opposite Libby Prison, for one night and the next day we were taken to Belle

Island where we were paroled in squads of ninety. I met there an old Bath boy, Philip Matthews of the Fourteenth Brooklyn Regiment.

The word was, in prison, that the first in would be the first out and so Matthews was expecting to be the first out.

There was an exchange of 700 men made, and the night before the squad I was paroled in, was exchanged, Orrin Austin of Company "B," Third Maine had a dream which proved to be a fact.

I have often thought that what I told General Lee the morning I was taken prisoner led him to force the fight which caused him to lose the battle. I hope I was made use of for that purpose. Now by the letter of Lieut. Johnson it seems there is to be a monument erected on the most advanced spot held by our troops that day. That spot will be the tree behind which the sharpshooter and I were. It is on the highest part of the ridge that I occupied with the sharpshooter.

I do not remember seeing anyone of Company "A," except John Little, after the fight began, and I suppose none of them saw me, but I was there, and I can tell things which happened in other fights that none of Company "A" but myself know, which may be of interest.

A FOURTH MAINE BOY.

Charles F. Sawyer, now in the city treasurer's department, Denver, Col., was for many years connected with the pension department at Washington. He drafted the original papers on which the bureau was founded, and the forms and system he inaugurated are still in use. He was born in Rockland, Me., January 26, 1842, and was the son of Benjamin W. Sawyer.

In April, 1861, at the age of nineteen, he enlisted in the Fourth Maine Volunteers. Although he entered the service as a private, yet he rapidly rose in the service. He became sergeant, lieutenant, adjutant, captain, and was on the staff as assistant adjutant-general in the first division of the fifth corps. Captain Sawyer was in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, from the first Bull Run to the surrender of Appomattox, except Fredericksburg. He would have been in that fight had he not been wounded by a shell in the Second Bull Run.

Captain Sawyer was connected with the pension department from 1872 to 1885, and during his long term of office he occupied many positions of highest trust and responsibility. He was at the head of the invalid pension claim department, and subsequently had charge of the division of accounts, which included the disbursement of all the pension money. When he voluntarily resigned in 1885 to come west, this department was disbursing \$75,000,000 annually and he

had the supervision of all the pension agencies.

Under the old system, as he explained to a *Times* reporter, there had been fifty-eight agents, scattered all over the country, for the payment of pensions. At this time Judge J. A. Bentley, now of Denver, was commissioner of pensions. These two brought about many changes for the good and systematic work of the department. They succeeded in having this number cut down to eighteen. Congress was to adjourn on a Monday, and on Sunday he and Judge Bentley had a talk and mapped out the geographical limits, which were considered sufficient to carry out this work, at a less expense. Of course this would throw out a large number of these agents, who at that time made about \$10,000 a year, and this dwindling of patronage would have caused some members of congress to oppose any such scheme. President Hayes said that he would sign an executive order to reduce this number. The members of congress hastened home as soon as the session adjourned, and the matter was presented to President Hayes, who signed it.

Captain Sawyer resigned when Black became commissioner of pensions. General Black requested Captain Sawyer to remain, but he left the department to come west, having become interested in mining and real estate in Colorado.

Captain Sawyer was the statisti-

cian of the department. He formulated the tables for statistics for the annual statement, which are used at the present time. Members of congress are always asking for reports, and when they were requested from the pension department, it was usually the work of Captain Sawyer to furnish the statistics required. At the time of the discussion of the Mexican service war pension, Captain Sawyer was asked to furnish an estimate of the number who would probably be entitled to pensions. He made a thorough examination of the question, considering mortuary statistics, and placed the estimate at 30,000, which caused many to severely criticise the report as placing the estimate far in excess of what it should be. But the carefulness with which he did his work is shown in the fact that over 30,000 soldiers were entitled to pensions under this act.

“The pension department,” said Captain Sawyer, “includes a vast amount of business, there being pension rolls of the wars of the Revolution, 1812, Mexican, Black Hawk, Florida, Indian wars, the

Civil War, making many and comprehensive details. At one time we had a large collection of old family Bibles at the department. They had been sent on by applicants to show the dates of marriages, births, and deaths. Some of these Bibles were two hundred years old, and showed records from the early history of the country. There was a handsome piece of silk work from North Carolina, showing the record of the family from the war of the American Revolution. Some of these family records had been with the department for half a century, but we found out where some of their heirs and descendants lived and returned them. Some of the most interesting documents in the pension department are diaries, from which most valuable data have been obtained as to the record of service, not only of the writers, but also of others whose names occur therein.”

Captain Sawyer made a gallant record during the war, and was with the Second, Third, and Fifth army corps. He was also with the First Maine sharpshooters and Benham's engineers.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH (VIRGINIA) IN OCTOBER, 1862.

In John Esten Cooke's life of the rebel general, Stonewall Jackson, pages 349-352, there is this vivid picture of soldiers' service:

Jackson's corps passed the beautiful month of October in the picturesque valley of the Shenandoah—

that region which their leader had already made so famous.

There, in the bright October days, the army rested and recovered its strength and spirits. The bracing mountain breeze, the beautiful skies, the liberty to engage in

every species of fun and frolic, within the limits of military discipline, seemed to pour new life-blood into the frames of the men, exhausted and worn down by the immense marches which they had made from Cedar Run to Sharpsburg, and the toils, privations, hardships, and excitements which they had undergone.

That region must have aroused many memories in the hearts of Jackson's men — especially in the members of the "Old Stonewall Brigade," which had fought the enemy all along from Falling Waters to the sources of the Shenandoah. They had encountered General Patterson in one of the earliest engagements of the war near Martinsburg, but a few miles distant; on the road by the side of which they were now encamped, they had retreated before the columns of the same general; and along that road they had pressed after General Banks when, routed at Winchester, he had hastened to recross the Potomac. Since those old days they had fought at Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Bristoe, Manassas, Oxhill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, and Kearneysville. Comrade after comrade had lain down to die upon those bloody fields—face after face had "gone into the darkness," amid the war-smoke hovering above the swamps of the lowland, the pines of Manassas, the Valley of the Antietam. They were still alive, and after all their wanderings had re-

turned to the land where they first learned the art of war under their now illustrious chief—returned to it, too, at a season when the face of nature is glorious with that beauty which seems to reach perfection just when it is passing—when the fields and forests, with their tints of gold, and red, and yellow, are more lovely than the dreams of poets. Here, in the fine and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, on the banks of the Opequon, which murmurs under its tall trees, as it lapses gently toward the Potomac, the weary soldiers of the Stonewall corps found rest and refreshment; and the bracing air, as we have said, made them boys again, filling every pulse with health and joy. The jest, the practical joke, the ready laugh passed round; and for a time the whole army of Northern Virginia was in extravagant spirits, cheering upon the least provocation like a party of boys, and permitting no occasion for indulging in laughter to escape them. We have a letter written by one of the corps about this time, which conveys a very accurate idea of the manner in which Jackson's men amused themselves: and its careless style and homely details may serve to interest the stay-at-home reader who is not familiar with the "goings on" of an army. Here it is:

"'Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!' sounded the 'shrill clarion' of a neighboring henroost *before* day this morning; a wakeful soldier caught up the strain, and he and a hundred others forthwith repeated bogus cock-a-

doodle-doo, until they had effectually 'murdered sleep' throughout the entire regiment. To pass the time until breakfast (!)—*i. e.*, till some 'solid shot biscuit' and leather steaks of lean kine be cooked—I will 'retaliate' on you and your readers.

• The campaign having apparently ended, there are no 'moving accidents by flood or field' of interest, and therefore nothing left to record but the routine of daily camp life: this shall be true to history, however, to let the old folks at home know how we live 'sure enough' while here. At this particular season, though, it is particularly dull—

• No mail, no post.

No news from any foreign coast;

No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,

No comfortable feel in any member,

No shade, no sunshine, no butterflies, no bees,

November!

• Our camps not being regulated by military rule, for want of material in tents, etc., are left to illustrate the variegated, architectural, and domestic tastes of the thousand different individuals concerned. Hence, although a wall tent or Sibley grace an occasional locality, the most of the men ensconce themselves in bush-built shelters of various shapes, in fence-corners, under gum-blankets, eked out by cedar boughs, or burrow semi-subterraneously like Esquimaux. If, as is said, the several styles of architecture took their origin from natural circumstances and climate, etc., as the curving Oriental roofs

from the long reeds originally in use, the slanting Egyptian from the necessity of baking their unburnt bricks in the hot sun, the Corinthian from its own flowery clime, etc.,—an architectural genius might find enough original designs in this camp to supply a century to come.

• The only 'useful occupation' of this brigade for some time past has been to destroy all the railroads in reach; apparently, too, for no better reason than the fellow had for killing the splendid anaconda in the museum, because it was his 'rule to kill snakes wherever found.' A soldier just said, 'Old Jack intends us to tear up all the railroads in the state, and with no tools but our pocket-knives.' They have so far destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio, from Hedgesville to near Harper's Ferry, the Winchester and Potomac almost entirely, and now the Manassas Gap, from Piedmont to Strasburg.

• It is when idle in camp that the soldier is a great institution, yet one that must be seen to be appreciated. Pen cannot fully paint the air of cheerful content, care-hilarity, irresponsible loungings, and practical spirit of jesting that 'obtains' ready to seize on any odd circumstance in its licensed levity. A 'cavalryman' comes rejoicing in immense top-boots, for which in fond pride he had invested full forty dollars of pay: at once the cry from a hundred voices follows him along the line: 'Come up out o' them boots!—come out!—too soon

to go into winter quarters! I know you're in thar'!—see your arms stickin' out!' A bumpkin rides by in an uncommonly big hat, and is frightened at the shout: 'Come down out o' that hat! Come down! 'Taint no use to say you ain't up there; I can see your legs hanging out!' A fancy staff officer was horrified at the irreverent reception of his nicely-twisted mustache, as he heard from behind innumerable trees: 'Take them mice out o' your mouth!—take 'em out!—no use to say they ain't thar; see their tails hanging out!' Another sporting immense whiskers, was urged to 'come out of that bunch of har'! I know you'r in thar: I see your ears a working!' Sometimes a rousing cheer is heard in the distance—it is explained: 'Boys, look out! here comes "Old Stonewall" or an old hare, one or t'other'—they being about the only individuals who invariably bring down the house.

• But the whole day of camp life is not yet described; the night

remains, and latterly it is no unusual scene as the gloaming gathers, to see a group quietly collect beneath the dusky shadows of the forest trees—'God's first temples'—whence soon arise the notes of some familiar hymn, awaking memories of childhood and of home. The youthful chaplain in earnest tones tells his holy mission; another hymn is heard, and by the waning light of the pine torches the weird-like figures of the grouped soldiers are seen reverently moving to the night's repose. The deep bass drum beats taps—the sounds die out in all the camps, save at times the sweet strains from the band of the fifth, Stonewall regiment, in a neighboring grove, till they too fade away into the stilly night, and soon—

—'The soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn
moon,

Or the lights of the watch-fires are gleaming;
A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind

Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above with their glittering
eyes

Keep guard for the army is sleeping."

DEPARTMENT OF MAINE.

That the military spirit is still strong in Maine, thirty-one years after the close of the Civil War, and that the fraternity of the veterans is real and lasting, is shown by the great gathering in Bangor, at their annual encampment, of the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic. The men who wear the familiar bronze badges are here in great force, and with them the

women of associated organizations, the State and National Relief Corps.

Commander-in-Chief Ivan N. Walker, whose coming was a notable event of the encampment, arrived on Tuesday morning, although he had not been expected until noon, accompanied by four members of his staff. The party was met at the station by a committee consisting of Past Commander

John D. Anderson, of Gray, Colonel Henry R. Millett, of Gorham, and Murray B. Watson, of Auburn, and escorted to the Bangor House.

In the afternoon, Commander-in-Chief Walker, and Department Commander William H. Green, with his staff, made a visit to the National Woman's Relief Corps, in Y. M. C. A. hall, and the Woman's State Relief Corps in the Knights of Pythias hall.

The meeting of the Department of Maine opened at City hall, at 2 o'clock, with a large attendance. The hall was handsomely decorated, and the arrangements were in charge of the members of Hannibal Hamlin and B. H. Beale Posts, Bangor. Department Commander Green called the meeting to order, and Chaplain Webster asked the Divine blessing. Commander Green then read his annual report:

ADDRESS OF DEPARTMENT COMMANDER.

Comrades:—One year ago, at the department encampment at Skowhegan, by your suffrages I was placed at the head of the Department of Maine, G. A. R., as its Department Commander for 1895. Aware of the distinguished honor conferred, I was also aware of the grave responsibilities and trust which the office imposed upon any comrade seeking that high honor. How well I have succeeded or failed in the administration of the high trust, I must be content to

leave to this encampment, and the reports of the department officers.

It is well known that the G. A. R. reached its high-water mark in membership in 1892, not only in our own state, but throughout the country, and since that time has shown a steady, but sure, decline. Many reasons can be shown which have brought about this result.

First, increasing age and infirmities of the comrades; second, increasing poverty, to such an extent that the small fee in the form of yearly dues seems, and is, a burden to many of our members; third, the indisposition of those in the smaller country towns to attend the post meetings, by reason of distance to travel, and a seeming want of interest; and lastly, the death rate, which is thinning our ranks, as the years roll on, at a remarkable rate of mortality.

All these reasons, and many more that could be added, go to show why the G. A. R. is beginning to decline, after over twenty-eight years of service in behalf of its patriotic principles—fraternity, charity, and loyalty.

SUMMARY FOR THE YEAR 1895.

Number of comrades in good standing, January 1, 1895, 8,916; number of comrades in good standing, January 1, 1896, 8,839; total loss in membership for 1895, 77.

This, Comrades, is a very gratifying showing, when we take into consideration that we have lost, by death, 171 during the year. In making a comparison, with the

other New England departments, I find that Maine has sustained a smaller percentage of loss than either of the other five departments named.

OFFICIAL VISITS TO POSTS PAID BY
DEPARTMENT OFFICERS.

It will be remembered that last year Department Commander Gilman reported that he had visited some 100 posts, in different sections of the state, and recommended that that course be pursued by his successor in office. I have not been able, by reason of business engagements, which could not be neglected or put off, to make that record good, but so far as possible, and my time would permit, I have devoted to answering all calls made upon the department commander, and have visited many posts throughout the state. I have also called to my assistance Senior Vice Commander Goodwin, and Junior Vice Commander Jefferds, and they have nobly responded, and visited many of the posts which have been assigned them.

Inspector Simmons has also done good work in personally inspecting many of the posts in Knox, Lincoln, and Hancock counties. At this time, in the history of the Grand Army, I consider this to be of great importance in order to keep up the interest, and for the purpose of encouraging the smaller posts to hold to their organization, and keep up the good work of the order.

From the experience of a brief

year, I am satisfied that in your selection of department officers they should be, so far as possible, comrades who are so situated as to give much of their time to this honorable work for the good of the order. To visit each post separately would require six months' time, and the department commander would be required to travel by rail, steamboat, and stage more than 12,900 miles to make the grand rounds.

NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

The department commander, assistant adjutant-general, and assistant quartermaster-general, together with Delegates Merrick, Emerson, Aldus, Weston, Smith, Downing, Coffin, and Clayton, and Alternate Sumner, attended the national encampment at Louisville, Ky., in September, last. The party, consisting of 105 persons—comrades and their wives and daughters, and a few citizens who were invited to join the party—left Portland at noon, September 7. By reason of delay on the road, we were obliged to prolong our stay in Gettysburg till Monday noon, when we should have left there Sunday night, bringing us into Louisville Tuesday afternoon, instead of Monday afternoon, as arranged. The members of the party were quartered at the Phoenix hotel, private boarding houses, and quite a large contingent of the comrades at the Harry Weissenger Tobacco Co. warehouse, on Floyd street, where Mr. Weissenger and his able and effi-

cient co-partners, clerks, and employees, for the week, did everything possible for our comfort, convenience, and happiness. Set bathtubs and patent water-closets and about 200 cots were put in for our convenience. A restaurant was established on the first floor, and the large and commodious offices were turned over to the department, well supplied with stationery, stamps, etc. A corps of colored waiters were in constant attendance, night and day, to dust our clothes, black our boots, etc. A concert each evening was provided for our entertainment, and, during the sultry hours of the day, mint juleps were concocted, as only Kentuckians know how to do it. The factory was shut down for the entire week, and nothing was thought of but our entertainment during our entire visit. The Department of Maine was decidedly "in the swim," and our comrades appreciated the efforts of the Harry Weissenger Tobacco Co. as only old soldiers can do.

The parade was a success, notwithstanding the excessive heat. Some 45,000 comrades passed the reviewing stand. The work of the encampment was very interesting and instructive. The welcome to Louisville, by Editor Watterson, was a most brilliant and eloquent address, bristling with loyalty to the old flag. The work of the encampment was conducted in a business-like manner, and all reports of adjutant-general, quartermaster-general, inspector, judge-

advocate, mustering-officer, etc., were printed and distributed at the opening of the encampment, thus saving valuable time for the transaction of important business. I think this feature could be profitably followed by the Department of Maine, if the department meeting was carried forward a little later in the season (say May) and would be of incalculable value in the transacting of the business of the encampment.

After the encampment closed, the Maine party began to scatter, some going to the Mammoth Cave, others to Atlanta and Chicago, and still larger numbers to Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Chickamauga, and from these points home by way of Asheville, Salisbury, Richmond, and Washington.

As this was the first time the national encampment had been held "South," there were some misgivings as to our reception and entertainment. All fears were most happily dispelled, and we were received everywhere with true Southern hospitality and fraternity. Our late enemies of the war, the Confederates, all expressed themselves as satisfied with the result of the war, and freely acknowledged that they were better off to-day without slavery than they were with it; and, further, that in case of a foreign war, you would find the man of the South as ready as the man of the North to fight for "old Glory." This expression was universal everywhere, and we failed to find there the first "fire-eater."

For years to come, the Louisville party will remember, with gratitude and pleasure, the national encampment of 1895 of the G. A. R.

WOMAN'S STATE AND NATIONAL RELIEF CORPS.

We are fortunate, in our state, in having as auxiliaries to the G. A. R. the services of two Woman's Relief Corps organizations, viz., the State Relief Corps, numbering 66 corps in different sections of the state, with a membership of 3,385. This is the older of the two, having held in Farmington in June, last, its thirteenth state encampment, but, prior to that time, many of the corps were auxiliary to their own posts, and assisted their posts in all enterprises to raise money for the relief of needy soldiers and their dependent ones, but had no state organization, Bosworth Relief Corps, No. 1, being the oldest in the state, and, in fact, the oldest Relief Corps in the country, being organized soon after the organization of Bosworth Post in 1867. The State Relief Corps has expended for charity, the past year, the sum of \$1,178.61, and has a fund of \$9,068.77.

The National Relief Corps is of more recent organization, having held its eleventh annual encampment in February last. It consists of 45 subordinate corps, scattered far and wide over the state, and with a membership of 1,895 in good standing. They have expended the past year for charity the sum of \$2,590.56, and have a relief fund,

on hand, of \$1,745.68, and have furnished relief to 165 soldiers and their families during the year.

SONS OF VETERANS.

I have received from Waldo H. Perry, adjutant of the Maine Division, Sons of Veterans, the following, as to the standing of the order on the encampment at Farmington, in June last:

Number of camps in good standing, 45, 1894, June 13.

Number of camps in good standing, 48, 1895, June 20.

Number of members in good standing, 1,308, 1894, June 13.

Number of members in good standing, 1,391, 1895, June 20.

Showing a gain of three camps and increase of membership of 83 during the year. The sum of \$170.84 has been expended for charity to comrades of the G. A. R. and brothers of the Sons of Veterans during the year, and the encampment has a balance, on hand, of \$246.10.

BATH MILITARY AND NAVAL ORPHANS' ASYLUM.

As one of the trustees of the Home for the past year, I visited Bath at the April meeting of the board, and was highly gratified to find the institution under such good and judicious management as seemed to prevail in every department. At that time there were some forty-nine children at the Home,—twenty-five girls and twenty-four boys. All seemed contented and happy. Since 1893, by act of the legislature, the

scope of the Home has been enlarged, and at present not only includes the orphans and half-orphans of those who served on the quota of Maine during the Rebellion, but includes the descendants of such and also of the orphans of soldiers and sailors of those who served on the quota of other states but are now residents of Maine. Most, if not all, who have been admitted to the Home the past year have been grandchildren of the veterans.

Comrades, this is an institution which should and does come very near to the hearts of the old soldiers, and it is proper that the Department of Maine should be represented on its board of managers, and should have the hearty and sympathetic support of all the loyal people of our beloved state.

I am authorized by the board of trustees to state that the Home will accommodate some eighty children. But a little more than half that number are at the present time inmates of the Home.

CAMP BENSON.

By invitation of the Camp Benson Association, I visited the camp and grounds in June last, and was received and entertained in a right royal manner by the officers of the camp on duty. I was much impressed with the good order that prevailed, and observed with pleasure the routine of camp life. The camp is located on the banks of a beautiful lake of water, and the surroundings are very attractive and in-

teresting. There are some twenty-five or more cottages on the ground, owned in every case by a comrade. There are also some three or four posts of the G. A. R. who have substantial buildings on the grounds. At the time of my visit they had many of the tents belonging to the state pitched and occupied by the comrades, and regular camp guard was organized and under the control of an officer of the guard and officer of the day. The grounds were policed, and every night a dress parade was held. I was accompanied on this trip to Camp Benson and the Newport Home by Assistant Adjutant-General Sawyer, Chaplain Webster, and Senior Vice Commander Goodwin.

NEWPORT RELIEF CORPS HOME.

At the time of my visit to Camp Benson, I was invited by Mrs. Mason to inspect the Home. As you are probably aware, it is located on the grounds, and once belonged to the Camp Benson Association. It consists of a brick building, one and a half stories, with a large barn (of wood) in the rear, and a wide strip of land in front gently sloping to the banks of the lake in the distance. The house is ill suited to the wants for which it would be required, and at present cannot accommodate more than six or eight people, with the necessary attendants. The situation and outlook are good, and it would be exceedingly difficult to find a more eligible site for such a home, but new buildings are imperatively needed.

The old structure, in such an event, might be used for hospital purposes or the like, but would not be available as a home without an entire remodeling and enlargement.

Now, comrades, you are probably as familiar as your commander with what has taken place in our encampments since Rockland, three years since, in regard to the Home. At Skowhegan, last year, an effort was made to have the incoming commander go before the finance committee of the legislature and ask for an appropriation, for the purpose of building, or rebuilding, a set of buildings at Newport suitable for the Home and its uses. You will remember that the proposition was defeated, after a quite animated discussion, by a decided vote of the encampment. This action left matters in such a state that your department commander has grave doubts as to the status at present existing between the so-called Maine Relief Corps Home and the Department of Maine G. A. R.

I regret exceedingly that this matter should assume such an aspect during my administration, and would have preferred to have had my successor pass upon it, but I am aware that it is again to be brought before this encampment for action. The comrades are divided on this question, and honestly so. I believe the whole question revolves on the idea and principle as to what is for the best interests of our pensioners and their families, together with such as by reason of

age and bodily infirmities will in the future be largely dependent upon the government and the state, with such assistance as the G. A. R. and their auxiliaries, the State and National Relief Corps, Sons of Veterans, and Ladies' Aid can give.

Many of our most prominent comrades believe that it is infinitely better that the veterans should be cared for in their declining years at their own homes, rather than to take them in their old age and infirmities to new scenes and surroundings, and to form new friends and acquaintances away from home. Besides, many believe that if such a home is established, it would not be able to accommodate but a small percentage of those who would be entitled to its benefits; and a large majority of our comrades believe that if such an enterprise is a success, it must be managed and controlled by a board of officers consisting of comrades of the G. A. R. If such is the case, where are the funds to come from to build the necessary building, to say nothing of supporting the home after it is established? The G. A. R. certainly cannot do it and at the same time carry on their charitable work, which is increasing rather than diminishing now that the comrades are growing old and infirm.

Can we with good grace ask the state to do this for us without acting to the detriment of our state pensioners? Our noble state has done much for the veterans of the war, until, at the present time, it appropriates \$70,000 per year for

the relief of our suffering comrades and their dependent families: but there must be and is a limit to this generous action of the state, which is worthy of all commendation and praise by every one who wore the blue from '61 to '65. Then let us consider this grave question in all its bearings, and without prejudice, acrimony, or passion, and so act as will redound to the best interests of that class of our comrades who need all the aid and assistance that can be given them, to enable them in their declining years to live in comparative comfort and ease till the last trump shall call them over the river to the eternal shore.

Then, comrades, let harmony and peace prevail in our councils, all actuated by the same purpose and aim, namely, the greatest good to the greatest number of comrades and their dependent ones requiring aid and assistance at our hands.

MEMORIAL DAY.

It is very gratifying to note the increased interest in the observance of Memorial Day in our good and loyal state. The reports from all sections show that the day was generally observed, not only by the G. A. R. and their auxiliaries, the State and National Relief Corps, camps of the Sons of Veterans, and Ladies' Aid societies, but by our loyal citizens throughout the length and breadth of our beloved state.

FINANCES.

The financial affairs of the department have been in good hands

under the able management of my assistant quartermaster-general, John Williamson, who has been careful, economical, and systematic in all matters pertaining to his office. It will be remembered that by vote of the encampment last year, at Skowhegan, the per capita tax was cut down from twelve to ten cents per term (semi-annual). By this action the department has been deprived of some \$350 of its revenue. For a full statement, I refer you to the report of Assistant Quartermaster-General Williamson.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

I would respectfully recommend that the printed proceedings for 1895 be made up by the outgoing assistant adjutant-general, A. M. Sawyer.

I would recommend that the department documents, now deposited in the Maine historical rooms at Portland, be taken out and properly filed and a book of inventory be made of the same.

PENSIONS.

A pension bill has been presented in the house of representatives in behalf of our prisoners of war in rebel prisons during the Rebellion, asking for a per diem pay of \$2 per day during their imprisonment, and a pension of \$12 per month during their lives. Believing this to be a just and humane act due to our brave boys who suffered untold horrors in those hell holes of the South rather than accept liberty and freedom in joining the rebel

army, I sincerely hope that this measure, long delayed, will have the hearty support of this encampment.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE.

The work of the assistant adjutant's office has been most admirably administered under the able and intelligent administration of my assistant adjutant-general, A. M. Sawyer.

IN CONCLUSION,

I wish to thank the comrades for their support in placing me at the head of this department as its department commander. It is an honor which I appreciate most fully, I assure you, and in surrendering the high trust which I received at your hands one short year ago, I wish to thank all the department officers and members of the staff for their cordial support throughout the year. To Senior Vice Commander Goodwin and Junior Vice Commander Jefferds I am indebted for the good work they have done in visiting posts. Medical Director W. H. True has been untiring in his efforts to promote the interests of his department, and Chaplain Webster has proved himself to be zealous and efficient in his duties as chaplain. To the members of my official staff, one and all, I am under obligations for the courtesies extended during the year.

Inspector W. H. Simmons has done a good work as inspector of the department, and personally visited many of the posts and inspected

them. Judge Advocate L. T. Carleton, Mustering Officer Moses A. Saford, and Senior Aid-de-Camp C. T. Wardwell have performed to my satisfaction all the duties imposed upon them.

The council of administration has been called together once at Portland, on December 18 last. A full representation was present, with one exception, and he sent a letter of explanation and regrets, which will go to show that the interest has been good.

In passing over my badge of office to my successor, I hope and trust it has suffered no detriment at my hands during the year just closed. I have endeavored, so far as my time would permit, to work for the best interests of the department and all its diversified interests, and I gladly and cheerfully surrender the great trust and again take my place in the ranks, to work for the noblest and grandest organization ever organized by man—the Grand Army of the Republic.

WILLIAM H. GREEN,

Department Commander.

Commander Green's report was referred to a committee, and Assistant Adjutant-General A. M. Sawyer made his report.

ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S
REPORT.

Fifty-eight posts have made a total gain over all losses during the year, 229; 79 posts have a total loss over all their gains during the year, 306; 29 posts have held their

own, 166; Custer post, No. 7, of Lewiston, made the greatest loss, 26; Cutler post, No. 48, of Togus, made the largest gain, 21.

STANDING OF THE DEPARTMENT.

Good standing, Jan. 1, 1895,	8,916
Gained by muster,	191
transfer,	83
re-instatement,	257
Total gain,	531
Aggregate,	9,447
Loss by death,	171
honorably discharge,	16
transfer,	85
suspension,	335
dishonorable discharge,	1
Total loss,	608
Number remaining in good standing, Dec. 31, 1895,	8,839
Number remaining suspended Dec. 31, 1895,	1,201
Number dropped during the year,	166
Expended for relief during the year,	\$3,086.27
Members relieved during the year,	261
Outsiders relieved during the year,	127
Good standing Jan. 1, 1895,	8,916
Good standing Jan 1, 1896,	8,839
Total loss during the year,	77

MEMBERSHIP AND ROLL OF HONOR.

The total membership, number of posts, and the total annual mortality of the Grand Army of Maine, as reported to the several annual encampments, have been for the past twelve years as follows:

Year.	Place.	Posts.	Members.	Deaths.
1885,	Waterville,	125	8,130	70
1885,	Skowhegan,	116	9,116	95
1887,	Bath,	150	9,030	90
1888,	Portland,	119	9,238	112
1889,	Lewiston,	152	9,303	112
1890,	Augusta,	155	9,361	127
1891,	Portland,	161	9,676	161
1892,	Auburn,	165	9,706	133
1893,	Rockland,	166	9,656	179
1894,	Bangor,	167	9,275	200
1895,	Skowhegan,	166	8,916	219
1896,	Bangor,	166	8,839	171
Roll of honor for 12 years,			1,672	

We are entitled by our membership to ten representatives including one at large, in the Thirtieth

National Encampment to be held at St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5, 1896.

REPORT OF CHAPLAIN J. W. WEBSTER.

When elected to this office one year ago I was comparatively unacquainted with the details of the work connected with it. I have conscientiously tried to familiarize myself with all the duties incumbent upon me, and have endeavored to discharge them faithfully, and impartially. In accordance with the usual custom I have the honor herewith to submit my report.

MEMORIAL SUNDAY.

As time in its rapid flight is fast bringing us to the hour when we shall answer our last "roll call" here and pass on to join the "mystic battalions on the unseen shores" it seems peculiarly fitting that at least once each year the comrades of the G. A. R. should recognize the "Giver of all Good" and give expression to their gratitude to Him for favors and blessings received by meeting as a body in the sacred enclosure of His earthly temples to take some part in the services of the sanctuary.

While the reports show some falling off in the observance of Memorial Sunday we think this may be partially accounted for from the fact that the weather was unfavorable. One hundred and seventy-four services were held and 170 clergymen officiated. Four thousand six hundred and

eighty-six comrades attended. Six posts report no services. As the years come and go bearing us on toward the end we earnestly hope that the interest in the services of Memorial Sunday will be maintained among all our comrades.

MEMORIAL DAY.

Memorial Day is to the living soldier of the Union the day of days, the great "American Sabbath" from which should come object lessons in patriotism, holy inspiration, and fealty to the memory of our comrades who were unfortunate. Its services are the living, imperishable monument of a grand historical epoch. Search as you will, you will find nothing in the record of past ages more significant, beautiful, and precious than are the innumerable living monuments which American patriotism consecrates upon this day with words, songs, and flowers, with prayers and tears, as from ocean to ocean the citizens of our great republic, who, as a rule, are in the fullest sympathy with the occasion join with us in perpetuating the memory of our "nation's dead."

Following is the summary of the work of last Memorial Day: Eleven hundred and seventy-seven cemeteries were visited; 15,816 graves were decorated; 74 monuments are reported having thereon 2,074 names. Number of graves more than last year, 642; number never found before, 175; number of comrades died since last report, 183; number of soldiers and sailors not

in the order who have died, 46; number of services held, 263; number of comrades in line, 6,008; 92 posts report more interest than last year; 47 about the same; 8 better than ever before, and we regret to say that 9 posts report less interest.

ORATORS.

One hundred and fifty-six speakers are reported; 53 were soldiers; 103 were not. One hundred received pay; 56 did not. They were rated as excellent, 76; good, 65; fair, 15. We are glad to say that the Relief Corps were well represented, there being six ladies reported in the list of speakers.

CITIZENS.

The report shows that the citizens of our state quite generally observed the day. There is still a disposition on the part of some, thank God we believe they are in the minority, to turn it into a day of mere pastime and frivolity. This is all wrong, for while the toilers may find in it a day of rest, the high purpose to which it is consecrated should not be overlooked and it should be everywhere within our borders a time of devout reverence for the memory of the noble men who gave their lives for the grand principle of free government.

Let us hope as the passing year carry us further away from the terrible conflict in which our comrades fell that their sacrifice may be so highly appreciated that the exercises of Memorial Day shall take on added significance in the hearts

of all who live under the protection of the flag they saved from dishonor.

CHILDREN AND SCHOOLS.

To the public schools of our land we owe all that we are as a free nation, all that we are as an enlightened people. To the children who are to-day being educated in them we must look for the perpetuation of our institutions, our intelligence and our manhood and, my comrades, we must look to them as well for the carrying on of the work we shall soon lay down. Let us therefore heed the injunction of the "wise man" and "in the morning sow the seed." I believe in the flags on our schoolhouses, in our children learning the flag salute, and in a place being reserved for them in our ranks each Memorial Day. Thus a lasting impression will be made on their minds and hearts, and not only will the further destiny of our country be safe in their hands but the memory of our dead comrades and our memory as well be perpetuated as long as our nation has a name to live among the nations of the earth.

It is with a sense of gratification that I report a deeper interest along these lines this year. Three hundred schools were represented in the Memorial Day exercises, and 9,371 children took some part.

RELIEF CORPS.

Number in good standing, as shown by reports, is 4,600; number participating, 2,957.

SONS OF VETERANS.

Number in good standing, 1,648; number in line, 1,127; other organizations participating, 80. Music was furnished by 103 bands, 41 drum corps, and 57 choir quartettes and choruses.

MONEY RAISED FOR MEMORIAL DAY.

From cities and towns, \$7,293.10; from posts, \$1,141.06; from other sources, \$493.93; total, \$8,927.19.

EXPENSES.

Paid for speakers, \$1,346.45; other expenses, \$6,470.86; total, \$7,817.31.

CHAPLAIN'S BLANKS.

Inasmuch as a blank is now sent to department chaplains from national headquarters I would recommend that this department so revise their chaplain's blanks as to cover the ground embraced in that, thus making it uniform.

With gratitude to the comrades for all the assistance rendered, and for courtesies and favors betowed this report is respectfully submitted

In F., C., and L.,

J. W. WEBSTER,

Department Chaplain.

MEMBERSHIP.

The committee on credentials, A. M. Sawyer, L. T. Carleton, and J. W. Webster, reported the membership of the twenty-ninth annual encampment as follows: Past commanders, 166; delegates, 216; past post commanders, 1,039;

Some posts inform me that I have inspected that they have never been visited by a department officer since they received their charters until I inspected them. I find a number of posts where the muster in service has not been gone through with for years, as they have not had any recruits to muster, and the officers and members seem to have lost sight of that part of their duty to the order. And I would recommend to the incoming department commander that he order all posts to have a muster in at least once every three months, and I feel sure such an order will be beneficial to the department. I would also recommend that no post be allowed to inspect itself unless the inspector or assistant inspector fails to inspect such posts, as self-inspection does not give a healthy condition and discipline to the order.

It was my pleasure to visit all the posts in Knox county, except one, and several in Waldo and Lincoln counties, and had I the time I would have visited many more posts and given them the encouragement and cheer that I find many of them need. I take this opportunity to thank all of the comrades of the posts I have visited for their cordial reception, and I also wish to express my sincere thanks to Department Commander W. H. Green and his efficient assistant adjutant-general, A. M. Sawyer, for their kind assistance to me in my year's work as inspector of this department. Thanks are due to all assistant inspectors who have satisfactorily made their returns.

Respectfully submitted in F., C.,
and L. W. H. SIMMONS,
Department Inspector.

ABSTRACT FROM MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S REPORT G. A. R.

There are in the Department of Maine at the present date 166 G. A. R. Posts, with a membership of 8,839 comrades in good standing. During the past year the Department lost by death 171 comrades. The ages of those reported were as follows: From 40 to 50, 9; from 50 to 60, 49; from 60 to 70, 52; from 70 to 80, 19; from 80 to 90, 5. The youngest comrade who died during the year was James P. Ingalls, of Togus. This comrade had been chaplain and post commander. The oldest comrade was Stephen M. Johnson, of Charles D. Thompson Post, No. 77. This comrade died from a shock at the advanced age of 87 years. Average age at time of death, 61 years, 7 months. The number of those who held offices in the late war are as follows, viz.: corporals, 4; sergeants, 3; lieutenants, 4; adjutants, 1; captains, 4; chaplains, 1; surgeons, 1; brigadier generals, 2. Those who had held offices in the Grand Army Posts were as follows: past post commanders, 8; post commanders, 2; senior vice post commanders, 2; junior vice post commanders, 2; surgeon, 1; chaplains, 4; adjutants, 3; quartermasters, 2; officer of the day, 2; officer of the guard, 1; quartermaster's sergeant, 1; sergeant-major, 1.

The principal causes of death were as follows: Bright's disease, cancer of the stomach, aneurism, chronic inflammation of the bowels, uræmia, blood poisoning, cerebral hemorrhage, cancer of the bowels, pneumonia, paralysis, erysipelas, general debility, apoplexy, gun-shot wound, drowned, old age, dropsy of the heart, suppurating wound received in war, injury from a fall, la grippe, accident, malarial poisoning, gangrene after amputation, spinal disease, diabetes, disease of the liver, ulceration of the bowels, heart failure, chronic diarrhœa, rheumatism, peritonitis, valvular disease of the heart, malarial fever, poisoning by overdose of morphine, and consumption. Eighteen of the comrades died from consumption and 45 from some of the various forms of heart disease. For several years past a larger number of our comrades have died from some form of heart disease than from any other cause.

The Posts have expended for relief during the past year \$2,346.36, being \$1,082.61 less than the expenditure of the previous year.

During the past year there was less sickness, less calls for aid, less number assisted and consequently less funds disbursed among the needy than during the former year.

The number of comrades assisted during the year was 223. Number of ex-soldiers, sailors, or marines assisted free of charge, 33. The reasonable value of this service was \$147.

The money value of medical and surgical appliances furnished by physicians, posts and relief corps, was \$157.80.

Number of patients treated free of charge who were members of families of ex-soldiers, sailors, or marines, 8. The value of this service was \$34.

The money value of medical and surgical appliances furnished the above by physicians, posts, relief corps, or other organizations was \$21.

Total money value of the above mentioned services and supplies, \$359.80, which added to \$2,346.36, the amount contributed for relief, gives the sum of \$2,706.16.

One hundred and eight sick or disabled comrades in this Department have been reported who are not receiving any pension from the government. The loss by death, as stated above, has been for the year, 171. This is a decrease of 78 from the previous year. It gives me great pleasure to state that every post, 166, in the Department, have forwarded their reports.

W. H. TRUE, M. D.,

Medical Director,

Department of Maine, G. A. R.

FINANCIAL STANDING.

The following is the financial standing of 166 posts in the Department of Maine, January 1, 1896:

Cash in post funds,	\$23,902.08
Cash in relief funds,	6,464.01
Invested in real estate,	33,031.38
Invested in furniture, flags, etc.,	36,161.18
Total value of post property,	\$99,558.65

SECOND DAY.

The second day's session of the G. A. R. encampment, Department of Maine, began at 10 o'clock, with a larger attendance than on the first day.

Commander Green read a telegram bearing greetings from Captain Soule of the Sons of Veterans of Portland.

The Committee on Credentials made their report, which was accepted.

The report of the committee on the commander's report was read.

Comrade L. T. Carleton, of Winthrop, introduced a resolution recommending that Assistant Adjutant-General A. M. Sawyer, of Portland, be retained for another year in the same position. It was voted to lay the same on the table.

Comrade A. C. Hamlin, of Bangor, recommended a reestablishment of the grade of Lieutenant-General for General Miles, and the encampment adopted the recommendation.

The reports from the committee on medical director, inspector, and state pensions were received. Comrade E. C. Milliken spoke regarding the keeping off the state pension list the names of unworthy men. Past Department Chaplain Howard also spoke on the subject.

Comrade Crowell, of Lewiston, invited the encampment to Lewiston in 1897, and Comrades Gatley, Lamb, Sprague, and Emerson spoke in favor of Lewiston.

Comrade Carver asked that the meeting be held in Belfast.

A vote was taken, and resulted in favor of Lewiston.

Committees were appointed to present the two Relief Corps to the encampment.

Department Chaplain J. W. Webster offered resolutions regarding the Woman's Relief Corps. He asked that both state and National corps hold their conventions at different dates from the Maine G. A. R., as accommodations in the hotels cannot be obtained for the delegates and those who attend the meetings in but few places. The resolutions were adopted.

Comrade Gatley moved that in the future the addresses be printed and sent to the comrades instead of delivering them at the encampment, as the time for business was very limited. The motion was adopted.

Comrade Milliken reported for the committee on the list of representatives and alternates to the national encampment at St. Paul, and his report was accepted. Assistant Adjutant-General Sawyer cast a vote for the representatives and alternates as follows:

A. S. Bangs of Post 13, Augusta, representative at large—Robert A. Carey, Rockport; Herbert R. Sargent, Portland; Alden Blossom, Boothbay; E. M. Robinson, Phillips; A. E. Nickerson, Searsport; E. C. Parker, Bar Harbor; Henry M. Colby, Rumford; C. S. Crowell, Lewiston. Alternates, Thomas Daggett, Foxcroft; H. H. Bowles, Cherryfield; H. R. Millett, Gorham; N. H. Withee, Madison; F. O. Beal, Bangor; D. W. Wood-

bury, Thomaston: John F. Foster, Bangor; M. A. Safford, Kittery; C. H. Hooper, Castine.

The report of the committee on the assistant adjutant-general's report was accepted.

The ladies of the Woman's Relief Corps and the National Relief Corps were received, an address was made by the commander, and addresses were made in regard to the work of the past year by Past Junior Vice-President Mrs. I. N. Small of the National corps and President Sarah L. Pascal of the State corps.

ADDRESS OF MRS. PASCAL.

Commander and Comrades of the Department of Maine:

With one more year added to your lives, with your hair a little grayer, eyes less bright, steps less buoyant, and forms a little more bent, we have come to you to renew our vows of Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty to the members of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Commander and Comrades, I esteem it a great honor to stand here before the Department of Maine for the second time, and a privilege that I am again permitted to look into your faces, take you by the hand, and wish you God speed. It is with pleasure I report to this department the work of the Woman's State Relief Corps of Maine for the year ending December 31, 1895.

We have seventy corps, with a membership of 3,726. We have

expended for charity, from June, 1894, to December, 1895, \$2,189.-36. We have expended for charity since organization, \$28,140.85. Cash on hand in subordinate corps, \$9,600. Besides this, a large amount of property is owned by the different corps.

Post commanders and delegates of this encampment, pass the word along the line that the Woman's State Relief Corps of Maine is standing shoulder to shoulder in the good work; and I want to say to you, the tie that binds us together was never drawn so closely as it is to-day. The Grand Army of the Republic cannot be indifferent to our organization, which is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. Comrades, I bring to you the hearty and patriotic greetings of the noble organization of which I have the honor to be president,—the Woman's State Relief Corps of Maine. They bid you God speed in the work in which you are now engaged. Never in the history of this grand order, which you and I so dearly love, was there such unanimity of purpose and feeling as at the present time. Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty are the great corner stones of our order, but we will build it four square, if necessary, and the fourth corner stone shall be Justice.

Comrades, your organization is the grandest of civic organizations: each and every individual member freely offered his life for our noble, beautiful flag and the Union which it represents. Generations to come

will read of your deeds of valor, your loyalty, your patient heroism.

You remember the four years of bloody war: how in solid column you steadily advanced against the foe: how you faced the murderous rain of shot and shell and leaden hail: how your comrades fell thick and fast around you: how you pressed on, beneath our starry banner, with its red and white and blue, like alternate stripes of sunrise set with noontide's azure hue, never faltering, never wavering, the thought of your loved ones steeling your hearts and nerving your arms to strike the blows, until victory perched upon your banners, a victory which forever settled the question that the national government is and must be supreme: a victory which forever says that the grand old flag must unmolested wave over every inch of its broad domains: a victory which makes it our proud boast to-day that the noblest, fairest dames of all the world are not of the North, not of the East, of the South, nor of the West, but daughters of United America. You are the representative of that grand army which gave to this nation the rightful name of "The Land of the Free." You gave the hand of brotherhood and reconciliation to the men who fought against you: you cannot carry your hatred beyond the silent river. It is manliness, it is patriotism, it is citizenship, to bury it forever. The cause of the rebellion was forever and eternally wrong. The cause of the nation was forever and eter-

nally right. Secession was, and forever is, treason, and rebels were traitors. God grant that forever hereafter they prove themselves good citizens.

To our honored dead, who lie quietly sleeping under gentle, swelling mounds, on shady hillsides and grassy plains, regiment by regiment, company by company, with empty canteen and rusty cup, our fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons, your friends and comrades lie. No bugle call or wild alarm can stir them more. The voice of loved ones is alike unheeded, and the child is yet unborn who can without reproof forget the debt of gratitude we owe these dead, or who shall fail to remember the just claim upon the nation's wealth of the maimed survivors, the helpless widows, or orphan children.

The Johnnies are whipped for all coming time;
We've buried the hatchet,—fell into line;
Slavery is dead, but the Union is sound,
And the crown of King Cotton can never be found.

The flag waves over the whole of the realm,
The pilot of Galilee wields the helm;
And the transports are ready to ferry us o'er
To the great camp ground on the other shore.

It was voted to have printed the reports hereafter and to distribute them among comrades, so that time can be saved by not reading them at encampments. The commander's address was accepted.

It was voted to adopt the committee on resolutions' report to change the time of the encampment meeting.

A committee consisting of Comrades George H. Libby, William

H. True, and David R. Hannagan was appointed to visit Bishop Healey in regard to the display of the American flag at Catholic burial services.

The committee on salaries consists of John P. Carson, Charles H. Hooper, M. B. Watson.

The committee on pensions, H. A. Shorey, John Harper, H. G. Staples, A. W. McCausland, A. B. Sumner, reported as follows: Applications for state pensions in 1893, 1,332; certificates issued in 1893, 1,302; applications in 1894, 1,549; certificates issued in 1894, 1,402; applications in 1895, 2,068; certificates issued in 1895, 1,738. Appropriations for 1895, \$70,000; certificates issued to the amount of \$71,391. These were distributed among 340 towns, cities, and plantations.

The two relief corps were notified of the action taken by the department at the forenoon session, and the Woman's State Relief Corps returned the following resolve:

WHEREAS, It has never been our wish to meet at the same time and place of the department, believing it to be crowding the comrades, as the hospitality of any place is taxed to its utmost on such occasions, therefore, we cheerfully and gladly accede to your request that the Woman's Relief Corps hold their future conventions at some other time and place than that of the encampment of the department.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. SARAH L. PASCAL,

President.

L. D. Carver, of Post 16, Rockland, was nominated for department commander by George M. Seiders, of Post 2. The nomination was seconded by W. H. Simmons of Post 16.

Leroy T. Carleton, of Post 21, was nominated by J. D. Anderson, of Gray, for the same position. It was seconded by E. S. Kelley, of Post 21.

F. M. Drew, of Post 7, Lewiston, nominated Charles A. Southard, of Livermore Falls. It was seconded by I. S. Bangs, of Waterville, J. F. Foster, of Post 165, Bangor, and John F. Lamb, of Post 38.

Comrade Hillman Smith was nominated by Charles S. Emerson. It was seconded by Luther C. Bateman, of Post 47.

William T. Eustis, of Dixfield, said that he was no secret candidate and asked nothing of the encampment: when he did, it would be open.

The first vote for commander was as follows:

Whole number of votes,	452
Necessary for a choice,	227
L. D. Carver,	189
L. T. Carleton,	46
C. A. Southard,	146
H. Smith,	55
F. O. Beal,	15
Henry F. Webster,	1

There was no choice.

The second vote for commander was as follows:

Whole number of votes,	434
Necessary for a choice,	218
L. D. Carver,	195
C. A. Southard,	154

H. Smith, 52
L. T. Carleton, 33

It was again no choice.

The third ballot was as follows :

Whole number, 427
Necessary for a choice, 214
L. D. Carver, 229
C. A. Southard, 195
Scattering, 3

Colonel Carver was declared elected.

The other officers were elected as follows :

Senior Vice Commander, William Fennelly.

Junior Vice Commander, James J. Chase.

Medical Director, Dr. John H. McGregor.

Chaplain, J. W. Webster.

G. B. Haskell, Charles H. Hooper, John B. Carson, Wm. R. Stackpole, and H. H. Blackwell, members of council of administration.

Rev. C. A. Southard made an explanation of the misunderstanding in relation to the Skowhegan meeting. He said he was not a candidate there and said he was misrepresented.

Comrades Miller, Gately, and

W. Sawyer were appointed a committee to escort the department commander elect to the platform.

A resolution to Harry Weissinger Tobacco Company was laid on the table.

The department commander, senior vice commander, and medical director were installed.

Comrade E. C. Milliken moved votes of thanks to Posts 12 and 165 of Bangor, to the city of Bangor, and to the railroads, for courtesies extended.

The encampment was then adjourned.

The following comrades were appointed on the staff of the commander :

Assistant Adjutant-General—Samuel L. Miller, Post 135, Waldoboro.

Assistant Quartermaster-General—William H. Smith, Post 16, Rockland.

Inspector—Jethro H. Swett, Post 99, Kittery.

Judge Advocate—Jonathan P. Cilley, Post 16, Rockland.

Chief Mustering Officer—E. F. Davis, Post 76, Castine.

IVAN N. WALKER, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Colonel Walker is a rugged and typical specimen of the Indianian, born and bred. He is a native of Rush county, and is fifty-six years of age. He was twenty-one years old when the war broke out, and already was the holder of a lucrative office, but he resigned this to

raise a company in the Seventy-third Indiana Volunteers. He was elected captain of the company. He was with his regiment in all its engagements, at Richmond, Perryville, and Stone River, and for gallant service in the last engagement was promoted to the rank of major.

He soon afterward became lieutenant-colonel, and in May, 1863, with the death of the colonel of the regiment, he became colonel.

Being captured in a daring raid through the country of the enemy, he was sent to Libby prison, where for more than a year he endured the horrors of that historic pen. He was one of the number who, headed by Colonel Thomas E. Rose, escaped through the tunnel in February, 1864, but was recaptured and taken back to Richmond. Soon afterward he was exchanged, and, rejoining his regiment, rendered important service in the Army of the Cumberland, in protecting the line of supplies between Stevenson and Decatur, on the Memphis & Charlestown railroad and Tennessee river, during the advance on Atlanta. At the Battle of Nashville he rendered valuable service as aide, and received the personal thanks of General Thomas. He joined the Grand Army of the Republic in 1867, and upon the reorganization of the Department of Indiana served as commander of George H. Thomas Post, of Indianapolis, the largest post in the Department of Indiana.

He was made assistant adjutant-general of the Department of Indiana in 1887, and in 1891, having declined a fifth term, was elected department commander. During his four years as executive officer the membership of the department was increased over 60,000.

Colonel Walker has been promi-

nent in Indiana politics during the last decade. He is a Republican, and in 1890 was the nominee of the party for office of auditor of state. He went down under the landslide that overtook the party in that campaign, but his name and personality were a source of strength to the ticket. When the legislature of 1891 created the state board of tax commissioners he was appointed a member of the board by Governor Hovey, and at the expiration of his term he was reappointed by Governor Matthews.

In 1895, at the convention at Louisville, Ky., Colonel Walker was elected to the highest office in the G. A. R., being promoted from the office of senior vice-commander.

HIS ESCAPE.

The escape of one hundred and eight men from Libby prison in February, 1864, was one of great personal and dramatic interest, and we present a graphic account of it, which we fully commend to the readers of the *BUGLE*. It is taken from the history of the Ninety-sixth Regiment of Illinois Infantry, and is a fair sample of that most excellent work, edited by Charles A. Partridge, of Waukegan, Ill. We can say of this history that, in addition to a full and most interesting account of the work of the Ninety-sixth, it gives the complete individual services of all its members, including their present addresses, or the last intelligence had concerning them.

LIBBY PRISON LIFE AND ESCAPE.

By Charles W. Earle, Lieutenant Ninety-sixth Illinois Infantry.

Between nine and ten o'clock of September 21, 1863, while we were in line of battle, looking toward the old Chickamauga battle-ground, Company C was detailed to reinforce the pickets upon our regiment front. Colonel Champion personally gave me explicit orders, as follows: "Take your company, reinforce the pickets in front of the regiment, and remain there until you are relieved by proper authority. The command will retire toward Chattanooga, and if you are attacked before you are relieved, retreat in the direction of that place." The order was obeyed, and a few minutes after ten p. m. we were in the place assigned. From our position on the picket line we could hear our army withdrawing, the movement being from the left toward the right, and conducted with the greatest precaution and utmost order. One of the historians of the Army of the Cumberland says that the withdrawal of the entire army was concluded by seven a. m. the next morning, and that not a man was lost. Seated in his editorial chair several years after the war, he probably imagined that he was narrating facts; but the terrible experiences recited in this chapter demonstrate his great mistake.

By midnight everything was perfectly still on the top of Missionary Ridge, and a few minutes later the

pickets to my left moved back to where the main line formerly rested, and passed off toward Chattanooga. I heard the order distinctly, "in retreat march," as they began the movement, and expected every moment to hear the same for my command, but it did not come. The anxiety which we experienced at this time (midnight) can hardly be described, and I began to investigate the position. The pickets on my left, as I have before remarked, had been withdrawn by some one, and consequently our left was exposed. On my right I found a detachment of the Fortieth Ohio, commanded by Captain Meagher, whose orders in regard to relief and rejoining his command were exactly the same as mine. After consultation, we decided to remain, in the belief that it was regarded necessary by our commanders to sacrifice a certain number of men who should present a strong picket line to cover the withdrawal of the main army. The fact of the matter was, as I learned upon my return to my regiment six months afterward, that a staff officer was sent at two o'clock in the morning to relieve us, but failed to reach our advanced position.

The reasons why Companies C and H were not relieved, are best told by Lieutenant Pepoon, who was in a position to know better than any other officer of the regiment,

and perhaps than any other staff officer in either the brigade or division.

About midnight, September 21, 1863, General Whittaker, commanding our brigade, asked a lieutenant who was a member of General Steedman's staff, and serving temporarily upon the staff of General Whittaker, on account of the reduction, by capture, wounding, and killing of all his staff with the exception of one, if he could find General Steedman's headquarters. This staff officer replied negatively, and turning to Lieutenant Pepoon the general requested him to report to General Steedman that in obedience to orders the second brigade had left its position on Missionary Ridge at twelve o'clock at night and was then en route for Chattanooga. While Lieutenant Pepoon was executing this order, the other staff officer was ordered to go and relieve the two companies of the Ninety-sixth regiment, Illinois Volunteers, and one other company from the brigade, who were left upon Missionary Ridge.

In the course of a short time that staff officer returned and reported that the companies has been relieved, and it was not known at brigade headquarters for two days that they were not only not relieved, but were by that time well along on their way to Richmond—prisoners of war. These companies were sacrificed, were allowed to be captured, and went through all the horrors of Libby, Richmond, Danville, Andersonville, and Florence,

a large majority of them meeting their deaths in these places, because a staff officer had not the courage to do his plain duty.

At daylight, beyond the interval on our left, made vacant by the pickets' withdrawal during the night, we discovered a continuation of our line, which was closed by extending my line, and a consultation of officers was held. We represented four or five regiments, and numbered seven officers and about one hundred men, the ranking officer being a captain.

We found that no discretionary power had been given to us to rejoin our commands. Our orders were imperative,—to stay where we were posted, and although we could see nothing to be gained, it was unanimously agreed to protect our flanks and hold our ground. It was now ten o'clock in the morning. We could see the Confederate army passing through Rossville Gap, and from the clouds of dust trending toward Chattanooga we knew that we were at least two or three miles in its rear. In the meantime several stragglers from the enemy had been captured, and a depot for prisoners established a short distance down the ridge. Here we collected seven or eight men and a few horses and arms. It is difficult to say what we proposed to do with these trophies of war, for we had no rations for ourselves, and certainly we could illy spare a guard for prisoners. It was absolutely necessary to detain them, however, as they would com-

municate our position if allowed to escape; and then, too, the hope was not altogether banished from our minds that in some way, at some time, we would be relieved, and with our captured prisoners, horses, and arms, march triumphantly into our camp. It terminated somewhat differently, however.

At eleven o'clock, our position being discovered, General Humphrey's brigade of McLaw's division moved at right angles to Missionary Ridge against us, and with our small force it was but a question of a few minutes before we were surrounded and captured.

We foolishly attempted to resist the advance of the entire brigade, and had planned a very elaborate line of defense and retreat. Our scheme was to form three lines of battle, and as the first was forced back it was to retreat to a position in the rear of the third, until by fighting and retreating in order we might rejoin our army. Our tactics were a failure; and after having one man killed, James Forsyth, of Company H, and several wounded, we found ourselves surrounded and forced to surrender.

We were taken directly down the point of the ridge looking toward Rossville, and placed in an open field, and filled our canteens from the old spring, where we were guarded closely during the remainder of the day and night, and regaled with fabulous stories of the destruction of our army: at one time it was twenty-five thousand prisoners, at another the entire

army excepting one brigade, and they were nearly surrounded: the pontoon bridge was destroyed, they said, and all the trains. We did not see any considerable number of prisoners coming to the rear, however, and were not at all discomfited.

About noon, September 23, we started for Dalton, the nearest railroad connection, marching over the road we had taken three or four days before when going toward the front. It was thirty miles distant, and we marched it in one day with a cavalry escort. And here I must pause one moment to bear testimony to the kindness and consideration shown us by the fighting rebel soldiery. While nothing can be said in extenuation of the terrible conduct exhibited and perpetrated by the guards of different prisons, and the want and woe and sufferings and wretched deaths experienced by our noble and brave men, this much I must say for our captors and for the men who were really our opponents on the field of battle. Captain William P. Turner, of the Nineteenth South Carolina regiment, commanded our guard, and a more gentlemanly or kind-hearted person one rarely meets. Every attention possible was shown us, and all the liberties ever extended to prisoners of war were freely granted. The evening of the 25th, we reached Atlanta, the 27th, Augusta, the 28th, Columbia, the 29th, Raleigh, and at midnight, October 1, Richmond, Va.

This journey of nearly one thou-

sand miles, was made in platform cars and with scant rations: a few crackers, a small piece of pork, and and one or two pints of corn meal being all the food issued by the authorities. The corn meal was made eatable by mixing with water, pasting this dough to a board and standing it near the fire until it was in some slight degree baked.

As our train would stop for wood or water, our men would occasionally jump out, run into the woods adjoining the track and hastily pick a few persimmons, by which our scanty diet was slightly varied.

The captain of our guard extended many courtesies to the twelve or fifteen officers on the train, which we shall never forget. Under his escort we were permitted to visit several hotels as we passed through the different cities, and to take our meals, paying for such from \$2.00 to \$3.50, Confederate currency; and at Crown Point, a station in Georgia, the ladies of the place furnished us a very elegant lunch.

At nearly every station we would find traders of various notions,—Confederate relics, fruits, or attenuated pies; these were surreptitiously exchanged for greenbacks.

By the time we arrived at Richmond we were very destitute of blankets and clothing, as at every point where we changed cars, or went into barracks for a night, the local rebel authorities insisted upon a rigid examination for articles contraband of war. At one place they would demand our overcoats, at another our knives, at another our

wool or rubber blankets. Indeed, it seemed as if we were expected to make up any deficit in the general equipment of the local military.

Upon our arrival in Richmond we disembarked from the cars, and, with the officers at the head of the columns, marched through the streets of the city. After proceeding some distance we halted, and word was passed down the line that the officers were to be sent to one prison and the men to another. I had only time to run back to my company, bid them good-bye, and divide with them a little Confederate money which I had received from the sale of a watch, and we were separated,—the officers passing into Libby, and the men into other prisons in the vicinity.

Almost a quarter of a century has passed since that night of parting, yet its memories are as vivid as if it was yesterday. I see the dimly lighted streets of the capital; the lines of determined yet dejected men; those heroes of Chickamauga, now prisoners of war, anxious and solicitous as to the future; I hear the measured step of the soldiers at that midnight hour, and their quiet, yet earnest conversation, as the possible fate of the morrow is discussed. These remembrances come freshly to my mind at this time as I write of that trying situation.

We marched into Libby at midnight, where we were registered, and subjected to the fourth or fifth examination. The small amount of United States currency

we had managed to conceal up to this time was taken from us, and we were informed that its value would be returned in Confederate money, — about seven dollars of southern currency for one dollar of United States. In justice to those having this matter in charge, I must say that about one month later this return was absolutely made.

The preliminaries of proper enrollment on the prison book having been concluded, we were conducted through two or three rooms, the floors of which were covered with sleeping men, up two or three flights of stairs, and finally told to make ourselves comfortable (?) for the night. As the floor was of hard lumber, and we had neither blankets nor overcoats, this was a somewhat difficult task; but we were so tired from our journey of a thousand miles, that sleep soon came and our sufferings and inconveniences were for the time forgotten.

We awakened the next morning to find ourselves surrounded by a crowd of men, some of whom we recognized as fellow officers in other regiments, but whose exclamations and actions we were at loss to understand. Cries of "fresh fish," "fresh fish," "fresh fish," filled the room, and question after question in quick succession, was hurled at us. "How is the army? Where is Rosecrans? Got any greenbacks? How about the Army of the Potomac? Fresh fish," etc., etc. We soon learned that we were among one thousand officers

of the Union army, and that this was the usual manner of initiation. Some of them belonging to the Army of the Cumberland, interested themselves in our behalf, and we were soon engaged in looking over our quarters and making preparations for indefinite residence.

The noted prison which was to be our home was formerly a tobacco warehouse, and situated on the corner of Carey and Eighteenth streets, within a few feet of the Lynchburg canal, and but a short distance from and in full view of the James river. It was three stories high in front and four in the rear, with a frontage of 165 feet and a depth of 105 feet. It was exceedingly well built, of brick and stone, and divided into three apartments by very thick brick partition walls extending from the foundation to the roof. The cellars, or the first story in the rear, were on a level with the dock bordering the canal, and were inaccessible to the prisoners: one was used as a dungeon, where were incarcerated any who disobeyed the rules of the prison; a second may have been for cooking purposes: the third was entirely unoccupied, but served a very excellent purpose, which I shall presently describe. The first story proper was occupied as follows: the first room by the prison authorities: the middle room, to which we had access, as a cooking and dining-room for the prisoners. The next room was used as an officers' hospital. The second and third stories were assigned to the

prisoners, and here, in seven rooms, more than one thousand United States officers cooked, ate, washed, breathed, and slept for many months.

THE FIRST DAY IN PRISON.

This was occupied in being assigned to a mess, forming acquaintances, writing letters to my parents, and attending a prayer meeting. We found men here who had been incarcerated for twelve months, and were informed that no exchange would probably take place till the close of the war, and it was thought advisable to commence a residence which might be extended for years, by attending a prayer meeting.

At this place I may say a word in regard to meetings for religious exercises, which occurred from time to time during my imprisonment in this place. There were a number of army chaplains in Libby when I first arrived there, chief among whom was the Rev. C. C. McCabe, whose influence for the right, and whose cheerful example did everyone good with whom he came in contact. These gentlemen, in the main, conducted these exercises, although after their release, which occurred early in my captivity, the meetings were continued. In those days, and it is feared in the quarter of a century which has nearly elapsed, the subject of religion did not, and has not engaged the attention of any considerable number of our soldiers; but, amid it all, and since,

there are those who thank God for the faith which then abided in them, and which in those dark days, was a source of comfort and consolation to them. And to-day there are thousands of fathers and mothers in both North and South, who laid their first born on the altar of our country, whose only solace is the faith that sometime they will see them.

WHO WERE THERE.

The officer of highest rank during my imprisonment was General Neal Dow, of Maine, the great temperance lecturer and reformer. He was at that time quite advanced in years, but was always cheerful, and very frequently delivered addresses on various topics (temperance by preference), to large audiences of officers. Colonel A. D. Streight, of Indiana, was also a prisoner at this time. It will be remembered that in 1863 he obtained permission and organized a brigade of mounted infantry for an expedition into Alabama and Georgia for the purpose of destroying the supplies and threatening the railroad communication of the Confederates in these states. After several severe and bravely-fought battles the entire force was compelled to surrender to General Forrest, near Rome, Georgia.

Other officers were,—Colonel Bartleson, 100th Illinois, who was afterward killed at Kenesaw Mountain; Colonel Carleton, 89th Ohio; Colonel LeFavor, 22d Michigan; Colonel Rose, 77th Pa.; Colonel

D. Cesnola, 4th N. Y. Cavalry;— in all some fourteen colonels, about thirty-five lieutenant-colonels, thirty-nine majors, more than three hundred captains, and about seven hundred and fifty lieutenants. These officers represented regiments from nearly every Northern state, and every department of the great army and navy marshalled for the restoration of the Union.

Our men during the winter of 1863-'64 were inside a guard line on Belle Isle, a barren, sandy tract opposite Richmond. Their rations were insufficient at all times, and during a considerable portion of the winter they had neither barracks nor tents, nor shelter of any kind.

The privations which they endured no pen can describe, and the recollections of those days, as given by some of our men, are almost beyond belief.

A detailed account of the daily round of duties, including cooking and eating, and the various occupations and amusements and the arrangements for sleeping, will give a fair idea of the way in which we managed to while away the time; in the main with cheerfulness and hope, but with occasionally a wretched and dreary day.

THE EARLY MORNING, THE "GENERAL," AND "OLD BEN."

Attached to the prison were several colored men, who had formerly been cooks and servants to the United States officers. These men were employed in scrubbing

and caring for the prisons. One of the first duties to be performed in the early morning, and which usually wakened us, was for the "General" (one of the colored men) to go through the prison with a kettle of burning tar for fumigating purposes, who would repeat on every occasion the remark that it was "bery beneficial to the gemmen, kase it was Union smoke." A few minutes after the "General" had completed his duties, another one, known as "Old Ben," would commence to cry out the morning papers, and arouse to consciousness any who were still sleeping,— "All four de mornin' papers. Tal-agraphic dispatches from ebery whar. Rise, gemmen, and buy de mornin' news. Great news from de Rappehannock: great news from Charleston: great news from Chattanooga:" and becoming somewhat general, and not particularly correct in regard to points of the compass, he would conclude by saying,— "Great news from the north-west, the south-west, and the east-west!"

ROLL CALL.—THE PRISON CLERK.

This concluded, the nasal twang of Georgia, the prison clerk, would be heard commanding the prisoners to "fall in for roll call." This man was said to be a deserter from our army, and was, from the first, and continually and consciously, hated by every man in the prison. He subjected us to every petty tyranny which an abnormal mind could suggest. The names of the

officers were not always called, but we were sometimes packed into one room and counted as we passed into another, or formed in ranks of four and counted. At other times the roll would be called. Later in our prison experience, when the tunnel was in process of construction, and one or two men were working during the day, their absence would be accounted for by one or two who were in the secret, forming at first on the right of the line, and after being counted they would move slyly to the extreme left and be counted twice. This made the number appear correct, and no suspicion was excited.

Another scheme for deceiving our captors and making one man more in prison than there really was, worked well for a long time. Lieutenant Jones would be in the tunnel at work when the roll would be called, and as each answered to his name he would be required to pass from one room to another in the presence of the clerk. Lieutenant Smith, knowing the secret, would answer to Lieutenant Jones's name and pass before the clerk. In the general summing-up Lieutenant Smith would, of course, be absent, and he would be summoned to appear at the office. He would be asked where he was when roll was called, and why he did not respond. His reply would be that he did respond when his name was called and passed before the clerk, and was here to demonstrate that the authorities had made a mistake. This, like many other devices, was

called a "Yankee trick" by the Confederate authorities, and remained unexplained for a long time.

January 30, we had roll call nearly all day, as there was some discrepancy in the rolls. The prison clerk, Ross, after working nearly the entire day to correct his roll, finally gave it up, with the remark,—“How in the devil can I manage a thousand Yankees, when, after counting them all day, I have twenty-four more men in prison than ever were here.” On the following day, after continuous roll-call countings, there were thirty-seven more men in prison than there should have been. The way this was worked upon the rebel authorities was for the boys to crawl out of one scuttle-hole upon the roof, and down through another, and pass before the prison authorities, and thus be counted twice.

OUR RATIONS—BOXES FROM HOME.

Immediately after roll-call came breakfast, and then the distribution of rations. These were issued in the middle room, first story, to which it will be remembered the prisoners had access. Here, also, we did the most of our cooking. The rations were brought in, and placed on the floor—a pile of bread, a pile of meat, and a bag of rice. The prisoners were divided into messes of from twenty to thirty, and each mess was entitled to one representative to receive rations. The commissary of each mess dis-

tributed the rations to individuals, and when received the ration consisted of one loaf of brown bread, about the size and density of a Calumet brick, a piece of meat about half the size of a man's hand (small hand), and a gill of rice, and this for dinner, supper, and breakfast.

We were allowed to receive small boxes of provisions and clothing during part of my sojourn in this place. Everything was closely searched, before we came into possession of our boxes, for contraband goods, more particularly for arms and wet goods. The devices to conceal them, especially the latter, were quite ludicrous, a very thin tin box concealed by a false bottom being the most successful.

I have recently heard of a prisoner who was successful in receiving a bottle of some alcoholic liquor by having it secreted in a small jar of butter.

OCCUPATIONS AND AMUSEMENTS.

Between meals and during the evening we were usually very busy at something. We indulged in amusements of all kinds—cards, checkers, and chess particularly. Some cultivated their love for music; others studied Italian, French, military tactics, and phonography. We had sword exercise in the cooking-room, carried on with wooden weapons, while many busied themselves from morning to night in manufacturing ornaments from the bones of our beef (or some other animal) issued to us.

The means by which a few of the officers earned an honest dollar were many and varied. Peddling apples was a favorite vocation. A major or lieutenant-colonel, accustomed to all the luxuries of home, and the pomp and parade around headquarters, would be found seated by the side of a barrel of apples, and, with a few of the choicest on a board as samples, would cry out his wares with all the gusto of a street fakir.

THE PRICE OF PROVISIONS.

From one of the newspapers I copied the following:

Flour, from \$100 to \$110 per bbl.; corn, \$13 to \$14 per bu.; bacon, \$2.50 per lb.; lard, \$2.25 to \$2.35 per lb.; butter, \$3.75 per lb.; apples, \$45 to \$60 per bu.; beans, from \$12 to \$15 per bu.; tallow, \$2.50 per lb.; baled hay, from \$10 to \$11 per 100 lbs.; sweet potatoes, \$12 per bu.; Irish potatoes, \$7 to \$8 per bu.; turnips, \$6 per bu.; sugar, \$2.35 per lb.; salt, \$45 to \$60 per lb.; whiskey, \$50 per gal.; two sheets of paper and five envelopes, 50 cts.

Among the organizations for amusements I remember the Libby Prison Minstrels and the Libby Historics. A programme of one of our entertainments appears below:

THE LIBBY PRISON MINSTRELS.

Manager,	Lieut. G. W. Chandler.
Treasurer,	Capt. H. W. Sawyer.
Costumer,	Lieut. J. P. Jones.
Scenic Artist,	Lieut. Fentress.
Captain of the Supers,	Lieut. Bristow.

Thursday Evening, December 24, 1863.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Overture—"Norma,"	Troupe.
Opening Chorus—"Ernani,"	Troupe.
Song—"Who Will Care for Mother Now?"	Capt. Schell.

Song—"Grafted in the Army," Lieut. Kendall.
 Song—"When the Bloom is on the Rye,"

Adj't. Lombard.

Song—"Barnyard Imitations," Capt. Mass.

Song—"Do They Think of me at Home?"

Adj't. Jones.

Chorus—"Phantom,"

Troupe.

SECOND PART.

Duet, violin and flute—Serenade from "Lucia,"

Lieuts. Chandler and Rockwell.

Song and Dance—"Root Hog or Die,"

Capt. Mass.

Banjo Solo,

Lieut. Thomas.

Duet—"Dying Girl's Last Request,"

Adj'ts. Lombard and Jones.

Magic Violin,

Capt. Mass, Chandler, and Kendall.

Song—"My Father's Custom,"

Lieut. McCaulley.

Clog Dance,

Lieut. Ryan.

RIVAL LOVERS.

Joe Skimmerhorn,

Capt. Mass.

George Iverson,

Lieut. Kandolph.

PART THIRD.

COUNTRYMAN IN A PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

Proprietor,

Capt. Mass.

Boy,

Lieut. Randolph.

Countryman,

Maj. Neiper.

MASQUERADE BALL.

Manager,

Adj't. Jones.

Doorkeeper,

Capt. Mass.

Musician,

Capt. Chandler.

Member of the Press,

Lieut. Ryan.

Mose,

Lieut. Welsh.

Black Swan,

Lieut. Moran.

Broadway Swell,

Lieut. Bennett.

Richard III,

Capt. McWilliams.

The Whole to Conclude with a Grand Walk-Round. Performance to commence at 6 o'clock. Admission Free. Children in Arms not Admitted.

ADJ'T. R. C. KNAGGS,

Business Agent.

DISCIPLINING RECALCITRANT AND SUSPICIOUS PRISONERS.

It was expected that every prisoner would be imbued with intense patriotism and loyalty to our government. Any remarks to the contrary were always treated with contempt, and the unhappy prisoner

was usually subjected to some sort of discipline.

October 25, we had an indignation meeting, at the expense of a surgeon belonging to a Michigan regiment. By some means it was learned that this unhappy doctor had written a letter to the commandant of the prison, asking for a blanket, saying, in conclusion, that by thus doing he would confer a favor upon one who, under any other circumstances, would be a friend to the Confederacy. By some means this letter was mislaid and brought back into prison, and fell into the hands of some of the intensely loyal officers. A meeting was at once organized, a chairman elected, and a committee of three appointed to wait upon the doctor and bring him before the meeting. It was demanded that he should show his colors and give an explanation. The president made a few remarks, and called upon Dr. G. to make the explanation. He was invited to explain his conduct, and it was hoped that it would be "freely, frankly, and fully given." The doctor was rather an inferior looking man, and when he arose and attempted to explain everybody was hurraing, and it was impossible to hear what he said. He commenced by saying that he would speak "freely, frankly, and fully," but the yelling drowned what he had to say, and the little man became frightened, fearing that he might be injured by the boisterous crowd. After a while, however, quiet was restored, and he made his explana-

tion, as expected. In closing, the chairman gave the doctor some advice, and said, among other things, that he hoped the doctor had learned a lesson: that the doctor, in the future, would be more discreet: that the doctor would get his blanket; and that the doctor would get every thing from the Confederate authorities which he desired.

A few days after this a lieutenant-colonel of the Army of the Potomac was suspected of giving some information in regard to the doings within the prison, and he, also, was disciplined. In fact, it was a poor place for one not thoroughly imbued with all the sentiments of a most loyal and devoted Union soldier.

The national holidays, and Christmas and New Year's days, were always celebrated with all the enthusiasm and gusto that our surroundings would permit. I was not a prisoner on July 4th, but from others I gather that their patriotic sentiments were freely expressed. A star spangled banner was extemporized by sewing together cloths of different colors, patriotic speeches were made, and patriotic songs were sung, much to the discomfort of the prison authorities.

December 25—Christmas—was celebrated by a dance in the dining-room, and a general good time was enjoyed. However, no wood was issued to us that day, and our cooking was done by wood which was obtained by tearing down the partitions and breaking up the tables.

On New Year's day we sang "The Star Spangled Banner," and gave three cheers for the Union, much to the consternation of our guards.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH.

The results of the October elections of 1863, in Pennsylvania and Ohio, were received, and created great enthusiasm. This was the time that Curtin was elected, and Vallandigham was so terribly defeated. News from the different armies, both from the rebel and northern papers, were occasionally received.

About the time that the Battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge took place the rebel papers were filled with the anticipation of soon defeating the Union army, and of driving it into Tennessee, and perhaps north to Cincinnati.

At the time the Ninety-sixth made its reconnoissance toward Ringgold it was reported that the Union army was defeated, and was being driven rapidly toward the north. When, however, the combined massing of Grant's, Sherman's, and Thomas's forces was being made, by which the capture of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain was brought about, the rebel papers said that the southern people might as well be making up their minds for another of Bragg's retreats, and in one or two days their worst fears were realized.

A NIGHT IN PRISON.

With eleven hundred officers sleeping upon the floors of six

rooms, with no cots, and with but very few blankets, it can be very easily seen that it required uncomfortably close packing.

We were in the habit of lying down in rows; the first row with heads toward the wall, then two rows in the centre of the building, with heads next to each other, leaving a short alley between the feet of the different rows. In the middle of the night, in a room where nearly two hundred men were sleeping, or trying to sleep, it would not be remarkable if, occasionally, there was a man who snored. This was frequently the case, and the midnight hour would sometimes be made almost hideous by the snoring proclivities of a dozen or so of our men.

If the noise became unbearable some fellow would cry out, "Roll him over." "Throw water on him." "Where is the clothes-pin?" And, if he did not subside, an old piece of corn bread would be hurled in the direction of the noise, striking against tin pails hanging from the ceiling, and generally coming in contact with exactly the person whom the thrower did not desire to disturb.

ITEMS.

October 14, the British consul called upon the prisoners. He sailed for Europe in a day or two, and it was said he had been dismissed from the Confederacy by President Davis. I do not now know the significance of this procedure.

MEN OF MY REGIMENT WHOM I SAW.

Dimmick, of Company E, passed Libby prison, October 21, and Eli Thayer on the 23d of the same month. At Columbia, on my way to prison, I saw Orderly Sergeant Bangs of Company B. Captain Rowan arrived in prison October 10.

October 26, we heard that Rosecrans was relieved, and that the president had called out 300,000 more men.

After the Battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain the rebels claimed that the Union army had lost 20,000 men,—a gross exaggeration.

Lieutenant Hannon, our quartermaster on brigade staff, and Lieutenant Keith, an old school teacher and acquaintance in Lake county, were in prison with me.

It was reported at one time that three or four corps with Meade's army were on their way to reinforce Rosecrans.

December 26, we witnessed, from the back windows of our prison, a most sad sight, and were powerless to avert the calamity or to render any assistance. A company of little boys were at play on the ice which covered the canal, a short distance from the back of the prison. All at once they broke through, and cried for help. Several of our officers gave their word of honor not to attempt to escape if they might be permitted to rescue the little fellows, but they were not allowed to do so, and before help

could arrive from the outside one or two had been drowned.

During my residence in Libby we were permitted to write short letters to our friends, and to receive our mail from the North, both subject to the scrutiny of the authorities. On the arrival of a mail Lieutenant Knaggs, who was acting postmaster, would select some elevated place, perhaps a beam in one of the upper rooms, and call out the names of the lucky ones for whom letters had arrived. The exquisite happiness depicted in the faces of the fortunate ones was more noticeable as the gloom and disappointment of those not thus favored manifested themselves. Certainly no one thing brought so much consolation, and hope, and joy, as a letter from home.

A few days after our escape this happy privilege was to a certain extent denied, as the following order from the commandant will show. It is given verbatim:

OFFICE C. S. MILITARY PRISON,
RICHMOND, Va., 14th Feb., 1864.

Hereafter prisoners won't be allowed to write no letters to go to the so-called United States of more than six lines in length and only one letter per week. By command of

THOMAS P. TURNER,
Major C. S. A.

EXCHANGE.

Rumors in regard to exchange were frequent—at times favorable, and at others so dismal as to extinguish every ray of hope. October

3d it was reported that all prisoners captured previous to September 1 had been exchanged; on the 10th it was denied. During the 13th, exchange was high. (We used to quote it as business men speak of stocks and bonds.) Ten steamers were at City Point to carry us to Fortress Monroe; Milroy's men were to go down in the morning. On the 27th, the report was that the United States government would exchange no more prisoners till the close of the war. That day we had simply bread and water to eat. November 8, there were rumors of an immediate exchange of everybody, and for hours some of the more despondent would stand and look down James river for the United States transports which were to carry them to our lines and to their home. Suffice it to say they never came, and so for months, and in many cases for one and two years, these same officers and thousands of our brave men suffered, and languished, and died, in those wretched places.

ESCAPE FROM LIBBY.

Owing to the uncertainties of exchange, and to our wretched treatment, and the innate love one has to be free, and the desire which was almost universal, to be once more by the side of our comrades to help fight the war to a successful termination, many of the prisoners were restless and impatient, and thought long and seriously of escape. This was particularly true of the younger officers. Those

who were older and had families at home, although extremely anxious to see their loved ones, were not as willing, so far as my observation extended, to take risks in attempting an escape which might be fatal to their lives. I have heard them remark that they were captured in the line of duty by no fault of theirs, and if the government needed them it could effect an exchange. A certain number, however, were always on the alert, and scheme after scheme was discussed. It was constantly in our minds, the subject of conversation among our confidants during the day and our dream at night. But an escape seemed almost impossible. We were surrounded by a strong guard at every point, and could we escape from the building we were in the midst of an enemy's country without food or money or allies, and withal weak from insufficient food and improper clothing.

ATTEMPTS AT ESCAPE.

The first escape from the prison which I remember was effected by one of the officers, by assuming to be one of a party of workmen who were engaged in the prison in strengthening the window protections. He assumed the dress of a laborer, blackened his face and hands slightly, as if he had been working with iron, and shouldering some tool or a bar of iron, marched out of the door, passed the guard, and was free. I am not informed whether or not he reached our lines.

In December, Captain Anderson, of the Fifth Indiana Regiment, and Lieutenant Skelton, of the Seventeenth Iowa Regiment, escaped by bribing the guards. They reached our lines after passing through innumerable hardships and dangers.

During the night of December 20, Colonel Streight and his adjutant, Lieutenant Reid, effected an escape from the prison by giving to the sentinel one hundred dollars in greenbacks, and two silver watches. As soon, however, as they were outside the guard-line an irregular fire was opened upon them, and after a short struggle they were captured and returned to a cell, where they were kept twenty-one days. The affair was simply a plot on the part of the prison officials to rob and perhaps murder these two officers.

A short time after this, the rebel, General Morgan, having escaped from the Ohio penitentiary, made us a visit, accompanied by several Rebel officers of rank and some of the Richmond civil authorities. I witnessed his introduction to General Neal Dow, and as the conversation between these two noted gentlemen was somewhat sarcastic, I note two sentences.

"General Dow," said General Morgan, "I am very happy to see you here; or rather, as you are here, I am happy to see you looking so well." General Dow immediately replied: "General Morgan, I congratulate you on your escape, although I can not say I am glad you did escape, but since

you did, I am happy to see you here."

During the night of January 15, 1864, several officers again attempted to escape, by bribing the guards and letting themselves down from the prison windows by means of some kind of rope. The guards again proved treacherous, and made one who had descended climb back. The day following, considerable amusement was caused by allusion to this unfortunate adventure, and that night after the officers had retired and the Chickamauga room was still, Captain Smyth, of the Sixteenth U. S. Regulars, offered the following preamble and resolutions :

WHEREAS, Several of our fellow officers, disgusted with the scant rations and mule-beef of the Confederate authorities, and inspired with the love of liberty, and a desire to see once more their wives and little ones, attempted to escape last night from their confinement: and

WHEREAS, Said attempt was ignobly and most unfortunately frustrated by the base treachery of the sentinels; therefore

Resolved, That the aforesaid officers have our warmest sympathy in this their bitter disappointment, and that we earnestly deprecate the disposition of some among us to ridicule their misfortune, and to make light of their honest endeavors to obtain that dearest boon of an American citizen,—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Resolved, That although the aforesaid officers have lowered themselves in the sight of their fellow officers, yet their earnest endeavors under the most

embarrassing circumstances, to rise again to their former position, have again placed them on an equal footing with us all.

Resolved, That the action of the sentinel in turning traitor to his government, by consenting to the escape of a prisoner, and then turning traitor to the prisoner, by preventing his escape, was but a change of base.

Resolved, That the feelings that prompted a sentinel to cock his piece at one of our fellow officers, while he was hanging on the slender thread of fate, was an offshoot of humanity.

Resolved, That while mechanical principles plainly teach us that watches may run down, the events of last night show that they cannot with equal facility be made to run up.

Resolved, That the events of last night plainly show the true value of time.

Resolved, That although a watch may run down, it is no reason that the owner should be.

Resolved, That officers in escaping should use the starboard-watch, which is right, and not the port-watch, which is left.

Resolved, That if officers would watch more they would not be watchless.

Resolved, That officers should not palm off on a sentinel watches not having a good escapement.

Resolved, That under present circumstances officers should not attempt to escape on tick.

The resolutions were greeted with immense applause, immediately adopted, and after a few patriotic songs, we quieted for the night. During all this time the idea of escape by tunnel was being discussed. There were, however,

apparently insuperable difficulties to a plan of this kind. It was absolutely impossible, as far as we could see, to obtain access to an outside wall in the basement, or indeed, to any part of the cellar floor.

Just who thought of the plan by which we succeeded in gaining an entrance into the cellar, it is perhaps, difficult to state, but as I understand it, and as I know is in the main correct, the following are the names of the men to whom belong the honor of planning and carrying forward to a successful termination this bold enterprise.

Lieutenant Wm. G. Galloway, of the Fifteenth U. S. Regulars, was suffering from fever, and one night being quite wakeful as one of the results of his sickness, he thought of a tunnel from some point in the east basement. The following day he confided his idea to Lieutenant Ludlow, of Battery M, Fourth Regular Artillery, and Lieutenant Clifford, of the Sixteenth U. S. Regulars. After consultation, it was thought best to increase the party, and Colonel T. E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, and several others were added. From this moment Colonel Rose became the acknowledged manager and engineer. Concerning this there can be no doubt. The honor of being the leader of this scheme has been claimed by others, but to Colonel Thomas E. Rose it rightfully belongs. The working party was thoroughly organized and bound to secrecy by a solemn oath, administered by the manager. This

proceeding was absolutely necessary, both to protect the party from discovery by spies, who undoubtedly were in the prison in our very midst, and from a few very weak individuals among our own officers, who, for certain considerations, were constantly imparting information to the prison officials.

The party having in charge the work to obtain entrance into the cellar, and who were engaged in working on the first tunnel,—which I shall presently, briefly describe, was composed of the following officers: Colonel Rose, Captains Lucas and Gallagher, Lieutenants Galloway, Ludlow, Clifford, Brown, and Hamilton, with possibly two or three others whose names I cannot obtain. It must be remembered that our quarters were in the two upper stories, and that we had access to only the middle room on the first story, which was our cooking and dining room. At one point on the east side of this room was situated a fire-place, built in the massive brick and stone partition, which, as I have before remarked, extended from basement to roof. Around this fireplace three stoves were placed for our use, leaving a very small space between the back of the stoves and the fire-place. It was at this point that some one conceived the idea of gaining entrance into the cellar, under the next room, which would give easy access to an outside wall, and a chance for tunneling. It will be seen that if an opening could be made in the floor of this

fireplace, by oblique digging we would come out in the cellar of the adjoining room, which was seldom, if ever, used.

Captain Hamilton was a stonemason, and removed the first brick and stone from the fireplace, through which we hoped to reach the basement. During the day this opening was kept closed, and so ingeniously were the bricks and stones replaced, aided by a few ashes and one or two worn-out skillets thrown carelessly in, that one would never notice that anything had been disturbed. After I was aware that this opening existed, and that a working party was in the basement I have looked intently (knowing that no one was observing my movements) for evidences of carelessness in closing this opening,—for a little fresh dirt that possibly might furnish a clue to our operations, but I could see nothing. Every possible clue to detection was minutely guarded. The basement, or cellar, to which we now had access, and from which the tunnel proper was commenced, was dark,—rarely, if ever, opened, and had the appearance of not having been cleaned for years. There was found here some straw, a few boards, some old boxes, and, I believe some old stoves, and plenty of rats.

The first tunnel was from the south end of the cellar, and was made with the intention of tapping the sewer between the prison and canal. It was found impossible, on account of the terrible odor, and

the small size of the box sewer, for a man to enter, and was therefore abandoned, and the attention of the working party directed toward the east side.

About this time, probably one or two days before the abandonment of the sewer tunnel, possibly when escape in that direction was determined to be impracticable, there was a division in the working party. I am not aware that any direct disagreement took place, but without consulting certain ones who were at work, additional officers were taken into the secret, and without the knowledge of all belonging to the first party, a new tunnel from the east side was commenced. This new working party, as given to me by Colonel Rose in a recent communication, was as follows: Major Fitzsimmons, Thirtieth Indiana Infantry; Major McDonald, One Hundred and First Ohio Infantry; Captain A. J. Hamilton, Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry; Captain Clark, Seventy-ninth Illinois Infantry; Captain Gallagher, Second Ohio Infantry; Captain Randall, Second Ohio Infantry; Captain Lucas, Fifth Kentucky Infantry; Captain Johnson, Sixth Kentucky Infantry; Lieutenant Fistler, Twelfth Indiana Infantry; Lieutenant Mitchell, Seventy-ninth Illinois Infantry; Lieutenant Simpson, Tenth Indiana Infantry; Lieutenant Garbet, Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania Infantry; Lieutenant Foster, Twenty-ninth Indiana Artillery; Lieutenant McKean, Forty-fourth Illinois Infantry.

Bounding the prison on the east was an alley or narrow street, and on the opposite side of this narrow street from the prison were situated what I suppose to have been a ware-house and an unused stable. There was also a small yard concealed from view in the alley by an upright board fence.

One of the most difficult tasks of the entire work was to effect an opening in the foundation wall. It was accomplished, however, after great labor, and the tunnel commenced nearly on a line with the floor of the cellar, probably eight or nine feet below the surface of the ground. The distance to be tunneled was from seventy to eighty feet, although it has been estimated by some at one hundred.

The man at work was obliged to recline on the anterior part of his body, and the tools at his command were only common knives, small hatchets, sharp pieces of wood, and a broken fire-shovel. After the tunnel was fairly commenced it required two men to work successfully,—one in the tunnel digging, and a second at the cellar opening to haul back the earth, which was done, at least partly, in shallow frying pans.

And now I must answer one question which is always suggested: "What did you do with the dirt?" In reply I would say that it was distributed over the cellar floor, and straw carelessly scattered over it, or placed in boxes in small quantities, or in barrels, a little here and a little there. It has been stated

by a writer in the *Philadelphia Weekly Times* that some of the dirt was emptied into a sewer. In any event, there was not a great amount; and indifferently distributed in a cellar 55x106 feet, it would hardly be noticed, even if the guards or officials entered this part of the prison.

The time required for the construction of this tunnel was nearly three weeks, and it was about half finished when I discovered it and was taken into the secret.

