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Civil War

STORIES OF OUR SOLDIERS.

WAR REMINISCENCES,

BY

"CARLETON"

*Charles
Carleton
Coffin*

AND BY

SOLDIERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

COLLECTED FROM THE SERIES WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR

The Boston Journal.



ILLUSTRATED BY J. S. BARROWS.

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INTRODUCTION.

On the 19th of November, 1892, the Boston Journal began a series of war reminiscences by Carleton, the well-known war correspondent of the paper in the days of the Rebellion, and by the veteran soldiers of New England themselves. The desire of the paper has been to preserve those stories of individual heroism and adventure which have never been compiled for the formal histories, and to give to the generation grown up since the war a better idea of the personal sacrifices and brave deeds of our boys in blue than they could obtain from the war books, which deal so largely with general events and with general officers.

The name which the Journal has always held as a staunch friend of the soldiers led at once to the expectation of a camp fire gathering which should be unique in size and interesting in character, and the expectation has been more than realized. Not only have hundreds of New England veterans, privates, captains, colonels and generals contributed their stories of experiences to swell the history, but the popular voice of appreciation greeting the work tells of its attractiveness.

It does not seem right that these valuable personal records of the work of our New England soldiers should pass away without permanent publication, and the Journal, therefore, has prepared from the sketches already published a volume of the leading articles, with a number of the supplementary articles, and illustrated them with the pictures used in the Journal stories. These pictures are of particular value, as many of them can be found in no other place, the Journal having had them made especially for the reminiscences from war-time photographs loaned by the possessors.

Taken in connection with the other war stories which continue to appear daily in the Journal (and which will run for months to come), this collection will prove of unique value to historians and of great interest to every patriotic man, woman and youth of New England. As illustrating the especial value of the work, it may be stated that in this volume is for the first time explained the real reason for the supposed unaccountable blunder at Ball's Bluff. The story of the much-discussed capture of Gen. Roger A. Pryor on the picket line is also told by an eye-witness, and this article caused the Southern papers to comment on its importance as relieving Gen. Pryor from Southern suspicion regarding his loyalty to the Confederates. The question, "Who was the youngest officer in the war?" is also established by interesting evidence within these pages.

To the old soldier, and to the veteran of those exciting campaigns of thirty years ago, whether by land or by sea, in which they took so gallant a part, it is not necessary to recount the chronological sequence of the battles of the War of the Rebellion.

To those who have come into being since the cross jack banner of secession was furled for all time at Appomattox, as well as to the youth of the rising generation, devoid of those memories, who is to be thrilled in the many after years to come by their relating, it is of interest to know that the opening gun of that great struggle was fired upon Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, in the early dawn of the 12th of April, 1861; that the flag of Sumter was lowered after high noon of the next day, and saluted by the devoted garrison.

How the patriotic impulses of the loyal North were stirred by that insult to the flag or the Union of States and of liberty can never be forgotten by boy or man then living.

It is to give some conception of the prevalent feeling of that epoch in the nation's life that the succeeding papers have been written.

Following fast upon the fall of Sumter, came the departure of the troops; the attack upon the Massachusetts Sixth in Baltimore; the opening of the door to Washington by General Butler and the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment; the saving of the Constitution and death of Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth.

These were but the preliminaries which paled in utter insignificance beside the momentous events of the years that were to come.

There were, to be sure, some reconnoissances in force—by Gen. Butler, to Great Bethel, where Theodore Winthrop fell; by Col. Wallace, to Romney, where 500 rebels were put to flight; to Vienna and other points, while in the West the gallant Gen. Lyon fought quite a notable little battle at Booneville, and put to ignominious flight the forces of the arrogant Gov. Claiborne F. Jackson of Missouri.

But the war was looked upon, in spite of all this, as a novel and romantic ninety days' picnic, until the eyes of the North were rudely opened to its seriousness by the first really great battle at Bull Run, Virginia, fought upon Manassas Plains on Sunday, the 21st of July, 1861. Its serio-comic and tragic phases, as viewed by Carleton, an eye-witness upon the battlefield itself, are presented by him in his interesting way in a succeeding paper within these covers.

Following Bull Run there ensued much minor fighting, both in Virginia and the West, with a general consolidation and reorganization of the army. But the most striking battle of that fall, and one which for thirty years has been most inexplicable because of the tragic blunder demonstrated and sad disaster entailed, was that of Ball's Bluff.

Its mystery is now explained in this volume by General John W. Kimball, the present State Auditor, and at the time Major of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment, the first battalion to develop the enemy and engage his fire on that October morning.

The Sherman expedition to Port Royal, and the brilliant victory there achieved in November, materially relieved the gloom of the year. Hon. John C. Linehan's narrative, that of an interested participant, presents details not before given.

In March, 1862, was fought that battle which established the supremacy of the iron-clad, and revolutionized the navies of the world—when Greek met Greek in Hampton Roads.

The battle of Antietam in September, '62, marked the turning back of the first Northern movement of Lee—the cherished idea of the Confederates—and Fredericksburg in December, with its bloody sacrifice of heroic lives, roused the nation to the necessity of relegating the politician to the rear. This volume covers the striking events of special interest in these earlier years of the conflict.

The history of the war is yet to be written. With the passions and prejudices of thirty years ago forever stilled—with the fraternization of the blue and the gray—we are even now but just opening its pages in their actual, truthful reality.

Boston, February, 1893.

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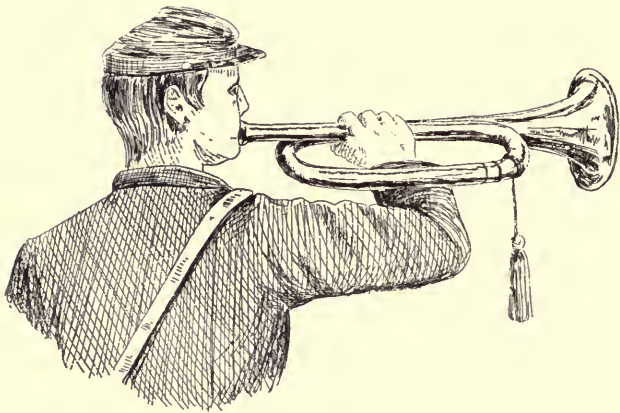
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FALL IN!

CARLETON AT HOME.

Thirty years ago the readers of The Boston Journal were enabled to follow the movements of the armies engaged in the Civil War by the vivid descriptions of rapidly changing events, written over the signature "Carleton."

Although the facilities for dispatching the news from the seat of war to The Journal were not like those of to-day, the letters followed each other with a rapidity that showed the agility and push of the correspondent.

The man who so skillfully transferred the scenes of battle to words and sentences, and such sentences that gave the anxious reader a perfect pen picture of the scene, was Charles Carleton Coffin, who to-day walks the streets of Boston with the same elastic step with which 30 years ago he "followed the flag."

In his home on Dartmouth street Mr. Coffin is to be found sitting at his study table, ready to chat about affairs politic, military or social, as the caller desires, for "Carleton" is as accomplished a conversationalist as he is a writer. Mr. Coffin is now on the eve of three score and ten, and the prospects are that the next decade will be one of labor, but yet not sorrow—rather one of labor of love—for to him has been granted an especial privilege in not only telling the war story in the heat of conflict to the men of the country but also as the years give a perspective to those stirring scenes, to relate them again to the children of those who kept the home safe and the country free.

The burden of years rests on him light, and Mr. Coffin may well claim for himself to be "seventy years young," for though the hair and

beard are now whitening, he reminds one of the hills of his native "Granite State," that need just the color of the snow-cap to make them stand out against the blue above. His eye is bright, and as he sits talking it flashes with all its original fire; as he walks the streets he seems to be a living embodiment of the ideal "Patriot," as in truth he is, for to one who watched his country while in the throes of civil war and has lived both in its past and present, as he has, the impressions of its importance and worth can not be slight.

Mr. Coffin was born to his work, inheriting from his grandsires the blood of those who made the colonies independent, and in his boyhood he drank in with all a child's eagerness the stories of the old pensioners of '76, showing at an early age that ability to gather facts that marked him for his life work—and too, who knows how much of the spirit he infused into "Old Times in the Colonies," and "Boys of '76," came from the memories of the fireside tales he heard in his boyhood.

But it is with Mr. Coffin as the war correspondent and historical writer that the country at large is best acquainted, and the mind's eye pictures him as in those days on horseback, field-glass in hand, watching the lines of blue and gray.

In recalling those days Mr. Coffin tells how he always wore a long blue overcoat, and with his slouch hat it was difficult to distinguish him from the line officers, and he tells with a twinkle in his eye that shows his appreciation of the humor of the situation, how, presuming

on his disguise, when he was about to cross the lines, the officer in command called, "Turn out the guard and salute the General," and he said, "Never mind the guard," and giving the salute would ride on unchallenged.

Of all the war correspondents who went to the front at the beginning of the conflict, Mr. Coffin was the only one to remain to the close. This was possible from his strong constitution and careful habits, for while many others fell victims to the attacks of disease, or were killed in action, Mr. Coffin "was carried through," as he says, "on coffee" and the frequent rest days he took.

Although during his campaigning he was often in danger, he never carried side arms, not even a revolver, for he says he felt the danger would be greater from his own weapons than from those of others. On one occasion, in the early part of the war, at Blackburn's Ford his excitement carried him so far into the thick of the fight that the General in command ordered him out and to the rear, which experience proved a good lesson. At the battle of Gettysburg, where the bullets were passing thickly about him—not as in the case of Artemas Ward—"in wagons on the way to the battle field," but in the rain of death, he, with Whitelaw Reid, the Cincinnati Gazette correspondent, narrowly escaped death, and Mr. Reid was so impressed with Mr. Coffin's bravery and ability as a news gatherer that he paid his especial compliments in his letters to the Gazette.

Although the most direct mail route from the seat of war to Boston was by way of Chicago, Mr. Coffin was not to be baffled, and his letters were sent by any means possible that would insure their safe and speedy transportation to The Journal; often he left the field on the close of a battle and traveled as far as New York, writing as he went, and a number of times he even came the entire distance to Boston.

An example of his omnipresence and rapidity of movement may be had in the fact that on Jan. 8, 1862, he wrote of the condition of affairs at St. Louis; on the 8th of the same month he was at Rolla, in Missouri; three days later he was at Cairo with Commodore Foote's gunboats, and later from the Commodore he learned the facts of the taking of Fort Henry, and knowing as other correspondent had heard the story he at once started northward by train, writing out the account while traveling, and had the pleasant satisfaction in knowing The Journal was

the first paper to publish the account, which was duly copied by the other papers of the country.

Being his own master of action, Mr. Coffin was unhampered by orders from the office, and so was enabled to follow any line of work he chose, or, as he says, "When I saw a new campaign open I went for it," and he covered the country from the Potomac to the Mississippi.

Not only as correspondent did Mr. Coffin take part in the campaigns, but many times he served as temporary aid, his coolness and experience making him a valuable addition to a staff.

While at Island No. 10 his early knowledge of engineering became of practical value, for he assisted Capt. Maynadier of the engineers in directing the fire of the mortar fleet, and while watching the bombardment from the roof of a corn crib the Confederate artillery fire demolished a building but a few feet distant; another time, at Memphis, he assisted at the taking of the Confederate ship Little Rebel, and helped to haul down the flag.

The account of the Battle of Gettysburg from his pen was received as a most accurate description of that great battle, and those letters in The Journal seem as full of life as when written so many years ago.

So accurate was his account that it was copied not only by the American press, but even translated by the French and German journals.

Mr. Coffin entered Richmond close on the heels of the evacuating rebel force, and registered his name at the Spottsville Hotel, the first Union man for a long time. He met President Lincoln on his arrival there and escorted him and party to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters.

With the close of the war Mr. Coffin's occupation as an army correspondent ceased, but his work as an author and chronicler of events had but just begun; had begun, I say, for he had found time while under the cloud of the war to write three volumes telling the story of the scenes in which he was living, in a way calculated to attract juvenile readers; these were "Days and Nights on the Battle Field," "Following the Flag," and "Winning His Way."

These works were only the beginning, for he has given to the young people of the country whom, in the generous benevolence of his mind, he felt should have some patriotic lessons taught in an attractive way. "The Story of

'CARLETON' IN WAR TIME.



'CARLETON' IN PEACE.



Liberty," "Old Times in the Colonies," "Building the Nation," "The Drum Beat of the Nation," "Marching to Victory," "Redeeming the Republic," "Freedom Triumphant," these letter four being a series telling the history of the war in a chronological order from the fall of Sumpter to Appomattox.

He has also found time to write a life of Garfield, and the "Life of Lincoln" has at this writing just appeared, and he is still busy; the results of his labors the future will reveal.

Mr. Coffin is a busy man, he is in demand as a lecturer, and he labors daily on his books, working steadily each morning till they are completed.

His home has many reminders in view of his army life, and his later tour around the world which followed his service as foreign war correspondent in 1866, and during the three years that followed in which he was engaged in travel, he wrote a weekly letter to The Journal.

Mr. Coffin enjoys the distinction of belonging to The Journal family, and is a welcome visitor to the office, for during the winter of 1860 and '61 he occupied the position of night editor, leaving it for the more active and important duty on the battle fields.

Mr. Coffin has received many honors at the hands of his fellow citizens, but no more expressive tribute can be paid him than to say "he loves his country and countrymen."

JOHN STUART BARROWS.

CARLETON'S NOTES OF BALL'S BLUFF.