Sunday night, January 24, I had been reconnoitering and making an examination in regard to the feasibility of an escape,—indeed, there was probably not one hour during any night when some impatient soul was not looking out to detect some guard asleep on his post, or watching with the hope that something would transpire that would enable him to gain freedom.

Later I had approached the stoves, which were standing around the fireplace, to make some arrangement for breakfast, or to wash some article of clothing, I do not now remember which, and had placed a light I had in my hand upon one of them. Immediately a man whom I had not observed, although there were a few at the other end of the room, stepped up to me and said: "Please put out that light." I hesitated only a moment, and the thought flashed through my mind that some one was trying to force the lock in the door, and I was just on the point of

extinguishing the candle, when the man whispered, "For God's sake, put out that light; to-morrow I will explain all!" By this time the light was out, and I passed up to my quarters, and wished for the morning. I had recognized the officer, and at a favorable opportunity the day following, interviewed him. It was Captain Lucas, of the tunneling party, and in charge of the work for that night. He was changing the working party, and had the opening behind the stoves in the fire-place uncovered.

The light I had placed on the stove jeopardized the entire scheme: hence the solicitude and remarks of the officer in charge. He administered the charge of secrecy, to which I agreed, reserving the right of acquainting one man who should be my companion during our attempt at escape. I immediately made application for a position on the working party, but was refused, upon the ground that there were already plenty who had experience and could do better work than one unaccustomed to it: but the promise was made that I would be informed when the tunnel was completed. I immediately confided the secret to my comrade, Captain Charles E. Rowan, and we began quietly to make arrangements for a sudden change of residence. I copied a little map of the peninsula, and upon trifling excuses borrowed or exchanged clothing more suitable for traveling in an enemy's country. In the meantime we had deter-

mined to watch the movements of some whom we knew to be in the secret, and not depend upon being informed by any one when the tunnel was completed.

During the night of February 8, we became satisfied that the enterprise was finished, but no attempt was made to escape, although a number of those whose movements we were watching did not retire until very late. I have been informed since that it was the plan to open the extreme end of the tunnel during the night of the 8th, and that the escape was to have taken place. It was really opened but, terrible to relate, it was on the wrong side of the fence, and in plain sight of the guards with loaded muskets: the tunnel was not long enough, a mistake in measurement having been made. The opening was immediately closed, and the tunnel continued two feet, when an opening was made in a safe place.

According to the statements made to me by Colonel Rose recently, the sensational part of the above will have to be omitted, and yet part was true. It was not the intention to make the escape on the 8th, but contrary to his instructions a very small opening was made during that night, which nearly jeopardized the entire enterprise. However, it was remedied immediately, and no discovery made.

During the evening of the 9th, it was agreed that I should watch operations, and at half-past nine o'clock, most of the officers having retired, I visited the lower room,

and was surprised to find at least thirty men around the fireplace, rapidly lowering themselves into the cellar. The exodus had commenced. Hastily returning to my friend, I communicated the fact to him, and we were soon in the crowd around this first opening. We had provided ourselves with three or four loaves of prison bread, two or three pieces of meat, and an empty pop bottle for carrying water. Around the fire-place everything was conducted with terrible earnestness. There was very little order, but it was quiet. We found everybody except ourselves belonged to someone's party,—Colonel A., or Colonel B., or Colonel C.,—and everyone was going out first. It has been said that the managers of the tunnel believed that not more than one hundred among the eleven hundred officers knew anything in regard to the undertaking, and that it was the plan for fifty to leave the first night, and, the prison clerk being deceived in regard to the number of men really in prison, which had been done before, fifty should leave the second night, and so on. The officer charged with the responsibility of conducting the escape the second night, becoming convinced that absolutely no control could be exercised over the movements of men escaping from the prison, became alarmed, and made his own escape.

Concerning the above plan I know nothing; but this I do know, as early as half-past ten o'clock in the evening,—the time we arrived at a point

as near the fireplace as the crowd would permit,—there was no order or plan. Everyone was for himself, and my companion and myself soon became part of the crowd, and belonged to a party that was going out next if possible. We accomplished our undertaking in just about fifteen minutes. I have always supposed that the working party made their escape first, and that my companion and myself were numbers thirty and thirty-one out of the tunnel. We proceeded somewhat as follows: We were now in the midst of some thirty or forty men, all struggling to get past three stoves and attain the little opening in the bottom of the fireplace. Some hard words were undoubtedly said. We may ourselves have possibly dropped a word not absolutely in conformity with army regulations and the most refined society, although we had our testaments in our pockets, and nothing but a pop bottle full of water;—but we were in a hurry,—we were striving for freedom, for homes, and our regiments in the field. In a few minutes we were at the fireplace, and my associate thrust his feet into the opening. This rather preempted the position and he went down and out of my sight. Two or three besides myself were struggling to be next. I effected a compromise and was second. In a moment I was in the cellar, and by my predecessor conducted to the east wall and to the vicinity of the second opening or entrance tunnel. Here I found my companion with four others, each

one determined to make the passage first. Another compromise and I was number three to make the escape.

Only one man was allowed in the tunnel at the same time, on account, I suppose, of the bad air. The exit of the man preceding could be easily determined by the cessation of the terrible noise made in forcing one's body through a long, narrow shaft, which the tunnel really was. I had arrayed myself in an army overcoat, in which I had made two large inside pockets, and placed a loaf of bread in each, as I desired to have my hands and arms free for any emergency. My head and shoulders passed into the tunnel without trouble, but when the enlargement caused by the bread engaged, I could go no farther. I immediately pulled myself back, took off my overcoat, and, pulling it behind me with my right hand, proceeded to worm myself through the tunnel.

It must be stated that this was no light and airy opening, but a narrow, dark, and damp hole, just large enough for one to pull himself through, and the noise and racket produced by one man kicking and floundering against the walls of this cavern were simply indescribable. The noise is comparable to the working of a steam fire-engine, or cyclone, or an army reunion. The exact time consumed in passing through I cannot say: it could hardly have been more than two or three minutes. We had no way of knowing when we ap-

proached the external opening, but I remember that the shaft seemed to change direction abruptly upwards, and it also was more contracted,—indeed, I could again proceed no farther, and stopped. Someone whispered to me, "Don't breathe so loud: stop blowing," and I felt a hand which I grasped, and was pulled out of the external opening, which was in the open yard I have described, on the opposite side of the fence from the guard. My assistant proved to be my companion, Captain Rowan. We could now breathe once more the pure air of heaven, but our dangers were by no means passed. We were in direct proximity to the guard, and in the midst of the Confederate capital. We crept very cautiously behind the fence into the open carriage way toward the canal, for once there we were for the time out of sight of the guards.

It has been supposed by many that those of us who escaped organized into parties for protection, and that we journeyed in considerable numbers. Not so. It was necessary to pass from the vicinity of the prison singly or by twos, in order to avoid suspicion, and it would have been absolutely impossible for any number to have kept together. All those who had escaped before us had disappeared except one. He communicated the manner of proceeding to escape from the vicinity of the prison, which had been successful up to this time, by those preceding us, and then he passed out. We communicated the

plan to the next party, and so every one had the benefit of the experience of the one preceding him. We were in the carriage-way, fronting the canal; four guards were slowly pacing along the south side of the prison. One guard on the east course met his fellow at the south-east corner, and the same was true at the southwest corner. We were then less than three hundred feet from six armed men, whose duty it was to shoot us if they observed our movements. From our shadowed position in the carriage-way we could look up and down the street, and choosing a moment when it was comparatively clear, we passed out and walked slowly and deliberately down the canal,—in full view of the guards, remember,—but, assuming the manners of those walking in the streets who had the right to do so, we were either not seen by the guards, or, if seen, supposed to be citizens. This was one of the most dangerous points we passed during the escape, and in many respects the most wonderful. How these guards could stand there and see the number of persons on Canal street walking away from them, and none passing, and not have their suspicions aroused, is almost a miracle. The guards were also relieved once or twice every night, and new men must have observed the unusual activity on that obscure street during that entire night. One hundred and nine men passed out, and not one, as far as I am informed, was even halted by the prison guards. We walked probably two blocks

on Canal street, and then turned abruptly to the left, and were for the first time out of range of the guards' muskets. Of course we took a long breath, for, although I do not remember that the matter of being shot was spoken of,—and certainly we evinced no fear of danger to each other,—when we were beyond the range of those guns, there escaped from us an expression of relief.

Continuing our course to the left one block, we came to Carey street, which was brilliantly lighted, and many of the shops were still open. We observed quite a group of soldiers walking in front of us, talking and laughing, and several others, who apparently belonged to the same party, soon came up. They were evidently going out to some rebel camp, after spending the evening in the city. We mingled freely with them, talking to ourselves on subjects similar to those we observed they were discussing. We avoided coming in direct contact with them, however, and, gradually, as we approached the outskirts of the city, allowed them to pass us, until at last, after being in their company probably half an hour, we found ourselves alone on the Charles City railroad, about one mile to the east or north-east of Richmond. We had, up to this time, made no plans for our journey. We had said to each other we will, if possible, escape from the prison and gain some point outside the city, going in the direction that presents the fewest obstacles;

then we will decide upon a plan for the future. We knew something of the position of the Army of the Potomac. We knew that West Virginia was mountainous, and that a trip in that direction would consume weeks, perhaps months, and we knew that our forces occupied Fortress Monroe, with outposts some distance up the peninsula. We decided at once to attempt to make the latter point, and with nothing but the polar star to guide us, we started. We had concluded to travel nights and secrete ourselves during the daytime, and toward daylight we selected a place in a swamp, about five miles from Richmond, as we supposed, and by arranging brush and evergreens, prepared a place for concealment. We could hear distinctly the reveille in the camps around the city, but we were not disturbed that day.

Our escape through the fortifications around Richmond was made without any great difficulty. We really crawled on the ground a great part of the first night, stopping every few minutes and scanning every bush and tree, where, from previous experience, we would expect a picket to be posted or a scout secreted. The following day was occupied in maturing our plans for the journey, and devising schemes to meet emergencies which might arise. We also divided the bread and meat we had managed to escape with, into six parts, expecting that our journey would consume six days, and agreed to eat

only a daily portion, knowing well that we would need as much the sixth as the first day.

The second night we traveled a little south of east, and toward morning, being somewhat in doubt as to our whereabouts, we approached a small cabin, which we supposed to be occupied by a negro. We were correct in our opinion, and he gave us some general directions, and a small piece of corn bread, it was all he had. We suffered greatly during the day, when in our places of concealment, from the cold. We avoided all roads, and pushed directly through swamps and tall briars, so that by morning our clothes would be thoroughly wet and considerably torn. We would then secrete ourselves, and with our wet clothing clinging to us, the cold air caused us to suffer severely.

We anticipated great trouble in crossing the Chickahominy river, as my companion could not swim, and I had no desire to engage in that pastime in the middle of February, and with our then present surroundings.

Toward the morning of the third night, we reached what we supposed to be a swamp, and concluded to stop on its banks until early light, and then pass through it. We rested under a tree and went to sleep. Imagine our surprise upon awakening, to find ourselves on the Chickahominy, and also to find within a few feet of where we rested, a large tree, which had been blown down and

across the narrow, rapid stream, making for us a complete bridge. It was the work of only a few moments to pass the point where we had expected to find our greatest difficulty.

During the fourth night out, finding that our strength was becoming somewhat exhausted, we planned to approach a farm-house and confiscate a chicken, which we intended to eat raw. We felt the need of a change of diet. The bread and meat we had expected to last for six days had disappeared and the water, of which we took large quantities, did not seem to strengthen us for our severe march at night and the terrible cold of the day. We had kept the pop bottle which we had when we started, and at every little stream crossed, we would not only drink large quantities, but fill the bottle, as the water seemed to revive us somewhat till the next stream was reached. While we were reconnoitring the out-buildings of a farm-house for the chicken I have mentioned above, we were discovered by a negro. He knew at once who we were, and said we were "Yankee officers, 'scaped from prison," but he gave us such assurance of sympathy and help that we trusted him at once. We were taken immediately to his cabin, and were soon before a blazing fire in an old-fashioned fire-place. A guard of colored people were posted to prevent surprise, and the mother of the family began to prepare us something to eat. How the pones of

corn bread, shaped in the old granny's hands, and baked in the ashes before us, disappeared, and how delicious was that meat; I have always thought it was stolen expressly for us, from the slaveholder's pantry. And the cabbage, fried in a skillet; no Grand Pacific Hotel bill of fare ever equalled that meal. We were thoroughly warmed and well fed, and started out with new courage and definite directions in regard to our route.

One of our greatest fears throughout the entire journey was from dogs. It seemed as if the country was full of them. One of these animals would commence to bark a little to our left, another over to our right, and then one directly in our path, and then they would all bark. It is no exaggeration when I say that it seemed as if there were a hundred thousand dogs on that peninsula. We avoided them by deflecting from our course many, many times.

During the fifth day we suffered greatly on account of our exposed position for concealment, and to add to our discomfort, it commenced to snow shortly after noon. About four o'clock, unable to remain quiet, we started on our way, the snow falling rapidly, and thawing quite as fast, making it very difficult to travel. We were deprived of our only safe and constant guide, the North star, and after proceeding till nearly dark, we came to the exact spot whence we had started two hours before. We were exceedingly discouraged,

very tired, cold, wet, and hungry. Just at this time we saw a one-horse, covered cart approaching, and supposing its occupant was one of our colored friends, we halted him, but to our dismay found it was a white man. We told him we were Confederate scouts, and desired information as to the position of the Yankees. A few minutes' conversation, however, convinced us that he was a Union man and our friend. He gave us valuable information in regard to roads: where to find a negro family who had the means to furnish us some food, and also assured us that in all probability we would come in contact with some of our troops if we eluded the rebel scouts during the next twenty-four hours. He informed us, however, as did the colored man who at midnight gave us a good, substantial meal of corn-bread, pork, and rye coffee, that we were on very dangerous ground,—the scouting ground between both armies,—a place full of guerillas and bushwhackers. We travelled very cautiously, and met with an exceedingly vexatious delay in crossing a river, concerning which we knew nothing, but called by the negroes the Diascon.

At this time in our journey, the sixth night since our escape, and at a time when we were almost within our own lines, the strength and heroism and capacity to direct and decide, which were all virtues of my companion, all at once seemed to disappear. From the

terrible mental and physical exertions of the week, from exposure to cold, and suffering from hunger, he became absolutely prostrate. He had had experience in an attempt to escape when in Georgia, before he arrived in Libby, and he had really decided most of our movements until now. Not only was he prostrate, but he was indifferent. I urged him forward with all the powers of persuasion left, but a little before daylight we were obliged to stop and rest. At sunrise we concluded to travel during the forenoon, as we were confident our troops must be near us, and as the country was more open and exposed the facilities were not as good for concealment during the day. In fact, it was the last effort we could make, and for the first time we travelled in a road. About nine o'clock there suddenly appeared, as a curve in the road was attained, a squad of cavalry, a few hundred yards in our advance. We recognized them at once as our own men and knew that we were safe.

It is impossible to express in appropriate words our feelings at that time,—indeed, I doubt my ability to do so. No words of mine could form a fitting peroration to that event, commencing at the terrible Battle of Chickamauga, and ending with an escape from military prison,—a battle, than which none could be more bravely fought, in which scores of my young friends went down, schoolmates and neighbors, the anxiety and solicitude of that picket duty, the thousand-

mile trip to a Confederate prison, the joys and sorrows, the hopes and disappointments, the waitings and watchings while incarcerated, and the days and nights of peril and suffering and cold and hunger, the swamps and brier thickets, the anticipation of success, and the despair at the thought of recapture; all this, and, finally, freedom and home and friends,—what words can express it all?

A few words and I have finished. We came into our lines a few miles from Williamsburg. Some of the escaped officers reached our lines the third day out from Richmond, and General Butler, who was at that time commandant at Fortress Monroe, sent out, on alternate days, the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry and the First New York Rifles to drive back the enemy, and to patrol the country with tall guidons to attract the notice of the

escaping prisoners. The First New York Rifles were our deliverers. No one can describe the kindness shown to us by this body of men. Every attention was showered upon us. We were banqueted at Company A's head-quarters, and feted at Company B's, and banqueted again at Company C's, and so on.

As soon as possible we reported at Washington. Every paper was full of the escape from Libby. Fifty-five out of one hundred and nine reached our lines; the others were recaptured. We were ordered to rejoin our respective regiments, permission being given to delay reporting for thirty days. Flying visits were made to friends, and then we were back to go over nearly the same ground, although under different circumstances, as we participated in the Atlanta campaign.

THE STATE AND NATIONAL RELIEF CORPS.

The Woman's State Relief Corps opened their meeting at 2:30 o'clock on February 18, in Knights of Pythias hall. The attendance was very large. Mrs. Sarah L. Pascal, the president, opened the meeting, and the chaplain, Mrs. I. G. Wing, of Monson, invoked the divine blessing. The reading of the reports followed. The treasurer reported the amount expended for charity during the past year, \$1,178.61.

At their meeting the afternoon of February 19, officers were elected and installed as follows:

President—Mrs. Sarah L. Pascal, Rockport.

Vice-president—Mrs. Lydia A. Bickford, Auburn.

Chaplain—Mrs. S. J. Brawn, Bath.

Secretary—Mrs. Georgie D. Small, Camden.

Treasurer—Mrs. Grace F. Austin, Rockland.

Conductor—Mrs. A. M. Huff, Portland.

Guard—Mrs. Marcia Pinkham, Dover.

Past president—Mrs. S. L. Miller, Waldoboro.

Directors—Mrs. Melissa Clark, Island Falls; Mrs. Jeremiah Walker, Yarmouth; Mrs. Emma Stanhope, Foxcroft; Mrs. Nellie Swett, Kittery; Mrs. E. D. Winship, Biddeford.

Installing officer—Mrs. A. S. Spaulding, Portland.

Inspecting officer—Mrs. I. P. Wing, Monson.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

The opening session of the National Woman's Relief Corps was held at 10:30 o'clock, on February 18, in Y. M. C. A. hall, with a good attendance. Mrs. Millett, the president, presided, and the divine blessing was invoked by Mrs. Lucy Mansell, department chaplain. Mrs. Millett made her annual report. The secretary's report shows that \$2,590.56 has been expended for relief and turned over to posts during the year.

The corps held its final session February 19, and concluded its business. Reports of officers were heard and minor matters attended to and the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. Belle J. Palmer, Monroe.

Senior vice-president—Mrs. Nancy J. Colby, Rumford Centre.

Junior vice-president—Mrs. Sarah M. Woods, Bangor.

Treasurer—Mae E. Richie, Munroe.

Chaplain—Bessie E. Clark, Bar Harbor.

Secretary—Helen M. Neally, Munroe.

Inspector—Annie B. Emerson, Dover.

Counsellor—M. Antoinette Millett, Gorham.

Inspecting and installing officer—Orilla A. Whitcomb, Searsport.

Press correspondent—Mrs. Inzetta A. Small, Lewiston.

Executive board—Clara B. Leavitt, Skowhegan; Hattie C. Sprague, Bangor; Mary A. Bishop, Herman; Hattie M. Grindle, Blue Hill; Jennie E. Baker, Springvale.

ADDRESS OF MRS. MILLETT TO THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL RELIEF CORPS.

Ladies:—It is with pleasure that I look into your faces and bid you a cordial welcome to our twelfth annual convention.

One year ago when I accepted this high and honorable position it was with a firm reliance upon Divine assistance, and an assurance of the hearty support and coöperation of every officer and member of this department. I heartily appreciated the expression of your confidence in my ability to serve you in this capacity, but in assuming the duties placed in my hands by the unanimous vote of the convention, there came with them a heavy weight of responsibility, because of inexperience in department work, fully realizing that in the faithful

discharge of my sacred obligation alone rested the honor.

Twelve years ago, here in your beautiful city, a small band of devoted women met and organized a National Woman's Relief Corps, Department of Maine, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. From this small beginning we now number over two thousand loyal and patriotic women. It is something almost marvelous that, pulling against the tide as we have ever been obliged to do, on account of a rival organization, we have attained such a growth in this short space of time; but when we consider the object for which we are striving, its aims and purposes, and the broad national platform upon which we stand, there is little cause for surprise that we number among our members so many of the brightest and best of the daughters of the Pine Tree state.

GROWTH OF THE ORDER.

The growth of the order in this department can no longer be spontaneous, but must be the result of persistent effort, directed by reason and sound judgment. A post will not accept an auxiliary until it has been fully convinced that it will be of assistance to them. We must not cease our efforts in this direction, however, but let it be said of us that by our deeds we have been proven: then we shall find them ready and willing. Two corps have been added to our number during the year, Sergeant Wyman, No. 68, of Oakland, organized in

April, by Ella Jordan Mason, past department president, with fifty charter members, and George G. Davis, No. 69, of Brooks, organized by Belle J. Palmer, department senior vice-president, with nineteen charter members.

Although we have organized but two corps during the year, the gain made by them in membership exceeds that of the four corps of the preceding year.

To these new corps we extend the hand of fellowship, and bid them welcome to our noble order. Special mention should be made of the gain in membership made by James M. Parker Corps, No. 28. This corps has added thirty-seven to its members during the year. The actual figures of gain and loss in the various corps will appear in the report of the secretary. If corps would only labor as hard to keep as to add to their members, if the members would use a little tact, make a slight social effort, give to the weak a word of encouragement, they would often prevent them from falling out by the wayside. We must remember that the old adage, "Eternal vigilance is the price of safety," is as true now as ever, and govern ourselves accordingly.

FINANCES.

The question of finance is a rock upon which many an organization has been stranded, and perhaps ceased to exist. Without funds no society can have a healthy existence.

It has been my earnest endeavor

throughout my administration to practise the strictest economy consistent with good work, and while we shall not be able to turn over to the incoming officers so large an amount as I had hoped at the beginning of the year, yet I feel that some good, at least, has been accomplished. When we consider that our national organization expended for relief during the past year the immense sum of \$188,329.84, then we can realize something of the magnitude this fund for the relief of the poor and needy veterans has assumed. Since the organization of the Woman's Relief Corps, thirteen years ago, it has expended for relief \$1,201,890.19. Are we not doing a grand work?

INSPECTION.

On reviewing the work of the eleventh annual convention we found that the vote to change the time of inspection to the spring months would be impracticable, also a violation of rules and regulations, as the department inspector's report must be in the hands of the national inspector by June 1, and no report could be given of inspection during my official year. This, we felt, would be an injustice to the administration.

By the advice of the national president, and the consent of the department council, it was deemed expedient that the vote be waived for this year, and inspection take place at the usual time.

Believing that inspection was an important part of our work, and

that it should be done by those best qualified to do it, I could think of none more competent than past department presidents and present department officers; and knowing that our finances were to be considered I endeavored to divide the department into such number of inspection districts, as I believed could be visited by the above-named officers at the least expense.

A thorough inspection has been given the corps throughout the department. Every corps has been visited, and all have been inspected excepting two. These omissions were from no fault of the inspectors. The corps have been found for the greater part to be doing well, and many are reported excellent. A few of the weaker ones need to be encouraged and energized into greater activity.

My tour of inspection was a pleasant one, and my services, freely given, were a labor of love. It was my pleasure to inspect corps No. 1, 4, 5, 6, 35, 34, 17, 51, 53, 63, and 65. With grateful heart my sincerest thanks are tendered to the above named corps, for their uniform kindness, courteous treatment, and generous hospitality extended during my work of inspection.

Although the expense of this year's inspection has been a little larger than that of the previous year, yet I believe that much needed help has been given the corps, and that it should be faithfully performed each year by our ablest officers.

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

It was my privilege to attend the thirteenth national convention of the Woman's Relief Corps, in Louisville, Ky., September 12, 13, and 14.

We arrived at our headquarters, the Phoenix Hotel, late Tuesday afternoon, and in the evening, accompanied by my husband and our delegates, I attended the grand reception given at the Galt House, to the national officers of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Woman's Relief Corps.

Wednesday morning, through the courtesy of our esteemed national president, our delegation and friends were provided with seats on the grand stand, where we witnessed the grandest and most imposing parade it has ever been my privilege to see.

My trip to Louisville and the thirteenth national convention will long be remembered with pleasure, because of the unbounded hospitality shown to us during our sojourn in that beautiful city, and also of the great privilege of witnessing the perfect reconciliation and hearty good will between the Blue and the Gray.

MAINE RELIEF CORPS' HOME.

Our department, three years ago, enlisted in the work of establishing a Home for poor and needy veterans and their dependent ones.

We had hoped to see this good work completed, but from no fault of our own Relief Corps the work is not so far advanced as we antici-

pated, and I sincerely believe in my heart that the state of Maine, in the year 1895, would have made a generous appropriation for the "Home" for aged and enfeebled veterans and their dependent ones, had not undue influence been brought to bear upon the soldier element in the House of Representatives, by the machinations of the defenders of our rival organization and a few designing politicians.

Ladies, pray earnestly and unceasingly, that the legislature of 1897 may be composed of men who will recommend an appropriation for a much needed State Soldiers' Home, in preference to an elegant \$15,000 piggery; that they may be imbued with sufficient patriotism, to remember first the old soldier, whose undaunted courage and heroic efforts made it possible for them to have a country, and a seat in its legislative halls.

Since the legislature refused to make an appropriation, our Heavenly Father has put it into the hearts of many patriotic and benevolent people to come forward, with funds sufficient to provide for a few only, of the many who have applied and should be cared for in a State Home. The "Home Board" has managed everything with the closest economy, and are constantly devising plans to carry on the work and make the Home as attractive as possible to its inmates.

The outside of the buildings have been painted and whitewashed, and each room inside has been newly painted and papered. The rooms,

all but two, have been prettily furnished by our corps, who take so much interest in the work, and one or two benevolent people, who have respect for the soldier and an appreciation of his services.

I trust that in a few years we shall see on these beautiful grounds a larger and more commodious Home, and one that the old Pine Tree state will be proud to own.

OFFICIAL VISITS.

In March I visited, by invitation, the Bath Naval and Military Orphan Asylum. This is a finely equipped institution, and is doing a grand work in caring for these homeless and friendless orphans, although a greater part of them are grandchildren of veterans, there being only a few at present who are the children of soldiers or sailors of the late war.

May the God of Battles hasten the day when the old soldier himself, who has borne the burdens of war in those dreadful days of bloodshed, risking life and limb, leaving home and loved ones, may, together with his dear old wife, be provided with a home as comfortable and attractive as are these children and grandchildren of veterans.

In August I visited Camp Benson, and August 23d attended the formal opening of the Maine Relief Corps' Home. Past Department Commander Gilman, Past Assistant Adjutant General Jones, Comrade George B. Safford, and Col. H. R. Millett, members of the "Home Board," were present, also a large

number of prominent comrades of the G. A. R., and our own department officers, past and present.

We were honored with the presence of Corporal James A. Tanner and Mrs. Tanner, Past National President Mrs. E. Florence Barker, and Mrs. Elizabeth A. Turner, since elected national president.

CONCLUSION.

Never in the history of this department has it stood so urgently in need of the united action of level heads, brave hearts, and strong hands. "With charity for all, and malice toward none" let us stand shoulder to shoulder, and consecrate ourselves anew to the obligations we have assumed, and strive to consecrate our thoughts and purposes that good results may follow our present legislation.

To the many comrades who have assisted me, even in the smallest way, you have my sincere gratitude, and the encouraging words and kind deeds received from you will ever be remembered with great pleasure.

To my associate officers and members of our order, who have so lovingly and loyally held up my hands, my sincere thanks are due. While the duties of the year have been exacting, to the exclusion of many social privileges, the thought comes to me, have I done all I could for our beloved order? Will the efforts put forth be in vain? Time alone can tell; but whatever the result, and whatever measure of success we may have attained,

the kind words and cheerful greeting received from you will ever remain in the memory of your department president.

That you will give to my successor the same loyal support that you have given me, is all I need to ask for her.

IN MEMORIAM.

OTIS M. BARNARD.

Otis M. Barnard was born in Farmington 13th July, 1843, and died in North Chesterville, Me., 26th May, 1895, aged fifty-one years. He was the son of David and Elvira (Webster) Barnard, born in Nashua, N. H. Enrolled Aug. 26th, 1862, in Company L, First Maine Cavalry, discharged June 16th, 1865, on account of wound in left shoulder received near Bull Run, Va., Oct. 15, 1863. Resided at East Auburn, occupation cabinet maker, being superintendent of Bradford & Conant's furniture shop. He was made a Mason in 1872, Maine Lodge No. 20, also a member of Custer Post, G. A. R., Lewiston, also a Granger, being overseer of Auburn Grange No. 4, four years. Married 21 July, 1867, Ellen L. Vickery, daughter of Joseph and Lucinda Vickery, and had two children, Etta and George Barnard. Etta died 3 Dec., 1893.

BENJAMIN GROSVENOR BARROWS.

Benjamin Grosvenor Barrows was born in Hebron September 7, 1818, son of Benjamin and Eliza (Frank) Barrows. His wife, Dorcas Chamberlain, was born in Au-

burn April 23, 1830, married June 30, 1851. Children: Frances Rosemond, born March 22, 1852; Jennie L., born June 8, 1858; Grace Ellen, born December 8, 1860. The eldest married W. S. Partridge, December 25, 1869. The second remains single, the third died young. Comrade Barrows served three months, April to July, 1864, in Cobb's Company H, State Guard at Kittery; was mustered in Post 54, March 13, 1885. Died March 2, 1895. He was a wheelwright by trade, and was a member of Oxford Lodge F. & A. Masons and Past Master. Served as town clerk of Norway several years, in the sixties.

BENIAH P. BRACKLEY.

Beniah P. Brackley died Feb. 5, 1896. He enlisted June 15, 1861, and went out as first lieutenant of Co. H, Fourth Maine regiment. He resigned Oct. 21 of the same year when the company was broken up and transferred to the 38th New York regiment. He was enrolled again on the 22d of Feb., 1864, in Co. G, of the 31st Maine regiment. He was subsequently transferred to Co. F of the same regiment, and promoted for efficiency to first lieu-

tenant. Heart disease was developed during the campaign in front of Petersburg in 1865, from which he suffered ever afterward. He was a member of Edwin Libby Post, of which he was also a past commander.

CAPTAIN HENRY B. CARVER.

At Sailors' Snug Harbor, New York City, December 25, 1895, Captain Henry B. Carver, Company K, First Maine H. A., died, aged sixty-eight. Captain Carver was at the front and in all of the twenty engagements in which the regiment participated. This has more significance when it is considered that history accords to the First Maine H. A. the honor of having sustained the greatest loss in battle of any of the 2,047 regiments in the Union army. Its loss in the charge at Petersburg, June 18, 1864, was the greatest of any regiment in any one action during the war. Comrade Carver saw 1,298 of his comrades of the First Maine H. A. killed, wounded, or taken prisoners in a ten months' campaign, and escaped without a scratch, though the hardships, exposure, and strain upon his nervous system ruined his health, and his after life was a struggle against resulting disease. The remains were sent to his old home, Searsport, for burial, and were met at the landing by a delegation from Mariners' Lodge, F. & A. M., and a guard of honor from Freeman McGilvery Post. He leaves a daughter.

JEDIAH C. CATES.

Jediah C. Cates died at Belfast July 17th, 1895, at the age of 59 years. Mr. Cates was a native of Jackson and up to the breaking out of the civil war was a school teacher. When the first volunteers were recruited he enlisted as a private in the 4th Maine Infantry, Company K, and served about two years, contracting disabilities from which he suffered through life. After leaving the army he learned the shoemaker's trade with M. W. Rich, and afterwards went into the business. He was a member of the firm of Harding & Cates, afterwards Cates & Stickney. When Geo. E. Wallace moved away Mr. Cates succeeded to his business as U. S. pension agent and attorney, which he has since successfully conducted. He was for several years connected with the fire department, and was a member of Hydrant Engine Co. No. 2. From 1880 to 1884 he was city marshal and from 1887 to 1892 collector of taxes. He was an ardent and active Freemason, and was a member of Phoenix Lodge, Corinthian Royal Arch Chapter, King Solomon Council and Palestine Commandery. He was a past master in his lodge and was for several years its secretary. He was greatly interested in the Grand Army organization, and he has been adjutant and commander, and has at times held various subordinate position in the Thomas H. Marshall Post. Thoroughly honest and reliable in all his dealings he was held

in the highest esteem by all who knew him. His wife, formerly Amelia Alexander, and one son, Willis A. Cates, survive him.

JOHN K. CLEMENTS.

John K. Clements died at his home in South Lancaster, Mass., September 5, 1895, of neuralgia of the heart, resulting from malaria contracted in the army, aged fifty-five years, one month, twelve days. He was born in Monroe, Me., July 24, 1840. In May, 1861, he enlisted in the Second Maine Infantry, a two-years regiment, served his time and again enlisted in the Forty-second Massachusetts, a nine-months regiment. On its muster out, he enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry, was wounded twice and also endured some severe sicknesses contracted while on duty. He leaves a widow, three daughters, and a step-son.

JOHN T. DENNISON.

John T. Dennison was born in Freeport, March 16th, 1842, and died in Auburn Dec. 15th, 1895; he was the son of Captain Benjamin L. and Lucy (Brown) Dennison and his mother is now living aged seventy-eight years. He had been an invalid for several years but made a determined fight to regain his health and did not give up until the very last. He enlisted first in Company "E," 23d Maine, serving from Sept. 9th, 1862, to July 15th, 1863. He again entered the service in Company "I," 29th Maine, serving from Oct. 6th, 1864, till May 31st, 1865. He married Anna J.,

daughter of John M. Hunt, Nov. 27th, 1867, who survives him. Mr. Dennison was a comrade of Burnside Post G. A. R. of Auburn and a member of the High St. Congregationalist church of which he was an officer for many years. He was ever loyal to and active in both church and post.

WALLACE VALENTINE FOSTER.

Wallace Valentine Foster was born in Norway, January 13, 1840. Married July 20, 1872, Abbie Thomas of Harrison, entered the service in Company G, First Maine Infantry, May, 1861, served three months, also six months in Coast Guard, Company F, and three months in Captain Cobb's Company H. Mustered in G. A. R., Norway, May, 1883, died July 27, 1895. He was the son of Luther F. and Eunice B. (Millet) Foster of Norway. Their children, Wallace V., Helen, Augusta, Martha, and Hannah, were all born in Norway.

FRANCIS HALL.

Francis Hall was born in Monmouth, July 15, 1822, and was the son of Francis and Martha Hall. He was mustered in August 21, 1861, in Company K, Seventh Maine, and was discharged January 4, 1862; he was Corporal. His occupation was farmer and carpenter as long as his health would admit; he was almost blind when he died. He married Eunice Crage. He died March 22, 1895, and was a member of G. K. Norris Post G. A. R. of Monmouth.

GEN. B. F. HARRIS.

General Benjamin F. Harris died Dec. 30, 1895, after a long illness. He was born in Dennysville, Me., June 24, 1831. His boyhood days were spent in Machias, where he was married to Elizabeth E. Hanscom of East Machias. Gen. Harris was then a surveyor of lumber, a vocation which he followed after the war, until he was appointed superintendent of public buildings in 1868, a position which he filled, under Republican state administrations until his death.

General Harris is survived by his wife, three sons and four daughters. The daughters are Mrs. C. M. Gray of Duluth, Minn.; Mrs. Fred B. Taylor of Oakland, Cal.; and Lucy T. Harris of this city. The sons are Fred O. Harris of Duluth, Minn.; Benj. F. Harris, Jr., of Lewiston; J. Luther and Arno Harris of this city.

In the very beginning of war, Benjamin F. Harris volunteered his services for the suppression of the rebellion. He commenced by recruiting a company in Machias, where he had resided for many years, was chosen captain by his fellow-soldiers, and with the 6th Regiment, to which his command had been assigned as Co. C, he left the state in July, 1861.

His energy, efficiency, and intelligence as an officer were too conspicuous to go long unrewarded. In March, 1862, just as his regiment was about to see active service and hard campaigning for the first time,

he was promoted to the rank of major.

He participated in the Peninsula campaign, fighting with notable gallantry in every skirmish and battle in which his regiment was engaged. In the early days of the siege of Yorktown, he made himself remarkable by a single instance of coolness and discretion under the most perilous circumstances. His regiment had been ordered out to cover a reconnoissance of a portion of the enemy's lines but little known to the besieging forces. Whilst superintending the operations of a long line of skirmishers who were advancing through an almost impenetrable forest, Major Harris became separated from his command and stumbled upon a rebel post of half a dozen men. Quick as thought their rifles were levelled at him, when he coolly exclaimed, "Don't fire at me, you gray devils." Then waving his hand as if to a battalion in his rear, "Secure," said he, "these fellows and march them off to the general;" and while the astonished rebels were looking for the men to whom this order was addressed, he wheeled his horse, plunged into the forest, and rejoined his comrades in safety.

When his regiment arrived at Harrison's Landing in July, he was specially commended by his commanding officer for his marked gallantry at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Garnett's farm, Savage's station, and White Oak Swamp, having borne a conspicuous part in the marches, the almost superhuman

labors and the fierce conflicts of the command.

In the absence of his superior officers, the command of the regiment devolved upon Major Harris from the middle of July until the 1st of September, during which time he demonstrated his fitness for the trust, by the care and attention which he bestowed upon the interests of those under him, as well as the fine and decided manner in which he maintained the discipline of the regiment.

When the Army of the Potomac was withdrawn from the Peninsula, he took part in the Maryland campaign, fighting at Sugar Loaf Mountain, Crampton's Pass and Antietam. Later in the year, when the trial of war again led our forces southward, he fought at the bloody battle of Fredericksburg, which closed active operations in Virginia for 1862.

In March, 1863, Major Harris was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and as such led his regiment in its gallant and successful assault upon the heights of St. Mary's in May, Colonel Burnham being in command of the Light Division, to which the regiment was attached. Before ordering his men forward to the encounter, he said to them: "Boys! Your bayonets must do the work. When we start we must go to the top of the heights. Don't stop at any half-way place, and don't fire a gun until the works are ours!" To the fidelity with which these orders were observed, and the gallant

manner in which Lieutenant-Colonel Harris led the regiment, was due in no small measure the memorable success which attended their efforts.

Marching northward with his regiment when the rebels invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania for the second time, he fought at Gettysburg, and subsequently in a hot skirmish in the vicinity of Funkstown, Md. On the latter occasion he commanded all the skirmishers of his division, and in a spirited charge captured and held the first line of the enemy's entrenchments.

Whilst in command of his regiment, he also participated in the pursuit of Lee's army, and in the alternating retrograde and forward marches of the Army of the Potomac during the early autumn of 1863.

The regiment again met the enemy on the 7th of November, at Rappahannock station. With his command of less than 400 men, deployed as a double line of skirmishers, Lieutenant-Colonel Harris assaulted a powerful line of works held by two brigades of rebel infantry and a battery of artillery. Colonel Harris, against fearful odds, led them forward, and without assistance or support from any other force, he carried the enemy's works, drove him back to the river, and seized his pontoon bridge, thus cutting off his only avenue of retreat. The repeated efforts of the enemy to dislodge our forces were successfully resisted until additional troops were brought up, when the

whole rebel force surrendered. Seventeen hundred men, eight battle-flags, and five pieces of artillery were captured. Just before entering the works of the enemy, Colonel Harris was struck by a minie ball, which shattered his thigh and inflicted what was supposed to be a mortal wound. He was conveyed to Washington, where he lay at the point of death for several weeks. He however gradually rallied, and after eight months of confinement and suffering, sufficiently recovered to return to his home. Meanwhile, he was commissioned colonel of his regiment, but his wounds had disabled him for further active service. After being mustered out as an officer of the Sixth Regiment, he received from the general government a commission as major of the Fourth Regiment Veteran Reserve Corps, and in the autumn of 1864, was ordered to Rock Island, Ill., in command of his regiment. He continued in command until the regiment was discharged in the latter part of 1865.

LORENZO D. HOBBS.

Lorenzo D. Hobbs was born in Norway, September 20, 1816. December 28, 1843, he married Sarah S. Russell, who was born in Lexington, Mass., May 8, 1823. Son of Jeremiah and Anna (Frost) Hobbs. His father was born in Norway Jan. 17, 1785, mother in Tewksbury, Mass., May 31, 1788. They had children, Caroline A., born August 22, 1802; Julia Ann, born December 8, 1810; Hannah

F., born March, 1812; Naomi, born August 6, 1813; Lydia F., born September 21, 1820; Jacob F., born August 11, 1822; Wealthy D., born February 11, 1826. There were three others who died young. Lorenzo had one child, Lizzie F., born April 11, 1854. She married J. Wesley Parsons of this town, had one child and died.

He served in the Twenty-third and Thirty-second Maine Infantry, mustered in the Norway Post G. A. R., March 31, 1882, died January 10, 1895. Comrade Hobbs was a cooper by trade and spent most of his life in Norway, was a respected and honorable citizen, quietly attending to his own affairs, never seeking notoriety.

EMERY M. KELLAR.

Emery M. Kellar, of Thomaston, Me., died April 2, 1895, of disease contracted while in the army. He was born in Appleton, July 6, 1831, son of Benjamin and Lucena (Robbins) Kellar. He married January 22, 1854, Love E. Peabody, daughter of Jason and Betsey (Thompson) Peabody who survives him; also two sons, Vendellyn O. of Appleton, and Martin V. B. of Stony Ford, Cal. He enlisted in Company K, Twentieth Regiment of Maine Volunteers, July 24, 1862. While on a reconnoissance across the Potomac, after the Battle of Antietam, September 20, 1862, they discovered the confederates returning, and were obliged to make a hasty retreat. His health was seriously injured by fording the Potomac

twice, and spending the following night in the mud and water of its canal; and he was sent home without any hope of recovery. Having improved somewhat he answered the call for volunteers and re-enlisted March 23, 1864, in Company B, Maine Coast Guards, with the assurance of never having to leave the state. However, they were soon sent to Washington, D. C., to guard that city, where they were stationed upon lower land, prevalent with disease. He was discharged October 18, 1864, broken down in health and spirits, but bore his discouragement cheerfully, never complaining of his lot. He was a comrade of P. Henry Tillson Post No. 39: which post rendered the burial rites of the order, from his home on Main St., Thomaston.

JOHN KIRBY.

John Kirby, a veteran who served in Company "K," Ninth Maine Infantry, died July 18, 1895, of consumption. He had been sick about six months. He was a member of Russell Post, and Mr. Thomas Kellett, who served in the same company with him, says he was a good soldier, ever ready to do his duty. He left no family.

PIERCE LAFFAM.

Pierce Laffam was born in Ellsworth, Hancock county, Me. He died in Truckee, Nevada Co., Cal., March 16, 1894. He served in the Eleventh Maine and was wounded at Morris Island. He came to Truckee, Cal., directly

after the war, where he engaged in the lumbering business, which business he followed until ill health drove him from the field, about eight years before his death. He was a single man, left two sisters and one brother in Ellsworth, Me. He made Truckee his home since his first arrival in California, directly after the war. He was this writer's most intimate friend. I could not have thought more of a brother. I have a son named after him, Pierce Booth. He was universally beloved by all who knew him, no man living had less enemies, patriotic to the extreme. He was first commander of the General Berry Post, No. 85, of Truckee, and a prominent member of the K. of P. Noble, brave, generous-hearted Pierce, he was far above the average man in all those qualities. He rests now in my family plot in a neat little cemetery on the hill overlooking our village. His new found Truckee friends erected a fine monument over his grave without the aid of any relatives in the east. His funeral was one of the largest ever known in this place. His age was fifty years, nine months, and sixteen days.

SILAS LEACH.

Silas Leach of Castine died August 18, 1895, age fifty-seven years. He was a member of Charles L. Stevens post, No. 76. Enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry, October 19, 1861, mustered out November 25, 1864. Was forage master of his regiment much of his service. He

was the son of William and Betsey (Bray) Leach. Comrade Leach after his army service went to sea for a number of years, and then turned farmer, which occupation he followed until his death. He married Augusta Ames, and had two daughters, both successful school teachers.

AMOS LEAVITT.

Amos Leavitt died at New Vineyard, the 11th of October, 1895: son of Hannibal H. and Maria L. (Leavitt) Leavitt: born in Turner, August 13, 1825; married the 15th of May, 1850, Rebecca A. Pollard: removed to Livermore in 1862 and bought a farm, and in 1864, removed to New Vineyard and bought a farm there. He left a widow, four sons, and one daughter. He was enrolled the 10th day of September, 1862, in Company I, Twenty-third Maine and discharged the 15th day of July, 1863. He was pensioned for malarial fever and varioloid which affected his eyes. He was a member of John F. Appleton Post at Farmington, was retiring in his ways, yet respected by all who knew him. While suffering from his pensioned disabilities, he was subject to recurring attacks of depression of spirits till at last it ended in suicide.

GEORGE LESSON.

George Lesson was born in Leeds, Canada. He was mustered in Norway Post G. A. R., May, 1892. He served in Company H, Seventh Maine Infantry. Died in

January, 1895. Nothing is known of his family history. He was known here only as George Mayo.

TIMOTHY C. LIBBY.

Timothy C. Libby, Company K, Fifteenth Maine Infantry.

J. A. Conboie of 21 South Court, Virginia, Nev., under date of February 8, 1896, writes:

I am in receipt of your circular addressed to "Comrade" T. C. Libby. In reply I desire to say that Friend Libby and I were during his residence here, the best of friends, so that on his departure April, 1882, he left an order in the office to deliver to me any mail to his address. I regret very much his death, which took place in the neighborhood of Cripple Creek, about two years ago. He left home for Aspen, Col., where a relative of his was at that time a mine owner, reported to be quite rich. I received letters from Libby that he had located near Aspen, some mining property which he hoped would prove to be very rich and would make him all right in his old age: soon afterwards I read announcement of his death.

HORACE C. LITTLE.

Horace Chapin Little was born in Auburn, January 14, 1840, and died March 14, 1896. He married November 1, 1860, Rose J., daughter of Jacob H. and Ellen Blake Roak of Auburn. Their children are Nellie R. (Mrs. Prof. Charles H. Clarke), Nancy B. (Mrs. Dr. S. G. Bonney of Denver, Col.),

Jacob Roak, Lottie B. (Mrs. E. W. Emery of Melrose, Mass.), and Rose. The youngest daughter, Lucy, died last year.

Mr. Little was captain in Company B, Twenty-third Maine Infantry, and was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic.

Ex-Mayor Little's life has been very busy since the war and since his active residence in Lewiston. He was in business in the hardware firm of Owen & Little, later Owen & Hall, and now the Hall & Knight Hardware Co. He was prominent in all new enterprises, and was one of the builders of Lyceum Hall Block. In 1878, he became postmaster, succeeding George A. Parker, and he served two terms in that capacity. He was a model official, and under his service the postal delivery system was established. After the election of President Cleveland (first term) he was succeeded by Postmaster Walker, and he then entered the insurance business with William Chamberlin. Mr. Chamberlin retired from business about four years ago, and Mr. Little continued it. His son, Jacob Roak Little, who had been in Denver, Col., subsequent to his graduation from college, now returned, and has since become a member of the firm, and is now actively conducting it. It is one of the largest and most influential agencies in Maine.

In 1888, Captain Little was nominated for mayor of Lewiston by the Republicans and after a hard canvas and one of the most bitterly

fought campaigns in recent years, was elected over D. J. McGillicuddy, Esq., by a majority of 189 votes. He made a model mayor in business, and was a courteous and agreeable presiding officer in every way. The following year he was renominated against William H. Newell, and was elected by a majority of over 700 votes, attesting the popularity of his candidacy and of his administration. He declined a renomination in the following year.

The writer has known Captain Little since he was a school boy, a printer, and a newspaper publisher in Portland, whose editor, by the way, was James G. Blaine. From the beginning, Captain Little was deservedly a favorite. He was no cynic in criticism or in his inner judgments. He was a great toiler, a wonderful man to turn off work, an expert in the analysis and synthesis of figures, in unraveling accounts, and in getting at the inwardness of things. When he was mayor, he was not the mayor's mentor, but the mayor himself. Yet ostentation or vanity had no share in his composition. His veins were full of good, red blood, and he had the fine art shared by the family whom he loved so well, and by the home in which he was very happy—the fine art of making folks feel at home.

Ex-Mayor Little is a descendant of one of the pioneer families of this country, and, in fact, was a great-great-grandson of the original Colonel Moses Little, who was

surveyor of the King's Forests in Massachusetts before the Revolutionary war, and who, at the age of fifty years, led a regiment of minute men to the American headquarters at Cambridge the next morning after Lexington, and who served nobly during a greater part of the war of the Revolution. Mr. Little's great-grandfather was Colonel Josiah Little, who was a leading proprietor of the Pejepscot Company. In 1826, Edward Little, the second son of Colonel Josiah Little, moved to Danville and took personal charge of his father's property. He took up his residence at Lewiston Falls at fifty years of age, and his personality began at once to be felt here. To the interest that he felt in education, ample testimony is given by the fact that he established and endowed the Lewiston Falls Academy, now the Edward Little High School. His second son, Deacon Josiah Little, was a successful lawyer at Minot and Auburn, and afterwards engaged in trade and manufacturing. Of his ten children, only one, the late ex-Mayor Little, has been a resident in this country of late years.

Josiah Little, the father of ex-Mayor Little, was born in Newburyport, April 29, 1801, was educated at Bowdoin College; studied law with his father; was admitted to the bar in 1822, and practised law in Minot and later in Auburn, where he built the Elm House and occupied it as his residence until 1838. After retiring from active business, he passed his life in Au-

burn, Portland, and Newburyport and left a large fortune at his death.

He married first, September 2, 1822, Mary H. Cummings of Norway, Me.; second, March 30, 1830, Nancy W. Bradford; third, May 26, 1835, Sally Brooks, a daughter of Thomas Brooks from Scituate, Mass., and Mehitable (Raymond) Brooks of Lyman, Me., a cousin of the preceding; and fourth, May 25, 1850, Charlotte Ann Brooks, who still survives, and who has made her home in the family of Captain Little. His children were Sarah, Hannah, Elizabeth, Edward, Francis, Mary, Josiah, Nancy, and Horace Chapin Little.

CAPT. JOSEPH O. LORD.

Capt. Joseph O. Lord, who for many years has kept a livery stable at 32 Alfred street and was one of the best known war veterans in the city, being a charter member of U. S. Grant Post, G. A. R., died at Biddeford, 14 Nov., 1895. He was 65 years old the 8th of last August.

As a soldier Capt. Lord was one of the bravest to go to the front from this state. He bore the good will of every man in his regiment and the men of the company he commanded paid him the tribute of being one of the best officers in the 16th Maine, to which he was attached.

Joseph Orrin Lord was born in Kennebunkport and was the son of Abram and Edna Lord. His boyhood was spent on his father's farm, his schooling being obtained in the

schools of his native town. When a young man he came to Biddeford to work in a saw mill, driving over in the morning and back to his father's farm at night. In this way he continued to earn a living for some time and finally he secured employment in the Saco Water Power machine shop, where he worked for several years as a machinist and had the reputation of being one of the best in the employ of the company.

At the breaking out of the war he was living with his family at Denmark and while on a visit to Saco in the early part of 1862 he made up his mind to enlist and go to the front. In June of that year he enlisted, and was made sergeant of Co. K, 16th Maine regiment. He served for three years and was in nearly all the engagements the command took part in. He was three times promoted for bravery, rising from the rank of sergeant to second lieutenant, then to first lieutenant and finally to captain.

He was captured by the enemy at Welden, near Richmond, on the 19th of August and had a taste of rebel prison life until February 27 of the following year, when he was exchanged and returned to his regiment and served until the command was mustered out of the service.

Capt. Lord was thrice married. His first wife was Mary N. Hardy of Kennebunk, who died 37 years ago last July. By this wife he had one son, Harry K. Lord, who has for some time assisted him in managing his stable business. His

second wife was Jane Harnden of Sweden, who bore him two children, Orrin W. of Everett, Mass., and Bertha, who died about five years ago. The second wife died 19 years ago last April. For his third wife he married, 18 years ago last September, Abbie F. Hardy of Kennebunk, sister of his first wife, who survives him.

He also leaves three brothers and a sister. The brothers are E. M. Lord of Providence, R. I., George Lord of Hopkinton, Mass., and William Lord of Kennebunkport.

The sister is Mrs. Charles Clough of Kennebunkport.

JOHN MEAD.

John Mead died at his home in North Bridgton, 10th Aug., 1895. He was a son of the late John and Lucinda (Longley) Mead, and was born on the homestead farm in the southerly part of this town in April, 1832. He was brought up on the farm; attended the district school; then chose the trade of painter, which was his vocation the rest of his life except during the years of his army service.

While at Lewiston, in the autumn of 1861, engaged in a decorative contract with the Androscoggin Mills company, he enlisted as a private in Company D, Fifteenth Maine, for a three-years' term. He came home to North Bridgton, closed up his business, and at once joined his regiment at Augusta. In Feb., 1861, he left for the war, his regiment embarking at Portland on the ship "*Great Republic*," for

Ship Island, the rallying point of Butler's expedition against New Orleans.

The war-record of Lieut. Mead was especially meritorious. With his regiment he was in the campaign culminating in the capture of New Orleans and the occupancy of the Mississippi and adjacent country: including creditable and arduous service in Western Florida, where he served under officers of the regular army as a part of the garrison at Fort Pickens. He also participated in the Red River expedition, in Louisiana, and in the Southern Texas expedition, bearing himself bravely in all the engagements of those campaigns. From a private soldier he was commissioned second lieutenant in June, 1863, and first lieutenant three months later, being mustered out in March of 1865.

As soon as his health would permit Mr. Mead resumed the pencil and brush, and plied his old vocation thenceforth until toward the end of life. Of late years he was associated with his son, J. C. Mead, under the title of John Mead & Son.

Besides dainty landscapes and other art "studies," most of them from real life, he, later on, made a specialty of painting fishes—trout, pickerel and other finny inhabitants of our local waters, and especially of land-locked salmon. This soon won for him a legitimate reputation and his fish pieces found ready sales in the larger cities.

His love of piscatory art and sport, furthermore, materialized in another and public way, and his

labors in stocking our local waters with game fish and, as Fish Warden, insuring their perpetuity, is a service and a result which deserves a recognition more enduring than newspaper mention. The excellence and fidelity of his fish portraiture is evidenced by the fact that quite a number of them were copied and used to illustrate works on natural history and sporting periodicals.

As a writer for the press Mr. Mead showed decided talent, both in sober and lighter vein. His was a graphic, trenchant pen, and whatever he wrote was sure to be read. He had a quaint vein of ready wit and humor of the Mark Twain order, which if fully worked might have won fame and ducats. He was a great lover of nature, and botany and gardening were his especial delights.

Lieut. Mead was a member of Oriental Lodge of Masons and past commander of John A. Logan Post of the G. A. R. at Harrison, he having been transferred to the last mentioned organization, from Bridgton, at the date of its institution.

In his marital and domestic relations the subject of this sketch was especially fortunate. His first wife, nee Nancy Jordan, daughter of James R. and Sarah (Proctor) Jordan of Waterford, the mother of his three children, was a most estimable woman, a devoted wife and mother. She died in 1887. His second wife was Elizabeth S. Morse, daughter of Edward R. and Dorothy (Kellogg) Morse of No. Bridgton, a

prominent educationalist. Besides his wife, Mr. Mead leaves three children—J. Carroll, Charles W. and Helen A. Mead; a brother and sister—George E. Mead, Esq., and Mrs. A. J. H. Noone of Bridgton, and other kindred.

W. H. H. PILLSBURY.

W. H. H. Pillsbury, Company I, Seventeenth Me., aged 56, died at Fullerton, Neb., December 28, 1895. Comrade Pillsbury was born at South Berwick, Me. He was converted at a camp meeting when fourteen years old, and joined the M. E. church. He entered Maine Wesleyan seminary at Kent's Hill, and at close of Sophomore year responded to his country's call by entering its service. He served two years and was discharged on account of disability. He completed his studies in the seminary, and then entered Boston Theological University, graduating from there in 1868. He returned to his native state, joined the Maine Conference, served an important church in Kittery navy-yard, then in Portland and other fields. He went to Iowa in 1872, united with the Iowa Conference, serving the most important charges there for seventeen years. He received the degree of M. A. from an Iowa college in 1879, and the degree of doctor of divinity from De Pauw college in Indiana, in 1882. He went to Nebraska in 1885, joined the North Nebraska Conference, and was appointed to Fullerton; served one year and was recalled to Iowa, remaining

three years at Oskaloosa; then on account of his wife's health returned to Nebraska, and served First church, Grand Island, three years, then Fullerton again three years. He belonged to the Grand Army, A. F. and A. M., Knights Templar, United Workmen, and Knights of Pythias. A widow and seven children survive him.

CHARLES RICE.

Comrade Charles Rice who died September 9, 1895, was born in Portland, January 30, 1843, son of Luther and Abigail (Holmes) Rice. Served in the sloop of war *Lancaster*, and was discharged in June, 1864, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard by reason of expiration of term of service. Since the war he lived twenty-two years in Portland, and nine years in Westbrook. His occupation, house painter. He married October 30, 1881, Betresa Foley of Portland, Me., daughter of Lewis and Mary Foley, and had one child, Alice Rice. Member of Cloudman Post G. A. R. No. 100, since 1889.

CAPT. J. C. RUNDLETT.

Captain James Carleton Rundlett died at his residence in South Portland, December 31, 1895. Captain Rundlett was born in East Pittston, April 25, 1838. He received his education at Kent's Hill, and was teaching school at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, when he enlisted in Company G, Twentieth Maine Volunteer Infantry, and served with distinction in that regi-

ment, being promoted to first sergeant and lieutenant. In the latter part of the war he was promoted to a captaincy in the One Hundred Twenty-eighth Regiment, U. S. colored troops, remaining in the service until after the close of the war. He was the post quartermaster at Port Royal, S. C., for some time. After his return home he engaged with his brothers in the manufacture of chewing gum, in which he was very successful, extending his business to all parts of the country. In politics he was always a Republican. He served as chairman of the town committee several years and also on the county committee. He was past master of Hiram Lodge of Masons, a member of the Maine Commandery Loyal Legion, and also of Bosworth Post, G. A. R. He leaves a wife and five children to mourn his loss.

EDWARD B. SHELDON.

Edward B. Sheldon died May 21, 1895. Mr. Sheldon was born in Camden, Me., in 1839, the son of Ephraim and Maria Ann (Smith) Sheldon, and came to Searsport when about fourteen years of age. He lived with Captain Charles Gordon until July 19, 1862, when he enlisted July 19, 1862, in Company E, Nineteenth Maine Regiment, and followed the fortunes of that regiment until he lost his right arm at Gettysburg. He lay on the field forty-eight hours after he was wounded before receiving attention from the surgeons. As soon as

able he was sent to Maine. He joined the invalid corps, and was at Augusta, Me., until finally discharged November 20, 1865. He was for sixteen years postmaster at Searsport, and was town clerk and treasurer five years—1886-'90. He had a position in the patent office, Washington, D. C., for a time. He was a member of the First Congregationalist church, was a past commander of Freeman McGilvery Post, G. A. R., a past grand of Sears Lodge, I. O. O. F., and chaplain of Eben Whitcomb Command, Union Veterans union, at the time of his death. He married Ann S. Gordon, daughter of Charles F. and Sarah (Tyler) Gordon, October 2, 1867, by whom he had two sons, Edward, who died several years ago, and Charles G., who with his mother survives.

GILMAN F. SIMMONS.

Gilman F. Simmons died February 5, 1896. He enlisted as a landsman in the navy, and served in the United States war ships *Ohio* and *Iosco*. He served with bravery and fidelity and was honorably discharged. He was pensioned for malarial poisoning. Ever since his discharge he has suffered from brain trouble, which last year manifested itself in violent symptoms, making it necessary to remove him to Augusta for care and treatment.

ISAIAH SNOW.

Isaiah Snow was born in Castleton Co., New Brunswick, August 1, 1838, son of Moses Snow and

Tamar (Rideout) Snow. He enlisted November 23, 1861, in Company E, Fifteenth Maine Regiment, discharged January 23, 1865. The greater part of his service was in the states of Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida, enduring the privations and struggles, and the almost always fatal diseases of that low malarial climate. His occupation has been farming. He married Catherine, daughter of James and Mary (Harwood) Rideout, and had six children, Henry W., Seth L., Mary A., Fred W., Bliss J., and Helena J. Snow, all of whom have provided for themselves and families good and comfortable homes. He died February 12, 1895, in the Maine General hospital at Portland.

GEORGE F. WEEKS.

George F. Weeks, son of Francis and Hannah (Eaton) Weeks, of Weeks Mills, was born December 6, 1840, at Mount Chase, died December 23, 1894; was mustered September 7, 1861, in the Eighth Maine Regiment, Company B; January 1, 1864, he re-enlisted and remained until discharged January 18, 1866. July 1, 1864, he was appointed corporal, December 23, 1864, sergeant. He joined the Masons March 21, 1864, and was master of the lodge several times. November 5, 1865, he married Lucetta P. Knowles, daughter of Henry and Eliza (Atkins) Knowles, of Rockabema. After the close of the war he lived at Mount Chase two years, when he moved to Pat-

ten where he lived the remainder of his days. They had six children, Alice L., wife of Jonathan Palmer; Grace A., Arletta C., Emma A., deceased; Eva S., deceased; Marcie C. His occupation was farming: since the war he joined the G. A. R. Post; was also a member of the Eastern Star.

HENRY B. WESCOTT.

Henry B. Wescott was born February 14, 1838, in Castine, son of William and Mary (Stevens) Wescott. Enlisted August 14, 1862, in Company "K," Sixteenth Maine Infantry, promoted to corporal, mustered out June 5, 1865. He was never married, and his occupation has always been that of a farmer. He was a member of C. L. Stevens Post G. A. R. No. 76, at Castine, and died there July 18, 1895.

IRVIN S. YOUNG.

Irvin S. Young died at his home December 11, 1895, The Forks plantation, Wednesday, after an illness covering about three years, and confinement to his house of about one year, at the age of fifty-four years, seven months.

Mr. Young was well known in the Somerset county, especially in the towns between Skowhegan and Moose river, by reason of a long service as driver of the Skowhegan-Forks stage.

Irving S. Young was the son of James M. Young, who died at The Forks some three years ago, and he leaves a wife and three children,

one son, Floyd, two daughters, Mrs. Kingsley, and Miss Bessie Young. Four sisters also survive him: Mrs. J. A. Dealey of Skowhegan, Mrs. Wellington Moore of Wisconsin, Mrs. Leander Brooks of Oregon, and Mrs. William Lockwood of Norridgewock.

Mr. Young was a gallant veteran of the war of 1861-5 having served in Company "A," Twentieth Maine Infantry Volunteers, for nearly three years, and was mustered out with his regiment at the close of the war in June, 1865. A man of exceptionally fine physique, tall, erect, and muscular, he must have been one of the most soldierly men in the regiment to which he belonged.

Mr. Young was a member of Keystone Lodge, F. and A. Masons, at Solon. He was also a member of Russell Post G. A. R., of Skowhegan, highly esteemed by his comrades of that order.

The following is a statement of the deaths in eighty-nine posts in the Department of Maine during 1895:

Post 2—Freeman Pratt, died January 16, age 53, private Co. G, Twenty-fifth Maine Infantry; Benjamin Duran, January 21, 78, D, Tenth Maine; William Chambers, April 19, 63, U. S. Navy; Henry J. York, June 24, 58, B, First Maine Heavy Artillery; George C. Kennedy, June 29, 48, E, Twenty-ninth Maine; Fred E. Skillings, August 3, 47, C, Twelfth Maine; William E. Dennison, September 2, 64, master, U. S. Navy; Daniel

Allen, October 1, 62, A, Fourteenth Maine; John L. Hamlin, September 28, 62, H, Twenty-ninth Maine; Patrick H. Boyce, December 9, 68, First Maine Battery; James C. Rundlett, December 31, captain Twelfth U. S. Colored Infantry.

Post 4—Joshua U. Savage, April 6, 69, F, Second Maine Cavalry; Patrick Pembroke, April 22, 78, C, Twenty-first Maine; Alexander Farrar, September 28, 75, F, Twenty-sixth Maine.

Post 6—Benjamin R. Marston, December 2, 65, G, Nineteenth Maine; Joseph C. Dill, December 6, 74, I, Second Maine Cavalry.

Post 7—Charles E. Hayes, March 14, 48, U. S. Navy; Thomas J. Hannaford, April 20, 54, F, Nineteenth Maine; William B. Hodgdon, April 25, 57, D, Seventh Maine; John L. Armstrong, May 23, 58, A, Nineteenth Maine; Otis M. Barnard, May 26, 50, L, First Maine Cavalry; Joseph Bishop, June 3, 44, C, Sixteenth Maine.

Post 8—A. S. Lander, Sixth Maine Battery; J. W. Skillin, corporal, H, Fifteenth Maine.

Post 12—Charles H. Patten, July 9, 57, D, Seventeenth Maine; Martin N. Feeney, August 29, 55, I, Eighth Maine; Patrick Simmons; Joseph W. Cottle, I, First Maine Heavy Artillery; William Wallace, June 21, D, First Maine Heavy Artillery.

Post 13—B. F. Harris, December 30, 64, lieutenant-colonel and brigadier-general, Sixth Maine; James D. Brooks, May 25, 62, B, Six-

teenth Maine; Charles B. Cobb, July 9, 51, K, Ninth Maine; Freeman C. Peva, December 28, 60, C, First Maine Cavalry; David Day, May 12, 62, I, Third Maine.

Post 15—John L. Pierce, January 21, 55, first lieutenant, C, Sixth Maine; Andrew J. Harmon, September 12, 55, K, Eighteenth Maine; George W. Campbell, March 23, musician, Sixth Maine.

Post 16—Davis Tillson, April 20, 65, brigadier-general, Twenty-third Corps (see '95 BUGLE, pp. 335-337); Henry T. Benner, August 20, 49, E, Coast Guards (see '95 BUGLE, p. 340); Alonzo D. Moore, December —, 70, B, Second Maine; John M. Eastman, August 26, 62, U. S. Navy; J. C. Spear, November 29, 56, B, Fourth Maine; Edmund E. Titus, Dec. 9, 49, 31st Me. (see '96 BUGLE, p. 81.)

Post 17—Sylvander DeCoster, June 6, 59, C, Eighth Maine.

Post 20—Jacob Bolton, June 2, 67, K, Second Maine.

Post 22—Warren Proctor, February 15, 52, K, Nineteenth Maine.

Post 25—John M. Barker, February, A, Twelfth Maine; Amos Leavitt, October —; Joseph L. Brown, September —, U. S. Navy.

Post 26—Thomas H. Sprague, spring, 61, I, Fifth Maine.

Post 27—William H. Stedman, March 16, 60, B, Twentieth Maine.

Post 28—Andrew A. Mason, September 24, 54, F, Thirty-third Massachusetts.

Post 29—Moses F. Wheelwright, October 11, 69, E, Twenty-seventh Maine.

Post 30—Edward B. Sheldon, May 21, 56, E, Nineteenth Maine.

Post 31—Francis E. Dunning, November 15, 65, C, Twenty-second Maine.

Post 32—Chandler S. Moody, April 7, 63, II, Twenty-fourth Maine.

Post 34—Martin N. Grant, September 14, 58, D, Fifteenth Maine; James S. Cleaves, November 15, 72, captain, K, Twelfth Maine; William D. Clark, November 21, 64, A, First Maine Battery; Henry S. Beverly, A, Ninth Maine; Jesse G. Tarbell, February 8, 69, F, Twenty-second Maine.

Post 36—Andrew J. Goodwin, September 8, 48, sergeant, F, Second New Hampshire.

Post 39—Marcel V. Nicol, January 30, 56, U. S. Navy; Emery M. Kellar, April 2, 63, K, Twentieth Maine.

Post 40—Patrick Cannon, October 23, 56, U. S. Navy.

Post 42—Stephen Myrick, May 15, 68, E, First Maine Heavy Artillery; Jedediah C. Cates, July 17, 59, K, Fourth Maine.

Post 44—Timothy Sullivan, October, 75, Fifth Maine Battery.

Post 45—George Pool, January 2, 52, G, Twenty-eighth Maine; Frederick A. Smith, May 29, 56, F, Eighteenth Mass. (see '95 BUGLE, p. 341).

Post 46—Robert I. Roper, February 13, 52, U. S. Navy; Alpheus McFarland, May 10, 65, Second Maine Battery; Edwin A. Sprague, Dec. 24, 50, F, Thirtieth Maine.

Post 47—Lewis Mitchell, Janu-

ary 8, 62, G, Twelfth Maine; John T. Dennison, December 15, 53, I, Twenty-ninth Maine.

Post 48—Henry Raff, January 5, 71, C, Seventh New York; James P. Ingalls, June 14, 66, II, Fifth Massachusetts; Dennis Madden, September 11, 47, A, Thirty-second Massachusetts; Thomas H. Broadbent, October 5, 59, F, Fifty-first New York; Dennis Mahoney, March 20, 69, D, Seventh Maine.

Post 50—Curtis Leighton, H, First Maine Heavy Artillery; John T. Allen, F, Sixteenth Maine; George N. Allen; Peter Butler, C, Twenty-sixth Me; Eli Oakes, E, Eleventh Maine; W. D. Emerson.

Post 51—J. E. M. Wright, chaplain Eighth Maine. (See '95 *BUGLE*, p. 143.)

Post 52—Leonard H. Dearborn, G, Ninth Maine; Samuel Libby, E, Eleventh Maine.

Post 53—Charles A. Devereaux, K, Sixteenth Maine; Hosea J. King, II, Thirty-first Maine.

Post 54—Lorenzo D. Hobb, January, 79, Twenty-third Maine; George Lesson, January, I, First Maine; Benjamin G. Barrows, March 9, 76, State Guard; Wallace V. Foster, July 27, 55, G, First Maine.

Post 55—Asa Smith, October 21, 84, C, Eighteenth Maine.

Post 56—Enos M. Tobie, B, Seventh Maine.

Post 58—Isaac Powers, May, 67, A, Nineteenth Regiment; Harrison Boston, 69, E, Eighth Regiment; Henry Murphy, July 2, E, Fifth Regiment; B. F. Mitchell,

December 28, 59, K, Twenty-first Regiment.

Post 59—Henry C. Baker; David P. Sprowl, August 29, 55, I, Twenty-first Regiment. (See '96 *BUGLE*, p. 81.)

Post 61—Charles V. Ellis, March 4, 50, E, Thirty-first Regiment; David O. Todd, July 15, 50, Third Maine Battery.

Post 63—Gideon Tower, November 5, 66, G, Twenty-sixth Maine; B, First Cavalry. (See '96 *BUGLE*, p. 82); John H. Gardner, F, Twenty-sixth Maine.

Post 65—Hiram S. Coburn, A, First Maine Cavalry, I, First D. C. Cavalry.

Post 66—Thomas Rogers, B, Seventh Maine.

Post 67—Joel Goodwin, May 10, 54, F, Twenty-third Maine Infantry, Seventh Maine Battery; Samuel T. Ordway, November 10, 63, E, Ninth New Hampshire.

Post 68—Samuel K. Stetson, November 16, 69, First Maine Cavalry.

Post 70—John Maddox, August 26, K, Twenty-seventh Maine; Ivory A. Hall, December 2, K, Twenty-seventh Maine, Second Maine Cavalry.

Post 71—Levi C. Coburn, February 28, 64, G, First Maine Cavalry.

Post 72—Elijah S. Pierce, March 11, 76, I, Ninth Maine.

Post 73—Arthur Hamlin, 72; William H. Sturgis, December 26, 57, first lieutenant, K, Ninth Maine.

Post 74—Henry Sparrow, Sep-

tember 17, 69, K, Twenty-sixth Maine.

Post 76—Henry B. Westcott, July 18, 55, K, Sixteenth Maine; Silas Leach, August 1, 56, D, First Maine Cavalry.

Post 77—Stephen M. Johnson, November 29, 87, unassigned.

Post 78—W. H. Huston, C, Ninth Maine; Joseph H. Randall; Daniel H. Mountfort, B, Twenty-fifth Maine; Daniel A. Doughty.

Post 85—Roscoe Jewell, February 7, 49, H, Twenty-seventh Maine; Sylvester Boynton, November 1, 71, E, Ninth Maine.

Post 88—Elbridge J. Gerald, April 16, 62, B, Fifteenth Pennsylvania.

Post 90—William R. Crosby, March 1, 66, B, Seventh Maine.

Post 91—B. B. Parsons, January 15, 66, B, Fifth Massachusetts.

Post 92—Mitchell Brewer, December 25, 80, U. S. Navy.

Post 95—Josiah S. Black, September 10, 84, G, Tenth Maine.

Post 96—Irving S. Young, December 11, 54, A, Twentieth Maine; John J. Kirby, July 20, 50, K, Ninth Maine.

Post 100—Nathaniel Swett, February 23, 58, E, Thirteenth Maine; Charles H. Rice, September 9, 52, U. S. Navy.

Post 104—D. W. Gary, September 17, E, Fifteenth Maine; Robert W. Mundy, September 19.

Post 108—Josiah Sanborn, September 11, 57, Twenty-fifth Maine.

Post 110—B. F. Whitten, February 26, 75, First Maine.

Post 111—John L. Bradish, Sep-

tember 16, 80, G, Sixth Maine; John P. Morrison, June 8, 56, C, Twelfth Maine.

Post 114—George M. Lurvey; George F. Weeks, B, Eighth Maine.

Post 117—P. H. Ricker, K, Twenty-seventh Maine.

Post 118—J. Richardson, July 31, 71, first lieutenant, H, Twenty-second Maine; C. L. Young, October 10, 56, K, Seventeenth Maine.

Post 122—Francis Robers, August 5, 61, U. S. Navy.

Post 124—James H. Bogg's, April 7, 70, G, Twenty-first Maine.

Post 125—Isaiah Snow, E, Fifteenth Maine.

Post 126—Joseph Hill, January 31, 79, E, Fourteenth Maine.

Post 127—Francis Hall, Jr., March 20, 72, K, Seventh Maine, F, Twenty-third Maine.

Post 134—John Tibbetts, October 31, 63, D, Twenty-eighth Maine; Joseph O. Dodge, July 3, 64, G, Twelfth Maine.

Post 135—Daniel Waltz, March 27, 83, C, Twentieth Maine; Francis M. Eveleth, April 9, 62, surgeon, Seventh Maine. (See '95 BUGLE, pp. 337, 338.)

Post 138—William Morrison, October 3, 51, C, Twenty-eighth Maine.

Post 140—Leander Spear, September 4, 60, I, Third California.

Post 141—Lysander D. Johnson.

Post 143—Abner McDonald, June 23, 52, Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry; Joseph O. Lord, Nov. 14, 65, captain, Sixteenth Maine.

Post 145—Samuel D. Philpot, June, 66, H, Sixteenth Maine, Twentieth Maine.

Post 146—Otis G. Crockett, A, Fourteenth Maine: (see '95 BUGLE, pp. 133, 134): Norris Newburt.

Post 151—T. S. Stearns, January 10, 52, E, Twelfth Maine: Stephen F. Harriman, February 7, 48, E, First Maine Heavy Artillery.

Post 153—John Mead, August 10, 63, first lieutenant, D, Fifteenth Maine.

Post 154—Hudson S. Oakes, May 3, 50, B, Twentieth Maine.

Post 156—Stephen D. Eldridge, June 29, 63, G, First Maine Heavy Artillery: L. F. Cushing, November 15, 65, F, Thirty-first Maine.

Post 160—Webber Rowe, September 24, 75, F, Seventeenth Maine: Charles F. Day, December 24, 62, F, Thirty-first Maine.

Post 161—Charles Rush, January 3, 65, unassigned: James McMullen, May 14, 82, F, Thirty-first Maine.

Post 167—Edward G. Dexter, September 24, 71, unassigned.

THE FIELD OF ANTIETAM.

Major John M. Gould, of the First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Maine regiments, of Portland, writes,—

It was my good fortune to visit the Antietam battle-field early in November, three weeks after the Pennsylvania delegation had placed their markers there. These are mere strips of rough board, but they serve well for the present.

I met by appointment Hon. William M. Robbins, formerly major in the Fourth Alabama, and now Confederate representative on the Gettysburg board. We had been in correspondence for a number of years, trying to learn if his regiment opposed mine, the Tenth Maine. An hour of rambling through the old East Woods, or what is left of them, settled the main fact and a score of minor questions that

four years of letter writing had left doubtful. Nothing was clearer than the necessity of having many more similar meetings of Union and Confederate officers upon the field together, if the truthful history of the battle is to be learned.

The Antietam board is doing effective work. General Carman, Thirteenth New Jersey, Twelfth Corps, is busily engaged as historian in gathering facts from the participants in the battle. Major James Hotchkiss, formerly engineer on Stonewall Jackson's staff, is laboriously reconstructing the old Michler map, which has so vexed and misled us all by its many errors. These two officers are stationed at Sharpsburg, and make it a point to interview all old soldiers who visit the field, unless, as in the case of the Pennsylvania delegation, the

visitors are so many that it is impossible to listen to them all.

It is painful to note the destruction of the two beautiful groves, now called East Woods and West Woods, which formed such important features of the battle-field. There are yet a great many trees left in East Woods, but we learned that the owner intends to cut them all down this spring. All of West Woods has been cut away except on the acre around Dunker Church. The northern spur of the West Woods, where Gibbon's Brigade fought, are still standing, and also the woods around the old toll-gate.

Unfortunately the board is not

yet clothed with power to buy these woods, but it is hoped that another congress may save us these valuable landmarks. It is gratifying to know that the people of the town and vicinity are at last awaking to the fact that they have a point of National interest in keeping. Mr. William Roulette, whose house and farm are so well known to students of the battle, is making what we hope may be a successful effort to arouse local pride and to instruct the people in their duties to the general public. If the woods can be saved and the old roads opened, particularly Bloody Lane, the value of the field to visitors will be greatly enhanced.

ECHOES.

Be thine the ringing tone, the swelling cheer!
Loud let the challenge sound from slope to plain
Till all the vales and mountain tops shall hear,
An answer to the Bugle call of Maine.

FOUND MY BROTHER.

Charles Goff of Minot, N. D., late of Company A, Seventh Maine Infantry, writes:

I received the *BUGLE* and am glad to read it. In January *CALL* I found my brother; please continue to send to me, have been sick since last February and am short of money, but I do not wish to be without the *BUGLE*.

THANKFUL FOR THE BUGLE.

Patrick Devine, 2322 Clark street, St. Louis, Mo., late of Company I, Fourteenth Maine Infantry, writes:

I have been sick for some time

or I would have written to you sooner. I received the *BUGLE* for which I am very thankful. I hope all the old comrades are enjoying good health. Give my respects to Capt. I. B. Gardner, Dr. Hopkins, Lieutenant Carter, Sergeant Smith, and all enquiring comrades. I hope we will have Tom Reed for president. The next time I write I hope I shall be better, and able to write a long letter.

SHOULD BE IN THE STATE HOUSE.

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

The first notes of the *BUGLE* for 1896 are sweet. Major Small's article on his experience as a prisoner of war is a masterly exposition of the outrages committed on

our helpless comrades. It should be engraved on brass and placed in the state house for our legislators to read.

HONEST PRIDE IN ITS RECORD.

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

It gives me very much pleasure to enclose two dollars for the *MAINE BUGLE* for the two years, 1894 and 1895. Your stirring appeal in the *BUGLE* sends the blood singing through one's veins as it recalls the grand old days of the War for the Union, and I should hope that it could not fall unheeded upon the ears of any son of Maine. Though I left the old state immediately after the war and have but once been back to it since then, I have never ceased to feel a just and honest pride in its record during the war : and I have ever deemed it not only a privilege to have served in the War for the Union, but scarcely less an honor that I was permitted to line up with the men who have made the record of Maine so glorious.

THE LAST ISSUE.

H. C. Hall of Woburn, Mass., late major First Maine Cavalry, writes :

Your last issue is to me a very pleasing one. I am glad you are able to make it so valuable.

ONLY TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

George W. States of 145 Tremont street, Boston, late Sergeant Major Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, writes :

I enclose check for five dollars to pay for *BUGLES* received and for future delivery. Excuse my carelessness in not responding before. After the New London meeting I had to go away almost immediately, and was abroad all summer. I should have much liked to have sent you the article you requested, but I fear it might make rather poor reading as I have never yet written anything for publication. Again things are so different to a man in the ranks,—I mean location of positions, etc.,—besides I was so young (being only twelve years and five months when I enlisted in '61, and less than sixteen when I was sergeant-major of my regiment at Lee's surrender). By the way, speaking of Lee's surrender, my last recollection of that event was that the cavalry corps were all massed in a large open plain, dismounted, with a slight ridge in front. I should think about two or three o'clock (but you know our estimates of time were rather misty), well, at what ever time it was, Gen. H. E. Davies, our brigade commander, rode up from the rear, and asked our regimental commander if he had a man with a good horse. I stood near, and he referred him to me : the general, who knew me well, told me to ride over to the front, and when I found the skirmish line on the crest to commence at the right and tell each officer when the corps was mounted to advance and commence firing. I rode off as ordered, and rode down the line or a part of it,

for when I appeared on the front the Rebs. opened a very sharp fire on me, but fortunately I got off without a scratch. I went back to the regiment. We mounted and advanced a few paces, when a staff officer came from the rear and we halted and made no further movement. Now the reason I speak of this is, General Gordon in his recent lecture speaks of the right of his line commencing to fire during the negotiations for surrender but could find no good reason for it. I should judge that we were pretty near the left of our line (First Brigade, Second Division). Is it not possible that the matter I have spoken of above, may account for it? There was certainly no firing afterwards, but while I was in it I thought the whole of the army of northern Virginia had been resurrected for my special benefit. Of course I may be entirely mistaken, in fact, from some of the things I see and hear, I doubt sometimes whether we were there, but perhaps an honest discussion of the events of that memorable Sunday, when the fact the war had closed and Lee had surrendered caused us to forget time and the contributing movements of the day.

When I commenced I intended merely to send you the check and my thanks for the *BUGLE*, but the old scenes will come back and I thank God that we lived in that time and had the privilege of being with the flag. My father, who died November 2, 1895, served with Bigelow's Ninth Massachu-

setts Battery. You might send a *BUGLE* for July, the one you sent got mislaid. The articles are all so bright, that I would like a file of them from the beginning.

NOTE: The above letter from Comrade George W. States is given in his own language, because such letters written with no intention of publication contain a delicious personality that is as enjoyable as it is fragrant. The field and events, which he describes, have never been written up with the accuracy of other battles. It was the crowning and final act of the War of the Rebellion, but we left the ground and hurried home so rapidly that the participants little realized the historic value of the occasion but sought rest for wearied limbs and lost sleep. We hope for further contributions from Comrade States.

INTERESTING AND A CONSOLATION.

Albert P. Friend of Brooksville, Company G, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

The *BUGLE* for October is received, and I find it very interesting reading. It is a great consolation to me, and no doubt it is to every comrade, to get all the proceedings of the reunions from year to year, for there are a great many of the boys who are not able to attend, and the *BUGLE* gives it to us.

"THERE GOES FOR THE SIXTH BATTERY."

W. W. Sartelle of Shirley, late of Sixth Maine Battery, writes:

CALL I of Campaign III of the *BUGLE* received, and its contents is all interesting reading to me, espe-

cially the "Echoes." Every comrade should have the BUGLE to read, for I think it is far ahead of any outside publications in the interest of Maine veterans. Comrades let us awake the "Echoes" from one end of the state to the other. One incident in regard to the Sixth Maine Battery I wish to relate. It was on that memorable 18th day of June, 1864, in front of Petersburg; a day remembered with sorrow by many residents of Maine. As we were going to the front and drew near to where we might expect business, we passed by two mounted officers standing beside the road, one of whom made this remark to his comrade: "There goes the Sixth Maine Battery," in reply the one addressed made this reply. "I always love to see that battery go into a hot place." That remark carried the writer's mind back to his boyhood days and to a little book in which was pictured a scene where some boys were throwing stones at some frogs, the frogs say, boys it's fun for you but it's death to us. We soon after unlimbered our guns (for we had gone as far with our horses as was desirable), and ran our guns by hand up and near to the "Hare House." If it was fun for those officers to see us here, it was death to several of our dear boys. Our position here was only 300 yards from the enemy's line of battle which was behind a line of works, while we were without any cover of account. I have never seen it recorded where a battery of artil-

lery was run up near enough to another battery to induce them to use canister which the enemy did at this time on us. We claim that the distance was not beaten by any battery of artillery during the war. Fort Steadman was afterwards built here.

MAINE MEN WHO SERVED IN THE
NINETY SIXTH REGIMENT, ILLINOIS
VOLUNTEER INFANTRY.

Company A—R. L. Erskine, age 30, born at Lincoln, Me., a farmer, enlisted from Guilford, discharged at Chicago January 19, 1863, for disability.

Company C—Corporal George C. Dodge, age 20, a native of Maine, farmer, enlisted from Avon, appointed seventh corporal at the organization of the company, was severely wounded at Chicamauga, being shot through the ankle, lay between the lines for a time, and fell into the enemy's hands, paroled ten days later, never again able for duty, discharged because of wounds August 18, 1864, lived in 1885 on a farm near Milburn, Ill.

Company E—First Lieut. Halsey H. Richardson, age 34, born in Thomaston, Me., painter, enlisted from Warren, elected second lieutenant at the organization of the company, promoted to first lieutenant April 29, 1863, was almost constantly with the regiment, and commanded the company in several engagements, was wounded in the hip at Chickamauga but not long disabled, was especially commended for bravery in the report of the regi-

mental commander at the close of the Atlanta campaign, mustered out with regiment, returned to Maine shortly after the war, and died at Lewiston, Me., October 25, 1879. His wife, sons, and daughters have all died within a few years. He followed painting for a time and was two years city marshal of Lewiston, Me., afterward followed farming until his death.

Company H—Musician Niles Carver, age 42, born in Kennebec county, Me., hotel keeper, enlisted from Nora, appointed principal musician at the organization of the regiment, served as such until January 20, 1864, when he was discharged. Is farming at Blanchard, Page county, Iowa.

Musician Eugene Carver, age 12, born in Milo, Me., son of Niles Carver, enlisted in the Ninety-second Illinois, but was, with his brother Frank, transferred to Company H, Ninety-sixth Illinois, in exchange for two men of Company H—Thomas H. Bartlett and Robert Haywood—who were transferred to the Ninety-second Illinois. He was for a time the "drummer boy" of the Ninety-sixth, and a good one. At Nashville, Tenn., was taken sick and sent to the hospital and discharged March 7, 1863. After his discharge he returned to the company and would have re-enlisted, but he was so young that the writer objected, but kept him in his employ until late in the summer of 1863. After he came home he had the misfortune to lose a leg by the cars. Is depu-

ty county clerk in Santa Rosa, Cal.

Musician Franklin Carver, age 17, born in Milo, Me., with his brother, Eugene, enlisted in Company G, Ninety-second Illinois, but their father having enlisted in Company H, an exchange of men was arranged and they were transferred to Company H, Ninety-sixth Illinois, in return for Thomas H. Bartlett and Robert Haywood, who were transferred to the Ninety-second Illinois. May 23, 1863, Frank was appointed principal musician, and served as such until the mustering out of the regiment at Camp Harker, June 10, 1865. Is farming in Nodaway county, Mo., post office address, Blanchard, Page county, Iowa.

Company H—George H. Stanchfield, age 27, born in Milo, Me., a mason, enlisted from Nora, was an excellent soldier, served with the company up to and including the battle of Chickamauga, was captured September 22, 1863 (see Libby prison life and escape), with others of the company, and died in Andersonville prison, June 26, 1864. No. of grave, 2,532.

Company K—First Sergeant Henry W. Godding, age 21, born in Maine, enlisted from Warren, promoted to corporal, sergeant, and first sergeant, served with the regiment and was in all the battles in which it was engaged, was wounded slightly at Lookout Mountain, mustered out with regiment. After the war taught school several terms and was collector of the town of Warren one year. For several years past

has been baggage master at Warren, Ill., for the Illinois Central Railroad.

Alvin B. Foss, age 16, born in Maine, enlisted from Nora, had previously served in Company B, Forty-fifth Illinois, from September 4, 1861, until May 9, 1862. In August, 1864, was wounded in the shoulder slightly. He afterward lost his voice and could only speak in a whisper for some months after his discharge, had a brother who was a member of Company K, and his father was a member of another regiment, and is supposed to be the oldest Grand Army man living. The father and two sons reside at Randall, Jewell county, Kansas.

Company K—Phineas Foss, age 21, born in Maine, a farmer, enlisted from Nora, had a bullet through his hat at Resaca and one through his canteen at Kenesaw Mountain, mustered out with regiment. Is a mason by trade and resides in Linn, Washington county, Kansas.

Company K—Ezra Turner, age 25, born in Milo, Me., a teacher, enlisted from Nora, October 3, 1864, and joined the regiment just in time to participate in the battle of Nashville, December 15 and 16, 1864, was subsequently detailed as clerk at brigade headquarters, at the mustering out of the regiment was transferred to Company K, Twenty-first Illinois, was finally discharged at Victoria, Texas, October 13, 1865, and was special order clerk in the adjutant-general's office at Fourth Corps head-quarters for four months. Is cashier and clerk

in the Illinois Central freight office at Galena, Ill.

REUNION OF FIRST FLEET TO PORT ROYAL.

Kendall Pollard of the Eighth and Twelfth Maine Infantry writes :

Will the survivors of the first fleet who left Annapolis, Md., the first of October, 1861, and Fortress Monroe near the last of October, 1861, and went with the fleet to Port Royal, S. C., under General Sherman as corps commander, and the flag ship, Wabash, under Commodore Dupont, have a reunion of all the old regiments who were landed there November 8, 1861? Let us comrades get together and see if we cannot revive the old days gone by and have a good time. All the rest are doing the same, and why not we. It was the first capture of any fort on the coast after the confederates had captured Fort Sumpter from the United States. The flag ship, the old Wabash, now lies at the Charlestown navy yard, a receiving ship.

FINAL SERVICES OF THE TWELFTH MAINE.

Kendall Pollard, lieutenant in Company D, Twelfth Maine Infantry, writes :

I have seen only one piece written in regard to the Twelfth Maine. I re-enlisted in February, 1865, and was assigned to the Eleventh company of unassigned infantry, which afterward became Company G, Twelfth Maine. We left the state of Maine March 4, 1865,

and went direct to Galloup's Island, Boston Harbor, for transportation to Savannah, Ga., where the old battalion was stationed under command of Lieutenant-colonel E. Hilsley. General Sherman had entered Savannah and gone on his march to South Carolina. We left Boston the last of March, 1865, and took passage on the steamship *Blackstone*, and disembarked about April 1st, 1865. Our quarters for a short time were in the Georgia & Atlanta railroad depot, and we were soon detailed on picket duty in and around the city, building breastworks and doing fatigue duty incident to camp life. Major General Grover was in command the corps at the time. In a few days Colonel Kimball, Surgeon Collins, and Adjutant Kendall arrived, and the Twelfth had the honor of firing the salute for Lee's surrender. In May we were marched to Augusta, Ga. Well, after the first day's march the men only had a blanket and haversack left. The weather was hot and the roads were sandy. Daily we started early and marched three quarters of an hour and then rested fifteen minutes unless the band played, and then we would go farther and not feel so weary. On the march we met with a great many incidents not suitable to print, but fun for the boys. The colored people flocked to the army from all of the plantations as we marched along. One of the captains fell out and had to be taken along in the quartermaster's wagon until we

arrived at Sister's Ferry on the Savannah river. After marching three days the rain just poured down in torrents when we halted for the night, and in order to dry our insides whiskey rations for the men were issued. The captain of our company did not come near us after we left Sister's Ferry till we arrived at Brier Creek after the six days march, and then he came on a horse he had taken. On the eighth day, Sunday, we entered Augusta, Ga., and remained in line on the principal street. While in line the general rode along, and seeing Captain E. W. Thompson mounted on a horse, asked him to what command he belonged. He said to Company G, Twelfth Maine. The general told him to dismount, and go to his command, and his orderly took the horse. Towards night Jeff Davis was taken through the city and put on board the steamer for Hilton Head, with a company of the Fourteenth Maine as guard, while we were put into camp in some old buildings for a few days and then taken from there and moved to the arsenal grounds just to the south-west of the city. We remained in Augusta only a short time and were ordered back to Savannah. While on the march to Augusta if we met a Georgia cracker, as the poor whites were called, the only information in regard to distances was the universal response, "a right smart distance, I reckon." We arrived at Savannah in June, 1865, and only staid there two days, so the boys could get a

little rest and the men in the rear could be gathered in, as a good many became sick, and the captain of our company was sick, so I had to take charge of the company both going and coming. We left Savannah for Brunswick, Ga., about the middle of June, 1865. 'Tis an old place on the shore. We supposed we were going into summer quarters but only remained here five days, and then ordered on board a transport and taken to Jacksonville, Fla. We only stopped here two days and took a train and worked our way through into Southwestern Georgia to a town called Thomasville, where we arrived one Sunday and the colonel took possession of the court house and everything that he could find that belonged to the so-called Confederate States, then our regiment was divided. Lieutenant Illsley, with five companies, went to Darien, Ga. Some remained at Thomasville; some were sent over to Valdosta, some to Blackshear looking after cotton and doing guard duty till the fall of 1865, when we were ordered back to Savannah, Ga.

LIKE RIP VAN WINKLE.

L. G. Robinson writes :

I was transferred from Baker's D. C. Cavalry to Company B of your old regiment. I want to hear from old officers or privates. Are Captain Loring of Company B, or any officers or privates alive? Please send me their address. I have been in Texas, Mexico, for twenty years. My relatives are

dead or scattered. I have not heard from Maine in all that time; am now like Rip Van Winkle as to who is alive, etc., of my old comrades. I am just here on a visit; will not stay long, so please answer soon and direct to L. G. Robinson, McLeansboro, Ill.

SAVED SEWARD'S LIFE.

This week the U. S. Army loses a brave and gallant officer in the retirement of Major George F. Rob-
inson.

Major Robinson is a Maine boy, born in Hartford, Oxford county, August 13, 1832, and joined Company B, Eighth Maine Infantry, when that regiment went to the front. He served in all the engagements in which his regiment participated, until wounded during Beauregard's attack on General Butler's position near Bermuda Hundreds, Va., May 20, 1864.

While convalescing at Douglas hospital, Washington, D. C., Major Robinson, at that time sergeant, was detailed by direction of the secretary of war, by request of the surgeon general, U. S. A., as night nurse to Hon. W. H. Seward, then secretary of state.

It was while performing this duty that he was stabbed four times by the assassin Paine, who attempted to take the life of the secretary, April 14, 1865.

He was discharged from his regiment the following month, and in June, the same year, accepted a clerkship in the treasury department, and afterwards a similar

position in the war department, quartermaster general's department.

March 1, 1871, he received a gold medal and \$5,000 "for heroic conduct on the 14th of April, 1865, in saving the life of Hon. William H. Seward."

Since that time Major Robinson has served as paymaster in various states, his last assignment being at San Francisco, Cal.

General William M. McArthur of his regiment, the Eighth Maine, writes that no other enlisted man of the volunteer service received a like honor, viz. :—the same bestowed on the captors of Major Andre, and he would like much to see a likeness of the medal in the BUGLE. Major Robinson was a mighty modest man and never blew his own horn. It was almost through accident and from his claim for pension having to go before the Senate, that the committee on pensions discovered his merit.

REUNION OF COMPANY ONE, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

George E. Perkins, Parsonsfield, Me., writes: The register of attendance shows the following comrades at the reunion:

Bradbury P. Doe, Cambridgeport, Mass.; John F. Lord, Waterboro; Danville Newbegin, Shapleigh; Simeon M. Knight, Waterboro; H. O. Huntress, Center Barnstead, N. H.; A. O. Stoddard, Belfast; Eben Cluff, Alfred; D. W. Davis, Amesbury, Mass; C.

W. Coffin, Shapleigh; Luther Tibbets, Newfield; Wm. H. Hall, West Buxton; Charles H. Robbins, West Biddeford; John P. Wood, West Newfield; R. A. Smith, Hollis; George E. Perkins, Parsonsfield.

OFFICERS FOR THE NEXT YEAR.

President—B. P. Doe, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Vice President—John F. Lord, Waterboro.

Secretary and Treasurer—Geo. E. Perkins, Parsonsfield.

At the roll-call eight names were corrected, and the roll nearly completed to date. It was voted to ascertain the number who have pictures taken during the war or about that time, and who will help get up a souvenir album for each one of the company. Committee on Album, A. O. Stoddard, George E. Perkins, and J. F. Lord. By invitation of Comrade D. W. Davis, it was voted to hold the next reunion at Amesbury, Mass., about the middle of September, 1896. Vote of thanks to John W. Brown Post and the ladies of Relief Corps for their entertainment. A collection was taken, which defrayed all expenses, and left money in the treasury. We feel that very much praise is due to Comrade John F. Lord, for the grand good time we all had, and, but for the very rainy day, we would have taxed his hospitality still harder. Hoping that next year may see all named above, and many more that have not met with us yet at Amesbury.

S. A. FISH'S EXPERIENCE BEFORE
PETERSBURG.

At a camp fire following the reunion of the Fourth Maine and Second Battery, the chairman, Colonel Carver, said, "Comrade Fish tells a very good story regarding his experience before Petersburg, when the lines of the enemy were broken."

Comrade Fish blushed and said: "It is n't much of a story—hardly worth telling." Then the colonel said: "Comrade Rhoades has heard him tell it and as he has a good memory, perhaps he can repeat it." Comrade Rhoades, without rising said: "I have heard Surgeon Benjamin Williams tell that story and I think he is waiting to be asked." "Well," said the colonel, "if we can't do any better perhaps we can endure Comrade Williams, if he will not make it too long. Everybody knows his wonderful staying propensities."

Dr. Williams was on his feet in a second, glowing with delight at an opportunity to talk. After the applause and clapping had ceased he began: "I will repeat Comrade Fish's story, as near as I can,—indeed, some portions I can give in his own words."

It was April 2, 1865. Sheridan had been fighting the day before away off to the left, at Five Forks and vicinity, fighting the enemy under the rebel General Pickett with Munford, W. H. F. Lee and other able confederate officers, and had won a decided vic-

tory, capturing thirteen battle flags and many cannon, driving the enemy toward the Appomattox. General Grant, at Dabney's Mill, six miles from Sheridan, when he heard the news, sent this order to Meade: "Assault along the whole line." Then the orders went to corps commanders, and Ord of the Twenty-fourth Corps replied, "My troops will go into the enemy's line like a hot knife into a pot of butter." Wright of the Sixth Corps sent word back to Meade: "We will make the fur fly."

At ten at night every cannon, siege gun and mortar opened on the Confederate line from the James river around to the left of the army, and solid shot and shell were hurled upon and into the doomed army of General Lee.

When the moon had gone down and the day was first breaking, we of the Ninth Corps fixed our bayonets, and at half past four we started. There was clattering of axes, flaming of cannon, flashing of musketry, and bursting of shells. We carried the first line of works, but our commander, General Parks, did not think it best to charge the second and stronger line. A little later our whole line went forward, and we soon had possession, the Johnnys fleeing toward the city.

I belonged to Company C, Thirty-First Maine Regiment—Captain Bartlett of Skowhegan, was our captain, and Daniel White, of Bangor, was colonel, but both were then prisoners at Richmond. We were in Griffin's brigade on the left,

Parks' Ninth Corps, originally Burnside's, and in the trenches, down beyond Hatcher's Run near Fort Hell, with Fort Mahone nearly opposite belonging to the enemy. The lines were about forty rods apart, and there was a deep trench extending from the rebel works diagonally out towards our left. It so happened that when we advanced the left of our regiment came very near this trench, and when our skirmish line had to fall back, temporarily of course, several of my company about fifteen or twenty, instead of going back jumped into this ditch to wait for the main line to come up.

Right here something very interesting happened. When we landed at the bottom of this ditch, which was about four feet deep and about the same in width, we found ourselves right among a squad of confederates, who had been on picket and dropped in here instead of retreating when we advanced. As our line had retreated, of course we were their prisoners. But they were very good natured and offered no violence; indeed they treated us as equals and were very social. They said they were hungry, had had no breakfast, and would we give them a lunch from our well filled haversacks? This we readily did, and all were as free and easy as comrades of the same army. I had on a new pair of boots, sent from home, and a Johnny who was bare foot, or nearly so, wanted them. As I knew it was useless to refuse, I lay down on my back, put

up my feet, and he pulled them off and held them up and laughed.

I didn't say much for I knew they would be mine again before long. Pretty soon we heard a shout and peeping out saw our line moving again and called the attention of all to it. Then we lay low for the bullets buzzed like bees. But I told the rebel who had on my boots to lie down, but he hesitated till our line got most to us, when he said, "I reckon we are yourn's Yank," and put up his feet. I pulled off one and grasped the other when some one shouted, "They are going back." Johnny jumped up, with one bare foot, and listened while I pulled on the one I had. But our line did not go back, only obliqued a little to the left, and at the same time the Sixth Corps in a long solid line as far as the eye could see moved rapidly forward obliquing somewhat towards the left, and our corps rushed by. Johnny then without a word lay down and put up the other foot. I took my boot, had it on in a second, and we Yankees all began to get out. The Confederates wanted to know what they should do. We told them, "Go to the rear as quick as you can; we are going to Petersburg." They followed the ditch down to near our breastworks, and gave themselves up to the provost guard. "But, Comrade Fish, how did you feel when you found what company you were in?" "Well, it was somewhat embarrassing—you see we had never been introduced."

MEETING OF THREE OLD COMRADES.

There was an unexpected but very pleasant reunion of old comrades in City Hall, Bangor, Encampment of G. A. R. Feb. 19, 1896. It was when Policemen Bowen and Davis met the captain of their old company, Horace S. Cole, formerly of Hampton, but now of Fergus Falls, Minnesota. It was the first time that these old comrades had met in 28 years, and was a glad reunion. The company which Capt. Cole commanded and of which Messrs. Bowen and Davis were members was Co A, First Maine cavalry.

A subsequent similar reunion took place in one of the ante-rooms, which continued much of the afternoon and at which were present Capt. Cole, Capt. Carson, Major Brown, Gen. Cilley and others, where in addition to army reminiscences of characteristic and personal nature, Minnesota and Maine politics were ventilated, and the forthcoming president of the United States fully elected, and it was further evident that the physical size of Capt. Cole attained wholly since he left the army, demanded the services of at least two policemen to manage him, while breathing Maine air.

NORWAY G. A. R. POST.

E. H. Brown, Adjutant, writes :—

Harry Rust Post, No. 54, G. A. R., was organized at Norway March 20, 1882. There have been mustered and otherwise joined the Post 187: of that number sixty-one have been transferred, thirty-two

have been dropped, seventeen have died and four are suspended: five have been re-instated, so that there are now seventy-eight. Six of the original members have died since leaving this Post. During the fourteen years of the Post's existence, there have been twelve Post commanders two adjutants and seven quarter-masters. Two commanders, two adjutants, and one quarter-master have died. I have been looking up the men of Norway in the war and I find there were two hundred and twenty-five natives or residents of Norway in the service. I find the first man killed was a native of Norway, Sumner Henry Needham. I do not find a Norway man in the First Maine cavalry, although there are two of that regiment in Norway now, Dimon Hamilton and John B. Hazen.

INCIDENTS OF SERVICE WHILE AT DONALDSONVILLE AND SHIP ISLAND.

Dr. F. H. Chase of the Twelfth Maine Infantry, Bangor, Me., writes :—

Hundreds of Maine men now living, members of the 12th, 14th, 15th, 22d, 23d, 28th Maine, who served in Louisiana during the war, will remember the village of Donaldsonville on the bank of the Mississippi.

This village, built like other villages in that country, straggled along behind the "levee" and became a notorious resort of partisans and guerrillas, who, getting behind

the high levee, would constantly fire into our steamers and transports, and did us much damage, killing and wounding many men.

The channel of the river at this place ran close by the shore, one reason why this place was selected by them. Numbers of attempts were made by our troops to break this up until at last Commander Porter was ordered to destroy the place, which he did most effectually, lying off with his iron clads and shelling and blowing the place into smithereens, leaving only a few chimneys standing and a few hovels occupied by negroes and poor whites.

But still our boats were constantly annoyed. Three companies of my regiment, the 12th Maine, and one section of Nims famous Massachusetts battery, were sent down the river from Baton Rouge, to look into the matter. We landed there towards night and went into camp, pitching our little dog-tents.

About day light a shot came out of the darkness, and went through the belly of one of our negro cooks, killing him instantly. Soon another one was fired and this passed through the hip of one of our sergeants. Of course the camp was aroused when these shots came into it.

A darky reported, who lived near, that it came from "dar," pointing to a tall chimney near us, one fireplace near the ground and one higher up. Nims was ordered to bring down the chimney. His first shot failed, but the next one struck the chimney midway between the

fireplaces and down came the whole thing. Among the debris were two bush-whackers. One was completely crushed, the other only slightly hurt. All we could get out of him was that he was bound to kill one Yank before he died.

Did they not have the grit of which soldiers are made?

We occupied the day in destroying every chimney, leaving not one standing, and he did not kill his "Yank."

While Butler's army was encamped on Ship Island, preparatory to the taking of New Orleans, we had a brigade drill in the loose sand under Gen. Phelps, whom any number of Bangor boys remember.

Five regiments made a brigade, and in performing some evolutions, one regiment at the right of the line only has to wheel, the left one has to double quick a long distance. My regiment, the 12th, was on the left. The sergeants and lieutenants were in the rear. One of our lieutenants, a very tall and awkward man, but a favorite in the regiment, got his sword between his legs and fell face down in the sand. On came the file closers; the first one placed his heavy foot full on the back of the fallen officer, and the precedent having been established, all did the same, until some score of feet had pressed him into the sand before he could recover, and no one to blame. You can well imagine his language and the guying he got in camp. Around the camp fire such things are made the most of.

While the 12th Maine was drilling at Camp Chase, Lowell, Mass., under the order of Gen. Butler, the regiment was sent out to practise firing with blank cartridges, our first experience in loading and firing our new guns. We fired by company, by platoon, and by regiment. Any old "vets" know what a noise such firing makes, especially when the rear man fires close by your ear. As we fired by regiment the fourth time a gun came from the left of our company end over end, just grazing a sergeant's blouse, and stuck in the sand muzzle down, and after it one of the small men of the company heels over head, into the dirt. He was completely confused. As they picked him up he said: "What is the matter, did my gun bust?" He had kept putting in his cartridges: his cap did not explode until he had in a number of charges, when he fired three or four at once. He had not then learned to grade by his rammer, and every old soldier remembers how the old Enfield guns would kick. This man was one of the bravest and best men of Company F, and served to the end of the war.

MAINE MEN HOLDING OFFICES IN
THE G. A. R. IN OTHER STATES.

We notice with pleasure that Commander-in-Chief I. N. Walker has appointed as quarter-master-general, A. J. Burbank of Chicago, Ill. Capt. Burbank commanded

Company G, First Maine cavalry in the War of the Rebellion.

At the New Hampshire Department G. A. R., February 14th, 1896, Albert S. Twitchell of the 7th Maine battery, who was the author of the History of that Battery, was elected junior vice-commander.

ECHOES OF BATTLE.—BY BUSHROD
WASHINGTON JAMES.

This volume is one that will interest every American. It should find its way into every patriotic home in this country, whose first steps toward Independence, and last blows for Union, are so graphically referred to in its pages. The prose portions of the book are valuable as sketches of both the Revolution and the invasion part of the Rebellion, while the beautiful language of the corresponding poems depicts with pathetic effectiveness some of the scenes just after the battles of Antietam and Gettysburg.

During the summer of 1895 the author rode and walked over many earthworks and forts, travelling over much of the ground of Revolutionary battle-fields. He also revisited the fields of Antietam and Gettysburg. These were familiar to him because of his active volunteer duty as a surgeon immediately after the terrific battles. And from these tours he has elaborated the interesting notes in the latter part of the volume. Henry T. Coates & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia. Price \$2.00.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN III.

JULY, 1896.

CALL 3.

EXTRACTS FROM THE UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE THIRTEENTH MAINE.

By E. B. Lufkin, Co. E.

FORMING THE REGIMENT.

When the battle of Bull Run had shown that the rebellion was neither a political scarecrow nor an affair of ninety days, and that peace could only be secured by a dishonorable surrender, or by a desperate and bloody war, the loyal North, at first stunned by the defeat, determined that the Union must be preserved at whatever cost, and sent forward men by the thousand, till the government refused to accept more. Within six months after that battle the state of Maine, true to its motto, "*Dirigo*," contributed more than ten thousand as good men as ever wore the army blue.

Hon. Neal Dow of Portland received authority from the governor to recruit a regiment of infantry for the service of the United States, and early in October recruiting was commenced. At that time five regiments of infantry, one regiment of cavalry, five batteries of artillery, and one company of sharpshooters—a total of about seven thousand men—were being raised. Recruiting

officers were also at work in the state for the regular army, for the navy, and for Maine regiments already in the field. For these reasons recruiting for the regiment proceeded more slowly, and it was late in November when the squads began to assemble at Augusta.

The United States arsenal was the rendezvous of the regiment, the large arsenal building being used as quarters till tents were issued and pitched on the slope in front. November 20 the first company completed its organization, and was mustered. On the 13th of December the last company was mustered. There had been, however, some difficulty about the organization of Company I, which was mustered in while incomplete, and commanded by a first lieutenant. This company was not completed till January 1, 1862. The regiment was mustered as an organization December 31, 1861.

DODGING DISCIPLINE.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the strict discipline, the un-

questioning obedience to officers, and the restriction to the limits of camp, was at first extremely irksome to men who had always enjoyed the liberty of American citizens. Many of the younger men, especially, hardly realizing the need of restriction, evaded it when practicable, and ran the risk of punishment for the sake of enjoying a few hours' liberty. A regulation was established at headquarters which allowed the issue of four passes per day to each company; but, as this would allow each man to go into town only about once a month, it was very unsatisfactory, and led to a system of repeating, which was hard to detect. Another way many of them obtained a few hours' liberty was as follows: As soon as the weather became severely cold the water supply in the arsenal grounds failed, so that all water for drinking and cooking had to be brought from an aqueduct some distance outside of Camp Beaufort, as our camp was officially called. An order was issued that any man going out after water with six canteens should be allowed to pass the sentry at the gate. There was quickly developed a thirst for cold water which would have been considered abnormal anywhere except in "Neal Dow's temperance regiment." Often one of the water carriers, from absent-mindedness, no doubt, would pass the aqueduct without noticing it, and sometimes it would be several hours before he would find his way back to camp, perhaps in a state of exhilaration

which by the next morning would result in a thirst that was not imaginary. This, together with the discovery of the fact that some of the canteens were brought into camp filled with something not water, though procured on Water street, was the cause of an order that water carriers should go out only in squads in charge of a trusty non-commissioned officer. This order accomplished its purpose reasonably well; but still Yankee ingenuity found means of evading it to some extent.

THE ALLOTMENT.

While at Augusta a large number, if not a majority, of the members of the regiment were induced to sign a roll allotting a certain portion of each month's pay to their families. The sum allotted was in most cases ten dollars a month, to be paid directly to the family, so as to save the soldier the risk and expense of sending it home. This allotment, from the way in which it was mismanaged, proved to be a monstrous outrage upon the soldiers and their families, though perhaps that result was not foreseen by the authors of the measure.

The regiment, after leaving the state, was not paid till July, 1862, when there was six months' pay due. At that time they were paid for four months, but their families did not receive the portion of that payment allotted to them till February, 1863, and some of the families suffered severely for the want of it. It is evident that Uncle Samuel, or

some of his financial agents, saved nearly a year's interest on about twenty thousand dollars, at the expense of the soldiers and their families, and the result was that the allotment was cancelled as soon as possible by every man in the regiment who had signed it.

PREPARING TO MOVE.

Early February 5 we saw the Fourteenth Maine break camp and march to the station. It was not

All private property which could not be carried was sent home, and regimental property, except tents, packed for transportation. The snow, several feet in depth, was dug away from the tents, and they were made ready to be struck at a moment's notice. No one slept that night, but all sat up and passed away the time singing and telling stories, the camp fires being kept bright by using the tent floors for fuel. At midnight three days' ra-



FIELD AND STAFF OF THE THIRTEENTH MAINE INFANTRY.

Surgeon James M. Bates,
Adjutant Frederic Speed,
Lieut.-Col. Henry Rust, Jr.,
Assistant-Surgeon Seth C. Gordon,

Colonel Neal Dow,
Quartermaster David S. Stinson,
Major Frank Hesseltime,
Chaplain Henry D. Moore.

known where they were going, but from some source the rumor was spreading that the Fourteenth, as well as the Thirteenth and Fifteenth were to follow the Twelfth to the Gulf of Mexico to serve under General Butler: and for once rumor proved correct. February 17 orders were issued to break camp and be ready to take the cars for Boston early the next morning.

tions were issued. With song and jest each strove to forget, or at least conceal, the sadness which he felt at leaving home and friends: and each determined to show himself a soldier worthy of the state whose motto is "*Dirigo.*"

A GALE OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

The morning of February 26 dawned fair, and the *Mississippi*

steaming along the coast of North Carolina, seemed assured of a pleasant trip: but in the afternoon a south-east gale came up, and at six p. m., when within a few miles of Hatteras Inlet, the ocean was so rough that it was not thought prudent to attempt to cross the bar. The steamer was therefore headed seaward, and none too soon, for while swinging round her stern grazed on a shoal. The wind constantly increased till at ten p. m., volunteers were called for to assist the sailors, and, as there were many old sailors in the battalion (four companies) of the Thirteenth, all were obtained that were needed. Still more fiercely howled the wind, and, owing to the shoalness of the water, the waves, like breakers, swept furiously over the deck. The water reached the fire room and seriously endangered the fires. Every man of the Thirteenth not seasick was called up and two lines formed of men with buckets. By constant work with buckets and the vessel's pumps from one o'clock a. m. till nine, the water was kept under control and the vessel saved.

No one without experience in a storm upon the ocean can easily imagine the state of affairs on the steamer during the latter part of the night. The vessel, though headed squarely into the wind, rolling till her yards almost touched the waves: the wire backstays twanging at every roll like the strings of an immense bass-viol; the dashing about on the decks of everything not securely fastened:

the unearthly shrieks of the wind howling through the rigging; the groans and prayers of the seasick confined in the foul air beneath the decks: the struggles to save themselves from going overboard of those whose duty required them to be on deck—all this amid a darkness scarcely broken except by the phosphorescent light of the waves, combined to make even the bravest realize their danger. The view after daylight was magnificent, though terrible. The wind began to abate about daylight; but the waves continued to rise till old sailors estimated them to be at least thirty feet in height, and the big steamer was tossed about by them as if she had been a chip. Most of the time no other vessel was in sight, but during the forenoon one little schooner floated by, hove to under close-reefed foresail, riding the waves like a duck, and not shipping a spoonful of water. The wind continued moderating, so that about nine a. m. the sailors, by a great effort, managed to bend and set the main spencer, which steadied the vessel so that the water no longer came into the fire room, and the weary soldiers were dismissed after eight hours of as hard work as they ever performed.

ON FRYING-PAN SHOAL.

The morning of February 28 was as pleasant as could have been desired, little, if any, wind, and the gentle undulations of the ocean contrasted agreeably with the enormous waves of the previous morning.



GENERAL NEAL DOW.

Shortly before nine o'clock, while the officers were at breakfast in the cabin, and the steamer was going ahead at fair speed, those on deck heard that sound so terrible to sailors, the grating of pebbles under the keel, and the vessel soon stopped. There was no shock, hardly a perceptible jar, and but few except those on deck realized what had happened. The steamer was aground on Frying-pan shoal, that object of dread to sailors coasting between Northern and Southern ports. The weather was clear, and the land only a few miles distant,

with Cape Fear lighthouse in plain sight. There was no excuse for placing the steamer in that position, as her proper course would have been several miles further out at sea. Under the circumstances there could be only two opinions about the captain—that he was either treacherous or disgracefully incompetent—probably the latter. Attempts to get the steamer clear were quickly made. The soldiers were all ordered on deck and moved in a mass from bow to stern, and from side to side, to stir the vessel in her bed, while the engines were worked to

their full power, both direct and reversed, and the helm swung in all possible directions, but with little effect. Boats were sent out, and soundings made in all directions without finding sufficient difference in the depth of the water to offer a practicable channel of escape. The captain then, either maliciously or with almost inconceivable stupidity, gave orders to throw over the anchor. The order was, most unfortunately, obeyed, and the steamer, soon forging ahead a few feet, ran upon one of the flukes, which stove a hole through her bottom, near the bow, nearly as large as a man's body. Through this the water poured in a torrent, flooding the forward part of the vessel up nearly to the middle of the deck, and fixing her bow immovably upon the shoal. Then appeared the benefits of the steamer's two bulkheads: for while the water in the forward compartment rose to the level of that outside, the rest of the vessel remained dry, so that hope, though faint, was not lost. No one can fully realize the danger which then menaced those on board the *Mississippi*. We were hard aground on one of the most dangerous shoals on the coast of the United States, in a locality notorious for the suddenness and violence of its gales; the forward compartment was full of water: there were fifteen hundred souls on board (the Thirty-first Massachusetts, and four companies of the Thirteenth Maine, besides General Butler and his staff, and the crew of the vessel) and the

land, although in sight, was so distant that the few boats belonging to the steamer could not have landed all the people in less than three days, and on a hostile coast at that. There was no friendly vessel in sight, while from the rigging, with a glass, could be plainly seen the Confederate forts near the mouth of Cape Fear river. There seemed no probable means of escape from either drowning or capture.

Still no possible expedient was left untried, although but little help was received from the captain of the steamer, who, from some cause, was in such a condition that he could not even tell by his nautical almanac whether the tide was rising or falling. A signal of distress was hoisted, and minute guns were fired, while some of General Butler's staff, after examining the almanac, reported falling water, and that it would not be high tide till about eight p. m. A little past noon a vessel flying American colors came in sight, and cautiously approached. A staff officer was sent on board, who learned that it was the United States gunboat *Mount Vernon*, Captain Glisson, one of the Wilmington blockading fleet. They had seen the smoke of our minute guns, although unable to hear the report, and had come to learn what was the trouble. Capt. Glisson offered all the assistance in his power, so, after a consultation, a large hawser was attached to the *Mississippi* and, with the *Mount Vernon* towing, renewed attempts were made to get her afloat. It

was, however, so little past low water that nothing was accomplished, and at one time even the Mount Vernon was in serious danger, for her stern struck the ground heavily three times, but fortunately did not stick. By-and-by a northwest wind began to rise, and threatened a rough night. It was evident that more heroic measures must be taken, so the boats were set at work conveying troops from the *Mississippi* to the *Mount Vernon* while a detail of men engaged in throwing overboard a large quantity of shells which had been loaded at Fortress Monroe. The engines of both vessels still kept at work, and after seven p. m., when over two hundred men had been transferred, and several tons of shells thrown overboard, the *Mississippi* began to move, and about ten minutes before high water she was once more afloat.

One can easily imagine the cheers that then arose from the decks of both vessels, but only those who have been rescued from deadly peril can fully realize how heartfelt they were. But, although the worst seemed past, the *Mississippi* was not yet out of danger. Her forward compartment was full of water, bringing her several feet down by the head, so that neither the screw nor rudder would work efficiently, and the wind was rapidly rising to a northwest gale. The chain cables, weighing several tons, were carried aft, and the gun moved amidships so as to trim the vessel as much as possible. Act-

ing-master Sturgis of the *Mount Vernon*, was left on the *Mississippi* he having been detailed by Capt. Glisson, at the request of General Butler, as a competent officer and coast pilot. Then, preceded at a short distance by the *Mount Vernon*, the *Mississippi* steamed ahead slowly, till about midnight both vessels anchored in the lee of the land, not far from the mouth of the Cape Fear River.

LANDING AT BRAZOS SANTIAGO.

About noon of November 2, 1863, the *General Banks* and the *Clinton* were ordered to cross the bar, and land their troops. The *General Banks*, a steamer of light draught, went ahead, and crossed the bar without difficulty. Then came a trial for the *Clinton*. The channel was narrow and crooked, with barely water enough for the steamer, while the breakers were running dangerously high. Her commander, Captain Baxter, a brave and skillful old sailor, gave the order to go ahead slowly, and with only good steerageway the steamer cautiously approached the bar. The scene at that moment can never be forgotten by those who stood on the deck of the *Clinton* uncertain whether the next hour would see them safely ashore or trying to escape in lifeboats from a stranded vessel. The unclouded noonday sun shone from a sky of as brilliant a blue as poet or painter ever gave to the atmosphere of Italy. On the right, the low, sandy shore of Padre island extended far-

ther than the eye could reach: on the left the high, round-topped sand hills of Brazos island hid the distant mainland from view, and a little farther away, beyond the mouth of the Rio Grande, lay the chapparal-fringed Mexican coast, with the dark blue wall of the Guadalupe mountains in the background: straight ahead, a few



EDWIN B. LUKIN,
Historian of the Thirteenth Maine Infantry.

miles distant, stood a lofty landmark, the white lighthouse of Point Isabel; while close at hand tossed the fierce breakers of Brazos Santiago Bar. With a sailor at each cathead, constantly heaving the lead, the *Clinton* moved slowly ahead in the narrow, crooked pass, and soon reached the most dangerous place, where, at the shoalest point, the channel made a sharp bend. The order was given to starboard the helm, but the quartermas-

ter, who was then on duty, confused by his responsibility, made a mistake and turned the wheel the wrong way. "Starboard! Starboard! Hard-a-starboard!" shouted old Captain Baxter. "What kind of a man are you? Fourteen years a quartermaster, and don't know starboard from port."

The error was quickly rectified, and the bow slowly swung in the right direction: but it came near being too late, for the deeply loaded steamer struck heavily twice, though fortunately not sticking fast. The most dangerous place being passed, Captain Baxter gave the order, "Hook her on, Mr. Snider, and go ahead strong," and although rubbing the bottom several times, we were soon over the bar, and in good water. Preparations for landing were quickly made. Captain Baxter, hurriedly lowering his boats, endeavored to land the first troops, and succeeded, but, for some reason, our flag was not carried ashore till after one had been landed from the *General Banks* thus the Thirteenth lost the honor of displaying the first flag in the permanent occupation of Texas. As the landing was unexpected the enemy had no force sufficient to attempt resistance, and soon the troops from both steamers were ashore.

THE MARCH FROM BROWNVILLE TO POINT ISABEL.

November 12 we received our knapsacks, which had been left at the mouth of the Rio Grande, and also orders to march next morning

for Point Isabel. The men on detail returned, and the regiment left Brownville about eight a. m., November 13. The noonday halt was made at Resaca de la Palma, and in the afternoon we crossed the plain of Palo Alto, both famous battlefields of the Mexican war. At Resaca de la Palma there was a small spring; but where we stopped for the night there was no water, and we were obliged, as the plainsmen say, to make a dry camp. In the morning there was issued a small supply of water, which had been hauled from Brownville, and then the regiment started to cross a desert, destitute for more than twenty miles of water, and no vegetation except scattered bunches of prickly pear. The small supply of water was soon exhausted, and the rest of the day men suffered the torture of thirst, aggravated to the highest degree by a desert mirage. Beautiful lakes, surrounded by groves of trees, could be seen on all sides, some of them apparently but a short distance away, and it required all the authority of the officers to keep the men from leaving the ranks to fill their canteens. When our march led us toward one of these lakes it would fade away, and another would be seen further on, and soon all realized how great was the delusion. Just before dark, weary, thirsty, and footsore, the regiment reached Point Isabel.

SABINE CROSS ROADS.

At six o'clock a. m., April 8,

1864, Emory's division of the Nineteenth corps, numbering about 4,500 men, left Pleasant Hill by the Shreveport road. The two divisions of the Thirteenth corps, about 4,000 men, under General Ransom, had started about two hours earlier, preceded by a division of cavalry. Very slow progress was made, as the enemy disputed every foot of ground, requiring constant skirmishing by the cavalry, supported by a brigade from the Thirteenth corps, to push them back. About noon we reached Carroll's sawmill, on Bayou Patrice, a tributary of the Sabine river, about ten miles from Pleasant Hill. Here the division halted for dinner, and after dinner, instead of resuming the march, we remained there, it being understood that we should probably stay till the next morning, as the troops in advance were moving very slowly. The roar of artillery indicated quite a severe engagement.

Sometime after the middle of the afternoon the order was given to fall in and march to the aid of the troops in advance, as they had come in contact with a superior force. The division soon fell in and filed into the road, but was hardly straightened out for the march when another order came to hasten, as the advance was hard pressed. This order was obeyed to the letter, but the ominous silence of the artillery, and the constantly increasing number of stragglers, many of them wounded, gave no promise of a successful

battle. Soon the news came that General Ransom was severely wounded, and that the Thirteenth corps was giving way.

After marching about five miles, most of the way at double quick, we came to the road blocked by the train of the Thirteenth corps. Disorganized groups of panic-stricken men, with pale faces and protruding eyes, were dashing through the woods towards the rear, shouting "We're whipped," "We're all cut to pieces," and other equally discouraging expressions, while some of the teamsters, unable to extricate their teams, began to cut loose their mules for escaping. Our men began to say to each other, "Another Bull Run scrape," but still stubbornly kept on, some crawling between the wagons, with their teams of squealing, kicking mules, while others forced their way through the underbrush by the roadside. By-and-by we got past the train, and soon emerged from the woods on the top of a low ridge, the north-west side of which descended by a gentle slope to the bank of a sluggish creek. Here, in a clearing of a few acres, a line was quickly formed, and our march up Red river was ended. Arrangements were made to receive with proper ceremony, the exulting foe, who, by their superior numbers, had overwhelmed the gallant Thirteenth corps, and were now rushing forward, expecting to gather the full fruit of their victory. It was evident to all that our artillery could not pass the obstruction in

the road in season to be of any service, and that the fate of the army for that day, at least, rested upon the muskets of Emory's division.

The First brigade (Dwight's) was formed on the right of the Shreveport road, about half way down the slope, the left regiment of the brigade, the Twenty-ninth Maine, extending across the road. The Third brigade (Benedict's) was placed on the left, and our brigade (McMillan's), as reserve, was formed across the road, about five rods to the rear of the front line; the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, and the Thirteenth Maine on the right of the road, and the Fifteenth Maine, and the One hundred and sixtieth New York on the left; but the Fifteenth and One hundred and sixtieth were soon moved forward to fill a gap in the front line between the First and Third brigades. This arrangement brought the Thirteenth directly in the rear of the Twenty-ninth Maine. We could look right up the road and see the very focus of the battle.

While the line was forming General Banks, followed by his staff, rode along the front, swinging his old, high-crowned hat, and shouting, "Don't be discouraged. Stand firm, and we'll win the day yet!" He was answered by a round of hearty cheers. The remnant of the Thirteenth corps which had escaped death or capture came in, and were soon followed by the enemy, who, intoxicated with victory and Louisiana rum, advanced to the attack. Firing some scattering

shots as they advanced, they swept back the skirmish line, and then, in what appeared to be three lines of battle, rushed upon Emory's division. Dwight's brigade withheld their fire till the enemy had crossed the creek, and were rising the slope: then they delivered as fine a volley as was ever fired upon the drill ground. The crash was terrific. The enemy's front line became a windrow of dead and wounded, and their battle yells were changed to shrieks and groans. Dwight's brigade instantly reloaded, and commenced a rapid and accurate firing at will, and although the other lines of the enemy came up, and for a time struggled desperately to gain ground, but few of them passed that row of dead and wounded, while the few who passed it soon fell, or went back. They soon saw that it was useless to face that sheet of flame, and desisting from their front attack, attempted movements by the flanks.

They first tried the left flank, but were quickly repulsed by Benedict's brigade. They then made an attempt upon the right flank, which was held by a small brigade of partially disorganized and badly discouraged cavalry. The Thirteenth Maine, and the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania, which had, till then, been lying down in the rear of Dwight's brigade, were moved by the right flank into the woods to repel the attack. A brigade of dismounted cavalry, according to the enemy's own account, made the attack at this point, but they were

repulsed and held at bay until dark, when they fell back.

The battle was over. As the twilight deepened into darkness, nothing could be heard in our front but the groans of those of the enemy who, too severely wounded to go to the rear without assistance, were lying where they fell. Pickets were thrown out to guard against surprise, the detail from the Thirteenth being three men from



JEREMIAH OSGOOD,
Company E, Thirteenth Maine Infantry.

each company, and the men, wearied by their hurried march and the fierce excitement of the battle, lay down with their weapons in their hands. The Thirteenth had at last faced the enemy upon a real battlefield, and had done its part in his repulse. In helping foil the flank movement it had performed a most essential service, and probably saved Emory's division from sharing the fate of Ransom's gallant detachment of the Thirteenth corps: for Ransom's men had bravely repulsed all attacks in their

front, and had only been beaten because their flanks had been turned by the enemy's superior force. For hundreds of families in Louisiana and Texas the anniversary of Sabine Cross Roads, as the battle was called, has since been a day of mourning.

Although the battle was disgraceful to the general, whoever he was, responsible for sending the army forward in detachments, each liable to be overpowered by a superior force, it was honorable to General Ransom's men, who fought so bravely without a hope of victory, and doubly honorable to Emory's men, who forced their way to the

field in spite of the obstructed road; who snatched victory from the jaws of defeat; and who saved the remnant of the gallant Thirteenth corps from annihilation. Of the many exciting incidents of the war, none, except General Sheridan's famous ride, exceeds, in dramatic interest, the fierce rush and timely arrival of Emory's division upon the field of Sabine Cross Roads.

"The Nineteenth corps of Yankee boys,
Who never yet were beat,
Came on the field at double quick,
And covered our retreat.

Such volleys as their muskets gave
We never heard before,—
All honor to the Nineteenth boys,—
They saved the Thirteenth corps."

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

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

INTRODUCTORY.

Journals and letters have been lost and memories have been weakened. Although an urgent appeal went forth some time since for all soldiers of the armies of the Union to preserve their own personal records for future reference, very little if any progress has been made, and the individual cases are very rare where the work has been commenced and finished.

Some ten years after the war, while on a leave of absence from his regiment—the Fourth U. S. Cavalry, then in Texas, the writer was examining a mass of letters written by his brothers and himself

during the War of the Rebellion, which had been carefully preserved by a very thoughtful mother. God bless the mothers of the Republic! He found them nearly complete. A strong desire, reinforced by a certain sense of duty, prompted him to copy them entire. He was struck very forcibly with the idea that a connected journal embodying these letters, together with his own personal recollections, then very fresh and distinct, would not only be the means of preserving their subject matter for future historical reference for himself and family, but would present in a connected form, that which hereafter might

afford much pleasure to personal friends and relatives.

This has proved true. It was an exceedingly interesting, but extremely difficult and tedious work. Many of these old letters were in lead pencil; mere scraps of paper, yellow with age; the rats had begun to make nests, and all were becoming obliterated and destroyed. These appear chronologically arranged in several record and letter-books. This was but a beginning. The writer has since managed with much patience, and laboring under many difficulties to connect these letters into a continuous narrative, and this has already performed its duty as the basis in part, of a history of the Wilson Regiment—Twenty-second Massachusetts Volunteers, but this included only the impersonal part.

These letters were written when we were very young, but they breathe forth but one spirit, that of patriotic devotion to the cause in which we were engaged, under an ever crushing pressure of danger, exposure, hardship, toil, and privation, unequalled or unsurpassed in the history of any country, and certainly worthy of preservation and recital for many generations to come.

Written as they were on the march, upon the battle-field, under fire in the rifle pits, in the sun, rain, snow, and mud—even in the presence of grim death, it is wonderful in our extreme youth, that throughout all there should run such a firm resolve and strict ad-

herence to duty when there was so much to discourage our youthful ardor, depress our spirits, and swerve us from the true course.

They are not the detailed history of campaigns, of grand strategic movements, or tactics on the field, but rather a simple expression of the personality or personal views and every day experiences of "Four Brothers in Blue," and of the large majority of the rank and file of the Army of the Potomac, and of the best intelligence and pure patriotism of its masses. For it was the true intelligent resolve, patriotic fervor, unflinching courage, and unswerving purpose of the rank and file after all, that won the battles of the War of the Rebellion.

It is a statistical fact, and of record, that the war was fought and the victory won by the *boys* of this country. A writer has well said that:—"the average age of the men composing the Union armies, was a little over twenty years, and they were the best soldiers on 'God's foot-stool.'" With a patriotism that was heroic, and a heroism that was patriotic, they stood by the flag, and in southern prison pens rotted and starved to death, and were buried like dogs, but they never went back on "Old Glory!"

Their bones are dust,
Their good swords rust,
Their souls are with the saints we trust.

At Shiloh, Stone River, Gettysburg, Vicksburg, in the damp shades of the Wilderness, on countless other fields of strife they fell, and a great nation remembers them,

and will, so long as a loyal man or woman remains to strew their graves with flowers.

These four brothers were born in Bridgeton, Cumberland Co., Maine, and were descended in a direct line from families of soldiers. The Carters and Hamlins on the paternal side had done splendid service in both the Colonial and Continental armies. Captain Eleazer Hamlin and three sons, Europe, Africa, and America, served throughout the Revolutionary war, while the Goldthwaite ancestors on the maternal side had been in the Colonial service: three brothers, Colonel Thomas, Colonel Joseph, and Captain Benjamin, and three nephews, Captain Philip, Major Joseph, and Dr. Michael Burrill Goldthwaite: Colonel Joseph G. and Captain Benjamin G. having been present at the Siege of Louisburg, and in January, 1747, the latter commanded the English forces after the death of Colonel Noble in battle with the French at Minas, Nova Scotia.

In 1847, the brothers removed to Portland, Me.: all their young boyhood days therefore were passed in that beautiful, forest city by the sea. Their father was active in politics, and was for ten years or more the editor of the *Portland Advertiser*, then the leading Whig paper in the state: he was also intimately associated at that time with William Pitt Fessenden, Hannibal Hamlin, the Washburns, James G. Blaine, and others in the formation of the Republican party.

In 1857, the family removed to

Bradford, Mass., and here the war found the brothers somewhat scattered.

We were living during stirring times and amid stormy scenes, and at a time when boys of our age guided by the superior judgment and wisdom of our parents, and reading the current events in the daily newspapers, soon became familiar with all the political phrases of that period. Our minds, notwithstanding our extreme youth, soon became familiar with such phrases as the Missouri Compromise, the Dred Scott Decision, the Free Soil Struggle, Border Ruffians, Bleeding Kansas, etc. We had read "Uncle Tom's Cabin." One of us when but ten years of age, had seen the fugitive slave, Thomas Sims, delivered up to his southern owners, and escorted through the crowded streets of Boston to the vessel which was to bear him back to the doom of servitude.

We had read with much eagerness, the accounts of the first Republican convention at Philadelphia, which nominated John C. Fremont for president in 1856, for our father was a delegate from Maine with James G. Blaine, and occupied the same room with him. We had followed with still greater interest, the Douglas-Lincoln joint debates—those famous sermons, which had at last pricked the consciences, and aroused the sober-minded people of the North, to such a wonderful sense of the wrong of slavery, and what a diabolical and infamous crime it was—this bon-

dage of human beings formed in the image of God.

We had heard the bells tolling their mournful notes when John Brown met his fate so heroically at Charlestown, W. Va., and his soul went marching on. All these events came crowding along in rapid succession to shape our characters and guide our actions for the future. We had not, however, during this exceedingly eventful period, given expression in writing to even our crude ideas of all that was passing, and it was not until the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for president in 1860, that these slumbering thoughts were given vent, and our ideas found free scope on paper. Many very interesting letters now occur.

At this time one of the brothers was about completing his course at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, having been appointed a cadet from the First Cong. District of Maine, (Portland.) At no place in the country did feeling run so high or conviction seem so strong that there would be war, as among the cadets at the National academy.

The Southern cadets were purely representative, or mostly from the distinctive classes of their section, were in constant communication with their friends, and many a "straw" was flung to the breeze, showing which way the wind blew, long before the slow minds of the Northern masses, deeply engrossed in commercial pursuits, everything but politics, had grasped the situa-

tion or were aware that there was any strong movement for secession or the dismemberment of the Union.

The Southerners were carefully instructed what to do, how to deport themselves, when to resign; and as there was no attempt to restrain their ardor, the Northern cadets were, in consequence, kept fully posted as to the strongly growing sentiment. While the conservative politicians at the North were calmly considering the "ways and means" for avoiding war, and grasping at any and all methods for a compromise—whether honorable or otherwise, the Southern cadets knew that their "kin" were eagerly preparing for war, and with no thought of compromise.

Our young cadet's letters are full of the excitement under which he was now laboring. As early as November, 1860, just on the eve of election, Abraham Lincoln was hung in effigy with a negro wench on a large tree directly in front of the barracks. Several Southern cadets sent in their resignations, and all Southerners were wearing the "cockade." By December 2, six had already resigned, and every one had his resignation ready, having become convinced that disunion was a sure thing, and only awaited further development to hand them in.

On December 14, Cadet F. of Louisiana received a letter from the governor of that state, informing him that it was certain, and for him, F., and all other cadets from that state, to regulate their conduct by

that of Major Beauregard, the new superintendent "that is to be." On the afternoon of the 29th, Cadets B. and K. left for Alabama. The entire class, and many of the first and third accompanied them to the ferry boat. Both were extremely popular in the corps of cadets, and deservedly so, both expressed much regret at parting, but they knew that Alabama was to secede, and their parents wished them to take this course.

They left the Mess hall amidst cheers and stamping of feet, and as they opened the door both cried out "God bless you, fellows!" and when they left West Point for garrisons across the river, they were borne on the shoulders of their classmates, and both shed tears.

Word then came from this brother, "I believe we are to have civil war, I do not see how it can be avoided; how or where it will end I know not!" January 1, 1861, he says: "Don't you think things begin to look like war? I don't know whether it's our military training, or what it is, but we are all firm believers that the difficulties now existing between the two sections of the country, are sure to drag us into a civil war. I don't see how the president can consider their recent acts in any other light than an open declaration of war."

Washington's birth-day was celebrated by the band playing at reveille and tattoo. The Northern cadets heard that it was the intention of the Southerners to hiss Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled

Banner. When the band therefore entered the "arena," every window was filled with heads, some singing out—"Play Dixie," while others shouted—"Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle." The band struck up Yankee Doodle, and such a cheering and clapping of hands was heard as to drown any hisses that may have been made.

On the 13th of April when the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumter was announced, he says: "Nobody can begin to describe the deep feeling which has prevailed among men who have the least spark of patriotism or love of country. We, as young guards of the Republic, feel this terrible state of affairs deeply, and will willingly take our places by the side of older officers, and fight to the death for the flag of our country. This is no idle talk for we are very soon to be called upon to prove our devotion to the flag. If war continues, and I do not see how it can honorably do otherwise, I have no doubt but that my class will graduate in June, and every one of us proceed to join our regiments without even going to our homes.

"We are ready for it, and although young, will do our best, and if Providence wills it that we be cut off early, let it be. We will die honorably, and ask eighteen millions of freemen at the North to avenge us."

He graphically describes an incident which occurred between Cadet R., who had resigned, and old Professor M., about whose loy-

alty there had been some doubtful rumors. The cadet went to the professor to obtain his signature to a voucher, and upon leaving, extended his hand: the old professor straightened himself up and said: "No, Mr. R., I cannot take your hand, you are going to aid in breaking up one of the best governments the world ever saw, to aid in trampling in the dust the purest and best flag ever cast to the wind, and I cannot even wish you prosperity and happiness. Good morning, sir." After that there was no further doubt of the intense loyalty of Professor M.

The Southern element had up to the overt act of war, and the wholesale resignation of the Southern cadets, been dominant at the Military academy. The habits, tastes, feelings, and sentiments of the Northern cadets had, for many years, leaned toward their more outspoken, fiery, and impulsive classmates, and if any one in the corps of cadets had the courage of conviction to speak his sentiments boldly in favor of "a more perfect union," or denied the right of further encroachment of the slave power, he was at once designated as an "abolitionist," and a number of instances could be recorded where this young cadet from the conservative state of Maine had to maintain his opinions in the "fistic arena," and by a display of cool pluck and sheer strength of muscle.

He had, however, tried to reconcile his feelings and opinions to a better state of things in the future,

and in his letters had, by a sudden and apparently over-conservatism, incurred the displeasure of a younger brother who had criticised him in the severest manner.

But after the uncalled for attack upon Fort Sumter his sentiments seemed to have suddenly undergone a revulsion, for he says, "I suppose I am like all Northern men at present, but my feelings have undergone a great change within the last month. At first I was for compromising everything but national honor. I was in favor of throwing aside all parties, all platforms, and doing everything to save our beloved country from disunion, rebellion, and anarchy. I even went so far as to believe that the North owed some compromise, and actually had encroached upon Southern rights, and was too grasping. I even went so far that my own brother accused me of being recreant to my early teachings, or, in other words, was a Northern man with Southern principles. God spare the mark! As though they ever had any. But, I take all back now and humbly ask forgiveness for my seeming doughfacedness."

The superintendent of the Military academy at this time was General Richard Delafield; the commandant was Colonel John F. Reynolds, afterwards commanding the First corps, and killed while leading his corps into battle at Gettysburg July 1, 1863. Lieutenants Saxon, Dodge, Williams, and McCook commanded respectively the cadet companies A, D, C, and

B, and were all distinguished officers during the war, as were many of the instructors and assistant professors then on duty at the academy. General Fitzhugh Lee and General Charles Field on duty in cavalry were both distinguished major-generals in the Confederate army.

At length after stating in one of his letters that—"It is hard to study here under such intense excitement," chafing under the restraints that kept him there after one class had already graduated in May, and commenting upon the Battle of Big Bethel, and the death of his beloved instructor, Lieutenant John Grebble of the artillery, killed in that battle: after wading through what he thought were many trials and tribulations about uniform, equipments, etc., and passing a successful examination, he announced the fact that "This is the last time I shall sign my name Eugene Carter, U. S. C. C." With his tin case containing his academic diploma he emerged from the military academy a full fledged brevet second lieutenant, and started for Washington, June 29, 1861. He was assigned to the Eighth U. S. Infantry, but as his regiment was then held in Texas as prisoners of war he was ordered to report to Brigadier-Gen-

eral Joseph K. F. Mansfield for duty in drilling newly arrived volunteer regiments, and was detached to drill the Sixteenth New York, Colonel Davis.

At 4 a. m. he went daily to East Capitol street where the regiment was encamped, and with an other officer, a class-mate, gave them a drill of two hours, and again in the evening at 4 p. m., each drilling a battalion of about four hundred and fifty men.

General McDowell's troops were crossing the river daily, however, and the young officer chafed at the monotony of the drill, especially as a "big fight" was expected, and eight of his class-mates had already left their quarters at the Ebbitt house and accompanied General McDowell as aids, or had been attached to Sherman's and the West Point Light Battery (Griffin's.)

But at last on the evening of July 10, he received orders to report to General McDowell, and the same night started, taking one suit of clothes, two flannel shirts, four under shirts, five white shirts, (without bosoms), one pair of thick boots, one pair of blankets, one Colt's revolver, handkerchiefs, socks, brush, comb, note paper, some Seidlitz powders, cholera pills, etc.



Portrait of
G. W. Bristyshell

THE PETERSBURG MINE.

*By Oliver Christian Boshyschell, late Major of the Forty-Eighth Regiment,
Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, and Regimental Historian.*

Colonel Sigfried having been selected by General Burnside, at the outset of the campaign, as has already been stated, to command the First Brigade of the Fourth (colored) Division of the Ninth Corps, the command of the Forty-eighth devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants. This young and gallant officer was much valued by his regimental, brigade, division, and corps commanders. He was a soldier of true grit, possessed of more than ordinary ability as an engineer—ability that he displayed many times during the campaign from the Rappahannock down to Petersburg, in the erection of temporary fortifications which he required the regiment to build every night, and the lives of many of the men were saved through this precaution.

Pleasant was in all respects an American—thoroughly so—a pure type of progressive young America. His career shows remarkable understanding in a young man. He sprang from an old Virginia Quaker family, although his father was born in Philadelphia. Whilst in business in South America, this gentleman married a South American lady, and General Henry Pleasants was the result of this union. His impetuous nature, and

quick, fiery temper, but withal generous, good-heartedness, comes of this Americo-Spanish blood. He was born at Buenos Ayres, on the 17th of February, 1833, thus being but thirty-one at the time of the completion of this masterly piece of engineering skill. At thirteen years of age he came to Philadelphia, entered the S. W. grammar school, and graduated from the high school in February, 1851, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and in five years thereafter, received the degree of Master of Arts. He began civil engineering in April, 1851, on the western division of the Pennsylvania railroad. He resigned from that road when it was opened through to Pittsburg for travel, and was made senior assistant engineer on the Pittsburg & Connellsville railroad in 1853.

Whilst occupying this position he built that portion of the road lying between the towns of McKeesport and West Newton, on the Youghiogheny river, and began the excavation of the great Sand Patch tunnel through a spur of the Alleghany mountains, which tunnel was to have been 4,200 feet long. Here was a most important work, in charge of young Pleasants in 1854, when he was just twenty-

one year of age—a work requiring engineering ability of a high order. During 1854 and 1855 he sank four perpendicular shafts in the crest of the Alleghenies, whose depths were from 120 to 200 feet, for the purpose of expediting the work, and hastening the tunnel to completion. Just at this time the chief engineer and president of the road, Mr. O. W. Barnes, a warm friend of Pleasants, was, in the latter's judgment, unjustly displaced, so Pleasants, loyal to his chief, resigned from the road in 1856, and returned to his home in Philadelphia. Having gained considerable knowledge of mining, in the excavations of the tunnels named, and in one on the Connellsville railroad, and also amongst the mines in the bituminous coal region, he located, in January, 1857, in Pottsville, Schuylkill county, in the midst of the anthracite coal region, and devoted his attention to mining engineering with great success, until the breaking out of the rebellion.

Pleasant's career before the war shows that he took with him into the service, qualities eminently fitting him for the successful carrying through of so grand a project as the Petersburg mine, and should allay the doubts expressed as to his ability as an engineer. Even after the success of the mine was assured, and had been demonstrated, some of the regular army engineers still doubted.

It is not surprising that so ardent a lover of his profession as Pleasants, and so earnest a soldier of the

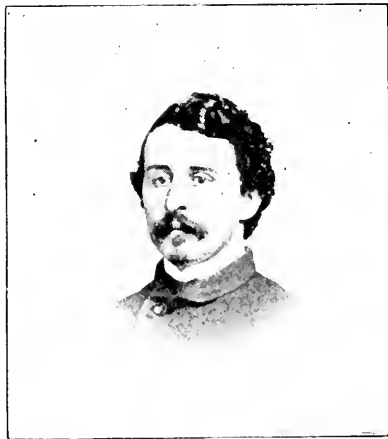
war, should employ his active mind in devising ways and means to end the rebellion. When these two salients in the opposing line, so temptingly lying opposite each other, came under his notice, his profession came to aid his soldierly qualifications, and his quick eye took in the advantage of the situation, and the idea of undermining the rebel fort was projected.

This was as early in the siege as the 21st of June, and the entire practicability of excavating such a mine never for a moment left him. The idea of undermining the enemy's works originated, as I have said, in Pleasants's own mind. The exact location was unconsciously suggested to him by Captain, subsequently Brevet Brigadier-General, McKibben, of General Robert B. Potter's staff, by pointing out the position of the rebel battery. It will be remembered that the Union and rebel lines were so near together on the Ninth corps' front, that it was perilous to rise above the breastworks. Whilst Pleasants and McKibben were making observations of the point where the battery was supposed to be located, a sharpshooter detected them, and McKibben was terribly wounded in the face. All of Pleasants' subsequent triangulations had to be made under the same danger, and subjected to the same chances.

The project being thoroughly conceived, Pleasants first hinted it to Captain George W. Gowen, of Company C. He mentioned it also to Captain Frank Farquhar, of



GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.



BREVET BRIGADIER GENERAL HENRY PLEASANTS.

the United States Engineer Corps, at this time chief engineer of the Eighteenth corps. Both of these gentlemen were his former townsmen and friends. General Robert B. Potter, commanding the First division of the Ninth corps, was the first person to whom the matter was thoroughly explained. He entered heartily into the scheme, aiding it with all the power he could.

The idea of mining the rebel works may have entered the minds of the regular army engineers. The matter, it is said, was discussed, but was abandoned as impracticable. The distance to be overcome was thought too great—unheard of in military engineering. The spot selected by Pleasants was some four hundred feet from the front line of the Union works—considered too long a line by many, to hope for success, with the chances of meeting quicksands, underground marshes, and risk of discovery by the enemy. Pleasants, however, never doubted success. He seemed from the initial moment thoroughly convinced of accomplishing it. Before mentioning the matter to Generals Potter and Burnside, division and corps commanders, he required the officers of his regiment to furnish him a list of the practical miners in each company. The men of the Forty-eighth, at once divining the object, discussed the feasibility of such a project around the camp fires, and in the trenches, believing with great unanimity in its entire practicability.

This regiment has been called a regiment of miners, probably from the fact of its having been recruited in the mining region, especially marked, however, by these operations in front of Petersburg during the summer of 1864. The designation is by no means a proper one, as the great majority of the members knew little or nothing about the mining business. There were a number of miners in the organization, as there were men of various other trades and occupations, the experiences and abilities of all classes being most successfully tested during its honorable career.

The task, therefore, imposed on them was a very severe one, and they are entitled to great praise for the admirable manner in which they performed the work allotted them.

On the 24th of June Colonel Pleasants presented his plan to General Potter, commanding the division, who in turn proposed it to General Burnside. The latter sent for General Potter and Colonel Pleasants, and had the matter fully explained to him. General Burnside directed Colonel Pleasants to commence operations the next day, and if General Meade did not approve, the work could be stopped. General Meade never formally approved of the project, but he did not forbid the work being done. Colonel Pleasants never received any assistance from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. The opinion of the engineers connected with those headquarters was

adverse to the feasibility of mining at the point selected, owing to the great length of gangway necessary—not understanding how it could be ventilated. When Colonel Pleasants applied for the theodolite at the headquarters, to use in making the triangulations, he failed to get it. It was only through General Burnside's influence in securing an old one from Washington city, that he was enabled to run his lines successfully.

At twelve o'clock noon on the 25th day of June, the mine was commenced. The work was one of great difficulty, attended with imminent danger and arduous labor. There was nothing to do it with except the men,—no tools, no plank, no nails, no wheelbarrows. Army picks were made smaller, and straightened for mining purposes. Hickory sticks were fastened to cracker boxes so as to make hand-barrows, to convey the material excavated to a place where it could be piled outside the mine.

No such mine was ever before excavated in military operations, and the "regulars" said it could not be done. "Such a length of gangway," they said, "could not be ventilated."

The ventilation was accomplished in a very simple way—after a method quite common in the anthracite coal mines. A perpendicular shaft or hole was made from the mine to the surface at a point inside of the Union rifle pits. A small furnace, or fire-place, was built at the bottom of this hole, or shaft, for

the purpose of heating the air, and a fire was kept constantly burning, thus creating a draft. A door made of canvas was placed in the gallery, a little outside of this fire-place, thus shutting it in and shielding it from the outside air at the mouth of the mine. Wooden pipes, extending from the outside of this canvas door along the gallery to the inner end thereof, conducted the fresh air to the point of operations, which, after supplying the miners with pure air, returned along the gallery towards the entrance of the mine, and, being stopped by the canvas door, the vitiated air moved into the furnace and up the shaft to the surface. By this means a constant current of air circulated through the gallery. As the work advanced, the inside end of the wooden pipe was extended so as to carry good air up to the face of the workings. The material loosened by the digging was conveyed outside by the cracker-box hand-barrows, and to avoid the risk of its being observed by the enemy, was kept constantly covered by brush. The exact distance the mine had to go to reach the enemy's fort, and the course of his works, were obtained by five triangulations, made by Colonel Pleasants with a theodolite secured, as stated, from Washington, under a picket fire which was kept up between the two lines for several months.

The roof of the gallery, where it was wanting in tenacity, and likely to fall, was supported by sets of timbers, consisting of four pieces—

two props, one cap, and one mud sill, notched into one another. Where the material was very soft, boards and planks were placed between the timbers and the top, bottom, and sides, so as to form a complete casing. When the gallery approached near the enemy's works, all the timber was notched outside the mine, and put in place without noise or jar of any kind. The plank was obtained from a bridge over the Norfolk & Petersburg railroad, and the boards from a saw-mill outside the Union lines, some five or six miles distant. To obtain these Colonel Pleasants was obliged to send two companies of his regiment with wagons, to load them. No lumber was furnished from headquarters, and no cavalry escort was proffered to guard against risks. The work in the mine was uninterrupted. It went on night and day, progressing rapidly. The men of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers were the only soldiers employed. They were divided into shifts or details, whose time to work varied as the gallery increased in length. The farther the excavation went, the more men it required to carry out the material excavated, until, when it was near completion, almost every one of the 400 effective men of the regiment was pressed into service. Two officers were constantly with each shift to overlook the men. The mine being only four or five feet high, the labor of carrying the material excavated was very hard; so the time of each shift was fixed

at two hours and a half, and every man, after doing his work, received a ration of whiskey.

On the 2d of July extremely wet ground was encountered by the miners. The timbers gave way, and the roof and the floor nearly met. It was re-timbered, but a stratum of marl of the consistency of putty was encountered, which made the progress exceedingly slow. The men of the regiment made all sorts of oddities—pipes, corps marks, crosses, and the like—out of this material, which hardened on exposure to the air and sun. These were sent home in great quantity. To avoid this stratum of marl Pleasants started an inclined plane, rising in a hundred feet about thirteen and one-half feet perpendicularly. The main gallery was finished on the 17th of July, and was 511 8-10 feet long. Operations were stopped a little while, as information was received that the enemy had heard of the mine, and were searching for it.

Pleasants undertook to ferret out this supposed countermining scheme; so about midnight of the 17th he routed out Captain Winlack and another member of the regiment. They cautiously entered the mine, without lights, remaining perfectly silent, and going as far back as the galleries extended, Pleasants remaining at the end of the main gallery, Captain Winlack in the right gallery, and the other man in the left gallery. Lying down with every sense alert, in perfect darkness, and supreme quiet,

for a period of thirty minutes, until a low whistle, the intended signal, came from Pleasants, and brought them together at the latter's position. Whispering in Winlack's ear, Pleasants said, "What do you think about any counterboring?" Winlack replied: "The rebels know no more of the tunnel being under them than the inhabitants of Africa." "That's just what I believe," Pleasants said, confirming it with some decided adjectives. Whispering to the other man, and not catching his reply, as he spoke very softly, Pleasants broke out at the top of his voice, upbraiding the man for not speaking out so he could hear him. His voice rang from one end of the gallery to the other, putting to flight all his notions cautioning extreme silence.

On the 18th, however, operations were resumed, and the left lateral gallery begun. At six o'clock the same day, the right lateral gallery was commenced. The first was stopped at midnight of July 22, and was thirty-seven feet long; the second was stopped at six p. m. of July 23, and was thirty-eight feet long. Each of these galleries was provided with chambers for placing the magazines containing the powder. The total amount of material excavated was at least 18,000 cubic feet.

The mine was commenced to be charged with powder at three p. m. of July 27, and was finished during the night. The charge consisted of 8,000 pounds of powder—four tons. This was placed in eight

magazines, connected together by wooden tubes half filled with powder. These tubes met from the lateral galleries at the inner end of the main gallery, and were here connected with three lines of fuses running along the main gallery to the face of the tamping. This tamping was about forty feet in length, and consisted of bags of sand placed loosely on one another, with long logs laid diagonally across the gallery, so as to be driven into the sides by the recoil of the explosion. Common blasting fuse was furnished, in pieces, instead of one continuous piece, which Colonel Pleasants was obliged to splice together. These lines were used ninety feet long, and placed in a wooden tube lined with canvas to guard it from the dampness. The tamping was finished, and the mine was ready to be fired at six p. m. of July 28.

Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants was ordered to fire the mine at 3:30 o'clock on the morning of July 30, 1864. Who can ever forget that morning, or the stillness of that hour? The covered ways crowded with troops ready to spring into action as soon as the mine was sprung. The ominous silence stirred the hearts of our soldiers as they never had been stirred, and their countenances were marked with an anxiety never before felt. A moment of profound quiet, to be followed by a tremendous shock. With bated breath the men awaited the decisive moment. Now came the anxious hour. The men of the

Forty-eight were terribly excited. Their leader—the man in whose active brain the mine was projected, and whose opinions were about to be verified or proved delusive, stood ready to apply the fatal match. 3:30 a. m. arrived, and with quick, nervous strides, Pleasants entered the gallery and ignited the fuse. Hastening to the surface, he stood with watch in hand, mounted on an earthworks, awaiting the explosion.

Imagine his anxiety as he told off, to those beside him, the lapse of seconds, which would soon prove the correctness of his work. The time for the explosion passed. Pleasants became like a maniac. He knew where the defect was. Those spliced fuses would defeat his great project!

Lieutenant Jacob Douty of Company K, and Sergeant Henry Reese of Company F.—Pleasants's sturdy helpers—immediately volunteered to enter the gallery and ascertain the cause of the trouble. Of course amongst the men all was excitement. The daring couple rapidly ran into the gallery, and finding a knife would be required, Reese hurried out again to borrow one, and returning, the two men tore away the tamping, and came to the extinguished fuse. As Pleasants had surmised, it was where they had been spliced. Cutting the fuse at a point where the dampness had not penetrated, they relighted it, and regained the outside as rapidly as possible. All this took time—precious time, that

could have been saved if army headquarters had furnished proper material, so that it was sixteen minutes before five when the explosion took place. A heavy reverberation shakes the earth—a hollow rumbling sound breaks on the ear. The explosion has come! A vast cloud of earth is borne upward one hundred feet in air, presenting the appearance of an outspread umbrella, descending in the twinkling of an eye with a heavy thud. Then, from hundreds of cannons' mouths, with a deafening roar, the iron hail poured into the rebel lines.

The mine was proven a perfect success: the effects of the explosion went even beyond Pleasants's expectation. The size of the crater formed by the explosion was at least two hundred (200) feet long, fifty (50) feet wide, and twenty-five (25) feet deep.

The effect upon the enemy was tremendous. He was completely paralyzed. A breach was made in his lines practically four or five hundred feet wide, instead of being bound by the edges of the crater only. He was so completely stunned that after firing a hasty volley, it was nearly, if not quite, an hour before he recovered from the shock. The rebel fort, its garrison, together with the line of rifle pits in its front were destroyed. Some three or four hundred rebels were killed by the explosion. The garrisons of the forts to the north-west became panic stricken, and abandoned their guns.

With a shout, sounding above the awful din, the First Division of the Ninth Corps leap the Union works and charge upon the doomed fort, but without a leader! Where is the commanding general of that First Division? Alas! he never left his safe retreat behind a bomb-proof on the Union side. His division occupy the crater, the men lying down under cover of the earthworks and the mounds of earth thrown up by the explosion. Fatal halt! The broad gateway opened to Petersburg by Pleasants, is choked and crowded by troops who had been taught all through the campaign to constantly seek cover.

There was absolutely not a thing to prevent the occupation of the hill beyond, and Ledlie's neglect to do so, cannot be excused or atoned. Once secured Lee's troops would have been completely cut in two, and his army then and there destroyed.

Captain W. Gordon McCabe in the "Defence of Petersburg," a paper published in the Southern Historical Societies' papers, writes:

"Pleasants has done his work with terrible completeness, for now the site of the Elliott salient is marked by a horrid chasm, 135 feet in length, 97 feet in breadth, and 30 feet deep, and its brave garrison, all asleep, save the guards, when thus surprised by sudden death, lie buried beneath the jagged blocks of blackened clay—in all, twenty-five officers and men of the Eighteenth and

Twenty-second South Carolina, two officers and twenty men of Pegram's Petersburg Battery (Beauregard's M. S.) The dread upheaval has rent in twain Elliott's brigade, and the men to right and left of the huge abyss recoil in terror and dismay."

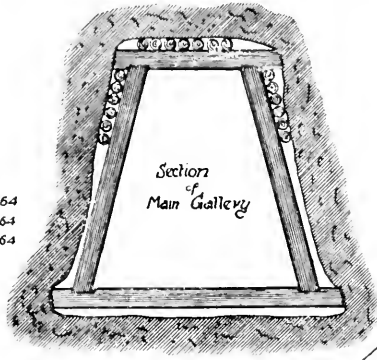
One other extract from a newspaper published in the South is pertinent:

"The explosion of the Burnside mine at a point of the Union defences before Petersburg, has been held by many to have been an entire failure, but it seems that it was otherwise. A recent visitor to the spot had the following information from a gentleman who accompanied him:

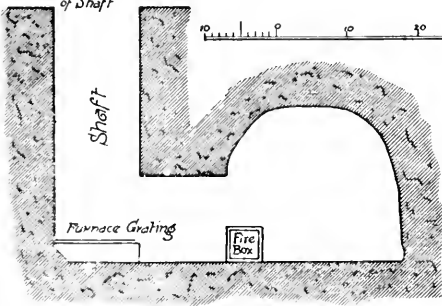
"I was an officer in the Confederate army, and I was in this fight and all others that occurred in this immediate vicinity. I saw that explosion and know of the effects and let me assure you that it was not a failure. The mine was sprung immediately under a battery supported by 200 men, and of that number only two escaped; and, notwithstanding all our newspapers may have said to the contrary, in those desperate charges which were made on the day of and succeeding the explosion, we lost 3,000 men, and no one thing during the whole war produced such a demoralizing influence among our troops, and in my opinion, tended more strongly to terminate the contest. From that day desertions became more frequent, and from the uncertain hor-

SKETCH
of
MINE

Commenced June 25, 1864
Finished July 23, 1864
Exploded July 30, 1864

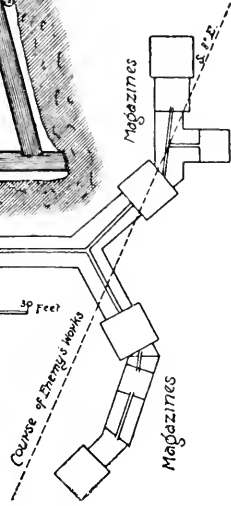


Section of Main Gallery of Shaft



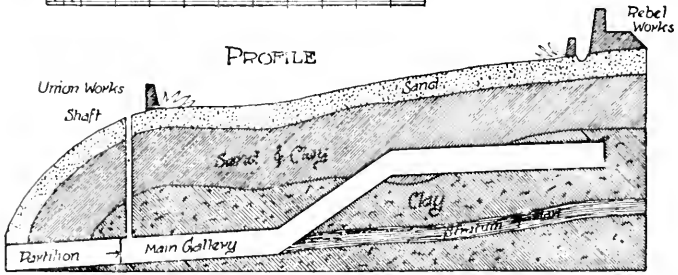
End of Tamping Tamping
Pass in Tube

0 10 20 30 40 Feet



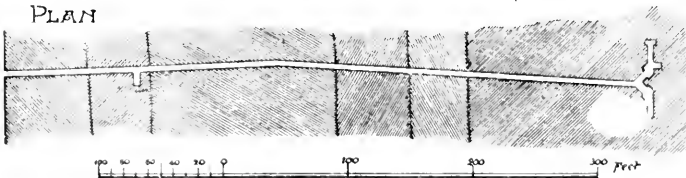
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Feet

PROFILE



0 10 20 30 40 50 Feet

PLAN



rors which that event threw around services 'in front' the greatest dissatisfaction began to prevail in all the ranks of the army.'"

The Forty-eighth, by order of General Burnside, did not participate in the attack, he deeming the great service performed by it sufficient work. The regiment acted as provost guard arresting stragglers from the front. Every man in its ranks was under fire. Pleasants wanted to lead the charge with his regiment. Had he done so there would have been no failure, or there would have been no Forty-eighth left to hear of it.

It is needless to enter into a discussion of the causes of the failure on the part of the Union forces to achieve one of the grandest successes of the war, after the explosion of the mine. The mine was not a failure—its projector and the men of the Forty-eighth had done their work, so their glory in the event remains imperishable. It is well to record Pleasants' opinion. In a communication to the writer, referring to the mine, he says: "A project, the success of which was perfect, and which had it not been for the want of harmony between the generals commanding the Ninth Corps and Army of the Potomac, and the bad conduct of the commander of the First Division, would have broken through the thin shell that separated us from the heart of the Confederacy and ended the war then and there."

A congressional committee on the conduct of the war, made a

very elaborate and searching inquiry into the causes which led to such an unsatisfactory ending of a project so full of promise. Two extracts are given from the report of this committee, which are conclusive. Here they are:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants labored under disadvantages in the successful accomplishment of this important work, which would have deterred a man of less energy. It was not merely the evident lack of faith in the success of the enterprise shown by all the officers of high rank, except his division and corps commanders, but that lack of faith was accompanied by an entire failure to furnish the assistance and implements necessary to the success of the undertaking, within a reasonable time. The testimony of Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants shows that he had to dig and mine with only the men of his own regiment: that the dirt had to be carried out in cracker-boxes, slung between poles, for lack of wheelbarrows: that he was even refused the use of an instrument at headquarters, wherewith to make the necessary triangulations, but that General Burnside had to send to Washington for an old-fashioned theodolite. General Meade and Major Duane, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, said the thing could not be done: that it was all clap-trap and nonsense: that such a length of mine had never been excavated in military operations and could not be.

"In conclusion, the cause of the

disastrous result of the assault of the thirtieth of July last is mainly attributable to the fact, that the plans and suggestions of the general who had devoted his attention for so long a time to the subject; who had carried out to so successful completion the project of mining the enemy's works, and who had carefully selected and drilled his troops, for the purpose of securing whatever advantages might be attainable from the explosion of the mine, should have been so entirely disregarded by a general who had evinced no faith in the successful prosecution of that work, had aided it by no countenance or open approval, and had assumed the entire direction and control only when it was completed, and the time had come for reaping any advantage that might be derived from it."

Speaking of this mine, on page 313 of the second volume of his *Memoirs*, Grant says: "When it did explode, it was very successful, making a crater twenty feet deep and something like a hundred feet in length."

There, boys of the Forty-eighth, you can rest contented with the truthful summing up of the committee who inquired into the matter. Everyone on duty at the mine can confirm the conclusion reached.

The plan of operations to be pursued upon the completion of the mine had been thoroughly digested. The drilling of the Fourth Division of the Ninth Army Corps was a part and parcel of the

plan. It was intended that this division should play an important part in the assault on the rebel works, so the movements in which these troops were daily instructed were just the movements to be executed after the explosion of the mine. The fatal change in the body of attacking troops, made twelve hours before the assault, rendered these weeks of preparation of positively no effect whatever.

Sigfried was to lead the charge with his brigade, and but for the fatal change made in the leading column, would have carried his dusky warriors to the top of Cemetery Hill as certain as Pleasants dug the mine. How grandly his brigade charged over the cleared ground between the lines, raked by minie-ball, shot and shell as no single spot had ever been raked before!

The gateway made by Pleasants was choked and closed by troops trained to seek shelter under fire. The order came to Sigfried to charge. Gathering his sword and scabbard up in his arms, he turned to the writer: "Come on, Bosby!" and, leaping the Union parapets, followed by his staff and the black regiments of his brigade, bore down upon the crater, and finding it crowded with the men of the white regiments, carried his command over the mounds bordering the slaughter-hole, and established his lines to the right. The result is known. No troops could have saved the day after the fatal halt of

the First Division. No troops entered the fight under as severe a fire as the colored troops, and no troops marched steadier or behaved with greater coolness. Hundreds of black men's bodies covered the sward that hot July day. Six hundred maimed, rent, and disfigured sons of Ham laid suffering at the general field hospital. What does Sigfried say?

"Had it not been for the almost impassable crowd of troops of the leading divisions in the crater and entrenchments, Cemetery Hill would have been ours without a falter on the part of my brigade." Sigfried's Report, July 31, 1864.

"General Grant, himself, in his testimony, expresses his belief that if they (the colored troops) had been placed in advance, as General Burnside desired, the assault would have been successful." Report Conduct of the War.

A participant in the terrible mine fight can never forget its dread horrors. The dead bodies of the rebel soldiers who had garrisoned the fort, lie scattered about, stripped of clothing by the force of the explosion. A Thirty-sixth Massachusetts soldier says: "Sitting on the loose earth in the crater, a soldier felt a movement under him, and, upon removing a few inches of earth, he found a rebel soldier, who was quickly removed from his temporary grave, and after a little time, rallied sufficiently to tell us his experience and opinion of rapid transit. He said he was standing near one of

the guns, with one foot on the hub of a wheel; all was quiet, and he was thinking of home, when the earth seemed to give way, a terrific noise, and he lost consciousness. How far skyward he went, he had no means of knowing. His escape from death was most remarkable. We sent him a prisoner back to our lines, and the poor fellow walked as if he expected an explosion at every step. Whether he lived or died we do not know."

The surgeon of the Eighteenth South Carolina Regiment, whose colonel was W. H. Wallace (after the war, Judge Wallace, of South Carolina), gives the following experience of two members of his regiment. This command occupied the ditches on the left of the blown-up battery: "In one of the bomb-proofs on the extreme right of the Eighteenth South Carolina Volunteers, and just to the left of the mine, Lieutenant Willard Hill, Company E, and Sergeant Greer, Company A, Eighteenth South Carolina Volunteers, having been relieved from duty an hour before, were sleeping. The first they realized of it was the shock, then a deep darkness, and then a consciousness that the mine had been sprung and that they had been buried, how deep they could not imagine. Their first impulse was a deep, indescribable despair—heart-sickening, heart-rending hopelessness, that left them almost powerless for a time. But what could they do? They had nothing to dig out with but a bayonet that

Sergeant Greer had in his belt, and there was but a canteen of water in the cell. . . . Among the missing are Lieutenant Hill and Sergeant Greer. We left them in their almost living grave: Greer digging with his bayonet, while Hill passed back the dirt, with all the desperation of despair. They hear not, heed not the battle that is raging above them, but toil on. Often hope would spring up in their hearts, to give way only to despair. Hill has often told me how, when he awoke to consciousness of his condition, the thoughts flashed through his brain like lightning: how he thought if he could only see one ray of light, or breathe the fresh air once again: that if he could only let his wife know how and where he died, that death would be a relief to him. Almost suffocated for want of fresh air, they worked on: at last it seemed to them that something had crushed them: they had dug through the loose bowlders and the light burst upon them. They both, overcome with the sudden transition from their suffocation and despair to light and hope, fainted. How long they remained there they know not. When they awoke from their swoon, the first sound that broke on their ears was the clash of arms and the quick, rolling roar of the battle as it raged around and above. Almost in stupor, trying to realize that they could again see the light of heaven and hear the voice of a living creature, they laid

still until they recovered their minds enough to know what was going on. Hill often told me that when he knew and realized that it was a battle, the sound was the sweetest music that ever greeted his ears. At last the cry of victory rose high above everything else. They knew that somebody was vanquished, and that somebody was victor: who, they knew not. They emerged from their awful retreat, weak, worn in body, and with minds almost crazed. They were brought back to me at the field hospital more dead than alive, for, strange as it may seem, they were the most sadly changed men that I ever beheld. Both were fine-looking soldiers before: now they were weak, with sunken cheeks and eyes. Lieutenant Hill whose hair twenty-four hours before was black, without a single gray hair in it (as he was only thirty years old), was now almost as white as snow."

Shortly after this fight, General Barnard, chief engineer of the Armies of the United States, sent for Pleasants to come and see him.

After a polite salutation, General Barnard said to Pleasants: "What experience have you ever had, sir, as an engineer?" "The old fool!" Pleasants said to the writer, who slept with him the night succeeding this interview, from which he returned with evidences of having been hospitably entertained. "The old fool, he made me mad, so I blurted out, 'I'm a better engineer than you've got in the whole Regu-

lar Army.' 'I'm happy to know you! I'm happy to know you.' Barnard replied, bowing low in his sarcasm. 'I am,' returned Pleasants, 'and I'll tell you why—an officer educated at West Point throws aside his theodolite when he leaves the academy, and scarcely has use for it afterwards, whilst I, sir, have to study that instrument daily in order to earn my bread and butter. My existence and those dear to me, depend on my skill with the theodolite, whilst your regular's pay goes on, whether he ever again sees the instrument or not.'"

A long conversation ensued, and wound up by General Barnard requesting Pleasants to walk along the lines of the army and point out suitable places for mining operations, and report to him his suggestions. Pleasants's last words

that night were that "he'd see him in h—I first!"

Four months later he left the service a greatly disappointed and disgusted man. The president, on the sixteenth of December, 1864, conferred the rank of brevet colonel of volunteers, which Pleasants declined. On the thirteenth of March, 1865, he received the appointment of brevet brigadier-general of volunteers "for skillful and distinguished services during the war, and particularly in the construction and explosion of the mine before Petersburg." This appointment was subsequently confirmed by the United States senate, all of which was most richly deserved. Pleasants's name is so intertwined with that of the Forty-eighth, he gave it so glorious a record, that as long as one is remembered, the other will be also.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE IN BATTLE, AND ALSO THE FIRST ENGAGEMENT OF THE FIFTH MAINE BATTERY.

By Plummer H. Butler, of the Fifth Battery and First Maine Cavalry.

It was the 9th day of August, 1862. Our battery had been at a place called Waterloo some two weeks, previous to the Battle of Cedar Mountain. It was a small village and we camped in a house or houses which were filled with fleas. General Pope's army train was, it seemed, passing night and day all the time. There was a slight skirmish Sunday afternoon

previous on our right, and our battery went a few miles in the direction of the sound of the firing, but did not get near enough to smell powder, but on the morning of the 9th of August, we started to the left and south. It was a very pleasant morning and the report was that we were going to have a battle, and drive the rebels into Richmond and capture the city, as

General Pope told us only a short time before at Warrington, that there would be no retreat.

We had not gone far before we met an orderly, who said that our folks had signalled from the top of Cedar Mountain that the enemy were coming up the mountain in force and they were going to remove their signal station at once. In a short time we heard the booming of the cannon in our front. It seemed that we were well in the rear but it grew louder and louder as we advanced.

We came soon to a large farmhouse with its large shade trees and we were ordered to halt until further orders. Our horses remained hitched to the guns, also we were ordered to remain near and be ready when the order came to advance. We had six twelve pounders, brass napoleons. Captain Leppien was sick, and the Second Lieutenant, A. B. Twitchell, had charge of the battery. We fed the horses at noon, while we tried to chew a few hard tacks at the same hour, but I must confess that my appetite was poor. I could hear those big guns and the rattle of the musketry. I think it must have been five o'clock before we espied the orderly who gave us an invitation to move to the front. The rattling continued until we got nearly to the battlefield, and when it was nearly dark or moon light we passed on and halted near an old house at the corner of the fence. We saw some soldiers standing near, and we

asked "What regiment?" They replied, "The Tenth Maine." We asked where "the rest of them were." They said many of them lay out yonder, on that field in our front. All was still, the men hardly spoke above a whisper; we had orders to move on, and as the full moon shone bright, we could see the boys in blue lying upon the ground in all directions stark and still; on we passed, we could see a piece of wood in our front, a little higher ground when we got quite near: all at once a battery opened upon us, and the shells passed over our heads. A halt was ordered, but the negroes who drove our battery wagons and forge, unhitched their horses and went to the rear, I suppose, for we never heard of them or the horses again. Securing the wagons, we retreated a short distance obliquely to the left to a slight eminence and unlimbered the guns. Captain Hall of the Second Maine Battery appeared and cut the fuse for the shells and we sent them over to the enemy until they were silenced. We heard nothing more from the Johnnies that night, but we remained at the guns all night thinking of home and the morrow.

In the morning three of our guns were advanced with the skirmish line and remained half the day when they returned and reported that the battery, in our front the night before, was still there in a disordered condition. The afternoon was spent in burying the dead under a flag of truce. After the

line was once more established they came again under a flag of truce, and said they would give us just two hours to leave their front, but we still remained and stood by the guns. The next morning the picket line advanced but found no enemy in our front so we all advanced over the mountain until an officer was shot. I have forgotten his name.

We then massed our battery at the edge of a clearing and at night there were fires built across and around the clearing, as though we were in camp. A report came that the enemy had been strongly reinforced, and then we commenced the famous Pope's Retreat, the enemy following in force. We started to cross the Blue Ridge by way of Thoroughfare Gap, but Stonewall Jackson was there first, or some of his friends. Our battery was ordered to shell the Gap and in order to do so we went upon a little foot hill and fired across to the Gap, but after firing a while my gun, the sixth, recoiled so much that it got away and went down the hill until it stopped wheels up in the frog pond at the base, and what a time we had to get it out; but we did it while the bullets were singing around about our ears and started for Rappahannock Station by another route from what we intended.

We crossed the river upon the bridge at the station and then massed our battery as near the west bank as we could and remained there a number of days before the enemy came in sight. I climbed to the top of a house and there I could see the enemy's baggage train passing a point far away across the river. I never shall forget the morning after this. Sitting by our guns on the bank we could see the enemy's column march out of the woods on the interval, bayonets fixed, column after column, until the plain was nearly one half covered and then they left faced and all marched toward us. The order came to be ready, and when they got within good range, we worked the guns, and as soon as the smoke arose we could see gaps in their ranks; still they crept upon all fours toward us: we still poured the canister and shells upon them until they broke and most of them dispersed in the wood, and then we were ordered to turn our guns upon the bridge and destroy that, which we with the help of the other batteries accomplished very soon. I noticed General McDowell for the first time that day. He gave the orders about the bridge in person, but in the afternoon we were all forced to fall back in a hurry, losing some horses but no men.

NOTE. Thoroughfare Gap is in the Bull Run range of mountains and not in the Blue Ridge. I called Comrade Butler's attention to this error and give his reply, in hopes that some other member of the battery may be

able to locate the time and place exactly. .. On the morning of the 13th, we passed through a village about three o'clock. I have it in my mind as Warrenton. Instead of keeping the road we had travelled before on

our advance, we kept more to the west until we struck the long range of mountains which we called the Blue Ridge. Perhaps you can help me a little in regard to this village. I was told by Sergeant Johnson, Co. I, 1st Me. Cav., that the regiment or a portion of it was acting as rear guard, and while feeding the horses at this village, the advance of the enemy came upon them for the first time. Was it Culpepper or Warrenton? After leaving the Gap we travelled very nearly in an easterly direction for some time, and then

northeasterly until we came to the Rappahannock river. I did not see any of the First Maine Cavalry after leaving this village until we crossed the Rappahannock. I saw a number of them then. I recollect that the Cavalry had a skirmish with the enemy there. The first Maine boys said they had a hand in it. In the future I will try to be more explicit in regard to time and place. The BUGLE is getting to be very interesting to all the soldiers in Maine. I have quite a large library, in which the BUGLE has a prominent place.

BRANDY STATION, OCTOBER, 1863.

By S. A. Clark, Company E, First Vermont Cavalry.

The advance on Culpepper Court House, Va., by the cavalry, was followed up by Meade and the Army of the Potomac. General Meade established his headquarters at Culpepper. The cavalry was pressed forward some five miles to perform their accustomed task as pickets and flankers. Some days previous to the 11th, October, 1863, the cavalry noticed extreme activity in Lee's army as if he was massing his troops on Meade's flank. Early in the morning of October 11th, Meade began his backward movement in the direction of Centerville. Kilpatrick was ordered with his cavalry division to cover the direct rear of Meade's army. Buford with his division was at Stevensburg, and was also falling back in direction of Brandy Station as flankers. Fitzhugh Lee, with his division, was following Buford, while Stuart himself was following Kilpatrick. It was Stuart's duty

to cover and cloak the movements of Lee's army.

Pleasanton with his cavalry corps was to perform the same duty for Meade's army. The result of these movements was almost daily clashes with the opposing cavalry for upwards of ten days. October 8, the Vermont cavalry left Wayland's Mills at one a. m., and proceeded to James City, a small place some seven miles south-west of Culpepper, where they performed picket duty. October 10th, the regiment retreated to Wayland's Mills, where they were summoned in haste to James City, owing to the advance of Stuart with Hampton's division on that place. Kilpatrick posted his division with Pennington's artillery on a range of hills north of the place. Stuart was on a parallel range south. When the First Vermont arrived, it was at once sent with the Sixth Michigan to support

Pennington's battery near the Culpepper road. One squadron of Carbines of the First Vermont was deployed as skirmishers. The balance of the two regiments took position in a hollow in rear of the battery. Neither party advanced, and an exchange of a few shots by the batteries comprised the day's work. The Vermonters were ordered to report to General Davis commanding first brigade at four o'clock: he was to be rear guard.

At day-light the backward movement began, but no enemy was seen until we reached Culpepper, where Kilpatrick was making a stand. Here the First Vermont returned to Custer's brigade. General Custer withdrew his brigade through the town and was crossing Mountain Run, when Stuart appeared in force, coming in on the Springville pike. The First Vermont was at once formed on side of a hill in line of battle. A brisk artillery fire took place here, the shells of both sides passing over the regiment. This continued for half an hour, when the Vermont regiment was again ordered to report to General Davis.

Most any change was welcomed from our unpleasant position. General Davis ordered the regiment to form line a little distance from its old position. Here we faced right, left, front or rear, according to the enemy's movements. Kilpatrick soon discovered that Stuart had left his front and was marching for Brandy Station, evidently to fall upon Buford with his entire com-

mand and use him up before Kilpatrick could join him, also to gain Kilpatrick's rear. Kilpatrick, discerning Stuart's purpose, straightway started for Brandy Station. In this race the First Vermont marched on the extreme right of the division, and on the right of the railroad: the country was heavy with oak woods, which came close to the track, making progress more difficult than where the balance of the division was moving.

For five miles we kept up our rapid march, when we came to open country and formed in column of battalions. As we neared the Station, sound of firing to our right showed Buford was hotly engaged. Buford, however, succeeded in reaching the Fleetwood Hills. Taking a strong position he held his own until joined by Kilpatrick. The latter part of the march was sufficiently exciting: it was a race with Stuart on a parallel road in plain sight,—not only this, but we could plainly see the Confederate infantry and batteries hurrying into position on our right, and some shells were tossed into our column from their guns.