The note-books carried in my pocket during the four years of the war of the Rebellion are worn and faded. No one, other than myself, would comprehend the pencillings made on the march, by the bivouac and on the battle field, but a flood of memories sweeps over me as I turn the time stained leaves. I see the serried ranks of the mighty army, hear the deep thunder of the cannonade, the rattle of musketry, the wild hurrah of the charge, the wail of defeat, the shout of victory. Once more I am amid the dead and dying. Once more I stand upon the ruins of Sumter, where treason began the war, and meditate upon the power of a free people to suppress the most gigantic rebellion of all time. Again I walk the streets of Richmond with Abraham Lincoln and behold the city a sea of flame.

Nearly a third of a century has passed since the outbreak of the rebellion. A generation has come upon the stage to whom the struggle for the maintenance of the government of the people is ancient history. Many thousands who marched to the music of the fife and drum have passed on to the larger life. Nearly all the chief actors in the great drama have departed, but there are still many thousand veterans remaining who delight to recall the scenes and incidents of the war, who perchance will welcome the series of letters which I am about to write. To many whose memories do not go back to the war, the letters, I trust, will give some insight into the greatness of the struggle, heroism and patriotism of those who periled

and who gave their lives that the Government of the people might not perish.

During the war it was my duty to record passing events without comment upon the action or inaction of those in command of the armies. I had no moral right at that time to praise or blame, but now as a historian it is my privilege to express my own opinions upon the conduct of the war, and to make observations upon men and events. I shall endeavor to treat every subject deliberately, and without partisan prejudice.

Thirty-one years have passed since the disaster to the Union troops at Ball's Bluff on the banks of the Potomac. After Bull Run it was the most prominent military event of the first year of the war. I recall a sweet, calm and restful autumnal day. I was in Washington and knew that General McClellan had planned a reconnaissance by a portion of the troops at Poolsville across the Potomac in the vicinity of Leesburg. Just what he intended to accomplish by the movement never has been very clearly or satisfactorily stated. The force selected was wholly inadequate to hold any position that might be gained on the Virginia side. So far as now can be seen nothing was to be gained by such a movement. During the afternoon I visited Gen. McClellan's headquarters, which were in a large brick building, one of the largest and best mansions in Washington. I could obtain no information. While waiting for an interview with McClellan, President Lincoln entered the room. I had made his acquaintance

in his Springfield home immediately after his nomination in 1860. He gave me a cordial greeting. A staff officer announced the presence of the President to McClellan. I could hear the click of the telegraph within. Several minutes passed before the officer returned and invited the President to enter the inner room. While waiting Mr. Lincoln rested his head upon his hand and seemed lost in thought. There were lines of trouble on his sunken cheeks. He did not remain long with McClellan, but came out and with long strides moved toward the door. His head was bowed, and his hands were clasped upon his heart. He walked with tottering gait, reeling as if beneath a staggering blow. He stumbled upon the outer steps, but did not fall. He passed down the street towards the White House, carrying not only the burden of the nation upon his heart, but a heavy load of private grief, which with swiftness of a lightning flash had been hurled upon him.

"What is it?" I asked of Gen. Marcy, Chief of Staff.

"There has been a disaster at Ball's Bluff; we have lost a large number of men, possibly fifteen hundred, and Col. Baker is killed."

My acquaintance with Edward Dickenson Baker was that of a newspaper correspondent with public men. The present generation knows him only as a man, but he was a very remarkable man, one of the many remarkable men of the century. He was of English birth, born in London 1811, being two years younger than President Lincoln. His father emigrated to Philadelphia in 1815. Early in his boyhood young Baker was set to work in a woolen manufactory. He had a limited education in the public school. In 1825 the family moved to Illinois. The boy determined to make the most of himself, and studied law. At the age of 24 he opened an office at Springfield. When Abraham Lincoln moved from New Salem to Springfield to become a lawyer, with all his worldly effects in his saddle bags, and became a lodger in a loft over Joshua F. Speed's store, he found Baker quite well established in the profession. A warm intimacy sprang up between them. They belonged to the same political party, both being ardent Whigs. Both were elected to the Legislature in 1837. It was a legislative body containing men whose names are inseparably connected with the history of our country. Among others were Stephen A. Douglas, John J. Hardin, the latter prominent

in the war with Mexico, James Shields, Major General during the war of the Rebellion, of whom I may have something to say in another letter, William A. Richardson, subsequently member of Congress, John A. McClernand, Major General during the war, and Abraham Lincoln. In the Harrison campaign of 1840 Baker and Lincoln stumped the State together, Baker was the most popular orator of the two, and aroused wild enthusiasm by his impassioned eloquence. Lincoln amused people by his stories, and carried conviction by his argument. Baker was speaking one evening in the Court House at Springfield to a turbulent crowd composed largely of Democrats. His argument was aggressive and forcible, and greatly angered them. "Down with him! Put him out!" they cried. A gang of roughs rushed upon the platform, immediately over which was a scuttle in the ceiling opening to a chamber above, where Lincoln was lying at full length upon the floor listening to Baker. The next moment the audience saw a pair of long legs dangling from the scuttle, then the whole form of Lincoln as he let himself down upon the platform. He seized the stone water pitcher standing on the table, lifted it above his head, and shouted: "I will smash it over the head of the first man who lays his hands on Baker! Free speech, gentlemen. Let us not disgrace the age and the country in which we live. Baker has a right to speak and I am here to protect him. No man shall take him from this stand if I can prevent it." As once upon the Galilean Lake the storm was hushed by One who said "Peace, be still," so was it there by the action of Abraham Lincoln, who was liked and respected by all parties, and Baker proceeded without further interruption.

When the war with Mexico began Baker raised a regiment in Illinois, was commissioned Colonel, and joined the forces under Gen. Scott at Matamoras. He was made bearer of dispatches to Washington. Being a member of the House, he made a forcible speech in Congress advocating the prosecution of the war, then resigned his seat. He again joined the army and was at the siege of Vera Cruz. At Cerro Gordo, when Gen. Shields, commanding the brigade, was wounded, Baker became Commander, and rendered distinguished service to the close of the war. In 1852 he emigrated to California and in 1859 to Oregon, where he was elected to the United States Senate. Upon the outbreak of the war he went to Philadelphia, and by his patriotism and eloquence raised a regiment con-

taining 1400 men, which, in the language of William D. Kelley, were the "Flower of Philadelphia." It was known as the California regiment. President Lincoln tendered a commission as Brigadier General to Baker, which was respectfully declined. He preferred to remain with the men whom he had persuaded to enlist. He still retained his seat as Senator. I recall him as I saw him in the Senate and also at the head of his regiment, tall and of commanding presence, the picture of robust health, affable, courteous, dignified, restless at times, in the Senate chamber frequently walking in rear of the chairs, seemingly lost in thought, yet doubtless hearing every word spoken. It was on August 1, 1861, that he entered the Senate wearing his uniform. John C. Breckinridge, Vice President under Buchanan, Senator from Kentucky, was speaking upon the bill for the suppression of the rebellion. He was bitterly denouncing the war and opposing its prosecution. He said: "War is separation; it is disunion, eternal disunion. We have separation now; it will be worse as the war goes on. In addition to the moans and cries of widows and orphans you will hear the cries of distress for the wants and comforts of life. The Pacific slope is now devoted, doubtless, to the Union; but if you increase the burdens of taxation, will they remain? You already see New England and the great Northwest in a measure divided. Fight twelve months and you will have three confederacies, fight a little longer and you will have four."

Colonel Baker arose. "Mr. President," he said, "what words are these? What their meaning? Are they not words of brilliant, polished treason? What would have been thought in another capital, another republic, in a yet more martial age, if a Senator as grave—not more eloquent or dignified than the Senator from Kentucky, yet with the Roman purple flowing over his shoulders—had risen in his place, surrounded by all the emblems of Roman glory, and declared that the cause of advancing Hannibal was just, and that Carthage ought to be dealt with in terms of peace? What would have been thought if, after the battle of Cannæ, a Senator had then risen in his place and denounced every levy of the Roman people, every expenditure of its treasure, and every appeal to the old recollections and old glories?" A voice was heard—that of William Pitt Fessenden of Maine:

"He would have been hurled from the Tarpeian Rock."

"Does not the Senator from Kentucky know?"

continued Baker, "that every word he has uttered will be an inspiration to every Confederate ear? For myself, I have no such words to utter. For me, amid temporary defeat, disaster and disgrace, it seems that my duty calls me to utter another word, a word for bold, sudden, forward, determined war, according to the laws of war, advancing with all the past glories of the Republic urging us on."

Col. Baker had obeyed the orders of his superior officer in an ill-planned movement to Ball's Bluff. A few hours after witnessing the agony of President Lincoln I stood beside the body of the fallen commander, and beheld his face peaceful in death, and recalled the lines he had composed "To a Wave."

"Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest
O wave, that leavest thy mother's breast?
Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below
In scorn of their calm and constant flow?
Or art thou seeking some distant land
To die in murmurs upon the strand?"

"I too am a wave on the stormy sea;
I too am a wanderer, driven like thee;
I too am seeking a distant land,
To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand;
For the land I seek is a waveless shore,
And those who once reach it shall wander no more."

Col. Baker was not only a poet, but an excellent musician, and often gave pleasure to companies of ladies and gentlemen in a drawing room by his rendering of songs. His reading was extensive, and he could speak several languages fluently. Abraham Lincoln had no warmer supporter, and the Republic no more loyal son than he. Shall we wonder that the blow struck home to the heart of the President?

As I rode along the bank of the Potomac on my way to Poolsville I saw the bodies floating in the stream of those that were killed at Ball's Bluff, or who were drowned while attempting to gain the Maryland shore. The ill-starred affair was over when I arrived. Col. Charles Devens with a portion of the Fifteenth Massachusetts Regiment had been ordered to cross the Potomac on a preliminary reconnoissance. The only means of transportation provided were an old scow and canal boat. The sun was rising when he reached the Virginia shore and drove in the Confederate pickets. During the forenoon the remainder of his own regiment, and portions of the Twentieth Massachusetts, a portion of Col. Baker's regiment, and of the Tammany regiment of New York, and two howitzers were ferried across the river, in all, between two and three thousand men. They had been ordered thither by Gen. Stone. Just what they were there for no one knew except to reconnoitre. At mid afternoon they were



COLONEL E. D. BAKER AND BALL'S BLUFF.

assailed by more than twice their number of Confederates under Gen. Evans. For an hour the firing was at long range, like the pattering of rain drops before the full burst of a full storm. The Massachusetts Fifteenth was most exposed and suffered severely. But there was no flinching. The steadiness of the troops won the admiration of Col. Baker, who said: "If I had two more such regiments I would cut my way to Leesburg." He rode a white horse and was a conspicuous object. Suddenly he reeled from his saddle, pierced with four balls, either of which would have been fatal, and died instantly. His body was borne to the Maryland shore. The command devolved on Col. Cogswell of the New York regiment, who ordered a retreat.

It is at this moment that the coolness and bravery of Charles Devens becomes conspicuous: "I do not think it best to retreat. Do you issue it as an order?" he said. "I do," Cogswell replied. "I would like to have you repeat your order in the presence of others," said Devens. Col. Cogswell repeated it, and the retreat was made with great steadiness to the river's bank. There are nearly two thousand men, with only the canal boat and scow as their means of escape! The exultant enemy is pressing nearer. "Every man must take care

of himself," is the shout of Devens as he throws his sword into the Potomac, strips off his coat and plunges into the water. No language can adequately set forth the horror of the scene. Down to the top of the bluff rush the enemy, pouring volley after volley upon the helpless crowd beneath, many standing irresolutely upon the bank unable to swim, lifting their hands imploringly and crying for quarter. Others are struggling in the swift running stream, the Confederates deliberately taking aim at them. It is not possible for us after the lapse of nearly a third of a century, and after a cooling of passion, to comprehend the bitterness and hate of the Confederates in 1861. It was a hate born of slavery, brutal and barbarous.

The body of Col. Baker was tenderly cared for by George A. Brackett of Minneapolis, who happened to be at Poolsville. Many of those who recently attended the Republican National Convention in that city will remember him as a most efficient manager in charge of the arrangements. The corpse was taken to Washington, and in the capital fitting tribute was paid to the memory of the fallen commander. He had been an earnest advocate for the building of the telegraph line to San Francisco. There is pathos in the thought that the first message transmitted over the line was the announcement of his death. The country had lost a true patriot and Abraham Lincoln a life-long friend.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

Of movements of armies during the four years of the Rebellion that to Bull Run, July, 1861, was the most picturesque—with bands playing, colors flying, and every soldier keeping step to the music as if on dress parade. There was a great variety of uniforms. Some of the regiments were in blue, others in gray, some trimmed with red, others white, green or yellow. There were hats and caps; some with pompons, others with plumes. One regiment from Pennsylvania, commanded by Colonel Cameron, were uniformed as Highlanders with the kilt skirt, a section of the leg exposed. Another regiment was uniformed as zouaves with baggy blue trousers, preposterous jackets, turbans of red, white and blue, or scarlet fezzes. I recall officers who were radiant with bright, new uniforms. The trousers of some were trimmed with red stripes, others with yellow. Some wore fatigue caps, others slouched hats. There was a mixture of the Orient and Occident. It was more like a grand masquerade than anything I had ever scene.