For a while it looked very much as if we were liable to get somewhat scorched. In our front were three regiments of the enemy's horsemen drawn up in line to receive us. General Pleasanton had been cut off and was with Kilpatrick's column. Custer proposed to General Pleasanton to cut his way through with a mounted charge, and open a road for the division to

pass through. General Pleasanton gave the permission as the only thing to do. The band at Kilpatrick's headquarters began to play "Yankee Doodle." A hundred bugles sounded the charge. The column lead by General Custer with drawn sabres dashed ahead, the enemy's line scattering in all directions, the entire column passing through, a little scattered perhaps, but we at once rallied and charged the enemy joining Buford. From now on until night a spirited cavalry fight was kept up by Pleasanton in command of the two divisions, Buford's and Kilpatrick's, while on the opposite side Stuart led Lee's and Hampton's divisions.

Many charges and counter-charges were made. Stuart was closely supported by infantry. After dark we withdrew our tired and hungry men and horses across the Rappahannock river. Here we found the infantry of Meade's army in quiet bivouac, not even protecting our crossing of the river. Many uncomplimentary remarks were made by the cavalry against the infantry. Long after dark and when we had dropped in our very tracks dinnerless and supperless, to sleep the sleep of the exhausted, orders came for the First Vermont and the Fifth Michigan Cavalry to do picket duty on the line from Ellis's ford to United States ford. Part of the regiment had to march thirty miles to reach their station. We as well as our horses were pitiable objects by daylight; there is no pity in war; this was one

of the many soft snaps that fell to the lot of cavalymen during the late rebellion. The 13th, the 1st Vermont, and Fifth Michigan joined the division at Bealton Station and marched as flankers for the second corps to within three miles of Buckland Mills.

Early the morning of the 14th, we were aroused by sound of firing near Warrenton, where Stuart had attacked Gregg's division. Our division started thither at once. We were not needed. Greggs had a faculty of looking out for himself. Kilpatrick now returned and moved to Gainesville, standing in line of battle several hours. We could hear firing in direction of Bristow Station. No enemy appearing in our front, we moved to Sudley Church on Bull Run. Merritt joined us here and the two divisions covered the right flank of Meade's army.

On the 18th of October it became apparent Lee was withdrawing his army. Meade began at once to press Lee's rear with his cavalry. Kilpatrick's division moved rapidly toward Gainesville, Custer's brigade on the New Market road, the First Vermont again leading the van. We soon met the enemy's pickets and drove them in, following them to the junction of the Warrenton pike. Here the Second New York came forward and, united, we followed the enemy to Gainesville. Here we met a formidable line which checked further pursuit, but we remained in line of battle all of that cold and rainy night. The

next morning two battalions of the First Vermont charged the enemy's lines, who beat a hasty retreat. This brings us to Buckland's,

which in itself was a distinct cavalry fight and of itself forms a very interesting chapter of cavalry history.

COLLEGE CAVALRY.

By W. A. Ellis of Norwich University, Vt., Class of '97.

Of all the various military organizations that went into the Great Rebellion perhaps none held so unique a position as the so-called Dartmouth Company of Cavalry. This was practically the only company composed of college men who went into the great struggle. From the time a little previous to the breaking out of the war and at the beginning, the feeling of patriotism knew no bounds at Dartmouth. Mr. Sanford S. Burr, '63, conceived the idea of enlisting a company at Dartmouth. This was a popular move, and for a time it seemed as though the whole college would offer its service. No doubt their enthusiasm was increased by their seeing so many of the cadets of Norwich University, then just across the river, entering the army. But their action alarmed the parents of the students and brought a restraining influence from the faculty, so that when the day came for them to enroll their names it was found that there were not men enough to complete the company. Additional men were recruited from other colleges and a few from Woodstock, Vt. Mr. W. S. Dewey, Norwich Uni-

versity, '63, took an active part in the enlistment of the company. We give below the number of men from each college.

COLLEGES REPRESENTED.

Dartmouth,	35
Norwich University,	23
Bowdoin,	4
Union,	4
Williams,	1
Amherst,	1
From Woodstock, Vt.,	17
Total,	<u>85</u>

OFFICERS.

Captain Sanford S. Burr, Dartmouth.

First Lieutenant T. N. Kellogg, Norwich University.

Second Lieutenant Charles F. Tillinghast, Norwich University.

First Sergeant Henry E. Alvord, Norwich University.

Corporal Douglass Lee, Norwich University.

Veterinary Surgeon Arthur W. White, Norwich University.

So the reader can see that old Norwich University was represented to some extent. After the company was enrolled and officers se

lected it remained for them to get a chance to go to the war. They offered their services to the governor of New Hampshire, but were refused. Then they made application to the governors of Maine and Massachusetts with no better success. The captain then applied to the governor of Rhode Island and was accepted. On June 18, the company left Hanover for White River Junction, escorted by a large number of students, who wished them God speed in their desire to help preserve the Union. They took the train at this station for Providence, R. I., where they were to be mustered into the service of the United States. Colonel A. C. Eddy of the governor's staff was then in Providence and conducted them to a sumptuous repast of crackers, cheese, and hot coffee. They took the oath of enlistment and received their uniforms from the quartermaster's department. They were then marched to "Camp Codman," located on Dexter Training Ground. There they elected their officers as before given, and flipped a cent with another Rhode Island company as to which should be A or B. The Rhode Island company won. They were known as B, 7th Squadron Rhode Island Volunteers. They were treated very kindly by the people of Providence. On the evening of Thursday, June 24, they were given a reception and banquet by ex-Governor Hoppin and Colonel Gardner. At this reception Dartmouth College was extolled to the highest degree for their showing

such an example of patriotism. They were ordered to Washington June 28, and on arriving there went into camp in Gates's Woods, a mile north of the capitol. The 3d of July they were mustered into the United States service by Captain J. Elwood, United States Artillery, the muster rolls dating June 24. From there they entered active service. Their record was such that any college or country might well be proud of them. A book could be written filled with incidents, both ludicrous and thrilling, of their exploits. Who ever heard of a band of college fellows who could not make things merry? It is of interest to us to see the feeling that existed between Dartmouth and Norwich University at that time. They laid aside all petty prejudices and feuds. The men who before this were ever on the alert to pick quarrels were willing to fight side by side, sharing alike the dangers and privations. When it was seen that Harper's Ferry would fall into the hands of the Confederates, the cavalry officers formed plans for escape which were successfully carried out, and after various adventures arrived at Greencastle, Pa. Colonel Vose, who was in command, reported to General McClellan. Company B remained with Colonel Vose until the Battle of Antietam was ended, although the time of enlistment expired before then. The company returned to Providence on September 26. On the 2d day of October they were mustered out, received their pay and returned to

Hanover and Norwich University. Only one man was lost. He died of typhoid fever at Winchester.

Several were captured and taken to Richmond and confined in Libby prison, but were let out in time to go home with the rest.

We give below the names and residences of the men who went out with this company from Norwich University.—

H. E. Alvord, Greenfield, Mass. : G. A. Bailey, Woodstock, Vt. : A. F. Bayard, Brooklyn, N. Y. : Charles E. Bush, Shoreham, Vt. : Arthur W. Coombs, Thetford, Vt. : William S. Dewey, Queechey, Vt. : William S. Goodwin, Boston, Mass. : C. W. Gragg, Boston, Mass. : A. T. Hastings, West Medway, Mass. : W. S. Hazelton, Stratford, Vt. : S. H. Kellogg, Hillsboro, Ohio : Wallace A. King, Woodstock, Vt. : Douglass Lee, Lenox, Mass. : Arthur P. Morey, Norwich, Vt. : E. H. Noyes, Springfield, Mass. : Augustus L. Papanti, Boston, Mass. : James J. Parker, Woodstock, Vt. : H. M.

Phillips, Greenfield, Mass. : C. M. Smith, Washington, Vt. : Charles F. Tillinghast, Pittsburg, Pa. : Ellis P. Wolcott, Utica, N. Y. : F. H. Wolcott, Nyack, N. Y. : Arthur P. White, Columbus, Ohio. Many of the above re-entered the army and gained distinction,—as Colonel Henry M. Phillips, Major Alvord, Major A. P. Morey, Douglass Lee, T. H. Kellogg, and Charles A. Tillinghast.

The men who enlisted from Bowdoin College were A. Judson Packard, class of 1863, who was afterwards commissioned December 11, 1863, as first lieutenant, Company E, Second Maine Cavalry, promoted adjutant of regiment August 8, '64, and mustered out December 6, '65. Orin W. Davis, class of '64; Henry N. W. Hoyt, class of '64, and Joseph N. Whitney, class of '64, who was afterwards commissioned second lieutenant, Second Rhode Island Cavalry, was taken prisoner in the Louisiana campaign and confined in southern prisons twenty-two months.

FROM CHAPIN'S FARM TO APPOMATTOX.

By William H. Wharff, Company C, Eleventh Maine Infantry, Southeast Corner Green and Laguna Streets, San Francisco.

Sunday, March 26th, 1865, found our regiment in winter quarters at Chapin's Farm on the New Market road about eight miles from Richmond, Va. Here we had spent the winter months doing guard and pick-

et duty, with much drilling to fit us, new recruits, for the spring campaign. After the usual inspection of that day we were formed in light marching order, and moved a short distance to join in a grand review

of the Army of the James by General Grant, accompanied by President Lincoln and several members of his cabinet. This was a delightful surprise to us, who had never seen the president, the grand man and moving spirit in the cause of liberty and the Union. I can never forget that care-worn face we beheld as he rode in our front, hat in hand, while our bands were playing "Hail to the Chief." Neither can I forget the cheers that rose from the boys in blue as he passed each command. Little did we imagine that in less than three short weeks our beloved Lincoln would fall by the hand of an assassin, and that the cruel war would end.

Monday, the 27th, we struck tents and packed our knapsacks. At six p. m., our brave, one-armed Colonel Hill gave the order "Forward march," and we were off by the route step towards Deep Bottom, Va. We arrived there at ten p. m. and crossed the James river on a pontoon bridge, and marched all night towards Petersburg.

Tuesday morning found us very tired, but we kept on, only halting at times to devour a hard-tack, until nine o'clock at night.

As we passed Hancock's Station I met my brother John, of Company M, First Maine Cavalry, whom I had not seen since 1862. By the kindness of my captain, Grafton Norris, I was allowed to fall out and stop a short time with him. He then furnished me with a horse and he mounted his own and we rode on to overtake my company,

which we did just as it had halted for the night. This gave me a much needed rest.

After a most refreshing sleep, the bugler called us at four o'clock Wednesday morning, and we were off on the tramp towards Hatcher's Run. We arrived at eight o'clock a. m., and crossed the run (a small stream) and were at once deployed as skirmishers. At eleven o'clock a. m. brisk fighting commenced in our front, and very soon the wounded were taken to the rear. On the night of the 29th, we were posted on picket duty and all was quiet during this time.

About three o'clock Thursday morning rain commenced falling, the first we had seen since we broke camp. This continued until about three p. m., and at times came down in "Old Virginia style."

At nine o'clock on the morning of the 30th, we were relieved and recrossed the run to some old winter quarters of the Second Corps, where we spread our shelter tents over their old log huts and began to feel quite comfortable, till at two p. m. orders came to "fall in" as quick as possible in light marching order. In an instant we were in line and off for the scene of action at double-quick. As we advanced to the woods the shot and shell went flying over our heads, but with little harm. At night all was quiet and we spent the time in throwing up breastworks and preparing ourselves as best we could for the battle we felt sure would come very soon. I gave my

money and diary to Dr. Richard L. Cook, our surgeon, with instructions to send the same to my wife at Bangor, Me., in case I should be one to fall. Never did men work harder than the boys of the gallant old Eleventh to hold their position, never did they succeed better.

On the 31st, at daylight we formed in line and moved down on the left: soon a drizzling rain commenced falling. Here we built more breastworks by felling trees and throwing up earth embankments. At 9:30 a. m. firing commenced in our front. We remain behind our new works as a reserve while the shells go screaming over us. Some are killed and others wounded. We held our position there until 1:30 p. m., when the order came to "Charge," and we drove the enemy to his main line of works. As dark came on, all became quiet and remained so during the night. I was one of Company C placed on picket for the night, but for some cause unknown to me we were relieved in a short time by members of another company, G I think. Before daylight on the morning of April 1, the enemy stole up under cover of fog and darkness and captured a few of these pickets. I have often wondered if this would have happened had we not been relieved. Of course I think it might have been possible, but hardly probable. At daylight we were deployed and drove the enemy back to their works after considerable

hard fighting, in which our Major Baldwin was wounded. Brisk skirmishing was kept up all day, but when night came on all was again quiet.

At daylight on Sunday, the 2d, our regiment was formed in line and from its ranks about seventy-five men were detailed with orders to advance to the picket line and open the way for a charge by cutting away the abattis in front of the enemy's works. It was my fortune to be one of this detail, and under command of Lieutenant Payne of Company G, we advanced cautiously in conjunction with the picket line until within a short distance of the works, when like a flash of lightning came a volley of musketry, killing some and wounding others. Our commander gave orders to lie down, and we were not long in obeying, but we returned the fire at once and kept it up for some time. When the enemy seemed to weaken, we sprung to our feet and charged, and went over their main line of works at seven o'clock a. m., capturing quite a number of prisoners. After delivering them to the officers in charge, we moved on to join our regiment and came up just in time to take part in the assault on Forts Gregg and Baldwin directly in front of Petersburg. This was desperate hand-to-hand fighting. After Gregg was carried Baldwin's surrendered.

Among those killed at Hatcher's Run in the morning was my tent-mate, George A. Robbins, who was

as brave a soldier as ever fought for his country and the flag.

After our victory we camped for the night on the ground we had carried. Here we learned of the evacuation of Richmond. This news gave us much joy and new hope for a speedy close of the war. On Sunday night we got a much needed rest, and at daylight, Monday morning, we were in quite good condition to follow Lee's retreating army. The weather was fine and we moved off at a rapid pace, which was continued until the next Sunday. While this was a most severe march, we saw no fighting until the final conflict.

On the 5th, we arrived at Burksville Junction and bivouacked for the night. Here we captured some chickens and cooked a most excellent meal over our fire made from stolen rail fences. Our little Ed. Fox, of Company C, told an old planter that the Union must be preserved if it took the last chicken in the South.

On Friday, the 7th, the morning was quite rainy, but it cleared up in the afternoon. Very early in the day we moved on towards Farmville, where we arrived at two o'clock p. m. I shall never forget how proudly we marched into the town, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle," and our battle-torn colors floating grandly under the clear, blue sky. Here we halted until four p. m., when we once more took up the chase going towards Prince Edward county. Although very foot sore and many were compelled to fall out by sheer

exhaustion, we kept up the tramp nearly all night.

On Saturday morning at an early hour we were pleasantly surprised to learn that Sheridan's cavalry had captured a supply train, and that a victory of no small importance had been won by this gallant commander. [The capture of four trains of cars and the artillery was Saturday, late in the afternoon.—Ed.] As the result of this capture we received some Indian meal for our morning mush, which was a most delightful change from our dry hardtack, marked B. C., which meant when it was made as we boys used to say.

The weather was fine on the 8th, and we were urged on faster than ever, fully believing we should soon capture the enemy, whom we knew must be nearly played out by the discarded horses and wagons we passed on our march. Besides we had heard of communications having passed between Generals Grant and Lee in regard to terms of surrender.

On Saturday night, at 11:30, we halted until three o'clock Sunday morning, when orders were given to forward as fast as possible. As daylight comes on we are urged forward faster and faster until we finally break into a double-quick, and this we keep up for a long time. Soon we meet retreating cavalry-men and scouts shouting "Hurry up," as they come out of the woods: all is excitement! Something of great importance is at hand! On, on we rush! We

soon make a sharp turn and emerge from the woods to rising ground. Now shot and grape and canister begin to fall among us. Bravely led by our Colonel Hill we were ordered to charge, which we did, but the terrific fire of the enemy was so severe we were compelled to fall back, but soon reformed and advanced once more and were victorious, as we soon discovered the white flag displayed in our front. Our losses in this action were forty-five, seven being killed. I can now hear ringing in my ears the words of our brave little Captain Grafton Norris, uttered not more than ten minutes before the surrender. They were these, and uttered in a reverent but most emphatic manner: "In the name of God Almighty! boys, stand firm! This is our last fight!" He has long since fought his last fight and joined the Grand Army above. It was 9:30 o'clock when we first discovered the flag of truce and yell upon yell was passed along the line. "Lee has surrendered! Lee has surrendered!" Cheer upon cheer went up for a short time, but soon ceased, and the boys in blue grasped the hands of the boys in

grey, and each said to the other, "You fought us bravely and now let us have peace."

After the surrender our regiment remained on the ground until the 17th, doing guard duty during the paroling of Lee's army of 28,000 men. A heavy rain came on Sunday night and continued some time, making it impossible to get provisions fast enough for both armies, and 30,000 rations having been issued to our prisoners, we were left for about five days with scarcely anything to eat. As a consequence we named the place "Hungry Hollow," instead of Appomattox or Clover Hill as we first called it.

I now have a Spencer repeating cavalry carbine, marked "C. M." on the side of the stock, which I picked up soon after the surrender, also a piece of the root of the famous apple tree.

In the foregoing I have consulted my diary, which I kept day by day during my term of service, and I am sure my comrades will find what I have said will agree with their own experience during this most trying campaign of the Rebellion.

HENRY CLAY IN BATTLE.

By Martin V. Moore of Auburn, Ala., First North Carolina Confederate Cavalry.

I was present on a battle field when a most furious charge of the enemy's cavalry dispersed and put to flight an infantry regiment that

was attempting to hold the center of our line. The panic stricken footmen were dodging rapidly to the rear when an Irish surgeon at-

tached to another command rushed out in their front, threw up his hands, and endeavored to arrest the flight of a squad of fugitives. The doctor was a small man, but he had very impetuous ways. In wild and pleading ejaculations and rapid gesticulations, he called upon the soldiers to halt and stand their ground, and "to stand like men who had a glorious cause at stake." But the demoralized fellows rushed rearward, heedless of the doctor's eloquent appeals. "What troops are these?" cried the surgeon somewhat despairingly to another band of the whipped men as these came scampering fearfully by. "The —th Kentucky," was the prompt answer. "Kentuckians," shrieked the little doctor loudly, and in confidence, catching a note of inspiration from the word "Kentuckians." He repeated it: "I adjure you by the shade of Ashland,—by the glorious memory of Henry Clay, stand your ground and fight the battle valiantly; I beseech you in the name of the glorious Henry Clay."

At the same moment the surgeon threw out his arms in a violent yet paternal manner, squaring himself in the pathway in front of the fleeing men, and repeating the expression, "The glorious Henry Clay," he endeavored to turn the tide of retreat. But just then one of the men, a huge infantryman apparently from the back-woods, brought his musket down to a charge bayonet position, and made a fierce lunge at the opposing declaimer: and at the same time a fearful denunciation came from the lips of the fugitive: "D—n you and Henry Clay too! Git out of my way or I'll stick this bayonet right plum through you. Kaintucky caint fight sich thousands of cavalry as'll be on you in a minute." The doctor got out of the way, and in a hurry, too. And it was but a few moments ere Ireland was glad to join "Kentucky" in the flight for safety, leaving the "glorious memory of Henry Clay" as a delusion in front of the on-rushing squadrons of victorious cavalry.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES vs. STATE MILITARY HISTORIANS.

Colonel Higginson is undoubtedly a man of literary ability and vivid imagination as indicated by his published works, but his efforts to disparage regimental histories has proved a boomerang of such magnitude as to completely demolish his contempt for such histories;

while his own historic endeavor is so full of inaccuracies as to almost force the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to stop his pay. The following from the *Boston Journal* of January 29, 1896, is what General William H. Osborne well says:

"The Commonwealth of Massa-

achusetts ought not to pay their naval and military historian until he makes his history reasonably accurate and perfect.

“The first mistake, perhaps, was made in the choice of its historian. Last year we had quite a hearing before the Committee on Military Affairs, because Colonel Higginson had determined not to give the roster of the enlisted men on the rolls as well as that of the officers. He was very decided about it. The Department of the Grand Army took it up and was represented by comrades. When he was asked why he would not publish the names of the private soldiers and enlisted men, he said: ‘The rolls of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts are imperfect, and I cannot rely upon them.’ When asked why he didn’t consult the rolls of the war department, he said he had written for copies of them, but that the secretary of war had refused copies to be made for him by the department, and he could not get them.

“I said to him that if it were true that the rolls of the enlisted men in the adjutant-general’s office were imperfect, it was equally true that the roster of the officers was imperfect, but he was very strongly opinionated against the enlisted man.

“He held to the idea that because the governor commissioned a man it made him a superior being, which those who were in the service know very well was not always the fact. It is true that the com-

missioned officer of the regular army is an educated man, because he is compelled to graduate from the military academy at West Point, or to take a rigid examination as to his culture and his knowledge. But everybody knows that our officers were volunteers, and some of them were illiterate, which did not detract from their bravery perhaps. But how many officers since the war in the round of life have dropped out of sight, and are eking out a living in the most ordinary way! We know that there are such cases; but it apparently was not Colonel Higginson’s idea. A man was an officer, that was enough. He was a higher order of being than the ‘mere’ privates who in reality fought the war.

“When the colonel first started upon his work he sent out a circular to different regimental historians. I got one. In it he suggested the idea of placing some distinguishing mark against different officers, giving them a distinction beyond the rest. I wrote in reply, advising him not to undertake it, and I think that he took the advice. I believe that notion was abandoned, but when Colonel Higginson said of the government that he couldn’t get copies of the government rolls at Washington from the war department, which I have no doubt was true, I suggested to him that there had been various regimental histories published which gave very carefully revised and corrected rolls of the respective regiments whose deeds they record-

ed. I said that undoubtedly these would be of great assistance to him in supplying the defects in the original muster rolls of Massachusetts at the state house, because they were prepared by officers and members of the different regiments familiar with all the facts and the fate of the men whose names were given on the record. In other words, they had been looked up, and all the resources of the regiment had been made available, which gave them an especial value over anything that the state could furnish, or the war department either. But he wouldn't listen to such a thing: he pool-pooled at it; dismissed all the valuable work of those histories with a wave of his hand and treated them with actual contempt. Why? He said the writers were not historians.

•• Now, I want to say that when Colonel Higginson said he would not print the rolls of the Massachusetts soldiers, because he could not get copies of the government rolls at Washington, he offered no excuse whatever, for just this reason.

•• I say to you now that the Massachusetts rolls are imperfect—yes, but they are infinitely nearer perfection and more reliable than are the rolls at Washington, because they have been open to the veterans and comrades for all these years, and have been steadily corrected and revised during the last thirty years. They are better and more accurate rolls to-day than any that the Government can furnish, because the rolls of the war depart-

ment have had no such opportunity for correction or revision, and more than once have had to be corrected by the Massachusetts rolls in pension cases. Why, there was a gallant fellow in my own regiment, the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, who was killed at Spottsylvania. The record of his death is all right at home here, but he turned up in some way missing, then absent without leave and his poor old mother, when she applied for a pension, was confronted with the statement that her boy was a deserter. When we came to look up the facts, the truth came that he fell dead in action on the field of honor, and the evidence was materially supplied by those Massachusetts rolls, which recorded his death correctly. A man is walking the streets of Boston to-day who was recorded 'dead' on the rolls at Washington.

•• If I were to publish the rolls of my regiment, for instance, I would take an exact copy of the muster roll, and then I would go out among the comrades and locate each man. That is the only way that an authentic record can be obtained, and that is the work which every one of these regimental histories, with possibly but one exception, represents. Each one of them was the careful preparation of years, but Colonel Higginson, with a contemptuous wave of his hand, dismisses them and throws all their material away, matter which I say is invaluable to the accurate history of the State.

“We had that hearing and we went to Governor Greenhalge to get him to expostulate with the colonel. My committee went to see Higginson, but we couldn’t get anything done. The colonel declared that it was impossible to publish an accurate roll of the men who enlisted in the army or navy from Massachusetts, and when we asked him why, that was the only excuse he could give us and it was that which I have stated.

“I think if Colonel Higginson had taken the records of the various regiments, with the rolls as they are to date, he would have obtained something far more reliable than anything that has been published by the state.

“The adjutant-general, years ago, got copies of the war department rolls and they were published in the two big volumes. ‘Records of Massachusetts Volunteers,’ but they are full of mistakes, many of which have been corrected since in the regimental histories and in the revision of the muster roll. If the record shall be published as it is at the state house to-day it would be better than anything that could be done, but the state ought not to pay for this history until it is reasonably accurate and correct.”

COLONEL HIGGINSON’S WORK AT THE STATE HOUSE.

“Now, that’s only one of lots of funny things we have to encounter with the young women that Colonel Higginson has deputed to transcribe his record of the service

of our Massachusetts Volunteers,” said the veteran clerk in the adjutant-general’s office. “He has put a lot of girls at work upon his history, which the state is paying for, to take off soldier’s records. They know it all, you see, and they have gone right ahead to copy off the names just as they come on the lists, regardless of meaning or effect. Here is a sample :

“Now what,” she said sweetly, “what does ‘A. D.’ mean?”

“Where?” replied the patient state house veteran.

“Why, right here, after this man’s name,” said the fair amanuensis, pointing daintily with one pink finger pressed hard on the time-yellowed page of the muster-roll, while the end of her penholder beat a tattoo against her pearly teeth. “Don’t you see? ‘Columbus Smith, A. D.’”

“Colored troops,” was the laconic reply of the old soldier.

“Oh, but it doesn’t.”

“Yes, but it does.”

“I know it can’t.

“Why not?”

“Just because U. S. C. T. means colored troops: we’ve had that,” with womanly triumph.

“Oh, well, then: perhaps it means ‘Forty-first Ohio Regiment of Ambulance Drivers.’ How would that suit?”

“Oh, that’s it: I knew you would know; so much obliged,” and she started to fly.

“Hold on, there: hold on; wait a minute. I’ve got something at stake. Halt,” shouted the veteran,

aghast. "I can't have you going off like that, saying I told you so: just look at that again. Now suppose 'A. D.' does mean, just for example, you know, 'African descent,' what would you think then? Colored troops, isn't it?"

"Oh—h—h—h!" she said "I never thought of that."

Here's another:

A girl came to me and she says, "Why don't privates resign?"

"Because they don't," I said, but that didn't settle it.

"Well, here Charles Watson, First Lieutenant, he resigned, but Patrick O'Hara is just mustered out or discharged, or expiration of service, I don't see," and then we had to tell her that an enlisted man was one thing and a commissioned officer was quite another individual. The difficulty lies in this, that our General Court, instead of taking the material which lies at its hand in the state archives, and using the experience of old soldiers who know all the vernacular of those rolls because they were a part of them, and were in it from start to finish, goes outside and takes the work of girls who have grown up since the war, know nothing whatever of military records, and naturally have not the sympathy which the comrades would have. They ask all kinds of queer questions, but have gone right ahead with the simple copying of the rolls just as they stand. Our direction evidently is not desired, or we would have been invited.

Those rolls are full of errors

requiring study, research, and positive acquaintance to get at the true facts which alone can make such records valuable. That was the trouble with the two previous volumes—"Record of Massachusetts Volunteers." They were condemned, though it should be said that under the circumstances under which they were gotten up they have served their purpose pretty well. Men enlisted under assumed names, ages were wrongly given. Men of 48 or 50 gave their ages 42 or 44 to get within the limit for military duty and 60; boys of 14 claimed to be 18 for the same reason, and names were often transcribed incorrectly by the captains themselves from the enlistment books to the rolls under the exciting pressure of the time.

To show how little some of the girl copyists comprehend what they have undertaken, here is another incident. A girl wanted to know what company a colonel belonged to, and why it wasn't put down. She thought that every major, lieutenant-colonel, quartermaster, or adjutant ought to have his company attached to his name.

"It has taken about five hours a day," said the veteran wearily, "to make the girls understand what a 'parole camp' meant. They will persist in putting men down as prisoners, when they were not such at all. They haven't got through with that yet. I don't know as they ever will comprehend it. A man was put down as drowned in the Shenandoah near Charles-

ton, S. C., for instance, in 1865. It required some time to make the girl understand that this man could not have been a prisoner, and that there was such a place in the war time as Charleston, Va."

There were twenty errors in the individual records of the military service of the Massachusetts officers in four pages. He was shown sixteen marked biographies on two opened pages, in which he was informed that technical errors were discovered. The soldier is very tenacious of every event in his military record, and especially exacting as to the accuracy of his escutcheon. The records of Captain Jack Adams, General W. F. Bartlett, and many others were not correctly given in the biographies in the history. General Bartlett is credited to the Fourth Battalion, when he was in the Third. Men were, it was shown, enrolled as regular army officers in the new history, who were never in the regular service, but were officers of volunteers merely. There was the case of General John W. Kimball, a brave volunteer officer, with a gallant record, but who was not a regular army officer, and there were the names of quartermasters and staff officers mustered out in

the intervening years between 1862 and 1864, who never could have been commissioned in the regular service from the nature of things.

The second volume of the history is now issued, but the first volume still awaits revision because of the errors discovered. I wouldn't wonder for a rough guess if they approached a thousand from the opening to the close of the book in the first volume.

The state of Massachusetts has one of the most complete and valuable collections of archives to be found in any state in New England, certainly. The rolls of Massachusetts soldiers in the Revolution, War of 1812, Mexican war, and the Rebellion, with those of the militia from 1780 to the present time, and all the correspondence of the war are to be found in the fire-proof room in the basement of the state house extension, properly indexed and arranged, to be obtained at a moment's notice. The wonder among old soldiers is why was not this availed of to a greater degree than is declared to have been the case in the preparation of the present history, of which only the second volume has thus far appeared.

THE BOYS OF '61.

[A paper read before the Commandery of the State of Maine, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, May 6, 1896, by Selden Connor, Brigadier General of Volunteers].

Not very long ago I received a communication from an old soldier comrade who informed me that he had been appointed a committee of one of his post of the Grand Army to select an orator for Memorial Day. "I racked my brain," wrote he, "trying to think of somebody and finally I thought of you." As the result of a similar cerebral agitation I arrived at the theme of the simple and brief story I have to present to you this evening. It is the first paper our persistent and energetic committee has succeeded in goading me to attempt, and I therefore thought I would commence logically and as children, the best judges of stories, always require their entertainers to do, "at the very beginning." I have no apology to make for writing largely "in the first person." Although my subject is a collective one I consider that I can best treat it by telling the story of that one of the boys of '61 I know best, believing that it is typical of a large number of his comrades, and that the personal "saga," the plain narrative of individual experience, is of the greatest human interest and the best material for history.

I cast my first vote in September, 1860. Although it was the state election my vote virtually counted for Lincoln and Hamlin. Immediately after that election I was in-

duced by two college friends in Woodstock, Vermont, one the teacher of the high school, and the other, a law student, to go to that beautiful village, known throughout the state as "Woodstock Green," and begin my law studies in the same office with my friend.

Vermont duly rejoiced at the election of Lincoln, and then settled down to its usual quiet course. It is true that what with states seceding, senators and representatives withdrawing from congress, the air filled with direful threats, prophecies of evil and all manner of "inductions dangerous," with much argument as to the "nature of the compact" and the true meaning of the constitution, and misty with innumerable propositions, devices, and suggestions for averting the imminent calamity,—the political situation was interesting, not to say lively.

Still it seemed to be only a sharp game of politics differing in degree and intensity, but not in kind, from the same old game that had been played so many years. In fact the game had been for some years of an exceedingly intense and sensational character, and had been accompanied with bloodshed on the prairies of Kansas and on the floor of the Senate. To the student of history it may seem strange that the people of the North did not

foresee the catastrophe to which the long, bitter struggle was swiftly tending and make preparation to meet it. But that people were of various minds, and the events were as yet but leading up to that near day and occasion that should weld them together as one man and inspire them with one purpose, one glorious enthusiasm, one invincible determination. As I recall those days it seems to me that there was no marked apprehension of an approaching cataclysm in the affairs of the country. To Republicans the culmination of the strenuous political conflict seemed to have been reached in the election of Lincoln and the triumph of their party; that the demonstrations of the beaten party were intended to intimidate the victors sufficiently to procure concessions from them; and that when the President should have been inaugurated all opposition would cease or matters would be accommodated somehow as they had been in the past.

At any rate the war cloud was not dark enough to cast any gloom on the cheerful pages of Blackstone or to so darken the moon as to prevent sleighing, coasting, and skating with the Vermont girls when opportunity offered itself. Referring to "the records," however, it appears that I was not entirely oblivious of the ferment that was going on in the country, especially in the South. One evening in January when my room-mates had left our quarters to quiet and to me the unwonted solitude had the effect to

set me to developing, so to speak, a few verses which I sent to *Vanity Fair*, the American *Punch* of that day, whose cartoons illustrating the political situation were very powerful and attracted much attention. I quote them here, not to establish my fame as a poet but to show the spirit of the time and the accuracy of my prophetic vision. They were written apropos of the secession of South Carolina and appeared in the issue of *Vanity Fair* for the first week of February. Having in mind the formula that introduces the moral of the fables in the Latin studies of my school days I styled my little fable

HAEC FABULA DOCET.

A slender vine on an old oak hung
And clasped its scaly rind;
From trunk to top its pennons flung
And laughed to scorn the wind.

And men, who passed the way along,
Admired, and oft would speak
Of the kindly law that gave the strong
To aid and shield the weak.

Indeed it was as fair a sight
As any in the land,
To see the puny parasite
Upborne by tree so grand.

One day the vine in anger said,
"My tendrils I'll untie—
ALONE, aloft I'll rear my head
And leave the oak to die."

The winds were out, and strong they grew
And hurtled through the air;
They whistled and blew the old oak through
And laid its branches bare.

The tempest ceased; its rage was o'er;
Gaily the sun did shine;
The sturdy oak stood as before—
Low lay the lifeless vine.

The prophesy of my muse was based upon the contingency of per-

sistence on the part of the vine rather than a belief that it had let go for good. The contingency became reality; the winds were out in great force, the Union stood the shock, and South Carolina was laid low.

Even after the inauguration there could have been little expectation of serious trouble, any, at least, likely to affect me personally, because I was then making plans for the summer vacation. I proposed to an old college friend in Worcester that he join me in a trip to Moosehead lake. He waited until the first call for troops and then answered my invitation by an invitation to me to join the Worcester company of militia in which he had enlisted. The firing on Sumter April 12, and the president's call on the 15th for 75,000 troops, brought on a new order of things. It seemed as if the people had suddenly started up broad-awake from a deep slumber. Their thoroughly aroused indignation and patriotism could find no expression that seemed adequate. "The boys" found some vent for their feelings in perambulating the streets far into the night, singing with more zeal than melody, "Dixie," "We'll Hang Jeff Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," and such snatches of the old patriotic songs as any of them could remember. In a letter to a member of my family, dated the 16th, I wrote, "It is dull music, this law business, in such stirring times as have fallen upon us. Woodstock, in common with the

rest of the North, is alive to the realities that now face us. The war news produced a real intoxication. The only question is, 'Are you going to the war?' The 'Woodstock Light Infantry,' Captain Washburne, the senior member of the firm in whose office I am reading, the oldest and best company in the state, are making preparations to respond to the requisition. We learn to-night that four regiments are ordered from Massachusetts. While I write, 8 p. m., Captain Washburne and his lieutenants are in the back office holding a 'council.' They have just received an order from Governor Fairbanks granting them a full supply of the new rifle-muskets. I try to read law but I fear that I do not fully apprehend the text as I turn the leaves over, for visions of 'bristling bayonets' and 'ensanguined fields' often blur the print."

As soon as the call was made I was eager to enlist, although none of my friends and associates in the town—with the exception of Captain Washburne—belonged to the "Light Infantry" or proposed to join it. I wrote home for permission and as soon as I received a God-speed signed by all my family I enrolled myself in the company. I do not remember the exact date of my enlistment, but I find in a letter of mine dated April 23, that reference is made to my having enlisted. The motive that impelled me to enlist was that common to most of the soldiers of the Union Army—the desire to avenge the

insult to the flag and to maintain the integrity of the Union. It was, no doubt, sensibly intensified by the less laudable, perhaps, but no less human eagerness to take advantage of the opportunity to vindicate the quality of Yankee manhood and courage against the aspersions that Southerners were accustomed to cast upon it, boastfully arrogating the equality in prowess of one son of chivalry to anywhere from three to ten of the "Northern scum," according to the enthusiasm of the occasion. Like most of my comrades I was not an Abolitionist, but a Lincoln Republican, opposed to the extension of slavery but not advocating a crusade against it. Not that I thought of slavery as other than a blot on our civilization and a hindrance to the progress of our country, an institution injurious alike to slave and master, but love for the Union made its welfare the first consideration, and for that sake I was willing to see slavery let alone in its ancient habitat to await the chances of the future.

The thirst for glory and the novelty of the soldier's life would not have been sufficient of themselves to induce me to enlist. As a boy I had read and re-read with breathless interest Headley's glowing stories of Washington and his generals, and Napoleon and his marshals, and I had the fondness common to most boys for recitals of all sorts of adventures on land and sea.

As a boy I had cheered for the

victories of Winfield Scott and "Old Zach" in far-off Mexico, and had gazed in awe and admiration on the one bronzed veteran who visited my native town immediately after the war, as a hero who had no doubt often personally encountered Santa Anna in the red glare of battle. I had never, however, seen more of the pomp and circumstance of war than that attending the holiday parade of a single company of militia, and had never had a temptation or an opportunity to indulge in the delights of drill. The outdoor, gypsy life of the soldier had positive and strong attractions for me. I did not "go for a soldier" out of "pure gaiety of heart," as the French say, in a light and careless spirit, but soberly and advisedly, as they are advised to do who contemplate entering the matrimonial arena. Impelled primarily by a sense of patriotic duty to enter the ranks, the secondary considerations were such as to make the thought of becoming a soldier full of delightfully thrilling sensations and anticipations. I felt as if I were "lining up" with the men of '76 and the legions that so nobly illustrated American valor at Buena Vista and Palo Alto, and had pleasurable visions of dwelling in the "tented field" and of bivouacs—how finely that word sounded once, and what a chill it strikes to the marrow now—in the forest, by noble rivers, or on lonely hillsides, —of lodging like Walter Scott's soldier:

"The heath this night shall be my bed,
The bracken curtain to my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread."

I had, too, some curiosity, if not ardent longing, to ascertain experimentally the sensation of facing death in battle and, perhaps, in the background of my day dreams there was the outline of a hope that some "glint of glory" might strike my helmet. The whole loyal people were in a state of highly wrought exultation, and it is hardly conceivable that the boys who came to the front could have maintained an exceptionally philosophic frame of mind. The "Woodstock Light Infantry" was an old company of the militia, and naturally enough its personnel underwent a rapid change as soon as there appeared to be a prospect of active service. The infirm, those who had married a wife, all who had too much stomach for the march or too little for the fight, fell out promptly and their places were speedily filled by men from Woodstock and the surrounding towns. The company was soon filled to its maximum and numbered 73 enlisted men and 3 officers, as good men and true as ever shouldered a musket. The average age of the 76 was 26 years. Forty-one were 24 and under. The youngest was 18, and the oldest man 43. No time was lost in preparing for service. Recruits were measured for their uniforms as fast as they came in, and were put to drill at once. Every day and all day we were exercised: in the street when the weather was fair,

in the armory when it was rainy. We had a great variety of drill,—set-up, school of the soldier and of the company, bayonet exercise, skirmish drill, goose step, common time and double quick. We were drilled a part of the time in Scott's tactics, which had come down from the great Frederick and Napoleon. The Scott drill was very showy, especially the marching by the flank in two ranks with lock step, musket at the "carry," the butt resting in the left hand at the hip. We were drilled chiefly, however, in "Hardee," and we were well and thoroughly drilled. Our first sergeant, Sweet, had been a long time in the company, and was an enthusiastic soldier and a fine drill officer. He was a shoemaker and always kept his musket handy, so that when he became cramped at the bench he might "limber up" by putting himself through the manual. At the close of our three months' service Sergeant Sweet was commissioned a captain in the regular army.

We had also as a drill officer while at Woodstock Cadet Ayros, a Jersey boy, from the Vermont Military Academy at Norwich, as soldierly a young fellow as any West Pointer, and an accomplished drill officer. The next time I met him after our parting at Woodstock was when our brigade at Gettysburg, coming onto the field immediately upon our arrival after the long march of the Sixth corps, formed in rear of the Third corps. Ayros, who was then adjutant-gen-

eral of Mott, a brigade commander of the Third corps, was swept back with a crowd of broken troops. I recognized him and asked him what was the matter. "All gone to h— and the rebs are close at our heels," was the reply. But the Twelfth corps, whom we had seen double-quicking as we came on the field, had arrived in time to give moral support and the Third corps held its ground. The last time I saw Ayros was on the Sunday before the army set out on the Campaign of the Wilderness. I had been calling on my friend, Colonel West of the Seventeenth Maine, and he rode home with me. On the way back we picked up Ayros who came along with us. We were speculating on the chances of the campaign opening and Ayros said, "I don't care how soon it opens or what becomes of me. I have just been home on leave and things did not go right there." Before the next Sunday he fell shot through the head, and Colonel West and I both were wounded.

In a home letter of that time I find that "The company marched to Dr. Clement's church (Orthodox) and were addressed in a real '76 patriotic sermon," and I add, "I saw a great many eyes glisten and some of the congregation sobbed outright." In the same letter I wrote, "The whole village is a military camp. Even the women and the little girls are at work to help us off." I remember how full of zeal the ladies were supplying us with articles useful and other-

wise. I think I had three "have-locks." The common impression was that the sunbonnet invented by the great soldier of India was an almost indispensable article in the torrid climate of Virginia. We tried hard to think them useful and comfortable but gave it up after a short trial.

As an instance of the general good will, John Pynx, a young blacksmith with whom I had a very slight acquaintance, presented me with a formidable "bowie" made by him from a file, in order that I might be properly "heeled" for the close work we were expecting or *expected* to encounter.

By industrious application and hard work under the exceptionally efficient instruction of Sergeant Sweet and Cadet Ayros we had arrived at a fairly good condition of discipline and drill when the long expected order came to repair to the rendezvous of the regiment at Rutland. The whole village assembled on "The Green" to see us off. Jacob Collamore, a well known senator from Vermont, a citizen of Woodstock, gave us a send-off in a patriotic speech, and final leaves were taken over and again. Captain Washburne, in a voice somewhat husky and emotional, called for "three cheers for the homes we leave behind us," and then we mounted the wagons that were to take us over the mountains and across the state, and started to "put down the Rebellion," fearing a little that it might be squelched before we got there, cheering and

cheered till we were out of range. Everywhere along the road we were received with hearty acclamations, fervent good wishes, and emphatic injunctions to "wipe out the rebels."

One little scene remains as a picture in my memory. Near the top of the Green mountains a 7 x 9 school-house stood near the road and in front of it was a bevy of school children, boys and girls, decked out with red, white, and blue, and two little fellows with fife and drum played "Yankee Doodle" for all they were worth, while the rest of the party cheered and waved their handkerchiefs. It struck me that they were genuine descendants of the Ethan Allen stock.

At Rutland we were encamped with the other companies of the regiment, in "Sibley" tents on a meadow near the town. The regiment was organized with J. W. Phelps as colonel, and our Captain Peter T. Washburne as lieutenant-colonel. Of Colonel Phelps Butler says in his book,—"Among the regiments that came to me was the First Vermont, under the command of Colonel Phelps formerly of the regular army. He was one of the best soldiers I ever saw and the finest man in every relation of life that I ever met, except one. He was an abolitionist of the most profound, energetic, and forth-putting type."

Colonel Washburne was one of the ablest lawyers in Vermont. He served only through the three-months term of the regiment. He was adjutant-general of Vermont

for 1864, 1865, and 1866, and subsequently governor of the state. The regiment in line looked somewhat like a patchwork quilt. Each company had its own style of uniform. Some were grey, some blue, and others a combination. There were dress coats, frock coats, and jackets. The uniform of our company was neat and becoming, but stiff and old-fashioned grey throughout, dress coat with white facings, a broad white stripe on the trousers, grey chasseur cap. We had no blouse or undress coat, and therefore had to drill and work in full dress. The regiment was armed with new Springfield rifles fitted for the "Maynard Primer" which was never used so far as I know. We were regularly equipped with knapsacks, haversacks, and canteens.

From our going into camp on the 2d until our departure we were kept busy with drills, reviews, parades, and guard-mountings. The camp attracted everybody, apparently, from the city and surrounding country: it was thronged with visitors, men, women, and children. Their attentions gave the boys a little joke on me. One evening at roll-call they heard one of the spectators say: "Do you mind that tall fellow on the right? He is an Irishman. His name is Connor. I heard the name called plainly."

Thinking it a good thing to do in order to toughen ourselves for the work and hardships before us, some of us took a morning bath in a brook that ran near the camp.

As a natural result I took a severe cold. The effects of that imprudent bath lasted for six months.

On the 9th of May the regiment was mustered into the service of the United States by Lieutenant Colonel Rains of the regular army. The next day we took a train for New York. At Troy the regiment marched past the residence of General Wool, and was reviewed by that veteran of the Mexican war from the steps of his house. At Albany, an old friend of my college days, John Flagg, subsequently mayor of his city, found me and so loaded me down with smokables and edibles that for a time I was very popular in my company. On our arrival in New York we marched, company front, down Broadway to the Park Barracks. Every man had a sprig of evergreen in his cap to mark him as a "Green Mountain boy," and felt that it was incumbent on him to bear himself worthily of his illustrious forefathers. Just enough regiments had preceded us to excite the patriotic enthusiasm of New York to the highest pitch of enthusiasm in welcoming us. The whole length of our route down Broadway the sidewalks were packed with people shouting, yelling, cheering, "hi-hi-ing," waving flags and handkerchiefs, and making such demonstrations as only a New York crowd is capable of doing.

Bunner, in his poem before the Society of the Army of the Potomac last year, well described the reception—of which that to us was a good

example—New York gave to the passing regiments :

The cheers of the crowd rise around them,
 And run in a rattling roar
 Down on each side the column
 And out like a fire before.
 It swells by their side to a thunder
 That hushes the beat of their feet,
 It catches their cadence of marching,
 And rolls it ahead down the street ;

Down the whole length of the roadway
 Through the throng of the thousands that
 wait,
 Down goes the heralding thunder
 As the troops march on in state.
 And down where the Battery breezes
 Are blowing through Bowling Green.
 The men of New York are cheering
 The troops that they have not seen.

Such an experience is memorable for a life-time. The distinguished position I occupied on the right of the company subjected me to some exceptional hardships,—the common lot of greatness. The gutter was slanting and slippery and the crowd sometimes pressed upon us who were on the flank so that we had to fend them off or break files. A heavy and unaccustomed knapsack pulling at my chest, together with the miseries of my cold, made breathing an act of heroic effort. Broadway seemed a very long way as well. Before we were half way to the barracks I would have swapped the rest of the glory for a seat in any old hack, and given something to boot. We were quartered that night at the Park barracks. The next day we had leave to go where we pleased until a certain hour when there would be a roll-call. First Sergeant Sweet invited several of the company to go to

Castle Garden with him where Colonel Rush Hawkins, a Vermonter and an old acquaintance of his, was drilling his Zouaves. As we entered the gallery the Zouaves drilling on the floor greeted us with cheers for "Vermont." When we went away they geyed us good naturedly on our "steel-pen" coats, which were in such marked contrast to their easy jackets. A few weeks later Hawkins' Zouaves joined us at Newport News. It was the only regiment I remember to have seen marching to the music of a corps of buglers. I consider the old fife and drum the proper instruments for infantry, and I am glad to see that our army is getting back to them after a trial of trumpets.

At five o'clock in the evening of the 11th the First Vermont embarked on the steamer *Alabama* for Fort Monroe. In a letter home, written with a pencil on a sheet of paper bearing the flag and shield in red, white, and blue, with the legend, "It shall be defended"—a good specimen of the patriotic stationery of those days—and headed "On board the *Alabama*, May 13, 1861," I wrote as follows:

"Here we are off the coast of Delaware or Virginia somewhere on our way to Fort Monroe, which we expect to reach at six to-night. We started from New York at five last night; have had beautiful weather, notwithstanding which nearly all have been sick, myself among the rest. I don't feel much like writing, but a messenger will return by this steamer and there is

no regular communication with the Fort, and I thought I would drop you a line to inform you that 'I still live,' though somewhat uncomfortably. I was sick when I came on board, and the swells and motions of the steamer are not invigorating in their tendencies. There was almost a mutiny on board last night. The men were tired, sick, hungry, and sleepy, and no adequate arrangements had been made for our comfort. I wrapped myself in my blanket and lay down to try to sleep on the open deck; but Colonel Washburne found me and made me share his own state-room, where I slept soundly the rest of the night."

We did not arrive that night but some time the following day. The captain could not find the entrance to Chesapeake bay in the night for the good reason that the lights on Capes Charles and Henry had been extinguished by the rebels. I remember all the miseries of that voyage, and especially how perverted the odors of tobacco smoke and coffee became to my blunted sense of smell. Those exhalations so fragrant to the nominal sense were transmuted to the vilest stenches of imagination.

At the Fort we found the little garrison of regulars, 350 strong, and the Third and Fourth Massachusetts regiments, which had preceded us a few days. We pitched our tents first in the close confines of the water battery, but the space was so narrow and the location so inconvenient that after a few days we left our tents and occupied the Hygeia

Hotel which had been thoroughly dismantled by its owners so that we had to sleep on the floor, which was no improvement on the sand we had left. Our cook-tents were pitched in the front yard.

Referring to a letter written May 19 I find that we were real soldiers at that early period of our service,—full of growls at the “grub.” It seems to have been my good fortune to contribute something to the amelioration of the bill of fare. The letter says,—“We have two cooks to a company. I posted ours on baking beans in woods style, and the men are eager for more of ‘Connor’s beans’ after one trial.” I was considerate enough to add that we expected coarse food, but that it would be wholesome and sufficient in quantity,—that the full army ration would be satisfactory if we could only get it. The sea air and the unwonted exercise gave us stalwart appetites. Besides drills, parades, and guard duty with the regulars, there was the heavy fatigue, dragging “columbiads” to their place of mounting, carrying water and rations, policing, etc. Dress parades were held on the broad, level parade inside the fort. The beauty of the parade and its surroundings and the effective lighting up of the long line of bayonets by the low sun striking across the ramparts made the spectacle one of the most pleasing in my memory. It was very interesting to me to be on duty as a private with regular soldiers. They were quiet, orderly, thoroughly disciplined men and did

their duty promptly and cheerfully. The non-commissioned officers put on no disagreeable airs of authority: at the same time they gave orders as if they expected to be obeyed, and they were.

The 23d of May the First Vermont made the first reconnoissance made by any Union force into rebel territory. It had been rumored that General Magruder was assembling a rebel force at Hampton, a few miles from the fort, and Colonel Phelps was ordered by Colonel Dimick, the commandant of the fort, to take his regiment and investigate. At the first halt, Colonel Phelps, fearing perhaps that our short experience on the drill ground had not fully prepared us for the conditions of active service, called out in his high, thin voice, “If we have to form line you’ll have to do it just as if there were no fences or anything in the way.” As we marched along the road we were reminded of the stories of Concord and Lexington by seeing men unharness the horses with which they were plowing, mount them, and ride away to give warning of our approach. Presently a young man wearing a military cap and mounted on a fiery, white steed came down the road galloping furiously, drew up by the colonel’s side and addressed him in a very excited manner, asking the meaning of this “invasion.” The colonel answered that his intentions were entirely peaceful and that nobody would be hurt unless we were attacked. “I presume,” said the herald, “that

you will grant us the usage of war and give us time to remove the women and children." "Oh, let them stay," replied the colonel in his benevolent manner. "we want to see them, too." The Virginian thereupon put spurs to his horse and rode back as furiously as he came. In a few minutes a dense cloud of smoke arose towards Hampton and the right company, which was the Swanton, was sent forward at the double-quick. They found that tar had been poured over the planks in the middle of the bridge leading to Hampton, and fired. The fire was extinguished by the time the regiment came up and it marched across without any halting or hesitation. At the farther end of the bridge a small howitzer was lying in the mud where it had apparently been dumped when it was seen that we meant business. As we marched into the town there was evidence of fear of the Yankees, in the wagons hastily loaded with household articles. We learned afterwards that the inhabitants generally expected to be "butchered" by the barbarians, and that the women and children were terror-stricken, and hid everywhere. At the business centre of the town the regiment was halted, brought to a front, and arms were ordered. The darkies were grinning as if they enjoyed the situation, and the white men looked very black and tried to put on an unconcerned air as if they did not see any Yankees. Colonel Phelps, who had once been stationed at the fort, met and talked with several acquaintances, and

then, after a few minutes' occupation of the town, faced us about and led us back. We were rather disappointed, not having found any rebels in arms, but we had rendered a service and for a time we had enjoyed the thrill of expectation of a "scrimmage."

On our return we encamped, with several other regiments, on the shore of the mainland between the fort and Hampton. The only incident of that encampment was a call to arms caused by some mischievous or cantankerous mule on a "midnight tear." None of the other regiments had ammunition, so a loud cry went up from them all of "Turn out, Vermont."

In the meantime General Butler had taken command, and by his order the First Vermont, Fourth Massachusetts, and the "Steuben Rifles," a German regiment from New York city, on the 27th of May embarked on steamers at the fort and were taken to Newport News, where we at once set about establishing the entrenched camp named after our commander, Camp Butler. It was a beautiful spot when we landed. Surmounting the scarp'd bank, covered with trees and shrubs, at the foot of which copious springs welled out all along the bank, making it a favorite watering-place for the men-of-war, we came to a broad, level field covered with tall, waving wheat. The house of Mr. West, the owner of the field, was the only building in sight. We pitched our tents in the midst of

the wheat, and in a few hours there was a poor outlook for a crop. The place has undergone many changes since that day. Now it is the site of a flourishing new city and the terminus of a great coal railroad; and where the skill of the oysterman used to be tied there is a great ship-building plant, where they build battle-ships cheaper than anywhere else in the whole country. The field works, traced by an engineer officer, were nearly crescent in form, both flanks resting on the river. On the bank there was a small battery of siege guns to protect the water front. My company flattered itself that its portion of the field-work was the best on the line. We cut and "toted" for a long distance hard pine logs nearly a foot through, and stood them on end close together in a trench, to form the revetment. The embankment was six feet high, with a banquette. The earth was solidly tamped down, and the ditch, seven feet deep and fifteen feet wide at the top, was set with sharp pointed stakes for spitting intruders.

This was our home during the remaining two months and more of our service. We had the usual round of drills, guard duty, fatigue inspections, and an occasional review, in preparation for which we early mastered the art of stuffing knapsacks with paper. The bathing was fine, and it was as good as an opera to visit the German camp and hear the fine singing which was going on in the street

of some company every evening, in which every man of the company took part. Small scouting parties, under an officer or non-commissioned officer, were allowed to range the country in our front, and these expeditions were very popular because of the chance of adventure, of foraging for tomatoes and other vegetables through the abandoned "truck" gardens, and of getting buttermilk and "pone" at the farm-houses.

A party of our company one day made a sad discovery—the body of Dana Whitney, a member of the company, lying in the road riddled with buckshot. He was detailed in the quartermaster's office, and that day he and the quartermaster of the German regiment had procured mounts and were riding along the road when they were bushwhacked. Whitney fell, and the German escaped by leaving his horse and taking to the bush. In the report of the adjutant-general of Vermont, the "casualties" of the regiment are reported as "6 deaths—5 disease, 1 accident." Poor "Dane"! I wonder where he comes in. Was that charge of buckshot a "disease," or an "accident"?

There were 13 of us in our "Sibley" tent—all "six-footers." We had a brush shade in front, with broad seats under it—a true Southern "po'ch." The ration question we settled by sending to New York for groceries, and supplementing the cook's rations by cooking for ourselves in a very

successful oven which we had constructed of brick and clay. Some of the mess were ambitious amateur cooks, and regarded nothing in the culinary line as impossible. We were hospitable within our limits, and the rest of the company, therefore, had no occasion to be envious of our enterprise.

A section of Greble's Battery, that had been sent with us from the fort, was retained for the protection of the angles of our works. The force of regulars at the fort was so small that a sufficient number of men to man these guns could not be spared, and therefore twenty-four men were detailed from the First Vermont to learn the artillery drill, under Corporal Peoples of the battery. Peoples was a good-looking young Irishman who had been some time in the service—a quiet, modest fellow, and an efficient and faithful soldier. Later in the war he was commissioned a lieutenant in the regular service. I had a call from him in 1861 or '65, when I was in Douglass hospital, and his plain straps seemed to have transformed him into "a bigger man than old Grant."

I thought I was lucky to be put on the detail, because, although we had to drill five hours a day, I wanted to learn the drill, and our detail was exempt from all other duty, and there was a good deal of shovel and pickaxe work going on just then. Perhaps I was lucky, on the whole, but I questioned my good luck when a collision of my

elbow with the sight of the piece a few days before "Big Bethel" so benumbed my arm that I could not handle a rifle for some time, and was in consequence prevented from marching with my company to that inglorious field. Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne, who was to command the Camp Butler contingent of the attacking force, sent for me the evening before the expedition was to start at an early hour of the morning, to come to his tent and take care of it in his absence. I assisted—as a listener merely—at a consultation Colonel Washburne had that evening with several officers who were to accompany him, among them Major Theodore Winthrop, who was so soon to fall.

The next day we heard the guns, and pictured to ourselves the horrible slaughter that was going on and the wild rush of our boys over the rebel works. Towards evening I saw my company marching into its street, and with it was a wagon that seemed heavily laden. I went with slow, hesitating steps to meet them, fearful that some of my closest comrades might be among the dead and wounded, who had probably been brought back in the wagon. On a nearer approach it seemed more like a peddler's cart than an ambulance. The load was the miscellaneous stock of some country store—the "spoil of war"—everything from a saddle to a hoop skirt. The boys were all there, tired, but in good spirits. All there but *one*. Reub Parker did not answer at roll-call. At

first there was little anxiety on his account. Perhaps he had got separated from the company in some way, and would come in later. Days and weeks passed, and there was no sign of his existence, and he was given up as probably killed in action. At home his funeral sermon was preached and his family put on mourning. One day two red-legged "Louisiana Tigers" came into camp under a white flag, and brought Reub with them in exchange. He had been taken a prisoner to Richmond, and had the honor to be the first guest of the Hotel de Libby. He was looking as well as ever, and had many stories to tell us of the curiosity of the people to see the Yankee, and of the uncourteous remarks addressed to him by his visitors.

On the march out there was a lively incident, which was probably considered tragical by some of the participants. As the regiment was passing by a fine house in the gray of the morning, the owner, a rebel officer, who happened to be at home, was so angered at the sight of the Yankee invaders that he seized a rifle and fired at the column, the shot doing no other damage than perforating Sergeant Sweet's trousers. The column halted, and Adjutant Stevens and a squad of men burst into the house, and finding the officer, who had, with more pluck than discretion, challenged so unequal a contest, the adjutant, a tall, powerful man, seized him by the collar, and, holding him off, gave him a sound

kicking. The men, in the meantime, put a feather-bed under the piano and set fire to it, and then the march was resumed, lighted up by the burning house.

Big Bethel was a blunder, for which Ben Butler was primarily responsible. He tries, in his book, to shift the responsibility, but the memorandum of his arrangements which he gives is sufficient to convict him. Still, if there had been any soldier, like Greble or Winthrop, in command, the expedition would, no doubt, have been successful.

After Big Bethel there was no special excitement at our post. The usual routine was observed, and regiments came and went. Usually there were four or five regiments in the camp. Rumors of great things to come were as plentiful as in after days of the war. Now, General Butler was to be largely reënforced for an expedition against Yorktown or Richmond. Again, there was to be a combined military and naval movement against Norfolk, our neighbor across the bay. Occasionally there was a "scare" that an expedition was preparing at Norfolk against us: but the *Merrimack's* time had not yet come.

As the expiration of our term of service grew near, there was a project for sending us to the eastern peninsula, Northampton and Accomac counties, but for some reason it was not carried out.

On the 4th of August the regiment embarked on the steamers

Ben de Ford and *S. R. Spaulding* for New Haven. Thence it was conveyed by rail to Brattleboro, Vt., where it arrived late in the evening of the 7th. The muster-out was delayed for several reasons—among them the important one of the non-arrival of the paymaster—and was not made until the 15th and 16th, so that we served nearly four months from the commencement of drill in the companies. We were paid off in gold by Major Thomas H. Halsey, and then the First Vermont Infantry ceased to exist and its component members scattered, to return to the field—the greater number of them—in other organizations. Six hundred of them re-enlisted, and two hundred and fifty became commissioned officers. Of the Woodstock company one attained the rank of brigadier-general of volunteers, another became colonel of the Sixth Vermont, seven were captains, and ten lieutenants.

One of the proprietors of the grocery store we frequented when the company was organizing and drilling was Mr. Daniel Stearns, an old Mexican soldier, and formerly a resident of Skowhegan. "It makes me laugh," he used to say to us, "to hear you boys talking of getting out after your three months' service. You'll find that when you have begun to follow the drum you will have to keep on just as long as the music holds out." And we found it so.

For myself, I had greatly en-

joyed my initiation into the soldier's life. I was glad that I had begun by carrying a musket, and had received so good a training as a soldier in the ranks. The spirit of *camaraderie* was strong in the company, and there never was any strife or bickering among its members. I had a friendly regard for them all, and I made many friends, too, in other companies of the regiment. In the course of the war I met many of my comrades of the First Vermont. On the way to Gettysburg we marched past the Sixteenth Vermont, which under Veazey did such gallant service on that field, halted by the roadside, and three or four old mess-mates in the First Vermont, officers of the Sixteenth, came out to see me. There was but one opportunity in the company for promotion, caused by the resignation of a lieutenant, and the advancement of the non-commissioned officer left a vacancy for a corporal, which was filled by my appointment. On being mustered out the offer was made me of a captaincy in Colonel Stoughton's regiment then forming. I declined, because I proposed to return to the field with men of my own state. Several weeks before the expiration of my service I was informed that a company had been raised in my native town—Fairfield—and that I had been chosen captain, and I was urged to get my discharge and take the company at once. I preferred, for some reason, to serve out my enlistment. I arrived in Augusta the

21st of August, and learned that my company had been assigned to the Seventh Maine and that, by some misunderstanding, both Captain T. W. Hyde, of the Bath company, and I had been elected major. Governor Washburn arranged the matter by appointing me lieutenant-colonel. The Seventh was mustered in the next day, and left for Baltimore where I joined it a fortnight afterwards.

The first instalment of the boys of '61—the 75,000 of the president's first call—constituted a lim-

ited association, which was considered to have an option on putting down the Rebellion in ninety days. The new association was practically unlimited; there was a chance for everybody who wanted to help and was willing to stand by the Union for three years at least. The events of the three months had given a more serious aspect to the situation. Yet with equal readiness the second instalment of volunteers enlisted under the flag, to suffer and to die under it, or to triumph with it.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

By William A. Ellis, of the University.

In order to understand the honorable part borne by Norwich University in the Civil War, we will give a short sketch of its history.

The university was founded in 1819, at Norwich, Vt., by Captain Alden Partridge, who had been superintendent of West Point for a number of years. Captain Partridge had long felt that a military school similar to West Point was needed, and would be a benefit to the country, as the National academy admitted only a limited number of students. He wanted one whose doors would be open to young men of the whole country, where they could receive an education that would fit them to command, in time of need, the hastily

raised troops of a great and growing nation.

Captain Partridge having received donations of land, as well as financial support, from the citizens of Norwich, determined to establish the school there, it being his native town. In 1819-'20 commodious buildings were erected at Norwich, and classic Dartmouth had a rival in war-like Norwich, across the placid Connecticut. The school was then known as the "American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy," but was called by the army men "Captain Partridge's School." The academy was very popular, and the students came from all sections of the country to receive instruction.



OLD UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, AT NORWICH.

The academic work was of the same grade as that pursued by the other New England colleges, but differed in this respect,—that no fixed time was laid down in which to complete a course. It simply depended upon the ability of the man.

In 1825 Captain Partridge moved the academy to Middletown, Conn., thinking it a more favorable locality. Here his labors were very successful, and the attendance reached as high as four hundred and fifty students. Captain Partridge, in 1827, tried to procure a charter from the state legislature, but failed, owing to the jealousy of Yale and Trinity. Captain Partridge, having received an offer from the Methodist Episcopal Conference for the buildings and land for a church school, sold to them, and thus Wesleyan college came into existence. Some of the oldest buildings at Wesleyan now were once occupied by the old "American Literary, Scientific, and Military Academy."

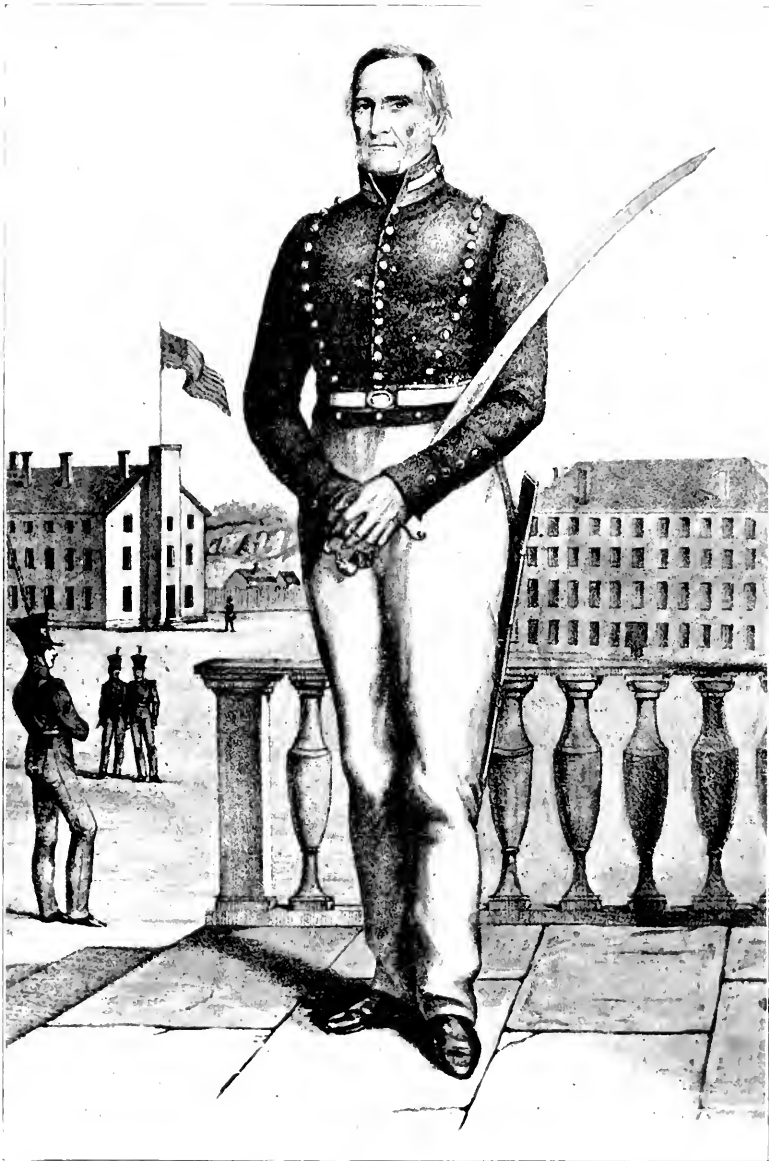
Captain Partridge then moved his school back to Norwich, and in 1834 received a charter from the state legislature of Vermont. In 1866, on account of the burning of the buildings, the university was moved to Northfield, where the enterprising citizens had donated money and land, furnishing an elegant site overlooking the beautiful Dog river valley. The university, from the very beginning, made a specialty of engineering, and many of the noted engineers

of the country received their education at Norwich University, among them being Joseph Dana Allen '25, Edwin F. Johnson '28, General Alonzo Jackman '36—the real inventor of the ocean telegraph, Brigadier-General F. W. Lander '41, General G. M. Dodge '50, the successful engineer of the Union Pacific Railway, General Newell Gleason '49, and Colonel W. H. Greenwood, the engineer of the Denver & Rio Grande R. R.

Many of the cadets served in the Mexican war. Colonel Truman B. Ransom, president of Norwich University, met his death while gallantly leading the Ninth New England in its charge on the fortress of Chepultepec. No truer patriot, soldier, and scholar ever went forth from the walls of any institution of learning. We will quote a stanza from the popular Norwich University song, "The Old South Barracks, Oh!" written by our poet, Kent, which awakens in the breast of every loyal son of Norwich University a responsive thrill,—

To our hero-chieftain RANSOM
 One glass before we go:
 His blood bestains the rocky height
 In distant Mexico.
 His country's flag waved o'er him
 When the volley smote him low;
 And we'll drop for him the silent tear
 In the Old South Barracks, oh!

Colonel Ransom was succeeded in command by Major T. H. Seymour '28, afterwards colonel of the regiment, and was the first to enter the fortress at the head of the gallant old Ninth New England.



CAPT. ALDEN PARTRIDGE (FOUNDER OF NORWICH UNIVERSITY).

During our Civil War the graduates of Norwich University were especially honored by Generals Grant and Sherman. We quote an extract from a speech made by General Sherman before Ransom Post, G. A. R., of St. Louis. In speaking of General T. B. Ransom he says,—

“He became principal of Norwich University, then, as since, an academy of great renown. This school at one time almost rivalled the National Academy at West Point, and there many a man who afterwards became famous in the Mexican and Civil wars, first drank in the inspirations of patriotism and learned the lessons of the art of war. The reputation of the New England regiments must be attributed to the discipline and instruction received at this institution as much as to any other single factor; and the Green Mountain boys owe their national reputation and success largely to their training within her halls.”

At the fall of Sumter the graduates of Norwich University were among the first to offer their services to the country. In every state, from Maine to California, North to South, they took an active part in organizing and drilling the troops for the coming strife, and on many a hard fought battle-field the sons of Norwich University gave up their life's blood that our union might be preserved. Norwich University was represented at the fall of Sumter by Captain Truman H. Seymour '42, after-

wards major-general, who especially distinguished himself by his gallantry, and received the praise of Major Anderson. Many of our graduates were from the South, and they of course entered the Confederate service, and fought as gallantly for what they considered to be the right as their classmates and university associates of the North fought to uphold the stars and stripes, and in several instances classmates and university acquaintances met on the field of battle, and in one instance a Southern officer surrendered to a classmate who commanded the Union forces.

General Jackman '36, then professor of mathematics and military science at Norwich University, and brigadier-general of the Vermont militia, offered his services to the state to go to the front, but was implored by Governor Fairbanks to stay at home and help organize and drill the troops. He reluctantly consented to do this. The first regiment of Vermont troops was selected and drilled by him, assisted by a number of his cadets. The remaining regiments of “Green Mountain Boys” were officered largely and drilled by the cadets detailed by General Jackman. In 1863 fifteen cadets were detailed as state drill masters, with the rank of first lieutenant. The cadets were also in especial demand as drill-masters in New Hampshire, and Colonel H. O. Kent '54 did efficient work as an organizer of their troops.



PRES. T. B. RANSOM, '25.

PRESIDENT BOHRNS.

GEN. ALONZO JACKMAN, '36.

In Wisconsin Norwich University men were at the head in raising companies and regiments for the state. Hon. Luther S. Dixon '45, chief justice of the supreme court of the state, offered his services to the government, but was requested to remain at his post, as in those

evening the chief justice of Wisconsin could be seen drilling troops in the armory at Madison, lately vacated by a company commanded by Captain, afterwards General, George E. Bryant '47, who had gone out as colonel of the Twelfth Wisconsin Volunteers.



MAJ.-GEN. TRUMAN SEYMOUR, '41.

trying times nowhere was there greater need for loyal and patriotic men than on the bench: but he did not let the opportunity pass of making use of the training received at Norwich University, and each

In Iowa Norwich was represented by General G. M. Dodge '50, who at the outbreak of the war was practising his profession as civil engineer at Council Bluffs, but he had found time to keep in

touch with the training received at Norwich University by commanding a company of the state militia. He immediately offered his services to the state, and was sent to Washington on an important mission of obtaining guns and ammunition for the state troops, which for some reason had been delayed, and by his great zeal and tact he accomplished what the Iowa congressman had failed to do, and obtained the needed supplies.

The war department, recognizing his ability, offered him, while there, a captain's commission in the regular army, which was refused—a most fortunate decision for himself and country—and on his return home he was made colonel of the Fourth Iowa.

Norwich was represented in Indiana by Major-General R. H. Milroy '43, a veteran of the Mexican war, General N. B. Gleason '49, General George P. Buell '56, Major J. B. Milroy '47.

Illinois is also indebted to the graduates of Norwich University for the excellent records made by her troops. A large number of the cadets entered the service of that state, among them being General T. E. G. Ransom '47, Colonel Wm. Pitt Kellogg '49, Colonel W. H. Greenwood '55, Colonel Haskell '46, and General Warren Shedd '41. Major-General T. E. G. Ransom, son of Truman B. Ransom, entered the service as captain in the Eleventh Illinois, and rapidly rose to the rank of major-general and had command of the Seven-

teenth Army Corps in Sherman's march to the sea, and would undoubtedly have obtained a higher command had he not fallen a victim to a disease brought on by exposure in the field. General Ransom was a gallant and chivalrous officer, and was held in high regard by both Generals Grant and Sherman.

We might mention the names of other graduates who served in troops from many states, and indeed the quota furnished to the regular service, headed by General H. G. Wright '41, the heroic commander of the famous Sixth Army Corps, was very large.

Our records are very incomplete, owing to a number of valuable documents being burned in 1866, but from the records we have we find that three hundred sixty-five sons of Norwich University took part in the Rebellion, tabulated as follows:

Major-generals,	9
Brigadier-generals,	10
Colonels,	40
Lieutenant-colonels,	31
Majors,	15
Surgeon-general,	1
Surgeons,	12
Captains,	90
First lieutenants,	58
Second lieutenants,	9
First sergeants,	8
Navy,—	
Admiral,	1
Captains,	3
Lieutenants,	6
Lieutenant-commander,	1
Ensign,	1

Paymaster,	1
Engineers,	4
Norwich University and Dartmouth Cavalry,—	
(7th R. I. Squadron),	23
Class 64 in 60th Mass.,	14
Non-commissioned and rank uncertain,	28
	—
Total,	365

The men served in twenty-eight states as follows :

Maine,—

First lieutenant,	1
Captains,	5
	—
	6

New Hampshire,—

Colonels,	4
Major,	1
Captains,	10
First lieutenants,	4
	—
	19

Vermont,—

Brigadier-general,	1
Colonels,	7
Lieutenants,	5
Major,	1
Captains,	16
First lieutenants,	10
Second lieutenants,	3
	—
	43

Massachusetts,—

Colonels,	7
Lieutenant-colonels,	4
Major,	1
Captains,	14
First lieutenants,	10
	—
	36

Rhode Island,—

Captain,	1
First lieutenants,	2
	—
	3

Connecticut,—

Colonels,	2
Lieutenant-colonel,	1
Captains,	2
Second lieutenant,	1
	—
	6

New York,—

Brigadier-general,	1
Colonel,	1
Lieutenant-colonel,	3
Major,	1
Captains,	6
First lieutenants,	4
	—
	16

New Jersey,—

Captain and assistant adjutant-general,	1
First lieutenant,	1
	—
	2

Pennsylvania,—

Brigadier-general (brave),	1
Colonels,	3
Captains,	3
	—
	7

Maryland,—

Colonel,	1
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District of Columbia,—

First lieutenant and adjutant,	1
First lieutenant,	1
	—
	2

North Carolina,—

First lieutenant (Union),	1
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Georgia.—		Wisconsin.—	
Colonel, Confederate States Army,	1	Brigadier-general (brevet),	1
Alabama.—		Colonel,	1
Brigadier-general, Confederate States Army,	1	Lieutenant-colonels,	2
Louisiana.—		Captain,	1
Colonel, Confederate States Army,	1	First lieutenants,	2
Texas.—			—
Major,	1		7
Captains,	2	Michigan.—	
First lieutenant and adjutant,	1	Colonel,	1
	—	Major,	1
	4	Captain,	1
Kentucky.—			—
Major, Confederate States Army,	1		3
Ohio.—		Minnesota.—	
Lieutenant-colonel and adjutant-general,	1	Lieutenant-colonel,	1
Lieutenant-colonels,	2	Captain,	1
Major,	1		—
Captains,	4		2
First lieutenants,	2	Iowa.—	
	—	Major-generals,	2
	10	Captain,	1
Indiana.—			—
Major-general,	1		3
Brigadier-general (brevet),	3	Missouri.—	
Major,	1	Brigadier-general (brevet),	1
Captain,	1	Captain,	2
	—	First lieutenant,	1
	6		—
Illinois.—			4
Major-general,	1	Kansas.—	
Brigadier-general,	1	Colonels,	2
Colonels,	6	Colorado.—	
Majors,	5	First lieutenant,	1
Captains,	3	California.—	
First lieutenants,	2	Colonel,	1
	—	United States Army.—	
	18	Major-generals,	3
		Brigadier-general,	1
		Colonel,	1
		Lieutenant-colonels,	5
		Majors,	3
		Captains,	16

First lieutenants,	15
Second lieutenant,	1
	—
	45
U. S. C. I.,—	
Brigadier-generals,	2
Colonels,	3
Lieutenant-colonel,	1
Captains,	3
First lieutenants,	5
Second lieutenants,	2
	—
	16
United States Sharp Shoot-	
ers,—	
Captains,	2
First lieutenant,	1
	—
	3

The graduates and past-cadets of Norwich University not only distinguished themselves as officers, but owing to their training as engineers, were often called by the different army commanders to build railroads, construct bridges and fortifications, and to act as topographical engineers.

General G. M. Dodge was in especial demand, and his work in this line is mentioned a number of times by General Grant in his memoirs. One of his most noted pieces of work was the building of the railroad from Nashville to Decatur. General Grant says,—“General Dodge had the work assigned to him finished within forty days from receiving his orders. The number of bridges to be built was one hundred and eighty-two, many of them over deep and wide chasms. The length of the road

repaired was one hundred and two miles.”

General G. W. Bryant '55, commander of the First brigade, Third division Seventeenth army corps, also did valuable service as a bridge engineer. General Newell B. Gleason '49, a brigade commander in the Fourteenth army corps, and General G. P. Buell, a brigade commander in the “Army of the Cumberland,” did good work as engineers. General Geo. W. Balloch '47 was chief commissary for the Eleventh and Twelfth army corps. General O. O. Howard especially commended his service. He stated in our chapel not long since that Balloch was the best commissary he ever had, and with him at the head of that department he did not have to worry where his men would get their rations. General B. G. Farrar '47 of Missouri did efficient work under General Lyon in organizing the troops from that state. He also did efficient work for the government by his faithful discharge of his duties as commandant over a large and rich section of Louisiana, and by his vigilance and integrity saved the country large sums of money.

Brigadier General F. W. Lander '41 did valuable service in 1861 as a private embassy in the southern states for the government. He then served on the staff of General McClellan. He was held in high regard by Generals McClellan and Rosecrans.

General McClellan, in his report of the unsatisfactory result of the

action at "Scarry Creek," says,— "In heaven's name give me some general officers who understand their profession! Give me such men as Marcy, Stevenson, Lander, and I will answer for it with my life that I meet with no disaster." General Lander died March 2, 1862, of brain fever, brought on by exposure in the campaign.

Record should also be made of the valuable service of General Seth Williams '40, a past-cadet, who did efficient work as adjutant-general of the Army of the Potomac.

Mention must be made of our heroic dead. Nearly every battlefield during the Civil War was moistened by the blood of our alumni. The first to fall was Robert Hitchcock '59, who had command of a company of marines at the first Battle of Bull Run; then Jesse A. Gove '49, the talented and heroic colonel of the Twenty-

second Massachusetts, was killed at the Battle of Gaines Mills, Va., June 27, 1862, while leading a brigade in the Third army corps. Colonel Marsh '39, commanding a brigade of New York troops, was killed at Fair Oaks. H. W. Emery '52, lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, was carried to his old home at Lisbon, N. H., to die of consumption, brought on by exposure in the Battle of Shiloh. J. P. Gould '49, colonel of the Fifty-ninth Massachusetts, and brigade commander in the Ninth army corps, died of wounds received at Petersburg, Va., August 22, 1864; also another gallant Massachusetts colonel, Chas. W. Griswold, colonel of the Fifty-sixth regiment and a brigade commander, who met death at the Battle of the Wilderness May 6, 1864. Then to this list we will add the gallant Generals Lander and Ransom.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ECHOES.

AGE IMPROVES ITS TONE.

H. C. Libby of American Express Co., Boston, late of Company G, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

I think the April *BUGLE* the best issued. Age improves its tone. Long may it blow.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

John C. Linehan, insurance commissioner, of Concord, N. H., writes:

Enclosed find check for *BUGLE* to October, 1896. I enjoy it very much more than words can express, for everything in it is fresh as well as original. I often think of our pleasant ride down the St. Lawrence and the sojourn at Montreal with Comrades Beals, Benson, Merrill, Noyes, Shepard, and yourself. That was an episode worth remembering.

FINDING FAULT WITH THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

J. E. Shepard, Adjutant Ninth Maine Volunteers of Lawrence, Mass., writes :

Herewith I hand you check covering my subscription to the close of 1897. With each recurring number, the BUGLE has greater value for every old veteran. I think once before I found fault with your subscription price. It may be all that many of the boys can well spare, but it is richly worth double what it costs.

"A MAN FROM MAINE."

A more diligent searcher for the salient events of the war of 1861 does not exist than George L. Kilmer, whose bright and realistic historical articles are all copyrighted by the American Press Association. In one of his recent articles he incidentally testifies to the value of the MAINE BUGLE and the valor of a Maine general, but does not explain the apparent inexcusable deficiency of the official records. We give the commencing sentence of Kilmer's account of Ames at Fort Fisher. "In searching the official records and other trustworthy accounts of the storming of Fort Fisher, January 15, 1865, for details of the infantry attack I failed until recently to find how the assault upon the walls was led and carried home. At last a historian worthy the subject was given the full story. It appears in a veterans' magazine published by the Maine association. The author, Colonel

Henry C. Lockwood, was an aid to General Adelbert Ames at Fort Fisher. The title of his story is 'A Man From Maine.'"

Idem the first issue of the MAINE BUGLE, Vol. I, Call I, January, 1894, pp. 29 to 71; for an accurate account and exhaustive presentation of the leadership and movements of the column of attack.

THAT LAST DAY AT APPOMATTOX.

General Edward W. Whittaker's address at the recent celebration of Lee's surrender by the Department of the Potomac, G. A. R., has revived interest in the story of that most eventful day at Appomattox.

General Whittaker's account of the surrender, as far as embodied in his address at the recent celebration, is as follows :

"On the 8th of April our command, General Custer's Third Cavalry Division, had captured the railway supply trains, and, in a night battle, captured twenty-five pieces of artillery and planted a line of battle facing east toward the rebel line, cutting off its retreat toward Lynchburg.

"On the morning of the 9th of April our division was the first in saddle, having been relieved by cavalry and infantry brought up during the night. I was directed to find the right flank of our infantry and the best route to take with the column, to engage in the battle which had commenced. I succeeded in finding a crossing of a ravine east of the station and

gained the crest of the hill on the extreme right of our infantry line, a brigade of colored troops, then under fire of the rebel infantry on the plain toward the court house. As fast as our command could be got across the ravine it was formed on this crest, a large open field, in column by squadrons, with colors flying and sabres drawn, ready for the command to charge.

Our division was composed of three brigades of cavalry and a battery of light artillery to each brigade. Understanding that we were to be supported by the entire cavalry under General Merritt, we pressed down upon the enemy and received the fire from battery after battery of artillery without stopping to return it. General Custer, riding at the head of his column, was looking for a favorable opening for a charge. Our movement along the flank of the rebel army was slow at first, but the fire of the rebel batteries had nettled our horses into a half trot, when suddenly an officer came out of the rebel line waving a large towel in his hand. He said he was Captain Sims, of Longstreet's staff, and came by direction of General Lee, who asked a suspension of hostilities.

In an instant General Custer said to me, 'Whitaker, take this truce, go with this officer to General Lee, with my compliments, say I cannot stop this charge, as I am not sole in command on this field, unless he announces an unconditional surrender.' I took the towel and asked Sims to show me the

shortest cut to where he had left Lee. He had reached our head of column on the left flank, but in returning we went straight ahead in the direction our column was moving. I remember vigorously swinging the old towel, and the great relief I felt on entering the rebel line without being fired at.

WITHIN THE REBEL LINES.

At the point we entered, only a short distance from where we had left General Custer, a battery of rebel artillery was posted, and as we passed the guns I saw the pyramids of shells piled on the ground in the rear of each gun, and every gunner in position to give us a warm reception at the command 'fire.' On reaching the road columns of rebel infantry were moving in perfect order, and I recall hearing a soldier shout, 'What is that Yankee doing here with his arms on?' I had folded the towel out of sight as soon as I reached the rebel line. When we reached the place where Sims had left General Lee, we found only Generals Gordon and Longstreet, who explained that Lee had galloped off to the rear to find General Grant immediately after Sims had started out with the truce to get a suspension of hostilities, and had left them in command. I stated to them the message from Custer to Lee, and that I must have immediate reply. They said there was no doubt of surrender, as we had cut off their line of retreat the night before, and that they were personally sat-

ified of the helplessness of further resistance. I expressed regret that so many good men had been killed the night before and that morning, when they said that General Lee would not believe that the infantry were across the Lynchburg pike, until the repulse of Gordon's charge, which had been made that morning by his order.

"While we were talking firing was heard to the east of where I had left General Custer, and at my suggestion an officer was sent to the South Carolina colonel with orders to stop firing. I noticed that the guns that were moving past us as we talked had smoke coming from their mouths, indicating that they were the same that had been used so vigorously on our column a short time before. I protested against the moving of these guns, and was assured that the object was to water the horses, which was being done in a small creek near by. I saw this with my own eyes, but noticing that the guns were gaining an elevated position on the opposite side, I wanted more evidence of good faith before I took an announcement of surrender back to General Custer.

ORD'S APPEARANCE THE SIGNAL.

"At this moment General Ord's infantry line of battle was seen closing in on us from the west, and I was begged to announce a surrender of the army to that line. I hesitated for a moment and then said, 'I will make the announcement if the rebel officer will go

with me.' Until a few years ago I had supposed it was Sims who went with me, but he wrote me from his home in South Carolina that Captain Brown, of Gordon's staff, went with me. There was no time to lose. I pulled out the old white towel and rode out to the Union infantry line, and said to General Chamberlain, of Maine, that Lee's army had surrendered unconditionally. The line halted at once and a shout went up along the line from right to left that words fail to describe. I left the rebel Captain Brown with Chamberlain and then galloped back across the field to General Custer to make the same announcement of Lee's surrender. It was in this way that the infantry historians claimed that surrender was first made to them.

"Some of the writers have stated that a single rebel officer took the announcement, a natural error when it is remembered that I instantly galloped back across the field to report what I had done, to General Custer. He had become very impatient over my delay in returning, and took a pocket handkerchief as a truce and tried to find me. All this occurred before 9 o'clock in the morning. General Lee, some time later, reached the Union infantry under Meade, several miles in his rear, and asked there (I suppose, or am informed) a suspension of hostilities to enable him to find General Grant, and get terms the best he could. He did not find Grant in four hours; he (Grant) had followed in General Sheridan's

circuitous route to the south of the Court House, which he did not reach until about 1 p. m.

SHERIDAN'S TRIBUTE TO CUSTER.

“It was about this time that the two generals met at McLean's house, and the generous terms proposed by General Grant were signed on a table which General Sheridan bought and presented to Mrs. General Custer, with a letter stating that the country was indebted to her gallant husband more than to any other person, for the glorious event of that day. I cut a small piece from the truce of surrender, then gave it to General Custer. His widow informs me that she has provided in her will that at her death one half of the towel is to go to West Point and the other half to me. It was through the efforts of General Sims to get possession of this relic, that led to a correspondence between us, just after General Custer's death, which I have fortunately preserved. I say fortunately, because I find that in General Gordon's lecture and in General Longstreet's book, they both omit all reference to the interview with me, and the real unconditional surrender of Lee's entire army by the officers then in command of it at 9 o'clock in the morning, in response to a demand made through me by General Custer.

“In conclusion let me say that of all the battle-fields of the War of the Rebellion, photographed on my brain, Appomattox was the most magnificent. The sloping, open

fields, glittering for miles with moving armies, in the sunlight of that glorious Sunday morning, seemed designed by nature for the last scene in a great play of war. And it is my belief that the men who met on that field of battle were the flower of two of the finest armies that were ever marshaled on the earth.”

NOTE: General Whittaker speaks of General Ord's Infantry (Twenty-Fourth and one division of the Twenty-fifth Corps) closing in from the west, which is correct; yet he rides, he says, to General Chamberlain, who was in the Fifth Corps, who was closing in from the south or little west of south. The small force of cavalry that passed the night nearly up to the ground where Colonel Pettee states the cavalry-man was killed, and Ord's infantry, suffered the heaviest loss that morning.

AT APPOMATTOX.—GENERAL LONG-STREET'S REMINISCENCES OF THE SURRENDER.

“I was with the army when the surrender took place at Appomattox. When Lee found that we were cut off he sent for me and told me that he could not get away. He said it was impossible to escape, and wanted to know what plan of action I would propose. I told him that, as he stated the matter, it was its own answer. He then sent for General Mahone and made the same statements to him, and Mahone advised him to see General Grant about matters. Lee approved of this advice, got on his horse, and rode out to find Grant.

“While he was gone I heard a report which led me to believe that it was possible to cut our way out of the Union lines that were hemming us in, and I decided to stop Lee on his errand to Grant. Lee had considerable start, but I sent for the fleetest courier in the army to race after him and bring him back from his mission. Yet the condition of the men and horses was such that it seemed impossible to get a fresh courier for the errand.

“It happened that Colonel Heiskell, of South Carolina, had a fine blooded mare that had been brought from Petersburg. It was fresh and spirited, and Heiskell offered to render whatever service he could. I told him at once to get on the mare and ride after Lee. I told him not to spare the mare, to kill it if necessary, but find Lee at all events before he reached General Grant. Heiskell set out at a thundering rate, but when he got to Lee it was too late. I afterwards discovered that the report which had reached me was false, so it was well enough that Heiskell had not succeeded in catching Lee before he had communicated with Grant.”

A QUESTION AS TO WHETHER THE OFFICIAL RECORDS ARE CORRECT.

The number of casualties at Appomattox Court House on the day of the surrender, is far from satisfactory. Volume 46 of the Official Records probably contains about all that will be forthcoming from that source. Such record is presented and fuller information asked from comrades.