We must not forget that some of the regiments were State troops, wearing their ordinary uniforms. Some of the new regiments, enlisted for three years, were uniformed in gray, others in blue. The terms of some of the three months men were about expiring, and many of the soldiers were glad that the army was on the march; they did not want to go home until they had taken part in a battle. There was one officer in the moving column, William T. Sherman, who comprehended better than anybody else the situation of affairs. He had just returned North from Louisiana, where he had been an instructor in the State Military Institute. He was in command of a brigade. I made his acquaintance a few days previous

to the movement. My headquarters for several days before the advance were with Gen. Tyler's division, stationed at Fall's Church, the most advanced position held by the Union troops. I shared the general enthusiasm and believed that the Union troops, having right on their side, would move triumphantly on to Richmond. It is laughable now, but we were in earnest then. The cry throughout the North was "On to Richmond." We were going there; there was no doubt about it. Beauregard and his crowd of braggarts, who were boasting that one Southerner was equal to five Yankees, would be brushed away and the army would move triumphantly on the rebel capital! It was the universal expectation.

The nearest Confederates were at Fairfax Court House, but the main army under Beauregard was in the vicinity of Manassas. It was supposed that he would make Bull Run the line of defence. There was another Confederate army under Johnston at Winchester in the Shenandoah, and a Union army under Patterson at Harper's Ferry. The danger that confronted McDowell, commanding the Union troops, was the possible sudden transfer of Johnston's army to Manassas. Patterson was ordered to prevent such a movement. Gen. Scott, who planned the campaign, seemed to forget that Johnston could make the movement by rail, whereas Patterson would be compelled to march.

At 3 o'clock on the afternoon of a beautiful July day the bugle sounded and Tyler's division filed into the Leesburg turnpike, with several correspondents, including the artist of Harper's Weekly and the correspondent of the Boston Journal in advance. It is very laughable now, but we were earnest and determined then, and

we were there to see what would happen. At times the bands played, and then a regiment sang—not "John Brown"—it was too early for that, but the "Star-spangled Banner," or some doggerel to "Yankee Doodle." The first bivouac was at Vienna. I was fortunate in obtaining permission to spread my blanket on the floor of a little building, used by an old resident, who was a sort of a botanical physician, and the room was fragrant with catnip and peppermint. There was a laughable scene in the morning when the soldiers overturned several bee hives and helped themselves to honey and the bees took their revenge by putting men and horses to flight.

At an early hour the column was again on the march with the correspondents once more in the advance. As we emerged from a piece of woods, we came in view of Fairfax Court House and discovered several Confederate cavalrymen in the field. Two companies of Connecticut troops under Captain Joseph Hawley, since Governor and now Senator, were acting as skirmishers. Captain Hawley, taking a musket from one of his soldiers, aimed at the cavalrymen and fired. It was the first shot of the campaign. All except one of the Confederates rode rapidly away. The one who did not flee, waited for our advance, and gave himself up as prisoner. He lived in the neighborhood and I apprehend that he cared more for his young wife than he did for the Confederacy at that moment. A little farther on a larger body of Confederates was discovered. Two pieces of Varian's battery came into position and threw shells toward them, and they suddenly disappeared. Again the column moved on; we were getting on toward Richmond swimmingly. At Germantown we discovered two Confederate cannon and a line of soldiers behind a line of breastworks, but the cannon quickly disappeared in the direction of Centreville. Their retreat was so precipitate that a large amount of baggage was left behind. I picked up a carpet bag containing clothing, the property of a South Carolinian. The morning of the third day brought the army to Centreville, which was reached by the correspondents in advance of the troops. At the only tavern, a white woman waved the Stars and Stripes, as Mr. Waud, with sketch book, and the correspondent of the Journal stepped on the piazza. Peeping from the doors and windows of several cabins were scores of grinning negroes.

It was a little past 11 o'clock when Richardson's brigade, in which was the Massachusetts First Regiment, under Col. Cowdin, turned southward and moved toward Blackburn's Ford. Passing through woods, the brigade came into a field looking down a gentle slope. The skirmishers soon encountered the Confederates. There was a rattling of musketry, and then Gen. Tyler directed Captain Ayers to wheel his guns into position and open fire. I saw a puff of smoke and then heard a strange noise in the air. The next moment there was an explosion a few rods distant from where I was standing. The shell had burst among a company of dragoons, wounding two soldiers. Three

companies of the Massachusetts First, with two cannon, were sent down the slope. Gen. Tyler took his position under some peach trees near a deserted house. Wishing to see what was going on, I followed the advancing line, when suddenly the air was filled with bullets. The troops had come in contact with Longstreet's Confederate brigade, holding Blackburn's Ford. Louder, wilder and more startling than the volley which they had fired was the re-echoed yell. A thousand Confederates were howling like wolves. I heard similar yells many times afterward, but never was the howl so startling. There are times when discretion is better than boldness, and as the bullets were striking the ground in the immediate vicinity, I made a quick retreat to Gen. Tyler's position to receive a reprimand. "You have no business down there," he said sternly. I agreed with him, and, finding a position somewhat sheltered in the road, could see all that took place without being very much exposed. The Ambulance Corps was called for to bring back the wounded. I recall the first wounded man brought back on a stretcher—his thigh torn to pieces by a cannon shot. I have seen many thousand wounded men since there, but never a wound which so startled me. The reflection came that this was war. All its glamour was gone in an instant. The strain upon my nerves was a little relieved at seeing Capt. Brackett, commanding the cavalry, an old army officer, who had served in Mexico, deliberately fill his pipe, strike a match and begin smoking, unmindful of the shells which were flying through the air.

I recall a laughable incident. When the troops were recalled from their position they came back upon the run. A regiment from New York, composed in part of Irishmen, was stationed in the woods as a second line. The soldiers could hear the tramping of feet and the noise and confusion of the retreat, but did not know what was taking place. Somebody said that the rebels were advancing to attack them. It was very amusing to see the men throw down their guns, strip off their coats, spit on their hands, as if ready to have a hand-to-hand shindy. They seized their muskets and stood with fixed bayonets to receive the enemy.

Gen. Tyler had exceeded his instructions. He had been ordered to reconnoitre the ground; he might have ascertained the position of the Confederates by sending out a few skirmishers. Instead of that he had brought on quite an engagement, and had suffered considerable loss. I went along the lines of the Massachusetts First and talked with the men. One said: "My comrade, who was shot, handed me his musket, saying, 'It is all right, Bill,' and immediately expired." One soldier had three balls pass through his coat, but escaped unharmed.

Possibly the movement to Blackburn's Ford was, after all, of benefit; the Confederates thought that it was to be McDowell's point of attack and made their preparations accordingly. The ruse served to dissipate in some degree the confidence manifest at the beginning of the movement. We began to see that we were not going straight on to Richmond. We

shall see in my next communication that we had reason to change our opinion.

The army under McDowell was at Centreville, where it had been resting two days—a fatal delay, for the Confederate army under Johnston was being whirled from Winchester to Manassas by rail. Patterson had intended to attack Johnston, but was persuaded by his chief of staff, Fitz John Porter, not to do so. Had Porter not used his influence as he did, in all probability the battle of Bull Run would have been far different from what it was, for Johnston would not have transferred his troops to Manassas. In its inception, progress and final outcome, it was one of the most dramatic battles of the war.

Never dawned a fairer day than Sunday, July 21, 1861. McDowell had issued his orders Saturday evening. He decided to make a demonstration at Blackburn's Ford with Richardson's brigade, to send a portion of the troops down Warrenton turnpike to cross Bull Run at Stone Bridge at an appointed moment. McDowell was to move with the rest of the army—Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions, to Sudley's Ford and turn the left flank of the Confederate army. When that was accomplished the troops at Stone Bridge were to cross Bull Run, join the two divisions and make the general assault.

Had we been in the Confederate lines on Sunday morning we should have seen Beauregard and Johnston planning to cross Bull Run, gain the rear of McDowell, and cut off his communication with Washington. War is emphatically a game which two can play at. It was good strategy on the part of the Confederates, but it was not carried out because McDowell was the first to move.

At 2 o'clock in the morning Tyler's troops folded their blankets and moved toward Stone Bridge, but halted, thereby blocking the roads. A mistake had been made. Hunter and Heintzelman were to make a long march, and could not move until Tyler was out of the way; the halt greatly delayed them. It was just half-past five o'clock when the peaceful stillness of the morning was broken by the roar of a cannon, fired by Ayer's battery. The second shot passed through one of the tents at Beauregard's headquarters. There was a commotion in the Confederate lines. Beauregard did not know what to make of it, and messengers were sent countermanding the orders which had been issued for a movement against McDowell. A few moments later the Union cannon at Blackburn's Ford began to thunder. I hastened toward Blackburn's Ford. Upon reaching the position I had occupied two days before, I could see the Confederates behind their breastworks. Longstreet's batteries opened fire. A shell came screaming through the air and struck the ground with a dull thud. It did not explode, and a little later I had it in hand. Men with axes were felling trees to form a barricade in case the Confederates were to make an attack.

Learning that Richardson was to stand on the defensive I returned to Centreville, where I discovered a battery without any gunners, and learned that the term for which the men had been serving had expired that morning and they were on their way to Washington.

There was a motley collection of people at Centreville, members of Congress who had hired hacks at the Washington livery stables, citizens, ladies, Unionists and Secessionists, all in a high state of excitement, nerves rolling the whites of their eyes. One personage attracted my attention, William H. Russell, correspondent of the London Times. He was taking his lunch by the roadside. He had won laurels in the Crimea as correspondent of the "Thunderer" of British bluster and opinion, and had crossed the ocean before the war. He had visited the Southern States and made the acquaintance of Jefferson Davis and the Confederate leaders. He had just arrived from Washington in a gig with an attaché of the British Legation. He had also a saddle horse and a negro servant. He was eating sandwiches, cold chicken and ham, and washing it down with claret and brandy. Being a thorough-going Britisher, he was taking a good lunch before doing anything else.

It was past 9 o'clock when the head of Hunter's column reached Bull Run. The water was only ankle deep, and the men halted under the willows and buttonwoods shading the stream, to fill their canteens. The sun was shining from a cloudless sky. It was nearly noon when Burnside's brigade reached the house of Mr. Mathews on the road leading south to Manassas. The Second Rhode Island Regiment deployed as skirmishers. The men took off their nice blue overcoats and knapsacks and left them by the house, and then moved on. Suddenly there was a rattling fire of musketry. They had come upon a brigade of Confederates commanded by General Evans, guarding Stone Bridge. Hunter made the mistake of advancing slowly; he should have advanced rapidly. Had he done so, Evans would have been swept back, and Tyler and Sherman at Stone Bridge could have crossed at once. A battalion under Col. Wheat came upon the run to reinforce Evans, followed by the brigades of Generals Bee and Bartow, and a little later six regiments of Johnston's newly arrived troops.

At the beginning of the battle General Hunter was wounded, and General Andrew Porter assumed command of the division. Colonel Gilman Marston of Exeter, N. H., received a wound in his shoulder. Many other officers fell, including Colonel Cameron of the Highlanders. Notwithstanding the Confederates had come in such heavy force, they were gradually driven across the Warrenton turnpike and a stream known as Young's Branch. The ground south of that stream was elevated, and an effort was made to rally the Confederates near the houses of Mr. Henry and Mr. Robinson. From my position I could see the gradual advance of the Union troops. When the Confederates retreated there was a lull in the battle. It was consider-



THE VARIED UNIFORMS AT BULL RUN.

ably past noon when Heintzelman's division arrived upon the field. Had it been there an hour earlier the result in all probability would have been far different from what it was. At 10 o'clock Beauregard was waiting to hear the opening of battle across Bull Run on his right flank, where Gen. Ewell had been ordered to begin the attack, and was on his march, when the Union cannon opened the battle far away in the northwest on his left flank. It took Beauregard some time to comprehend its meaning. When he saw that McDowell's main attack was in that direction he sent word to each brigade Commander to march toward the firing. There was a panic among the Confederates, who were fleeing toward Manassas. In vain the officers tried to stop the fugitives. One of the first brigades, which arrived upon the hill near the house of Mr. Henry, was commanded by Jackson. It was the best disciplined of all the Confederate brigades. Jackson took a position behind a rail fence in a thicket of young pines. General Bee in his endeavor to encourage his own troops, pointed to Jackson and said:

"See Jackson standing there like a stone wall!" He did not know that he was giving a historic name to that able commander.

The Confederate line at this moment, with the exception of Jackson's Brigade, was in great confusion. Fugitives were streaming toward Manassas, crying that all was lost. General Beauregard, in his account of the battle, says: "The disorder seemed irremediable; but the thought came to me that if their colors were planted to the front the men might rally around them. I gave the order, which was executed. The soldiers advanced and the line was formed."

The Union troops at one o'clock were on the plateau north of Young's Branch. An error was committed either by General McDowell or one of his subordinate commanders. He ordered the batteries of Griffin and Ricketts to go across the stream in advance of the infantry. Ricketts did not like the order, but obeyed. At this moment the brigades of Sherman and Keyes crossed Bull Run. The battery commanded by Captain Griffin was ordered to cross Young's Branch. Griffin objected. He said that he had no infantry support. Major Barry, Chief of Artillery, informed him that the Zouave regiment was to support him. Griffin thought that the regiment ought to go in advance until he could come into position. Barry informed him that McDowell had issued the order. Griffin said:

"That settles it; but mark my words, the Zouaves will not support you."

The two batteries crossed the stream northwest of the Henry house and opened a destructive fire upon the Confederates near that building. The troops under Sherman and Keyes were at that moment advancing toward the Robinson house. Looking westward in the direction of the turnpike I saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and wondered what it might mean. A little later a body of men appeared

south of the turnpike. They climbed over a rail fence and came into line; an officer walked along the ranks, as if saying something to them. They were in gray. Griffin saw them and believed them to be Confederates. His cannon had been pointed toward the Southeast; he wheels them round with the muzzles toward the West and loads with canister. We have arrived at a turning point in the history of our country. Major Barry shouts to Griffin not to fire. Griffin informs him that they are rebels. Barry replies that they are his support. Griffin says that they wear gray uniforms and, surely, are rebels. Barry replies that it is a New York regiment, wearing a gray uniform, ordered to support him. Griffin wheels his guns in the other direction toward the Henry house and opens fire once more. The men in gray advance across the field, come to a halt, bring their guns to a level and fire. Griffin's men and horses go down. Nearly every gunner is killed or wounded. The horses plunge madly down the ravine. It is the beginning of a panic. The Zouave regiment, which had been ordered to support Ricketts, beholds the spectacle in amazement, breaks and streams across the field. Vain are the efforts of the officers to rally them. A moment later Ricketts's horses were shot, with many of his men. The troops in gray who had given this deliberate volley were from Johnston's army. They had just arrived upon the field, having left the cars at the crossing of the Warrenton turnpike. They had fired a volley, which changed the tide of affairs. Five minutes before, the fortune of the hour was against the Confederates. If Major Barry had not assured Griffin that they were not Confederates, they would have been cut to pieces by the canister of Griffin's guns. For a short time there was a severe contest between Howard and Sherman and the Confederates, but the panic was increasing among the Union troops.

While the volleys of musketry were rolling heavily in this contest I left my position and went into a piece of woods a few rods south of the turnpike to quench my thirst at a spring, where the soldiers of Schenk's Brigade were filling their canteens. Just before leaving the roof of the house, looking across Bull Run, I saw a body of troops advancing toward Schenk. I informed Col. McCook, commanding an Ohio regiment, of what I had seen. On my way to the spring I passed Carlisle's and Arnold's Batteries, and saw the horses eating their oats. While drinking at the spring I heard a great commotion, and looking through the woods saw a body of Confederates dashing toward the turnpike. Had I remained upon the roof of the house I should have been directly in their line of advance. Looking toward the turnpike I saw soldiers running in haste toward Centreville. Then came baggage wagons, hacks containing members of Congress, baggies, and then the two batteries with the horses upon the run. One of the artillery carriages struck a hack, which the next moment was capsized. I knew that something had happened, but just what it might be was beyond my comprehension.

I did not stand upon the order of my going, but went. For the next five minutes the grass did not grow beneath my feet, but, upon reaching Cub Run, a brook flowing through a deep and rugged ravine, I stopped and surveyed the scene. A short distance north was a stream of fugitives crossing a rickety bridge, which a few moments later broke beneath its weight, preventing the batteries from crossing it. It was through the breaking down of this bridge that the guns finally fell into the hands of the Confederates. Ascending the hill to Centreville I came upon Blenker's Brigade, which had been held in reserve. There was no panic at this point. The soldiers were in line and in good order. Much was written at the time about the Black Horse Confederate Cavalry as having cut the troops to pieces. The story is wholly fiction. A battalion of Confederate cavalry made its appearance, but was quickly scattered by the artillery. The only guns lost on the field were those of Griffin and Kicketts, and at Cub Run.

I have spoken of the correspondent of the London Times, Mr. Russell. He was at Centreville in a great state of excitement, inquiring if any had seen "a British gentleman in a gig with a nigger." He had left Mr. Warre, an attaché of the British legation, and a negro boy at Centreville. He had ridden down the turnpike toward Stone Bridge, but had seen nothing of the battle. He was compelled to make his way to Washington on a hard riding pony, very much

to his disgust. An amusing account of his ride was given by Mr. Kay, editor of the Chicago Tribune. Mr. Russell vented his spleen in a letter to the London Times, and became so abusive of the Northern troops that his pass was subsequently revoked. He took his revenge by writing several pages of fiction which he published in a volume entitled "My Diary, North and South."

We now know that the Confederate army, when the panic began, was in great disorder, and that fugitives were streaming to Manassas crying that the day was lost. In fact there was a panic in both armies. It was one of the strangest spectacles of the war.

The panic was more among the teamsters than among the troops. Many of the regiments retired in good order. One of the soldiers of the Second New Hampshire, Calvin M. Burbank, from my native town, shouldered a wounded comrade and carried him a long distance to an ambulance. The Confederates made no pursuit; they were too demoralized to make the attempt. The battle of Bunker Hill was a defeat to the Americans, yet, when viewed in the light of history, it was a victory. And so with Bull Run. Had the Union army swept the Confederates from the field, the chances are that there might have been a compromise, and slavery remained unharmed. Out of the defeat came final victory and the beginning of a new life for the nation.



WHERE THE TIDE TURNED AT BULL RUN.

23

ANTIETAM.

The battle of Antietam was fought Sept. 17, 1862, a little more than 30 years ago. Gen. Lee had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army in the preceding May immediately after the battle of Fair Oaks. By his strategy in bringing Stonewall Jackson from the Shenandoah to the Peninsula, he had compelled McClellan to change his base to James River. He then conceived the idea of menacing Washington and invading Maryland. He had two objects in view, bringing Maryland into the Confederacy and carrying the war, if possible, into Pennsylvania. By such a movement he would compel McClellan to hasten northward. The plan was carried out with great vigor and energy. The strategy was successful. Then came the series of battles in the vicinity of Manassas, the demoralization of the Union Army, its reorganization under McClellan. After the battle of Manassas General Lee crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry and vicinity, and moved to Fredericksburg with Longstreet's Corps, divided his army by sending Jackson to capture Harper's Ferry held by Gen. Miles with 10,000 men. It was a very bold and audacious movement. The Confederate Army was worn by hard marching and by its successive battles. It was far from its base of supplies, and must live in a large degree upon the surrounding country. It was reduced in numbers to less than 50,000. The troops under McClellan exceeded 100,000. The army had been transferred from the James to Alexandria on steamboats, and was not worn down by hard marching, and was, therefore, in excellent condition.

Previous to the battle of Antietam I had been with the Western army, but returned East during the week of the Seven Day's battles in

front of Richmond. I visited Washington, but the War Department would not permit me to join the army. When General Lee invaded Maryland I hastened to Pennsylvania to be an observer of what might take place as the Confederates advanced into Maryland. I was at Greencastle during the engagement at South Mountain, and could hear the cannonade, but was not near enough to see the battle. The Confederate cavalry were in Hagerstown, to which I hastened upon their departure.

It is not often that a General commanding a great army comes into possession of a document revealing all the plans of his opponent, but such a paper fell into the hands of Gen. McClellan at Frederick. Immediately after Lee left that town the Union cavalry entered it. A soldier picked up a paper in the house which Gen. D. H. Hill had occupied which proved to be a copy of Lee's orders, giving all the details of the proposed movements of the Confederate Army. A portion of Longstreet's troops would be at Hagerstown, a portion at South Mountain and Boonsboro'. Jackson would be 30 miles distant at Harper's Ferry. The time had come for McClellan to make a vigorous movement; but he did not avail himself of the grand opportunity to annihilate Longstreet before Jackson could capture Harper's Ferry and join him. Quickness and resolute energy were all important considerations. Instead of celerity there was tardiness in moving and a lack of vigor in action. The battle at South Mountain was fought Sunday, September 14, resulting in the defeat of the Confederates. General Franklin moved to Crampton's Gap farther south and easily defeated the Confederate troops under General McLaws at that point. The troops at Harper's Ferry could hear the

cannon at Crampton's Gap. They knew that the Army of the Potomac was fighting its way to their relief, but at 8 o'clock on Monday morning, Sept. 15, the pusillanimous commander, Miles, against the remonstrances of his officers and soldiers, raised a white flag in token of surrender. A moment later, he was mortally wounded. Thus, Harper's Ferry, with eleven thousand men and seventy-three cannon, through the incapacity of Miles and the tardiness of McClellan, was lost. Miles had made very little resistance. Some of his troops shed tears over the disgrace and humiliation.

General Lee, after capturing Harper's Ferry, could have recrossed the Potomac, but preferred to fight a battle in Maryland. He selected a field where it would be impossible for McClellan to turn either flank, or get in his rear. It was a good position on the west bank of Antietam Creek, which rises north of Hagerstown, runs south and empties into the Potomac, three miles south of Sharpsburg. It can be forded in many places. At daybreak, September 15, McClellan's troops were in possession of South Mountain, seven miles from Antietam. At that moment the Union cavalry under Pleasanton were dashing upon Lee's rear guard at Boonsboro', capturing two cannon and 250 prisoners. At the same hour McClellan was issuing his orders for the army to move on; but it was half past twelve at noon before any of the troops had started. Late in the afternoon Richardson's division of Sumner's Corps reached the eastern bank of the Antietam. In contrast to such slowness was the rapidity with which Stonewall Jackson moved his troops. Between the morning of September 12 and the evening of September 16 a portion of Jackson's troops marched sixty miles and captured eleven thousand Union troops. These preliminary remarks will enable us better to comprehend the battle of Antietam.

Soon after my arrival in Hagerstown the Union cavalry which had escaped from Harper's Ferry crossed the Potomac. They followed winding forest paths through the woods, avoiding the main roads, until north of Sharpsburg. While crossing the Williamsport and Hagerstown road they came upon Longstreet's ammunition train in the night. The officer commanding the cavalry, riding up to the forward driver, said quietly:

"You are on the wrong road. That is the road for you to take," pointing to the Hagerstown turnpike.

The driver turned as directed, not knowing that the officer was a Yankee.

"Hold on there! You are on the wrong road. Who told you to turn off here?" shouted the Confederate officer in charge of the train, dashing up on his horse.

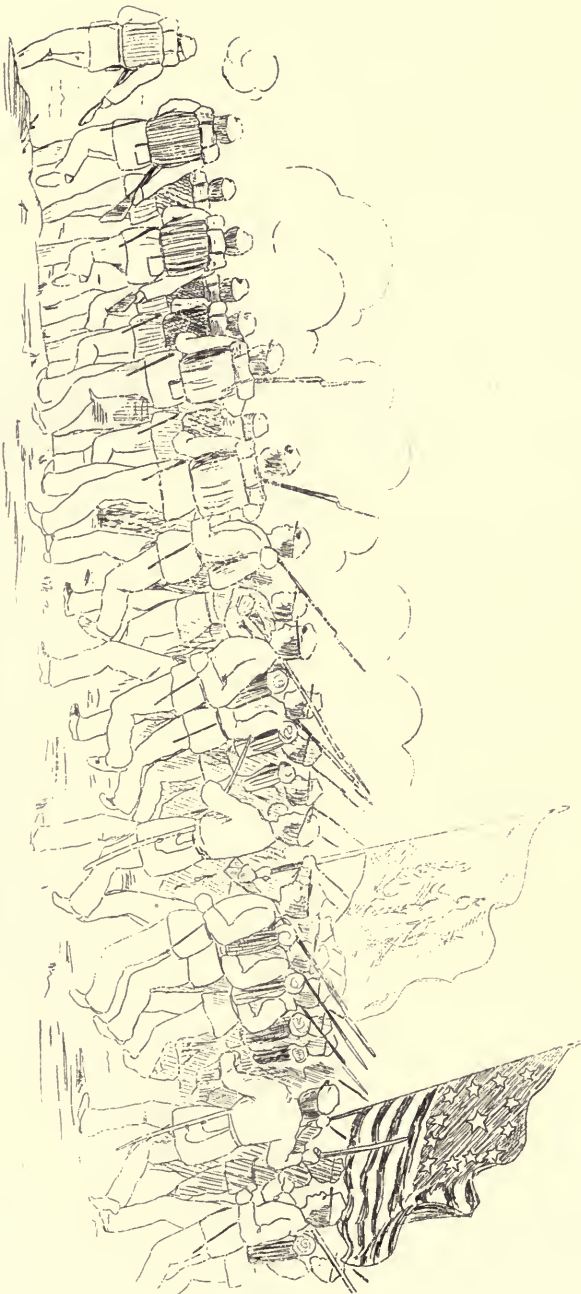
"I gave the order, sir, and you are my prisoner," said the Colonel of the Eighth New Jersey, presenting his revolver. One hundred wagons and 74 men were thus captured. At the head of the prisoners marched a man with downcast eyes, sun burned, dressed in gray, with a black feather in his hat—Fitz-Hugh Miller, a

Pennsylvanian. It was he who arrested Cook, one of John Brown's accomplices, in 1859, and delivered him to Governor Wise of Virginia. Cook was hung by the Virginians. When the war broke out Miller went South and was a Captain in Lee's army. When the people learned that he was a prisoner they became greatly excited. Some picked up stones to hurl at him; others shook their fists in his face, but the guards protected him. He was taken to Chambersburg, where an attempt was made to hang him by the excited populace, but he was protected. What finally became of him I do not know.

I passed the night of the 16th in Hagerstown. Soon after daylight, on the morning of the 17th, I mounted my horse. The southwest breeze brought the booming of the cannonade at Antietam—the beginning of the battle. The people of the town rushed into the streets, listening to the reverberations rolling along the valley. It was a dull morning and the clouds were hanging low. I had a seven-mile ride before me to reach the field. I half resolved to go down the turnpike to Sharpsburg, and, if possible, gain the rear of the Confederates and see the battle from the Confederate side. I was in citizen's dress, and thought it probable I might mingle with the citizens of Sharpsburg and not be detected. If I could accomplish my object it would be a journalistic feat which no other correspondent had undertaken. I turned down the turnpike with that purpose in view, but a short distance brought me to several men sitting on a rail fence listening to the uproar of the cannonade. I asked them if the road would take me to the rear of the Confederates. Some thought it would, others that it would not. "If I were in your place, I wouldn't go. You are too much of a Yankee, and the chances are that the rebs will take you to Richmond" said one. I saw the matter in a new light and took the Boonsboro' road instead, which took me to the right flank of McClellan's army. A short ride brought me to a Confederate soldier lying under a tree by the road side. As I galloped toward him he partly rose and raised his hand as if to ask me not to shoot him. Seeing that I was a citizen and not a soldier, he wearily laid down again. He had broken down in the march and was unable to go any farther. His cheeks were hollow, his eyes sunken, his voice faint.