First Maine Cavalry, seven killed, thirteen wounded, one prisoner; Eighth Maine, six wounded; Eleventh Maine, five killed, two officers, twenty-five men wounded, one officer and twenty-four men captured; Twentieth Maine, one killed; One Hundred and Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania, five killed, twenty wounded; One Hundred and Ninety-first Pennsylvania, one officer wounded; One Hundred and Ninetieth Pennsylvania, one man wounded; One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania, one killed; Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, one killed, three wounded; One Hundred and Eighty-fifth New York, one officer killed, one man wounded; One Hundred and Fifty-eighth New York, one man wounded; Second New York Mounted Rifles, one man killed, one officer wounded; First New Jersey Cavalry, one man killed, one officer wounded; Sixty-seventh Ohio, one killed, six wounded; Sixty-second Ohio, one killed, eighteen wounded, two officers and thirty-eight men captured; Thirteenth Ohio Cavalry, one officer killed; Thirty-ninth Illinois, two killed, one officer and four men wounded; Forty-first United States Colored Infantry, one officer mortally wounded, Captain John W. Falconer, who was shot while on the skirmish-line. First Maryland Cavalry, one killed, one officer and nine men wounded, five captured; First Vermont Cavalry, two wounded; Tenth Connecticut, one captured.

The casualty credited to the One

Hundred and Ninety-first Pennsylvania refers to Lieutenant Slater, severely wounded by a rifle-ball. The wounded man of the One Hundred and Ninetieth Pennsylvania was Ginter. There were probably other casualties in these two regiments and the One Hundred and Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania, Colonel Pattee's command, but we have no reliable information.

In Colonel Pattee's report, Vol. 46, pages 877, 878, he mentions a cavalryman killed near the village. The identity of this young man is still an unsolved problem. Doubtless the word "missing" is opposite his name in the roll of some cavalry regiment.

CAPTURED AT APPOMATTOX.

J. B. Neal, lieutenant, Company A, Tenth Connecticut, Richmond, Va., refers to the recent publication of casualties at Appomattox. He says the Tenth Connecticut marched the night before the surrender until midnight. They lay in a field, but later moved near the railroad track, and advancing in battle-line, found the cavalry falling back. Custer they saw near a fence that divided the woods from the cleared fields. He waved his hand and cried:

"Boys, this is your last fight. There is nothing but a battery over there. When you take that the war will be over."

The men gave a yell, and over the fence they went. There was a gradual ascent for some distance. As soon as they got well clear of

the wood, the rebels opened a battery on the right, giving a cross-fire.

"As we neared the brow of the hill," says Neal, "we received another volley right in our teeth, which caused us all to drop.

"I found that we had become detached from the rest of the line-of-battle: the Eleventh Maine and two companies (A and H) of the Tenth Connecticut, were all that were in that location."

The comrade did not retire with the rest for fear of a sweeping volley; but he "went it alone" and got captured. So did another comrade just behind him. He wants to correct the recent figures by saying that the Tenth Connecticut had two men taken prisoners at Appomattox.

COLORED TROOPS AT APPOMATTOX.

Major Henry C. Hall, First Maine Cavalry, of Woburn, Mass., writes:

I am unable to give all the information you ask as to the movements of the colored troops on the morning of April 9th, 1865. I remember we struck their line when we entered the woods at a point about their right center, and I should think the rebs who followed us had nearly reached their left center before the line was ordered forward. I did not know then that the Fifth Corps was on their right and the Twenty-fourth on their left. I supposed that the colored troops were all the infantry there was on the field. I did not see any force of

the enemy on our right nor do I recollect of hearing any firing on our right where official reports place the Fifth Corps in action.

The fields were clear and the view unobstructed. The Twenty-fourth corps, it seems, was to our left and across the Lynchburg road. I should think the fight of the Eleventh Maine was on the Lynchburg road not far from the position we held in the night. The colored troops advanced directly to the front and, consequently, did not approach the position we held on the left of the Lynchburg road during the night. I cannot say how far the colored troops advanced, but it could not have been a great distance for the rebs quickly disappeared and a halt was ordered. My recollection is that the woods to which we fell back and where we found the colored troops had a front at right angles with the Lynchburg road, and that when the colored troops advanced they moved directly to the front with the Lynchburg road on their left. I then returned to the regiment and saw no more of the colored troops. I never knew whether they were advanced out of sight or changed direction to the left—never knew what became of them. My recollection of the minor affairs of that field is less distinct than of any other important field of the war where I was present, and I suppose that the exhausting labors of that campaign had temporarily impaired the brain to such an extent that it could not retain all it perceived.

This account contains only a little information, but is all I now remember concerning the colored troops and the first forces on the field.

NOTE.—In the January BUGLE, 1893, quite a full account of the field at Appomattox is given with a map reproduced from one of the government war maps. The article also presents a picture of Appomattox village.

COLORED TROOPS.—A GREAT HOST
OF THEM FOUGHT FOR THE
UNION.

It appears from the report of the provost-marshal-general, dated March 17, 1866, that the number of colored troops recruited or drafted for service during the War of the Rebellion in the several states is as follows:

Maine, 104; New Hampshire, 125; Vermont, 120; Massachusetts, 3,966; Rhode Island, 1,837; Connecticut, 1,764; New York, 4,125; New Jersey, 1,185; Pennsylvania, 8,612; Delaware, 954; Maryland, 8,718; District of Columbia, 3,269; Virginia, 5,723; North Carolina, 5,035; West Virginia, 196; South Carolina, 5,462; Georgia, 3,486; Florida, 1,044; Alabama, 4,969; Mississippi, 17,869; Louisiana, 24,052; Arkansas, 5,526; Tennessee, 20,133; Kentucky, 23,703; Michigan, 1,357; Ohio, 5,092; Indiana, 1,537; Illinois, 1,811; Missouri, 8,344; Minnesota, 104; Iowa, 440; Wisconsin, 165; Kansas, 2,080; Texas, 47; Colorado Territory, 95; at large, 733; not accounted for, 5,083; total number

colored enlisted men, 178,895; officers of United States colored troops (mostly white), 7,122; grand total, 186,017.

It appears from a statistical exhibit of deaths in the United States Army during the late war, issued by the War Department in 1885, that the number of deaths from various causes in the United States colored regiments during the war, including officers, aggregated 36,847. Of these 1,715 were killed in action, 1,179 died of wounds received in action, 29,756 died of disease, 106 were murdered, 25 were killed after capture, and 52 were executed by military authority. Of the aggregate 291 were prisoners of war.

It appears from the records that the organizations of colored troops in service during the late war were as follows:

Infantry regiments, 140; cavalry, 7; heavy artillery, 12; light artillery, 1; independent battery light artillery, 1; independent companies infantry, 2.

There are now serving in the United States Army four organizations of colored troops, viz.: Ninth U. S. Cavalry, Tenth U. S. Cavalry, Twenty-fourth U. S. Infantry, Twenty-fifth U. S. Infantry.

From these records it will be seen that Louisiana furnished the largest number of colored troops, Kentucky almost as many, and Tennessee over 20,000.

I PRIZE THE BUGLE.

Ivory Mains, of Company E,

First Maine Cavalry, South Casco, Me., writes,—

I am lame with rheumatism most all the time. I cannot do anything in winter, and only get small pay in summer, and I do not get any help from government and have all that I can do to get along. I prize the BUGLE very highly. I have never been able to meet with the comrades of our regiment since the close of the war.

A PICTURE.

C. C. Stanchfield, Company F, Thirteenth Maine Infantry, of Creston, Iowa, writes,—

I have been studying how to accomplish something to add a picture to the article on the Thirteenth Maine, and this is my conclusion.—The street to and from the Arsenal grounds, our old camp at Augusta, to the river is well shaded with large trees. That winter, a road crossed the river on the ice, coming up the west bank near the present post-office. This road was our route to the station the morning we broke camp. It snowed very hard; our company was second, on right. As we gained the street I looked back and beheld a picture which no artist could imitate. It has been in my mind ever since. Now what would it cost to engrave this picture in double page and attach to the article as a folder? It would be a surprise to the boys, and may lead other regiments to emulate similar pictures. Your artist would have to make a sketch on the grounds. Now, in your

opinion, is it worth while to attempt this? What would it cost to make the plates, etc.? You must be possessed of wonderful patience and stimulated by love of the work for your old comrades, for you are putting into their hands and their families' the best war history I have ever read. It is with pleasure I note the high moral tone of the *BUGLE*—honest, patriotic, elevating, and fresh—making everybody better who reads it.

NOTE.—If the above mental picture of Comrade Stanchfield could be shaped and engraved as he saw it, it would be a most happy attainment, but no artist could see it as he saw it. While the pictures of many actual engagements are valuable and interesting, still to those who participated in such battles, such pictures are incomplete and unsatisfactory. So clearly has this been realized that a photograph of the field and wood and stream, with no appearance of men or endeavor, will, to the eyes of one whose regiment fought over those grounds, recall to him a thousand details, and he will people the space with ranks of comrades, with arms, with smoke, with changing movements, and living, strenuous endeavor. Each picture is engraved on the soldier's memory, and the bare outline of the landscape is only a fitting frame to the picture he beholds. Leaving out our obligations to future readers of the *BUGLE*, and to those who were not participants, the most satisfactory pictures to place in the publication are half-tone cuts reproducing photographic views of locations and the countenances of comrades. All these are real, and because accurate, are of lasting value.

SEE ALL AGAIN.

E. A. Freese, Company F, Thirty-first Maine Infantry, of South Framingham, Mass., writes:

I find in Calls 1 and 2, 1896, much to interest me, for I am, with many others who read the Calls, familiar with the situation about Petersburg, and have often wished to go back there, to see if any traces remain of the old works—Forts Davis, Hell, and off across the field, a little to the left, old Mahone—from which came many a shot and shell during the winter of 1864-'65; but I find that each year brings less of hope that I may ever look over those fields again, for I am growing old and shall fall out by the way some time. But closing my eyes I seem to see all again, and within that little belt of woods between Davis and Mahone appear many little mounds, where lie many noble men, who gave up all for our country.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ONE OF THE
THIRTEENTH MAINE VOL-
UNTEERS.

Timothy Small, Jr., a native of Maine, was a son of Susan and Timothy Small, who, at the age of twenty years, married Miss Mary J. Coleman, of Vassalboro, where they resided. Being a true patriot, he responded to the needs of the nation, and enlisted as private in Company K, Thirteenth Maine Infantry, and was mustered in at Augusta, Me., December 31, 1861, and with others left for the South, February 18, 1862, arriving in

Boston the same night, and was quartered in Faneuil Hall under Lieutenant-Colonel Rust. They reached Ship Island by the steamer *Fulton*, March 8, making a pleasanter and quicker trip than Companies A, B, E, and I, who were under Colonel Dow, and barely escaped a watery grave while on board the *Mississippi*, and did not arrive until the 20th.

This was a barren island of fine white sand thrown up by the action of the waves, seven miles long by one fourth of a mile wide. Oftentimes the water covers nearly one half of the island. A few trees were there and wild rushes at the north. Good water could be got by digging a few feet in the sand. To soldiers coming from the state of Maine in midwinter the enervating atmosphere of the Gulf of Mexico had its evil effects. One after another was taken sick: many died. Comrade Small, who had worked at his bench as shoemaker, was ill fitted to contend with the climate and exposure. He was thirty years of age, of slight form, and anxious to do all in his power to help put down the Rebellion, but he found his stay on that island monotonous and unsatisfactory. The Thirteenth Maine were left alone on the island until July 5, when Company K proceeded to Fort Macomb, La. Here Comrade Small wrote to his family of his sickness and anxiety for them. His death is spoken of by his surgeon as follows: "Timothy Small, Jr., of Company K, Thirteenth

Maine Infantry, died November 6, 1862, like one falling to sleep. He was buried the next day, with the honors usually attending the interment of a soldier." His lieutenant feelingly wrote his family in these words,—“He was prepared to meet his change like a good Christian soldier. He was of the little band of Christians who retained their integrity amidst the wickedness of the army.”

Only a private! there let him sleep!

He will need no tablet or stone;

For the mosses and vines o'er his grave will creep,
And at night the stars through the clouds will peep

And watch him who lies there alone.

Only a martyr, who fought and who fell

Unknown and unmarked in the strife!

But still, as he lies in his lowly cell,

Angel and seraph the legend shall tell.

Such a death is eternal life!

We can say of him, as of many whose lives were given for the great cause, they should not be forgotten. No elaborate monument marks the spot where the sacrifice was laid, yet they are not forgotten. Their deeds will stand immemorial in time, and command in ages henceforth and forever a tribute of praise.

Besides his widow he left two sons and one daughter, Henry Edson Small, of Los Angeles, Cal., Charles Colman Small, of Boston, Mass. The daughter, Mary Lizzie Small, died of diphtheria at the age of fourteen years, and is buried at Augusta, Me.

WOUNDED AT FORT BLAKELY.

Charles W. Sanborn, Company A, Seventy-seventh Illinois, of Berea, Ohio, writes,—

Can you tell what Maine regiments were at the capture of Fort Blakely, on the east side of Mobile bay, in April, 1865?

I recollect of a man from a Maine regiment being brought in with the lower jaw shot away. I saw him several times in the field hospital there, and know that he was taken away in a boat about two weeks later. I have often wished I could know what became of him.

COMPANY G, TWENTY-EIGHTH
MAINE INFANTRY.

The morning report book, Captain Augustus Thompson's Company G, Twenty-eighth Maine Infantry, has been presented to the editor. The record commences November 1, 1862, and on that date shows that three officers were present, five sergeants, eight corporals, seventy-one privates for duty, two privates on extra duty, two musicians on daily duty, and four privates on daily duty; two privates absent without leave, one private sick, making an aggregate of ninety-eight; this report is signed by E. A. Sprague as first sergeant, and Augustus Thompson as company commander. The reports are signed by Sprague until November 29, when William Thurston's name appears as first sergeant; this name continues in daily succession till January 14, 1863, when the record of daily report ceases until January 30, 1863, when Thurston's name again appears till February 15, 1863, when a break

of two days occurs: again a break occurs between March 20 and March 25, during which time the station of the company was changed from Pensacola, Fla., to Donaldsonville, La. The company's station is continued as at Donaldsonville till May 1, 1863, when it appears as Iberville, and on the 25th of that month as New Orleans.

In June there is a vacancy of reports from the 6th to the 10th inclusive, and from the 13th to the 20th inclusive. Under date of June 28, 1862, the following record appears: "List of the killed and wounded at the Battle of Donaldsonville in Company G: First Lieutenant Isaac Murch, Vinalhaven, killed; Third Sergeant William H. Morse, Rockland, killed; Private Alfred N. Keller, Rockland, killed; Private Geo. N. Smith, Vinalhaven, killed; Second Lieutenant John F. Perry, South Thomaston, wounded: wrist shattered. Commissary Sergeant Robert A. Palmer, Rockland, wounded badly in the hand (detached on non-commissioned staff): Private Joshua H. Keller, Rockland, wounded severely in the head; Private Rufus Mink, Union, wounded slightly in the hand; Private Benjamin F. Rhines, Washington, wounded badly in the head; Corporal David S. Mullen, Vinalhaven, wounded slightly in the leg; Private Paris Norton, Vinalhaven, wounded badly in the arm, which was amputated."

In July report the following papers: Two men that were taken

prisoners June 28, 1863, should have been dropped at that time but were carried along by mistake until July 27, 1863, when the mistake was corrected. July 5, 1863, Joshua H. Keller died in hospital at New Orleans from wounds received at the Battle of Donaldsonville, June 28. Dropped from the daily report July 29: July 23, Samuel West died in the camp at Baton Rouge. Dropped from daily report July 23: June 24, 1863, Franklin Webber died at Warrenton, Fla. Received official notice and dropped his name from daily report July 23, 1863. In July there is a lack of report from the 21st and 22d inclusive, when the station of the company was changed from Donaldsonville to Baton Rouge. August 4 was the date of the last report made from the station at Baton Rouge; the only following report is that of August 9, made on the steamer *Continental*, Mississippi river.

All these daily reports are signed by the captain, Augustus Thompson, except those of June 20 to 22; on these three days the report is signed Lieutenant I. Murch and Sergeant Colman; twice by A. Luce, and the 22d by H. E. Creed. The 23d is signed by Sergeant William H. Morse. H. E. Creed's name again appears as sergeant until June 30, when William Thurston's name again appears and continues until July 10; then A. Luce's name appears until July 16; then for four days the name of E. A. Hen-naky, and on the 20th the name of

H. E. Creed; July 23, A. Luce's name again appears and continues to the end.

On the back of the May report appears the following: "By official authority James Sanborn is reported to me as having died at Warrenton, Fla., April 3, 1863, while under the charge of D. S. Lyon, surgeon of the Twenty-eighth Connecticut Volunteers. The names of the two men taken prisoners do not appear in the report, neither does it appear in the adjutant-general's report, and information is asked concerning these two men. The adjutant-general's report shows that Sergeant Robert A. Linnekin was left sick at Cleveland August 15; Corporal Silas A. Garrett discharged for disability Dec. 27, '62; Rufus E. Burroughs left sick at Baton Rouge Aug. 3, '63; John Clayton discharged for disability Jan. 30, 1863; Owen Colligan died at home, Aug. 30, 1863; Geo. E. Coombs died of disease Aug. 14, '63; Daniel Duncan discharged for disability Jan. 9, '63; Elisha C. Fish left sick at Memphis, Aug. 12, '63; Trueman F. Garrett discharged for disability Dec. 19, '62; Isaac Green discharged for disability Jan. 5, '63; Addison D. Linniken left sick at Memphis Aug. 12, '63; Stephen Mills discharged for disability Jan. 9, '63; Amos S. Moore discharged for disability Jan. 30, '63; George Pool left sick at Warrenton March 23, '63; Chas. W. Rackliff discharged for disability Dec. 19, '62; John E. Rines discharged for disability Dec. 19,

'62: William M. Wiggin discharged for disability Dec. 27, '62." ON THE BOYNTON PLANK ROAD.

Stephen Gray of Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, of Cambridgeport, Mass., writes:

The 27th of October, 1864, found General Hancock with the Second corps moving across Hatcher's Run. He had been ordered by General Meade to cross Hatcher's Run and move to the Boynton Plank Road, past Dabney's Mill, thence along the White Oak road to its intersection with the Clairborne road; thence across Hatcher's Run above Burgess Mill, and then march to the Boynton Plank road and the south side railroad. General Gregg with the Second Cavalry division was to move on the left of the Second corps along the Vaughan and Quaker roads to the south side railroad and join General Hancock.

Early morning found General Gregg moving along the Vaughan road with his division, General Smith's brigade in advance, the First Maine Cavalry in advance of the brigade. As we came to Rowanty creek we discovered the enemy in breast-works on the opposite side of the stream in the woods on the right of the road. Colonel Cilley ordered Captain Freese's battalion to dismount and prepare to fight on foot. We dismounted, formed in line, and advanced. The enemy opened fire on us as we moved forward, and we opened fire on them with our repeating rifles. The Sixth Ohio charged on our

right and drove them from their works and they ran to our left to gain the Vaughan road. At that time I was near the bridge across the stream on the left of my company, and some six or eight of us ran for the bridge intending to capture some of them as they came out into the road.

When we were about half way or a little more across the bridge, I saw the enemy had gained the road in advance of us. There were from forty to fifty of them not more than fifty yards up the road. When they saw us running after them they gave us a volley. Corporal Morrison was at my left; he fell here and died soon after, a fine soldier and my friend, although not of my company. I had been acquainted with him about one year. After the enemy fired at us they ran up the road and we followed some distance and then came back, mounted our horses, and pursued them. I shall not forget the wagons we captured at the signal station. I can see Captain Boyd, how pleased he looked standing there as we rode past, examining a nice spy-glass he had just found. We advanced to Gravelly run. The road just before we came to the run makes a sharp turn to the right with quite a distance of descending ground down to the run, with thick bushes on each side of the road, and on the opposite side of the run is quite a steep bank or hill, and beyond that a second valley before we reach the level ground along the south side railroad. When the

advance of the First Maine came to the bend in the road on the south side, the enemy opened on the regiment from a battery across the run. Colonel Cilley and Captain Freeze were riding in advance of the regiment and the enemy gave us a greeting with shell from their battery. The first shell that came past us came very close to Colonel Cilley's head, and the second one, as it seemed to me, did not pass one foot from his head. I expected to see him or his horse go down, but he did not change his position only to face the enemy, and, taking out his field glass, examined their position across the run. I was at that time near him, and the shells were passing us and crashing through the pines on the opposite side of the road. We were ordered to dismount and prepare to fight on foot, and advanced down the road.

Then the enemy sent canister and musket fire into our ranks, but we soon crossed the stream and charged up the bank. The enemy gave way and as they were retreating up the bank but a short distance from us, we opened on them a deadly fire as we charged to the top of the ridge on which the enemy's battery was in position. To our front and right was a narrow strip of woods with bushes along the north side of the ridge. Some hogs ran out of the bushes and ran for the woods, and some of the First Maine boys ceased firing at the enemy and opened on the hogs. I don't think Lieutenant Tobey saw them, for no

account of it appears in the history, but the hogs ran past Lieutenant Lee and perhaps he will remember it. When we gained the second ridge I got a cartridge shell caught in the chamber of my rifle and stopped to get it out, and the line advanced and left me. I worked some few moments, but could not remove it; then I started back to find my horse to get a knife from my saddle bag to remove it. As I came down the ridge up which we had charged a short time before, I stopped and helped bury some two or three of our dead. One of them was a sergeant belonging to our regiment and I think Company E. He was buried on the left of the bridge as we came over on the side, a short distance from the run. We moved on, joined General Hancock, and advanced southerly on the Boydton Plank road, but were ordered back and dismounted to help General Mott. Soon we were ordered back again, for the enemy had flanked our force. Then came the heavy fighting on the right of the road. The brigade fought bravely the remainder of the day, and in front of our line the enemy was so close to us at one time that we could almost reach them with our rifles. It was a hot place for a short time. Hampton was doing his best to force our line. I think at one time we would have given away if it had not been for Colonel Cilley; he was the right man in the right place. If our line had given away the whole line must have gone with it, the way the

shells and bullets were flying around us. We could hardly tell which way the enemy were advancing by the flash of their rifles. After it was dark and the battle was over or nearly so, only a little random firing, I got permission from Captain Freeze to get some water. I took two or three canteens with mine and started up the road, keeping on the left where the Twenty-First Pennsylvania cavalry of our brigade had been engaged. I had discovered a well where we were ordered to report to General Mott, and thought I could fill my canteens there. I found the well, filled my canteens, and started to rejoin my regiment, but in coming back I kept a little too far to my right and came upon the enemy's line of battle, lying down along a low ridge in the woods, but I discovered them in time to get away. They sent three or four shots at me. Frank Bell of my company rode on to one of the enemy's reserve picket posts and did not discover his mistake until he had dismounted and enquired for Company A. The enemy yelled to him to surrender, but he could not see it, and springing into his saddle he dashed away. They fired at him but did not hit him or his horse.

Then the weary march back from the three-fight day with nothing gained, as it seemed to us, and many brave comrades asleep in death. We marched back that night, hardly knowing which way we were moving, but we reached our camp and resumed our picket

duty. In a short time a gentleman came to the regiment from Portland, Maine, or somewhere in that vicinity, looking for the body of his son and someone sent him to me. He said his son was killed on the Boynton Plank road and I think he said he was a sergeant, but I explained to him that it would be impossible to recover the body, for it was some distance from there, and that the enemy held control of the country beyond Hatcher's Run, but I told him that we buried him the best we could, wrapped in his blanket, and he was sleeping on the hillside with his comrades who had fallen in our charge up the bank. I can see now the sadness on that father's face. Many sad scenes come up before us. Often our thoughts wander back to those eventful years. We shall never see the day, hour, or moment we would repeat the days of war we endured, but we regret not our participation in the war of the greatest magnitude of the century.

A RETROSPECT.

Dr. C. E. Page of Boston, Mass., late Thirteenth Mass. Infantry, and lieutenant Eighty-first U. S. Colored Infantry, writes:

My brother, Corporal Page, was one of the eight corporals to guard the colors at the "Second Bull Run," and I remember well the feeling of dread I had when he was called out for that duty, as if it really meant that we were never to meet again. This seemed a

reality for a time after the fight, for he was shot in the leg, and while being borne from the field was struck again, a bullet entering his side, passed through the left lung, and he was left on the field for dead. They did not tell me so, but pretended that he was only wounded, and would come out all right, perhaps. So, on the strength of that perhaps I lived for some hours, till an accident revealed the truth, or what appeared then to be the truth. On one of our halts during the retreat on the following day, wet, muddy, hungry, thirsty, I started to fill my canteen, had filled it in fact, when I espied a little way off a crowd around the carcass of a cow, which was being cut up and distributed among the men, and I stepped along to get my share. The man of blood was one of Company H, a Brighton butcher, formerly a gruff fellow, but warm hearted, with no more tact than a lobster. Of course the talk was largely about the killed and wounded, and someone said, "Corporal Page was killed." "No, no," I said, "my brother was severely wounded, but the boys who were carrying him tell me he'll come out all right." They did not know his brother was present, and this remark of mine seemed to confuse them. They wished to spare my feelings, but someone said he feared the news was too true, and the man who was cutting the beef, arms covered with blood, passed a piece towards me, with the remark, "That's so, Page, Ost. never knew

what ailed him." Well, I can't tell you what he had been to me, this brother, all through our poverty stricken boyhood and up to young manhood, and so I can't quite tell the horror of that moment, nor the gloom of my life for the next few weeks. He was mustered as killed in battle. I had written the sad news home, and felt that no hope remained. It was to come round all right finally, but meantime the busy march, lack of food, and all that sort of thing prevented one from giving all his time to mourning. I had to eat: to eat I had to cook, and one morning at Hall's Hill, after I had cooked my breakfast and cleaned my plate, Zib. Gould borrowed it to fry something. I was glad to make the loan, but when he returned that tin plate with his old pork gravy merely swiped out with grass, it excited me beyond measure, and I opened upon him in my most piratical style. In those days I was an accomplished swearer, and I nearly smothered that fellow. When I finally stopped a moment to get my breath, Zib was ready with his broadside. "Damned pity it wasn't you lying back there, instead of your brother!" was all he said. His compliment to my dead brother won my heart, and I asked his forgiveness: but I was a dreary comrade for some time after that. A few weeks later we were on the advance, headed for Antietam, and one night when we had halted for coffee, I had a nice little fire going, had got my water

just on the boil and had dumped in the coffee, when one of the boys, in an excited tone, said, "Did you hear that, Page?" Somehow his question electrified me, and I felt as though it meant that my brother was safe. I turned around, looked up the hill a little way to where Major Gould sat on his horse reading a letter. As I came near, Sergeant Morse said, "Ost. is all right, Charley,—Ost. is all right." Then the major re-read a portion of his letter from Washington, saying that Corporal Page, though terribly wounded, was safe in Douglas Hospital and would probably recover. And he did.

After wearing the bullet in his side for upwards of twenty-five years, he had it cut out, mounted in gold, and he now wears it as a charm on his watch chain. Thus it happens that the thing that gave him the sharpest pain he ever had, now ministers to his pleasure. And, my friends, how often this happens in all our lives, that the hardest experiences in life turn to blessings in one way or another. We used to kick at a great many things which were really for our good in the service. We kicked at dress parade, at all form of drill, at having to put out the lights at a certain time, perhaps when we were right in the midst of a contest for gun-caps. I recall one time when in our little dog tent we kept the light burning far into the night, amusing ourselves pushing little detachments of gun-caps first to one side of the rubber blanket, then to the other,

with a few in the middle, you know, while we consulted the papers to see which side they belonged on, and next day we kicked at our punishment, knapsack drill, in front of the captain's headquarters.

But really all the rules were for our good, and so it is for the most part in civil life. The laws are just and humane, and in the interest of society; but still there is a deal of kicking, most of which is owing to a lack of discipline and philosophy on the part of the kickers. Some men would kick if they were in swimming. And, after all, there are times and occasions for kicking, and the born kicker has his place in the evolution of the race. I think you all would be justified, for example, in kicking if I don't bring this letter to an end.

THE TWENTIETH MAINE REUNION.

The reunion of the survivors of the Twentieth Maine regiment will be held this summer in Waldoboro village. The precise date has not been fixed, but it is probable that the executive committee will decide on a day about the middle of August. The reunions of this well-known regiment have always been very successful, and it is expected that the meeting in Waldoboro will be larger than any previous reunion, for the reason that three companies, E, I, and G, were enlisted in Knox and Lincoln counties, and nearly a hundred survivors reside near enough to Waldoboro to drive there in two hours. Besides there will be the usual attendance of comrades

from all parts of Maine and the other New England states. It is expected that among the distinguished comrades present will be General J. L. Chamberlain of New York; General Ellis Spear, Washington, D. C.; Colonel Walter G. Morrill, Pittsfield, Me.; Major Holman S. Melcher, Portland; Major J. F. Land, New York; General I. S. Bangs, Waterville; Major P. M. Folger, Augusta; Captain Albert E. Fernald, Winterport; Surgeon W. H. True, Portland, and Joseph Tyler, the bugler. Many of the comrades will bring their wives.

MIDDLETOWN, VA., MAY 24, 1862.

An extract from Captain George W. Brown's letter, written a few days after the occurrence:

Saturday morning, at two o'clock, we were ordered to march; went towards Winchester as far as Middletown, when we turned off towards Front Royal; met a superior force, whom we avoided and came back to Middletown, the enemy pursuing us. While we were going towards Front Royal, the artillery and infantry, which we left at Middletown, had been moved with the baggage train towards Newtown, where they had an engagement. We remained in Middletown with about five hundred, all cavalry. By one of those mistakes which occur in military operations occasionally, we were ordered to make a stand. Companies A, B, E, H, and M, of our regiment, and two companies of the First Vermont, were thus

exposed. We were drawn up in the turnpike. It was a trying ordeal to see the cannon approaching and taking position within a thousand yards of us, while their infantry had formed behind a stone wall within three hundred yards of us, with another line across the turnpike half a mile in front. They opened upon us with shell from two guns, the infantry firing at a safe distance. We were actually a stationary target for them to practise upon. The courage of our men was tried to the utmost, and not found wanting; not a man left his place. The enemy's infantry had not only formed across the pike down which we were to charge, but had also formed behind the stone wall at the side of the pike, nearly up to the head of our column. You will better understand the bravery of our men when I tell you there were several streets leading to the left by which we might have escaped, as the enemy were all on our right and in front. The order finally came to move. In the dust and smoke we could not see that the head of our column had turned to the left and broke for the woods, and Companies A, E, and M charged straight down the pike under a murderous fire. A section of fours just in front of me was destroyed in an instant by a cannon-ball.

Those behind could not see for dust and smoke, and in an instant the whole company were piling one on the other, Company A following and adding to the horror.

My horse was shot under me, and I was carried into the chaos of struggling and wounded horses. I succeeded in keeping free, and jumped from horse to horse, and over the fence to the left, rallying a few of my men who got out. We immediately took across the field amid a hail of bullets, and gained cover. Lieutenant Taylor rallied the few who were mounted, and retreated with them. Companies B and H were in the rear, and did not charge; turned to the left, and escaped without losing a man, with the exception of Captain Cilley, whose right arm was taken off at the shoulder by a cannon-ball. I was joined in the woods by Lieutenant Goddard, with a few of his company (E), and we walked sixteen miles, staying in the woods near Winchester till daybreak.

A CONFEDERATE IN PRISON.

This cutting, from an old Richmond *Enquirer*, is worth re-perusal,—

“The following spicy and characteristic poetic epistle, from the versatile pen of ‘Asa Hartz,’ was recently received by flag of truce by Judge Robert Ould, commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and is sent us to be preserved in ‘glorious diurnal.’ ‘Asa’ has been a prisoner of war for nearly a year, and no wonder he is getting tired of ‘rusticating on Johnson’s Island.’ His case deserves the attention of the authorities. It won’t do to let such a ‘trump’ go ‘up the spout’:”

BLOCK 1, ROOM 12,
JOHNSON’S ISLAND, OHIO,
April 26, 1864.

DEAR UNCLE BOB:

I fear your head
Has gone a thinking I am dead;
That ice and snow and doctors’ arts
Had stopped the breath of “Asa Hartz!”
I write this in poetic lingo
To let you know I LIVE, by jingo;
And ask if you can bring about
Some certain means to get me out?
Haven’t you got a Fed’ral “Maje,”
Now resting in some Dixie cage,
Who longs to see his loving marm,
Or visit once again his farm,
Or gaze upon his “garden sass,”
Or see once more his bright-eyed lass?
Haven’t you one of these, I say,
Whom you would like to swap away
For me, a man of vim—of “parts.”
Swap him, in short, for “Asa Hartz?”
I’ve been here, now, almost a year,
And sigh for liberty, so dear!
I’ve tried by every means I knew
To bid this Isle a fond adieu:
Dug holes, scaled walls, passed through the gate
With Yankee cap upon my pate,
And when I went out on the ice,
And thought I’d got away so nice,
I met a blue coat in my route,
Who quickly made me face about;
Marched me, with diabolic grin,
Back to the gate, and turned me in!
I’ve swallowed every rumor strange
That had a word about exchange;
Grew fat with joy and lean with sorrow,
Was “up” to-day, and “down” to-morrow
Implored, with earnestness of soul,
To be released upon parole!
Wrote Ben. F. B. a spicy letter
And told him he could not do better
Than let me out for thirty days.
I read his letter in amaze!
He said that “things” were mixed up now
In such a way, he knew not how
The favor that I asked about
Could well be granted. Had no doubt
That “things” would soon be so arranged
That all of us would be exchanged,
That ended it. I wrote to Prentice,
Who several times had kindly lent his
Purse and name to those whom chance,
And “pomp and glorious circumstance,”
Had sent to rusticate awhile
Within the “pris—on Johnson’s Isle.”
Well, George D. wrote to General Terry,
Commandant here—a good man, very,
And told him if he’d let me out
For thirty days—or there about,
He’d take me down into Kentucky—
See that I didn’t “cut my lucky;”
Would go my bail, in any sum,
That, when they wanted me—*I’d come!*
General Terry wrote him back
That he must walk the beaten track.
“I really thought,” said he, “you knew it.
That Stanton, and he alone, can do it!”

Thus ended *that* plan—I've no doubt
That I'm almost "gone up the spout,"
Unless you can devise some means
To give me change of air and scenes,
By special swap.

Now, Uncle Bob,
Be patient with me! Do not rob
Me of the hope I fondly cherish—
Do not leave me here to perish!
I've shuffled, cut the cards, and dealt,
Have played my bower (its loss is felt
More than the loss of filthy lucre);
Please play my hand, save me the euchre!
And, when your latest breath departs,
You'll die bewailed by "*Asa Hartz!*"

P. S.
When you, in answering this, shall write,
Address me—"Major Geo. McKnight,
Pris. War." Be cautious, very,
And add on—"Care of Gen'l Terry."

UNION VETERANS' UNION.

A precinct command of this ex-soldiers' order was organized at Skowhegan, June 1. The command was mustered by Colonel F. E. DeMerritt, national mustering officer. Officers were chosen and installed by Colonel DeMerritt as follows:

Colonel, F. H. Wing; Lieutenant Colonel, Wm. H. Weston; Major, F. M. Mills; Surgeon, R. F. McClure; Chaplain, Llewellyn Goodwin; Officer of the Day, Simon Grover; Officer of the Guard, Charles C. Grover; Adjutant, John H. Fraire; Quartermaster, Jefferson Savage; Sergeant-Major, Nathan Fowler; Quartermaster-Sergeant, Albert Flye; Drum-Major, Joseph Lashon; Color Bearer, Dennis Murphy; Sentinel, Hiram Dulac; Picket, A. F. Bickford.

Thursday evening, June 4, the command started under very flattering prospects, having twenty-four charter members. The work of this order is in no way antagon-

istic to that of the G. A. R., but is in complete harmony with that great and honored organization.

The name of the precinct is Abraham Lincoln, No. 19.

NOT A VERY BAD SHOWING.

The people who have persistently maintained that our pension roll was largely founded on fraud, and that thousands and tens of thousands of names had been placed thereon fraudulently, must be discouraged by the reply of Secretary Hoke Smith to the call of the senate for information showing the number of pensioners dropped from the rolls between July 1, 1895, and January 1, 1896, and the number on the rolls at those dates. Things are not anything like as bad as those people have been hoping.

It appears that the total number of pensioners, July 1, 1895, was 970,524. During the six months following, 3,417 names were dropped for distinctive causes, as follows: For disability ceased, 2,320; on account of desertion and deficient military service, 169; on account of fraudulent testimony, 83; for vicious habits, 18; for immorality, 102 (all of whom were widows); on account of disloyalty of soldiers, 537; for non-dependence, 46; for being pensioned under other laws, 39; disability or death not due to the service, 93; on account of reenlistment, 2; soldiers on whose account claim was made found to be still living, 4; declarations being invalid, 4.

That is to say, out of more than

970,000 pensioners, after all the exertions which have been made to show the worst state of things possible, less than one tenth of one per cent. of the pensions were stopped on the ground of fraud. How many will be restored later when the other side is heard, remains to be seen. But one fraudulent or crooked case in every 900 is not such an awful showing. There is probably a wicked politician in every 900. There may be one business man in each 900 who is not exactly square.

Considering the bitterness of the feeling in some quarters against the pensioners, we should say this was a very good showing indeed. The average of fraud is much less than that of bank officials, and pecuniary losses are a mere fraction of that resulting from the most carefully selected financial agents of the land.

HOW HE CONTRACTED SENILE DEBILITY.

Following is a copy of an affidavit filed in the pension office by a claimant aged 72 years, in reply to a call made by an examiner, as to when, where, and how he contracted "senile debility":

I cannot say precisely when and where and how I contracted senile debility. It has come on quite gradually. I seemed free from it at my birth, yet if I had not been born so far back as I was, then I would not be suffering from it so seriously now. The most eminent authorities are agreed that old age

is of a permanent character, and I begin to feel certain that my chances of becoming younger are exceedingly slim. In my case senile debility is not due to vicious habits, yet I have a habit of getting older each day. I have been infirm from age ever since I began to grow old.

CONTRACT FOR HEADSTONES.

The quartermaster-general of the army has contracted with William H. Gross, of Lee, Mass., for 10,000 headstones, to mark the graves of soldiers and sailors. The headstones provided by the government are by no means pretentious. Their average cost of late years has been about \$2 apiece. The contract price for the coming year is \$1.85 for each stone, being the lowest rate at which they have ever been secured.

When application for these headstones is made by the friends of the dead veterans to the officers of the military department in which they reside, the records are carefully examined to make sure that the deceased is entitled to the benefit of the appropriation. In case the examination is satisfactory, the stone is shipped to the railroad station or steamboat landing named by the applicant.

The expense of erecting the stone must be guaranteed by the persons who apply for it. This, of course, only applies to men who have been honorably discharged. Men who die before they have retired from the army or navy are

entitled to burial in a National cemetery at the nation's expense, as honored servants of the country.

Bids for these headstones are called for every two years, in lots of about 10,000. This number is by no means an indication of the exact mortality, inasmuch as many men who die after having been honorably discharged from the service are buried without any application having been made for the erection of the National headstone.

THE SOMERSET BRANCH.

The Somerset branch of the First Maine Cavalry association held a business meeting at Grand Army hall, April 9, at which the officers of last year were reelected, as follows: John H. Wyman, president; A. F. Bickford, vice-president; Henry J. Varney, secretary and treasurer. The meeting was well attended, and notwithstanding the disappointment in not being able to hold the annual banquet of the society, as they have heretofore done April 9, those in attendance were enthusiastically in favor of keeping up the organization.

DANIEL BUTTERFIELD.

Theodore Gerrish of the Twentieth Maine writes:

Knowing that your magazine is read by many members of the old Twentieth Maine Regiment, and also knowing that every survivor of that regiment remembers the old bugle call of "Dan Butterfield," who was the first commander of our famous old Third Brigade, I thought it would be of interest to

them, to gain any intelligence concerning General Butterfield. I had the pleasure of spending the evening with him at his home on Fifth avenue in this city. The general is hale and hearty although well up in the sixties. Aside from his gray hair and mustache he looks much as he did when he commanded our division at Antietam, our corps at Fredericksburg, was the chief of staff for Hooker at Chancellorsville and for Meade at Gettysburg. There is perhaps no man now living whose service covered a broader field or who was on official or intimate relations with so many prominent men of the war period, as General Butterfield. He is a very affable gentleman: a fine conversationalist, possessing a fine memory and his reminiscences of men and events are both interesting and instructive. He showed me the medal of honor presented him by the war department for his gallant services at the Battle of Gaines Mill and the piece of shell with which he was wounded at Gettysburg: also the valuable swords and spurs presented him at different times. He has one sword that was presented him by a grandson of General Scott. It is the sword which citizens of New Orleans presented General Scott after the Mexican War.

General Butterfield informs me that General J. J. Bartlett, if living, must be physically and intellectually in a helpless condition, as his health completely failed several years ago, but in all probability he

is dead. [He is dead—Editor.] The Twentieth Maine boys will all remember the gay, dashing Bartlett, who led our brigade in the Wilderness campaign and all will regret that the shadows have overtaken him. I also learned this evening that General Fitz-John Porter is living, and that he is the treasurer of the post-office in this city, and that he has a warm heart, and hand shake for every survivor of the old Fifth Corps. I propose to climb to his office on the second floor of the post-office building to-morrow and shake hands with him. General Butterfield sent kind regards to all the comrades of the Twentieth Maine Regiment.

AN ARMY GUIDON.

Assistant Quartermaster-General A. M. Warren presented to C. S. Douty Post a veritable relic of the war, being no less than a guidon which had belonged to and been carried by Company M, First Maine Cavalry. The guidon is of red and white silk and bears the inscription "Company M, First Maine Cavalry," and also bears evidence of having seen considerable service. This guidon was picked up in the far South near the close of the war by Comrade Joseph Lewis, of Company F, Third Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, late of New Bedford, Mass., now deceased. After his decease it was presented by his widow to Comrade George A. Taylor of New Bedford, Mass., and was by him forwarded with a very cordial letter to Comrade War-

ren as a present to C. S. Douty Post.

E. P. TOBIE, JR.

The Pawtucket *Evening Post* made its initial appearance December 11, 1893, and has been so successful since that better facilities and location were necessary for its publication. A lease of a portion of the first floor in the Post-office building has been secured, and the entire plant will be transferred to the new quarters.

The city department will continue under the charge of Edward P. Tobie, Jr., as city editor. Mr. Tobie is well known over the city and the valley, and his excellent work in the past is the abundant assurance that this department of the paper will be maintained at a high standard at all times.

LOYAL LEGION.

The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, Commandery of Maine, held its annual meeting in Portland May 6. The gatherings of the Loyal Legion are always of peculiar interest and that of yesterday proved no exception to the rule. There was a large attendance of companions of the order when the business meeting was called to order in the parlors of the Falmouth hotel by Commander I. S. Bangs of Waterville.

After the records of the previous meeting were read by Recorder Burrage, the commandery proceeded to the election of officers for the ensuing year, and the following were unanimously chosen:

Commander.—Paymaster William H. Anderson, U. S. N.

Senior Vice Commander.—Colonel Samuel H. Allen, U. S. V.

Junior Vice Commander.—Brevet Brigadier General Charles W. Tilden, U. S. V.

Recorder.—Brevet Major Henry S. Burrage, U. S. V.

Registrar.—Brevet Major Holman S. Melcher, U. S. V.

Treasurer.—Captain Thomas J. Little, U. S. V.

Chancellor.—Lieutenant Charles W. Roberts, U. S. V.

Chaplain.—Chaplain Richard L. Howard, U. S. V.

Council.—Brevet Major William H. Green, U. S. V.; Lieutenant George F. French, U. S. V.; Captain Hebron Mayhew, U. S. V.; Captain Horace H. Burbank, U. S. V.; Lieutenant George D. Bisbee, U. S. V.

The following gentlemen were elected to membership: Ira Bernard Gardner, first sergeant Company I, 14th Maine Infantry, November 28, 1861; second lieutenant same company, April 9, 1862; first lieutenant June 14, 1862; captain December 4, 1862; brevet major and lieutenant-colonel for gallant and meritorious services at Baton Rouge, La., August 5, 1862, and Opequan Creek, Va., September 19, 1864; mustered out of service January 13, 1865; served in the Department of the Gulf, and also in Virginia, and lost right arm at the Battle of Opequan Creek.

Simon Smith Andrews, Biddeford, Me., sergeant 13th Maine In-

fantry, November 15, 1861; first sergeant September 23, 1863; second lieutenant December 1, 1863; first lieutenant March 30, 1864; captain Company K, 30th Maine Infantry, January 4, 1865, the veterans of the 13th being consolidated with the 30th at that date; served in the Department of the Gulf and also in Virginia and Georgia; mustered out of service August 29, 1865.

Alfred Emery Nickerson, Swanville, Me., private 19th Maine Infantry, July 16, 1862; sergeant Company E; second lieutenant October 22, 1864; first lieutenant November 28, 1864; served in the Army of the Potomac; wounded at the Battle of the Wilderness May 6, 1864; mustered out with regiment May 31, 1865.

Samuel Harvey Pillsbury of Kittery, Me., enlisted April 22, 1861; first sergeant Company B, Fifth Maine Infantry, May 12, 1861; second lieutenant, May 27, 1861; first lieutenant, September 20, 1861; captain Company A, September 24, 1862; served in the Sixth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac; was taken prisoner at the Battle of Gaines's Mills June 7, 1862; also July 12, 1863, and was mustered out March 10, 1865.

John Odiorne Johnson of Liberty, Me., private Company K, Fourth Maine Infantry, April 29, 1861; mustered out on account of disability July 4, 1861; acting master's mate, United States Navy, October 4, 1861; acting ensign September 13, 1862; acting master June 15, 1863; mustered out September

15, 1865: served in the Gulf and North Atlantic squadrons: was officially mentioned for gallant conduct in action.

The newly-elected commander, W. H. Anderson, sat at the center table with the speaker of the evening, General Connor, on his left, and Collector Deering on his right.

The following gentlemen were seated at the tables:—J. W. Deering, Walter C. Emerson, I. S. Bangs, John F. Anderson, Robert M. Rogers, Alfred Mitchell, Geo. Varney, John Marshall Brown, Geo. W. West, S. H. Allen, J. H. Hewett, James E. Hewey, S. S. Andrews, E. Rowell, E. B. Mallet, E. C. Mitchell, Harry R. Virgin, Edward D. Noyes, Hiland L. Fairbanks, Henry N. Fairbanks, Atwell W. Swett, Charles C. Graham, F. H. Dyer, A. L. Turner, Hebron Mayhew, W. W. Whitmarsh, Geo. D. Bisbee, Henry S. Burrage, Francis Fessenden, F. E. Boothby, Thomas P. Shaw, Selden Connor, W. H. Anderson, Nelson Howard, Edward A. Butler, John O. Shaw, H. A. Philbrook, Charles R. Littlefield, Calvin L. Hayes, Chas. W. Roberts, G. E. Wingate, Thos. J. Little, S. C. Gordon, Sidney W. Thaxter, John H. Gifford, H. S. T. Harris, Augustus C. Hamlin, A. E. Fernald, Samuel L. Miller, Ira Berry, Jr., Thomas P. Beals, Chas. H. Boyd, R. L. Howard, J. H. Knight, Geo. F. French, Chas. O. Hunt, Geo. L. Beal, Frederick Robie, Wm. H. Spencer, C. J. House, C. W. Tilton, Francis E. Heath, Geo. W. Verrill, H. S.

Melcher, Geo. E. Brown, H. R. Millett, J. D. Anderson, Charles Walker, E. F. Davies, A. B. Farnham, Chas. Hamlin, Chas P. Mattocks, H. H. Burbank.

The banquet was a most appetizing one, and served in the Fal-mouth's best style.

When cigars were lighted General Selden Connor was presented to read a paper which was some of the personal reminiscences of "The Boys of '61," which appears in the BUGLE.

The paper held the closest attention of the company, and General Connor was given a hearty vote of thanks.

At the close of the banquet, General J. M. Brown presented the commandery the sword belt worn during the latter part of the war by the late General Charles Griffin, one of the commanders of the Fifth Corps. It was a gift from his widow, and the society extended her a vote of thanks.

After transacting some minor business, the commandery adjourned, having passed one of the pleasantest sessions of its history.

CONFEDERATE ECHOES.

Taken from the *Confederate Veteran* of April, 1896:

THE FOURTH TEXAS.

While never confronted by a body of the enemy, the Fourth Texas was actively engaged during the better part of the two days' Battle of Seven Pines, dodging Minie- and cannon-balls and shells fired by the Yankees. Webber, a Ger-

man of Company F, was the only man of the regiment who actually refused to duck his head at every invitation. "Wat for doage?" he would say. "Ven ze time coom ve die any vay—ven ze time no coom, ze ball, he mees." However, we were double-quickened back and forth from one end of the battle ground to the other, in futile effort to reach the enemy. The ground was low and swampy, the rain fell in torrents, and when night came he was a lucky man who found a rail or log on which to sleep and keep out of mud and water.

MAJOR SMITH OF THE SIXTY-FIRST
PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.

During the engagement, the Sixty-first Pennsylvania was driven so hurriedly out of its well-appointed camp as to leave all of its baggage and commissary stores. Fortunately for the Texans, the troops who did the driving were denied the time to take possession of the captured property, and it was promptly confiscated to our use and benefit. Some one looted the tent of Major B. F. Smith of the afore-said Sixty-first, and seized upon his commission and a bundle of letters, among them one of recent date from his sister. In the division of the spoils this fell to me, and it was so charming and home-like that I read it over and over again and then lest it should fall into unappreciative hands, burned it. Judging from the letter, the

writer is a highly accomplished young lady,—a daughter of a member of the legislature from West Chester county, Pa. It differed essentially from the others I read from Northern ladies, for it contained but one allusion to the Rebels, and that by no means bitter. It would please the gallant major, no doubt, if he survived the discomfiture of his regiment, as well as his lovely and lively sister, to be assured of my gratitude for the pleasure afforded me—the major by a hasty retreat, and the lady by writing a letter so interesting, newsy, and humorous as to charm a stranger and Rebel, and remind him of his own loved ones in far-off Texas. While perusing it the Rebel sat on a chunk of wood at the foot of a tall pine tree with his feet in the water. A heavy shower had just fallen, and dry places were not easily to be found. Every now and then a cannon-ball or shell, fired from a Federal gun, would crash through the top of the tree; but I was inside of the range of the gun, and any damage done by it was to people far back in the rear.

JOHN O. WINSHIP.

John O. Winship, formerly of Company A, Fifth Maine, delivered the Memorial oration at Cleveland, Ohio, which was spoken of very highly by the local papers. Governor McKinley was present and favored the audience with a short and impromptu address.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN III.

OCTOBER, 1896.

CALL 4.

THE SIXTH REGIMENT OF CAVALRY.

By Captain Wm. H. Carter, 6th U. S. Cavalry.

The Sixth Regiment of Cavalry was organized as the Third Cavalry, under the president's proclamation of May 3, 1861; and the proclamation was confirmed by act of congress, July 29, 1861. It was provided that its officers should take rank from May 14, 1861.

The headquarters were ordered established at Pittsburg, Pa., and the following officers were appointed to constitute the commissioned force of the new regiment:

Colonel David Hunter, Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Emory, Majors D. H. Rucker and E. H. Wright.

Captains I. N. Moore, A. V. Kautz, A. W. Evans, William S. Abert, D. McM. Gregg, J. H. Taylor, J. I. Gregg, John Savage, G. C. Cram, C. R. Lowell, J. S. Brisbin, and H. B. Hayes.

First Lieutenants J. K. Mizner, W. W. Averill, H. M. Enos, I. W. Claflin, S. H. Brown, B. T. Hutchins, H. T. McLean, Tattnell Paulding, Frederick Dodge, J. B. Johnson, J. F. Wade, M. H. Leavenworth.

Second Lieutenants J. W. Spangler, Peter McGrath, Hugh McQuade, and C. B. McLellan.

Major Rucker having declined, Major J. H. Carleton was appointed second major, to date from September 7, and Major L. A. Williams was on the same date appointed the junior major. Captain Moore having declined, Captain William P. Sanders was appointed.

The designation of the regiment was changed to "Sixth Cavalry," August 10, 1861, the Mounted Rifles becoming the Third Cavalry.

The regiment was recruited principally in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and western New York, under the supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Emory, and on October 12, 1861. Companies B, D, E, F, G, H, I, and K having been organized, the regiment was transferred to the camp of instruction east of the capitol at Washington. The organization of Company A was completed October 15; a sufficient number of recruits arrived during the month to complete the organization of Company M; and on the first of Novem-

ber the band of fifteen members joined, and the instruction of the regiment was begun. Company C was organized December 23, 1861, thus completing the organization of all but one company, and on December 31 the regiment was ready for the field with 34 officers and 950 men.

Winter quarters were abandoned on March 10, 1862, when the regiment crossed Long Bridge and marched to Fairfax C. H., where it was assigned to General P. St. G. Cooke's command, and after making a reconnoissance to Centreville, Manassas, and Bull Run, was embarked March 27, at Alexandria, for Fort Monroe, which it reached on the 30th.

The regiment, except one squadron, was equipped with sabres and pistols as light cavalry, and marched in advance of the Army of the Potomac to the position before Yorktown, where it remained until the evacuation.

The regiment participated in the peninsula campaign as part of General Stoneman's command. It opened and participated in the Battle of Williamsburg, after pursuing the enemy through Yorktown. Here it undertook a feat of arms seldom or never attempted by cavalry, mounted, and which was probably brought about by a misconception of orders, or faulty information regarding the garrison and works attacked. The daring counter-charge of Captain Sanders was the salvation of the rear of the command. The following extract is taken from the report of the regimental commander :

"I was ordered to make a detour through the woods and take a battery on the enemy's extreme left flank. I accordingly proceeded with the Sixth Cavalry through the woods indicated, and after going about half a mile at a trot, debouched upon an open but undulating ground in front of the enemy's line of fortifications. The ground was very heavy, and between the woods and the field works there was a deep ravine only passable by file. The ravine was about equi-distant from the woods and the works. It was passed, and the regiment formed about one hundred yards from the fortifications. Lieutenant Madden with a platoon was sent to reconnoitre the gorge. This was during the time its occupants were engaged with Gibson's battery in front. Lieutenant Madden reported that the ditch and rampart would have to be surmounted before we could effect an entrance, and also that infantry was approaching on the near side of a wood which skirted the back of the fort. I saw three regiments advancing in line; our position was critical, equally exposed to the guns of the fort and the advancing infantry. I determined to retire. Four of the squadrons and a portion of the fifth had already passed the ravine (it was belly deep to the horses in mud), when two squadrons of rebel cavalry rushed from the barracks in rear of the fort and endeavored to cut off Captain Sanders's company. Captain Sanders wheeled his company about, charged, and repelled the enemy with great gallantry. I cannot speak too highly of the officers and men on this occasion. Though every one felt that few would survive if the guns of the fort were turned upon us, not one showed the slightest concern. Captain Sanders showed great prudence and bravery in the

timely manner in which he met the enemy, though taken at a disadvantage by superior numbers. I regret to report that Lieutenant McLellan was wounded in the leg by a shell while engaged."

The regiment formed part of the advanced guard of the Army of the Potomac, and was engaged May 9, 1862, in the action at Slatersville under General Stoneman, where Sanders again distinguished himself by repeatedly charging superior forces of the enemy's cavalry. May 11, the regiment again became sharply engaged at New Kent C.H.

May 24 it was in action at Mechanicsville, and two days later in the battle of Hanover court house, the regiment camping on the battlefield until the morning of the 28th, when orders were received to burn the railroad bridge on the South Anna, near Wickham's farm. Colonel Wickham was laid up with a sabre wound received in the action with Sanders, and was captured and paroled. The destruction of the bridge and consequent railroad communication was accomplished during the day by a platoon under Lieutenant Kerin, supported by the regiment. At 12 o'clock the same night Lieutenant Kerin successfully destroyed the county bridge, about 200 yards above the railroad bridge.

Captain Cram destroyed a bridge which had been fired by Rush's Lancers on the 27th, but which they had failed to destroy because withdrawn prematurely. Orders arrived during the night to destroy the Virginia Central Railroad

bridge over the North Anna, which was accomplished by Captain Abert's squadron, supported by Captain Kautz's.

June 13, 1862, General J. E. B. Stuart having succeeded in getting to the rear of the Federal army with a considerable force of cavalry, the Sixth was ordered in pursuit, with part of the Fifth. Some active reconnoissance work took place, and Stuart's rear guard was found on the road to the White House. Orders being received to hold the position then occupied, the regiment halted until General Cooke arrived with his command. This raid made Stuart famous, and gave the opposing cavalries a lesson their leaders never forgot.

During the move from the Chickahominy to the James, the regiment retired by the way of York river. There was an accumulation of stores at White House landing which it was desired to move, and it became necessary to check the rebel cavalymen who were pushing in close pursuit of the retiring columns. The Sixth was placed with a platoon of artillery at the crossing of Black Creek, which it successfully defended against several attempts to force a passage. After dark, June 26, the stores having been removed or destroyed, the regiment retired to Williamsburg, marching all night. It remained about Yorktown, Hampton, and vicinity until July 7, when it was embarked at Fort Monroe for Harrison's landing, where the army had arrived after the seven days' fight.

Company L was organized and arrived at camp July 13, completing the regimental organization.

August 4, 1862, the regiment marched to Malvern hill, as part of Pleasanton's brigade, and on the next day had a sharp engagement, losing four killed and a number of wounded. During the evacuation of Harrison's landing, August 18, it formed the rear guard to Charles City court house.

The regiment embarked on transports at Yorktown, August 31, and landed at Alexandria, Va., September 2, 1862. For the next three months it was almost constantly in contact with the enemy, meeting him at Falls Church, Sugar Loaf mountain, Middletown, Charleston, Va., the expedition to Leesburg, Waterford, Charleston again, Hillsborough, Philamont, Uniontown, Upperville, Barber's Cross-roads, Amosville, and the Rappahannock, the regiment reaching Belle Plain November 24, where it remained until December 12, when it marched to the vicinity of Fredericksburg.

The army was now crossing the Rappahannock below the town, and a pontoon bridge having been thrown over, a squadron was crossed, and made a reconnoissance towards the enemy's works, developing their infantry line and receiving the fire of a battery, with a loss of two men and eight horses wounded. The squadron was withdrawn and the result reported to General Burnside. The regiment was put in camp near Falmouth,

December 13, 1862, where it remained until April 13, 1863.

The regiment was greatly hampered in its early service by the want of proper arms for the kind of warfare it was dealing with. It was not until three days after the Battle of Antietam that carbines were issued at Sharpsburg to all the men, and in the midst of an active campaign it was impossible to undertake any systematic instruction with the new arms. After four months of camp life near Falmouth, notwithstanding strenuous efforts to procure horses, the regiment resumed active work with nearly 300 men in the dismounted camp.

The regiment participated in the "Stoneman raid," to the rear of the rebel army, which ended May 9, after swimming the Rappahannock. A picket detail under Lieutenants Carpenter and Wade reported on the 4th of May to General Buford, and accompanied him on his forced march to Gordonsville. During the raid, Lieutenant Tupper with a detachment of ten men on a foraging expedition, captured the chief quartermaster of Stuart's cavalry in sight of one of their squadrons. It is doubtful if any service during the year was accompanied with greater hardships than were endured by men and horses during these few days from May 1st to 9th, 1863. The rain falling incessantly, swelled the streams and rendered the roads impassable.

Four days later the regiment encamped at Hartwood Church, and

the regimental commander, assistant surgeon, and two men were captured while passing from camp to General Buford's headquarters, a mile and a half distant.

On the 8th of June the regiment arrived near Beverly Ford, on the Rappahannock, and crossed next day, participating in that famous cavalry combat, with a loss of four officers and 63 men killed and wounded and captured, out of 254 engaged. The regiment charged, losing Lieutenant Madden by a shell, and while reforming, the adjutant—Lieutenant Kerin—was captured. The regiment then supported Elder's horse-battery for several hours, part of the time under heavy fire. It was then moved, with the Second Cavalry, to the extreme right, where severe loss occurred in charging the enemy to resist a flank attack. Lieutenant Ward was killed, and Lieutenant Stoll badly wounded, both commanding squadrons. The latter was fired upon after he fell, and his men who tried to bear him away were shot down.

This was one of the most severe cavalry actions of the war, and a loss of one fourth of its members is ample evidence of the courage and tenacity with which the Sixth fought until the line was withdrawn, and then the regiment was the last to withdraw, and formed the rear-guard, where Lieutenant Tupper was specially mentioned for the skilful and deliberate manner with which he withdrew his squadron, the extreme

rear guard, checking the enemy at every step as he retired.

While on the road to Snicker's Gap, the regiment had a brisk skirmish, June 17, near Benton's Mill; and again on the 21st, having joined General Gregg's command, it was engaged with the enemy, nearly all the cavalry of both armies fighting all day between Middleburg and Upperville. In the charge near the latter place Lieutenant McQuiston and five men were wounded. The regiment marched by way of Aldie and Leesburg to the Potomac, which was crossed at Edward's Ferry; thence to Point of Rocks and Emmitsburg, arriving July 2, 1863.

On July 3, General Merritt ordered the regiment to Fairfield, Pa., on the road leading to Gettysburg from the northwest, to capture a wagon train, the rest of the brigade moving towards Gettysburg by way of Farmington. Fairfield was reached at noon, where two troops were detached to proceed along the base of the mountain, the regiment keeping the road to Gettysburg. About a mile from Fairfield the enemy's pickets were encountered and driven back to their supports, when another squadron was added to the skirmish line, and the enemy—the Seventh Virginia—was driven back to the forks of the road from which their main body could be seen, consisting of about four regiments of cavalry. The regiment was close enough to hear the command, "Draw sabres,"

of the enemy, as they were formed for the charge. The two squadrons were in between post and rail fences, and could not form line or join those in the fields before they were charged by the rebel brigades under Generals Robertson and Jones. Caught in such a trap, the men remained firm, firing, and inflicting severe loss on the advancing column until literally ridden down. Some escaped to the fields and made for the town, but the rebels were there first, and Lieutenant Balder, who was ordered to surrender, called on the few men near him to follow, and had nearly cut his way out when he fell, mortally wounded. The squadron which was on the road near the mountain was also overpowered and hurled back to the town.

It was very unfortunate that the scattered squadrons were not withdrawn instantly from the front of such superior forces for more favorable ground. The regiment paid dearly for the error, losing, besides Lieutenant Balder killed, Major Starr and Lieutenants Tucker, Wood, and Chaffee, wounded; Captain Cram, Lieutenants Bould and Paulding, and Surgeons Forwood and Notsom captured. The loss of men was 232 killed, wounded, and captured, out of a total of less than 400.

The flight made at Fairfield by this small regiment against two of the crack brigades of Stuart's cavalry, which were endeavoring to get around the flank of our army to attack the trains, was one of the

most gallant in its history, and was really a part of the Battle of Gettysburg. The efforts of these brigades were frustrated, and their entire strength neutralized for the day, by the fierce onslaught of the small squadrons. The regiment was cut to pieces, but it fought so well that the squadrons were regarded as the advance of a large body of troops. The senior officer of these brigades was adversely criticised for allowing his command to be delayed by such an inferior force. Had the regiment not made the desperate stand, the two brigades of Virginians might have accomplished incalculable injury in the Federal rear, before sufficient force could have been gathered in their front. The small portion which escaped retreated to Emmitsburg, joined the brigade the next day, proceeded to Frederick city, Md., July 5, and to South Mountain and Williamsport, July 6, participating in the engagement there with the loss of one sergeant.

While making a reconnoissance to Funkstown, July 7, the regiment became heavily engaged with superior numbers, and lost Captain Claffin severely wounded, and 85 men killed, wounded, and missing. The regiment remained in contact with the enemy, and was engaged, July 8 and 9, near Boonsborough, and again engaged near Funkstown, July 10.

The regiment had now lost all but three or four officers and a few men, and was ordered to report at Cavalry Corps headquarters, and

marched *via* Warrenton Junction to Germantown, arriving there August 8, 1863. The service of the regiment during the period between the action at Beverly Ford and the last affair at Funkstown was one of incessant marching and fighting, and although nearly decimated by the casualties of action, the brave little band hung on to Lee's army with a courageous tenacity, which remains to-day as one of the most cherished historical incidents of the regiment's existence.

The regiment did not leave Germantown until September 12, and next day crossed the Rappahannock and engaged in the fight at Brandy Station, driving the enemy through Culpepper. Here it remained for a month, when the rebels attacked, and forced a retreat towards the Rappahannock. When near Brandy Station, the regiment was ordered into position on the left of the road, and when the skirmish line on its left retired, it was in an exposed position which was promptly seen by the enemy, who attempted a flank attack with a column of cavalry. In withdrawing around a piece of thick pine woods where the corps skirmish line was placed, the regiment was fired into by the First New York (Harris's) Cavalry, killing a sergeant and wounding Lieutenant Chaffe, Surgeon Forwood, and three men. On the 14th the regiment reached Centreville, and while reconnoitering the enemy's position Lieutenant Nolan was wounded. The regiment remained

near Brandy Station during the winter in huts constructed by themselves.

The regiment left winter quarters May 4, 1864, and reconnoitered Germania Ford, Mine Run, and U. S. Ford, returning to Chancellorsville in time to go with General Sheridan to Todd's Tavern, where, May 7, the cavalry corps were heavily engaged with cavalry and infantry.

The next day was spent in preparations for the raid towards Richmond, which commenced May 9, 1864. The regiment marched on the Fredericksburg and Richmond Pike, crossing the North Anna after dark. The clouds of dust having attracted the attention of the enemy, they arrived during the night, and opened on the corps headquarters at daylight with a battery, the regiment being near by and receiving a few shells without casualties. The march was resumed, the rebels continuing in pursuit and frequently attacking the rear guard. Reaching Beaver Dam Station, a train containing prisoners captured at the Wilderness was seized about 9 o'clock on the morning of the 10th, and destroyed with a large amount of muskets and small arms. The march was resumed, and at 11 o'clock, a. m., May 11, the enemy was encountered in front of Yellow Tavern, and a severe engagement took place, resulting in the defeat of the rebels and the death of their gallant and famous leader—J. E. B. Stuart.

Crossing the Chickahominy at Meadow bridge, May 12, the march continued towards Richmond until the outer works were reached, when the column turned to the left towards Mechanicsville bridge. A shell placed in the road exploded as the regiment passed, killing one horse. The enemy now opened fire on the column, and the direction of the march was changed towards Mechanicsville. The enemy was in position on the road, and fought stubbornly for two hours before he was driven away and a passage over the river secured. Mechanicsville was reached at dark, and the regiment went on picket.

Bottom's bridge was destroyed May 13, and the day following the regiment was detached to Fort Monroe with orders for supplies to be sent to White House landing. A march of fifty miles to Williamsburg was made the first day, and on the 15th Fort Monroe was reached, where the regiment remained until the 21st, when it rejoined the cavalry corps at White House landing, and proceeded to join the Army of the Potomac at Milford station, May 24, 1864.

May 26, marched to Hanover town, crossing the Pamunkey at that point on a pontoon bridge next day, and on the 28th came upon the enemy and attacked him near Salem Church. Reached New Castle ferry on the 29th, and Old Church on the 30th, where the enemy was again engaged. Returning, the regiment reached Trevilian

station, June 10, and participated in the battle of that name, June 11.

The Cavalry Corps marched to White House landing, leaving the Sixth at the crossing of the Mattaponi to await the arrival of detachments and take up the pontoon bridge, which was done and the corps rejoined on June 19. The next ten days was spent in marching, and on the 29th the enemy was again encountered near Dabney's mill, and a skirmish took place. The regiment crossed the James, August 1, and engaged in the action of Deep Bottom.

General Sheridan having been assigned to command the Middle Military Division, embracing the Shenandoah Valley, Troop L was ordered to duty as his escort, and the regiment embarked for Washington, and thence marched *via* Harper's Ferry and rejoined the Cavalry Corps near Berryville, August 20, 1864.

September 19, 1864, the regiment left Berryville at 3 o'clock a. m., towards Winchester, and at noon, as General Sheridan's escort, became engaged in the battle of that name. On the next day pursued the enemy to Strasburg, and engaged in the fight of Fisher's Hill, driving the enemy all night and arriving at Woodstock next morning, where the day was spent in picking up stragglers and prisoners. The march up the Valley was resumed September 22, and at 10 o'clock a. m., the enemy was found posted on the south bank of the Shenandoah to dispute the

crossing. The rebels were dislodged and the regiment proceeded to New Market, and thence to Harrisonburg, where it remained.

October 7, the regiment marched down the Valley, and remained on the north side of Cedar Creek until October 19, when the battle of that name was fought. The rebels drove the regiment from its camp, but it was retaken before night and reoccupied. Captain Lowell was killed while leading the regular brigade to the charge in this action.

December 6, 1864, the regiment marched to Stephenson's station, and formed part of General Merritt's command on his raid in Loudon Valley; and on the 19th it went with General Torbert's command on the raid to Gordonsville. Returning December 31, it went into winter camp at Kernstown.

February 27, 1865, the camp was broken up, and the regiment proceeded with the Cavalry Corps under General Sheridan, up the valley through Strasburg, Woodstock, and New Market, and arrived at Staunton, March 5; thence to the James river, and joined the Army of the Potomac near Petersburg, March 27, 1865. March 29, proceeded to Dinwiddie court house. Here the Cavalry Corps engaged the enemy on the 30th, and drove them into their works at Five Forks, holding the position for three hours against repeated attacks, and until the ammunition was exhausted. The enemy got in on the right flank of the regiment under cover of

dense woods, and when the line was withdrawn for ammunition, the rebels charged the flank, capturing Lieutenant Nolan and eighteen men. On March 31, their infantry having come up, the enemy attacked and drove the Cavalry Corps back to Dinwiddie. Next morning, the regiment occupied the extreme right in the memorable Battle of Five Forks, and connected with the Fifth Corps when it came into action during the afternoon, the regiment wheeling to the left and resting the right on the enemy's works. About 3 p. m. an advance was ordered, which never ceased until sunset, when the battle was won.

The Cavalry Corps went in pursuit April 2, and came up with the rebels and engaged them at 3 p. m., but they retreated. The pursuit was continued incessantly, and with great loss to the enemy, until April 6, when they were compelled to make a stand to save their trains. The Cavalry Corps pressed hard on their flank and awaited a favorable opportunity to capture the trains. Their infantry was forced to form, enabling the Sixth Corps to arrive during the delay. The Third Cavalry Division was now ordered to charge, the other two divisions supporting, and this, the Battle of Sailor's Creek, resulted in the capture of about 10,000 rebels. During this action the regiment was ordered to take possession of some log huts. It is recorded in the regimental archives, that the few men now left in the

ranks hesitated, believing it was sure death: but Lieutenant McLennan, a veteran of the old army, faced them, and said: "Men, let us die like soldiers." Every one of the little band rushed for the huts, under a shower of bullets, and gained the cover, with a loss of but three men wounded. The pursuit was pressed until 9 p. m. While trying to force a passage across the creek after dark, a shell burst in the midst of the little remnant bearing so bravely the standard of the Sixth, and wounded three, one of whom died next day. The march was resumed on the 7th, and on the 8th a rapid march was made to Appomatox station, where a charge was made resulting in important captures. April 9, 1865, the rebels made a desperate attack upon the cavalry at Clover Hill, but the arrival of the infantry supports about 9 a. m. relieved the cavalry, which immediately proceeded at a gallop to the enemy's left with a view of charging upon that flank. On nearing the rebel lines, a flag of truce was met requesting a cessation of hostilities, as it had been decided to surrender. The surrender was announced at 4 p. m.

The cavalry was at once started for Petersburg, and thence, after the grand review in Washington before the president, into camp at Frederick, Md., to reorganize and equip for duty on the distant frontier, where it was destined to pass the next quarter of a century.

The salient features of the regiment's history, during this most

eventful period of our nation's existence, have now been traced from the date of its first service in the Peninsula campaign, until formed for the last charge at Appomatox. The history of the regiment is that of the Regular Brigade, than which none brighter appears upon the records of the Army of the Potomac.

The regiment was fortunate at the beginning of its career in having General Emory present as its lieutenant-colonel to organize it. The talent and courage of the squadron leaders, who so materially aided in establishing a reputation for the regiment, caused the early loss of these officers, who were soon selected for higher commands. Brave Sanders, a Southerner and West Pointer who remained loyal, was promoted to brigadier-general, and was killed at the siege of Knoxville, Tenn. Lowell was killed while leading the brigade to the charge, he being then colonel of volunteers serving in the same brigade with his own Sixth. There were many officers of the regiment holding high commands, like Generals Hunter, Emory, Carleton, Kautz, the Greggs, Sanders, and others, who rendered good service commensurate with the increased rank held by them, but the records contain many applications for, and references to, younger officers who were constantly detached for staff, recruiting, and similar duties, who might have carved more enduring names for themselves in command

of such excellent men as composed the ranks of the Sixth Cavalry.

Subsequent to the close of hostilities, the adjutant-general's office not having given proper credit to the regiment for its services in battle, General Sheridan sent to the War Department the following communication, which is cherished as a manly and characteristic action on the part of that great leader:

"I take this occasion to strongly urge that justice be done the Sixth Cavalry, and that the battles as given in the within order issued by me . . . be credited to this regiment on the next army register, so that its record, or so much of it as is permitted in the army register, may be in a measure correct and complete. In the following battles the Sixth Cavalry fought under my personal supervision, viz.: Wilderness, Todd's Tavern, Furnaces, Spottsylvania Court House, Yellow Tavern, Meadow Bridge, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Five Forks, Dinwiddie C. H., Clover Hill, Sailor's Creek, and Appomattox Court House."

The records of casualties during the Rebellion show 7 officers killed, 53 men killed in action and 53 other deaths; 122 wounded in action, and 17 by accident; 438 missing, most of these being captured at Fairfield and in other charges,—making a total of 689 enlisted men.

The regiment participated in the following actions during the war:

1862.

Williamsburg, May 4, Slatersville, May 9, New Kent C. H., May 11, New Bridge, May 20, Mechanicsville, May 24, Hanover C. H., May 27, Ashland, June 16, Black Creek, June 26, Malvern Hill, August 5, Falls Church, September 5, Sugar Loaf Mountain, Md., September 13, Petersville, Md., September 15, Charlestown, September 28, Hillsboro, September 29, Waterford, October 1, Charlestown, October 8, Philamont, November 1, Uniontown, November 2, Upperville, November 3, Barber's Cross Roads, November 5, Amosville, November 7-8, Sulphur Springs, November 17, Fredericksburg, December 12.

1863.

Beverly Ford, June 9, Benton's Mill, June 17, Middleburg, June 21, Upperville, June 21, Fairfield (Gettysburg), Pa., July 3, Williamsport, Md., July 6, Funkstown, Md., July 7, Boonesboro, Md., July 8-9, Funkstown, Md., July 10, Brandy Station, September 13, Culpepper, October 11, Brandy Station, October 11, Robertson's Tavern, November 27, Mine Run, November 28-29.

1864.

Wilderness, May 5-6, Todd's Tavern, May 7, Spottsylvania C. H., May 9, Yellow Tavern, May 11, Meadow Bridge, May 12, Salem Church, May 28, Old Church,

May 30, Trevilian Station, June
11-12, Dabney's Mill, June 29,
Deep Bottom, August 1, Berry-
ville, August 16, Winchester, Sep-
tember 19, Fisher's Hill, Septem-
ber 20, Cedar Creek, October 19.

1865.

Five Forks, March 30, Dinwid-
die C. H., March 31, Five Forks,
April 1, Sailor's Creek, April 6,
Appomatox Station, April 8, Clov-
er Hill, April 9.

FOUR BROTHERS IN BLUE.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

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

[Continued from page 110.]

In dim lead pencil, on the two sides of four small visiting-cards, now in the possession of the writer, written from Arlington by our brother, but recently graduated from West Point, occurs the following brief description of his experience in this, his first battle :

“ Thank God ! I am alive ! I commanded a company alone at Bull Run from eleven until five. We were the last to leave the field, and were very near being cut off. Kent—acting captain of my company—was wounded in the leg and foot when we first came on the field. I sent him to the rear, and took command myself. I lost one corporal and nine men ; the former was shot through the heart, and fell by my side. We had marched twelve miles without food and scarcely any water. Don't believe anything you hear ! We were whipped, and it ended in a total rout. Our battalion of regulars could only be kept together by the most superhuman efforts of our

officers. We had to keep out of the road, so that our retreat could not be observed. We marched twelve miles, resting half an hour, and started for our old encampment, which we reached about 8 o'clock the next morning. Our march in all was forty-eight miles—besides fighting from eleven until five—in forty-eight hours. The West Point Battery suffered terribly, losing forty men, most of their horses, and five pieces—no officers. We had two officers wounded, and would have lost all, had we not taken the precaution to lie flat on our bellies while we were supporting the Rhode Island battery. The large rifle balls struck a few inches above us. You will hear great stories about the bravery of this and that regiment of volunteers, but believe me, most of them acted like cowards in my division. I was on a hill and saw them, and had it not been for our Regular batteries, the whole army would have been taken prisoners or killed.

When we first went into action, our men—who are mostly recruits—seemed inclined to back out, but we stationed ourselves behind them and threatened to shoot the first man that turned. We then talked to them, told them they were considered the mainstay of the brigade, and finally, after having rested a little (although still under fire), we moved up in very good style.

“I am completely worn out; my bedding all lost on the road, but my baggage all up. I wore the same underclothes for one week, and they were perfectly filthy when I changed. I was perfectly cool throughout the action, and never thought of myself a moment. I saw the dead and wounded lying about me, without the slightest feeling, and saw my corporal shot dead by my side without a single tear. I knew I had great responsibility resting upon me, and I knew if I flinched the least my command was ruined. I feel quite well this morning, and after a good dinner, which is being prepared, I will be all right again.

“Affec. your son,

“E. C.

“U. S. A.”

Although he had been regularly assigned to the Eighth U. S. Infantry upon graduation, he had, on account of the Eighth being then held prisoners of war in Texas, been temporarily attached to Company B, Third U. S. Infantry (Lieutenant J. F. Kent), in the little Battalion of Regulars, under the command of that gallant soldier,

Major George Sykes, Fourteenth Infantry, afterward a major-general, commanding the Fifth Army Corps. It was composed of Companies C and G of the Second,—B, D, G, H, of the Third, and G of the Eighth U. S. Infantry, Captain Nelson H. Davis, Second Infantry, acting major. Few of the officers had had but little experience in the field, being for the most part either fresh from West Point or civil life. This battalion, which General Beauregard has since the war characterized—“a small but incomparable body of Regular Infantry,” formed a part of the First Brigade (Andrew Porter), Second Division (David Hunter). The troops comprising the remainder of this brigade, were a battalion of seven companies of regular cavalry belonging to the First and Second regiments, and Second Dragoons, under the command of Major Innis Palmer; a battalion of marines under Major Reynolds; the Eighth, Fourteenth, and Twenty-seventh N. Y. state militia, and Captain Charles Griffin’s Battery of the Fifth U. S. Artillery (West Point Battery).

The regulars, militia, and volunteers preserved their distinctive names, and to a certain extent their uniforms. The Fourteenth Brooklyn wore a semi-zouave uniform; the Twelfth New York wore the full dress hat of the regulars, while some of the Wisconsin and Minnesota troops were uniformed in grey. In a letter, dated July 16, our young officer says,—

“We march at 3 p. m., with three days’ rations and nothing but our arms and blankets; our destination is Fairfax: the whole line moves. We will march about six miles to-day, five miles to-morrow, and then fight. Fairfax has been reinforced by about 12,000 rebels, and we expect to have a good time. The Fourteenth N. Y. Zouaves will deploy as skirmishers, and we have the ‘post of honor’—the right. I am second in command of my company. I hope all will turn out well. It will be some time before you hear from me again, and perhaps never.”

G. O. No. 17, Headquarters Department of N. E. Virginia, Arlington, July 16, 1861, read as follows:

“The Second Division (Hunter’s) will leave their camps in light marching order, and go on the Columbia turnpike as far as the Little River turnpike, but not to cross it, the Second Brigade (Burnside’s) leading. The Second Division (Hunter’s) will, after the road shall be cleared of the Fifth Division, move on the direct road to Fairfax Court House by the Little River Turnpike.”

The account of what follows is in his own language, written from his journal after the battle.

“As you wish very much to have me give you some of my experiences in the campaign of Bull Run I will strike out this evening. I will begin from the time we left Arlington. Major Sykes received orders to hold himself in readiness

to march at 3 o’clock on the 16th. We brought up the rear of Colonel Porter’s brigade. We were considerably harassed by the haltings made by the volunteers in front of us, and slept in a field by the roadside. Up bright and early the next morning: got my servant to bring me some water in a canteen: washed: cleaned my teeth: brushed my hair: looked at my pocket looking-glass: and ate a sumptuous breakfast, composed of hard bread and half-boiled tongue. We started on our march at 8 o’clock. Did not make much headway on account of continued stops: reached Fairfax about 12 o’clock: found it occupied by Miles’s brigade and a portion of Heintzelman’s. Volunteers conducted themselves in a most shocking manner: broke open stores and scattered the contents in the streets: killed all the pigs and poultry they could find: robbed the bee-hives: dug all the new potatoes they could get from the gardens: broke open houses: stole the sweet meats, etc.

“Regular officers went to McDowell and complained, telling him they would tender their resignations if it was not stopped. Had a stampede the first night. All under arms except our regiment. We told our men to lie low or they would get shot by the volunteers. Started the next morning towards Centerville: had a long, tedious march in the hot sun: reached our camping-place about 7 o’clock: took a bite, and went to bed on our oil cloths and blankets (and I had

an India rubber pillow); slept soundly until 12 o'clock, when we were stampeded. Our men received the customary command to lie down and go to sleep, as it was a false alarm. Some of the volunteers actually formed a line of battle, and marched to the woods and fired three rounds at the trees, and then deployed skirmishers.

“Somebody fired a gun, and the fusilade commenced. One of the officer's ‘strikers,’ who was leisurely crossing the camp-ground at this moment, apparently oblivious that anything unusual was going on, suddenly had his march arrested by Captain Dodge, who shouted: ‘Lie down, you d—d fool!’ which he proceeded to obey ‘instantly.’ He had been taught to obey orders, but not to avoid friendly bullets in an enemy's country.

“Our mess chests arrived the next day (and we had taken good care to fill them well before starting). We had flour, tea, coffee, sugar, pickles, sardines, boiled ham, nice loaf bread, molasses, butter, and all our mess furniture, consisting of a table, plenty of crockery, and pots to cook in. Of course we lived well now, and besides we bought cake on the road. The next day was extremely warm, and our men built booths of bushes for us, which were very comfortable. We heard of Tyler's foolish and headstrong movement with much chagrin, inasmuch as he had been defeated and had not gained a single point, and had ventured the move in spite of all the written

protests of Major Barnard and others, who were chief engineers of the Army of the Potomac.

“Went and took a bath in the afternoon; had no clean clothes to put on; old ones perfectly filthy. Band played in the evening ‘Home, Sweet Home,’ and many other airs.

“Next morning, the regiment was formed into a hollow square to witness the flogging of two deserters, who had been sentenced by a general court martial. Fifty lashes were well laid on with a raw-hide; a letter ‘D’ one and a half inches long branded on one, and the same on the other, with the addition of a large ‘W’ on his hip. They stood it well. Volunteers were shocked at such a spectacle. One inquired of an officer of the Third Infantry,—‘If I should desert, would I receive such punishment?’ The reply was,—‘No; you would be shot!’

NOTE.—This was the last flogging ever witnessed in the regular army, but not the last branding.

“Our camp was nearly the same until we received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to march at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 21st. We then knew there was a fight ahead. I forgot one thing: The first night we were in camp a volunteer captain came to Major Sykes, and said our supply train had been cut off by the enemy's cavalry. Major Sykes immediately detailed three companies, and Colonel Porter sent one company of cavalry to retake them. My com-

pany was one of the number. I looked at my pistol, bid Ferris good-bye, and started, ready for anything that might turn up. We marched about a mile, and met our train safe and sound. If we had caught 'Mr. Voluntario' we would have pulled his nose."

An officer, who was with the battalion on this day's march—a hot and dusty one—relates that "A private belonging to some militia or volunteer organization ahead, passed the regulars at a 'double quick' on his way to the front. Like many others commencing this campaign, he had literally packed himself, and appeared—besides his rifle, equipments, etc.—to carry an assorted cargo of 'a little of everything.' As he passed, with pots, dippers, etc., rattling, he turned a jolly red face towards the column, and exclaimed, 'Lord, Jee! but I wish't I was a mule!' The roars of laughter that followed seemed greatly to refresh and speed him on his way."

"We had coffee made for us before we started, for it was a bitter cold morning. We drank sundry cups full and started on the march, or, as I thought, some secret expedition. But all the volunteer bands commenced to play patriotic airs, and they would cheer like wild demons. We marched quite fast until we got to Centerville, and there made quite a long halt. Tyler's division moved on in advance, and then came Heintzelman's and Hunter's divisions, we bringing up the rear of the whole. Our march was

long and hot, but we knew that we were going to have a fight, and the excitement kept us in good cheer.

"We passed Cub Creek bridge, and left Tyler. He went straight ahead, and we took a direction to our right, something like this (sketch). As we turned off, we heard firing ahead, and concluded that Tyler was engaged. As soon as we got about a mile from where we branched off, Major Sykes halted our regiment, and caused them to load their muskets. He then made them a short speech, cautioning them to keep from getting excited, and to fire low. He told them that they were regulars, and were regarded as the mainstay of the brigade. He called his officers about him, and told them that he had every confidence in us, although most of us had never been in action. He told us to keep our companies well in hand and make them 'fire low.' We then started, and had a long march through the woods, on the Sudley and Newmarket road, over a very good road. When we arrived within two miles of Bull Run, we were marched into a large field, and the men took off their blankets and laid them in a pile, and the bands were left to guard them. We then forded a creek (Young's branch, near the intersection of the Warrenton turnpike with the Sudley road), and marched very rapidly until we came in sight of the field. The first thing I saw was a man stretched out dead, with his head shot nearly away.

“We could see the Rhode Island battery firing and see the return shots from the rebel battery. We marched in this direction by fours, and came behind the two Rhode Island regiments. We met Burnside and he ran towards us, saying, ‘Good God! Major Sykes, you regulars are just what we want: form on my left and give aid to my men who are being cut to pieces!’ We formed on the right by file into line on the run, the Rhode Islanders cheering and exciting our men.

“As soon as we were formed, we commenced firing, and the rebels did not like the taste of our long range rifles. Our men fired badly; they were excited, and some of the recruits fired at the stars. There was some confusion, but we immediately formed line of battle and marched across the field in splendid order for about forty rods. We were then wheeled by company to the right, to gain a wood on our right, but immediately took our men out of column of companies by the command, ‘Right flank, by file left!’ As we got to the edge of the wood we observed a white flag upon a sword, held by some one lying down. We went to the spot and found Colonel Jones of one of the Alabama regiments mortally wounded. He asked for a drink of water, which we gave him. He asked what we intended to do, and we told him to whip them. He said, ‘Gentlemen, you have got me, but a hundred thousand more await you!’

NOTE.—This was Colonel Egbert Jones of the Fourth Alabama. Just previous to the battle he had been requested to resign by his regiment on account of some trifling misunderstanding. He declined to do so, but told his men that if they would wait until after the battle he would then resign if they still demanded it. During the battle he sat on his horse and gave his orders with great coolness and deliberation, exciting the admiration and enthusiasm of his men. While in this position, a ball struck him in the thigh near the hip: it ranged down the marrow of his bone to the knee. He survived several weeks, and died at Orange Court House, Va. He was an immensely large man, being 6 ft. 3 in. in height.—*Brewer's Hist. of Ala.*

“We went through the woods, which were about twenty rods long and full of dead bodies, and then turned to our left and formed line again. We were here fired upon by two regiments, and many of our men fell. Kent was wounded here. We fell back into the woods, and the men all laid down for fifteen minutes. We then received orders to support the Rhode Island battery, which was brought up to where we had fallen back from a few moments before.

“We formed upon their left flank, and immediately received a shower of shell, grape, and canister from the rebel batteries. The crest of the hill protected us in a great degree, but we were obliged to lie flat upon our faces for one hour, and all the time hearing the rifle balls, etc., flying in close proximity to our heads, and not infre-

quently seeing a few rolling about among the men.

“The Rhode Island battery had as brave men to manage it as I would wish to see, but they did no execution. I did not see the elevating screw touched: neither did I see a pendulum hausse, nor a tangent scale. They would fire, allow the guns to recoil, load again, push them up to the crest of the hill, and pull away in the direction of the battery which was firing upon us. After they had ceased firing, we rose up and stood still for a few moments, watching the Sixty-ninth and Fourteenth New York Volunteers. The Sixty-ninth had got into a battery, and our flag was waving from its parapet: the Fourteenth was marching to support them. Presently we saw four or five regiments deploy in front of the woods, where they had been held in reserve, and march to attack our men: terrific firing then commenced, and lasted five or ten minutes.

“We then saw the American flag waver, and its supporters turned and fled, apparently ‘all cut up.’ No two men went the same way, but covered the field with flying fugitives. We then marched over towards the hill on our right (the plateau where the Henry and Robinson houses were), where these regiments were retreating to, and tried to form them, or at least to cover their retreat. One company formed, and joined our little regiment and did good service, but the rest were panic stricken and noth-

ing could save them. We formed line of battle, and then deployed them as skirmishers. We fired into a regiment about five hundred yards from us, but stopped immediately as they carried the American flag. We saw our mistake very quickly when they joined three other regiments carrying the rebel flag, and gave them a dose of lead they will long remember. We are very certain that a private in Company G killed General Barnard E. Bee, who, by the way, was a very dear friend of Major Sykes.

“We found that our troops were all leaving the field, and that we were being surrounded. One or two squadrons of cavalry were trying to get on our flank, but we formed square so quickly that they became convinced who we were, and kept out of range of our rifles.”

NOTE.—It is related that when the battalion first “formed square,” one of the men in grey, in the small company which had joined it (believed to be from Minnesota), who was apparently six and a half feet in height and slim in proportion, when he saw the enemy getting around them, jumped up in the air, and exclaimed frantically,—“They’re *flinking* us, they’re trying to *flink* us!” He wore a sort of Shako, that had, on account of its being too large for him, slipped to the back of his head, and he presented such an outré appearance as to cause the men to laugh outright.

“By that time one of their batteries had got our range, and was plying us with round shot and rifle. We now saw that every regiment

had left the field, and our chances for safety were very slim. We formed line of battle, and faced by the rear rank, and then pushed for 'Sawyer's.'

• We were followed for three miles by a battery of rifled cannon, and the music the shots made about our ears was anything but amusing. We kept together admirably, but we were surrounded by fugitives. We kept away from the road, so that our trail could not be followed by our dust.

• We were threatened by cavalry twice, but we were put into the woods, and cavalry are good for nothing there. Well, we reached Centerville, and went into a little field or garden and rested for twenty minutes. We held a 'council of war,' and told the major we would surely be cut off at Fairfax if we did not get back there soon. We immediately called our men to attention and started on the march, and continued until we arrived at our old camping place, one mile and a half from Centerville. We were bound to stay there for a little while, for we could not go on: our feet and legs refused to do duty, 'fairly mutinied,' and charges have been preferred against them since. You remember I had given my rations to a drummer boy in the morning. He returned with my haversack, and Captains Averill, Griffin, Dodge, Douglass, with the assistance of several lieutenants of Griffin's and Sykes's command, gallantly devoured the contents. We discussed the late battle, con-

gratulated each other on his safety, and then turned in for the night. We found all our baggage that had been left at Arlington, and I indulged in some clean clothes and dry shoes, and besides I had a blanket tied to my carpet bag.

• We were called up at twelve, and started again, we bringing up the rear as usual. We marched without halting until we were within ten miles of Arlington. We then halted in a little lane by the roadside. About five o'clock we were again roused up, and started in a drizzling rain, which soon came down in torrents. We reached Arlington about nine, and after my tent was pitched I knew nothing for the next twenty-four hours. I send you a portion of Colonel Porter's report.

• A few days after the battalion was established in camp, President Lincoln, accompanied by General McDowell, came over to review it: in their passage down the line, they drew rein in front of the colors, when the general, turning to Mr. Lincoln, said, 'Mr. President, these are the men who saved your army at Bull Run.' The president, looking keenly up and down the line, replied, 'I've heard of them!'

• The loss to the battalion, considering the numbers engaged, was heavy, aggregating (killed, wounded, and missing) eighty-three. Lieutenants Kent and Dickenson—the latter acting adjutant—were wounded and taken prisoners, as also the surgeon, who remained behind with the wounded. He

belonged to the young officers' mess, and when taken was called upon to give his parole not to give aid or abet the enemies of the Confederate states: this he refused to do, but consented to give his parole for five days to take care of the sick and wounded prisoners.

When his parole was up, no notice was taken of him, and he concluded he would attempt to escape. He crossed over the line, and asked the sentinel where to procure some red oak bark. He was informed, and he started for the Potomac. He travelled at night, the moon and stars guiding him. He struck the Potomac fifteen miles above Washington, procured a flat boat from the river side, and with one paddle floated down to the rapids a few miles above Washington. He walked fifty miles, and lived upon hard bread and berries. He saw Generals Beauregard and

Johnston, and reported the prisoners as well treated but miserably fed.

“ On the 2d of August our young officer was ordered, with his company, to report to General Andrew Porter, provost marshal, for duty in Washington. On that day he crossed Long Bridge in a drenching rain, arriving at three o'clock. At eight p. m., with twenty men, he was sent to patrol the city. He was quartered in Franklin Square. Wooden barracks were built for the men, while the officers were placed in furnished houses, for which the government paid \$165 per month. Our young officer was quartered in a house formerly occupied by John B. Floyd, ex-secretary of war. Here his duties—hard, constant, and disagreeable—of attempting to preserve order in the city of Washington after the Battle of Bull Run, commenced.”

REUNION OF VETERAN ASSOCIATIONS.

The annual reunion of the First Maine Heavy Artillery Association was held at Rockland, August 21–22. That they were heartily welcomed was made manifest to them, and all the visitors are loud in voicing their praises of the hospitality extended to them.

After a bountiful dinner served at G. A. R. hall by the Ladies' Relief Corps and assistants, a few hours were passed in chat, and then the veterans assembled for the regular business meeting.

The meeting was called to order at 3 o'clock by President Captain George F. Fernald. The records of the last meeting were read by Comrade Henry Sellers, and the report of treasurer received. The following resolution was passed:

Resolved, That the thanks of this association be extended to the resident comrades of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R.; to the Ladies' Relief Corps, and citizens of Rockland, also the young ladies who helped to entertain the regiment, for their kindly and generous hospitality.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Josiah P. Bradbury, of Rockland; first vice-president, Rev. E. K. Drew, Harrington; second vice-president, Cyrus K. Bridges, Penobscot; secretary and treasurer, Captain Henry E. Sellers, Bangor; board of directors, Major C. U. Crossman, Bangor; Horace Howes, North Dixmont; Charles W. Phipps, Dorchester, Mass. It was voted to leave place of next reunion with the executive committee.

The list of deaths for the past year was reported as follows: Samuel Thornton, Company A, December 22, 1892, Springfield, Mass.; Benjamin Richardson, Company A, September 20, 1895, Eden, Me.; Benjamin F. Buzzell, Company B, January 9, 1896, Fryeburg, Me.; William M. Erskine, Company B, April 6, 1896, Belfast, Me.; James M. Rich, Company B, March 29, 1896, Bangor; Asa Smith, Company B, October 21, 1895, Ellsworth, Me.; John H. Partridge, Company D, February 19, 1895, Meredith, N.H.; Stephen F. Harriman, Company E, February 7, 1895, Lovell Centre; Stephen Myrick, Company E, May 15, 1895, Belfast; Lafayette Brown, Company F, April 14, 1896, Bangor; John S. Dorr, Company G, October 10, 1895, Aurora; Edwin P. Hill, Company G, January 20, 1896, Bucksport; Henry W. Casey, Company G, January 9, 1896, Bangor; Curtis Leighton, Company H, date unknown, 1895, Searsport; Richard W. Willey,

Company H, August 15, 1896, Cherryfield; Henry B. Carver, Company K, December 25, 1895, Searsport; Andrew J. Harmon, Company K, September 12, 1895, Northfield; Lieutenant Thomas G. Spratt, Company D, May 25, 1896, Alpena, Mich.; George H. Smith, Company I, August 21, 1894, British Columbia; Edgar M. Gerry, Company I, 1895, Boston, Mass.

After a supper worthy of the Relief Corps of Edwin Libby Post, the veterans of the First Maine Heavy Artillery assembled in the G. A. R. hall. At the request of the president, Captain George F. Fernald, all those of the regiment who were wounded between the battles of Spottsylvania and Lee's surrender were requested to rise and be counted: forty-six rose, more than half of the comrades present.

After a happy welcome from Mayor Lovejoy, a fitting response was made by Quartermaster Horace H. Shaw of Portland, who complimented the city on her business men, her improved streets and new buildings, and widely-known hospitality.

E. K. Gould, of the Sons of Veterans, spoke of the influence of these associations, and the object lesson of the standing before us of so many wounded men.

General Cilley related many incidents of service near the sounds of their guns at Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Squirrel Level Road, Hatcher's Run, Farmville, Weldon Road, Sailors' Creek, and Appomattox Court House.

Rev. E. K. Drew, of Company F, spoke of the joy arising in his heart from having served in the War of the Rebellion, and the fact that he could stand as one who was wounded and think he had three brothers in the army. Rev. E. B. Sweetland, corporal of Company M, spoke of the pleasure of claiming Rockland as his ancestral home, and that the name still is known among its citizens.

Major Fred C. Low spoke of the action of the Third Corps association in favor of a monument to General Hiram G. Berry, and referred to the MAINE BUGLE as known wide over the United States as a fitting monument to the record of Maine soldiery, and closed by reading a letter from a Confederate soldier, J. H. Sherrell, of Catawba, N. C.

Captain A. C. Sawyer in an amusing manner moved that Quartermaster Shaw be sentenced to the guard house, on his own rations of hard bread.

Lieutenant John A. Lancy spoke shortly, and was followed by Dr. Benjamin Williams of the Eighth Maine, who was fully as curt. Captain Henry E. Sellers followed briefly. Dr. Henry C. Levensaler of the Eighth Maine told the Carmel band story, which called up a comrade from Carmel, Lieutenant George E. Dodge. A general fusillade of hits followed, and the meeting closed with "America," rendered by the entire assemblage.

The following extract from the "Recollections of a Private Sol-

dier," by Frank Wilkeson, refers to the experience of the regiment in the fighting around Spottsylvania :

"May 10 the fighting began. The din of the battle was continuous, and as much of the artillery had been drawn to the battle-line, the noise was far louder than it had been in the Wilderness. The troops fought all day. A solid roll of musketry, mingled with the thunderous reports of cannon quickly served, caused the air to quiver. After fighting all day, we spent a large portion of the night in fruitless endeavors to flank the Confederate position. Spent it in following staff officers, to find that we were again in front of earthworks, which were lined with keen-eyed, resolute infantry soldiers. In Spottsylvania we fought by day, we marched by night, and our losses were exceedingly large.

"One day the battery I served with was parked for rest near a road down which wounded men were streaming in a straggling column. These men, tired, weakened by loss of blood, and discouraged, tumbled exhausted into the angles of worm fences, and spread their blankets from rail to rail to make a shade. There they rested, and patiently waited for their turn at the surgeons' tables. They were a ghastly array. The sight of these poor stricken men as they helped one another, as they bound one another's wounds, as they painfully hobbled to and fro for water, was a most pathetic one. They lined the

roadside for half a mile, a double hedgerow of suffering and death, as men were dying in the fence corners every few minutes. Down the road we heard the stirring music of a martial band. Soon the head of a column of troops came in sight. Officers were riding at the head of the soldiers on horses that pranced. The men were neatly clad, and their brass shoulder plates shone brightly in the sun.

“The heavy artillery men from the fortifications around Washington,” one of my comrades murmured.

“These fresh soldiers were marching beautifully. They were singing loudly and tunefully. They were apparently pleased with the prospect of fighting in defence of their country. For some reason the infantry of the line—the volunteer infantry—did not admire heavy-artillery men. They liked light-artillery men, and were encouraged by the presence of the guns on the battle-line. There was something inspiring in the work of the gunners, and in the noisy reports of the cannon; and then, cannon were deadly, and if well served and accurately aimed, they could and did pulverize charging columns. But heavy artillery men were soldiers of a different breed. There was a widespread belief among us that these men had enlisted in that arm because they expected to fight behind earthworks, or to safely garrison the forts which surrounded Washington. We did not like these troops. The head of the heavy

artillery column, the men armed as infantry, was thrust among the wounded who lined the roadside. These bloody wrecks of soldiers derided the newcomers. Men would tauntingly point to a shattered arm or a wounded leg, or to bloody wounds on their faces, or to dead men lying in fence corners, and derisively shout: ‘That is what you will catch up yonder in the woods!’ and they would solemnly indicate the portion of the forest they meant, by extending arms from which blood trickled in drops. I saw one group of these wounded men repeatedly cover and uncover with a blanket a dead man whose face was horribly distorted, and show the courage-sapping spectacle to the marching troops, and faintly chuckle, and cause their pale cheeks to bulge with derisive tongue thrusts, as they saw the heavy artillery men’s faces blanch. Still others would inquire in mock solicitous tones as to the locality of their cannon, and then tenderly inquire of some soldier whose bearing or dress caught their attention: ‘Why, dearest, why did you leave your earthwork behind you?’ And they would hobble along and solemnly assure the man that he had made a serious mistake, and that he should have brought the earthwork along, as he would need it in yonder woods, pointing with outstretched, bloody arms to the forest, where the battle’s roar resounded. Others assumed attitudes of mock admiration, and gazed impudently and contemptuously at the full regiments as they

marched by. Long before the heavy artillery men had passed through the bloody gauntlet, their songs were hushed. They became grave and sober-minded. For the first time they realized what war meant. It was not play. It was not pleasure. It was not sport under the greenwood trees but a savage encounter with desperate adversaries, who dealt death and grievous wounds with impartial hands. These troops passed us and entered the woods and the battle, and I am proud to say that their fighting was superb. They fought with a steadiness and determination that could not be excelled. The whole army honored them. After Spottsylvania I never heard a word spoken against the heavy artillery men whom Grant summoned from Washington to make good his losses in the Wilderness."

SEVENTH MAINE BATTERY.

The Seventh Maine Battery association held its annual reunion at Long Island, August 20, 1896, at the house of the 1-10-29th Regiment association.

The day was a delightful one, and the old war times were recalled and old friendships renewed.

There were fourteen members present, as follows: A. S. Chapman, president; A. S. Twitchell, secretary; Howard Gould, W. O. Carney, Charles G. Kenney, Harris W. Jordan, C. M. Bixby, W. E. Stevens, Albert Billings, H. G. Mason, George H. Blake, Archey

S. Cole, Joseph Lapham, and Henry H. Goudy. Most of these gentlemen were accompanied by their families. Captain Twitchell's son, Harry F. Twitchell of Newark, N. J., was in the party, representing his father, and Clarence B. Hight of Baltimore. There was also a number of visitors present from Portland, and from out of the state.

There are about a hundred living members of the Battery, and their addresses are known.

These officers were elected: President, A. S. Chapman, Bethel; secretary, A. S. Twitchell, Gorham, N. H.; treasurer, W. O. Carney, Portland; executive committee, the president and secretary, W. O. Carney, Howard Gould, Charles G. Kenney, David R. Pierce, Somersworth, N. H., Dr. Charles V. Richards, Skowhegan.

It was voted to leave the place of the next meeting to the executive committee, and it was voted that all wives and children of members should be honorary members, and receive notices of all future meetings, and there is already a movement among the ladies to form an auxiliary among themselves, and this may be a prominent feature of the next reunion.

An earnest invitation was extended to the association to meet at Weirs, the beautiful camp-ground of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association on Lake Winnipiseogee, and this will be accepted at some early day.

SECOND MAINE CAVALRY.

The gallant survivors of the Civil War were much in evidence in Rockland, August 19, 1896.

The occasion of the gathering was the annual reunion of the Second Maine Cavalry association, and about sixty veterans were present, coming from all sections of the country to see their former comrades once more. The regiment when recruited consisted of 1,200 men, and some 150 afterward joined. Of this number 460 died on the field or from disease. Of the 900 mustered out, about 450 are now living. One half of the officers have died since the war.

The only commissioned officers present at the reunion were Captain Moses French of Solon, and Lieutenant S. C. Small of Boston.

The business meeting was held at the G. A. R. hall at 11 a. m. Letters were read from Past Department Commander C. E. Wilson of San Francisco, George S. Cleveland, Watson, Cal.; David W. Small, Walla Walla, Wash.; John F. Gould, New York city; John W. Dyer, Kansas.

The historian reported the following deaths for the past year: Lieutenant Marcus A. Vose, Company H, Providence, R. I.; Joseph C. Dill, Company I, Gardiner; H. W. White, Company C, Auburn; Van R. Corson, Company G, Lynn, Mass.

The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Henry D. Moore, Philadelphia; vice-presidents, Colonel William J. Gilles-

pie, Boston; C. E. Crowell, Lewiston; James L. Burns, Washington; secretary and treasurer, George R. Smith, Augusta; historian, S. C. Small, Boston. It was voted to hold the reunion at Waterville next year. The meeting closed with some informal speeches.

The afternoon was passed as usual in sight-seeing, and verbally fighting over the old battles. At 6:30 a delicious supper was served at G. A. R. hall by the ladies of the Relief Corps.

The camp fire held in the G. A. R. hall after the banquet in the room above, was a most enjoyable occasion. The president of the association, Henry D. Moore of Philadelphia, presided, and acknowledged in fitting terms the address of welcome by Mayor Lovejoy.

Colonel Carver, among other stories, related one that a certain Smith told, who was very proud of his name, and said his pride in the name Smith was so strong that he had counted the number bearing that cognomen in the whole army, and found there were over 17,000 of them, and his proudest moment was that among them all there was not a single "Hoke Smith."

General Cilley spoke of the widely separated fields of action of the First and Second Cavalry from Maine, yet the First could almost claim paternity in the Second, from the large number who enlisted from its ranks. Five officers of the Second had received their knowledge of cavalry tactics while serv-

ing in the First, viz.: General Spurling, whose cavalry sounding name calls to memory an officer unequalled in individual bravery, and unexcelled in scouting or partisan fighting; Lieutenant Vose, who served as orderly sergeant under my immediate command; Lieutenant Dodge, Lieutenant Manson, and Lieutenant Emery, the last at Aldie had a bullet through his lungs, another through his wrist, and another through his arm, and some four sabre cuts on his head, seven distinct wounds in one battle, yet recovered from them and re-enlisted and served the entire term of the Second Cavalry, dying from disease of the lungs soon after his discharge. Sergeant Frank W. Pearce, Sergeant David W. Small, Sergeant Willard L. Messer, and Thomas B. Moore, Vose, Emery, and Messer are dead, while Moore is partially paralyzed.

Major Sylvanus C. Small of Boston told several army stories that held the attention of the audience and convulsed them with laughter. The president related several incidents of the service of his own experience in Europe and Asia Minor, where he found a Maine man, the most distinguished dragoon in that section of the country.

Hon. Charles E. Littlefield followed with stories of a humorous kind and closed with an eloquent encomium on the soldiery of 1861.

E. B. Billings of Lynn, Mass., after reading a humorous poem, called the roll of his company in

such realistic manner that the old comrades almost stood in line.

Lieutenant Daniel S. Simpson, Everett, Mass., responded to a call on him in a most happy manner. Captain Moses French was introduced affectionately by the president, and portrayed in touching words the home backing of the women of Maine during the war of 1861.

E. K. Gould responded for the Sons of Veterans, and spoke of the spirit of emulation he hoped would ever pervade the ranks of the sons.

A vote of thanks was unanimously voted to the ladies of Edwin Libby Relief corps for the banquet prepared by them.

The members who attended the reunion were: Henry D. Moore, Philadelphia; Enoch B. Strout, Garland; Moses French, Solon, Me.; E. A. Lindsay, Allston, Mass.; G. F. Hussey, E. Brintree, Mass.; Edwin Fogg, Lowell, Me.; F. D. Lunt, Waterville, Me.; E. W. Farrar, Washington, Me.; S. C. Small, Boston, Mass.; J. L. Burns, Washington, Me.; T. F. Phinney, Thomaston; S. H. Colson, Unity, Me.; O. W. Davis, Steuben; J. M. Studley, Warren, Me.; L. H. Bond, Martinsville; William Wasgate, Augusta; E. B. Billings, Lynn, Mass.; J. L. Mayers, Cambridgeport, Mass.; Lauriston Putnam, Malden, Mass.; N. E. Quint, Vinalhaven; George B. Locke, Boston, Mass.; R. B. Robbins, Union, Me.; N. C. Glidden, Nobleboro, Me.; J. H. Parker, Bath, Me.; Leander Woodstock,

Thomaston: A. F. Sanborn, Steep Falls; Benjamin Bartlett, Rockland; Charles H. McNear, Winchester, Mass.; C. P. Wood, Rockland; George C. Chute, Waldoboro; A. M. Scott, Manchester, N. H.; Charles Foster, Bangor; G. R. Smith, Augusta, Me.; Peter E. Kaler, Rockland; J. B. Nutting, Curtis Corner; A. N. Linscott, Damariscotta Mills; C. T. Williamson, Portland; William J. Brown, Waldoboro; Samuel Saunders, Deering; John E. Saunders, Rockland; Benjamin A. Ray, Bath; J. H. Dean, Rockland; Jonathan Crockett, Rockland; B. F. Pettin-gill, Iceborough; Daniel S. Simp-son, Everett, Mass.

FIRST, TENTH, TWENTY-NINTH.

The members of the First, Tenth, and Twenty-Ninth Regimental as-sociation held their annual reunion at their regimental building at Long Island yesterday. The day was fine and there was a large attend-ance.

At the business meeting W. K. Dana, Esq., of Westbrook, was elected president for the ensuing year by acclamation. He was called on for a speech, and amid applause responded as follows:

"I thank you, comrades, for electing me to this position. It is a difficult position, for it is the head of an organization that includes three gallant regiments. To the Tenth Maine belongs the proud distinction of having lost more men in battle than by sickness. That regi-ment also had the honor of cover-

ing the retreat at Winchester, and later as the Twenty-ninth Regi-ment covered Banks's retreat on the Red river. Comrades, I thank you for the honor of presiding over you." (Applause.)

Mr. A. L. Goss of Lewiston, the retiring president, recalled the fact that the day was the thirty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Cedar Mountain, the regiment's first great battle. That day was also very hot and would not soon be forgotten. Mr. Goss then related several humorous incidents of army ser-vice.

Mr. Leroy F. Tobie of Portland entertained the party by reading an epic poem descriptive of the cam-paigns of the Tenth Maine. This poem was written in 1863 by Com-rade B. F. Russell, now a promi-nent man in Missouri, and at pres-ent sergeant-at-arms of the national house of representatives. Mr. Rus-sell was a mere boy of sixteen or eighteen years of age when he wrote the poem, which has been the delight of his comrades ever since. The poem is printed in pamphlet form, and the copies are very scarce and highly treasured.

A very pleasant feature of the proceedings was the presentation to Major John M. Gould, the secre-tary and historian of the regiment, of two large easy chairs, a revolv-ing book-case, and an onyx clock. These gifts were as tokens of ap-preciation of Major Gould's labors for the association for the past twen-ty-eight years. Comrades Beal, Dana, and Hanson made the pre-

sensation. General Beal in making the presentation said :

“ Comrades : Again as members of this association we come together here to-day for the twenty-eighth time to renew our loyalty, our friendship one with the other, and, in our feeble way, to keep up the interest in our noble association. Our connections together date back to 1861, the most memorable year in the history of this country. Shoulder to shoulder we have marched through four and one half years of that terrible war without a blot or stain in a single instance upon the fair name of either organization we served in. There were twenty-five hundred men who served during that time, and four hundred and sixty gave up their lives to their country. Since 1868, the date of organization of this association, we have lost six hundred and seventy, leaving the estimated number alive to-day, thirteen hundred and seventy. Your expenditures for the association, for our home by the sea, and for the annual reunions cannot have been less than ten thousand dollars.

“ Now, comrades, did you ever think of the immense amount of labor it has cost to keep the accounts and historical records for this long series of years? Who but your historian, Major Gould, is entitled to the full credit for the same? During thirty-five years he has labored for you, and has kept everything recorded. His war diary is a marvel for accuracy and facts. To-day every man, who ever

served any length of time in either regiment, can find his history written therein. Every day's occupation of the regiment or any single company are there recorded. This with him has been a labor of love. Faithfully has he worked in season and out of season, rain or shine, on the march, in the bivouac, and on the field of battle, with the shot and shell flying around him thick and fast, have I seen him, with pencil and paper, noting down the events transpiring around him, and I think I can truthfully say that each and every day's doings from the time he entered the service as a member of Company C, First Maine Regiment, until the final muster out the Twenty-Ninth Maine Regiment you can find fully recorded. Such a record, made up for that length of time, I think, will be hard to find in this country.

“ The result of his labors, comrades, is yours to-day. I know your hearts are full of love and gratitude that no words of mine can express, and as for pecuniary value you can never repay him.

“ And now, Major Gould, by the thoughtfulness of our honored president, we have been able to contribute a sum for the purpose of making you a present, and, sir, in behalf of your many friends and comrades, I have the honor and great pleasure of presenting to you these articles. Accept them as a token of our love and esteem. Keep them and let them be a reminder in your declining days of the love and affection in which you

are held by your associates of the First, Tenth, and Twenty-Ninth Regimental association."

In accepting the gifts Major Gould said that the work which he had done for the association was the greatest pleasure of his life. His speech was very appropriate and was enthusiastically received.

When he had concluded many of the audience were in tears. Then Dr. J. F. Day of Alfred, the old surgeon of the regiment, stepped forward and said:

"Major Gould, we all know the painstaking care with which you recorded all the minute events of our company and what an authority you are. There is one thing I want to know: it has weighed on my mind for thirty years."

"I will answer it, if I can," replied Major Gould.

"Well, can you tell me who stole that case of whiskey out of my tent at ——?"

Here uproarious laughter drowned out Major Gould as he answered that that fact had escaped him.

Then Mrs. Gould was introduced and spoke briefly.

Other speeches followed from Colonel George H. Nye of Natick, Mass., Captain E. M. Shaw of Nashua, N. H., Adjutant C. B. Fillebrown of Boston, Charles H. Emerson of Auburn, and W. K. Dana of Westbrook.

The dinner was served in the association building, and was much enjoyed by the comrades and the ladies who attended.

The comrades present were:

George S. Ayer, Saco; George E. Andrews, Portland; Henry H. Bailey, North Auburn; George L. Beal, Norway; John Bagley, Jr., Lowell, Mass.; Charles R. Berry, Portland; Frank G. Boody, Portland; Merrill W. Bickford, Malden, Mass.; David L. Blanchard, Cumberland Centre; William C. Cole, Norway; Joseph C. Colesworthy, Woodfords; Henry R. Colesworthy, Woodfords; Hiram T. Cook, Portland; Adoniram B. Crafts, Auburn; Samuel P. Cummings, North Gray; Woodbury K. Dana, Westbrook; George L. Day, Gorham; Josiah F. Day, Alfred; Jerre S. Douglass, Portland; Tom S. Eastman, East Bowdoinham; Charles S. Emerson, Auburn; Stillman Emerson, Biddeford; Nathan C. Estes, Auburn; David P. Field, Auburn; Charles B. Fillebrown, Boston; Sidney W. Fletcher, Boston; Charles H. Frost, Portland; Thomas J. Foster, Westbrook; Tom M. Glendenning, Long Island; Joshua Bailey Goodwin, Auburn; William P. Golden, Portland; Elijah G. Gould, Portland; John M. Gould, Portland; William H. Given, Lewiston; Charles C. Graham, Westbrook; Edward H. Greely, Portland; Renselaer Greely, Portland; Charles R. Greene, Pleasantdale; Almon L. Goss, Lewiston; Ezekiel H. Hanson, East Deering; Charles Harris, Saco; Fred A. Hartshorn, Franklin, Mass.; Jacob L. Hayes, Lewiston; Alonzo Hill, Saco; Sumner C. Higgins, Boston; Ithamar Houston, Westbrook; Charles A. Hodsdon, Westbrook;

Mahlon S. Hodsdon, Portland; William A. Huff, Saco; Harlan P. Ingalls, Portland; Noah Jewett, Auburn; Alvah Johnson, South Bridgton; Daniel C. Johnson, South Bridgton; Freeman W. Johnson, Long Island; Seth B. Johnson, South Turner; Charles Kehoe, Leavenworth, Kansas; George R. Knight, Roxbury, Mass.; Merritt W. Kennard, Portland; Alfred H. Larrabee, Cumberland Mills; Albert Littlefield, Stoneham; Adoniram J. Littlefield, Boston; William H. Loud, Providence; Samuel W. Lovell, Westbrook; John M. Marston, Portland; Hebron Mayhew, Westbrook; Tom B. Marriner, West Baldwin; Orrin B. Merrow, Auburn; Amos G. Merrill, Intervale; Henry R. Millett, Dorchester, Mass.; Moses T. Moore, Biddeford; David Morse, Oxford; Matt. Moulton, Portland; George H. Nye, South Natick, Mass.; Rufus W. Noble, Salem, Mass.; Lanty O'Neil, Malden, Mass.; Aretas B. Penney, Auburn; George H. Poor, Portland; Joseph Raynes, Yarmouth; J. Frank Raynes, Auburn; Roland W. Randall, Auburn; Frank H. Read, East Auburn; Benjamin M. Redlon, Portland; David H. Rines, Brighton, Mass.; Moses S. Roberts, Jamaica Plains, Mass.; William C. Rowe, Brownfield; Andrew J. Russell, Mechanic Falls; Everard Russ, Freeport; James M. Safford, Portland; Edward H. Sawyer, Auburn; Edward H. Sawyer, Boston; Patrick A. Sheehan, Boston; Moses E. Simpson, Sheepscoot; Elijah M.

Shaw, Nashua, N. H.; Charles A. Sloman, Portland; Albert S. Spaulding, Portland; Enos H. Stevens, Auburn; Charles H. Stone, Saco; Willis P. Stoneham, Portland; Charles W. Smith, Watertown, Mass.; George H. Smith, Keazar Falls; George W. Smith, Chesterville; Henry H. Smith, Oakland; Harrison W. Smith, Portland; Thomas Taylor, Lewiston; James F. Tarr, Biddeford; Leroy H. Tobie, Portland; Alfred L. Turner, Portland; Daniel L. Verrill, Auburn; William K. Vickery, Lewiston; James M. Virgin, Saco; William Waddell, Portland; John E. Warren, Cumberland Mills; Benjamin F. Whitney, Gorham; William W. Whitmarsh, Norway; Charles H. Welch, Boston; John A. Willard, Lisbon; Henry E. Willard, Willard; John C. Willey, Greenwood, Mass.; Charles B. Williams, Boston.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the regiment also met at their building.

FIFTH MAINE.

August 12, 1896, the remnants of the old Fifth Maine Regiment began to assemble at their handsome cottage on the south shore of Peak's island for the purpose of holding their twenty-ninth annual reunion. This regiment was one of those which was mustered into the service at Portland, on June 24, 1861, being one of the first regiments to respond to President Lincoln's call for 75,000 volunteers to suppress the rebellion.

The regiment was first commanded by Mark H. Dunnell of Portland, a lawyer, who has since served in congress as a representative from the state of Minnesota. Among its officers were many from Portland, and, in fact, the Fifth Maine might have been called a Portland regiment. Their first duty was at Camp Preble, where the rolling mills are now located. The next day after being mustered into the United States service, June 25, 1861, the Fifth was sent to Washington and went into camp at Meridian Hill. Crossing over into Virginia soil in time to participate in the first battle of Bull Run, the Fifth Maine was engaged in almost every important battle during the war. The most important engagements were as follows: West Point, Gaines Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, Crampton Pass, South Malvern, Marie's Heights, Second Bull Run, Salem Junction, Antietam, first and second Fredricksburg, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, where the regiment captured 1,300 prisoners and five stands of rebel colors, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg.

The Fifth Maine's time expired on June 27, 1864, but about one hundred of what was left of the noble regiment re-enlisted in the First Maine Veterans and fought at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Fort Fisher at Sailors' Creek, and were under the guns

at Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House.

In all, 1,800 men served in the Fifth Maine during the war. Many of them lie in unknown graves on southern battlefields, others perished miserably in rebel prison pens, and among the few who returned home, only a part of these are able to gather to-day in the handsome regimental headquarters at Peak's island and grasp one another's hands with the fraternal grip which only the comrades of the old fighting regiments know and really enjoy.

Among those present yesterday at the Fifth Maine cottage were Colonel C. S. Edwards and daughter; John Nesbit and wife of Cornea, N. Y.; Nicholas R. Lougee, wife and daughter of Washington; A. J. Bean of Lowell; Captain Bucknam of Mechanic Falls; Captain George E. Brown of Portland, and Thomas Ward of Lewiston.

Mr. John Nesbit of New York has not attended a reunion of the Fifth Maine since the war, and his old comrades were delighted to see him once more and shake him by the hand. The other night at a camp-fire of the Bosworth Post, Mr. Nesbit was present and during the evening was introduced to the members of the post by E. C. Millikin as a member of the Fifth Maine. Shortly afterwards Millikin introduced Mr. Strout, also of New York and of the Fifth Maine. For a moment Strout and Nesbit, who were great chums during the war, but who had not seen one

another since its close, although living in the same city, looked at one another in silence and then Strout said: "Hello, John, don't you remember me?"

"You bet I do," said Mr. Nesbit, and there was handshaking the like of which even the old Bosworth Post members have not seen for years.

The meetings of the Fifth Maine are held in its Memorial hall, which contains as fine a collection of war relics as is to be found in the state. Here are the old battle flags of the Fifth Maine, torn and shattered by shot and shell, but more precious to the boys of the old regiment than all the gold in the world. It is not the first flag the regiment carried, for that, or what there is left of it, is to be seen at the state house in Augusta, but this fighting banner of the old regiment, which saw nearly all of the hard fighting, may be seen on the wall of Memorial hall. Then there is a collection of shot and shell and Gettysburg relics presented by Colonel R. C. Shannon, and a section of the corded gangway of the old frigate *Hartford*, Admiral Farragut's old flagship. Besides these there are the staffs of five rebel flags, captured at Rappahannock, and other rebel flag-staffs captured at other battles. It would take the whole page to tell of all the interesting things to be seen in the old Fifth's Memorial hall.

The veterans enjoyed themselves greatly at the cottage on Peak's, and with their old comrades, wives,

and children passed a very happy day. At dinner time the annual feast was spread by the ladies of the regiment, and it was greatly enjoyed. At the business meeting which followed the dinner, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Frank F. Goss, Auburn.

Vice-Presidents—B. Hammond, New Gloucester; William D. Adams, Auburn.

Secretary and Treasurer, George E. Brown, Portland.

Committee of Arrangements—Thomas Ward, Lewiston; James E. Hayes, Pleasantdale; George F. True, Auburn.

The ladies' association elected the following officers:

President—Mrs. J. B. Hammond, New Gloucester.

Vice-President—Mrs. George E. Brown, Portland.

Secretary—Mrs. Nelson Tenney, Portland.

Treasurer—Mrs. Robert M. Stevens, Portland.

This ended the reunion proper, although the veterans lounged about the cottage for several hours and many of them will remain on the island for several days.

EIGHTH MAINE.

Although it was sweltering hot in Portland August 13, 1896, the veterans of the Eighth Maine Regiment did not mind the heat in the least and passed a most comfortable and long-to-be-remembered day at their handsome cottage on the south

shore of Peaks. The occasion was the annual reunion of the regiment and the attendance was the largest in the history of the association.

At noon there were about 125 veterans present and nearly all of them were accompanied by their wives and daughters, so it was a very merry party which assembled around the long tables to sample the good things which had been provided for the feast. Those who were present were: G. L. Dacey, Captain Wilbur F. Lane, Colonel E. A. True and wife, W. C. Cross, Boston; Mayor J. H. H. Hewett, Thomaston; H. B. Sawyer, wife and two daughters, E. C. Spear- ing and wife, Captain Hillman Smith and wife, Auburn; W. R. Pinkham, Oakland; William Cas- well, Wilton; Rev. H. A. Philbrook, Orono; S. B. Rogers and wife, Portland; C. A. Robinson, Sher- man; F. O. Larrabee, New Glou- cester; S. L. Emerson, wife and three daughters, Auburn; J. H. Livett and wife, Kittery; Randall Gallison, Lisbon Falls; T. S. Brown, wife and two children, Mrs. Carrie Greenwood, Belmont, Mass.; L. W. Hackett, Saco; J. C. Little- field and wife, Melrose; George S. Heath, North Berwick; Ezra Clark, Alfred; O. B. Canwell, Dorchester, Mass.; Kendall Pollard and wife, Swampscott, Mass.; Captain C. C. Perry, Patten; Charles Robinson, Sherman Mills; Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Libby and family, Saugus, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Bills, Free- port; Wallace Smith, Auburn; George S. Smith and family, North

Berwick; William E. Jones and family, Salem, Mass.; W. C. Tay- lor, Alfred; J. W. Treadwell, West Kennebunk; Charles Ben- nett, Alfred; Horace Pratt, Dix- field; George W. Coffers and wife, Lewiston; Gideon R. Littlefield, Wells; J. M. Shackley, Canton; Mr. and Mrs. Delancy Young, Au- burn; David S. Austin, South Ber- wick; P. P. Woodard, Lisbon Falls; Samuel C. Larrabee, Fred- erick O. Larrabee, Peabody, Mass.; W. B. Goodwin, Brunswick; Cap- tain A. D. Millett, Burnham; George Perry, Portland.

After dinner the veterans assem- bled in the large memorial hall and held their annual business meeting, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Delancy Young of Auburn.

Vice-Presidents—Hiram Parker of Glenburn, C. C. Perry of Patten, and Jonas C. Littlefield of Melrose, Mass.

Secretary and Treasurer—Hill- man Smith, Auburn.

Executive Committee—T. S. Brown, Belmont, Mass.; Miles Rhodes, North Berwick; David Spear- ing, Auburn.

A characteristic incident occurred during this meeting which well illus- trates the big-heartedness of some of the boys in blue. The association was found to be in debt to the extent of \$15.33, and no sooner was this fact learned than one gentleman, wearing a big sombrero and looking for all the world like a typical wes- terner, although he really hails

from Auburn, said: "Boys, let's raise the debt. Here's a dollar towards it." And in a trice the whole sum had been raised without any other appeal than this.

Among those present at the business meeting was General George H. Nye of the First, Tenth, and Twenty-Ninth regiments. He went into the war as a private and came out as a brevet major-general. One of the comrades called on General Nye for a speech. He said: "I have seen many old comrades and friends here to-day, and among them is a lady whom I had not seen for forty years, when I used to live in Lewiston; and, boys, when I think how long a period of time forty years is, it makes me feel old indeed. Some of us are growing bald and the hair of every one of us has a few silver threads. Our shoulders are stooping and our eyesight dim. We couldn't stand the long and cold marches that we once made, but we love the old flag yet. God bless it! I think it was in 1866, when I was with my regiment at Arlington, S. C., and we held one day a flag-raising. Chaplain Whittemore of the Thirtieth Mass., made the speech and Professor Chandler, once at the head of Chandler's band of Portland, furnished the music. And, boys, when that old glory was hauled up the flag-pole, an old, gray-haired negro fell down on his knees beneath the flag and with trembling voice thanked God he had lived to see the day when that flag should mean as much to him as it did to

white folks. God bless old glory and the Union!"

A number of the comrades spoke for the MAINE BUGLE, and told how they looked for its coming and the pleasure derived from the able articles written by the "Boys in Blue," giving their experiences during four years of war.

At the meeting of the corporation which owns the Eighth Regiment cottage, the following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—Colonel E. A. True of Boston.

Vice-President—W. R. Pinkham of Oakland.

Treasurer—Captain Hillman Smith of Auburn.

Clerk—Major J. H. H. Hewitt of Thomaston.

Executive Committee—Rev. H. A. Philbrook of Orono, Captain L. B. Rogers of Patten, H. B. Sawyer of Auburn, Delancy Young of Auburn, J. H. Swett of Kittery, O. P. Richardson of Waterville, Dr. Benjamin Williams of Rockland, Colonel J. H. Hemenway of Springvale, Benjamin F. Strickland of Portland, Casper E. Marshall of Portland, W. H. Linscott of Kansas City.

The afternoon passed swiftly away, and at evening after a hearty supper the veterans assembled once again in the large hall and held a camp-fire, which was a most enjoyable occasion.

Another day of story-telling and exchanging reminiscences, and the Eighth's reunion was a fragrant remembrance.

ELEVENTH MAINE.

The reunion of the Eleventh Maine Regiment association, held at Winn, August 11-12, 1896, was the most successful held by the association.

The business meeting was held with President Young in the chair. William Ruston offered prayer. The secretary's report was read and accepted, as was the treasurer's report. The history committee reported that they had nearly completed the work on the book and will have it ready about the last of August.

Several letters from absent members were read.

The list of deceased members was as follows: Samuel Libbey, Company E; John W. Hayward, Company B; Samuel Copp, Company E; Roscoe E. Avery, Company E; John B. Goldthwaite, Company A; Daniel E. Burgess, Company K; David H. Burns, Company G; Levi L. Coombs, Company B; George Dustin, Company I; David Morrison, Company A; Captain John Pomroy, Company I; Martin Roderick, Company I; Wilder Pratt, Company C; Phineas Withers, Company A; John S. Smith; Alamander Clark, Company G; Charles H. Higgins, Company G; Charles Sweeney, Company G.

The election of officers was next in order, and resulted as follows:

President—Sewall Pettingill, Company F, Wayne.

First Vice-President—George W.

Eastman, Company F, Fort Fairfield.

Second Vice-President—Benjamin J. Smith, Company C, Caribou.

Secretary and Treasurer—Thomas T. Tabor, Company G, Bangor.

Executive Committee—Benjamin J. Smith and George W. Eastman.

It was voted to hold the next reunion in Caribou some time the last of August, 1897.

A feature of the exercises were the remarks of George W. Eastman, or "Bricktop," as he was familiarly called.

Speeches were made by Comrade R. C. Burgess, North Vassalboro; Captain Albert Maxfield, New York; George W. Eastman, Fort Fairfield, and Department Commander L. D. Carver of Rockland.

Among the fifty-six comrades present, eight or ten had not met since the war, and the reunion for them was indeed a joyous occasion.

Many of the comrades were accompanied by their wives.

The following members were present: Captain John Stanwood, Corporal Prince E. Dunfer, Corporal Stephen R. Barce, Winn; Corporal Benjamin Gould, Lewiston; Corporal Anson Crocker, Machias, Me.; George W. Young, Winn; Sergeant Edwin J. Miller, Whitneyville; Captain Albert Maxfield, New York; Corporal Everet B. Small, Gardiner; Ruel C. Burgess, W. Vassalboro; First Lieutenant Judson L. Young, Lincoln;

Albion P. Beckmore, Hyde Park, Mass.; Charles Downs, Springfield; First Sergeant Thomas T. Tabor, Bangor; William Bartlett, Lee; William H. Darling, Enfield; James W. Bryant, Springfield; Elbridge Chick, Clifton; Seth H. Riggs, Lee; Philip Cobb, Lee; First Lieutenant Robert Brady, Enfield; George W. Jones, Lagrange; Benjamin J. Smith, Caribou; Commissary Sergeant Joseph G. Ricker, Lee; Brevet Major-General and Colonel Harris M. Plaisted, Bangor; Edward Kelley, Boston, Mass.; Edward E. Davis, Winn; Gibson S. Budge, Lakeville; Frank M. Johnson, Springfield; Nathan Averill, Lee; Corporal William Rushton, East Machias; Justus E. Huff, East Machias; George A. Orr, Bangor; William P. Reynolds, Marion; Joseph Glas-tatore, Winn; George E. Chase, No. Salem, Mass.; John Whitcomb, Stimpson Corner; First Lieutenant Peter Bunker, Brewer; Sewall Pettingill, Wayne; First Sergeant Nathan P. Downey, Minot; Sergeant Charles F. Davis, Bangor; Simon H. Kenney, Lagrange; Sergeant Stephen Mudgett, Dixmont; Amazaah C. Hooper, Franklin; Lewis D. Campbell, Minneapolis; General Jonathan A. Hill, Pownal, Pa.; Hospital Steward George B. Noyes, Charleston,

and which was afterwards com-manded during its three years of service by Colonel Kendall and Colonel Illsley, was held at Long Island yesterday.

There were present about fifty of the veterans with their ladies, and the forenoon was passed very enjoyably by the old boys of '61, who delightfully renewed their war-time friendships and talked over the days which tried men's hearts. At one o'clock the veterans sat down to a bountiful banquet prepared by Cushing, and with appetites braced by the invigorating ocean breeze, did ample justice to the feast. Those who were seated at the tables were:

J. G. Merchant, Lowell; Kendall Pollard and wife, Swampscott, Mass.; Thomas W. Clements, Brookline, Mass.; Thomas A. Bean, Orono, Me.; William G. Fernald, Lewiston; W. Ross, Portland; W. H. Thomas, Merrimac, Mass.; George E. Andrews, Portland; Daniel C. Johnson, South Bridgton; Colonel Edwin Illsley, Limerick; D. E. McCann, Portland; D. W. Elder, Lewiston; George E. Caldwell, Portland; John Van Bursk, Westbrook; Charles N. Fogg, New Gloucester; Nathaniel Harding, Everett, Mass.; John D. Williams, Portland; Peter Lane, Freeport; Louis H. Bradley, Chelsea, Mass.; Charles D. Jordan, Denmark; J. L. Mason, Lowell, Mass.; J. W. Libby, Old Orchard; Charles A. Small, Somerville, Mass.; G. A. Brackett, Portland; William P. Hodgdon, Westbrook; Daniel M. Crockett,

TWELFTH MAINE.

The twenty-ninth annual reunion of the old Twelfth Maine regiment which Colonel Shepley marched to the front from Portland in 1861,

Bridgton; E. G. Bolton, Portland; Jesse B. Allen, Portland; William W. Waterson, South Waterford; James S. Wood, Readfield; James Brown, North Waterford; James Corbett, Dayton, Ohio; Eben Patterson, Freeport; Martin A. Stowell, Bethel; Elias F. Goff, Portland; Z. C. Estes, Waltham, Mass.; Samuel Knight, Bridgton; W. H. Roberts, Auburn; N. W. Kendall, Biddeford; E. W. Thompson, Cambridge, Mass.; O. A. Berry, Dedham, Mass.; Robert B. Kendall, Boston, Mass.; N. J. Milliken, West Scarboro; Andrew Perry, Bath; Greenleaf R. Libby, Yarmouth; A. H. Purington, Portland; Robert B. Kendall, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Bean, Sadie F. Noble, Ella O. Hutchins, Saco.

After-dinner speeches were made by Louis Bradbury, William Hodgdon, Colonel Illsley, Captain E. W. Thompson, and others. At the annual business meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—M. W. Kendall, Biddeford.

Vice-President—D. E. McCann, South Portland.

Secretary—George H. Libby, Portland.

Treasurer—George E. Andrews, Portland.

Executive Committee—Colonel Edwin Illsley, Limerick; William Hodgdon, Westbrook; Samuel Knight, Bridgton; Jesse B. Allen, Portland; Kendall Pollard, Swampscott, Mass.

It was voted to hold the next re-

union at Old Orchard in September, 1897. After dinner many of the veterans returned home, but a few stopped over to talk over old times and see something of Long Island. The reunion was one of the largest attended, and pleasantest the regiment has ever held.

THIRTEENTH MAINE.

The Thirteenth Maine Regiment association held its annual reunion in Biddeford, Tuesday, August 11. On arriving at the depot the boys were received by Captains Goodwin and Andrews, and escorted to Grand Army hall, where refreshments such as old soldiers relish, salt fish, crackers, and lemonade, were served. After cooling off (for it was as hot as — Texas) the crowd took a trolley ride to Old Orchard, which was very much enjoyed; returning to Biddeford, dinner was the next in order at Thrasher hotel, where comrades and their wives, children, and friends, amounting to about one hundred, sat down to the tables. Regrets from Judge Foster and Captain Archer were read during the hour. Dinner over, the association adjourned to G. A. R. hall to transact regular business. President Goodwin called the meeting to order, and the report of last meeting read by Secretary Gribbin and approved. Captain Isaiah Randall was elected president for the ensuing year, William H. McCann, first vice-president, George R. Andrews, second vice-president, Watson R. Gribbin, secretary and treasurer.

Collection being next in order, the hat was passed and a liberal contribution received. The financial report was read by Secretary Gribbin and accepted. The last year rallying committee was re-elected with the exception of one who had passed over to the other shore during the year. Winslow Lawton was elected to fill the vacancy. The executive committee elected for the ensuing year are as follows: George F. Mariner, Watson R. Gribbin, Winslow Lawton, Henry Thrasher, E. F. Burns, Martin C. Morrison, Thomas Pine.

Voted to hold next reunion the second Tuesday in August, at Portland or vicinity, at the discretion of the executive committee.

Members of each company present:

Company A, men present, 2; B, 2; C, 2; D, 3; E, 10; F, 7; G, 13; H, 5; I, 5; K, 9.

The committee appointed to ascertain as to publishing the Lufkin history of the Thirteenth Maine reported as to what they had done and made recommendation. Voted to hold our business meeting hereafter before dinner, in order to secure a full attendance. The following persons were voted honorary members of the association: Mrs. Mary Seavey, Mrs. Mary E. Gray, John Stanchfield, Herbert W. McCann, Mrs. A. O. Bagley, Miss Effie C. Swayne.

Remarks of a very interesting nature were made by Comrade Stanchfield of Iowa. A partial list of members present: all the names

were not obtained: S. S. Andrews and wife, Biddeford; Amos S. Goodwin and wife, Biddeford; Geo. R. Andrews and wife, Biddeford; Mary A. Hadley, Nelson Howard, Lewiston; W. H. McCann, wife and son, Lewiston; George T. Storer, Bath; David F. Tripp, Watertown, Mass.; A. B. Macomber, Worcester, Mass.; G. T. Berry, Portland; M. C. Morrison and wife, Portland; John M. Burns, Portland; Eben S. Brown, Portland; H. S. Thrasher, Portland; Charles W. Herrick, Portland; Mrs. Dora E. Winter, Portland; John F. Bragden and wife, Portland; Winslow Lawton and wife, Portland; M. C. Martensen and wife, Portland; Isaiah Randall, Portland; W. R. Gribbin, Portland; Thomas Pine, Portland; John H. Gray, Malden, Mass.; J. H. Shaw, Saco, Me.; H. T. Kallock, Kennebunk; Bennett B. Fuller, Auburn; George R. Sleeper, Auburn; Thomas Ellis, Charlestown, Mass.; G. N. Swaney and wife, Hudson, Mass.; Miss Effie S. C. Swaney, Vanceboro; R. E. Coffin, South Freeport; Rufus A. Coffin and wife, South Freeport; Ancel S. Coffin, Freeport; W. H. Coffin and wife, Boston, Mass.; E. A. Bickford, Bangor; J. L. Sawyer and wife, Deering; E. R. Wingate, Steep Falls; T. J. Bennett, Marlboro, Mass.; W. H. Foster, Bridgton; A. J. Clark, Green; Benjamin F. Thompson, New Portland; Captain A. W. Clough, Everett, Mass.; Joseph Brooks, R. I.; F. O. J. S. Pride, Falmouth; Geo.

F. Mariner, Westbrook; C. A. Anderson, Westbrook; I. F. Quimby, Westbrook; Mrs. H. H. B. Hower, Westbrook; James H. Barker and wife, Westbrook; William G. Merrill, Philadelphia, Pa.; Captain R. T. Jordan and wife, Roslindale, Mass.; Matilda C. Kincade, Waterville; G. N. Rice and wife, L. B. Twitchell and wife, A. F. Angel, C. A. Stanchfield, Frank Arris, John Stanchfield, E. R. Sleeper, Thomas J. Barrett, G. G. Wagg, Everett Stewart, Hiram.

FOURTEENTH MAINE.

The Fourteenth Maine Infantry association held their annual reunion at their pretty regimental building at Long Island through the week. Wednesday, August 5, was the day of their annual business meeting, and an interested company of veterans were assembled. The talk and the speakers were cheerful, although a tinge of sadness for the comrades who have been mustered out, and are being mustered out more rapidly year by year, pervaded the spirit of the meeting. Those present were:

S. J. Gallagher, Togus; Augustus Eldridge, Etna Centre; Wm. M. Cobb, Bangor; John T. Maxfield, Edes Falls; T. K. Holbrook, Waltham, Mass.; Rufus D. Kilgore, Melrose Highlands, Mass.; Captain George Blodgett, Bucksport; J. W. Day, Berwick; F. H. Wing, Skowhegan; Willard Carver and J. C. Whitney, Auburn; L. T. Mason, Howland; R. W. Pitts, Vassalboro; F. D. Mixer, North Auburn; A. H.

Keene, Whitman, Mass.; Geo. A. Pollard, Pawtucket, R. I.; John A. Spear, Gardiner; C. L. Douglass, South Framingham, Mass.; Arthur Wight, East Poland; E. A. Loud, Roxbury, Mass.; Irving Morse, Chelsea, Mass.; George F. W. Tibbetts, Berwick; Thomas E. Goodwin, Berwick; W. A. Gates, Needham, Mass.; Thos. J. O'Neil, Portland; J. W. Foley, Norway; E. S. Gordon, Roslindale, Mass.; L. W. Stearns, Augusta; J. B. Stevens, Somersworth, N. H.; Captain A. F. Noyes, Norway; J. B. Hanson, Berwick; Rev. R. L. Green, Somerville, Mass.; F. M. Noble, Norway; John E. Kelley, Boothbay; Newton E. Stone, Lewis J. Morton, Mechanic Falls; Stewart Worcester, Woodfords.

Officers were elected as follows:

President—E. S. Gordon, Roslindale, Mass.

Vice Presidents—Captain George Blodgett of Bucksport, F. A. Noble of Norway, and A. H. Keene of Whitman, Mass.

Secretary and Treasurer—S. J. Gallagher, Togus.

Finance Committee—W. A. Gates of Needham, Mass., John T. Maxfield of Edes Falls, and W. Carver of Auburn.

Executive Committee—Thomas J. O'Neil of Portland, C. L. Clark of Chelsea, Mass., and Stewart Worcester of Woodfords.

A letter was received from Mrs. Thomas A. Jones, of Bangor, announcing the death of her husband since the last reunion. The letter bore touching testimony to the love

of the deceased soldier for the old regiment. Resolutions of respect for the memory of Comrade Jones were adopted.

The recent death of Colonel T. W. Porter was the subject of much heartfelt regret.

Captain Geo. Blodgett, of Bucksport, said: "I remember in particular one night before the first assault on Port Hudson. It was the very night before. He came to me at midnight, awakened me, and said,— 'Blodgett, let us go to the rear. I want to talk with you.' I remember that the moon was shining brightly as we walked back. He told me that he had just returned from a council of war, where it had been determined to assault on the morrow. He expressed to me his opinion that the assault would be useless: but he wanted the Fourteenth Maine to give a good account of itself. No man was more careful of the honor of the regiment than he."

Comrade Noble of Norway expressed his feelings of sadness at the death of Colonel Porter. He was a blunt man, who seemed rough at first, but he wore well.

Lieutenant A. H. Keene of Whitman, Mass., recalled how, one day during a campaign, he came across a very nice Bible in an abandoned southern house. He took this Bible to his quarters. When he got there he met Colonel Porter, and the latter exclaimed: "Well, Keene, you are the most pious thief I ever saw."

After the business had been

transacted there was general debate on the subject of inviting the wives of members to attend the reunions. Several comrades expressed regret that they had not brought their wives. They would certainly have done so had they known what a beautiful place it was.

The date of the annual meeting was discussed briefly. It seemed to be the general opinion that the week in which the fifth of August comes is the best time.

This is the anniversary of the Battle of Baton Rouge, in 1862, the regiment's "baptism of blood." So they adjourned to the week of August 5, 1897.

The members generally remained through the week, some not going until Saturday.

Commissary O'Neil was present as usual, looking after the proper entertainment of his old comrades.

FIFTEENTH MAINE.

The Fifteenth Regiment association met in Gardiner, August 26, 1896, and although there were few members of that regiment left in Gardiner, yet those few saw that their former comrades in arms were well entertained.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when Colonel Isaac Dyer, President of the association, called the men to order and made a few pleasant remarks of greeting to his old comrades. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and accepted, and the association then proceeded to the election of officers. The following were elected:

President—Colonel Isaac Dyer, Skowhegan.

Vice-Presidents—E. W. Sprague of Easton, T. H. Wentworth of Bangor, D. P. Rolfe of Wakefield, Mass.

Secretary and Treasurer—Major H. A. Shorey, Bridgton.

Assistant Secretary—Walter C. Ross, Brunswick.

Executive Committee—Captain James Walker of Gardiner, J. I. Fisher of Bangor, Carleton Lancaster of Bowdoinham, and Isaac Holbrook of Harpswell.

A telegram conveying the greetings of the association was sent to the Twelfth Maine association which met in Portland. It was voted to hold the next reunion in Fort Fairfield, the time to be arranged hereafter by the executive committee. The association then adjourned for dinner.

In the afternoon at 1:30 a line was formed and under the command of Colonel Dyer marched to the Kennebec Central depot, Randolph, where the cars were boarded for Togus to spend the afternoon. In the evening a supper and camp-fire was held at Grand Army hall where good cheer, speeches, stories and music were a part of the entertainment.

At eight o'clock, Captain James Walker, as master of ceremonies, called the regiment to order, and introduced His Honor Mayor Clason, who made a ringing speech of welcome. Major H. A. Shorey followed in a response for the visitors in a patriotic speech, and

the ball was set well in motion. The speaking was excellent. The army reminiscences were generously woven into the remarks, and pathos blended with humor claimed the attention of all to the very close.

The following-named are those who responded to the calls upon them:

Comrade T. H. Wentworth, Rev. Ira S. Jones, M. C. Wadsworth, Rev. Mr. Preble, W. J. Landers, George H. Harrington, J. W. P. Johnson, Comrade E. W. Sprague, and Comrade Murphy, who also sang the "Army Bean."

Colonel Dyer's speech was brimful of interesting reminiscences. He told how he went to Augusta, was mustered in and assigned command of the Fifteenth Maine. The first evening in Augusta he went down town, bought several hundred checkers, retired to his home at the hotel, spread out ten companies of checkers on the table, took his tactics and drilled those checkers until he had the different orders and movements well drilled into his own head. About all the speakers paid a complimentary tribute to their old Colonel, who was noticeably affected by the many kind words spoken.

It was late in the evening when the camp-fire was extinguished, and all expressed themselves as having passed a very enjoyable evening.

The following members reported at roll-call:

General Isaac Dyer, Skowhegan; Quartermaster-Sergeant Joseph E. Lewis, Bowdoin.

Company A.—George I. Knight, Togus Home.

Company B.—Major H. A. Shorey, Bridgton; Sergeant Carlton Lancaster, East Bowdoinham; Sergeant George H. Douglass, Gardiner; Corporal Benjamin A. Beal, Bowdoin Centre; Corporal William B. Trufant, Bowdoinham; Corporal Orrin A. True, South Litchfield; Corporal David C. Merryman, Freeport; Corporal Loring O. Pushard, Wiscasset; Corporal Silas S. Holbrook, East Harpswell; Corporal James E. Alexander, Brunswick; Corporal James E. Rollins, Phippsburgh; Leemon H. Bard, Lisbon Falls; Edwin Carter, Wakefield, Mass.; Wm. A. Newton, Bowdoin; Ira O. Allen, Vinalhaven; Wm. G. Baker, Richmond Corner; Thomas L. Emery, Phippsburgh; Cleveland M. Oliver, Bath; Winfield S. Haynes, Hallowell; Levi D. Johnson, Randolph; Walter C. Ross, Brunswick; George A. Howard, Augusta; Charles R. Johnson, Richmond; Nathaniel A. Beal, Lisbon Falls; Wm. J. Emerson, Togus; James D. Benson, Bowdoin Centre; Augustus R. Oliver, Phippsburgh; Peter Nelson, Bowdoin; Edwin C. Douglass, West Auburn; Wm. H. Megguier, Glenburn.

Company C.—Corporal (Rev.) M. S. Preble, Windsor; Luther C. Hall, Whitman, Mass.; Charles C. Bean, Readfield; Albion B. Cook, Winterport.

Company D.—Captain D. P. Rolfe, Wakefield, Mass.; Lieuten-

ant James H. Lord, Skowhegan; Corporal (Rev.) Ira S. Jones, Topsham; Corporal Orlando J. Winslow, Portland; Jacob Eldridge, Etna Centre; John Houston, Bolsters Mills; George R. Ray, Charlestown, Mass.

Company E.—Captain James Walker, Gardiner; Corporal J. W. P. Johnson, Gardiner.

Company F.—Sergeant R. R. Corbett, Lynn, Mass.; Sergeant Abizer York, Brunswick; John Rankin, Togus Home.

Company G.—Corporal Sanborn C. Murphy, Ashland; George A. Grass, Methuen, Mass.

Company H.—Lieutenant T. H. Wentworth, Bangor; Sergeant G. L. Marson, Newport; Corporal Jasper I. Fisher, Bangor; Melvin Tibbetts, Bangor; Charles O. Turner, Athol Centre, Mass.; W. E. Skillings, Garland; F. M. Skillings, East Auburn; Charles F. Dearborn, Corinna; J. C. Sweet, South Atkinson; S. W. Goodwin, Garland.

Company I.—Lieutenant James M. Story, Washburn; Corporal Thomas H. Howes, Augusta; Levi B. Russel, Saco.

Company K.—Sergeant E. W. Sprague, Sprague's Mill; Sergeant John W. Boynton, Windsor.

The ladies of the party.—Mrs. O. J. Winslow, Portland; Mrs. James Walker, Gardiner; Miss Walker, Gardiner; Mrs. Geo. H. Douglass, Gardiner; Mrs. J. W. P. Johnson, Gardiner; Mrs. Carlton Lancaster, Bowdoinham; Mrs. James D. Benson, Bowdoin; Miss

Benson, Bowdoin; Mrs. M. S. Preble, Windsor; Mrs. D. P. Rolfe, Wakefield, Mass.; Mrs. F. M. Skillings, East Auburn; Miss Story, Washburn.

The following deaths were reported:

Major James H. Whitmore (formerly Lieutenant and Captain of Company B,) who died at Tryon, N. C., whither he had been carried by his family in the hope of prolonging his life, in the winter of 1895-6. The remains were interred at Lynn, Mass. The association was represented at the funeral by its secretary.

B. W. Leighton, Company G: cast away from the merchant ship *Star of Austria* on the coast of England, December, 1895.

Thomas Myers, Company K, died at Necedah, Wis., August 16, 1895, where his bereaved widow resides.

SIXTEENTH MAINE.

The annual reunion of the Sixteenth Maine was held at Lisbon Falls, August 13, 1896.

"It was 110 in the shade at Fredericksburg, Colonel," said a perspiring veteran of the Sixteenth Maine as he mopped his forehead Wednesday afternoon, "but, by George, I don't think 'twas so hot as it is to-day."

"Well," answered the Colonel, giving an extra tuck to the handkerchief inside his collar, "we were younger then than we are to-day, you know."

"What's that, Colonel?" said

Comrade Hackett, pausing for a moment on his way to show a visitor to his quarters. "I'm seventy-nine, but I'm good for another campaign, if necessary." And off he went with as nimble a gait as a youngster. Indeed, there wasn't a more active man in Lisbon Falls during the reunion of the Sixteenth Maine Regiment association than this self-same Comrade Hackett. He led the home forces and personally looked out for the comfort of every visitor. It was 1 o'clock when we turned in Wednesday night, but the first one up found him already dressing for the business of the day.

The reunion opened with a business meeting at Citizens' Hall, President William Fennelly of Bar Harbor in the chair and Sergeant Luther Bradford of Woodfords at the secretary's desk—a post, by the way, which he has held continuously for the past fifteen years.

The hall bore a patriotic aspect with flags filling every available space on the wall. Over the steps were draped two large flags and the regimental colors occupied a prominent place. Around the hall on white cards were the names of the engagements in which the gallant Sixteenth participated. It's a martial list, too—Laurel Hill, Bethesda Church, Hatcher's Run, Gravelly Run, Cold Harbor, Welton Railroad, Spottsylvania, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Five Forks, Chancellorsville, Wilderness, Mine Run, White Oak Swamp, North Anna, Petersburg,

and over the stage in the place of honor, Appomattox.

There were between fifty and seventy-five members of the association present, and letters from absent comrades were received by the score. Many of them were from the state, and others from far-off points, Florida, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The one from Kansas dealt with the political situation, and assured Eastern veterans that the boys of '63 in the West would stand by Major McKinley till the last gun was fired.

Comrades Warren, Wiggin and Hopkins from the committee on resolutions reported the longest roll of honor in the history of the association—thirteen members having answered their final call. The full list is as follows: Captain J. O. Lord, Lieutenant I. H. Washburn, Lieutenant Atwood Fitch, Sergeant Joel S. Stevens, Joseph Bishop, Michael Doyle, Rollin F. Jennings, George Harding, Abraham Bradford, Calvin Day, Dennis Sullivan, Africa P. Cotton.

The treasurer's report showed a gratifying strength in the strong box. The receipts of the year were \$70.80; expenditures, \$44.92; leaving a balance of \$25.97. The voluntary contributions of the day amounted to \$28.44.

The committee on badges reported that after a number of years' correspondence with badge makers and the study of many different designs they had at last found one satisfactory. The badge is of solid silver with the words "Fredericks-

burg to Appomattox" running across the face on a scroll. In the centre of a design of flags, cannon and crossed swords, is a blue Maltese cross on a white ground. The white is for the second division of the First Corps and the blue cross for the third division of the Second Corps, the two in which the Sixteenth served.

Officers were elected as follows:

President, Dr. Alonzo B. Adams, Wilton; first vice-president, Lieutenant Frank Wiggin, Houlton; second vice-president, Henry A. Ewer, Vassalboro; secretary, treasurer and necrologist, Luther Bradford, Woodfords; board of directors, Major A. R. Small, Oakland; Sergeant Bray Wilkins, Boston; Warren C. Waterhouse, Hudson, Mass.; Lieutenant Charles H. Parlin, Caribel, Fla.; Lieutenant Daniel L. Warren, Portland.

A letter was read from Lieutenant George D. Bisbee inviting the association to meet at Rumford Falls next August, and the invitation was accepted.

In the evening a banquet was served at the old K. of P. hall in Co-operative block, and it isn't necessary to add that the beans went down with the old army appetite and that the strong coffee disappeared like magic.

As soon as supper was finished the company adjourned to Citizens' hall where a regimental camp-fire was held. The programme was as follows:

Address of welcome C. M. Ham
Response General C. W. Tilden

Song	Miss Whitney
Remarks	Lieutenant Wadsworth
Remarks	Thos. S. Hopkins
Singing.	
Remarks	Lieutenant Wiggin
Remarks	Comrade Stevens

One of the pleasantest incidents of the evening was the reading of the following poem written for the occasion by Lieutenant W. H. Chapman, who is now in Salt Lake City, Utah :

TO THE SIXFENTH.

Here's a health to the "Blanket Brigade,"
 With its heroes in old army blue ;
 On many fields its record was made,
 A glorious heritage for you.

We were dirty and ragged and sore,
 A joke to the soldier and aid,
 But there came a day, 'mid cannon's roar,
 When they cheered for the "Blanket Brigade."

Long years have sped since we left our dead,
 On Virginia's sacred soil ;
 Bright peace hath charms, without war's alarms,
 And we rest from all turmoil.

So give us another song as we pass along,
 To the spirit land and its shade,
 May we ne'er forget, without any regret,
 Our service with the "Blanket Brigade."

It was voted to extend an expression of regret to Major A. R. Small of Oakland, because illness prevented his attending the reunion.

It was also voted to send one of the new badges to the widow of the late Captain J. O. Lord of Biddeford, as a slight token of the esteem in which he was held by the regiment. The following resolution was then passed and the meeting adjourned :

Resolved, That the thanks of this association be extended to the resident comrades of Lisbon Falls, and

especially to Comrades Henry Hackett and Thomas J. Gould for their untiring and arduous efforts in behalf of the reunion and to the daughters of comrades, to Berry Post, G. A. R., and Relief Corps, and to the citizens of the village and town for their substantial aid in making our meeting in their thriving village pleasant and successful.

Most of the veterans left on the forenoon train, and the parting word was :

" See you next year at Rumford Falls."

SEVENTEENTH MAINE.

The old comrades of the Seventeenth Maine Regiment held their thirty-fourth reunion and business meeting August 18, 1896.

The comrades of the association assembled at Bosworth Post hall at an early hour, when the lines were formed and the officers and veterans, led by C. W. Richardson as marshal, and Chandler's band, were escorted to Portland pier, where the steamer *Sebascodegan* was taken for Long Island.

There were present as invited guests of the association Colonel Elijah Walker of Somerville, Mass., who commanded the Fourth Maine Regiment, and E. C. Swett of Portland, Past Commander of Bosworth Post, G. A. R. Other officers and prominent members of other regiments, as well as the various public officials of the city and state, had been invited, but were unable to attend.

Immediately upon the arrival of the party at the island they pro-

ceeded to Ponce's café, where a light breakfast was in readiness.

At 11 o'clock the business meeting of the association was held, at which time the reports of the various officers were read and approved.

A committee consisting of Colonel Charles P. Mattocks, Captain Geo. W. Verrill, and Captain Isaac S. Faunce was then appointed to prepare resolutions memorializing the coming legislature to appropriate a sufficient fund to guarantee the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Major-General Hiram G. Berry.

Following this came the election of officers as follows:

President—Captain Isaac S. Faunce, Lewiston.

Vice-Presidents—Sergeant Geo. F. Small, South Portland; Sergeant C. Warren Richardson, Portland.

Secretary and Treasurer—Geo. O. D. Soule, Portland.

Necrologist—Capt. G. W. Verrill, Portland.

Directors—Major W. H. Green, Sergeant John Doughty, and John O. Rice, Portland.

Among those noted in the party were the following from Portland: C. W. Roberts and wife, C. W. Richardson and wife, Geo. W. Verrill, Geo. O. D. Soule and wife, Isaiah Daniels, Colonel Charles P. Mattocks, Edward C. Swett, Wm. H. Green and wife, John Doughty, A. W. Sawyer and wife, Geo. F. Jordan and wife, J. C. Perry, wife and daughter, J. M. Safford, Ed-

win G. Thorne, Robert Hamilton, Geo. A. Pennell, wife and daughter, L. W. Lombard and wife, Edward F. Waite, S. H. Gammon and wife, H. J. Skillings, Mrs. Lizzie Staples, Captain Geo. Colby, Mrs. E. L. Clement, Mark H. Sawyer, David D. Hannegan; Jabez Marriner and Geo. F. Small, of South Portland; Colonel Edward Moore and wife, Deering; Rev. M. K. Mabry, East North Yarmouth; I. S. Faunce, Lewiston; S. F. Haskell, wife and son, Auburn; O. W. Junkins, P. Staples, North Berwick; Manual Thomas, North Gorham; Thomas H. Jordan, Lewiston; W. H. Downs, East Sumner; M. L. Babb, Westbrook; Andrew Leighton and J. H. Doughty, Yarmouth; Silas Skillen, Falmouth; W. P. Gatchell, Auburn; C. H. Greeley, Cumberland Centre; E. F. Brown, Norway; J. E. Mitchell, Yarmouth; J. M. Brown, Bowery Beach; Mary E. Wood, Lawrence, Mass.; Harry Crosby and wife, Holyoke, Mass.; Elijah Walker, Somerville, Mass.; Alfred King, New York city; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Lewis, Meriden, Conn.; W. C. Jeffers; S. F. Deane and wife, R. T. Rideout, J. W. Flint, Owen Stacy, Matthew McKenzie, Minnie McKenzie, Portland; S. L. Blanchard, M. R. Chandler, A. E. Grover, Portland; J. H. Kimball, wife and sons, Mrs. W. F. Huntington, Miss Irene Huntington, Newton Whitten, Old Orchard.

Dinner being concluded, remarks were made by General Mat-

tocks, Colonel Elijah Walker, E. C. Swett. The ladies of the auxiliary held their meeting during the morning, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—Mrs. S. H. Gammon, Portland.

Vice-President—Mrs. Geo. O. D. Soule, Portland.

Secretary—Mrs. F. E. Doe, Portland.

Treasurer—Mrs. F. S. Marsh, Oakdale.

NINETEENTH MAINE.

The staid old town of Bowdoinham never looked gayer than on the 26th of August, 1896, when she welcomed the surviving members of the gallant Nineteenth Maine Regiment, the heroes of little Round Top, the Wilderness, Gettysburg, and many others of the largest engagements of the war.

A more perfect day could not have been had.

Every business block on Main street displayed the red, white, and blue in a variety of designs.

The most elaborate decorations were on the blocks occupied by H. R. Hinkley and G. A. R. hall, the K. of P. hall and W. D. Hutchins, J. E. Cornish & Co., J. B. Pratt & Son, G. L. Hinkley.

By the early morning trains the "Boys" of '61-'65 began to arrive, and our streets soon began to put on a lively appearance with the badges and blue suits of the veterans.

One could hear words of greet-

ing on every side from the "Boys" who perhaps had not met comrades since the last reunion, or perhaps for years, and many were the hearty handshakes and jolly greetings from the veterans. The comrades were met in the morning on the arrival of the train and escorted to Hinkley hall, which had been made the headquarters of the day.

On the arrival of the 10:30 train about fifty from the east were met and a line of march formed under the leadership of Captain George Whitmore of Bowdoinham to the hall.

At 11:30 the comrades proceeded to the G. A. R. hall, where dinner was served.

"This is one of the largest gatherings since the association was formed," said Captain Silas Adams of Waterville, "and all the 'Boys' are having a good time."

At 2 p. m. the annual business meeting of the association was held at the headquarters, where the regular business was transacted and officers elected for the year.

In the evening a public meeting was held at the town hall, attended by a large number. Address of welcome by Rev. E. C. Springer, and reply by Colonel Sewall, after which speeches from members of the regiment were made.

All voted it one of the best reunions ever held by them.

The following were the officers elected:

President—A. J. Billings, Freedom.

Vice-President—P. J. Merrick, Waterville.

Second Vice-President—J. Colson, Searsport.

Chaplain—J. D. Emerson.

Secretary—Silas Adams, Waterville.

The roll-call read showed over 100 present.

The following were among the members: George L. Whitmore, Bowdoinham; J. S. Herrick, Waterville; G. A. Osborn, Waterville; N. D. Hoxey, Lewiston; Elphonzo Nichols, Lewiston; Mayo Bickmore, Gray; Sewall Bagley, Lewiston; O. O. Bessey, Shawmut; J. D. Emerson, Skowhegan; L. Percy, Bath; Henry Judkins, Pittsfield; G. M. Hatch, Bowdoinham; W. F. Beedle, Cambridge, Mass.; A. E. Williams, Boston, Mass.; Charles H. Colburn, Richmond; G. R. Ridley, Richmond; T. J. Gaubert, Richmond; E. H. Smith, Richmond; B. B. Wells, Norridgewock; B. F. Charles, South Smithfield; Gardiner W. Bigelow, Smithfield; C. E. Tallman, Portsmouth, N. H.; O. W. Fish, Anson; W. H. Smith, Richmond; R. W. Groves, Smithfield; Frank A. Kimball, Gardiner; Edward Mitchell, Bath; C. H. Bowker, Phippsburgh; A. S. Wells, Boston, Mass.; W. F. Wilkins, Phippsburgh; A. M. Holbrook, Winnegance; H. H. Elliott, Bath; Addison Sawyer, Bath; Melville Smith, Augusta; Thomas Oliver, Bath; Edward Curtis, Bath; B. B. Hanson, North Pittsfield; A. E. Nickerson, Swanville;

A. C. Ellis, Swanville; L. D. Cilley, Brooks; William Gray, Leeds; J. Powers; Anson Turner, Litchfield; John Crane, Topsham; R. Carey, Brunswick; J. Gardiner, Belfast; E. P. White, Belfast; A. D. Gilbert, Boston; James Barrie, Litchfield; G. Ward, Richmond; Lou Starbird, Bowdoin; W. H. Lamont, Bath; Phil Foster, Bowdoinham; S. Adams, Waterville; R. S. Maxwell, Litchfield; E. Gill, Chesterville; Frank Leverett, Bowdoinham; F. O. Furber, Clinton; E. W. Richards, Benton; James Phillips, Holyoke, Mass.; R. Estes, Boston, Mass.; William Leaward, Albion; V. French, Augusta; Sanford Brand, Gardiner; George Reed, I. C. Hodgdon, Clinton; Jackson Clayford, Oakland; Olney Worthen, Albion; Fred L. Wells, Togus; Charles Stewart, Anson; F. H. Abbott, Benton; W. Vinal, Vinalhaven; C. B. Vinal, Vinalhaven; Levi M. Poor, Augusta; J. W. White, Bangor; J. W. Wigbur, Lisbon; F. D. Robbins, South China; James Mayers, Dresden; B. H. Moody, China; J. H. Haskell, South China; Henry Rogers, Morrill; E. Gill, Chesterville; D. B. Harmon, East Vasselboro; Captain N. Smart, Swanville; L. L. Spaulding, Richmond; J. A. Colson, Searsport; Edward Whartf, West Gardiner; E. Merrill, Portland; A. J. Billings, Freedom; Colonel Fred Sewall, Bath; B. B. Hanson, Pittston; J. W. Winter, West Bath; J. L. Brown, Bowdoinham.

TWENTIETH MAINE.

On the morning of August 21, a body of veteran troops appeared on the outskirts of Waldoboro village, and, after some preliminary arrangements, marched into town and held complete control during the day and evening.

They were the surviving veterans of the Twentieth Maine Regiment, a regiment which fought from Antietam to Appomattox.

On the arrival of the 10:06 a. m. train, bringing General Chamberlain, General John Marshall Brown, and many other comrades and ladies, regimental line was formed by the association officers, who were mounted. The old battle flag was carried by brave old Sergeant Tozier, who bore it through the terrible struggle at Little Round Top. The colors were guarded by two files of men armed with Enfield rifles, and on either side marched Sergeant Wyman and Corporal DeWitt.

Escorted by a detail from Charles Keizer Post, and the Waldoboro cornet band, the column marched to the residence of Samuel L. Miller, where the veterans enjoyed themselves till noon.

At 2 p. m., the annual meeting of the Twentieth Maine Regiment association was held in Grand Army hall, where one hundred members of the regiment responded at roll-call.

The treasurer submitted his report, which was accepted.

The following committee was appointed to nominate a board of

officers: George W. Reynolds, J. F. Land, Reuel Thomas.

The committee reported the following nominations:

President—H. S. Melcher, Portland.

Vice-President—T. S. Benson, Sidney.

Secretary and Treasurer—S. L. Miller, Waldoboro.

The report was adopted and the officers elected.

Being called, each officer briefly responded.

At this time Department Commander Carver was escorted to the platform and received with applause.

The following were nominated a Committee on Resolutions: Ellis Spear, John Marshall Brown, P. M. Folger, I. A. Macurda, C. M. Chase.

General Chamberlain, from the Committee on History, reported the progress that had been made to correct the list of men engaged in the Battle of Gettysburg.

Remarks by Major Folger on the same subject.

Voted, That the work of the Committee on History be continued.

Letters were read from Comrades C. H. Mero, D. S. Baker, Charles G. Whittier, A. P. Daggett, E. Folsom, N. S. Clark, and Major William H. Hodgkins (Thirty-sixth Massachusetts Infantry).

Voted, That the secretary be requested to reply to letters read from comrades.

Comrades J. H. Stanwood and G. L. Witham were appointed a

committee to take up a collection to defray running expenses of the association. The committee reported amount received, \$26.21.

The president reported that among the deceased comrades were J. C. Rundlett, E. S. Coan, J. M. Kennedy, and Thomas D. Chamberlain. General Spear briefly addressed the comrades on the character and war record of Kennedy, Rundlett, and Chamberlain; and Major Land paid tribute to the memory of E. S. Coan.

Voted. That the matter of next reunion be left with the Executive Committee.

Previous to adjournment, the names of all present were given to the secretary. The result was as follows:

Field and Staff.—J. L. Chamberlain, J. M. Brown.

Company A.—G. W. Reynolds, S. L. Miller, T. S. Benson, J. W. Morris, William M. Elwell, Samuel Longley, Ira R. Sylvester, Ambrose Hoch, Gideon Hoch.

Company B.—J. F. Clifford.

Company C.—J. H. Stanwood, C. T. Buck, A. B. Latham.

Company D.—None present.

Company E.—William K. Bickford, O. F. Mank, S. Cummings, E. A. Leach, C. E. Bickmore, Barden Turner, William H. Stahl, Raymond Hoffses, Selden Hunt, J. M. Shuman, Elbridge Bryant, Timothy Brown, E. S. Wetherell, William D. McKim, William H. Levensaler, E. S. Levensaler, Chandler Bracket, C. G. Stewart, S. L. Messer, O. G. Miller, E. A.

Humphrey, Thomas C. Little, Thomas R. Hogue, Robert Creamer, Porter Richmond, Edward K. Chapman.

Company F.—H. S. Melcher, Silas S. Meserve, A. M. Stone, J. E. DeWitt.

Company G.—Ellis Spear, E. Hodgkins, J. J. A. Hoffses, J. M. Bateman, Benjamin Fairbrother, Alvin Butler, S. T. Lowell, I. A. Macurda, A. S. Hiscock, J. A. Nash, Moody Barnes, James Brann, Israel K. Hearin, A. P. Bateman, Alden Miller, Jr., A. Moody, Cyrus Osborn, William Rankin, A. Cunningham, R. N. Bailey.

Company H.—J. F. Land, A. C. Munsey.

Company I.—P. M. Folger, Reuel Thomas, Aaron Andrews, Daniel J. Andrews, Alwood Andrews, Eli Bickmore, J. L. Bradford, W. B. Bradford, C. A. Copeland, G. H. Dow, Eben Elwell, Lewis Hall, Oliver Howes, Sylvanus Hyler, E. B. Kelleran, J. M. Leighton, Edward Light, O. T. Mann, J. D. Morse, Theodore Roosen, J. B. Wescott, W. F. Wight, G. W. Witham, Oscar Thomas, C. A. Jones, A. J. Tozier, Emerson Creighton, J. D. Creighton, Frank Geyer.

Company K.—Charles M. Chase, S. M. Wyman, Joel S. Hart, Edwin Keating.

It is possible some who were in town are omitted from this list, as all were not present at roll-call. Companies E, G, and I had the largest numbers, Company I leading with twenty-nine present.

Many of the comrades brought their wives.

During the afternoon an open-air concert was given by the band, and carriages were provided for the lady visitors to ride about town.

Major-General Butterfield arrived from New York on the 4:32 train.

At 5:30 a large crowd assembled to witness the "dress parade" on Miller's lawn. General Chamberlain assumed command, with General Brown as adjutant, Major Melcher as sergeant-major, and Lieutenant Miller as drum-major. The drum corps was composed of local talent and did remarkably well. The parade was hardly up to those conducted by Colonel Ames, but was very interesting to the veterans as well as to spectators.

At 7:30 line was formed and the regiment marched down Main street to the music of the band to Clark's hall. During the march a beautiful display of fireworks was given.

Clark's hall was packed. The exercises opened with a selection by the band—"Sheridan's Ride"—and continued as follows:

- Prayer Comrade T. R. Hogue.
 - Address of Welcome S. L. Miller.
 - Response President Melcher.
 - Remarks General Chamberlain.
 - Recitation Mrs. Maude Gay.
 - Remarks General Butterfield.
 - Recitation Miss Mattie Eaton.
 - Reading letter from General Fitz John Porter.
 - Remarks Major Land.
 - Remarks General Spear.
 - Remarks Department Commander Carver.
- Selection by the band.

The following resolution was presented by General Spear:

Resolved, That the thanks of this association are due and heartily given to our comrades of Company E and to the citizens of Waldoboro, for the generous entertainment they have given us on this occasion of pleasant gathering of the Twentieth Maine association. The day, this beautiful village, and their kind hospitality have made this a day long to be remembered. We carry with us a pleasant remembrance of their generous entertainment.

Adopted by a standing vote.

The day was perfect and the visitors all expressed themselves as highly pleased with Waldoboro and the hospitality shown them. It is considered one of the best reunions the regiment has held.

There were present during the day five comrades who wore stars during the war. They were Generals Daniel Butterfield, J. L. Chamberlain, Ellis Spear, John Marshall Brown, and William G. LeDuc of Minnesota. General Butterfield commanded the Fifth Corps at the Battle of Fredericksburg and was chief-of-staff of the Army of the Potomac during the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns. General Chamberlain was terribly wounded while leading a brigade in front of Petersburg, and was promoted to brigadier-general on the spot by General Grant. He commanded the troops which received the surrender of Lee, and was four times elected governor of Maine. General Spear, besides his war record, has held the posi-

tion of commissioner of patents at Washington. General Brown was the first adjutant of the Twentieth, promoted to assistant adjutant-general, and colonel of the Thirty-second Maine. General LeDuc was a famous quartermaster-general during the war, and was commissioner of agriculture under President Hayes. It was undoubtedly the most distinguished party ever in Waldoboro at one time.

FOURTH MAINE BATTERY.

The Fourth Maine Battery Veteran Association held its annual reunion at Skowhegan, the 25th of June, 1866. The day was bright and fair, and the temperature just right for enjoyment.

This battery was raised in central Maine, and quite a large number of the members were Somerset men. It was organized December 21, 1861, and left Augusta March 14, 1862, arriving in Washington April 3. It served at Alexandria, in Shenandoah valley, Rappahannock river, and other places in Virginia and Maryland during the campaign of 1862. It was also actively engaged in the campaign of 1863, with the third army corps in Virginia. In March, 1864, it was assigned to the artillery force of the 6th corps, crossed the Rapidan May 6, and participated in Grant's movement by the "Left" all the way through to Petersburg, where it arrived June 17, remaining there during 1864, with the exception of a trip to Washington to defend that city against Early.

December 21, the original three years' term of the battery expired, but only twenty-one of the men were mustered out, the battery remaining in service until June 17, 1865, when it was mustered out at Augusta, Me. Captain O'Neil W. Robinson of Bethel was the first commander of the battery, and served in that capacity nearly two years, when he was promoted to the rank of major of artillery. Captain Robinson died in 1863, of disease contracted during the service. Charles W. White of Skowhegan was the second commander of the battery, and served with distinction.

The members of the association and family friends were present as follows: William H. Brooks and wife, Augusta; C. Crymbal and wife, North Anson; Lester Holway, wife and son, Fairfield; D. O. Dearborn and wife, Everett, Mass.; Peter Hurd and wife, Athens; Ambrose Vittum and wife, Concord; Joseph French, wife, daughter, and two sons, Chesterville, Me.; Judson Ames and wife, Montreal, Canada; Octave Thompson and wife, Concord; Ethel H. Jones and wife, Augusta; J. A. Jones and wife, Augusta; Marion Mills, wife, son and daughter, Skowhegan; C. A. Sturdy, Togus; Abel Davis and wife, Pittsfield; L. P. Lincoln and wife, North Anson; Mark Harville, wife and daughter, Skowhegan; John Rowe, wife and two daughters, Concord; H. H. Powers, Pittsfield; Isaac Smith, Starks; L. G. Brown,

Concord; C. H. Salley, Pittsfield; H. B. Stevens and son, Norridgewock; O. Y. Nutting, Perham; A. C. Bates, Embden.

There were also present as near relatives of members of the Battery, Mrs. Dr. Brown of South Norridgewock, sister of Captain Charles W. White, and Mrs. Williams of Augusta, widow of the late Sergeant Cyrus M. Williams.

The members of this association make their annual reunions of double interest and value by bringing along wives and daughters, who all have a commendable pride in the record of the valiant Fourth Maine battery.

The veterans and friends arrived by teams from surrounding Somerset towns, and from other places more distant, by the 10:33 a. m. train. G. A. R. hall was headquarters, and dinner and supper were served by ladies of Russell Relief Corps of this place, to all visiting veterans and friends.

After dinner an electric car on the Somerset Traction line was chartered for Hayden lake, where an hour was pleasantly spent, and upon return to town the business meeting was held, occupying two hours.

Comrades Abel Davis, Peter Hurd, and W. H. Brooks were appointed a committee to nominate a list of officers of the association for the ensuing year, and the committee subsequently reported: For president, Ethel H. Jones, Augusta; vice-president, C. H. Dearborn, Everett, Mass.; secretary,

J. A. Jones, Augusta; treasurer, Marion Mills, Skowhegan. This report was accepted, and these officers were elected.

The project of the publication of a history of the battery was brought up by Judson Ames of Montreal, Canada, was advocated by him, by Abel Davis of Pittsfield, Lester Holway of Fairfield, and others, and E. H. Jones, Mrs. Cyrus M. Williams, and Judson Ames were made a committee to attend to the publication of said history.

At the evening meeting Hon. S. J. Walton welcomed the veterans and their friends to the hospitalities of comrades and friends and citizens of Skowhegan, in a happy manner, assuring them that the welcome was sincere, hearty, and heartfelt.

Abel Davis, Esq., on behalf of the association, responded, thanking the people of Skowhegan, particularly the Woman's Relief Corps, and Russell Post, G. A. R., for the warm welcome accorded, and the splendid entertainment afforded the visitors.

Miss Violet Durgin read two selections during the exercises, which were accorded warm applause, as was also a patriotic selection rendered by Nelson Holway of Fairfield, son of a member of the association.

Dr. C. V. Richards read impressively a poem prepared for another occasion, a reunion of the 7th Maine Battery, in which he served during the war. General Dyer made a short, patriotic address,

and Rev. B. C. Wentworth spoke briefly and interestingly, and sang a song, "The Bird with the Broken Wing."

A committee appointed for that purpose reported the following :

WHEREAS, at this, the 14th annual reunion of the 4th Maine Battery Association at Skowhegan, the ladies of Russell Relief Corps have generously provided us with entertainment, and Russell Post has opened its hall for our meetings, and contributed otherwise to our happiness, and the railroads have favored us with half rates, now, therefore, be it

Resolved. That we tender to all who have so kindly contributed to our enjoyment and entertainment, our sincere thanks.

This resolve was unanimously passed by a rising vote. Refreshments and an hour spent socially wound up the pleasant occasion.

The Skowhegan members of the association, Mills, Harville, and Hurd, were the committee of arrangements, and with the very efficient aid of the ladies of Russell Relief Corps, afforded visitors superior facilities for comfort and enjoyment.

SIXTH MAINE BATTERY.

The annual reunion of the Sixth Maine Battery Association was held at Camp Benson, Newport, Me., August 14th, with the following members present: J. B. Merrill, Luther Ellis, Augustus Perry, James Walden, Ezekiel Ricker, D. M. Sawtelle, E. L. Merrithew, John L. Perry, Charles H. Rich, Charles R. Brown, W. W. Saw-

telle, J. E. Rhodes. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, E. L. Merrithew; first vice-president, D. M. Sawtelle; second vice-president, R. G. Winslow; secretary and treasurer, J. E. Rhodes.

It was voted to hold the next reunion in Bangor, at the time of the state fair, 1897. Sergeant Merrithew picked out a gun detachment, and drilled them in the "Manual of the Piece," and found that they had not forgotten their old lessons. It was a most enjoyable time, and all signified their intention to be present next year. Sergeant Joseph Winters and William H. Charles were reported as having died during the past year.

THIRTY-SECOND MAINE.

A complimentary banquet was tendered the surviving members of the Thirty-second Maine regiment by Captain Thomas P. Beals, at Swett's hotel, Portland, August 18, 1896.

Captain Beals had prepared a royal welcome for his old comrades, and the evening was one long to be remembered by those who gathered at the tables.

The room had been beautifully decorated with hunting for the occasion. The tables were handsomely arranged with cut flowers, and potted plants and ferns.

The following members and invited guests were seated at the table: Edwin C. Milliken, Dr. A. R. Smith, S. C. Ripley, Fred H. Beals, J. B. Hammond, George E.

Rines, J. D. Anderson, Charles P. Mattocks, J. W. Deering, H. H. Burbank, Thomas P. Beals, John Marshall Brown, Frank Kenfield, H. R. Sargent, Hillman Smith, Leroy T. Carleton, Benjamin F. Milliken, Frank W. Barker, Daniel W. Leavitt, Fred G. Runnels, James P. Grant, Sewall Webb, Miles W. Leighton, George E. Joy, John F. Rand, King S. Hill, E. R. Harmon, George W. Richards, Albert Hurst, Charles H. Potter, R. A. Foye, Lora H. Collins, W. H. Sargent, Augustus Smith, Thomas Benson, Hiram Tobey, J. W. Barbour, *Press*, W. C. Jefferds, *Argus*, Forrest E. Libby, G. Fred Mitchell, J. W. Sanborn, Henry C. Houston.

After cigars were lighted Captain Beals made an address of welcome, and then introduced Captain H. H. Burbank of Saco, who acted as master of ceremonies. The following gentlemen were called upon, and made brief remarks: Colonel John Marshall Brown, Captain T. P. Beals, Colonel C. P. Mattocks, L. T. Carleton, Collector John W. Deering, Captain Kenfield of the Seventeenth Vermont, Captain Hilman Smith of Auburn, H. C. Huston, Major John B. Anderson, Captain J. B. Hammond, E. C. Milliken, commander of Bosworth Post.

It was an evening fraught with many happy moments.