He said he had lain beneath the oak a day and a night waiting death, expecting no help or mercy from any one. Two kind-hearted farmers came and took him into one of their houses. The unexpected kindness filled his eyes with tears. Galloping on I met several Union soldiers, who inquired the road to Hagerstown, saying they had been ordered to that place. I knew they were cowards, who had fled from the battlefield. Having reached the flank of the army I tore down a gap in the fence, leaped my horse across it and ascended a hill on Mr. Hoffman's farm. The battle was raging fiercely. I came upon a pitiful sight—the field hospital, where the ground was literally covered with the wounded.

THE 13TH MASSACHUSETTS CHARGING DOWN THE HILL.



had been torn from the fence, the rails thrown down and the garden trampled. It had been trodden by the Confederates in their retreat and by Hooker's men in their advance and retreat. Riding down the turnpike southward I came upon a Union soldier crouching beneath the wall.

"Where are you going?" he inquired.

"I thought I would go to the front."

"The front! You have passed it. I am on the skirmish line; you had better get out of here mighty quick. The rebs are in the corn right there."

The advice was timely and I turned back none too soon, for a little later the artillery opened. Passing in rear of the batteries at Poffenburger's I came upon the Twelfth Corps, commanded by General Mansfield. I had made his acquaintance early in the war at Washington. He was advanced in years, white haired, thin and spare, but his eye was keen and he was active, brave and energetic. He had only two small divisions, and had deployed his line from Dr. Miller's house southward through a cornfield. A short time before my arrival he rode along the line, his long white hair streaming in the wind. The Confederate sharpshooters, crouching in the corn west of the turnpike, from which I had turned back, singled him out—a conspicuous object near the large oak tree which I have mentioned, where he fell mortally wounded. Gen. Williams succeeded to the command. The division moved down the gentle slope, passed Miller's house, crossed the turnpike, drove the Confederate skirmishers from the cornfield beyond and advanced to the woods near the Dunker Church, encountering Hood's division posted behind the limestone ledges and the rail fence. Stuart's artillery, on the hill behind the house of Mr. Nicodemus, was in a position to send an enfilading fire upon Mansfield's troops. There was a short and sharp contest, in which the corps suffered heavy loss. Having no supports they fell back across the turnpike, leaving the ground strewn with killed and wounded.

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The troops move out from the woods into the open field. Instantly the hill behind the house of Nicodemus burst into flame and the shells explode amid the advancing lines. The Confederate cannon by the church send a storm of solid shot and shells into the faces of the advancing troops. But on, closing the gaps, they advance to the turnpike, across it into the woods, up to the church, breasting the storm that burst upon them from the ledges and the rail fence. Sumner does not mistrust that there are ten Confederate brigades concealed in the hollow and behind the fences between the church and old Muma's house, east of the turnpike, ready to swing upon Sedgwick. Gorman's and Dana's brigades have crossed the turnpike and Howard's is in the field east of it, when the Confederates rise from the hollow. Sumner is talking with Colonel Kimball, commanding the Fifteenth Massachusetts, when Major Philbrick of that regiment shouts: "See! The rebels." Sumner looks in the direction to which Philbrick points and exclaims: "My God! We must get out of this." He directs Howard to change front. Howard has been facing west, but must bring his troops to face the southeast. The regiment on his extreme left, the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, is the first to feel the blow. An overwhelming force is advancing rapidly. Howard has not time to form a new

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was reunited under the apple trees. Under cover of a vigorous artillery fire the troops broke into a quicker step and moved up the hill. They reached the crest and beheld a rail fence between them and the sunken road. The next moment thousands of men seemed to rise from the ground. There came a flash and then a rattle of musketry, but instead of quailing before it the line rushed forward up to the fence and fired directly in the faces of the Confederates, many of whom turned to flee, but by far the larger part were shot where they stood. Richardson advanced at the same moment and fired into the faces of the Confederates in the road. The lines were not ten paces apart. The front line of Confederates was nearly annihilated; the few officers and men who were left fled to the corn field beyond. French's men tore away the rails, leaped over the fences, and, unmindful of the dead and dying, rushed upon the second line and scattered it in an instant. They had broken Lee's lines at its centre. It was a moment when McClellan should have hurled Fitz John Porter's corps into the contest. He made the great mistake of his life in not improving the grand opportunity. There can be no doubt that had he done so, Lee's army would have been compelled to surrender or driven into the Potomac.

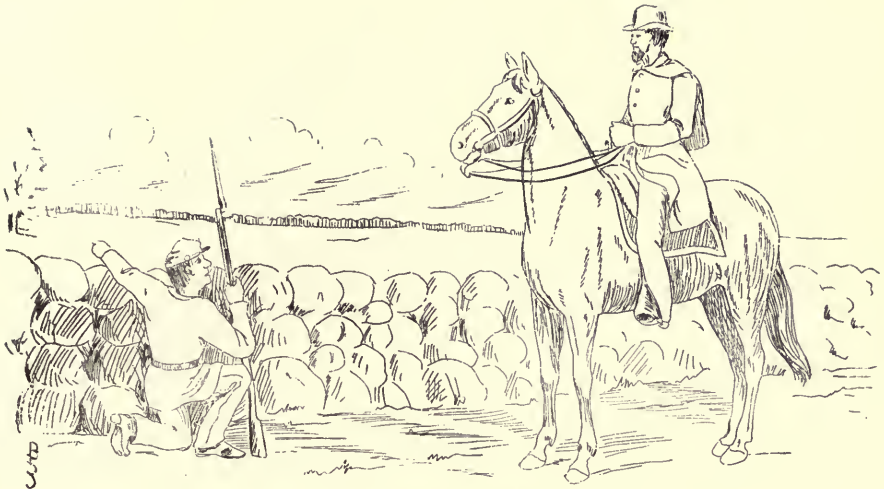
In this brief narrative I do not intend to detract anything from what was accomplished by Richardson, whose troops advanced in the same manner and scattered the Confederates in their front. It was here that Richardson received a wound, which ultimately proved mortal. I had made his acquaintance before the battle of Bull Run, and saw him as he was borne from the field. He was fearless in battle, and had the faculty of inspiring his men. He was known as an admirable tactician.

The ground toward the Boonesboro' turnpike south of Rulet's house is very much broken. There are numerous hillocks, ravines, stone walls and fences. Under shelter of these Longstreet's troops advanced to attack the right flank of Caldwell's brigade in a cornfield west of the sunken road. Longstreet had attacked French's division near Rulet's house and had failed. Colonel Cross, commanding the Fifth New Hampshire, discovered the Confederates creeping along to gain a hill in the rear of Caldwell. Cross instantly changed his front and put his men upon the double quick toward the hill. It was an exciting spectacle, Union and Confederates within close musket range, both lines running, both determined to gain the position. Cross cheered his men and inspired them with his own tremendous enthusiasm. They reached the hill, and delivered a volley which checked the advance of the Confederates. The Eighty-first Pennsylvania came to the aid of Cross, and together they charged upon the Confederates, captured a large number of prisoners and the colors of the Fourth North Carolina Regiment. The movement had carried the line almost up to the Hagerstown turnpike and compelled Longstreet to abandon his headquarters at Dr.

Piper's house. It was about 1 o'clock; Lee had been pushed from his position of the morning on the right and at the centre. He still held the ledges in the woods behind the church, along the turnpike and at the lower bridge, where Burnside was endeavoring to cross the Antietam.

It was about this time that Franklin's corps arrived upon the field. His troops had been marching all the morning from Crampton's Pass, with Smith's division in advance, followed by Slocum's. The corps crossed the Antietam, following the line over which Sedgwick had marched. Hancock had just been placed in command of Richardson's division. He sent to Franklin for help, and a battery and two regiments, one of which was the Seventh of Maine, commanded by Major Hyde, were sent to him. Hancock rode back to meet them and said: "The rebel skirmishers up there on that hill are picking off our gunners. I want them driven from that position." The two regiments advanced, fired a volley and marched on. The batteries on the hills beyond Dr. Piper's and others near the church opened a cross-fire upon them. Although men were dropping, the regiment came to a halt, fired a volley, and then, with a cheer, dashed up to a wall which sheltered the Confederates, driving them back to the main line. Then, marching by flank, they reached the shelter of the hill.

While this was taking place south of Rulet's the contest was raging by Muma's house. French had been compelled after driving the Confederates from the sunken road to fall back into the shelter of a ravine. His men were out of ammunition. It was at this moment that the remainder of Franklin's troops moved across the field northeast of Muma's, led by Irwin's brigade. It charged upon the Confederates and compelled them to retreat across the turnpike, but it received an enfilading fire and was obliged to fall back. General Franklin was arranging his troops for an assault, when Sumner said that he did not think it advisable to make an attack. It would seem that Sumner, although brave and energetic at times, fell into despondent moods. He had suffered great loss in the morning, and possibly may have felt that his tactics were faulty; be that as it may, Sedgwick had been driven and French and Richardson were exhausted. There was a consultation between Sumner, Franklin, Smith, Slocum and Newton, and also General Hunt, commanding the artillery. Franklin wanted to bring up fifty pieces of the reserve artillery and rain shell upon the enemy for half an hour, then charge with two divisions and break their lines. Smith, Slocum and Newton agreed with him; Sumner alone opposed the plan. A little later General McClellan arrived and directed the commanders to hold their positions but to make no attack. As I rode along the lines, I heard the soldiers and the line officers discussing affairs. There was a general expression that McClellan was making a mistake. The reserve



CARLETON ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.



ANTIETAM BRIDGE.

artillery was close at hand, and had taken no part in the battle. They believed that under a heavy artillery fire they could break the Confederate line at the centre. Riding once more toward the right I came upon Gen. Howard and was talking with him, when an officer dashed up and said: "The rebels are advancing to attack us from the woods by the church." General Howard glanced across the field, which had been trampled by the troops of Hooker, Mansfield and Sedgwick. We could see in the woods and among the tasseled corn the Confederate line, seemingly about to advance. "Let them have the heaviest fire possible from the batteries," said Howard. A few minutes later the thirty cannon on the ridge by Poffenberger's opened a terrific fire, and the Confederate line quickly disappeared. It was evident that the fighting for the day was over on the right and in the centre. It was at this moment that a tremendous cannonade opened on the extreme left. I could not go down the west bank of the Antietam, for such a movement would have taken me into the Confederate lines. But crossing the lines I reached McClellan's headquarters, saw once more the troops of Fitz John Porter where I saw them in the morning, and then rode on to learn what Burnside was doing.

The plan of McClellan was for Burnside to cross the Antietam by a stone bridge about one mile south of the Boonesboro' turnpike. The banks of the river at that point are steep and high. The road leading to the bridge winds down a narrow ravine. The bridge has three arches; it is 150 feet long and the roadway 12 feet wide. The western bank is very steep. Half-way up the hill is a limestone quarry, which gave shelter to a Confederate brigade. At the top of the hill is a stone wall, which also afforded shelter to the Confederates. They had planted four pieces of artillery to sweep the bridge. I was not able at the time of the battle, nor have I since been able, to understand the plan of McClellan in ordering Burnside to make the attack at that point, for the river was fordable in many places. And Burnside could have crossed either above or below the bridge. It seems that McClellan relied very much upon Burnside, but that officer did not receive his orders until past 10 o'clock in the morning. At that time, Hooker, Mansfield and Sedgwick had been repulsed. His orders directed him to carry the bridge, gain the heights beyond and advance along their crests to Sharpsburg and reach the rear of Lee. He had less than 14,000 men. The task laid upon him was immeasurably greater and more difficult than that assigned to any other commander. He must carry the bridge, drive the Confederates from the hill and move over an open field to attack the heights. The troops formed on the farm of Mr. Rohrback. Eight batteries, numbering forty-eight cannon opened fire upon the Confederates holding the hill opposite the bridge. After a terrific cannonade the Eleventh Connecticut, commanded by Colonel Kingsbury, advanced as skirmishers, deploying in the fields, firing from

the fences. Crook's division followed, but came to a halt and opened fire, the soldiers taking aim at the puffs of smoke in the stone quarry. Sturgis's division passed in their rear and reached the bridge. The Second Maryland and Sixth New Hampshire made a rush across it. Instantly there were broad sheets of flame from the quarry and from the wall at the top of the hill. The head of the column melted in an instant. The troops fell back under the shelter of the ridge. This took place before I arrived upon the scene. An aide came from McClellan to Burnside with a message that the bridge must be carried at all hazards. Ferero's brigade, in which were the Thirty-fifth and Twenty-first Massachusetts, advanced to make a second assault. The Eleventh Connecticut again acted as skirmishers. The troops fixed their bayonets and threw aside their knapsacks. The Eleventh Connecticut dashed down to the river. Colonel Kingsbury fell, mortally wounded. Though canister swept them down, those behind rushed on up to the bridge, and across it, men pitching headlong from the parapet into the water, shells exploding among them, but with a wild yell they reached the shelter of the western bank, reformed and moved up the road, gaining the flank of the Confederates and driving them from the quarry and the wall. General Toomb of Georgia was in command of the Confederates at that point. Before the war he had boasted in Congress that the time would come when he would call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill, but at this moment he was retreating to the high land near Sharpsburg. Some of the troops crossed the stream at the bridge, and a portion at one of the fords, where the whole 14,000 might have crossed with far less loss of life than at the bridge. McClellan made no attempt to cross the Antietam on the Boonesboro' turnpike. The bridge there was commanded by Longstreet's cannon planted on the hills east of the town. McClellan retained Porter's corps on the east bank of the river, fearing that Lee might throw forward his centre and divide the Union army. McClellan had greatly overestimated Lee's force. He believed he was confronted by more than 100,000 Confederates, when in fact Lee had less than 50,000.