The reunion of the Thirty-second Maine regiment occurred at Rumford Falls, August 19. One hundred members were present. There

was speaking by Honorable L. T. Carleton, Honorable John P. Swasey, and Honorable George D. Bisbee.

The following officers were elected: President, J. B. Hammond; vice-presidents, Cyrus Goff, C. F. Burr; secretary, E. C. Milliken; treasurer, J. L. Ham; historian, E. F. Hastin; executive committee, T. P. Beals, Fred G. Runnels, John M. Jackson.

The following were elected to honorary membership: Waldo Pettingill, J. P. Swasey, H. S. Melcher, E. M. True.

The regiment made an excursion to Bemis. The reunion next year will be at Peak's Island.

SEVENTEENTH REGULARS.

At Fort Preble, in the early days of the great rebellion, was stationed a regiment of the regular army. It was then a regiment new to the service, but its officers and men were destined to be made veteran troops by service on many a battlefield. The Seventeenth Regular Infantry was formed by virtue of President Lincoln's proclamation of May 3, 1861, adding a number of regiments to the regular military establishment. Samuel P. Heintzelman was its first colonel; J. Durell Greene, its lieutenant colonel; Abner Doubleday, William H. Wood, and George S. Andrews, its majors. Fort Preble was designated as the headquarters, and here the regiment remained until in March, 1862, it was ordered to Jim Sykes's brigade at Arlington

Heights. From that time to March, 1864, wherever the famous regular division of the Fifth Corps was to be found, there, in the thick of the battle, was the fighting Seventeenth. In the number of officers killed, the regiment was equalled only by the First Cavalry and Eighteenth Infantry, both larger organizations. The reunion of 1896 was held at the Preble House, and was as enjoyable as those occasions always are. Among those who received a warm welcome was Sergeant Andrew Clifford, who is now on the retired list, after twenty-eight years of gallant service. With the veterans came their wives and children, and to an outsider the gathering suggested more a family reunion than a meeting of men who had shouldered muskets together on the battlefield.

The meeting was called to order at 11 a. m. with President G. F. Ward of Peabody, Mass., in the chair. The annual reports were read and accepted, and the following officers were elected:

President—James Burnie of Biddeford.

Vice-Presidents—Captain J. J. Emerson, Jamaica Plain, Mass.; Charles W. Bennett, Somerville, Mass.; E. L. Green, Rockland.

Secretary and Treasurer—Lieutenant H. F. Rice, Gray.

Chaplain—F. A. Gowen, Wakefield, Mass.

The officers-elect were appointed executive committee.

It was voted that the next meeting be held on the third Thursday of

August, 1897, at the Preble House, Portland.

After the business meeting, there was an hour or more of social intercourse in the parlors of the hotel, and then the party were called upon to fall in. These were the guests who gathered about the banquet board: Elijah L. Green, Rockland; C. A. Green, Rockland; Clare C. Dow, Alfred S. Dearing, Mrs. A. S. Dearing, C. H. Miles, Lillian M. Sturgeon, H. F. Rice, James J. Emerson, James Burnie, F. A. Gowen, S. S. Sturgeon, Mrs. S. S. Sturgeon, George F. Ward, C. H. Mason, Mrs. J. H. Farrar, J. M. Rice, Walpole, Mass.; Charles Rice, Walpole, Mass.; P. O'Malley, C. W. Bennett, S. B. Bennett, John H. Collins, Prentiss Lodell, L. Lane, Andrew Clifford, Greenleaf Swett, Lawrence; George W. Debeck, Westbrook.

Letters were read by Chaplain Gowen from Comrades Matt F. Kippat, Columbia, Tenn.; H. B. Raleigh, Antrim, N. H.; W. R. Hudson, Roslindale, Mass.; Color-Sergeant Yeaton, Gonic, N. H.; and A. M. Elmes, Concord Junction, Mass. Comrade Elmes wrote at length, detailing many experiences, grave and gay, in the life of the soldier. A portion of his letter is here given:

“As this will find you at dinner, I will tell you of my first afternoon and first dinner in Portland. We, that is, Captain Lathrop and his squad of recruits, which consisted of myself, arrived in Portland shortly after noon; and of course

he, being an officer, did not want to be bothered with me, a raw recruit from a country town, so he shook me—that is, he turned me over to the tender mercies of the city with the order that I report at headquarters in time to go over to the fort that night. . . .

“As we entered the fort, it was evident that they were expecting me. (It looked so to me at that time.) The men were all drawn up in line, four companies, with Professor Poppenburg’s celebrated band under command of the chief bugler, F. Criss—the only Criss.

“After reviewing them, the parade was dismissed, and I was invited to tea. And such a tea! I hardly knew whether I was in a carpenter shop or tin shop. There was a long, wooden bench, and at regular intervals was a collection of bright, new tinware—tin basin, tin dipper, tin spoon, and a piece of bread. In the basin was a quantity of bean soup. When I had sampled the soup, I made the startling discovery that I was not hungry, and did not care for supper, so I ate by proxy—that is, I let others eat while I looked on. Soon after this collation, was taken in tow by a kindly-disposed comrade in Company D, and escorted around the fort. Among the places visited was the sutler’s quarters. Here I was presented to about three hundred pounds of John Thorpe, the venerable proprietor. You may remember him.

“After the reception at the sutler’s, taps sounded and I was told

to lay myself away on the shelves for the night. Well, for a person who never saw anything of the kind, to get into one of those bunks and make a success of it, is quite an undertaking. However, I at last succeeded, and so passed the first night.”

Comrade George W. Debeck of Westbrook contributed a history of the doings of the regiment in the campaign of 1864. It is a record of almost continuous fighting and marching, varied by long hours of picket duty in the face of the enemy. An extract from Mr. Debeck’s record shows what life in the fighting Seventeenth in 1864 was like:

“May 4th we crossed the Rapidan and camped that night in the Wilderness: May 5th, took part in the battle: May 6th, on the reserve all day. On May 7th, were in the front line all day behind the breastworks. That night after dark we marched, being on the road all night. During the night, a team of six horses broke loose ahead of us and came running down the road, and everyone got out of their way. May 8th we went into the battle of Laurel Hill and stayed three hours, keeping up a steady fighting all the time. On May 9th we went out on the same ground we were on the day before and fought two hours. On May 10th we again went out on the same ground and fought four hours, having ammunition brought out in sacks. Captain Grimes was wounded and Lieutenant Parks took command of the

battalion. After we were relieved, we marched about one half a mile to our right and went into camp. It rained hard all night. On May 11th we fell in at daylight and moved to the front and deployed as skirmishers. As we advanced, we soon came up in front of the rebels and engaged them four hours, and then fell back and marched away. That night we went into camp in front of Spottsylvania Court House, and one mile from it.

On May 13th the whole regiment went on picket in front of the Court House, and stayed until the evening of the 14th. May 15th we stayed all day in front of a house where General Grant had his headquarters, remaining here until the evening of the 16th, when we were ordered to take a hill in our front. The sides of it were covered with woods, and it was said that the rebels were on top of it. Our whole division went up the hill in line of battle, but when we got on top we found no rebels. We camped here all night. On May 17th we marched, and on May 19th, we forded the North Anna river, and were attacked by the rebels about six o'clock in the evening. We had a smart battle which lasted until dark. Then the Seventeenth went on picket. In moving to the front, we came on to the rebels and they commenced firing and so did our line of battle behind us. We lay down until it was over. We were on picket until the next night. May 21st we marched, and the

next day we had a skirmish with the rebels. May 23d we were in the Battle of Shady Grove Church, and June 1st, in the Battle of Cold Harbor, which lasted three days."

Comrade Ward, past president of the association, was called upon and briefly tendered his thanks for the honor bestowed upon him when he was chosen president a year ago. He referred to the fact that one of the gentlemen present thought that next year he could bring five others with him. Did all do as well, the association would soon be large indeed.

After the company had returned to the hotel parlors, Miss Sturgeon and Mrs. Green entertained them with musical selections finely rendered. The members expressed appreciation of their kind treatment by Landlord White, and the reunion was over.

SEVENTH MAINE.

The Seventh Maine Regiment Association went into camp on August 24th, at their headquarters, Camp Connor, on Long Island, for the purpose of holding their six days annual reunion. The quartermaster and commissary arrived on Saturday, the 22d, to prepare for the coming muster on Monday and Tuesday. The old boys reported in small squads, but on Wednesday, the great day of the feast, the veterans, with their ladies and friends, mustered in force. Several of the old boys, who wore the blue in the dark days of the

Civil War, met old comrades who drank from the same canteen, and marched shoulder to shoulder with them, for the first time since their muster out of United States service; but they needed no introduction to each other—they were received like the prodigal son, by warm hearts and friendly hands, and made to feel, though long years had rolled since they parted, they were not forgotten. There was yet a warm place for them in the hearts of their old comrades.

At 11:30 a. m. the business meeting was called to order, President W. S. Norcross in the chair. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted. The secretary reports the association in a good healthy condition, with 258 active, and fifteen honorary members on the books, with the loss of five comrades by death since our last meeting. The treasurer reported the association in sound financial condition, debts all paid, with a small balance in the treasury. The only other business of importance was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—Dr. W. S. Norcross, Lewiston.

Vice-presidents—George R. Boyer, Somerville, Mass., Dr. James Syphers, South Portland.

Secretary and treasurer—W. D. Hatch, Portland.

Quartermaster and commissary—George F. Hunt, Westbrook.

Chaplain—Colonel S. C. Fletcher, Monson.

Surgeon—W. W. Denning, East Poland.

Historian—John Hart, Portland.

Poet—W. D. Hatch, Portland.

Marshal—John Mullen, Portland.

At two o'clock p. m., the welcome notes of the bugle sounded the call for dinner, and all hands mustered around the festive board. After singing the reunion hymn, and prayer by Comrade McGlauffin, a grand charge was made on the chowder, and baked beans, and other good things that had been prepared by Commissary Hunt. The successful assault caused the chowder and the bean pot to surrender to overpowering numbers, and as the din of battle ceased, and as knives and forks were laid aside, and sweet peace smiled on the scene, President Norcross called the company to order in a short speech. Interesting remarks were made by Captain Thomas P. Beals, Hiram Ellis, W. W. Denning, James O. Malley, and Mrs. Thurston. Mrs. W. S. Richardson read the Confederate poem, "The Old Grey Coat." Commodore W. B. Poole of the United States navy was there, but the navy guns were silent. Several comrades told their experiences. As the sun began to sink behind the classic woods of Hog Island, many of the comrades, with their ladies, departed for their homes. Thus ended one of the Seventh's red letter days. Quite a number of the old boys remained in camp through

the following week, enjoying themselves in a quiet way. When the evenings were too cool to remain out on the piazza they gathered around the cheerful fire blazing in the ample fireplace in the main hall, where war yarns were spun which would seem improbable had they not been sworn to. Comrades present—C. H. Waterhouse, Cape Elizabeth; John Mullen, Portland; George F. Hunt, Westbrook; George R. Boyer, Somerville, Mass.; John Hart, Portland; W. H. Hammond, Westbrook; W. B. Poole, Lynn, Mass.; Neil Curtis, Whitman, Mass.; Eben True, East Deering; W. H. Motley, Woodford's; E. P. Wardwell, North Green; L. L. Thurston, Portland; W. D. Hatch, Portland; J. H. Coss, Calais; I. T. Stuart, Newport; Job Eveleth, Portland; W. W. Denning, East Poland; James Syphers, South Portland; J. W. Libby, North Turner; W. G. McGlaulin, Portland; W. I. Norcross, Lewiston; John Oakes, Portland; Hiram Ellis, South Portland; J. O. Malley, Portland; A. A. Nickerson, Portland; W. I. Richardson, Morrill; Thomas P. Beals, Portland; Samuel Morrison, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.; A. A. Stevens, Deering; W. Turner, Deering.

REUNION SONG,

Seventh Maine Regiment, 1896.

BY W. D. HATCH.

To-day we meet as veterans
 In comradeship sincere;
 Here we'll renew old friendships
 With those our souls hold dear;
 Friendships both strong and tender,
 That round our hearts do twine,
 Formed on the field of battle,
 When we were there in line.

Long years of joy and sorrow
 Have come and passed away
 Since we, in our young manhood,
 So proudly marched away
 To fight our country's battles
 And the old flag defend,
 Till the proud foe was vanquished,
 And victory crowned the end.

Here from life's weary marching,
 Along the toilsome way,
 We'll lay off our equipments,
 And rest in camp to-day;
 We'll tell the old, old story,
 Though old, yet ever new,
 Of days of our campaigning,
 When we were "boys in blue."

We reach another milestone
 On life's grand march to-day,
 As sentinels we've passed them
 Along life's great highway,
 May God, in His great mercy,
 Grant us all a pass
 Into the eternal camp-ground,
 When we have reached the last.

"Lights out," grim taps have sounded
 For friends and comrades dear;
 We miss their smiling faces—
 No more we'll meet them here;
 Though from our ranks they're mustered,
 They've gone in camp o'er there;
 We'll meet them in the morning,
 In sunlight bright and fair.

TWENTY-FIRST MAINE.

Thirty-four years ago, 10th September, 1862, the Twenty-first Maine Regiment of volunteer infantry went into quarters at Camp Keyes in Augusta.

The members of that regiment had left their homes in response to the call of the president. September 10, 1896, for the first time since their muster out, in 1863, the members of that gallant command met in reunion. In all these years only Companies D and I have met in reunion, the former for several years, and the latter only once. The morning trains on Thursday brought over a hundred veterans

to the city, and the reunion was held in G. A. R. hall.

When the regiment went to the front it was stationed in Louisiana, under General Banks. It was a nine months' regiment, but served some over eleven months on account of being in front of Port Hudson during the siege of that place. A member of the regiment said:

"Our time was out, but old Banks didn't ask us if we wanted to come home. He kept us there simply because he wanted to, for he could not spare any men just at that particular time, and that was right, too. We have never regretted the extra service, for we were there when Port Hudson surrendered."

The service of the regiment was almost entirely confined to the siege of Port Hudson. In all that period disease worked sad havoc in the ranks, and the three engagements in which the regiment participated greatly depleted the roster of some of the finest men that ever left Maine. The first engagement was that of the Battle of Port Hudson Plains, May 21, 1863, in which the regiment sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded. On May 27 a general assault was made on the works of the enemy, but Banks's men were repulsed. In this engagement the regiment lost about one third of the men that went into action.

On June 14 occurred the third and last engagement of the regiment, when Banks made another general assault, and was again

driven back. Port Hudson surrendered on July 9, and the regiment was sent home, being mustered out of the service August 25.

Only about one half of the men who left the state for the front returned with the command. Colonel Johnson died in Alabama since the close of the war, and Major Merry died in Minnesota several years since. The rest of the field and staff are living.

The meeting was called to order at ten o'clock, and Lieutenant M. V. B. Chase was chosen chairman. The matter of forming a regimental association for reunion purposes was very generally discussed, and by a vote it was decided to organize at once.

A roll of companies was called, and the members of such companies as were represented went up to the adjutant's desk and signed the new muster roll, and each company was loudly applauded as the muster was made. Just think of this! It was the first time in thirty-three years that the men had heard the roll of companies called.

A committee consisting of one member from each company present was drawn to present a list of officers for the ensuing year, and reported the following:

President—Lieutenant Roswell C. Harris.

Vice-presidents—Lieutenant M. V. B. Chase, Captain A. J. Erskine, W. H. McCartney.

Secretary—J. T. Woodward.

Treasurer—N. H. Fossett.

Chaplain—E. Gould.

The first four officers constitute the executive board. At this time the meeting adjourned for dinner.

The ladies had prepared a fine spread on tables set up in the main hall, and the comrades "fell to" with a will.

When dinner was finished the regiment went into session again, and after a couple of hours' talk on matters and things that are always "for the good of the order," the reunion was over.

Among the veterans present were that spry young man of seventy-six years, Captain Amos F. Tobey of Skowhegan, and Dennis McGelligan of Florenceville, Carleton county, N. B.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH MAINE.

September 11 was a busy day in Rockport, it being the eleventh annual reunion of the Twenty-sixth Maine Regimental association. About seventy-five visiting comrades were in town, with other friends, who swelled the number to more than 100. Many states were represented, and more towns. At twelve M. the company formed in line at the Rockport opera house, and led by Veazie's brass band, marched to the G. A. R. hall, where a most sumptuous dinner was spread in the most attractive manner. The hall was most elaborately decorated with flags, bunting, and flowers. The ladies of the W. R. C. of Fred A. Norwood Post, G. A. R., Mrs. C. D. Jones, president, gave the visitors a most hearty reception, and from

stray remarks heard by your reporter, they were repaid by very generous praises from all quarters. About two p. m. a business meeting was held at the opera house as follows:

Meeting called to order by J. S. Fuller, Esq., of Rockport, president of the association.

The report of the secretary, D. W. Billings of Swanville, was read and accepted.

The treasurer not being present, a report was made by the secretary.

Report of deaths which have occurred during the year, as follows: Milton J. Wilbur, Charles Wadsworth, Peter Butler, Lieutenant Matthew W. Shaw, Nehemiah Grindle, R. R. Day, John Austin, James B. Tibbetts, Peter F. Farnham, Emery Grindle, Granville Grant, Henry Sparrow, John H. Gardiner, F. L. Start, Alexander Farrar, Gideon C. Tower, D. J. Robert.

By invitation of E. B. Maddocks it was voted to hold the next reunion at Hampden. Voted the date to be Tuesday, August 17, 1897.

A committee was then appointed to retire and choose officers for the ensuing year, Honorable F. S. Walls, P. S. Staples, and N. S. Piper being that committee, who reported as follows:

President—E. P. Maddocks of Hampden.

Vice-presidents—A. W. Fletcher, Burnham; Charles Baker, Belfast; John F. Whitcomb, Ellsworth; S. J. Treat, Rockport;

Stephen Tripp, Presque Isle; Joseph Z. Keller, West Rockport; Ansel Wadsworth, Belfast; G. W. Blodgett, Brooksville; Fred Barker, Elmira, N. Y.; J. W. Black, Searsport.

Secretary—D. W. Billings of Swanville.

Treasurer—A. E. Clark of Belfast.

The following committees were appointed by the chair:

Executive Committee — E. B. Maddocks, Charles Couliard, N. H. Holland, H. H. Whitmore, Hampden.

Finance Committee—Charles D. Knight, Northport; Isaac Cook, Monroe; L. B. Morse, Belfast.

Remarks were made by Dr. Benjamin Williams, assistant surgeon, Rockland; Hon. F. S. Walls, Vinalhaven; J. W. Black, Searsport; N. Byron Milliken, Washington, D. C.

The evening session was opened with music by Veazie's brass band, followed by prayer by Rev. H. B. Wood. Miss Charlotte Sibley, the granddaughter of the regiment, was presented with an elegant gold medal by the members of the association. Remarks were made by Rev. C. W. Fisher, and Rev. N. R. Pierson, of Rockport, followed by an address by Miss Charlotte Sibley of Belfast, a solo by Miss Mary Knight, and a recitation by Miss Linthall Ripley of Rockport.

A vote of thanks was extended to Fred A. Norwood Post and Relief Corps, and citizens of Rockport.

NINE MONTHS' MEN.

Losses and services of the Nine Months Men of Maine who were sent to the extreme South. An affidavit made at Rockland, April 17, 1882, by Frederic N. Huston, First Lieutenant, Twenty-first Maine:

"I am a practising physician in this city, and have had an experience in the practice and study of medicine for more than twelve years. I was an officer [Second Lieutenant, afterwards First] Company I, Twenty-first Maine Volunteers. I have frequently been called upon by former members of my company for statements regarding their sickness during service and the condition of their health since that time, being a physician and practising for several years in the vicinity, where I saw most of them frequently.

"I propose to give a history, as a physician, of the sickness, exposure, and other peculiar hardships endured by my own company, the regiment, and some other regiments, so far as they came under my notice during my term of service. The several companies forming the Twenty-first regiment went into camp at Augusta, Maine, and remained till about the last of October or the first of November: then went to New York. The regiment left their barracks at Augusta and marched two miles to the cars in a cold and pouring rain, just before night.

"The rain had been falling all day and all night before. The men rode in wet clothing all night and

arrived at Boston before daylight. The morning was cold and raw, and the men cold and uncomfortable, passed several hours at the depot, eating their cold rations and trying to get warm. On arrival at New York, by some mistake, we were sent on to Washington by cars, and after riding all day, with frequent delays at the stations, the regiment was ordered by telegram back to New York, and about 12 o'clock, midnight, we reached Jersey City. Finally the regiment was ferried to New York, and found quarters in the Park Barracks. All this was a trifling matter, but the men were inexperienced and unused to that kind of hardship, and many of them were used up at the end of our travels.

•• During our stay at Augusta, a term of nearly two months, the men were exposed to the October rains, which were unusually heavy, and many were sick. Some of these were found unfit for service and were discharged. There were a number discharged from each company, who were found to have contracted diseases. Thus it would appear that the regiment, when leaving the state, was likely to be made up of sound men, and men in good health. In a few days after we arrived at New York city, and before many had recovered from their recent exposure and sickness, we were ordered into barracks at East New York. The condition of the barracks was very bad: filth and vermin, bad drainage and bad ventilation, and the shattered and

disordered state of the buildings, made them untenable for human beings. They had been occupied, and very lately vacated, by New York troops.

•• Our regiment, not used to marching and carrying their heavy equipments, was much affected by the heat, especially under a hot sun in the streets of New York and Brooklyn. It was warm afternoons, but cold and frosty nights. The distance was probably seven or eight miles, perhaps more, a greater distance than most of the men had ever walked, except on a few occasions. It was nearly eight o'clock in the evening when the regiment arrived at the barracks, straggling very much and very warm and fatigued. They had marched very slowly, and were kept standing in a hot sun at the ferries. It was a November night, and bright moonlight, and had become quite cool and frosty. The men found the barracks very filthy, as I have said, and, after grumbling awhile, laid themselves down to rest, with their blankets on the cleanest parts of the enclosed grounds they could find. The greater part of these grounds were stagnant pools of filth and mud: but there was no help for it. The officers could persuade but a few to sleep in the buildings, for the reasons I have named. I was 'Officer of the Guard' and was fully sensible of the danger of such exposure to green, inexperienced soldiers. I had as much as I could do to keep the men from breaking out.

“The history of the Twenty-fourth Maine was similar. They were in barracks with my own regiment at Augusta, and, on the same night, some hours later, arrived in much the same condition as the Twenty-first, heated and tired from their march.

“The only chance for them was to find lodgings in the building, filthy as they were. But that was too much for the men of the Twenty-fourth to endure.

“They mutinied, broke away from their ranks and came down upon the guards with bayonets fixed, to break out from the place. The entrance to the enclosure was narrow. I fired a volley over their heads and dispersed them from that point. They made attempts to break through the barracks, but the fear of the guard prevented them. Most of the regiment were so tired that they soon got quiet, and slept in the open air as well as they could. The two regiments—the Twenty-first and Twenty-fourth—occupied these barracks, after cleaning them and draining the grounds and filling up sinks and cess-pools that were putrid with filth.

“But with all that could be done to improve such a condition, the deadly poison that lurked in the place soon found its way into the systems of the men.

“They got dreadful colds from sleeping on the ground after being heated by the march from the city. These were men not used to exposure and poisoned air. The weather

through November and December was part of the time cold, and the men were confined to the barracks; then it would be warm and the air heavy with dampness.

“Sickness broke out almost immediately. It would have been a miracle had it not. Our barracks soon became hospitals. Measles broke out, while pneumonia and typhoid fever followed. Measles appeared in a bad form, attended nearly always with pneumonia. The fever was of a low form of typhoid. The Twenty-fourth regiment was situated precisely as the Twenty-first, and had the same sickness. It had been exposed to the same noxious influence. Both regiments lost a large number by death, and had many discharged unfit for further service.

“I have not the figures, and never knew the precise number. It always seemed to me that the men lost their spirits at East New York and never recovered them afterwards. These barracks were built in a quadrilateral form, on a piece of ground lower than any of that surrounding, giving no chance for drainage. The water frequently stood on the flat ground for acres around.

“A portion of that enclosed stood higher than the rest of the ground, but it was only a knoll in front of the guard-house and sutler’s quarters. Excepting when the ground was frozen, the whole acre of that enclosed (excepting the knoll mentioned) was for a great part of the time in a condition that it would

have been difficult for a person to have walked across without getting mired in the mud.

•• There were deep drains around the grounds leading to some distance outside the buildings. When it rained these overflowed, and the water stood up to the floor of the barracks and covered one half of the enclosure. The enclosure occupied a space of perhaps two acres: nearly half of this was a quagmire, loathsome to the sight, and filled with decomposing matter and most noxious to the smell. This was its condition most of the time when not frozen, during the months the regiment occupied the place.

•• Inspecting officers of General Banks's staff visited the place after this condition had continued some weeks, and, as I know, personally made arrangements to have the two regiments moved to a more healthy locality. But very cold weather came on, and sickness increased so rapidly that it became impossible to move them: the sick could not be well removed, and it required all the well to take care of them. Here the two regiments were left to their fate in a place almost as unhealthy as any of the rebel prisons. About the middle of January the sickness had abated very much. The most of the sick were convalescent, though hardly fit for duty. At this time the Twenty-fourth regiment and six companies of the Twenty-first (more than two thirds of them convalescent from measles, typhoid fever, and pneumonia) were embarked on board

the ship *Onward* for New Orleans. The ship *Onward* was an old-fashioned, low-decked ship, very old, very badly ventilated, rotten, and tainted with the smell of the various kinds of merchandise that she had been carrying for twenty years. There was no means of ventilation but the hatches which could be opened only in pleasant weather.

•• Here were nearly two regiments of men who had been breathing poison and suffering from contagious diseases for more than two months, shut up under the hatches of a small ship whose timbers were poisoned as well as rotten with the diseases and filth of foreign emigrants that had crowded the deck of this ship on many a passage across the Atlantic. Thus they were sent on their way. These men who had passed through sickness and barely escaped death were thus prepared to meet disease in the bayous and swamps of the Mississippi.

•• I did not accompany that part of our regiment on board the ship *Onward* and only know by report of their sickness and suffering. The disease was malignant in its form, as is usual on board of crowded ships. The passage was long and stormy. Burials took place daily. The two senior surgeons were prostrated the entire voyage: the duties of attending the sick fell upon one, Dr. Frederick Estabrook of Maine, and bravely he did his duties though young and inexperienced. He stood at his post

alone till over-wrought and exhausted nature failed. He died and was buried at sea. The remaining four companies of the Twenty-first Maine with a Massachusetts regiment embarked at New York in the latter part of January, in the steamer *Illinois*. The upper 'tween decks had been occupied by the Massachusetts troops; our four companies were assigned quarters in the lower 'tween decks. We were about twelve days on the passage, including stoppage at Fortress Monroe. We were nearly a week longer on the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi. After leaving Cape Henry, sickness—typhoid fever of a bad form—broke out among the four companies of the Twenty-first quartered in the lower decks. The surgeon had the sick moved into the upper saloon aft, the officers quartered there giving up their berths. The air was so foul and offensive in the lower 'tween decks that the men would not remain there.

“In the midst of a storm off Cape Hatteras they left the warm deck below and came up and occupied the hurricane deck of the steamer. The officers of the ship tried to drive them below. Around the smoke-stacks and under the lee of the paddle boxes and such shelter as they could find, these men, just off their beds of sickness, made the passage of our stormy coast in mid-winter.

“One night only, when the storm was fierce and the sleet driving on the upper decks these poor

fellows were driven aft and crowded the upper saloon and the gangway and before nine o'clock filled the stair-case to the cabin.

“Here were the officers sitting at tables or reclining on lounges from generals down to lieutenants. The storm was raging without, but here was comfort and shelter. No one objected to the intruders, but some of the ship's company, when the general in command gave orders that they should remain where they were. The regiment embarked with us (the Forty-ninth Massachusetts) had more wholesome quarters and suffered less from sickness; this sickness was of the worst type I ever saw, nearly all the men attacked died after reaching New Orleans.

“The same disease apparently broke out among the four companies after their arrival at Baton Rouge, La. It prevailed through the regiment all the time they were in camp at Baton Rouge. It broke out again as soon as the regiment was embarked on a steamer to go home by the way of Cairo, Ill.

“The Twenty-fourth regiment was ordered home at the same time, the last of July, 1863.

“Disease appeared in these regiments whenever they remained long in one place or were confined in steamers or cars. The men when they left New York were at best only convalescents. The passage of a part on an old unhealthy ship and another part on the open deck of a steam-ship in mid-winter on the stormiest coast of the Atlan-

tic, would appear to be enough to unfit these men for much service, especially in a country so abounding in malaria as that of the Mississippi river.

“We were detained on the bar at the mouth of the Mississippi nearly a week, the men on deck exposed to a severe ‘norther’ after broiling under a hot sun on the coast of Florida. Arriving at New Orleans our sick were removed to hospitals. We were joined by the others of the regiment who had gone in the sailing vessel and proceeded to Baton Rouge. The men were weak and sickly, the climate was warm and depressing, but often changes occurred to cold and frost. Sickness prevailed to some extent among all the troops after our arrival, but it was soon noticeable that the Maine regiments had more sickness than those of other states. Some attempt to investigate the causes was made, for half the regiment was down.

“The brigade commander and medical officers visited the camp, and they appeared to think the cause lay in want of drainage. Drains were made through the camp and as our men were unable to do the work, men were detailed from other regiments. This had no effect and the men sickened and died while other regiments were comparatively healthy.

“It is not necessary to describe the effect of changes of climate on men transferred from the extreme North to the malarious atmosphere of the Mississippi.

“I have set forth particularly the physical condition of the Maine regiments, prior to and at the date of their arrival, in order to show that the natural climatic diseases were intensified and rendered more fatal; and that those who survived returned home tainted and disabled by malarial poisoning.

“The following figures taken from the adjutant-general’s report of Maine for 1863 tell the story with sad eloquence:

“The Twenty-first Maine lost by death 179 men, besides 59 discharged for disability.

“The Twenty-second Maine lost by death 185 and 54 discharged for disability.

“The Twenty-fourth Maine lost by death 184 and about 100 discharged for disability.

“The Twenty-sixth Maine lost by death 186 and 22 discharged for disability.

“The Twenty-eighth Maine lost by death 197 and 72 discharged for disability.

“This proportion of deaths for a nine months service is appalling! And it does not complete the sad record, for many sick men inspired by the hope of reaching home and friends kept with the regiment till mustered out, and died after reaching their homes. To show the probable effect of malarial poisoning on the physical condition of the survivors of the above-named regiment, I have given this affidavit, believing it a right and proper element to be considered in the adjudication of their claims.”

TWENTY-SEVENTH MAINE.

The Twenty-seventh Maine held its annual reunion in Government grove, at Kittery Point, August 27, and a large number of local people were present.

The rainy weather kept a large number of up-country people from attending. About seventy-five comrades were present, and with friends and members of the families the number reached two hundred. Among the prominent members of the regiment present were Lieutenant Osgood of the United States army, Lieutenant Atwood, Quartermaster-sergeant Burbank, Sergeant-major C. L. Hayes, Erastus Moulton of Newton, Mass., L. N. Fairfield of Chelsea, Mass., and N. E. Spinney.

In the absence of the president, H. H. Burbank was chosen president *pro tem*.

The forenoon was passed in a social manner. At noon the company was served to a clam chowder by members of Company G, of Kittery. Tables were laid in the grove, and a regular picnic dinner was enjoyed. After the dinner, the officers of the association were chosen for the ensuing year.

President—George A. Wiggin of South Berwick.

Vice-Presidents—C. H. Hayes of Kittery, M. S. Hurd of North Berwick, H. H. Burbank of Saco, Erastus Moulton of Newton, Mass., Lieutenant H. B. Osgood of the regular army.

Secretary—W. S. Hasty of Saco.

Treasurer—J. T. Mason of Biddeford.

Executive Committee—H. H. Burbank, C. A. Goodwin, Henry Leavitt, B. T. Bragdon, G. W. Gerrish, A. F. Smith, W. G. Berry, Charles Davis, J. G. Emmons, and J. M. Hayes.

The secretary reported between five and six hundred members of the association known to be living. It was voted to hold the next reunion at South Berwick.

NINTH MAINE.

Years and years have come and gone since the members of the Ninth Maine Regiment left their homes and families to fight that the nation might be preserved. The old vets of the Ninth were as valiant as any that went to the war to fight for the preservation of the Union.

They held their reunion in Augusta, September 22, and a great reunion it was all around.

On account of the rain, the meeting was held at Grand Army hall, instead of at the muster grounds, through the courtesy of Seth Williams Post. Seventy-five members, some of them accompanied by their ladies, were among the gathering.

Among those present were J. E. Shepard, Lawrence, Mass.; Alden Rogers, Bath; D. E. Coombs, Brunswick; J. H. Whitman, Lewiston; Eben Waldron, Pittsfield; Ferando C. Farr, Lewiston; G. H. Young, Clinton; T. J. Kellet, Skowhegan; John Harper, Lewiston; E. J. Frost, Palmyra; S. S.

Burrill, Corinna; George A. Barnard, Skowhegan; Wm. B. Stickney, Warren; Frank E. Pond, Bath; J. A. Fuller, Bath; Thos. F. Farrar, Dexter; J. O. Chandler, Melrose, Mass.; Hiram P. Pratt, Mattawamkeag; Thomas Ross, Brunswick; A. D. Russell, Augusta; Chas. M. Johnson, South Gardiner; Azro Mills, Corinna; F. B. Nutt, Freedom; J. H. Lowell, South Gardiner; I. M. Packard, Winthrop; Silas H. Whitehouse, Harmony; W. H. Bither, Mattawamkeag; John C. Hall, Clinton; Benj. J. Hill, Auburn; W. H. Taylor, Augusta; Loring S. Webber, Fred B. Haskell, Randolph; Chas. D. York, Gardiner; C. F. Perry, Appleton; John Farris, China; James Babb, Newport; James Reba, Togus; Frank Lever, Hallowell; W. F. Haines, South Litchfield; H. R. Hopkins, H. A. Hall, Augusta.

These officers were elected:

President—E. J. Frost of Palmyra.

Vice-President—John Hayden of Lewiston.

Secretary—J. E. Shepard of Lawrence, Mass.

Treasurer—A. D. Russell of Augusta.

Executive Committee—Alden Rogers of Bath, David A. Coombs of Brunswick, B. J. Hill of Auburn.

Dinner was served soon after 12, which reflected great credit upon the management of A. D. Russell, who had the whole affair in charge. Speeches were made by several of

the members at its conclusion, all in keeping with the day.

The secretary read several letters of regret from absent members who were unable to be present.

This reunion celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of the mustering in, and to say the veterans enjoyed it, would be expressing it mildly. They were more than pleased at the courtesies extended them.

In the afternoon the members and their ladies were shown through the state house, through the courtesy of Honorable A. D. Russell. It was a good time, and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The Ninth Maine Regiment was raised at large throughout the state, with the following companies: Company A, Calais; Company B, Brunswick; Company C, Augusta; Company D, Bingham; Company E, Cornish; Company F, Canton; Company G, Houlton; Company H, Machias; Company I, Bangor; Company K, Gorham. The regiment was mustered into service September 22, 1861, and went into camp in front of the state house, where the state grounds are located.

R. Rich, of Portland, was the first colonel, and under his command the regiment, on the 24th day of September, started for Washington. After remaining in camp at Bladensburg, just outside of the national capital, for a few days, the regiment was selected for the Sherman expedition to Port Royal. After a few days spent at Fortress Monroe, the regiment went to sea under sealed orders.

The fleet consisted of about forty transports and thirty naval vessels. A very severe gale was encountered off Hatteras on the second day, by which the fleet were dispersed and four ships out of the fleet were lost. On the 5th day of November the fleet began to rendezvous off Hilton Head, S. C. On the 7th of November, Dupont's memorable fight with the forts took place, and after they were silenced the Ninth Maine was first to land in South Carolina, Color Sergeant J. E. Shepard being the first man to carry the stars and stripes into that state after it seceded.

The regiment remained on duty for two months, and was engaged in fortifying Hilton Head Island against the rebels. It was then made a part of an expeditionary corps to capture ports farther south, and again was the first regiment thrown on shore at Fernandina, Fla., where it remained on duty nearly a year. It was then returned to Hilton Head, and was a part of the force sent to capture Morris Island preliminary to a siege at Charleston. On the 5th of July, 1863, it was thrown on shore at Folly Island, and on the evening of the 9th was a part of the 2,500 picked men selected by General Strong to make a landing on Morris Island. This force was embarked in boats on Folly river and during the night pulled around to Folly inlet, where they rested on their oars.

The United States forces, under General Vodges, had, unknown to

the enemy, put in battery forty cannon of heavy calibre. At sunrise these batteries opened on the fortifications at the lower end of Morris Island. After an artillery drill of an hour, the boats pulled around into Folly inlet, and landing in the face of the enemy, drove them through their works, killing and wounding several hundred of the enemy. They captured many cannon and controlled two thirds the length of the island. An able historian, writing of this capture of Morris Island, says in substance:

“In all the annals of the war, it does not appear that a body of infantry in boats approaches an enemy's shore, guarded by infantry and artillery, and effects a landing. It almost recalls William the Norman at Hastings, or Caesar's descent on Britain.”

On the morning of the 11th of July, 1863, the Ninth Maine was one of three regiments selected to make an assault on Fort Wagner. The assaulting forces lost heavily and were repulsed. On the night of July 19 it was again in Strong's brigade, and made an assault on Fort Wagner. The brigade was literally cut to pieces. Colonel Emery, Adjutant Shepard, and five other officers were wounded, and between 200 and 300 men were killed and wounded. It was then determined to reduce Fort Wagner by approaches, and the regiment was in the trenches one day in three, and from the 10th day of July until the 7th day of September was not out from under fire.

After the fall of Fort Wagner, it was for three months on out-post duty on Black Island, a mile nearer Charleston than any other force. In February, 1864, 416 of the men reenlisted for three years more. Under a very severe fire, Adjutant Shepard enlisted 200 men in one afternoon for three years more, which shows something of the material of which the regiment was made.

The regiment was thereupon sent North upon its veteran furlough of thirty days, and instead of being returned to the department of the South at the expiration of the furlough, was sent to Gloucester Point, Va., where it was assigned to Ames's Division, Tenth Corps, of the Army of the James, and under the command of Major-General Ben Butler was sent up the James river, and the 7th day of May thrown on shore at Bermuda Hundreds.

On the 9th it was in action at Green Valley, and on the 16th was in the attack at Drewry's Bluff. It held the extreme right of the line during the day under severe fire, and when General Butler finally withdrew his forces the Ninth was in the rear guard at retreat.

It was in several minor but severe actions on the 21st and 23d of May.

On the 27th of May, was in the force which, under "Baldy" Smith, was sent around to White House landing to join the Army of the Potomac. On the night of the 1st of June, it was in the brigade that led the assault on the enemy's

works. The brigade captured several hundred prisoners and carried several lines of rifle pits, losing very heavily.

On the 12th of June, Grant moved the Army of the Potomac directly to the James river, and "Baldy" Smith's forces were reembarked and hurried around by Fortress Monroe, up the James river, to lead the assault upon Petersburg on the 15th of June. On the 30th of June, 100 men were detailed from the Ninth Maine and each regiment of the brigade to make an assault upon Gracils Salient. In this assault, the loss of this 100 men, of the Ninth Maine was 51 killed and wounded.

On the 30th of July, the regiment was engaged in assaulting column at the explosion of the mine. On the 16th of August, it was fighting north of the James. On the 20th of September, it was in assault upon rebel lines on the right of Fort Harrison, in which assault Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, commander of the regiment, and Captain Billings Brastow were killed with many of the enlisted men, and many more were wounded.

The conduct of the regiment in this assault was such that it was noted in general orders, and several officers and some of the enlisted men were named in the orders for promotion, and it was recommended by General Butler to the governor of Maine that the regiment be filled to the maximum instead of being consolidated, which was done.

At this time the regiment num-

bered less than 100 men for duty. Another assault was made upon the same works in October, under Butler, and after the capture of Fort Fisher the regiment was sent down to Wilmington and was moved into North Carolina, where the Army of the James, under Terry, joined forces with General Sherman, and moved after Johnson.

After his surrender, the regiment was stationed at Raleigh, N. C., where it did duty until the 15th day of July, 1865, when it was finally mustered out of service.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The twenty-sixth annual reunion of the regiment was held in Waterville, September 16, 1896. The following account was taken from the *Waterville Evening Mail*:

The First Maine Cavalry!

What memories are awakened and sentiment revived at the mere sound of the words!

Waterville has the honor of entertaining the survivors of this famous regiment of Maine horse, which came out of the service with a record unequalled by that of any any other cavalry regiment in the war.

We are proud to have the streets filled by these yellow-ribboned veterans, and trust that they will remember us kindly after returning home from their 1896 reunion.

With the First Maine are the District of Columbia boys. You see it was this way,—General Baker, who was at the head of the secret service during the war,

wanted a crack cavalry regiment for various duties, and as the First Maine cavalry had made itself conspicuous by good service, "the powers that were" sent down East to Maine for eight companies, which added to the battalion of four companies, known as Baker's Mounted Rangers, formed the First District of Columbia Cavalry. In September, 1864, the eight Maine companies of the "D. C." were transferred to the "First Maine," and thenceforth were cemented as closely as men from the same state and serving the same cause could be cemented.

The pleasure of these gatherings is not in the business meeting and a banquet, but in getting together and talking over old times, and renewing old acquaintances. Last evening some of the early arrivals gathered at G. A. R. hall, and a more interesting place would be hard to find. "Where's Major — now?" asked one.

"Oh, he's married twice, and just as young as he ever was."

"Well, where's Buck now," asked another, "didn't he come to Waterville?"

"Yes," answered a local comrade, "he is in business here on Main street."

"Did any of you boys know where J. Holman Abbott ever went to?" No one knew. "I'll never forget him," continued the inquirer. "When he went into the service he didn't weigh over sixty pounds, and they set out not to accept him, but he told 'em he was goin' anyway,

and they finally took him. Well, he went all through the war, and never had a sick day. You could wake up any time of night and find him up cooking himself something to eat. I'd like to know what ever became of him, but could never find out."

And so the questions and yarns went on until it got to be bed time. This morning the visitors were more in evidence, and somewhere in the vicinity of 100 of them were in town by noon.

The District of Columbia branch met in business session in Grand Army hall, at eleven o'clock a. m. President N. S. Emery presided, and there were about sixty veterans in attendance. Among the most distinguished officers present were Colonel A. C. Drinkwater of Boston, and General Cilley of Rockland.

At the business meeting the greater part of the time was occupied with a discussion over the place of holding the next reunion, which was finally left in the hands of the officers-elect. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows:

President—N. S. Emery, Waterville.

First Vice-president—H. F. Tilton, Newport.

Second Vice-president—O. W. Cole, Etna.

Secretary and Treasurer—R. M. Daniels, Pittsfield.

An interesting thing to the old veterans was a picture, loaned by

Franklin B. Lowe of this city, of the monument which has been erected on the field of Gettysburg by the First Maine Cavalry association. Many of the men have never seen the monument, or even a photograph of it. It is a neat piece of work cut of Hallowell white granite. It is a square ashler, on one side of which is cut in bas-relief the figure of a horse just being mounted by a cavalryman, who, judging from the expression, is just about to enter a charge on the enemy's lines. The picture was viewed by every one present, and all expressed approval of the monument as it was shown by the photograph.

At two o'clock this afternoon the veterans again assembled at G. A. R. hall, this time as the members of the First Maine Cavalry association, to transact the business of their annual gathering. There were about 140 present besides others outside, who were talking over the scenes of camp and army life.

President Anson O. Libby in the chair, Comrade Milton F. Ricker, recording secretary, being absent, and he not having sent the records of last annual meeting, Comrade C. F. Dam read from his minutes kept last year of the business meeting. Report accepted.

Lieutenant Orin S. Haskell was elected secretary *pro tem*.

Charles F. Dam, treasurer of the First Maine Cavalry association, reported as follows:

Cash on hand, August 22, 1895	\$13.95
Contributed by comrades at Camp Benson, August 22, '95	<u>14.75</u>
Total cash received . . .	\$28.60
August 22, Paid bill of General Cilley	\$12.53
Express on properties75
Incidental expense at Camp Benson	1.25
Check to O. S. Haskell by order of President Libby	<u>12.50</u>
Total expenses	\$26.03
Cash on hand September 15, 1896	\$2.57

Voted that the usual committee of three be appointed by the chair to report three places for the next reunion. Comrades Samuel J. Gurney, E. R. Carr, and Milton R. Davis were appointed that committee. Comrades from Pittsfield, Belfast, and Augusta invited the association to meet next year at the several places named.

Voted that a committee consisting of one from the field and staff, and one from each company, be raised by nomination from the floor, to nominate officers for the ensuing year.

The following committee was then designated: Field and staff, General J. P. Cilley; Company A, Colonel A. C. Drinkwater; Company B, Samuel Shory; Company C, B. S. Wood; Company D, L. P. Leighton; Company E, Lyman Vose; Company F, C. W. Skillings; Company G, Captain H. F. Blanchard; Company H, M. J. Allen; Company I, Charles Weymouth; Company K, Captain George Prince; Company L, Captain J. P. Carson; Company M, Captain Zenas Vaughan.

Committee to select three places for next meeting reported, Pittsfield, Belfast, and Augusta.

Voted that the next reunion be held in Belfast.

Committee to nominate officers reported as follows:

President—Samuel J. Gurney, Waldo (post-office address Belfast).

Vice-presidents—John E. Hart, Burnham, and Melville B. Cook, Friendship.

Recording Secretary and Treasurer—Orin S. Haskell, Pittsfield.

Corresponding Secretary—General J. P. Cilley, Rockland.

Voted to accept and adopt the report of the committee, and the officers as reported were duly elected.

Twenty-three dollars and eighty-five cents (\$23.85) was contributed by comrades.

Adjourned.

The customary votes of thanks to the railroads and local members of the Grand Army post were passed, and the remainder of the afternoon given up to social chat.

A bountiful supper was prepared by the ladies of the Relief corps, and served in Thayer hall.

THE BANQUET.

The annual love-feast of the First Maine Cavalry was brilliant in voice, viands, and vivacity. The visiting comrades returned to their homes with another reunion to fondly cherish in their memory until a similar event shall have taken place in 1897: but if we are to take their word for it, it will be

a long time before they will enjoy any occasion as they have this visit to Waterville.

On all hands the beauty of our city was at various times the subject of comment. And when one was not praising the city, another would be enlarging upon the beauty of the women in the city. One man said that he never before saw so many homely men in a place: but that, as is usually the case with men not having beauty, they made up with brains. He had just finished reading *The Mail*. So our local pride, like a thermometer on a hot day, kept steadily rising until it was near the bursting point.

At about 6:30 last evening you might have seen a long procession of men, most of them with yellow slouch hats, and a yellow ribboned badge on their coat, marching by twos from G. A. R. hall to Thayer hall. The latter place was a sight to behold. Tables were laid for 200, and in the decorations the cavalry yellow was prominent. The posts were wound with yellow and white, and from the top of each to the side of the hall were hung yellow streamers. At the end towards Main street the wall was covered with two large American flags, and at each place on the tables lay a yellow napkin with a boutonniere by its side. Sunflowers on the walls, and vases of yellow asters on the tables, completed the decorations, which were admired by every dashing cavalryman.

After places had been secured

for all, prayer was offered by Rev. W. E. Gaskin, and the hungry comrades fell to with as much relish as they used to over thirty years ago after a hard ride down in Virginia.

An able corps of pretty girls waited on the tables, which fairly groaned under the weight of good things to eat. One comrade said it reminded him of the time when they had foraged in Farnville, and got so many good things that the horses could take their pick of doughnuts or biscuits, and have plenty of either.

It is sufficient to say that ample justice was done to the repast, and then the president, A. O. Libby, introduced Comrade N. S. Emery as toast-master of the evening. The first thing done was to read a few of the many letters sent by those who could not come in person. Among those heard from in this way were General C. H. Smith, Major H. C. Hall, and Major S. W. Thaxter. Honorable Charles F. Johnson was then introduced, and in an excellent speech, full of fervor and patriotic feeling, welcomed the First Maine Cavalry to the city of Waterville. The next speaker was General Jonathan P. Cilley of Rockland. He told of the temptation to go to Burlington, Vt., where he would have presided over the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, but said that the love for his old regiment was the stronger, and so he came to Waterville to greet his old comrades. He reminded them of vari-

ous scenes and incidents through which they had passed together, and closed with an account of his feelings when he first felt the responsibility of command. Colonel Drinkwater of Braintree was next called for. He had distinguished himself earlier in the evening by yielding up his railroad ticket instead of his banquet ticket, but his audience warmed towards him when he said, "I have come to Waterville, the fairest city in the state of Maine, and when I say the fairest in the state of Maine I mean the fairest in the country, because Maine has the best of everything in the country."

The Utopian quartette next rendered a selection, after which Captain Silas Adams of the Nineteenth Maine, was called upon. He said that he had come to the conclusion that the First Maine Cavalry, and the Nineteenth Maine Infantry had put down the Rebellion. He made a short, patriotic speech, which was well received. The next speaker was C. L. Witham of Waterville, who was called upon to represent the Sons of Veterans. He spoke of the relations of that organization to the surviving old soldiers, and the principles of friendship, charity, and loyalty, which of themselves tell of its work.

Music came next, in the shape of a song by Miss Maud Freeze, who rendered it in a very acceptable manner. John F. Lamb of the Thirteenth Maine was present and responded to a call with a few brief remarks, which were followed by

another song by the Utopian quartette.

General I. S. Bangs was next called upon, and in his remarks gave praise to the Woman's Relief corps of to-day, and to the women of war times. As is always the case, his was an excellent speech, and it was liberally applauded. The other speakers of the evening were Comrades Skillings, Carr, Dam, and Flynt. To demonstrate the fact that the vocal powers of the old soldiers were yet good, three cheers were proposed for W. S. Heath Post, and for the ladies who had helped prepare the banquet, and they were given with a will. Among those present was Comrade Samuel C. Lovejoy, who is now located in Washington, working in the treasury department. He has not attended a reunion before for fourteen years. "Do you see that man over there?" said one of the visitors, pointing to Nat Emery, "well, he was in my company, and I have n't seen him before since the war." And so it was all of the time, inquiring for this one, recognizing that one, or trying to remember some one else.

After the exercises in Thayer hall were over, many comrades gathered in G. A. R. hall, or on the street corners, and exchanged reminiscences of the war, or told of what they had done since the war, so it was after midnight before the last had straggled off to bed.

List of comrades who registered:
M. J. Allen, Skowhegan; Eben Andrews, Cape Elizabeth; George

W. Barnes, Waterville; P. L. Bennett, Newport; Ike Bingham, Clinton; H. F. Blanchard, Augusta; Samuel M. Bragg, North Vassalboro; M. M. Branch, Waterville; Plummer H. Butler and wife, Norridgewock; John P. Carson, Mt. Vernon; J. P. Cilley, Rockland; A. H. Clement, Waterville; Francisco Colburn, Windsor; O. W. Cole, Etna; William W. Cole, Fairfield; Llewellyn Copeland, Corinna; Oliver E. Copeland, Thomaston; C. A. Coleman, Benton Falls; H. R. Colesworthy, Deering; George Cowee, Boston, Mass.; Charles F. Dam, Portland; R. M. Daniels and wife, Pittsfield; Milton R. Davis, Rumford Falls; A. B. Donnell, Auburn; George Doughty, Augusta; A. C. Drinkwater and wife, Braintree, Mass.; Charles Dyer, Etna; John Emery, Hampden; N. S. Emery, Waterville; William H. Farnum, Rumford Centre; D. D. Flynt, Dexter; D. M. Foster, Canaan; D. W. Gage, Cambridge, Mass.; Elijah Gay, Centre Montville; G. W. Getchell, Brewer; S. S. Goodhue, Haverhill, Mass.; C. C. Goodwin, Portland; George E. Goodwin, Skowhegan; Levi A. Goodwin, Canaan; Samuel J. Gurney, Waldo; William Hamilton, wife and daughter, Unity; John E. Hart and lady, Burnham; O. M. Harrington, Newport; O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield; Nathaniel A. Hawes, Brooksville; Henry A. Hersey, Turner; W. L. Holmes, Fairfield; Alvin M. Johnson, Hallowell; Warren A. Jordan,

Bangor; Sylvanus Judkins, Athens; A. J. Kimball, Hermon; William H. Kimball, Burnham; Daniel Leathers, Carmel; Baptist Le Sault, Milford; A. O. Libby, Waterville; Frank B. Lowe, Waterville; Samuel C. Lovejoy, Washington, D. C.; Fred D. Lynn, Augusta; William Maloon, Auburn; Samuel R. McCurdy, North Vassalboro; W. R. Merrill, Manchester; Dennis Murphy, Skowhegan; R. S. Neal, Farmingdale; Sumner B. Newbegin, Old Town; Isaac Oakman, China; N. L. Owen, Skowhegan; A. M. Parker, Deering; Joseph Pomlow, Skowhegan; Ruel W. Porter, Detroit; Lewis Prescott, Phillips; George Prince, Boston, Mass.; A. N. Ricker, Belleville, N. J.; A. A. Richardson, East Vassalboro; Leonard L. Rose, West Leeds; Seth G. Rose, West Leeds; A. P. Russell, Leeds; C. H. Sanborn, Detroit; William N. Sanborn, Detroit; F. J. Savage, Fairfield; William H. Severance, Bangor; Charles W. Skillings, Portland; Hollis Simpson, Waterville; Charles Smith, Skowhegan; Samuel Shory, Portland; Theodore M. Southard, Vassalboro; Corydon O. Stone, Boston, Mass.; A. L. Sylvester, Pittsfield; Henry F. Tilton, Newport; Emilus S. Tozier, Milford; H. J. Varney, Skowhegan; Zenas Vaughan, Skowhegan; Lyman Vose, East Cambridge; C. W. Weymouth, Augusta; David H. Whittier, Athens; Gilbert Williams, Mattawamkeag; Fred A. Wilson, Augusta; W. A. Winter,

Hallowell; B. S. Wood, Newburyport, Mass.: George M. Young, Portland: Henry Young, Detroit.

Many, in fact most, of the comrades, brought their wives or some member of their families with them, but omitted to register that fact. A letter from the president, Orison O. Libby, a few days after the 16th, says: "There are quite a number of the boys in the city this morning. They apparently enjoy lingering in this spot." No wonder.

LETTERS FROM COMRADES WHO
COULD NOT ATTEND.

Howard Aston, secretary, Thirteenth Ohio Veteran Cavalry association of Zanesville, O., writes:—

Please say to the boys, that the Thirteenth Ohio Cavalry association holds its reunion September 16 and 17, at Prospect, Ohio. We will talk of you and our companionship when in the face of the enemy. We never lacked support, when the First Maine was around, and how we would cheer when you opened up with your "sixteen shooters," and we hope to be remembered by "you all" as the boys with the right stuff. Our ranks are thinning fast. A few years will stop these reunions, but may we all meet in the great encampment beyond, having fought a good fight for our country and Christ.

R. R. Bangs, Company L, First Maine Cavalry of Wescot, Neb., writes,—

Would be very glad to meet with you once more, but circum-

stances are such that it will be impossible for me to do so. May it be a happy day to all who have the privilege of attending.

M. T. V. Bowman, Des Moines, Iowa, writes,—

It would be one of the greatest pleasures of my life to meet my old comrades at this reunion. Waterville was where I first enlisted in Company C, and in Waterville I re-enlisted as veteran for three years more or during the war.

Your beautiful city was the home of my youth. At Waterville Academy I received part of my education. From there I went to West Virginia, and on my way, passed through Harper's Ferry at the time the martyr, John Brown, was captured, and was at Sistersville, W. Va., when he was hung. It did seem to me when our army occupied Harper's Ferry, and we stabled our horses in some of the unoccupied houses there, that some of the vengeance of justice was being meted out to the enemies of John Brown and the cause he represented.

More than thirty-one years have passed since we were mustered out in Virginia and disbanded in Augusta, Maine: and during all these years I have never had the pleasure of meeting my old comrades at one of our reunions. In fact, I have met but three of them since the war. The spirit moves me to be with you, but the long distance prevents.

With the blessing of those we helped to free from bondage, I

greet you. When the bugle shall sound "taps" over our graves, may our eyes open in the shining worlds, and songs of the redeemed welcome us to the wondrous camping-ground of life and light eternal.

Captain Augustus J. Burbank of 76 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., writes,—

I regret I cannot attend. I have pleasant recollections of my short service with the "First Maine," though I still suffer from illness contracted in the first march of the regiment into the wilds of Virginia in the spring of 1862. I hope when the next national encampment meets at Buffalo, in 1897, to meet many of the members of the First Maine Cavalry. At the late encampment at St. Paul I was re-appointed quartermaster-general of the Grand Army of the Republic. I wish you and all the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry a pleasant reunion.

Sidney W. Clark, of Masardis writes,—

It has been my intention to attend the reunion to be held at Waterville on the 16th instant by the glorious old First Maine Cavalry, but matters over which I have no control will prevent me from doing so. There is hardly any disappointment that would affect my feelings more deeply. I did hope to meet you personally as well as many others of our old Company "A," and others. Please give my love to all who knew me. You should visit Aroostook and come and see me. With many regrets

at not being with you, and a comrade's love for every member of the old First Maine Cavalry.

Artemas Coombs, 121 West Canal St., Battle Creek, Mich., writes,—

I regret that my business is such that it makes it impossible for me to attend but I will ask you please shake hands with the boys and give them my best wishes and I would like to see them all and that I have not forgotten them yet nor the State of Maine, my old native state: please give my best respects to Company I boys and tell them where I am.

Sergeant John E. Crawford, of Fort Jones, California, writes,—

I assure you that there is nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to meet my old comrades. I came to California in 1866, and I am sorry to say that I never have met a member of the glorious old regiment, but I hope to meet with you in the near future.

L. F. Davis, of Arctic, R. I., writes,—

While probably I won't be able to attend, I want to let the boys know I think of them. And the thought of being brought together year after year from all parts of the country is enough to send the blood tingling in every vein of the body. How I wish I could be there, but my business will not allow me this year. I shall always have a warm spot for the boys that time will never efface, and hope some time to be able to meet with them.

Thomas S. Esterbrook, of Houlton, Me., writes,—

While it would give me unqualified pleasures to attend the reunion of the members of the old regiment, I am extremely sorry to be obliged to decline your very kind invitation to be present. I avail myself of this occasion to send assurances of my high regard for old comrades.

A. P. Friend, Brooksville, writes,—

Owing to poor health I shall not be able to attend the reunion of the old regiment, but I send my best regards to all the boys, especially Company G.

Major H. C. Hall, Woburn, Mass., writes,—

I had deferred my summer vacation to this time that I might take in our reunion without loss of extra time, but, unfortunately for me, I met with an accident a few days ago that disabled me to such an extent that I shall be unable to travel this week at least.

The record says that I was born in Waterville, and I felt a little pride in meeting my associates of the First Maine Cavalry in my native town. I meet many Maine men here. Many of our associates of the First Maine reside in this state. A few years ago I had the honor to serve a couple of terms in the Massachusetts legislature. In looking over the biographical sketches of the members of the first year I observed that the chaplain of the house, who had then occupied his sacred position thirteen consecutive years, and

still occupies it, was a Kennebec boy too; that in the house, composed of two hundred and forty members, every fifteenth man was born in Maine, and that in the senate every eighth man was born in Maine. I also observed that Waterville was the birthplace of three members of the house, thus giving Waterville a more numerous representation, at least in the Massachusetts legislature, than she had in the Maine.

In the two years prior to this I was engaged on public works in such a capacity as to preclude my leaving at the time of our reunion, but this year I am my own boss again, and to say that I am greatly disappointed in not being able to meet with you but feebly expresses my feelings. I wish you a glad reunion.

F. E. Jewett, 6,700 Glades Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes,—

Your postal received, and I should be highly pleased to accept the invitation to attend the reunion of our grand old regiment; but it will be impossible for me to be there. There are no people in the world, (outside of my own family) whom I would rather meet than the surviving members of the First Maine Cavalry. I have hopes that I may yet be able some time in the future to attend some of your reunions. Remember me kindly to all, and especially to those who belonged to Company K.

J. E. Faulkner, Monticello, writes,—

I do n't know that I can attend. I have sold my farm, and I have to

work for a living. I have got a wife and two daughters.

Samuel J. Knowlton, Bremen, writes,—

I shall be with you in spirit but not able in body to be present.

Charles B. Kenney, 94 Pine St., Portland, writes,—

I most sincerely wish that I could be with you at the annual reunion of the dear old First Maine Cavalry. But imperative business requires my presence in New York at that time. I desire you to remember me to all comrades, please, with kindest regards.

George F. McDonald, Dunnigan, Cal., writes,—

Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to meet with my old comrades, but I regret very much that my business is such that I cannot leave to enjoy the trip, but you can rest assured that if I am on earth next year, 1897, I shall be in the old state of Maine to spend the summer, and hope then to meet with the old boys. I was a member of the regiment only about a year, having been knocked out in Shenandoah Valley, the 24th of May, 1862, but I am proud of the fact that I was a member of one of the best and bravest regiments that ever crossed Long Bridge.

William McAllister, East Stoneham, writes,—

I regret very much that it is impossible for me to be with you on September 16, or ever after, as my age, eighty-two years, and infirmities will not allow me to take the trip. I should be very happy to

again meet with my comrades of the old First Cavalry and renew old friendships. Please say to the old boys that if I am living on September 16, my thoughts will be with them, and that I wish them a joyous and happy reunion.

George A. Messer, Nashua, N. H., writes,—

It would be a great pleasure for me to be with you, but my health will not permit. I had to give up work and have gone on to a small place near Hollis, N. H.

Orrin F. Lewis, Lee, writes,—

It grieves me to let you and the rest of my comrades know that I cannot be with them, for I am not able. I have not done any labor for most three years.

Ivory Mains, South Casco, writes,—

I have been planning to meet you at this reunion. I have thought from year to year that I should be able to go to the next reunion, but I am as far from going this year as ever, as I can work only a part of the time on account of rheumatism. I would like as much to be with you as any comrade. My best wishes will be with you all.

W. H. McGrath, 6 Ware St., Lowell, Mass. His son writes,—

Father, William N. McGrath, will not be able to be at the reunion on account of being blind.

A. A. Melvin, Saratoga St., Lowell, Mass., writes,—

It will be impossible for me to attend the reunion of our beloved regiment this year, which I very much regret. Please give my re-

gards to all of the boys and tell them to remember me, and if possible I will try to be with them another year. I also hope to hear from them through the columns of the MAINE BUGLE, which I prize highly.

James H. Merritt, Portland, writes,—

Regret very much that I cannot be with you at the reunion of the old regiment: kind regards and God bless you all.

Robert Nutter, Port Caledonia, N. B., writes,—

I here express my regret that I cannot attend your reunion in person, but assure you I am with you in heart. I wish you all a very pleasant time.

Sergeant John M. Perkins, editor *Grand Army Record*, 31 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., writes,—

It goes without the saying that I should like to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry. My own company, I, has its third reunion at Amesbury, Mass., in a few days; its first reunion was at Biddeford, Me., its second at Waterboro, Me. My law business and the *Grand Army Record* demand every moment of my time, Sundays as well as week days. You went out in '61 and so did I; I closed my academy in the middle of the term to volunteer. It is only time that prevents me from attending the Waterville reunion.

J. B. Peakes, Dover, writes,—

It has been quite a number of years since I have attended a reunion of our grand old regiment,

but it has been simply because I have been very busy, and could not do it. This year I shall attend unless sickness prevents. Somehow I appreciate more than ever this year that our ranks are constantly growing thin. A great many in the front ranks are falling out, and we of the rear rank must take their places; and time will soon come when there will be nobody to take our places.

S. A. Patten, M. D., Skowhegan, writes,—

The frequent meetings of the soldiers of the republic of the veterans of the war, have proved seasons of great interest, enjoyment, and profit, as evinced by the warm, affectionate greetings, hearty handshakes, and expressions of sympathy and good will, revivals of patriotic feeling, and pledges of continued loyalty to the nation for which they suffered and sacrificed during the dark days of the Rebellion. How strong and earnest the feeling created and how deep and lasting the impressions made by association and companionship in that great struggle, is clearly shown in the fact that after the lapse of more than thirty years from the ending of the fight, many of the scenes and incidents of the conflict are as fresh in the memory, and as likely to endure, as though they were the occurrences of yesterday.

The First Maine Cavalry—every man that was in it, has reason to be proud of the record that it made, and the reputation it gained and perpetuated during the war.

It does not detract one iota from the praise and honor richly due and awarded other sections of the country, and other soldiers of the Union, to say that no state sent to the front a body of men more enduring and hardy, more patient under trials, deprivations, and suffering, more daring and courageous in battle, more prompt to obey the calls of duty, though they might lead to peril and death, than the Pine Tree state, from which went out the boys who made up the rank and file of the "Old First Maine." It is a matter of state pride and congratulation that all of the Maine regiments bore themselves well in the great struggle of 1861-'65, and contributed their part toward the grand result—the final victory at Appomattox. And, as from our present standpoint, we look back to those days and scenes, and reflect upon the immense sacrifices that were made, upon the intense suffering that was endured, and all to save and perpetuate the Republic, and the great blessings of civil and religious liberty, we can but feel that there rests upon the people of our great nation to-day, a vast and increasing obligation to cultivate pure patriotic feeling and stand by and defend, whatever may betide, the flag of the Union and all it represents.

I earnestly hope that this will be an occasion of much interest and enjoyment to you all.

George Randall, Washburn, writes,—

I wish I could be with you but

cannot. My heart is with you; may you have a good time; would like to see the boys once more.

W. S. Sylvester, South Lewiston, writes,—

I feel very much disappointed to think I cannot attend. But I hope that the time will come when I shall be able to meet old comrades and renew old comradeships once more before my final muster out. Convey my best wishes to comrades.

General C. H. Smith, Eastport, writes,—

Have waited to decide whether or not I could attend our reunion next week. My throat has been giving me considerable trouble and my friends are opposed to my making unnecessary changes at this time, fearing an aggravation of the trouble. If I were on a railroad and could make the journey direct in a few hours I would not hesitate to go, but situated as I am I should have to be one night en route both ways. I am not as young as formerly and cannot skip about as we used to do. To miss attending any reunion of the members of our glorious old regiment is a personal loss to me. The distinction of having belonged to the First Maine Cavalry is an honor to be proud of now, but will be ever more highly esteemed by coming generations. I desire to send greetings to every comrade. Hope the camp-fire will be cheerful and sparkling, as I am sure it will be.

George W. Sabine, Danforth, writes,—

I regret that I cannot be at the reunion. I would like to see the boys once more before I go over to the other side and that won't be long. Please give my regards to them.

C. B. Taber, Box 351, Wakefield, Mass., writes,—

I was a member of Company F, and when I look back to those days it gives me great pleasure to know that I was one of those who volunteered to save the nation and the old flag, and it would give me much pleasure to be present at the reunion. I am so situated that I cannot leave my business, but I wish to be remembered to all and especially to any of the members of Company F. I thank God that I have been spared these many years past: my health is very good for one of us who went forth to protect our nation's honor. Perhaps I may be able to attend it next year.

Major S. W. Thaxter, Portland, writes,—

It will be impossible for me to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry this year, as I am too closely confined to my business at present to leave even for so agreeable a trip.

Remember me to all the comrades and express to them my regrets at not being able to meet them.

D. L. Wells, Greenville, writes,—

I shall not be able to be with you this time, as I have been to Camp Benson this year and cannot spare more time. Hope that you and all of the old comrades will have a grand good time.

FIFTH MAINE BATTERY ASSOCIATION.

The Fifth Maine Battery association was held at the residence of Comrade William I Towne, 18 High St., Waterville, Me., August 27, 1896.

Meeting called to order by President Joseph L. Marston.

Records of last meeting read and accepted.

Remarks by several members in regard to having a meeting of all the Maine batteries.

Noted, That the incoming president be a committee to correspond with the officers of the other batteries in regard to the same.

Noted, That we proceed to the election of officers for the ensuing year.

The following were elected:

President—William I. Towne, Waterville.

Vice-President—William H. Nason, Augusta.

Secretary and Treasurer—Thomas B. Mennealy, Lewiston.

A vote of thanks was extended Comrade Towne and family for the able and interesting manner in which they have entertained us at this meeting.

A collection was taken to defray the expenses of last year. All were paid.

An invitation was extended the association by Comrade George A. Bowie to meet next year at Gardiner. The invitation was accepted.

The association voted to meet at Gardiner on the third Thursday of September, 1897.



DODGE HALL.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

NORTH BARRACKS.

Remarks for the good of the association by Comrade Charles Smith and others.

A vote of thanks was extended the officers of last year for the able manner in which they performed their duties, when it was voted to adjourn.

Members present:

Joseph L. Marston, Charles Smith, William I. Towne, Benjamin S. Smith, I. W. Spiller, Geo. A. Bowie, William H. Nason, George W. Gardiner, H. A. Cummings, William B. Webber, Geo. Wixon, T. B. Menneally.

NORWICH UNIVERSITY IN THE CIVIL WAR.

By William A. Ellis, of the University.

[CONCLUDED.]

MAJOR GENERAL GRENVILLE MELLEN DODGE, LL. D.

Grenville Mellen Dodge was born in Danvers, Mass., in April, 1831, and graduated from Norwich University in 1850. The following year he moved to Illinois. Here his knowledge of civil engineering gained him a place among the foremost of railroad engineers. He was at one time captain of a militia company in Council Bluffs, Iowa, to which place he had moved from Illinois. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he offered his services to his state, and was immediately ordered to Washington to get war supplies to equip troops for the oncoming war. He succeeded in getting what Iowa's congressmen had asked for in vain. The war department, recognizing his ability, offered him a commission as captain in the regular army, but he declined, preferring to serve his own state. The governor of Iowa raised an additional regiment of volunteers on condition that Dodge should be

made its colonel. The Fourth Iowa was immediately organized at Council Bluffs, and with Dodge as its colonel, was soon fighting the Confederates in Missouri. From this time on, Dodge's record was one rarely equalled. The Battle of Pea Ridge was undoubtedly won by his courage. During the battle four horses were shot under him, and when the order came to save themselves by retreat, Colonel Dodge, although severely wounded, sent back the notice that retreat would be utter disaster, and by his daring, changed defeat to victory. For this he was promoted to brigadier-general, and on June 7, 1864, was made major-general. He led the Sixteenth Army Corps in Sherman's Georgia campaign, and distinguished himself at the Battle of Atlanta, where, with only eleven regiments, he withstood a whole army corps.

General Dodge's fame was not gained entirely on the field of battle, for his ability as a railroad and

bridge builder in a hostile country made his services doubly valuable. He built a road from Columbus, Ky., to Corinth, Miss., and one over 100 miles in length, from Decatur to Nashville, and a bridge over the Chattohochee. These were of value in that over them came supplies for those who risked their lives for the Union. After the war he commanded a body of troops operating against hostile Indians. He resigned in 1866, and was elected to congress, and served his state in that capacity for one term, but declined to serve a second term. He was made chief engineer of the Union Pacific railroad, and has served as its president. On the death of General Sherman he was elected president of the Army of the Tennessee.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT H. MILROY.

General Robert H. Milroy was born in Washington county, Ind., June 11, 1816, and at an early age moved with his father to Carroll county. Here he received a good common school education, and fitted for college. When twenty-four years of age he entered Norwich university, then at Norwich, Vt., and graduated in 1843.

He was noted at the university for his scholastic ability. He paid special attention to the military education, which in after years was of so great value to himself and his country. After graduating he returned home and took up the study of law. The war with Mexico

breaking out, he was among the first to offer his services to the state, and was appointed captain of Company C, First Indiana Volunteers. He served with distinction his term of enlistment, and until the Battle of Buena Vista. On returning home he attended the law school at Bloomington, Ind., in 1848-'49. In the spring of 1849 he married Miss Mary Jane Armitage.

General Milroy held many important offices in the government of Indiana. At the outbreak of the Civil War he organized, at Rensselaer, the first company mustered into the service in northern Indiana. The company became Company G, Ninth Indiana. He was commissioned captain April 16, 1861. He was immediately elected colonel, his commission bearing the same date. The Ninth Indiana was ordered to leave for West Virginia May 26, and arrived at Grafton June 1. In the three months' service General Milroy led the "Bloody Ninth" in the Battles of "Phillipi," Laurel Hill, and Carrick's Ford. Here he was under command of an old cadet of Norwich university, General Frederick W. Lander.

At the expiration of the term of its three months' service, General Milroy immediately began recruiting the Ninth for three years' service, and by his great industry and popularity he had his favorite regiment in camp at La Porte, Ind., in August. He was again mustered as its colonel, his commission dating back to April 26, 1861. He



MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT H. MILROY,
COMMANDER OF SECOND DIVISION EIGHTH ARMY CORPS.

Copied from an engraving by G. E. Perine & Co., New York, by Bullock, Northfield, Vt.

was commissioned brigadier-general September 3, 1861. General Milroy remained in command in West Virginia several months, until he drove the enemy over the Alleghany mountains. He then joined Fremont's army where he became noted as a valiant officer, who could be depended upon. He was soon ordered to Eastern Virginia, where he served under Sigel,

Pope, and McClellan, taking an active and important part in the Battles of Cedar Mountain, Freeman's Ford, Warm Springs, Waterloo Bridge, and the two days' fight at the second Battle of Bull Run. After this he was placed in command of a division at Winchester, where he remained until the Battle of Winchester. While in command here he received his com-

mission of major-general, dated November 29, 1862, only two generals from Indiana outranking him, Generals Wallace and Buel. While in command at Winchester he was attacked by the advance of General Lee's army, June 13, 1863. General Milroy fought heroically on the 13th and 14th, holding almost the entire army of Lee at bay, but on the 14th, finding themselves surrounded, he determined to cut his way out. This he did on the morning of the 15th, but with great loss of life, and on the evening of the 15th he reached Harper's Ferry with a remnant of his noble command. But instead of being received with praise by his commander for his gallant escape, he was met with a "court of inquiry" by General Halleck, the "old fossil," as called by a recent author.

General Milroy claimed that by his opposing the advance of Lee, the Northern generals were enabled to get their forces into position at Gettysburg, and thus were ready to receive Lee.

General Howard, in a recent lecture, speaking of this battle, stated that General Milroy was an officer who obeyed orders, and was one who thought he ought to fight when he had a chance, instead of retreating at the first opportunity. General Milroy was suspended for a time. The case was submitted to President Lincoln, who on October 27, 1863, rendered the decision thus: "General Milroy's conduct was most commendable," and personally thanked him for the man-

ner in which he escaped from his dangerous position.

General Milroy always claimed that had he been supported by General Reynolds, according to his orders, he would have succeeded in withdrawing his entire force. May 6, 1864, General Milroy was transferred to Nashville, Tenn., and during the summer and early fall of 1864, he was in active service in middle Tennessee. He gained distinction in driving the rebel forces under Forrest from Murfreesborough. At the close of the war General Milroy returned to his home at Rensselaer, and resigned his commission, as his services were no longer needed. He was offered a colonel's commission in the regular army, but this was declined.

General Milroy especially aroused the enmity of the Confederate government, on account of his policy while in command of the mountain department of West Virginia, with headquarters at Petersburg, in the fall of 1862. A great many of the loyal citizens in his department were harassed by having their property destroyed, and even their lives taken by the mountain rangers, or guerrillas. The depredations of this band becoming so great, General Milroy issued an order that whenever the loyal people had property stolen, destroyed, or lives taken, an appraisement would be made by Federal officers, and the rebel neighbors would have to pay the assessment after twenty-four hours' notice. This summary



THE CLASS OF '95, NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

treatment of the guerrillas made raiding extremely hazardous, and called forth from President Jeff Davis violent protests against such "barbarous and unmilitary" conduct. Davis authorized General R. E. Lee to correspond with General Hallock regarding it, and after much correspondence, General Hallock promised to have the order rescinded. We give a copy of a letter written to General Lee by President Davis.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, C. S. A.
RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 22, '63.
*General R. E. Lee, Commanding,
etc., Fredericksburg, Va.*

GENERAL:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 19th, covering correspondence with General Hallock, and am pleased at the manner in which you presented the matter which has been submitted to you in connection with the atrocities of Milroy. General Hallock should fulfil his promise. Information recently received here does not permit me to doubt that he will have no opportunity to escape on the ground that Milroy has not executed his barbarous threats.

As ever, your friend,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

General Hallock ordered General Milroy to rescind the order. This General Milroy refused to do, as he knew the lives and property of the loyal citizens demanded the carrying out of his order.

He wrote a detailed history of the "guerrilla" depredations, and sustained his position by strong arguments. General Milroy made such a strong showing that Hallock

did not dare to punish him for his disobedience of military law, but he never forgave him, and it seems, as the Winchester affair plainly shows, that he waited to get the opportunity to humble him. Jeff Davis made Milroy the subject of a special message to the Confederate congress. In the message he says: "Of course, this monster, if captured, has forfeited all right to be considered a prisoner of war, and will be hung to the first tree." The congress voted to offer a reward of \$100,000 for General Milroy, dead or alive, and the legislature of Virginia was so moved by the doings of the "monster" that they voted to give \$25,000 more in aid of the good cause.

Brigadier-General L. Q. C. Lamar, C. S. A., since President Cleveland's secretary of the interior, took a prominent part in the attempt to capture General Milroy "dead or alive," although he never succeeded in his laudable desire; yet in after years he gained his end politically. In 1866 General Milroy resumed the practice of law at Delphi, Ind. In 1872 he was appointed superintendent of Indians in Washington, which position he held until the election of President Cleveland, with Hon. L. Q. C. Lamar as secretary of the interior. General Milroy made Olympia, Wash., his home. Here he died on the 29th of March, 1890, at the age of seventy-three years, nine months, and eighteen days. We copy the following from an eulogy on General Milroy, printed in the



MAJOR-GENERAL T. E. G. RANSOM.

COMMANDER OF THE SEVENTEENTH ARMY CORPS.

From a photograph by Brady, New York.

“ Reunion of the Ninth Indiana : ”
 “ General Milroy was a model soldier ; his integrity was never questioned. His fine personal appearance and courage in the thickest of the battle gave him the obedience and admiration of his men. In his death our nation loses one of her most patriotic and gallant defenders.”

MAJOR-GENERAL T. E. G. RANSOM.
 Thomas Edward Greenfield Ransom was born in Norwich, Vt., November 29, 1834, and graduated from Norwich university in the class of 1850. General Ransom came from a noted family. His father, Truman B., was president of the university at the outbreak of the Mexican war. He resigned

the presidency and became lieutenant-colonel of the old Ninth New England, of which Hon. Franklin Pierce was colonel. He was advanced to the command of the regiment, upon the promotion of the colonel to brigadier-general.

History records his valiant record, how that he met death while gallantly leading the charge of his regiment on the fortress of Chapultepec. He was struck in the head by a bullet, and, as he fell, his last words were, "Forward the Ninth!"

General Ransom, soon after graduating, went to Illinois, and practised his profession of civil engineering. At the outbreak of the Civil War he was living in Fayette county, acting as agent for the Illinois Central railroad. Immediately after the call of President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand troops, he raised a company, which became Company I, Eleventh Illinois Volunteers. He was elected captain, his commission dating April 26, 1861.

By a vote of the company officers, he was made major. On the reorganization of the regiment for three years' service, he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel July 30, 1861. On the promotion of the colonel, W. H. L. Wallace, to brigadier-general, he was appointed colonel February 15, 1862, and led his regiment through the Battle of Shiloh. He was severely wounded in the head in the early part of this engagement, but bravely stood to his post.

January, 1863, he was appointed

brigadier-general, and commanded a brigade in Logan's division of the Seventeenth Army Corps during the siege of Vicksburg. He took part in the brief occupation of the Texas coast by General Banks, in the winter of 1863, and in the ill-fated Red River expedition. At the Battle of Sabine Cross-Roads he was severely wounded in the knee, and for a time it was feared his leg would have to be amputated: but he slowly recovered, and in time to join General Sherman and take command of the Seventeenth Corps just before the capture of Atlanta.

He was in ill health and threatened with dysentery. His physicians counseled him to obtain leave of absence and take a needed rest, but General Ransom, ever willing to sacrifice personal comfort to his country's good, persisted in going in this campaign. His strength gradually failed, so that he was forced to ride in an ambulance wagon; then, not being able to stand the constant jar of the wagon over the rough roads, was compelled to be carried on a stretcher. General Sherman coming up when he was being carried on the stretcher remarked, "Well, General, you are travelling in regular Oriental style," and then urged him to go to the rear, where he could get treatment. On arriving at Gaylesville, his condition becoming critical, he was taken from the stretcher and carried into a house by the roadside, where shortly afterwards he breathed his last, October 29, 1864. Thus passed away one of the most

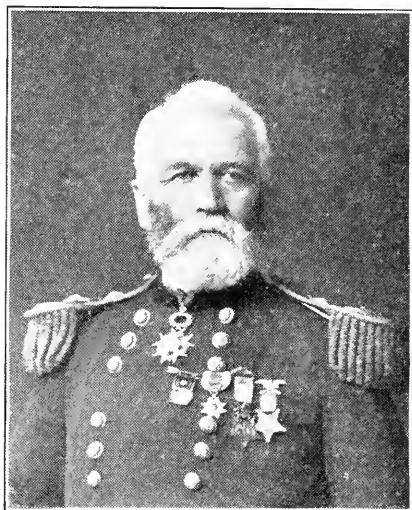
promising generals of the army and one of the most noted sons of Norwich university.

Had it not been for his early death he would, undoubtedly, have held a high command, as he stood high in the estimation of Generals Grant and Sherman. These generals in their memorials have paid glowing tribute to the memory of General Ransom.

General O. O. Howard not long since stated that General Ransom was the handsomest man he ever met, and one of the most able and gallant officers in the service. He also paid tribute to his noble, Christian character. General Ransom lies buried at Rose Hill cemetery, Chicago, Ill., and above his last resting-place stands a beautiful monument, erected by the grateful people of Chicago. Shortly after his death his mother received his commission as major-general from President Lincoln, which but for its awaiting the sanction of congress would have reached him before his death. The following extract from a letter in the *Chicago Tribune*, printed during the war, gives an interesting account of a very brilliant charge by General Ransom at Vicksburg, and shows his ability as an officer and his heroic qualities:

“Conspicuous among the brilliant charges upon the rebel inst. was that of General Ransom’s brigade, supported on the right by the Eighth Missouri and One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois, under Colonel Smith

of the Eighth Missouri. The charge assigned to this brigade was made through a network of ravines, full of thick undergrowth and fallen timber. General Ransom had formed his brigade in line of battle by battalions closed in mass, the Eleventh, Ninth, Seventy-second Illinois, Fourteenth Wisconsin, with the Seventeenth Wisconsin in advance, all under cover of a ravine within sixty yards of the rebel



MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD,
TRUSTEE AND MILITARY LECTURER AT NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

works. At the concerted signal for the grand assault he moved his brigade forward with a unanimous shout, which could be heard above the roar of artillery for miles around. Before advancing twenty steps, he encountered a deadly fire from the enemy, massed behind earthworks in vastly superior numbers, and a terrific storm of grape and canister from enfilading battery, which appalled, and,

for a moment, checked his advancing column. Colonel Humphries, leading the Ninety-fifth Illinois, fell stunned, and apparently killed, from the concussion of a shell. His color-bearer also fell. Colonel Nevins, Eleventh Illinois, was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Wright of the Seventy-second Illinois, seriously wounded. All



GEORGE NICHOLS, M. D., LL. D.,

ACTING PRESIDENT OF NORWICH UNIVERSITY.

who were conspicuous on the field fell at the instant. The column wavered, when General Ransom rushed to the head, seized the colors of the Ninety-fifth, and waving them high above his head shouted, 'Forward men, we must and will go into that fort; who will follow me?'

'The tide was turned. The column advanced to the impassable ditch before the works, and fought most desperately for full

thirty minutes across the breast-works, when General Ransom, satisfied that the position could not be carried at that point, that his promised support had not come up, and that his brigade would be sacrificed by a further continuance of the unequal contest, regardless of all personal danger, took a conspicuous position where he could be heard by his whole command, and thus in clarion tones addressed them: 'Men of the Second brigade, we cannot maintain this position; you must retire to the cover of that ravine, one regiment at a time, and in order. The Seventeenth Wisconsin will remain to cover the movement. The Seventy-second Illinois will move first and move now: move slowly. The first man who runs or goes beyond that ravine shall be shot on the spot. I will stand here and see how you do it.' The movement was executed as coolly by every regiment as if upon an ordinary battalion drill, and the command was re-formed in the ravine, within a hundred yards of that fearful battle ground, without confusion and without a single straggler.

'Although this assault, like all others of that day, from lack of proper support and from topographical and physical difficulties impossible to overcome, was unsuccessful and caused fearful loss of life, it has made a noble record for General Ransom and his gallant brigade, a record never surpassed and hardly equaled in the history of this or any other war.'

THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE
UNITED STATES.

CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS, AND RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETING HELD AT
BURLINGTON, VT., SEPTEMBER 16 AND 17, 1896.

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 an-

small, an adjutant general, who is not a duty, shall be to act as the president in all cases where the society is formed for parade, and to act as an aide to the president and perform such other duties 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.

NEXT MEETING.

Place of meeting next year, as fixed by Society of the Army of the Potomac, is Burlington, Vermont, 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 "submist" of silver. It is attached to the coat of the ribbon of the society by means of a brooch-pin at the back. Price \$5.00. Send money with order to Major G. Irvine Whitehead, treasurer, 206 Broadway, New York.

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS.

The president not being present, the meeting was called to order by Vice-president George W. States,

of the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, and Lieutenant W. L. Greenleaf, First Vermont Cavalry, was elected secretary pro tem. Owing to the absence of the secretary and treasurer, no reports were presented.

The first business in order was the election of officers. It was moved and unanimously voted that the secretary pro tem be instructed to act as a ballot for the officers elected at the last meeting, which was accordingly done, and the following named comrades were declared duly elected as the officers of the society for the year ensuing:

President, General Charles G. Sawtelle, U. S. A.

Vice Presidents, Corporal George Haven, New London, Conn.; Sergeant Major George W. States, Boston, Mass.; Edwin L. Waller, Scranton, Pa.; General Charles L. Fitzhugh, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Treasurer, Major Gerrard I. Whitehead, 206 Broadway, New York City.

Secretary, General Ewelllyn G. Estes, Washington, D. C.

Assistant Secretary, Captain Oliver E. Wood, West Point, N. Y.

Adjutant General, Major Charles G. Davis, Boston, Mass.

Standard Bearer, Captain Peter M. Boehm, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bugler, Henry T. Bartlett, New York City.

Historian, General W. W. Averill, Bath, N. Y.

Upon motion, Brevet Brigadier-General Henry B. Freeman of New York City was selected to represent the society as vice president of the Army of the Potomac. For president of the society of the Army of the Potomac, Colonel C. D. Gates, First Vermont Cavalry was in-

structed to nominate Brevet Brigadier-General William W. Henry of Burlington, Vt.

Letters from Generals Sawtelle and Cilley, regretting their inability to be present at the reunion, were read by the secretary.

Among the minor incidents of the meeting were the remarks of General Ayerill concerning the cavalry guidon. The General observing the decoration over the door of the room, which consisted of a shield with the badge of the Vermont Cavalry society and crossed swallow-tailed red and white guidons, inquired what the flags were? Lieutenant Greenleaf replied they were small fac-similes of the guidons carried by the First Vermont Cavalry. He said that he did not know that guidons of that kind were carried by our cavalry after the first Bull Run. He said that at that time they were carried by the regular cavalry, and the original Confederate stars and bars looked so much like them at a distance, that at the Battle of Bull Run they were taken for the guidons of our cavalry and prevented some of

our troops opening fire on the Confederates at a time when it might have been of much assistance to our forces. He said that in order to prevent similar mistakes he immediately procured small swallow-tail flags (stars and stripes) for the use of his regiment, and that they have been carried by the cavalry of the regular army ever since.

Lieutenant Greenleaf in a letter later writes, "I think the General is mistaken about this last statement concerning the regular cavalry, as the squadron of Third Cavalry stationed near here use the red and white guidon with the company letter on the red and the regimental number on the white stripe." He also adds that one of the incidents of the meeting of the Army of the Potomac was a trolley ride to Fort Ethan Allen, where the members were shown about the reservation by the officers of the Third Cavalry. The weather was unpleasant, but it was quite interesting to the old cavalryman to compare the condition of cavalry in time of peace with its condition at the time they made its acquaintance.

BUGLE TATTOO, FOR 1866.

The BUREAU year of 1866 closes with much of satisfaction and much of regret. The "In Memoriam" tribute to deceased comrades, has, for want of space, been omitted in both the July and October calls. Circumstances forced the choice. The "Echoes" for this issue were also forced out. It may be too much space has been devoted to regimental reunions. These are not of historic value, but in them exists an element or bond of friendship, which, in connection with the declining years of the boys in blue, tends toward the sacred, and thus

the eternal. It will be noticed that the First Maine Cavalry add to their account a sort of "clearing house" of yearly letters, by which something of the army touch of elation or the ride back to me is kept fresh. We see and feel each other. It is with some pride, we claim, that no army publication in the United States occupies the ground of the *MAINE BUREAU* so well reproduces the best memories of our patriotic services, or presents the same in so perfect typographical "uniform." Please give your help to improve its good qualities for the coming year.

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Lord protect and defend any poor, miserable rebel who may happen to cross my path; if I don't settle Fredericksburg's account with him. . . . Good-by, dear mother; I hope it may be my lot to write again soon; sweet thoughts of Bradford days spent at home serve to cheer our lonelier hours, and make us wish more and more for the wished-for day of welcome return."

On the 20th of January, 1863, at one p. m. we again emerged from "Camp Gove," and traversing the old road across the railroad at the "Switch," and by Sykes's division of regulars, made that famous "mud march" of General Burnside, which shall go down to history, as one of the most remarkable movements ever made by the Army of the Potomac: when the bottom literally dropped out of the whole immediate country, and men floundered up to their knees in the liquid filth, and mud-puddles, which had been churned by the artillery, cavalry, and infantry of the entire command.

Rain descended by day and night. Wagons were stalled, never to be resurrected. Mules stuck fast, only to lie down and die, and were completely submerged, with ears only faintly visible over the sea of mud. Guns and caissons became inextricably confused and mixed up in their oozing beds, where they lay with the mud in the muzzles of the pieces, until the road could be corduroyed for their relief, and conveyance to a place of safety. Pon-

toon boats might as well have been unloaded and floated to their positions on the river's bank, where the "Johnnies," with kind invitations "to come over," tacked to the trees, were exultantly waiting for the "picnic" to commence.