I stood on the hill by the bridge and saw the close of the battle in the fields southeast of Sharpsburg. It was very evident that Lee was weakening his left flank by the Dunker Church and hurrying his troops to resist Burnside. It was fully 3 o'clock before Burnside was in position to advance. His troops moved quickly to the attack and drove the first line of the Confederates. As the troops came into the open field a destructive storm of shells was hurled upon them. They reached a fence, but could go no farther. Burnside sent a message to McClellan that he must have more troops, otherwise he could not hold his position. McClellan replied that he would send him a battery, but had no infantry to spare. He must hold his ground till dark; and then, if he could not remain, he might fall back to the

bridge, but he must hold that or all would be lost.

I cannot go over the features of the battle of Antietam with much complacency toward McClellan. Porter had 12,000 men, Slocum's division of Franklin's corps numbered 6000. Smith's division had only made one gallant charge; his troops were not in any sense exhausted. McClellan had at that moment from 20,000 to 25,000 men and 100 guns which had taken no part in the battle. Burnside had all but turned the right flank of Lee. Wilcox's division was almost up to Sharpsburg. There was evident commotion in Lee's lines. I could see officers going with their horses upon the run. The time had come for McClellan to throw in all his available force to aid Burnside. Although the troops upon the right had fought in the morning they were in condition to make a demonstration to retain the Confederate troops in the vicinity of Dunker Church. Nothing was done. McClellan could send only one battery to help Burnside.

It was a magnificent spectacle just before sunset—the hillsides all aflame with cannon and the long lines of light flashing from the troops of the two armies in the field southeast of the town. But gradually the thunder died away and silence came on, broken only by an occasional volley and single shots like the last drops after a shower.

The army confidently expected a renewal of the battle on the next day. During the night two divisions, under Gen. Couch, had arrived, giving McClellan 35,000 fresh troops. He decided not to renew the attack for the reason that if he were defeated Lee could march on to Washington or Baltimore without an enemy to oppose him! Besides, he expected 14,000 more men. One can hardly understand the state of mind that led him to such a conclusion. He could see from the prisoners captured, many of them being barefoot, and their clothes in rags, that Lee was in no condition to make an offensive move ment. He knew that Lee was short of supplies; that the Confederates had been living largely on green corn; that Lee was far from his base of supplies; that he had no reinforcements at hand; that his troops were exhausted; that he must be short of ammunition; that he had suffered severely in battle; that in a retreat Lee must cross the Potomac; but these considerations seemingly had no weight with McClellan.

Early in the morning I rode to the right and conversed with the troops, which were in position and expecting orders. Rations had been served and everybody seemed cheerful. Col. Andrews of the Massachusetts Second was commanding a brigade in the Twelfth Corps. I asked him how his men were: "All right. They had a pretty hard time yesterday, but

having had a good breakfast they feel well." was the reply.

A flag of truce was displayed by the Confederates. Lee desired that the wounded should be cared for on the score of humanity. The truce lasted till 1 o'clock. During the afternoon I rode to the summit of Elk Ridge, a lofty elevation on the east bank of the Antietam, overlooking the battlefield. Beyond Sharpsburg a cloud of dust filled the air, and baggage wagons were moving west. I thought it indicated retreat on the part of Lee. The day closed without any movement on the part of McClellan. The morning of the 19th dawned and Lee was gone with all his artillery, except one iron gun and some broken down wagons. I rode over the field and saw many of the Confederate dead. In the field near the Dunker Church I came upon a Union soldier lying upon his back, the ground around stained with his blood. There was a pleasant smile on his face. His Bible was open upon his breast. Taking it up I read: "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

The slaughter had been terrible in the sunken road. I could have walked a long distance upon the bodies of dead Confederates. Some of them were shot dead while climbing the fence, and their bodies were hanging on the rails. One had been killed while tearing his cartridge with his teeth. He had died instantly and the cartridge was in his hand. An officer was still grasping his sword. He had fallen while cheering his men with all his muscles set, his nerves under tension, the word of command on his lips. It was as if a mighty mower had swept them down at a single stroke. Riding up to the turnpike a short distance south of the Dunker Church I saw a dead Confederate hanging across the limb of a cherry tree by the road side. He had been a sharpshooter and had taken the position to pick off Union officers, but himself had been shot. I afterward learned that several Union soldiers had seen puffs of smoke amid the foliage of the tree and had given return shots, one of which had taken effect. Riding down to Sharpsburg I found a large number of Confederate wounded. I conversed with an officer of Gen. Walker's division. He said: "I have been in all the battles before Richmond and at Manassas, but I never experienced such a fire as you gave us yesterday. The slaughter at the sunken road was terrible. We couldn't keep our ranks closed, and if your troops had pressed upon they might have broken through our line. We were all tired out. We got up from Harper's Ferry on the morning of the battle; had no supper Tuesday; marched all night, had no breakfast, and went right into the fight as soon as we reached the field. We had lived on green corn and apples half the time since we left Richmond. Half our troops were barefoot; we were in no condition to fight.

A CAVALRY CHARGE.

My note book opens to October and November, 1862. I think I never saw a more lovely autumn. The days were bright and beautiful. With the exception of one or two light rains scarcely a cloud was seen in the sky. Six weeks had gone by since the battle of Antietam. The army of the Potomac was in Maryland in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry. Gen. McClellan's headquarters were in Pleasant Valley. At Antietam he had made the mistake of his life in not following up his advantage. The Confederate army was at Winchester, in the valley of the Shenandoah, with the exception of the cavalry, which was east of the Blue Ridge. The Confederate General, Stuart, with 1800 men had made a notable ride around McClellan, had destroyed a large amount of supplies at Chambersburg, seized hundreds of horses and recrossed the Potomac at the mouth of the Monocacy. Stuart was justly proud of his achievement. There can be no question that McClellan was greatly chagrined. Up to that time the Confederate cavalry had accomplished more than the Union cavalry. McClellan had employed this arm of the service in scouting. The regiments had been scattered here and there and never had acted as a unit. Doubtless McClellan saw that he had made a mistake, for the regiments were now brigaded. Gen. Pleasanton, Stoneman and Averill were appointed commanders.

On the 26th of October pontoons were laid across the Potomac, and the army of 100,000 men, preceded by the cavalry, began to cross the river.

I open my note book to Nov. 1. Hearing the sound of cannon, I mounted my horse, crossed the river and rode rapidly southward past the

moving column. I noticed many of the soldiers had their pets, one a little dog which he had picked up on the way. As I passed a Pennsylvania regiment I noticed a gray-bearded soldier who had a young puppy, its eyes not yet open. A little boy in a Connecticut regiment had a little kitten on his shoulder. I passed through the little village of Purcellville and came upon the Tenth and Eleventh New Hampshire regiments. No correspondent ever had a heartier welcome than I had from Col. Donohoe of the Tenth and Col. Harriman of the Eleventh. It is a pleasure to know that the first named is still hale and vigorous; that he was able to act as Chief Marshal in the late Columbian parade in this city. Col. Harriman, several years ago, joined the great majority. I shall have occasion to speak of him in another letter. A little farther on I came upon the Twenty-first Massachusetts. It had seen service under Burnside in North Carolina, and had dwindled to about 200. It was but a shadow of its former self. Riding on I came upon Gen. Pleasanton's command near the village of Philemont. The cavalry of the two armies had come in contact the previous day. There had been skirmishing, in which there was a small loss on both sides. It was past noon when I reached the field. In the foreground the artillery was sending shells across the field upon Stuart's line. Shells from Stuart's guns were screaming through the air. Under the white battle cloud in the distance I could see the Confederates. A well-directed shot from one of the Union guns struck a Confederate caisson, and the battle cloud suddenly assumed larger proportions. Up to this time I had not seen a cavalry charge, and the one which I am about

to describe was a very insignificant affair in comparison with what I afterward saw. I think it was the Eighth New York Regiment which made the movement. Imagine, if you can, a body of horses in column, not in line. A column is concentrated energy. Those in front are stimulated by those behind; and those behind are eager to emulate those in advance. You hear the word of command:

"Draw sabre!"

"Charge!"

You hear the bugle and are thrilled by its notes. The column breaks into a trot. The hoofs of the horses are like the distant rumbling of thunder. The trot becomes a gallop, and louder than the trampling of hoofs is the yelling of 500 men. It is not a hurrah, but a prolonged yell. The horses seem to catch the enthusiasm of the men. A dust cloud rises. Sabres flash and gleam in the sunlight. Cannon flame. Horses and riders go down, but the column goes on. The Confederate cannoniers suddenly lamber up their pieces and disappear in the woods beyond.

I felt the blood tingle to the tips of my fingers as I gazed upon the scene. At no previous time during the war had I so longed to be in battle. My horse seemed to catch the enthusiasm. There is that in a cavalry charge which seems to transform a man into something more than a human being and a horse into something more than an animal. I have sometimes wondered if after all, the fabled centaur was not in reality half man and half horse. True, this was a small affair at Philemont, but it was my first lively experience with the cavalry. The loss in killed and wounded on the Union side was less than 100. During the engagement Doubleday's Division of Infantry arrived. It was nearly dark when the Confederates abandoned their position and retreated toward Upperville.

Soon after sunrise the next morning again I heard the sound of cannon. Stuart was retreating toward Ashby's Gap, in the Blue Ridge. Following the cavalry I rode through the Gap and had a view of the valley of the Shenandoah. The First Massachusetts Cavalry had followed the Confederates. While sitting on my horse, and looking down toward the Shenandoah, I could see puffs of white smoke from Confederate cannon, and then came a rattle of musketry. A few moments later I beheld helifeless body of Capt. M. C. Pratt lying across his horse. Ten minutes before he had been in the full vigor of life, leading his men; now there was only the

limp and lifeless form. He had been shot through the heart. He was from Holyoke and had shown excellent ability as an officer.

The advance of the army was sharply contested by the Confederate cavalry all the way down to Warrenton. It was the intention of Stuart to delay McClellan as much as possible till Lee could make his way across the Blue Ridge. On the 6th of November there was another very sharp engagement at Barbee's Cross Roads. Stuart took a stand on a hill with his artillery and sharpshooters. It was about 9 o'clock when the engagement began, which lasted till past noon. The opposing forces were not in compact bodies, and the engagement extended over quite a large section of country. I could only see one phase of it, where, again, there was a charge resulting in the driving of the enemy, who left their dead upon the field, with a large number of their wounded. I recall a Confederate officer belonging to a Virginia regiment, with his leg badly shattered by a shell. The Union surgeon amputated the limb and committed him to the care of a lady who was in sympathy with the South. During these engagements the Union cavalry began to manifest a superiority over the Confederates, which was maintained from that hour to the close of the war. Up to that time there had been mild days, but a snow then came on. The soldiers suffered exceedingly. Gen. McClellan had issued strict orders that no deprecation of any kind should be permitted upon the property of citizens. The soldiers were not even allowed to take a fence rail to kindle their bivouac fires, but necessity compelled them to disobey the order. Neither were they allowed to take any provision.

I recall a laughable incident near Upperville. In the edge of the evening I rode up to a farmhouse to see if I could obtain accommodation for the night. As I approached the house I saw several colored boys driving a flock of sheep. Soldiers of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment, which was in bivouac near by, joined them.

"Getting up your sheep, are ye?"

"Yes, boss."

"Well, we'll help you."

They yelled at the sheep, which, instead of moving quietly on toward the barnyard, the next moment were running helter skelter over the field. There was much running and shouting but the sheep did not enter the barnyard. The next morning I saw the ground in the vicinity of a Pennsylvania regiment thickly



THE CHARGE OF THE 8TH NEW YORK CAVALRY.



covered with pelts. I visited Col. Cross, commanding the Fifth New Hampshire. He had seen service in Mexico and was a very brave and able commander, and had rendered distinguished service at Antietam. While talking with him the farmer, with whom I had passed the night, made his appearance, saying that his sheep had been killed and he had received permission from the commander of the brigade to go through the camp, to find out who had taken his mutton.

"Well, sir," said Col. Cross, "you can't go through my regiment. Mysoldiers are honest men. To allow you to do so would be an imputation upon their honesty. They come from the State of New Hampshire. It is a State which produces honest men and great men: the State of Daniel Webster and President Pierce. No, sir, you cannot go through my regiment."

The gentleman departed, but soon returned accompanied by Gen. Gorman, who commanded the brigade. The gentleman appealed to me, and asked if I had not seen the sheep the previous evening near his house. I replied that I had, whereupon Gen. Gorman directed Quartermaster Batchelder to make out a receipt for seventy sheep, which were to be accounted for by the United States, provided the owner proved his loyalty to the Union. Quartermaster Batchelder is at present the Chief Quartermaster of the United States Army. Just before noon a delicious odor of roast mutton pervaded the camp of the Fifth New Hampshire, and I enjoyed a toothsome meal of roast mutton with Col. Cross. The zest of the incident was the reprimand and punishment meted to a Pennsylvania regiment in whose encampment the pelts had been found. Killing the sheep was an unwarranted act. The soldiers were not suffering for the want of food; they had an abundant supply. But it was a significant act; it was the beginning of a revolt against Gen. McClellan's stringent orders, that no harm should be done to the property of individuals even though they might be Secessionists and in the Confederate army. On the Peninsula guards had protected the property of those who were in arms against the Government. In one of the battles before Richmond the surgeons were not allowed to set up their hospital tents in a grove near a house owned by a Confederate officer, but were compelled to take an open field in the glare of the sun. The soldiers were becoming restless under an order which forbade them from taking a fence rail for their bivouac fire.

On the evening of November 6 a messenger arrived from Washington with an order relieving McClellan and appointing Burnside as his successor. It was a dramatic scene when McClellan took his departure. He rode along the lines, and was received with great enthusiasm by some of the troops and with indifference by others. Many who had been enthusiastic in his praise before the battle of Antietam had lost their faith in him as an aggressive commander. A collation was spread for him by some of his admirers. It was a sombre occasion. Fitz John Porter could not conceal his emotion. Quite likely he was apprehensive that he, too, would be relieved of his command, to answer charges preferred by Gen. Pope for misconduct at Manassas. He was relieved a few days later.

The Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiment was in Martindale's brigade, Porter's corps. It was a regiment raised by Senator Henry Wilson, who came out from Washington to visit "his boys," as he called them. In this connection memory goes back to the week following the first battle of Bull Run, 1861. I was conversing with Senator Wilson at that time in regard to the prospects of the country. He said it was a time when every man must show his colors. He said that he intended to go to Massachusetts and raise a regiment. It is a matter of history that between that moment and Oct. 8, about nine weeks, the regiment was raised, equipped and on its way to Washington. I was warmly welcomed by the officers and soldiers. I had seen them at Antietam standing all day long waiting for orders to go into the battle. Many of them chafed as they saw French's and Richardson's divisions break the Confederate line and were not themselves permitted to take part at a moment when, had they been ordered in, Lee's army would have been divided at the centre. Sitting down with the soldiers, they told of their experiences in the Seven Days' battles in front of Richmond, especially the battle at Gaines's Mills, where their beloved Colonel Jesse A. Gove, was killed. A few months ago I went over the ground near the farmhouse of Mr. Watts, where Col. Gove fell. It was my pleasure to make his acquaintance about 1850, in Concord, N. H. Probably some of the elderly citizens of that city, who may read this article, will recall him as a Deputy Secretary of State from 1850-55. He was a native of Weare in that State, and it may be that some citizens of that town

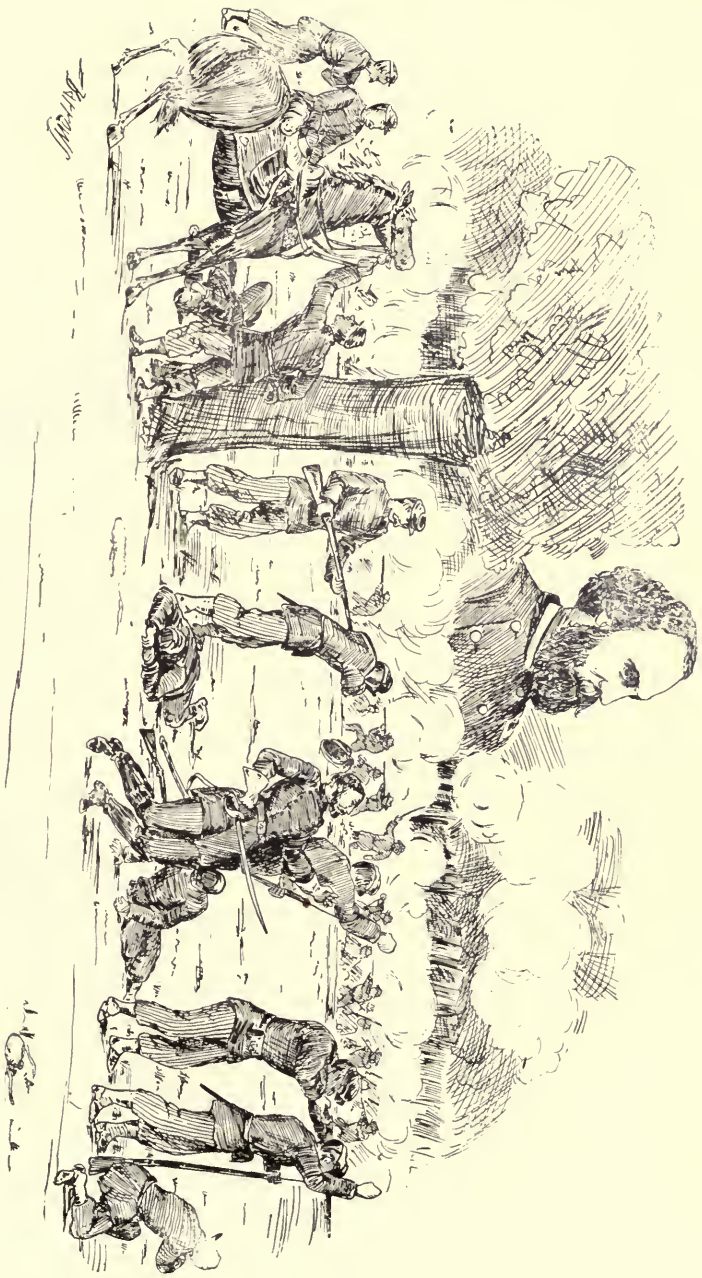
may remember him as a member of the South Weare Band about 1836-37. He played the clarinet. He was educated at the Military Academy, Norwich, Vermont, then under the direction of Col. Ransom, who commanded a brigade in the Mexican War. Col. Gove was at that time a Lieutenant and served under him. At the conclusion of that war he entered the office of Pierce & Minot in Concord as a student at law. I often saw him, and greatly admired his gentlemanly deportment and his acquirements. He was an excellent botanist and mineralogist. I presume it was through the influence of ex-President Pierce that he was appointed Captain in the Tenth United States Infantry about 1857. At the outbreak of the war he was in Utah, but returned East, and was selected by Senator Wilson to take command of his regiment. He was an admirable disciplinarian.

I doubt not some of the veterans of the regiment will remember June 27, 1862, when they stood in line of battle a short distance north of the house of Mr. Watts, near Gaines's Mills. It was a hot, sultry day. They will remember that a little past noon shells from Confederate cannon came crashing through the woods. It was a little past 3 o'clock before the Confederates advanced. The veterans will remember that General Porter's headquarters were beneath the trees surrounding Mr. Watts's house. He had thirty thousand men against nearly 70,000 Confederates. He was to hold the line while McClellan was making preparations for a retreat to James River. The veterans will remember how the first crash of musketry in the battle was from Martindale's and Butterfield's and Griffin's Brigades upon Longstreet's, A. P. Hill's and Whiting's Divisions of Confederates, which were advancing through the woods. It was just after the battle commenced that Col. Gove dismounted and called upon a young bugler to hold his horse. I think his name was Houghton. He was but a boy. The soldiers called him "Monkey." Though young in years he was very brave. In the retreat from Mechanicsville he had assisted a disabled soldier by carrying his gun. He had the gun in his hand when Col. Gove directed him to hold his horse and find shelter behind a tree. The next instant there came a volley, the boy was wounded, a large number of the men killed, and among them

Col. Gove. Though the regiment had lost their able commander it maintained its ground till nearly one-half were killed or wounded. The discipline of the fallen commander was manifest in this battle. Had he lived, doubtless he would have attained a Major Generalship.

The soldiers of the Twenty-second looked up to Senator Wilson with reverence and affection. He shook hands with them, talked with them, learned their wants, gave them words of encouragement. He had been a volunteer aide on McClellan's staff. He was Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate. Many of the officers in the army were indebted to him for their promotion. He was everywhere received with honor. Knowing there could be no movement for several days, I accompanied the Senator to Washington. Before leaving I paid my respects to Gen. Burnside and his chief of staff, Gen. Parke, both of whom received me very courteously. Burnside was very sober. A great responsibility had been forced upon him. The Manassas Gap Railroad had just been opened. I think only one or two trains had passed over it. There were only freight cars. It was nearly dark when we climbed into a freight car with some empty cracker boxes, which we were to use for seats. We found one occupant in the car, Dr. Mary Walker. She was an aggressive woman, who went where she pleased regardless of Provost Marshals. She was dressed in her peculiar costume, trousers and jacket. She fitted here and there throughout the army hospitals, in Washington and at the front. Not only during the war, but since then she has kept herself at times in the public eye. I was in Paris in 1867, at a Fourth of July dinner in the Grand Hotel, where she made herself conspicuous by appearing in a costume, made from the Stars and Stripes. The train made its way slowly over the uneven track at six or seven miles an hour. During the ride Senator Wilson gave an account of the raising of his regiment and talked tenderly of Col. Gove and of his regiment. "They are my boys," he said. "I love them. There are not many of them left. It is terrible to think how many of them have been killed and how many more must be before slavery is swept from the land, and the country redeemed from its curse." From the beginning he had seen, better than most men, the magnitude of the conflict.

DEATH OF COLONEL GOVE AT GAINES' MILL.



THE CROSSING AT FREDERICKSBURG.

Thirty years ago this first week of December the Stafford hills, opposite Fredericksburg, were white with the tents of the Army of the Potomac. At night the fields where George Washington passed his youthful years were gleaming with thousands of bivouac fires. The army was waiting for orders to move. It is not often that a man is forced to assume such responsibility as had suddenly been laid upon Ambrose E. Burnside. The generation now upon the stage, the young people of the country, know him only by name, but he was an important actor in the great drama of the Rebellion. He was born in a log cabin in Indiana. He had the advantages of the common school, and afterwards of Miami University. At the age of 17 he was apprenticed as a tailor at Centreville, Ind. When his apprenticeship was finished he went into a store, in which he slept upon a mattress laid upon the counter at night. Everybody liked him, he was so kind-hearted and affable. When 19 years old he received an appointment to West Point, from whence he graduated in 1847.

After several years' service in the army on the frontier he resigned his commission and engaged in private business. In 1858 he was appointed Cashier of the Illinois Central Railroad by General McClellan, then connected with the road. In 1860 he was appointed Treasurer of the company in New York. On Monday morning, April 15, 1861, he read the

President's proclamation calling for 75,000 troops to suppress the Rebellion. Before night he received a telegram from Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island, asking how soon he could be in Providence to take command of a regiment. He replied that he would be there at once. The next morning he was in that city supervising the fitting out of the regiment, which a few days later he accompanied to Washington. He commanded a brigade and led the advance to Bull Run. When the North Carolina expedition was fitted out he was appointed to the command, and achieved success at Roanoke Island and Newbern. He led the advance at Salt Mountain and at Antietam held the left of the line. He was the only General connected with the Eastern army who had won success. It was natural that the President should select him to succeed McClellan. He thought he was not qualified to assume command of so large an army. He knew the country demanded an aggressive movement.

No commander during the war had a more difficult task to accomplish than he, or a problem more perplexing. When he assumed command of the army at Warrenton, General Lee with one-half of the Confederate Army confronted him on the headwaters of the Rappahanock. The other half under Jackson was still in the Shenandoah Valley. The Confederate Army numbered nearly eighty thousand, the Army of the Potomac one hundred and twenty-seven thousand. At the begin-

ning of the war the cry had been "On to Richmond." The people did not see that the power of the Rebellion was in the Rebel army, and there could not be peace until that power was crushed. Gen. Burnside resolved to make a rapid march eastward across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and march from thence to Richmond. The task before him was far greater than that before McClellan on the Upper Potomac. Then, Lee was receiving his supplies by wagon from Culpeper; now he was receiving them by rail. Burnside submitted his plans to Halleck, Stanton and President Lincoln. They thought well of it. It was necessary to have pontoons taken down the Potomac and up the Rappahannock to enable the army to cross the river. Halleck promised to have them there. The railroad from Aquia Creek was to be opened.

Burnside reorganized the army into three grand divisions, each consisting of two corps.

The right wing was commanded by Gen. Sumner, the centre by Gen. Hooker and the left wing by Gen. Franklin. The march was made with great rapidity to Falmouth on the north bank of the Rappahannock. The Confederate force in Fredericksburg consisted of four companies of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and one battery. The Confederates were greatly surprised to see the Falmouth and Stafford Hills suddenly swarming with the 40,000 men composing Sumner's grand division. The Confederate battery opened fire, but a moment later Captain Pettit opened with his 10-pounder Parrot guns, firing with such sure aim that it was quickly silenced. The pontoons had not arrived. The railroad to Aquia Creek had not been repaired. The part which Gen. Halleck was to perform had not been accomplished. It was the fatal mistake of the campaign. Had the pontoons been there, forty thousand men would have been across the Rappahannock before sunrise the following morning.

Col. Brooks, commanding a brigade, saw some cattle wade the stream. He noticed that the water was not more than knee deep. He sent a messenger to Sumner informing him of his discovery. Burnside had not arrived. Sumner sent a letter to him asking permission to cross the river and seize the hills behind the town. Burnside hastened to Falmouth and decided that the risk was too great; that he must wait for the pontoons. The second great mistake had been made. Lee was between thirty and forty miles distant, Jackson sixty

miles. Before Lee could arrive the entire Army of the Potomac could have been on the southern bank of the Rappahannock. There were enough skilled mechanics in the army to rebuild the burned bridges, the stone piers of which were standing. The army had provisions for several days. The first mistake was through the negligence of Halleck; the second by Burnside, due to his caution.