We marched a mile or more, halted three hours, started again, marched two miles and went into camp rather disgusted at our slow progress. The plan General Burnside had in view was much the same as before described—a flanking movement, both up and down the river, one a *feint*: the other proved a *faunt* before we got through. Our route was the same as in the reconnoissance, toward the fords. On the 21st, General Griffin in person roused Colonel Tilton and ordered him to get the regiment ready to march immediately. We were soon in line: and without coffee, remained for four long hours until Humphreys's and Sykes's divisions had filed past us. The rain, which had poured in torrents during the entire night, had not ceased, but, accompanied by an east wind, penetrated and sought our bones. We marched about half a mile further, then halted in a bleak field where we made coffee and felt better. In an hour or more we again moved, going two miles further toward Hartwood church. We bivouacked in a fine old forest of oak, and got ready for the night. The way was blocked ahead. The floods descended: all was a sea above and beneath. January 20th, the provost guard struck

camp and started on the "mud march," but returned on the 21st.

On the 22d, Thursday, we lay still. The one incident worth relating as occurring on this day, was the unfortunate whiskey riot. The rain was still descending in torrents. The men were chilled through and through. Under these conditions it was deemed advisable to issue the usual whiskey ration. Some of our men procured more than one ration of the ardent fluid; in fact, one or more canteens, on orders from the officers, in some cases *raising the orders from one to ten* until there were several canteens to each company, enough to start the noisy and quarrelsome ones. A fight commenced in one of our best companies, C, by one Murray. In attempting to quell what was at first a slight matter, the officers from other regiments came over and fanned the flames, and soon the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania (our old friends), the Twenty-second, Second Maine and First Michigan were inextricably mingled.

It now became a "Donnybrook Fair." Hit wherever a head could be seen, as it came up smiling from the depths of the clayey mire. The major of the One Hundred and Eighteenth (O'Neil) was threatening our boys with instant death if the fighting did not cease at once. He was backing up his threat with the display of two cocked six-shooters, one in each hand. This was too great a temptation for some of our whiskey-laden pugilists, one of

whom stole up behind him, and sent him sprawling in the mud by a dexterous blow behind the ear. The only wonder is that the pistols did not go off and kill somebody. The giants of the Second Maine soon cleared the field, and the whiskey having given out, and the effects somewhat worn off, quiet soon reigned over the battle-ground, no more sanguinary than a few bloody noses and black eyes.

Friday, the 23d, we turned out at daybreak to corduroy the roads back to camp, under the impression that it was to enable supplies to be pushed out to us.

The sun came out on the morning of the 24th, and the commands were set in motion for their old camps, wallowing, sliding, and slipping at every step; the artillery being gathered in the next day. To describe this movement with its gloom, rain, cold, mud, and dispiriting, demoralizing, and humiliating scenes, would be beyond our power; we are content that it was a part of the history of that army in which we suffered, and that we did our entire duty there as upon the more bloody battle-fields.

Whole volumes might be written upon it, the exposure and sufferings of the men, whereby many a poor fellow laid down his life; the sea of mud; the ropes bent to the pontoon trains, artillery; caissons and limbers, in vain efforts to move them from their oozy beds; the dead mules and horses by the roadsides, more than half buried where they fell; the deluge of cold, penetrating

rain that constantly soaked us to the skin.

It is beyond description ; all things have their end, and we were glad when this had its end, as we floundered and waded back again, partly over the corduroys, which we were compelled to build for our relief, especially the writer, who for not being drunk, was rewarded (?) by being detailed to go into our old camp, and bring out axes to cut logs for corduroying.

It would be hard to tell which was the meanest, or, as the Western boys express it, the most "ornery" time the Army of the Potomac ever had, but for mud, rain, cold, whiskey drowned-out men, horses, mules, and abandoned wagons and batteries, for pure unadulterated demoralization, Kilkenny fighting and *dozenright cussedness*, "this took the cake."

All these scenes have been described, drawn, and vividly painted for the new generation of military readers and students ; and yet it would be hard for the boy reader of to-day to fully realize those scenes, or what suffering and sacrifices were endured by our brave boys, and what treasure was poured out by our country to redeem it from the curse of human slavery, and to establish the supremacy of the Union.

On the 24th, at eleven a. m., upon our return, somebody *too drunk* to know a road from a "hole in a blanket," led us at right angles from our proper course, and we were marched by a *short cut*, which

proved in the end a *very long one*, over hill and valley, through briars and brambles, and a very dense growth of saplings and scrub trees, after which we halted ; but once more in motion, we kept on until about noon, when we found ourselves just *one eighth of a mile* from the spot we had left. After Sykes's and Humphreys's divisions had passed us, our march was resumed again on a "*short cut*" through every muddy corn-field that could be found, and within two miles of our old camp, we struck off into a "cow path," exactly in the wrong direction, and again we ascended and descended. Oh ! *such* hills as we explored ; and *what* brooks and small streams we waded, with our wet luggage upon our broken backs, only to find ourselves about one half mile nearer our old camp than when we left the main road.

The *whiskey* having finally *lost its grip* we arrived in "Camp Gore," about four p. m., and again pitched our ponchos upon the rain-soaked ground we had left five days before.

Our brother Bob says :

.. JANUARY 25, 1863.

.. I have just read your letter. . . . If you could only know how such letters serve to raise the drooping spirit of your soldier brothers, you would never hesitate a moment between pleasure and writing a letter to them ; and to have them come at this time of all others, when the Army of the Poto-

mac is most despondent and discouraged, just come in from the last grand forward movement, wading in the mud and water, *sleeping in mud, eating and drinking it*; in fact for four days we have been wet through, and had to sleep so, for there has not been a dry day since we started; cannon, teams, ambulances, pontoons, everything stuck fast, and to crown all the 'rebs' are in position across the river at the ford, where we were to cross with cannon planted, etc., all ready to give us Hail Columbia when we were crossing.

"Oh! the misery of this move. The men were wet, tired, hungry, and desponding. They gave out whiskey, and the whole brigade got drunk, and got into a regular riot, or nearly that, and when a detail came for four men from our company to go into camp for axes, I being about the only one sober, had to go. Wet and tired as I was, I waded seven miles into camp, got axes and started back, but had to stop on the way and corduroy the roads. We worked hard the next day, and then were ordered ahead to the regiment, where we arrived all used up: the next day we came into our camp, as usual on the run, and had just got our ponchos up, a fire built, and had sat down to rest, when who should come in but Sam Hopkinson.

"I am glad mother saw Fletcher, and enjoyed his description of our journey together: he was a first-rate man, full of life and good humor, always willing to take hold and

work at anything, and I felt badly when I heard he was wounded.

"If we had crossed the river you would have had a good prospect of seeing me at home, for we would have had a great battle, and I would have been wounded, or worse, killed; . . . I am spared perhaps to be the victim of the next engagement: but know this one thing, that wherever my body is, there is one who never shirked from the fight, and if Walt is not with me by my side, I will do my best, and fight alone, although it is hard for me to have him away. He has been for the second time promoted, this time to be sergeant-major of the regiment. Tell mother I suffered badly from the rheumatism on the last march, and as to being careful about getting cold, it is out of the question: you can't wade through mud and water in a cold rain storm, sleep in woods, raining all night and the next day: sleep in wet blankets the next night, then sweat under a load that a good sized jackass can't begin to carry: have to wade into camp 'double quick,' and yet *be careful about getting cold*: neither will all the medicines that ever were given cure one, for as soon as he is well of it, he has to go right through the same performance, and the most discouraging thing about it is, that it never seems to be of any good.

"This army seems to be fated: if I could only sit right down with father, and talk to him, I could soon convince him, and let him into the reasons of the failure of the

Army of the Potomac, but paper will not suffice . . . I don't think we shall move from here for some time; the army is demoralized to a great extent, and something will have to be done to restore order in it before it moves again: they have no confidence in Burnside."

Burnside was relieved. Hooker assumed command. We were better fed, better clothed, desertions grew less frequent, furloughs were granted in homeopathic doses; grumbling was reduced to a minimum.

The president wrote his famous letter to General Hooker, and visited the army. Inspections, reviews, and discipline were the order of the day. The army picketed nearly forty miles of line on its front, it is said. We thought sometimes it must have been eighty. Our brigade line was between Hartwood Church, and Stafford Court House, near "Stafford Corner." Several times we marched nearly seven miles in cold, wet snow storms, which soon soaked us through, and with slush and mud half up to our knees, and after wading several deep brooks, with our papery flimsy shoes, we arrived at the picket posts, in anything but an enviable condition of body, or cheerful frame of mind, to perform such important duties. We wore out the nights about the huge, sparkling, white oak log fires, at the picket reserve, with our backs arched up, to shed the fast falling snow, roasting our faces and freezing our backs. Lost in a protracted deliberation,

whether we would take our chances on the slushy, sloppy, mire-trodden ground, with the rest of the curiously hunched-up, blanketed forms in that picket-circle, or "take it out," in "*pinning down the log*" until time to go on post again.

Or, after being conducted by the corporal along the dark, gloomy forest path to the edge of the timber, we were posted for two or four hours. We strove to chew the cud of bitter reflection, nurse up our patriotism and, after trying the "red-pepper" scheme in our stockings, to keep us awake, briskly moved up and down the beat, pinching ourselves to establish our identity. Vainly did we try to throw off our imaginative minds, during the cold, gray hours of the early morning, the groups of stumps in the open space between the lines, that had so often assumed the shapes of men, and "bug-a-boos" to our bewildered eyes. Such was the dark side of our picket duties, during the winter of 1862-3.

NOTE.—Company G, Ninth New York (Hawkin's Zouaves) were relieved from duty at general headquarters, January 26.

Our brother Walter writes:

"SUNDAY EVENING,

"January 26, 1863.

"I am just back from Gene's headquarters. . . . I learned upon my arrival in camp that I am promoted to the berth of sergeant-major of the Twenty-second Massachusetts regiment. . . . I wrote

to Gene from his camp to-day, and he will probably get it before you get this, and will hear from that about our last move. In getting my pass signed at headquarters, I was somewhat surprised to see Horatio Staples' name signed A. A. A. General; I inquired and was shown the individual, and behold it was the old Portland boy a first-lieutenant in the Second Maine regiment. . . . I am writing with no candle light." "January 30. . . . When I got back to camp I was accosted with many congratulations and salutations of our noble little tent's crew, in regard to my promotion, which was read on dress parade during my absence. . . . I was ordered to report that very evening to the adjutant, with no instructions as to my duties, etc. . . . Our quartermaster said to me when congratulating me upon my good luck 'brains are wanted besides.' Our surgeon said to me yesterday: 'I am glad you got promoted. When I first saw you I thought you would be higher than a private soon. I can tell a man at first sight,' said he. . . . I have an easy berth as soon as I know my business: I assist the adjutant at all times, guard mounting, dress parade, etc.; do all the detailing, and do writing in the office. . . . I rank all the non-commissioned officers, and live with the non-commissioned staff; we live pretty well. I have been out on guard mounting several times; the first time I made several blunders and was a little nervous; the regiment 'en masse'

almost, turned out to see the new sergeant-major perform. . . . I found it a little hard to use a sword gracefully, but I improve daily. . . . The regiment is out on picket, and the snow is eight inches deep; they will doubtless have a hard time of it, not taking their ponchos, which are fast to the log huts. I pity poor Bob, and think of him continually; trust to it, his lot shall be easier in the future; good cheer awaits him on his return; I will have a warm fire in his tent, and will contrive to have bread, butter and doughnuts on hand. . . . I am so glad that Gene is at home. . . . I send a paragraph in regard to our late move; I have no time to describe our hardships in that *stick in the mud*. . . . Hooker is now in command; now for a move: I only wish he was a great general; his fighting qualities would do great things for us. *I fear he will be rash.*" "January 31. Bob is just in from picket, and he with the rest of the boys reports a hard time; they have been out in all the storm, and the mud mixed with snow has been almost unendurable. They took no tents with them, and the first night were awake, sitting beside fires up to their knees in snow and mud. The second night they were on post, and third (last) night, was passed very comfortably by them. "Yesterday they sent in word for some rations, being all out of grub. I sent Bob some coffee, sugar, hard and soft bread, butter, cheese, doughnuts and pork, with two boiled potatoes; he seemed so

thankful for it upon coming in. I had a nice fire for them, plenty of wood cut, and we are going to be happy to-night.

“You want to know about the forward movement, and how we are on account of it; I have already written about it briefly, perhaps as extended as it deserves. We suffered from mud and wet and as usual were defeated in our plans; it is so discouraging to us raw recruits. Still I have faith in the ultimate success of the Army of the Potomac, and when I consider your words of truth in regard to the outside pressure brought to bear upon this army, I must say that the army is terribly deceived; the men do not understand; they do not look ahead. They are discouraged, and forget to reason in love of self. I am still confident; I can seem to see a light beaming way ahead through this deep darkness; I am sure we will yet win.

“General Hooker is now in command, and truly, father, I have more faith in him than in Burnside, for he does n't acknowledge himself incompetent, but asserts that he can whip them all out and out. He does n't wish the people to think of him as ‘Fighting Joe Hooker,’ a dashing, harum scarum, foolhardy fighter, but would have them trust in him as a wise and able general. Hurrah for him, I say, and *on to victory!*

“If he can make the *grand division* plan work better than Burnside did, then I am in for it; but, after all, the true Napoleonic plan of

thorough detail in the commander's knowledge is the best.

“Poor Burnside! what a pity it is that he couldn't have retired upon his Newbern and Antietam laurels, instead of being permitted to spoil his good name for a general in the late disaster; but history will accord to him his rightful due, that he was a noble man, and did the best he could, and only went down when he was overwhelmed by a position he could not fill.

“We all wait now for future events, and the horizon casts its shadow before. May everything be full of glory for our country. I only hope this army may be fortunate in the future. . . . To-night we are to be paid off, and the camp is in a jubilee. Saturday night.— We have just been paid off for almost three months, up to the first of November, and your letter to Bob, with enclosed letter from Senator Sumner, has been handed him. ‘In view of all things,’ we are ‘gay and happy still.’ Now let the wide world wag as it will. . . .

“ . . . Tell Gene we still prosper.”

Our brother of the artillery now writes:

“FORT TILLINGHAST,

February 1, 1863.

“ . . . I have neglected writing you for some time. . . . If I had been sick and unable to write, Lewis would have informed you, so I knew you would not worry on that account. I have had a very bad cold for the past two or three weeks, and I cough myself almost

to death, but I hope to be better soon if this mud dries up. I have not had dry feet for three weeks, for when you step out of a tent the mud and water is knee deep, so you can judge what beautiful times we are having: but I suppose it is nothing to what poor Walt and Bob have to endure. I am so glad that Walter is so much liked in the regiment, and that there is a prospect of his being promoted: he is, and always was a good boy, and deserves it. We have recently received our pay for four months, where they owed us seven; this is the way we have been served. We lost everything we had when we advanced, and on our return had to draw everything over again, even to knapsacks. It is a custom to settle our clothing account every year, and we settled last July; but this year an order came out for us to settle every quarter, and all this extra clothing was deducted from our pay. Soldiering is a gay life! I suppose I have to draw a new dress coat, as the rats with which our tents are swarming, gnawed the collar off mine a night or two since. I have had such a cold that I have not been on duty lately, and consequently have not needed it, but it will not do to come out without any collar on my coat.

“I had rather a thousand times be in the field (I have changed my mind), than where we are now, for the officers have nothing to do, are continually fighting among themselves and ‘issuing orders’ to the men.

“There have been about a dozen resignations of officers in the regiment during the past month, all on account of our new colonel, who is very unpopular with both officers and men. Have you heard from Gene lately, and when do you expect him home? When I last heard from him he thought of starting soon, but letters I received. . . . said that he had not yet arrived; he promised to call on me. . . . You should see the jackass that Lewis got: he is a fine animal. Do you think there is any prospect of the war closing within a year? . . . It has commenced to rain again, and I have to pass another night in a wet bunk, for our tents are old and leak badly. It is not now as it was last winter, for then we had good quarters. There are two companies at the fort commanded by a major, and the officers need a good deal of room, consequently we have to suffer.”

Our brother Bob now says:

“FEBRUARY 2, 1863.

“Since Walt has been promoted, . . . I miss him. . . . We have always been together on marches and on picket, doubling blankets, etc. . . . he is up to headquarters about all the time, so I see little of him compared to what I did. I had just returned from four days’ picket duty in a tough snow storm when your first letter, enclosing mother’s, came, and sweaty, and plastered with mud, I sat down to read them. . . . We had a hard time on picket, as you

must imagine; we marched seven miles in a cold, wet snow storm, which soon wet us through, and the mud was awful: the only way I can describe it was that we waded in running, sloshy mud up to our knees, and also waded one or two brooks, and then to make ourselves comfortable for the night, went into the woods and chopped wood, started a fire, and cold and wet, and snowing like the 'Old Nick.' We sat up all night with the snow on our backs two inches thick; we would get up and shake, then resume our seats: quite a picture. The next day we got quite decently dry, after which a soldier can keep quite comfortable with a rousing fire.

• You were quite right in supposing us in the last 'forward movement'; mud and rain were predominant, but as I have described it pretty well in K's letter, and the papers also give a pretty good account of it, I will not attempt it again; we had a rough time. I send a good description of a soldier on the march; it is pretty good. . . you were mistaken in my meaning when you thought that I said the papers bragged about our defeat at Fredericksburg; I was speaking with reference to our reconnoissance, and said that the papers bragged about our regiment performing it so well and so quickly, etc. We hate to have them do so as it reminds us too forcibly of the sufferings we had to undergo to accomplish it. . . I get into discussions very often at the guard

house and elsewhere. . . Such a demoralized set they, the old ones, were after the battle you never saw, and they would talk about laying down their arms, and were disloyal; I would do all I could to discourage it, and even get them 'huffy': they would say: 'You d—d two hundred dollar men can well afford to talk patriotism to us: you have not seen as much as we have.' Yet, mind you, they all say they have not suffered so much as they have in the past three months, all owing to the *winter campaign*. . . When I write home to you, I don't mean it in a grumbling way, but to describe to the best of my ability, our marches, movements, etc. It is as you say, the new ones have, to a great extent, caught the spirit, and it is awful discouraging to see the *undercurrent* at work, if you were only here to see it all: cheating by the quartermaster, the drunken officers, removal of the generals, etc. . . We have had more to discourage us than most of them; I have crossed two rivers to *flight*, and had to leave in a hurry. . . Yet I am willing to try 'Johnny' again. . . If they would only stop this quarreling among the cabinet and politicians at home, hang off a few traitors like Wood, Seymour, Van Buren & Co., and take hold with a will to help the president and army, then the boys would feel encouraged; but they know that is what is pulling back the Army of the Potomac, therefore they do feel despondent, and some of them grumble *consid-*

crabby. . . I hear that Burnside has been removed; also Franklin and Sumner; Hooker takes command, Meade the (grand) division, and Griffin the corps; they better stop such fooling. . . We were paid three months' pay night before last at midnight, (by Paymaster Holman). . . with the paymaster comes the sutler, who is in camp as large as can be. I have just been out on dress parade; Joe Hooker is in command of the Army of the Potomac; look out for great things. As it is getting *gun time* and *wood time* I will close."

Our brother Walter says:

"FEBRUARY 5, 1863.

". . . Bob went to Aquia Creek yesterday on a detail, and on the cars he met a Mrs. Eaton of Portland (nurse in the army hospital), accompanied by a Mr. Hayes of Portland, agent for a soldiers' society. They both knew you, and her son, Frank E., and Bob and myself went to school together. . . The adjutant's clerk has gone to Boston for twelve days, and I am acting with my other duties: I am busy from morning till late at night, and my only time now is to write after all are abed and asleep, a custom I got pretty well used to last winter. It is now after twelve at night and I have written in great haste. . . February 7th. Let me assure you that Bob is well, and the storm did not totally use him up. He went to bed last night with a headache, but this morning is all right. Edgar H. is somewhat sick, and off duty, ex-

cused by the surgeon. . . Calvin S. Mixer, adjutant's clerk, whose place I am now filling, will probably call upon you at the senate chamber; I asked him to, and he partly promised to. . . He is a very nice man and was formerly engaged on some Boston newspaper. . . You can't imagine how pleased we were to get your picture."

NOTE.—March 1st Companies E and I, Sixth U. S. Cavalry, were detailed at headquarters as personal escort for the commanding general.

Volumes could be filled with reminiscences of this, that and other duties, during that long, trying winter of picket guard, and "fatigue;" of the "debating society," pleasant sings, either in our own tent, or serenading the officers, visiting our friends in the regiments of other corps, etc.

Many boxes were received, and also the "*barrel*," which, after three months of trials and tribulations on the road, looked when opened, as though there had been a free fight, everything "turned loose," and the package of red pepper, which had unfortunately been packed with turkey, pies, and other good things, had come out first-best, for it was liberally sprinkled over all.

Our brother has been appointed quartermaster of the Eighth Infantry, but he still retained command of "G" company, February 8th, 1863, and during the temporary absence of Captain R——, he commanded the regiment, and received

news that his name had been sent into the senate, for confirmation as a brevet captain, for distinguished services on the Peninsula campaign.

His company was about the 25th of March selected as General Hooker's body guard, and the following order published to the regiment:

"This company was selected by the commanding general, because of its fine appearance and the soldierly bearing of the men, when last inspected, and the commanding officer accepts the selection, as a compliment to the company, and sincerely hopes that the reputation earned may be retained, and that by a strict performance of every duty, this company will prove itself second to no other in the army, not only in point of appearance, but in every respect that constitutes a good company.

By order of

CAPTAIN E. W. H. READ,

(Signed) JOHN N. ANDREWS,
*First-Lieutenant Eighth Infantry
Adjutant."*

He applied to be relieved from the command, as his duties were really more than he could perform, but the commanding general would not listen to it, and gave him the highly personal compliment of saying that he "wanted him with his company."

We visited our brother often, and whenever possible he dashed up to our little hillside camp, on his dapple gray horse, and after a short

stop, again disappeared like a flash over the hills towards Falmouth. On one of our visits we witnessed the parade of the regulars, which we had never seen before, and watched with envious eye the sharp, simultaneous click of their guns, as they executed the manual of arms, and wondered if *our* regiment would ever approach such perfection of dress, equipment, drill and absolute discipline, or if we would ever command a company of regulars.

Although in our soldier blouses, and oftentimes hard up for money and good clothes, the courtesy of the officers was as marked, their treatment was as kind and considerate, as though we belonged to their own immediate military family, and we never wanted for a decided increase in our rations, or change in diet, from the "sow belly" and "hard tack" of our volunteer camp.

April 4th President Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln and "Tad" were at General Hooker's headquarters. Monday, April 6th, at ten o'clock, all officers at headquarters were invited to a reception for the president. About forty attended. The president was very sociable and agreeable to all, and with some he joked a little.

Again on April 14th, General Fogliardi, a Swedish general, reviewed our division: was at headquarters April 27th and sauntering over to where the band was playing its sweetest airs, he conversed with all, and upon finishing a cigar, our

youthful minds intent upon securing relics, we obtained *that cigar stub* for future historical reference and pleasure.

Our letters of the 22d of April, in describing a visit to our brother, speak of General Fogliardi's coming over to his (our brother's) tent, and that "Halleck, Stanton, and the president were at General Hooker's headquarters."

Our brother's letters say:

"APRIL 27th.

"They (the boys) were over to spend the day with me a week ago: saw parade, heard the band of the Eighth Infantry play in front of the line of officers' tents, and saw General Fogliardi (who strolled over from headquarters to hear the music). The general seemed to be very much pleased with everything he saw and heard. He spoke German with Captain Kimball of General Patrick's staff, and French with some one else. He gave me a very fine Swiss cigar, the stub of which I gave to Bob as a relic. Secretary Seward and ladies, the Swiss and Prussian ministers are here: our band serenaded them last night; they review the Third Corps tomorrow; Dan Sickles commands it. . . ."

On the 7th of April we "fell in" about twelve o'clock, for review by the president. We stacked arms on the parade, and waited until two p. m., when he rode by accompanied by General Hooker and body-guard, and a large staff of officers. We gave him three cheers. He

looked care-worn and anxious, and we thought there must be a "heap of trouble on the old man's mind."

On this day the Fifth corps was reviewed by the president. Whether intentionally or inadvertently, Mr. Lincoln had been furnished with a small, pony built horse about fourteen hands high. The president's legs looked longer than ever, and his toes seemed almost to touch the ground. He wore the same solemn suit of black that he always assumed, a tall, silk hat, a little the worse for wear, with a long, full skirted black coat.

He had neglected to strap down his pant legs while riding, and, as most of the time he was kept at a jog trot, his pants began to draw up until finally, first one white drawers leg, then the other, began to be conspicuous, with strings dangling. The hard trot had settled his tall beaver hat on the back of his head, until it had rested upon his ears, which were large and somewhat projecting, and it looked as though it had been purposely jammed down into that position. Altogether he presented a very comical picture, calculated to provoke laughter along the entire length of the lines, had it not been for that sad, anxious face, so full of melancholy foreboding, that peered forth from his shaggy eyebrows. He rode remarkably well, *i. e.*, with a wonderfully good seat, but with a loose, swaying, undulating movement, peculiar to the Western circuit rider, whom one might see riding from town to town about that period.

The next day it was pleasant but cold. We were ordered into line at eight a. m., and after marching about four miles from camp, reached the plain opposite Fredericksburg, in plain sight of the rebel camps, where we were to be reviewed by General Hooker, prior to the opening spring campaign.

After General Hooker took command, we were in a semi-state of moving for some time. Reviews and inspections were very frequent, of a division, a brigade, perhaps a corps, and finally on the 8th of April, the grand review of the Army of the Potomac, at which the president and little "Tad" Lincoln were present.

The army had been looking forward to this for some time, and great preparations had been made for a fine display. For several days large parties had been busy with spade, pick and shovel, levelling, filling ditches, removing stumps and stones, cutting down ridges and draining puddles, until the country was more level than the inhabitants had ever seen it before. Stakes, with the corps badges to designate the positions of the various corps, were planted. The moving masses gathered, the flags grew more numerous, and the sounds of bands and drum-corps were mixed up.

The men impatiently waited in the bitter, stinging cold, until their fingers grew numb. The wind swept across the open space. The horses grew restless but finally a salute from the guns of a battery

announced the approach of the president, and he soon appeared, mounted upon a horse, which seemed to us, several sizes too small for his long, gaunt figure.

He was followed by a large and brilliant staff, all the regular officers about headquarters helping swell the number. Our brother was there, and in vain did we strain our eyes, as much as we dared to in ranks, to catch a glimpse of his dapple-gray.

As the president rode along the lines, the flags were dipped, the bands played "Hail to the Chief," and the bugle and drum corps "sounded off." The corps were then reviewed separately, the men in the meantime stamping their feet, and thrashing their hands to keep warm. The batteries passed first, then the infantry in column of divisions. It was a beautiful sight, this military pageant of over a hundred thousand veteran soldiers passing by in a steady stream. Hours went by. The sunlight and shadow chased each other over the plain. In the distance were the camps, mile upon mile of log huts, the spires of Fredericksburg, the batteries beyond and the shining river.

When the light caught upon the bayonet tips, and flashed over flags and numerous equipments, as regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, swept by in endless procession, one could hardly refrain from dwelling with wondering eye, upon such a beautiful fairy-like scene. The uniforms were clean,

rifles bright, and everything indicated the pride which that perfectly organized army felt in presenting to the president, especially after the discouragements it had been subjected to, only the best side of the thoroughly disciplined soldier.

The drums and bands kept up their ceaseless music, and the light still danced among the moving columns. But at last, the rear-most regiment came, dipped its flag and disappeared. The immense cavalcade of officers and orderlies, rode slowly back to camp.

The magnificent spectacle was over. It was full of bright visions, splendid groupings, wonderful effects, rarely seen in a man's lifetime, never forgotten by the Army of the Potomac. What must have been the thoughts of the president, as he glanced along the almost interminable lines of bronzed faces, and knew that in a few days they were to go forth to the blood and carnage of Chancellorsville.

Our letters say :

“We have been reviewed by President Lincoln to-day ; the whole infantry force of the Army of the Potomac was drawn up on the plain before Fredericksburg and a magnificent sight it was ; *over one hundred thousand men* on review. Abraham looks poorly ; . . . thin and in bad health . . . he is to all outward appearances much careworn, and anxiety is fast wearing him out, poor man, I could but pity as I looked at him, and remembered the weight of responsibility resting upon his burdened

mind ; *what* an ordeal he has passed through, and *what is yet before him!* All I can say is, *Poor Abe!* with faith still good in the honest man.”

Our brother at headquarters says :

“President Lincoln and wife are here, and there is no end of reviews for him ; day before yesterday he reviewed about 15,000 cavalry ; to-day he reviewed 75,000 infantry, and the reserve artillery. I rode around with his escort both times, and I got pretty tired of it to-day for it was bitter cold.”

Many letters were written from this camp, all of them are full of patriotic ring, but the limits of these papers will only admit of brief extracts.

“When we do move, bones will crack like hailstones. Your letter to Bob. . . made the dimples come upon his cheeks. . . you make him a special subject of exhortation in this letter. I don't know but what he needs it. . . stouter hearts than his quail, and firmer lips tremble when hardships have to be borne. . . no one in the family is second to our noble Bob in true patriotic principle. . . I know your words will do him good and that you will yet have reason to be prouder still of your youngest boy. . . Where has George B. seen enough of duty ; where has his coward blood been made to boil at the sight of blood, and dead comrades butchered, when no revenge or redress could be had? What one of his compan-

ions would crawl in the dishonored path to get his discharge? I answer for all of our heroic little band, not one! and thereby nail the lie to his foolish declaration. We shall all hail our nation's deliverance, and ours in the day of our triumph, and in your words and your meaning, would 'crawl home on our hands and knees for the result, viz.: our country's freedom, and our discharge as a consequence. But we would not accept our discharge to-day, and thereby escape our duty, and belie our oath, and loyal endeavors towards the chief end of the war, a restoration of the Union; we think the pleasures of home would scarcely repay us for the dishonor we should get for our choice, and the sting of our consciences at abandoning our posts. We know our way is hard, though we do not transgress, and all long to get home. But, I say, never will I leave the field while I can stand, until all be fulfilled. . . .

" . . . We stand on our honor still, and plighted our vows are to our nation's defense, and . . . you may never doubt that our courage is firm, and our faith in the final success is perfect; we will do our noble duty. . . . "

Our brother Eugene says:

" . . . I think of riding over to see Walter and Bob to-morrow; . . . they are noble boys, and I hope and trust that the God of battles will spare their lives. . . . The roads are drying up rapidly, and we will soon be on the move. I send you a photograph of my tent-

mate, Lieutenant Andrews, adjutant of the regiment.

" . . . I was out Friday for the first time, and the day before our division was reviewed by Generals Meade and Griffin, and General Hooker happened around as a spectator. We have been ordered to be ready at a moment's notice to move, and the commands have been deprived of the usual system of passes and furloughs at present; all our ladies in the army have been ordered away from the army, and they leave by special boat to-morrow (March 30) from Acquia Creek to Washington; everything betokens a move. . . . "

Our letters continue:—

" . . . Last night (April 1st), we had a terrible snow and rain storm. I woke up early in the morning, long before reveille, and found my blanket wet through, and myself in a puddle of water, where the weight of snow had caused the ponchos to sink, and the water to sink through instead of running off; I had to sit up in the cold for four hours. . . . We have some idea that the Fifth Corps will be left here to guard this railroad, for our transportation wagons have been turned in to division headquarters. . . . When will this mad handed demon of war cease its rage? Will the tearful showers upon the home altars never quench his bloody appetite? Shall we ever see the sacred walls of home again; when will time answer? . . . "

" You can't imagine how beautifully they have fixed up brigade

headquarters: every one says it is the most tasty camp in the army. In front it is one wall of evergreens, with arches and small entrances; back of it a large, open space of ground, laid out in gravel walks, lined with evergreen borders, and all sorts of devices are represented by evergreen on the ground, then another fence of evergreen, with openings to every officer's tent behind, Colonel Barnes, (now brigadier general) in front."

" . . . Bob is on division guard (April 5th) for three days."

Our brother at headquarters writes:

•• APRIL 9TH.

"Why is it that the country permits old Joe to remain here so long? McClellan started out of Washington one month before this, and then they accused him of being too slow; if McClellan had command of this army now, he could not rest: the politicians would meddle and overthrow all of his plans. The army is now in very fine condition, and I believe there is no army in the world that can stand against it in an open field: but what can we do? The rebels will retreat to Richmond: we will follow, and when we get to their fortifications, we will be all broken down with fatigue, and disorganized generally. We can never do anything until there is sure coöperation: we should make several attacks at the same time. Charleston, Mobile, Savannah, Vicksburg, and Richmond should all be attacked at the same time: we are

bound to win somewhere, and we must follow up our victory. My opinion is that when Hooker does move, he will go very rapidly, and if the rebels will only stand a fight, he will cut their entire army to pieces. I went over to see the boys a few days ago: I dined with their lieutenant colonel, major, and adjutant. I was in W. last week for a few days: returned Sunday night."

Letters from our brother Eugene on the 12th of April, and our own on the 14th, say:

"The entire cavalry move tomorrow; we will follow soon. We move very light: I may have to take all I possess on my horse."

•• APRIL 14TH.

"Just got orders to move with *eight days rations*, and 60 rounds of ammunition: we have got to pack our *catables*, hard bread, pork, coffee, and sugar (farewell to good living now), and are limited to clothing in our knapsacks: we are surely off now. . . . I don't know when I shall write again, but for Bob and myself, let me say in closing words, that although we shall not expose ourselves needlessly, *yet we shall do our duty*. Love to dear mother, and tell her not to be so sorrowful over our coming hardships, but say to her to be firm in the faith that her sons are safe, and never harbor a thought that a bullet *may* crush many hopes: think of us always, as in health, and flushed with victory; think of us as full of love for

home, and always endeavoring to be happy on the march . . . how often I think of you all on the tramp, and in the bivouac . . . and now with firm resolves to do our duty, let me assure you that every means possible shall be used for our comfort, and all the generalship I possess shall be displayed; we will show you now our enduring powers, and I want you to think always that we are doing well. Good-by, and may we all meet again before many days."

Our brother in the defences of Washington says:

"APRIL 15TH, 1863.

"The Twenty-fifth Maine have left us, and I think they will have to meet the 'greybacks' before their term of enlistment expires, the latter part of June. This morning a large force of infantry left our vicinity to join Hooker, I suppose to take the place of the Ninth Corps which has gone to the Southwest. Poor Walt and Bob will soon have to be *under fire* again; and God grant they may escape unharmed; yet, I feel that it would be almost a miracle if they escape.

"The defences of Washington are growing stronger every day; thousands of workmen being employed in digging rifle pits, and throwing up intrenchments. I really wish the 'rebs' would give us a call some day; they would find *slaughter pens* to their hearts' content. Our men can strike a target at 1,200 yards, with a thirty-two pounder *more than half the*

time. You can imagine the execution we could do if a body of men should approach us."

Our letters of April 18th say:

"I hardly thought I should have time to write you again from this camp, but it seems that 'Joe' Hooker *has got stuck in the mud*. We have had rain continually, while the orders to move have been pending, and the state of the roads, even now while pleasant, is shocking; we shall probably move in a day or two; everything is packed up for a start."

He says again April 27th:

"Patience is a great virtue, and 'Uncle Joe' has had his tried to the utmost. Sometimes he is a little cross, but the greater portion of the time he is very serene. . . . For the last two days the weather has been perfectly beautiful, and the roads are drying up very rapidly; but it has been raining night and day for the past two weeks: we have been ready to move three or four times, but have been prevented by the elements. . . . We have been here so long that camp life seems a little stale to me; I want to be on the road; the excitement of marching, bivouacking, and battles I like, and would be perfectly contented to always live in this way, were it not for the anxiety I feel for Walter and Bob. The possession of Richmond, Vicksburg, and all their seaport towns, would not atone for the death of one of them; my patriotism is not that great. I would

willingly give my own life to save my country, but not the life of one of my brothers. April 27th Secretaries Seward, Stanton, and Montgomery Blair visited General Hooker and had a long conference with him."

Effort after effort had been made to start on the new campaign, but the elements had as often objected, and we remained in our camps

putting on the finishing touches. The Army of the Potomac was never in a finer condition mentally, physically, or morally, than when about to start upon the campaign of Chancellorsville. The weather was now beautiful.

The mud had dried, the roads were now passable. The *esprit de corps* of the whole army, excellent.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The First Maine Cavalry Association held its reunion in Bucksport on Wednesday and Thursday, September 14 and 15, 1898.

Some of the advance guard came in Tuesday and Tuesday night General Cilley arrived upon the ground and established headquarters. Wednesday, President Richardson and his reception committee, which by the way was a pleasing novelty, were kept busy at the various trains and boats all of which brought large delegations. Several did not arrive until Thursday morning.

The Robinson House was general headquarters and the broad piazza was a furious battle ground where many of the famous charges were made over again, on one end, while on the other a party of vets with many a twinkle and haw-haw once more recalled this or that dar-

ing foraging expedition which seemed but yesterday.

The badge most in evidence was the regimental gold badge with its Henry rifle, from which was suspended the regulation cross sabers, surmounted by a pine tree and bearing beneath, a horse's head, within a horse shoe, while the double fold of yellow ribbon showed the appellation bestowed on it by General Kilpatrick, at Aldie.

The decorations of Main street were striking and effective, some of the best seen in town for some time. The big ex-campaign banner floated over the street in front of Emery hall; from this the famous Alamoosook bunting was carried in all directions. Nearly every business place hung out their flags and a string of bunting extended across the street from the Robinson House.

This display was very pleasing to the visitors as well as surprising in its extent.

The business meeting was held in G. A. R. hall Wednesday forenoon when, after the usual routine, the following officers were elected:

President—Emery T. Getchell, Brunswick.

Vice-Presidents—Peter J. Dresser, Lewiston, and Caleb L. Lang, Portland.

Treasurer—Edward Jordan, Bangor.

Recording Secretary—Orin S. Haskell, Pittsfield.

Corresponding Secretary—Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Rockland.

For the place of the next meeting Brunswick, Orono and Phillips were mentioned, the former being decided upon.

The main feature was of course the banquet and camp-fire in the evening in Emery hall and shortly before 6 p. m. Wednesday the Bucksport military band, J. L. Homer, leader, in full uniform, marched from their hall down Franklin street and back Main street to Emery hall, where after playing several selections they entered and were given a position on the stage. The body of the hall was taken up with long tables, covers being laid for 200 and nearly all being occupied by the visiting veterans and their friends, the local G. A. R., and W. R. C. and guests.

Grace was said by Rev. William Forsyth.

The supper was one of the genu-

ine Bucksport's best and the arrangement of tables, menu and service were such as usually seen under the same management. After the supper came the program as follows:

The retiring president, Isaac Richardson of Bucksport, called the assembly to order and prayer was offered by President J. F. Haley, of the seminary. First Selectman S. E. Hall in behalf of the citizens of Bucksport, placed the town at the disposal of the noted visitors. He reviewed briefly the incidents of the Spanish-American war and noted the influence Maine and its namesake, the *Maine*, had exerted.

In his response to the address of welcome, General J. P. Cilley noted the beauty of our village and the hospitality of its people. Speaking of the criticism made by the privates during the late war with Spain he contended that the soldier must expect hardships and privations.

Little Ethel Richardson recited a poem, "The First Maine Cavalry Rides Here To-day," which was much appreciated. After several selections by the band there were speeches by Hon. Parker Spofford, Hon. P. P. Gilmore, Rev. J. F. Haley, O. F. Fellows, Esq., of Bucksport, Colonel Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass., and George B. Stafford of Skowhegan.

Following this, on motion of E. T. Getchell, it was voted to extend a vote of thanks to the citizens of Bucksport for their entertainment.

Following this came a speech by Secretary Edward Jordan, Bangor. Next J. P. Cilley read letters from many of the members of the association who were unable to be present.

Remarks were made by president of the Massachusetts branch of the First Maine Cavalry and Professor F. C. Ball.

After this many short speeches were made by members and visitors present, interspersed with music by the band. Three cheers for the First Maine Cavalry, for the citizens and ladies of Bucksport and Bucksport band were given. After the program the band gave several selections and many improved the opportunity for dancing.

THE SECOND DAY.

Thursday, the second day, was given over to solid enjoyment and comfort by the veterans and all appeared to enjoy themselves to the uttermost.

In the forenoon, several buckboard parties were made up and drove over to the fish hatchery at Alamoosook, East Orland, where two hours were spent very enjoyably and profitably in viewing the growth of fishes from the egg to those of many pounds weight, making high leaps from the water when fed.

Shortly before noon, nearly every veteran in town, as well as a large number of invited guests, went up to Indian Point, where what proved to be one of the best features of the reunion, a clam-bake, was in preparation. Under the able manage-

ment of John J. Bridges over ten bushels of clams were properly steamed, together with an immense amount of green corn and all the fixings. In addition, sandwiches and coffee were on hand to complete the bill. The visitors began to leave with the out Boston boat, on the three p. m. train, and the town was practically deserted by them in the evening. The visitors were most profuse in their thanks and many said that they had received no such grand and general welcome and such truly magnificent entertainment for years, as in Bucksport.

The above account was taken from the *Bucksport Herald*, and was headed "Bucksport invaded and captured. The First Maine Cavalry hold the town for two days."

LETTERS FROM COMRADES.

G. S. Royal, late Company F, First Maine Cavalry, of Freeport, writes:

"I regret to be obliged to say that I cannot attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, for which I have received your kind invitation. I can only send my best wishes to old comrades."

General C. H. Smith, late of First Maine Cavalry, of Eastport, telegraphs:

"Sorry cannot be with you, greetings, best wishes for all."

Edward P. Tobie, late of Companies, E and D, First Maine Cavalry, of Pawtucket, R. I., writes:

“Soldierly greeting to all, wanted to come but could not.”

Major S. W. Thaxter, late of First Maine Cavalry, of Portland, telegraphs:

“I am very sorry I cannot be with you.”

Francis Brooks, late of Co I, First Maine Cavalry, of Dover, N. H., writes:

“Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry, I should be very glad to meet with you all. I have not forgotten the old First Maine Cavalry and should be glad to be with you once all more. Company I will have a reunion September seventh at West Newfield. Please send me the BUGLE, and as I cannot come, give my best best wishes to all comrades of the First Maine Cavalry.”

S. Burrows, late Company B, First Maine Cavalry, of Broad Bay, writes:

“I regret that I shall not be able to attend the First Maine Cavalry reunion at Bucksport. My eyes are very bad from the effects of my injuries received during the battle of Gettysburg. Say to the members for me that I am with them in thought if not in person.”

H. S. Barker, late of Company D, First Maine Cavalry, of Oak Hill, Florida, writes:

“There is nothing that would please me better than to meet with you boys in reunion, but it is the same old story, not able, but I am thinking some of going to Maine next summer to visit the scenes of my childhood, and if I do I shall be

sure to meet you in reunion if you have the reunion next year. For me there is no stronger tie than those formed while I was with you in the awful struggle to put down the Rebellion. I have lived here for more than twenty years and find the Southern people for the most part friendly. I made an orange grove of six or seven acres and after it commenced to bear, afforded us a comfortable living, then the freeze four years ago this coming winter cut it down and gave Florida a black eye generally. We are commencing, however, to recover now from its effects. I married a girl from the eastern part of the state, Kate Rideout, and have had three children. One boy, Lionel B., is telegraph operator and railroad agent, is said to be as good as any on the line; the next, Gertie M., died while away at the State Normal school at the age of sixteen years, and had the name of being the best scholar in school; no doubt but she was the best for her age. Nellie, the youngest, is at home with us, and is quite an artist.”

M. Chafee, of Grinnell, Iowa, writes:

“At the request of J. T. Harriman, I write you a line in answer to enclosed postal card. F. A. Harriman Company A, First Maine Cavalry, his brother, died at this place April 11, 1898.”

Bradbury P. Doe, late of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, of Cambridge, Mass., writes:

“I must forego the pleasure of

meeting my dear old comrades for this time. My vacation is passed and I cannot get away again so soon. Kindly remember me to all the dear old boys. I know you will have a good time and one of the happy days of these declining years. God bless and keep you all in F., C., and L."

D. W. Davis, late of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, of Amesbury, Mass., writes :

"I am very sorry that I shall not be able to attend the reunion of the old First Maine Cavalry at Bucksport. I have just returned from the fifth annual reunion of Company I, and do not feel strong enough to go on a second trip so far away. Seventeen comrades of Company I answered the roll-call at West Newfield on the evening of the 7th. A pilgrimage was made to the grave of Sergeant Nahum Mitchell by the members and ladies, and although the distance was a mile and a half over a mountain road, and the rain falling fast all the way, we were abundantly repaid for the inconvenience. Some of you will remember Sergeant Mitchell as one of the very best men in the regiment. He was killed March 31st, 1865. None of us will ever forget the last few weeks of the last campaign. I hope that you may have one of the best reunions that the regiment has ever held."

C. H. Ferguson, late of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, of 2 Cushing avenue, Dorchester, Mass., writes :

"I am sorry to say I shall not be able to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry. I know I shall miss a grand time, but business before pleasure. I think in the war with Spain Admiral Dewey made a record equal to the First Maine Cavalry. I do n't think the fighting on land can hold a candle to our record. The First Maine Cavalry could fight the first time they tried. My love and best wishes are always with the reunion of the regiment, if I am not there in person."

D. H. Gilman, late of Company H, First Maine Cavalry, of 11 Broadway, New York city, writes :

"Your notice of the First Maine Cavalry reunion at Bucksport, September 14 and 15, has been forwarded to me from Seattle. I hardly expect to be able to attend on account of business engagements, but I shall do so if I can. Having been away from the state since the war I have never yet attended any of the reunions, but I am promising myself the pleasure of attending either the present one or the next. I am not a member of the association so far as I know. Please give me the price of the Regimental History."

NOTE.—Every man who served in this regiment is a member of the association. This was the vote at the first organization.

Harrison Goding, late of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, of Newport, Vt., writes :

"I received notice of the reunion,

I regret very much that I cannot be with you. My health is poor and I am unable to work much, so cannot get money to go with. I will try hard to be with you next year, if alive and well."

James W. Harriman, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Necedah, Wis., writes:

"I should be so glad to be with the old boys at our annual reunion, but 'distance lends enchantment to the view.' My best wishes to the old comrades. I am sixty-four years old and I am feeling quite well and still hope I may visit old Maine sometime. All hail to the old comrades and a God bless you all."

George F. Jewett, late of Company K, First Maine Cavalry, of Boston, Mass., writes:

"Owing to the serious illness of my wife it will be impossible for me to join you at the reunion next week. I enclose two dollars for annual dues and subscription to the *BUGLE*."

Charles W. Skillings, late of Company F, First Maine Cavalry, of Portland, writes:

"I regret my inability to be present at the reunion of our gallant regiment. 'Though far from sight, to memory dear.' I trust the gathering may be a happy one and a large representation from all the companies present. As time rolls on, bringing furrows to the brow and gray hairs to the head, may the eye not grow dim nor the memory dull, but clearness of vision and

recollection be the standby of the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry. All the comrades this way would be glad to have the next meeting at Peak's Island, Portland."

Robert B. Junkins, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Kennebunk, writes:

"I received card of invitation to First Maine Cavalry reunion, for which I am grateful. I still cherish the memory of the First Maine, but owing to old age and poverty am unable to be present. If I was differently situated nothing would please me better than to be present."

U. R. Lincoln, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Stoneham, Mass., writes:

"I shall not be able to attend the reunion this year but would like to very much. I am getting old and feel the effects of my army life."

H. H. Lowell, late of Company A, First Maine Cavalry, of Penfield, Pa., writes:

"I cannot be with you at your reunion on the 14th in the flesh, but shall think of you at that time. Every face of Company A will be recalled as it appeared in '61 when we were all boys: since then time has made wonderful changes in us. I was captured, you remember, May 11, '64, so did not have the pleasure of being with you the last glorious year of your campaigning, but in point of suffering in '64-'65 think I could discount you some. Remember Captain Cole riding

along the line that morning, in his cool way, asking us what made us look so white: verily it was a time to make the blood recede from one's face, but I do not believe it was fear that made it so. The First Maine was not built that way.

"Since the close of the war I have had all kinds of luck, sometimes up financially, and again down at the bottom of the ladder, on the whole the average has been satisfactory. Hoping you will have a good time at Bucksport."

John S. Mansur, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Houlton, writes:

"Thanks for card, sorry I cannot be with you on the 14th. Poverty commands and I must obey. Still I shall think of you all, and trust that a right good time may be enjoyed by all who are so favored as to answer once more to roll-call before final 'Taps.' Our dear old chums are dropping out fast and soon memory alone will be left to sound the bugle, with no response but the echo of grand deeds of the renowned and glorious First Maine Cavalry."

Robert Nutter, late of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, of Port Caledonia, N. S., writes:

"I regret to say that I cannot attend the reunion in person but will be with you in heart and best wishes, and trust that all who attend will enjoy themselves."

Alfred Pierce, late of Company F, First Maine Cavalry, of Boston, Mass., writes:

"I greatly regret that I shall be unable to attend our regimental reunion of the 14th and 15th of September, as I shall attend the national encampment at Cincinnati on the 7th, and business will detain me over the date of your gathering. I send fraternal greetings and love to all the boys of our grand old regiment."

F. H. Bartlett writes:

"Mr. William McAllister, Company E, wished me to write to you thanking you for the invitation to the reunion, and expressing his sorrow at not being able to attend. He is getting to be an old man and not able to do any work nor get around but a little, being 83 years old. He says he wishes he had been able to have gone to the front in our late war.

"He lives here in Stoneham, where most of his children are living near him, and has the good will and esteem of all his townspeople. He says if he was able he should be glad to be with you, and meet his old comrades once more. He wishes you a grand reunion, both you and all those who assemble."

Riley L. Jones, late of Company G, First Maine Cavalry, of Saginaw, Michigan, writes:

"I have your card notifying me of the approaching reunion of the First Maine Cavalry association. Nothing in the world would give me more pleasure than to greet the old boys once more, but the times when that is possible for me are few and far between and this is one

of the betweens. I am not able to get away for the national encampment at Cincinnati, which I had expected to attend and which you can certify I seldom miss. You ask for a friendly greeting and facts of life and service. What can I say to the comrades that has not been said a thousand times, and better than I can say it, but God bless us every one and may the old boys live long and prosper. As to facts of service where shall I begin or end? Shall I refer to the camp in the winter on the banks of the Kennebec, where we led the horses down the steep bank to water and had to hold on to their tails to keep them from sliding down and breaking their necks? Shall I recall the secret history of how I went down to Hallowell the night after pay day, had a fine supper with trimmings, got back to camp somehow, and awoke to find myself standing guard over the commissary tent? But no! To speak of that would be telling tales. Ask Sergeant Little. Shall I tell of the long ride to New York in freight cars with eight men and eight horses in each car? That might be interesting when we hear of the boys of '98, coming home in sleeping coaches and growling because they had no feather beds. Shall I tell of the long and weary marches by day and by night over the plains of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, or over the heights of Blue Ridge and Luray? Shall I write of the raids with Stoneman, Kilpatrick, or Sheridan, when we rode seven days and

nights with one night's rest or when we rode five days and four nights with no rest at all? Shall I tell how the echoes ran through the arches under the southern pine trees as we sang the 'Star Spangled Banner' after the fight at 'Brandy Station?' Shall I tell of the fight on the right flank at Gettysburg, where we presented our compliments to Fitzhugh Lee and Wade Hampton, or of the close call at Sheppardstown when but four men of our company came out without a scratch and I was one of the four?

"Shall I speak of Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville? Shall I call the roll of the battles of the Army of the Potomac and say the First Maine Cavalry was there and I was in them all up to the last, for me, the stubborn fight at St. Mary's church, where I was shot through the shoulder and took a furlough and went to Richmond to recuperate on bread made of corn cob meal? But Tobie has told it all so much better than I can, that it is useless for me to write of these things, and so I will not even mention them. I might write of what he does not know, how before the war I took a cruise down the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Indian ocean to the isles of Java, Celebes, and the Philippines, but that is another story.

"I might tell you how I stepped into a store a few nights ago just in time to hear some one say, 'I tell you the First Maine Cavalry was the grandest regiment that

ever was in the United States Army,' and I responded 'Right you are; Colonel, here's my hand on that.' But I hear you say, will he never stop? And so I close with the kindest regards to the old comrades from one who has the liveliest recollections of the camp, the march, and the battle-field."

REUNION OF COMPANY I, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The fifth reunion of Company I, First Maine Cavalry, was held at West Newfield, September 7. At the business meeting it was voted to hold the next meeting at Saco. In the afternoon a pilgrimage was made to the monument of Sergeant Nahum W. Mitchell, who was killed March 31, 1865, at Chamberlain's Bed. The boys were hospitably entertained by two brothers and three sisters of our slain comrade at the old Mitchell home.

Returning to Mitchell Post hall in time for supper. In the evening the old-fashioned camp-fire was held. Those present were: George P. Beal and wife, South Ellingham; George E. Perkins and wife, Parsonfield; Henry M. Pillsbury, wife and daughters, North Shapleigh; Edwin T. Edgcombe and wife, Kezer Falls; George O. Hannaford and wife, West Newfield; B. P. Doe and wife, Cambridge, Mass.; Rufus A. Smith and wife, Dayton; Daniel W. Davis, Amesbury, Mass.; James E. Maddox, Amesbury, Mass.; H. M. Cleaves, Saco; John P. Wood, West Newfield; Charles H. Rob-

bins, Biddeford; B. F. Ham, Springvale; Luther Tibbetts, Limerick; Charles W. Coffin, Shapleigh; Danville Newbegin, Shapleigh; Simeon Knights, South Waterboro. Letters and postal cards were received from twenty-two comrades who could not be present. Other visitors were Comrades Hobbs and Hill of Waterboro, Boothby of Saco, Hayes of Sanford, Moore and wife of Newfield, and many other comrades, ladies, and citizens.

The usual greeting and hearty hand-shake of some who had not met since the war, the rehearsing of so many scenes of so long ago, the brightening up of the dim eyes, was noticeable through the day. In fact we were young again for the day and hope to enjoy another next year.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The Ladies' auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry Association met at the Woman's Relief Corps rooms in Bucksport September 14, 1898, and was called to order by Mrs. Annie Davis of Bucksport, who was elected president in the absence of the president. The board of officers of last year were elected for the ensuing year.

The meeting was a quiet one, but very pleasant and enjoyable.

It was voted to hold the next meeting at Brunswick at the same time the First Maine association hold their reunion.

The following were present:

Mrs. A. C. Drinkwater, Brain-

tree, Mass.; Mrs. J. E. Hart, Waterville; Mrs. Elijah Gay, Burnham; Mrs. E. Wentworth, Montville; Mrs. J. S. Blake, Cape East Union; Mrs. Harriet Webster, Rosier; Mrs. Geo. F. Mansell, Bucksport; Mrs. Angie Fogg, Eddington; Mrs. Annie Davis, Bucksport; Mrs. Harriet Mooney, Bucksport; Mrs. E. A. Taylor, Bangor; Mrs. F. B. Lowe,

FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA VETERANS' REUNION.

The First District of Columbia Cavalry held a reunion at Pittsfield, September 13, 1898, and a large number of the old veterans were present to enjoy the exercises. The meeting was called to order by the president, F. B. Lowe, of Waterville, at 2:30 o'clock, and the address of welcome delivered by George E. Kimball, response by N. S. Emery. The election of officers resulted as follows:

President.—Orison Cole, Etna.

First vice-president.—N. E. Emery, Waterville.

Second vice-president.—Charles Weymouth, Augusta.

Secretary and treasurer.—R. M. Daniels, Pittsfield.

George E. Kimball was made an honorary member. In the course of the remarks made, F. B. Lowe stated that a history of the First District of Columbia Cavalry ought to be written, and as soon as it was the First Maine Cavalry would be robbed of the honor of twenty-nine battles for which they now claim credit. Other members coincided, and one thought a history of the Wilson raid would establish a desirable and all the record that was necessary.

N. S. Emery, in discussing the First Maine Cavalry and its work accomplished in the war, stated that the number of killed in the First District of Columbia cavalry was in the ratio of three to one when compared with the First Maine and the wounded the same. "We can attend the meetings of the First Maine if we want to, but let's just make our own organization boom," and Mr. Emery sat down midst a shower of applause.

The feeling shown indicated that the First Maine Cavalry, a part of which the First District of Columbia Cavalry became after a number of important engagements had been fought by the latter, had been disposed to take credit for everything done in the war by the First District of Columbia. Further, it is claimed that all such members of the First District of Columbia who were wounded or sick and unable to enter the First Maine, after serving in the war, for some time, are not recognized by the First Maine, though it is perfectly willing to claim credit for the good work these same men accomplished. It seems that this condition is what led up to the organization of the association

which met here and the enthusiasm manifested by its members, if it indicates anything, means that in it the First Maine has a rival of no mean importance.

It was voted to hold the next annual meeting at Etna, the date to be announced later by Comrades Cole and Emery.

Dinner was furnished by the Woman's Relief Corps, the meeting was held in Grand Army of the Republic hall, and the visitors were given a royal welcome by the members of the post.

M. S. Johnson and F. B. Lowe met for the first time since being mustered out at the close of the war.

In the evening a camp-fire was held and an interesting program observed.

Among those present were: Frank B. Lowe, Mrs. Lowe, and Miss Grace Lowe, N. S. Emery and wife, G. W. Barnes, N. W. Branch, Waterville; C. H. Goodwin, Mariner S. Johnson, Uriah Curtis and wife, David Lawrence and wife, Stetson; O. M. Harrington and wife, P. L. Bennet, W. Dyer, Dr. F. B. Townsend, Newport; E. R. Carr and wife, R. M. Daniels and wife, Pittsfield; O. W. Cole and wife, C. Dyer and wife, Etna.

COMMENTS BY EDITOR.

The statements of Comrade Emery are entitled to great weight on account of his good standing in the service and since, but evidently the speech made under the spur of

the occasion lacks exactness of statement. The twenty-nine battles accorded to the regiment by General Order No. 10, dated March 7, 1865, cannot be impeached or diminished. The 107 battles and minor engagements used on our printed placards, contain, as they should, all those participated in by the first District of Columbia Cavalry before the transfer. This list is reproduced for examination. The battles designated by a star are the twenty-nine credited to the regiment by General Order No. 10. It may be and there is some foundation for the claim, that after the transfer of the District of Columbia men to the First Maine Cavalry the battles from that time forward to the close of the war show a greater per cent. of the transferred men than of the older regiment.

This matter can be determined by exact figures by tracing out the service of the killed in the sanguinary battles from September, 1864, till the glorious morning of April 9th, 1865. If the facts are true as claimed, let the full honor be given to the transferred men, who thus proved their devotion to the name of Maine.

There can be no rivalry between the two regiments except in emulation and for mutual benefit. The most marked contribution to the success and enjoyment of any reunion was achieved through the aid and under the presidency of a District of Columbia comrade, but his argument to the mayor of Boston for special courtesies from that city

was "there is but one First Maine Cavalry."

The question is not new; at our first reunion in 1872, the foundation stone was laid in these words: "There can be no question of names, no distinction of District of Columbia or First Maine. The record, battles, and glory of each regiment belong to the other, for both as one own the whole. We are all sons of Maine, and what prouder name can be desired than FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION. The fact that you were a member of the First Maine or District of Columbia Cavalry confers on you an inalienable right to now, henceforth, and I hope forever, enjoy the pleasures and benefits of this association."

Again in fitting words did Lieutenant Henry F. Blanchard present in his address of 1878 the evident truth:

"In the fall of 1864 the regiment received an accession of strength and of numbers by the transfer of about 800 men from the First District of Columbia Cavalry. In this the old First Maine was truly fortunate. They came to take the places of those men whose term of service had expired, and were shortly to be mustered out. How well they filled those depleted ranks their history alone can prove. From this time forth their history is the history of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a history that no man of either regiment need blush to read. No braver men, no better or more faithful soldiers, ever stood in a suit

of blue. The kindest feeling ever existed after the consolidation. No rivalries for place or preferment ever marred their intercourse or impaired their usefulness. Together and in harmony they moved on in the path of duty. Together they determined to maintain the honor of their regiment and their native state. Side by side they fought at Stony Creek, Wyatt's Farm, Boydtown Road, Bellfield, Jarratt's Station, Hatcher's Run, Dinwiddie, Jetersville, Sailor's Creek, Farmville, Appomattox, and side by side they fell. On the same roll of honor, headed by the gallant Douty, are inscribed the names of Parkman, Sargent, Mountfort, and Comins. Beneath the soil of Virginia are buried the rank and file of both regiments. Their dead are our dead, and their glory is the glory of our common regiment."

ENGAGEMENTS OF THE REGIMENT.

Middletown,*	Sheridan's Raid,
Winchester,*	Gaines' Mills,
Cacapon,	Chickahominy River,
Woodstock,	Bottom's Bridge,
Warrenton,	Dahlgren's Raid,
Chantilly,	Jerusalem Plank Road,
Strasburg,	Charles City Cross
Emmetsburg,	Roads,
Harper's Ferry,	King and Queen C. H.
Cedar Mountain,*	Kilpatrick's Raid,
Culpeper,	White Oak Swamp,
Sulphur Springs,	New Hope Church,
Second Bull Run,*	Malvern Hill,
Frederick,	Sumner's Bridge,
South Mountain,*	New Market,
Antietam,*	Ground Squirrel
Fredericksburg,*	Church,*
Amisville,	Fortifications before
Waterloo Ford,	Richmond,
Berryville,	Guiney Station,
Bristow Station,	Hawes' Shop,*
Parker's Store,	Cold Harbor,*

Ely's Ford,	Trevillian Station,*	Mine Run,*	Vaughn Road,
Hanovertown,	White House Landing,	Luray,	Rowanty Creek,
Fayetteville,	St. Mary's Church,*	Front Royal,	Boydton Road,*
Rappahannock Station,*	Notaway Bridge,	Defences of Richmond,*	Bellfield,*
Stoneman Raid,	Fort Pride,	Beaver Dam Station,	Jarratt's Station,
Louisa Court House,	Petersburg,*	Black Creek,	Hatcher's Run,
Brandy Station,*	Roanoke Bridge,	Old Church,*	Fort Steadman,
Aldie,*	Stony Creek,	Wilderness,	Dinwiddie Court
Middleburg,*	Gravelly Road,	Todd's Tavern,*	House,
Upperville,*	Charles City C. H.,	Bowling Green,	Fane's Cross Roads,
Gettysburg,*	Yellow Tavern,	North Anna,	Jetersville,
Halltown,	Deep Bottom,*	Spottsylvania,	Deatonville,
Sheppardstown,*	Weldon Railroad,	Dinwiddie Court House,	Sailor's Creek,
Sulphur Springs,	Ream's Station,*	Rectortown,	High Bridge,
Manassas Junction,	Wyatt's Farm,*	Salem,	Farmville,
Beverly Ford,	Sycamore Church,	Milford,	Appomattox C. H.
Kelley's Ford,	Cox's Mills,	White Plains,	

BATTLE-FIELD SOLDIERS.

The Union Veterans' Union is a comparatively new organization in Maine, but the men who comprise it are veterans dyed in the wool, men from whose nostrils the scent of burnt powder has not yet cleared, and from whose memory the terrible scenes of the great civil war will never be eradicated. Department Commander Eustis bestowed upon them the title of "Battle-field Soldiers," a happy nickname which is likely to endure while the organization does. Because they saw active service while some of their comrades in blue did not, they are not assuming lordly airs. They are simply bound by ties which are a little firmer, and which do not preclude them from walking arm in arm with their comrades, the Grand Army men.

The fifth annual encampment of the Department of Maine, Union Veterans Union, was held with Davis Tillson Command of Rock-

land, September 26, 1898, and it brought as fine a looking lot of men as Rockland ever had the privilege and honor of entertaining. The up-river delegation was considerably smaller than had been expected, from the reason that there was no boat connection. When the general order was issued the boats were running on their summer schedule, but having changed to the fall arrangement there was no boat that would convenience the veterans. Then, too, the stormy weather kept away many.

The report of the committee of credentials afterward showed that there were fifty delegates present, who with the colonels, department officers and executive committee men, brought the attendance up to eighty-two. The department officers present were: Department Commander Wm. T. Eustis of Dixfield; First Deputy Commander George M. Lovering of Waterville;

Second Deputy Commander S. P. La Gros, Bucksport; Adjutant General J. Edwin Nye, Auburn; Quartermaster General Chas. O. Wadsworth, Gardiner; Surgeon General W. S. Norcross, Lewiston. The national department commander, Robert St. George Dyrenforth of Washington, D. C., intended to be present, but was unable to make arrangements, and sent a letter of regret, as did Adjutant-General Brennan.

At the business meeting in the afternoon Commander Eustis delivered his address which was as follows:

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER'S REPORT.

“COMRADES:—When one year ago you elected me commander of this organization of ‘Battlefield Soldiers’ I accepted the great honor with reluctance, for I fully realized that I should not have the time to devote to its interests that such a body of comrades deserve, yet I relinquish my high office today with the consciousness that I have done all in my power to uphold its integrity and importance. We are all aware that many comrades who are eligible to our ranks do not join us simply because they do not understand our aim and object; the mistaken belief is abroad that we antagonize the G. A. R., and other organizations. Let it be our duty to correct that opinion, and by our every word and act show to the world and more particularly to the veteran soldiers and sailors that

we antagonize none, but we increase the interest and power of act, in other words, that we are organized upon the strongest pillar of Fraternity, having been down ‘into the valley of the shadow of death’ together. We realize what the government owes to all who served under ‘Old Glory’ in the time of that trial for the life of our nation, and not with pleading, whining prayer, but with the strong, united voice of earnest, true, patriotic veterans we demand our rights. It is with pleasure that I say to you that during the past year, directly by the influence and power of the Union Veterans’ Union, many hundreds of pension claims, that had been on file in the Department for long months or years, have been adjusted and paid, thus bringing merited relief to disabled comrades. Once satisfied with the justice of a claim the Union Veterans’ Union will not cease their demand until settled. I am glad to announce to you that at one of the grandest gatherings of veteran soldiers and sailors ever had, the 20th day of August in the cities of Rock Island, Davenport, and Moliere, General Robert St. George Dyrenforth was elected commander in chief, his ringing words in speech and general orders of his unselfish devotion for the welfare of comrades anywhere and everywhere, and I am glad to add that he is not only a full comrade, but a man of large experience and power. He was formerly commissioner of patents, is ranked among the best of Wash-

ington society, and is a warm personal friend of our comrade, William McKinley, president.

It has been my pleasure to visit several of the commands the past year and I am glad to declare that I found most of them in a flourishing condition. To be as charitable as possible, I will say, by mistaken zeal of the comrade who started the organization in the state, a great mistake was made in sometimes placing commands too near together. Such was the case at Newport and Pittsfield, and the result was that both nearly died. I visited Newport some three weeks ago and made such arrangements with the comrades there and at Pittsfield, that they have a view to soon consolidate. Madison Libby Command, 15, of Pittsfield, surrendering their charter and all gathering under the charter of Towle Command, 13, thus making one good, strong, earnest command. I read that the N. J. Jackson Command, 4, of Lewiston, on account of some internal differences, have disbanded, but a majority of their members, full of a fraternity that means something, have joined other commands in their immediate vicinity. Some two months ago, Comrade J. W. Johnson, Adjutant of Calvin Boston Command, 6, Gardiner, took the initiatory steps towards forming a command at Togus, which has finally resulted in the organization of General Beal Command, 23, with 18 charter members and 16 more have been mustered since. For some months

Atwood Crosby Command, 10, of Waterville discontinued their meetings, but by the efforts of Deputy Department Commander General George M. Lovering and others, they have recently renewed their interest and are now full of the work. In brief, then, comrades, I am glad to realize that the department of Maine U. V. U. is in better condition to-day, than it was a year ago, for the full details of which I refer you to the reports of the adjutant general, quartermaster general and other department officers, that such gratifying results have been obtained. To my adjutant general (Colonel J. Edwin Nye) no word of praise is needed from me. He has been constant 'in season and out of season' always 'standing by the colors;' he has been to great personal expense for the department and I have gladly recommended to the finance committee, that he be paid \$25 as a partial reimbursement.

My quartermaster general, Colonel Charles O. Wordsworth, notwithstanding his many duties as city clerk of Gardiner, has always been prompt, earnest and faithful in all duties and to all calls. To these officers and all others of my staff I desire to tender personal and warm thanks. My association with them, and the high office they have so helped me to fill, will always be one of the most pleasant memories of my life. There is one suggestion I would like to make, with the present income of the department treasury it is impossible to

do much work that is needed to bring our organization up to its proper position and I would suggest that by voluntary contributions, entertainments or otherwise a fund be raised so that the department may appoint two or more recruiting officers, whose duty shall be to go into the field not already covered and teach our comrades everywhere the value of this organization, the expenses to be paid by the fund so collected, helped as far as possible by the department treasury.

“ And now, comrades, in returning to your ranks as a private I need not assure you that all the assistance in my power will ever be at your command. Again thanking you for the high honor conferred upon me, I will only say it has if possible increased my interest in and love for the U. V. U. bound by a tie that death alone can sever, and, let us hope, may be renewed and strengthened in the ‘Eternal Camping Ground’ whose great commander is God.

“ Yours in F., C., L.,

“ WILLIAM T. EUSTIS,

“ *Department Commander of Maine U. V. U.*”

The report of Adjutant General Nye will be read with interest by members of the order. It was as follows :

ADJUTANT GENERAL'S REPORT.

“ AUBURN, ME., Oct. 26, 1898.

“ *General William T. Eustis,
Commander Department of
Maine U. V. U.*

“ COMRADE:—As adjutant general of this department I submit the

following report of the business of this office during the past year :

“ One year ago, when you took command, the department consisted of eighteen commands. N. J. Jackson command, No. 4, of Lewiston, has surrendered its charter, and Madison Libby command, No. 15, of Pittsfield, has been consolidated with Towle command, No. 13, of Newport. On October 6, General Beal command, No. 23, was organized at the national home, D. V. S., at Togus, by Special Mustering Officer Colonel J. W. P. Johnson of Gardiner assisted by a number of comrades of Calvin Boston command. This new command started under very encouraging circumstances, with eighteen charter members and has already grown to a membership of thirty-five. It bids fair to be the largest command in the department.

“ The present number of commands in the department is seventeen.

“ Although we have one less command than a year ago, we are in much stronger condition both in number of members and interest—as the following figures will show :

“ We had, according to the reports for the third quarter last year, 433 members. Gaining by muster 88, by reinstatement 20, making a total gain of 108. We have lost by death, 8; by discharge, 4; by suspension, 17; by transfer, 1; by surrender of charter, 30; making a total loss of 60; making a net gain up to date of 48 and a total membership in the department of 481.

"I congratulate you upon the harmony and interest in the order that prevails throughout the department and the encouraging prospects, and hope that in the near future, the battle-field soldiers through our state will see the benefit of our order, and realize that it tends to create more interest in kindred soldier organizations and that commands of the Union Veterans' Union will be organized in every city and town where enough veterans who are eligible can be gotten together to support it.

"I have endeavored to keep in close touch with all of the commands, and have greatly enjoyed giving what assistance I could for the promotion of interest in our beloved order and only regret that I have not had more time to devote to it.

"In closing my labors in this office that I have filled for three years I take this occasion to express to you and through you to the other members of your staff and the officers and members of the precinct commands, my appreciation and thanks for the courteous and fraternal treatment I have received from all.

"Fraternally yours,

"J. EDWIN NYE,

"*Adjutant General Department of
Maine, U. V. U.*"

The report of Quartermaster General Wadsworth showed cash receipts of \$297.51 and disbursements of \$187.12, leaving a balance in hand of \$110.39. He was instructed to draw his order for \$25

in favor of the retiring adjutant general.

A letter of regret was read from Department Chaplain Webster of Newport, who would have been present but for an accident to his wife. A letter of regret from D. A. Ring of Newport was also read.

The election of officers was the interesting feature of the convention, the contest over department commander being especially close. F. F. Goss of Auburn, W. H. Simmons of Rockland and Charles I. Craibe of Togus, were appointed to receive, sort and count votes.

The election of department commander was first on the docket. The name of Surgeon General Norcross was presented, but he declined to accept, whereupon the names of George M. Lovering of Waterville, and Colonel Henry I. Lord of Biddeford, were presented. Mr. Lovering was elected on the first ballot, receiving 25 votes against 21 for Colonel Lord.

For first deputy commander, James Hamilton of Bucksport received 23 votes, S. P. LaGros of Bucksport had 19, and Colonel Lord had 2, Mr. Hamilton being elected.

Marcellus M. Parker of Rockland was elected second deputy commander by acclamation, his name being presented by General J. P. Cilley of Rockland; the other officers chosen were as follows:

Surgeon General—J. H. Shannon of Saco,

Chaplain—J. W. Webster of Newport.

Executive Committee—General J. P. Cilley, Rockland; F. F. Goss, Auburn; J. H. Shannon, Saco; Daniel F. Davis, Bucksport; Isaac B. Davis, Foxcroft; Thomas Hayes, Togus; Calvin Smith, Gardiner.

The new commander made the following appointments: Adjutant general, Daniel P. Stowell, Waterville; quartermaster general, Charles O. Wadsworth, Gardiner; judge advocate general, Colonel Lord, Biddeford. The colonel of each division was requested to recommend two comrades for positions as aides-de-camp.

The new officers were installed by Colonel Lord, assisted by George P. Benson of Waterville as conductor. Colonel Lord was installed by General Eustis.

The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

Resolved, That we recommend to the careful consideration of all our comrades the suggestions of our national commander as it is in his circular letter of October 5, 1898. "Scatter the seed, comrades, stir the boys up, let us form in line of battle, let us invest every point—" We extend our hearty congratulations to our commander-in-chief and would gladly welcome him to the department of Maine.

Resolved, That we extend our cordial friendship and good will to all organizations composed exclusively of ex-soldiers and sailors of the Union Army, believing that every man did his duty in the position to which he was assigned and he must be deserving of the fellowship and commendation of his comrades.

Resolved, That the thanks of this body be and hereby are extended to all that have contributed to our benefit at this session, to transportation companies for reduced fares, to Davis Tillson command No. 12 U. V. U. for courtesy extended and to Edwin Libby Post and Relief Corps, who have so kindly entertained us.

Resolved, That in the death of John Case Pillsbury, of the United States ship *Franklin*, whose funeral occurs this day in Rockland, we recognize one of the many young lives of this country that have been sacrificed for the freeing of the oppressed of other nations.

Resolved, That we recognize and commend the patriotism of the present generation which has come forward as readily as did the young men from '61 to '65.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy.

ENCAMPMENT ECHOES.

The next encampment will be held with Custer Command of Foxcroft.

Edwin Libby Relief Corps scored another victory in entertaining the veterans. For dinner they provided fish and clam chowder with all the accessories, while for supper there were cold meats, hot baked beans, pastry, cake, coffee and the like. When the supper was all over one gray-bearded veteran rapped on the table for silence, and said: "Ladies of Edwin Libby Relief Corps, I have been attending these encampments and soldiers' gatherings for 20 years, but never before have I seen the veterans entertained as well as you have

entertained us to-day." Then you should have heard the women applaud. That veteran spoke from the fulness of his heart (and stomach).

Past Department Commander Eustis had with him at the encampment a war club of wondrous design, the gift of admiring comrades at the encampment in Old Town last year.

Adjutant General Nye brought by special request to the encampment his collection of confederate buttons. General Nye has a unique collection and perhaps there is not another like it in the country. It consists of 25 buttons taken from the uniforms of confederates in different branches of the service. There are navy, cavalry, artillery, infantry, and musicians' buttons. There are Virginia, Maryland, Alabama, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Texas, and Louisiana buttons, the latter containing an image of a pelican and each one bearing some symbolic figure. Mr. Nye began his collection by exchanging buttons with a confederate picket who was stationed near him one night when he was on picket duty. The rest of the buttons he obtained from confederate prisoners and in other ways. Mr. Nye's collection was of great interest to the encampment.

The election of officers was made unanimous in every instance and the best of feeling prevailed.

General Cilley and Dr. Benjamin Williams, who comprised the reception committee, looked carefully

after the comfort of every guest in which pleasant occupation they were ably assisted by the other veterans.

M. M. Parker, as colonel of Davis Tillson Command, was right in his element. Colonel Parker is a great worker and helped make the encampment the great success it was.

Alderman W. H. Simmons, also colonel of Davis Tillson Command, welcomed the visitors in behalf of the city.

George M. Lovering of Waterville, the new commander of the department of Maine, is a native of Springfield, N. H., and was born January 10, 1832. He was one of the minute men of the Fourth Massachusetts Infantry, serving under Colonel Abner Packard. He also served in the Third Massachusetts cavalry and received a commission in the 75th U. S. C. T. He was under fire 42 days at the siege of Port Hudson and received a medal of honor for distinguished bravery at the assault on Port Hudson. He was discharged from the service January 9, 1864, without a wound. He has resided in Waterville the last seven years and is in the employ of the motive department, M. C. R. R. He is an Odd Fellow, a Grand Army man and a past colonel of Atwood Crosby Command, U. V. U., of Waterville. He will make the department a splendid head.

Among the Auburn delegates was Spencer Wyman, a former resident of that pretty city and the

father of Deputy Warden A. C. Wyman of the Thomaston state prison.

The camp-fire which wound up the encampment Wednesday night was a pleasant affair, some excellent speeches being made.

Two comrades met at the encampment who had not seen each

other for 37 years. One had left the other for dead on the battle-field, and the joy of their meeting Wednesday was for no ordinary pen to describe.

One of the delegates wore a pair of pants made in 1862, and had seen service in the rebellion; they attracted lots of attention.

WILSON'S CAVALRY RAID.

By William H. Mayo, Company I, First D. C. Cavalry and Company G, First Maine Cavalry.

It is much easier to write of current events than of what happened thirty-one years ago, but with official records for reference, a fair memory and stirring events to chronicle, I believe I can stumble through with an account of General Wilson's cavalry raid in Virginia in 1864.

A relation of military events is usually dry reading; even the Wizard of the North when he confined himself strictly to facts and figures, failed to make his history of Napoleon entertaining, but his romances founded on the mighty struggles of men and nations of mediæval times are sources of never-ending delight to readers both old and young.

I propose to tell my experience while on this mission of destruction; it is necessarily limited to a large extent to the brigade to which I was attached; the figures and dates I get from the official records.

Pursuant to orders from Meade

to General Kautz to join General Wilson with his division of the Army of the James, the command moved out and joined the Third division of the Army of the Potomac near Mount Sinai Church on June 20. Kautz's division was composed of the First brigade, Fifth Pennsylvania, the Third New York, commanded by Colonel West, the Second brigade, Eleventh Pennsylvania and First D. C., commanded by Colonel Spear, and numbered about 2,500 men; the two divisions mustered between 8,000 and 9,000 with twelve pieces horse artillery, four mountain howitzers, twelve pound, and thirty wagons and ambulances, all commanded by General James Wilson.

The work laid out for this formidable cavalry force was the destruction of the South Side and Danville railroads, and the railroad bridge near Roanoke station. At two p. m. of the 22d the force moved out, Spear's brigade in

advance. We arrived at Reams' station about 7:30 in the morning capturing a few pickets and driving the rest away, and here, commencing the necessary work of destruction, we burned the buildings, one locomotive, and a train of flat cars.

Kantz made no stop here but the Second brigade in advance moved on to Dinwiddie court house where we rested the horses about an hour; we then marched on towards Ford's depot on the South Side Railroad, reaching there about 5:30 p. m. Here we found two locomotives and eighteen cars, all of which were destroyed with miles of track. We bivouacked here and on the morning of the 23d, march was resumed, the Second brigade still in advance.

It appeared to me that we had no time to sleep or rest, for when out of the saddle we were tearing up tracks and smashing things generally. I am sure that we only suspended our work when rest was absolutely needed by the horses. We marched along the South Side railroad passing Wilson's, Black's and White's Stations, burning water tanks, trestles, bridges, saw mills and depots, and doing more damage in an hour to railroad appliances than could be repaired in a month.

We made a short stop at Nottaway court house, then on to the junction of the South Side, Lynchburg, and Richmond and Danville railroads near Burksville, where we arrived about three o'clock of the 23d, much to the surprise and

consternation of the peaceful inhabitants. An immense amount of rolling stock was destroyed at this place and miles of rails towards Richmond and Lynchburg were torn up, made hot and twisted. All this time Wilson with his Third division was following up and making the destruction more complete, if such a thing was possible.

While at Burksville we learned that General Lee with his division of cavalry had got between Wilson's two divisions. We nevertheless pushed on to Keysville where the Third joined us on the 24th, after an all day's fight with Lee near Black's station, and here the united commands bivouacked.

One night we camped—I have forgotten just where it was—near a Confederate hospital filled with wounded men, and a large number of them had undergone amputation. I went through the building and believe that I gave away my last hard tack. It was a pitiful sight to see those men suffering from their wounds and the intense heat, and from the lack of hospital supplies. It illustrated the fact that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The objective point now, as at the start, was Roanoke station, where a railroad bridge spans the Staunton river. Long before daylight on the morning of the 25th the forces pulled out along the railroad, continuing the work of smashing and burning. At six p. m. we arrived at the bluffs overlooking the station and the bridge—the

bone of contention for the possession of which many brave men were to lay down their lives.

Kautz' division was in advance and was elected for the assault, and immediately came the order to dismount and form the attack. This did not take long. One, two, and three for the work in hand, number four to stay with the horses. The second brigade went in on the left, the first on the right. It was a gallant attack and continued as long as there was any chance of success, but after repeated assaults the force was repulsed. The bridge was defended by a force of infantry and batteries posted in earth works covering every approach: then the attack had to be made through a slough where the mud was knee deep. I was number four and stayed with the horses back of the bluff and alternated with a comrade to hold eight horses at times, and then creep up on the bluff to watch the fight which ended about midnight. All through the night we could hear trains coming in on the opposite side of the river bringing reinforcements to the enemy, and while the fight was on at the bridge, Lee's cavalry that had followed us from Black's were keeping Wilson's division busy standing them off in the rear.

It was a season of unusual heat and drouth and both men and horses suffered severely from dust and heat. I met one of General Hampton's men in Chicago after the war, and he told me that they could locate our forces by columns of dust

that rose even higher than the smoke of the burning buildings. Kautz' division lost many brave men in this fight. We brought off all our wounded, but only to fall into the enemy's hands later at Stony Creek. Wilson's division pulled out in the night on its return or retreat, Kautz following with the eleventh Pennsylvania and first District of Columbia alternating to bring up the rear and hold back the Johnnies who nearly surrounded us. After burning the buildings at the station, the First District Columbia, the last to pull out, had to ride parallel to, and within a few hundred yards of the rebel works, by this time crowded with men. It was daylight too, and why they did not fire at us is a mystery to me: but we had to submit to a heavy tongue fire all the same, such as, "Why didn't you come over here last night?" and, "We'll see you later, Yanks!" The rear was attacked several times during the day but we had no trouble repelling the attack.

On the return march part of my company just before joining the column, after picketing a cross roads at night, captured a mail carrier. I believe I never saw a man worse scared than he was: he dropped a basket of eggs that he was carrying to hold up his hands and beg for mercy. We relieved him of his mail sack, and a few shots fired over his head started him off at a gait that would surprise any sprinter of these peaceful and degenerate times. In his mail sack were some Richmond papers with ac-

counts of our raid up to date, and advice to General Lee to make no prisoners of the Yankee vandals, but to hang the last one of us for the outrages we had committed on helpless women and children.

A pleasant fate to contemplate truly! As for the reports of outrages, they were malicious falsehoods. I never saw or heard a woman or child approached or spoken to in any but a respectful manner.

The Twenty-seventh was in the saddle early but took it very easily this day, halting several times to give the horses rest. We crossed the Meherrin river at 8:45 and reached Price's farm at 10:30 p. m. and bivouacked.

By this time the negroes, men, women, and children, had joined our columns in spite of orders and protests and in such numbers as to be constantly in the way. Poor creatures! they thought their day of emancipation had come, and it had for many of them, for the rebels appeared to delight in shooting them down. Some kept up with the procession from start to finish, and about four hundred of them came into our lines with Wilson, and a few with Kautz. More than one thousand of them fell into the hands of the Confederates at Stony Creek.

On the twenty-eighth we were on the move before daylight, crossed the Nottaway bridge at 4 p. m. and kept on to Stony Creek station where Wilson's division was engaged in desperate battle with two

divisions of cavalry under Hampton; but the fight here did not delay Kautz however, for he kept on with his two brigades marching all night and arrived near Reams' station about six o'clock on the morning of the 29th. Here the Eleventh Pennsylvania in the van was brought to a halt by artillery and infantry under Finnegan of Mahoney's command. Now came the order for the First District Columbia to dismount and advance as skirmishers. I was number one this time and went with the boys. We had barely got in line when an Alabama brigade under Colonel Sanders, charged the line and drove us back some distance, but the Eleventh Pennsylvania came to the rescue. Several companies of this regiment who had remained in the saddle joined with the dismounted troops who had been deployed as skirmishers, and joined us on the left we rallied in a counter charge, and soon had the Alabama men seeking shelter in the woods. We held the position gained by this counter charge for several hours, but were finally ordered back to the rear of our battery.

The First District Columbia was armed with Henry rifles (sixteen shooters) and it was in this fight that the Johnnies said we carried a gun that we could load on Sunday for a week's shooting.

At this time we were in a nasty and critical situation. Wilson had reason to think that General Hancock held Reams' station: instead we had General Hoak's and Finne-

gan's infantry holding the station, Lee's cavalry on our flank, and General Wade Hampton with two divisions of cavalry closing the gap. After Wilson joined us, and we were all surrounded, no doubt the Confederate general thought that they had us to a certainty. The men under Wilson were in a terrible state of exhaustion at this time and it was almost impossible to keep from falling to sleep. We had been fighting or running for nine days and I believe the only sleep I got was in the saddle. Besides, I for one, was hungry; the boys in gray gave us no time to sleep, and we had nothing to eat.

About this time General Wilson ordered Kautz to cut loose from everything and save as many men and horses as possible. We had captured a good many horses and many of ours had given out. I can find no record of the number of horses lost for the entire command, but it must have been several thousand. Colonel Spear reports a loss of seven hundred and twelve in his brigade, the Second.

Now commenced a wild skedaddle through heavy timber, shells from rebel batteries knocking the branches about our ears. Then a charge through an infantry force, and the crossing of a deep railroad cut. Here was a scene I shall never forget. The Confederates had a battery commanding the crossing, with infantry on both sides of us. It looked desperate to me, but it was either this way to

our lines or a rebel prison. My horse had not failed me during the ride, and he did not here; he slid down the embankment to the track gracefully enough, but what a sight was here! Men and horses piled up in inextricable confusion. It was impossible to get through without stepping on one or the other. I dismounted, took my horse by the head and led him to the opposite bank, when a shell exploded directly over him and tearing away a blanket I had lashed to the saddle, helped us both up the bank. Arriving on the bank there was a muddy stream to cross still under the fire of musketry and artillery; then a swamp that the long drouth had made passable; then safety, but utterly exhausted and badly scared.

My horse had fallen with me several times coming through the timber. I believe that he was asleep, and after crossing the swamp, he refused to go further. I could only take off his furniture and leave him where there was water and grazing and follow the procession on foot. I recovered him several weeks later but he was of no further use for cavalry service. Three days later I came in to our old camp at Jones' landing opposite Malvern hill. General Wilson came into our lines at another point and several days later than Kautz, with a badly demoralized force.

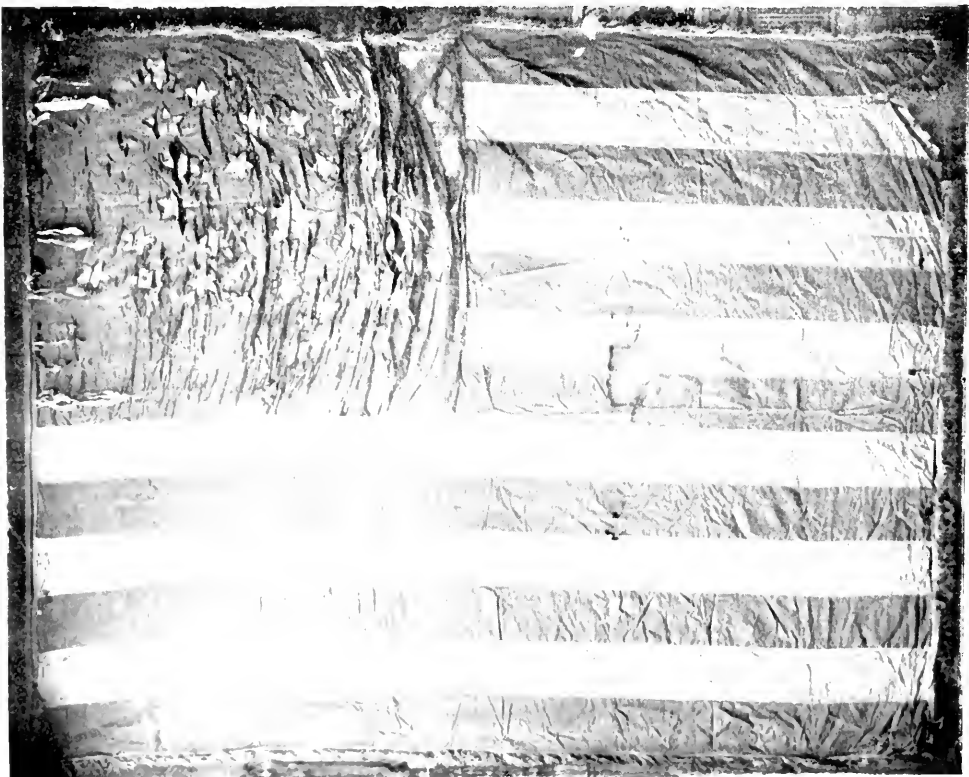
As to the losses in this expedition the reports of commanders are so conflicting in the official records that it is hard to arrive at facts.

The First District Columbia lost one hundred and thirty-eight men; Lieutenant-Colonel Conger in command, Major Curtis and Captain Sanford were severely wounded, but managed in some way to reach our lines. Captains Benson and Chase and several lieutenants were badly wounded and fell into the enemy's hands with the ambulances. The Eleventh Pennsylvania losses were about the same. All of our artillery, howitzers, wagon trains and ambulances filled with wounded, fell into the enemy's hands. We did not save a wheel. General Wilson says that he lost nine hundred men, killed, wounded, and missing. General Lee claims to have captured one thousand men besides the wounded.

NOTE.—Tobie's history of the First Maine Cavalry, gives by name the loss of the eight Maine companies in the District of Columbia Cavalry, as four killed, nine wounded, of whom one died, nine wounded and prisoners of whom one died, and twenty nine prisoners of whom thirteen died, making a total of fifty-one.

Was it worth while? General Meade said, "The brilliant success of the operation, and the heavy injuries inflicted on the enemy were deemed ample compensation for the losses we sustained."

General Grant said in his report, "The damage to the enemy more than compensated for the losses we sustained; it severed the connection by railroad with Richmond for several weeks."



FLAG OF TWENTY EIGHTH NEW YORK.—See page 182.

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1861—1865.

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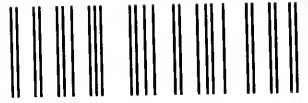
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