Twelve days passed, the army reposing the while on the Falmouth and Stafford Hills. Burnside visited Washington and consulted with Halleck and Stanton in regard to the situation. He desired to go into winter quarters, but was informed that the army must make a move. Probably the decision was made on political grounds: it was a terrible mistake on the part of the War Department. Burnside made another mistake in not demanding from Halleck a plan for the movement which he insisted must be made. The original plan had been upset by Halleck's negligence, and the movement which that officer now demanded was against Burnside's judgment. Had the pontoons been at Fredericksburg no battle would have been fought there during that week in December. Lee would have been compelled to hasten towards the North Anna River to interpose his army between Burnside and Richmond. Burnside made no pretensions as a strategist, and he could devise no other plan than to lay several pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock and attack Lee in his strong entrenchments upon the Fredericksburg Hills.

During those December days I was accustomed to ride along the northern bank of the river from Falmouth to the birthplace of Washington. The Confederate sentinels were pacing their ~~way~~ along the river. It is a narrow stream less than one hundred feet wide. The Union pickets guarded the northern shore. "Say, Yank, when are ye gwine to Richmond?" the hail from a Confederate.

"We'll get there, Johnny Reb, you bet!" the reply.

Then came a volley of epithets from the Fredericksburg side which do not look well in print, followed by another volley from the northern bank hurled across the stream. The hard words hurt no one. They were only explosions of the grim humor of the true American soldier.

From Gen. Sumner's headquarters I have a wide sweep of country in view. On the right I see a steep bluff behind the town, a plateau at its base gently sloping toward the river. The



CAPTAIN PETTIT OPENING FIRE ON THE ENEMY.

turnpike leading west to Gordonsville is in plain view. At the top of the bluff I behold the house of Mr. Marye, with breastworks in front of it on the edge of the bluff. Half way down the street I see a line of yellow earth and a line of men behind it. I can see cannon peeping from embrasures. I do not know at that moment nor does any one in the army know that there is a sunken road running along the base of the bluff, and that a brigade of Confederates is lying there in the natural fortification. There are three lines of men securely entrenched. Since then I have stood upon the bluff with Gen. Longstreet, who kindly pointed the positions of his troops and of his cannon planted to sweep every rod of ground between the bluff and the town. His Chief Engineer after placing the cannon in position said:

"General, I have still some guns left."

"Can't you put them in somewhere?"

"I don't need them; you couldn't rake the field with a fine-tooth comb more completely than I can with my batteries," the Chief Engineer replied.

Before engaging in journalism I had had some experience in civil engineering, and had been long enough with the army to comprehend military topography. My heart sank as I surveyed the ground and thought of the consequences that assuredly would follow any attempt to force the Confederates from that position. In a letter written to The Journal Dec. 9, 1862, I said:

"I know there is a desire for an onward movement, but I think that few men in the country after taking a look at the rebel position would like to lead in a movement across the stream."

I believed that attempt to carry Marye's Heights would end in disastrous failure and great loss of life. The outlook was more hopeful for an advance across the plain east of the town, where Franklin had laid his pontoons. The railroad and the main traveled road between Fredericksburg and Richmond run across this plain. The bluff fades out in that direction. I could not think that General Burnside would attempt anything more than a demonstration upon Marye's Heights, but would make his main attack at the crossing of the railroad and Richmond turnpike. There was no natural obstacle to prevent a flank movement in that direction. But such was not Burnside's plan; in reality he had no plan other than to cross the river and make attacks at Hamilton's Crossing and Marye's Heights at the same time.

The sun went down behind the western horizon December 10. With the coming of darkness there was great activity in the artillery corps. Gen. Hunt placed 147 cannon on the Falmouth and Stafford hills, to open fire if the crossing of the river and the laying of the pontoons was contested. It was about five o'clock on the morning of the 11th, when I heard the troops astir. A dense fog had settled over the valley. As I looked out at that hour I could see shadowy forms around the bivouac fires. Some soldiers were boiling their coffee, others packing their blankets. I heard the rumble of wagons and a little later the pontoon trains came winding down the declivity to the bank of the river. It was proposed to construct two bridges opposite the town, two more a third of a mile down stream, and two more a mile and a half farther down, near the house of Mr. Bernard. Sumner and Hooker were to use those opposite the town and Franklin those farther down. Burnside had sent a summons across the river for the surrender of the town, which had been refused.

The wagons bearing the pontoons are brought to the edge of the stream and the boats launched. The engineer corps place them in position and lay the timbers and planks. The bridge farthest up stream is finished half way before the fog lifts sufficiently to allow the Confederate pickets to take aim at the men in blue. At first there is a pattering fire and then a volley of musketry, and the men laying the timbers drop helplessly into the stream. Fresh men step forward to take the places of those who have fallen, to be shot in turn. For a while the attempt to lay the bridges is relinquished, except those farthest down the stream, where there is no opposition to their construction. At half-past nine Gen Franklin sends a message that his bridge is finished and that he is ready to cross. The forenoon passes, during which a half-dozen attempts are made to complete the upper bridge, but every man who walks out with a plank is killed or wounded by the Confederates lying in their rifle pits along the bank, or who are concealed in the houses. The annals of war do not furnish many more brilliant examples of bravery than that of Capt. Brainard of the Fiftieth New York, who, with eleven men, goes out upon the run. Five fall at one volley and the wounded return. Capt. Perkins of the same regiment leads another party, but falls, with half his men. It is a sacrifice of life with nothing gained.

Gen. Burnside has no desire to injure the

town, but under the usages of war he has a right to bombard it. "Bring all your guns to bear upon the city and batter it down." is the order to Gen. Hunt.

A moment later 179 cannon are hurling solid shot and shell across the stream. The air is thick with murky clouds. The earth shakes beneath the cannonade. I hear the shells exploding in the houses. During the afternoon the cannon flame till more than 9000 missiles are sent across the river. The shells set fire to a block of buildings, the burning of which adds terrible grandeur to the scene. In consequence of the formation of the ground, the Union cannon cannot be sufficiently depressed to shell out the Mississippians of Barksdale's brigade from the cellars of the houses. Barksdale is holding the line. He was a member of Congress before the war and a violent secessionist. The time has come for a bold movement. During the day Col. Hall's brigade of Sumner's corps has been in position near the house of Mr Lacy.

"My soldiers are ready to cross the river in the boats and drive out the Confederates" was his message to Gen. Sumner.

Permission is granted him. His own regiment, the Seventh Michigan, and the Nineteenth Massachusetts, which was in the thick of the fight at Ball's Bluff, respond to the call for volunteers. At a signal Lieut. Col. Baxter and the men from Michigan go down the bank upon the run, push the boats into the stream, leap into them and steer for the other shore. Baxter falls; a score of men go down, but the boats move on. A moment later, before the Confederates have time to reload their muskets, the men are jumping ashore, charging upon the rifle pits and capturing them. The Nineteenth Massachusetts is crossing a little farther up the stream. As the boats near the shore the soldiers leap into the water, run up the bank into the houses, smash in the windows, batter down the doors, capturing all within. Vividly has the poet Boker pictured the scene. I quote from his stanzas:

"They leaped into the rocking shallows—
Ten offered where one could go;
And the breeze was alive with laughter
Till the boatmen began to row

"And many a brave, stout fellow
Who sprang in the boats with mirth
Ere they made that fatal crossing
Was only lifeless earth

"Cheer after cheer we sent them
As only armies can—
Cheers for old Massachusetts,
Cheers for young Michigan"

"They formed in line of battle;
Not a man was out of place,
Then with level steel they hurled them
Straight in the rebel's face."

The sun is going down, red and fiery, through the battle clouds. From my position I can look straight up the street where the Nineteenth Massachusetts is making its way. The men in blue are nearest; beyond them I can see the men in gray, some of them in the streets, others firing from doorways and windows. There is a humming in the air over my head, and a pattering of leaden rain in the river. The officers are shouting their orders. One of my dear friends, Rev. Arthur Buckminster Fuller, Chaplain of the Massachusetts Sixteenth, is in the thick of the fight. He is a brother of Margaret Fuller Ossoli, renowned in American literature. He preached before the war to the seamen in Father Taylor's chapel at the north end of Boston, he also preached at Manchester, N. H. He was preaching at Watertown at the outbreak of the war, and resigned his pastorate to become a chaplain. He has served the soldiers with untiring devotion. His health has failed and he has just taken his departure from the regiment to serve in one of the hospitals at Washington. He has seen the heroic devotion of those who have given their lives in the attempt to lay the pontoons. His blood is up. Seizing a musket from a soldier on the northern bank he has crossed the river as a volunteer.

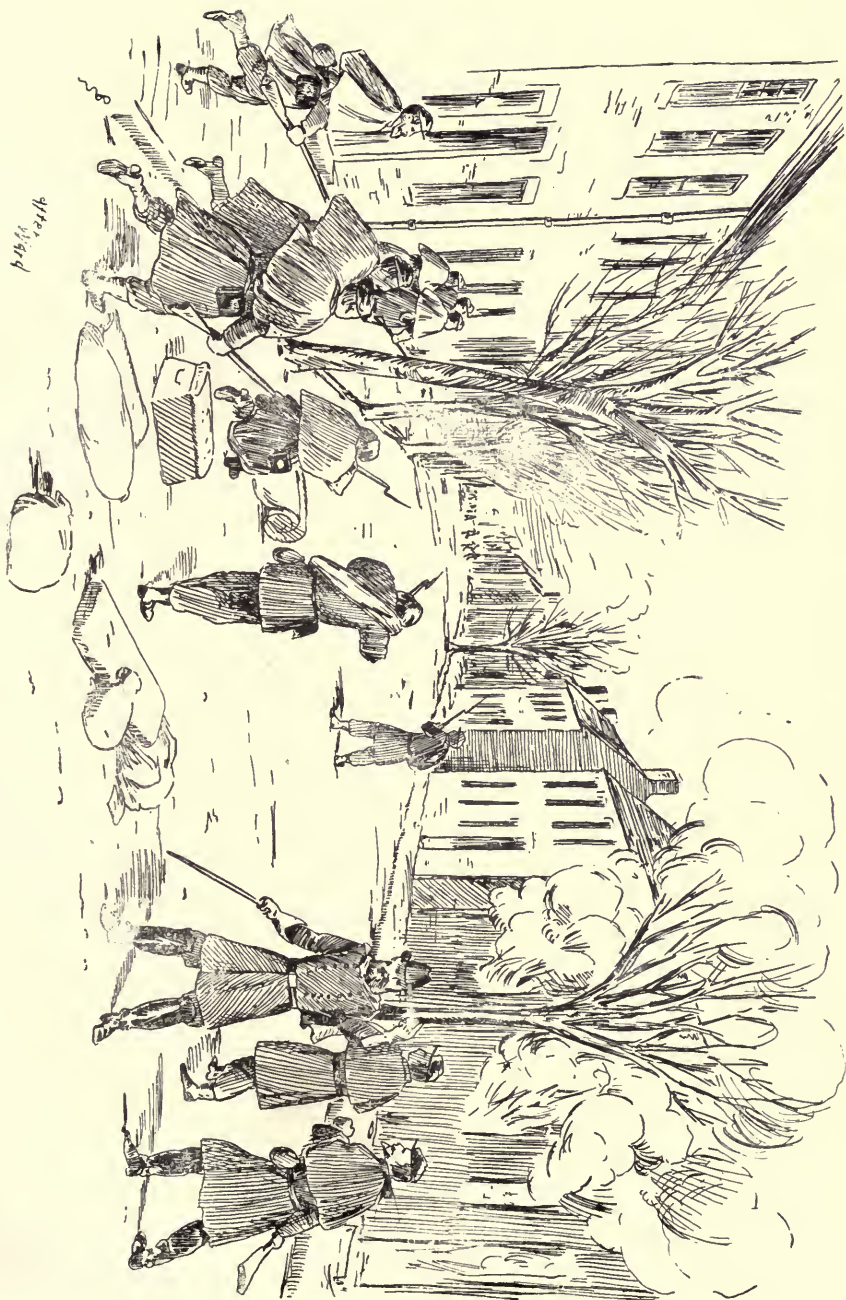
"I want to do something for my country where shall I go?" he says to Capt. Dunn.

"If you wish to take part you can fall in on the left," was the reply of that officer.

Chaplain Fuller deliberately loads his musket and takes his place on the left. The company advances up the street. Suddenly muskets flash from doors and windows. Chaplain Fuller fires, reloads and fires again. Not more than five minutes have passed since he uttered the words, "I want to do something for my country." His work is done. A bullet has pierced his heart. A line of Confederates suddenly appears in the street and the advancing column is driven. A little later the Union troop advance once more, and they discover that the pockets of Chaplain Fuller have been plundered and his body thrust through by the bayonets of the Mississippians.

No scene of the war was more dramatic than the crossing at Fredericksburg. Thirty years have gone by, but I see as then—the men in blue and gray confronting one another in the gathering darkness. Some are loading their guns, some taking deliberate aim. Muskets flash; men fall; others take their places. The flames of burning buildings light up the gathering gloom. Again I hear the confused hum of voices, the rattle of musketry, the singing of bullets in the air, the crash of shells, the thunder of the cannonade. The uproar gradually diminishes. The cannon cease their thunder and silence comes, broken only by the tramping of the regiments crossing the river. No pen picture can give the true significance of the scene, for with all this there is the heroism, devotion, the sacrifice of life, the pathos, which stirs my blood and brings tears to my eyes as I think of those who so willingly laid down their lives that this government of the people might not perish from the earth.

IN THE STREETS AT FREDERICSBURG.





If ever a man needed sympathy under trying circumstances it was General Burnside at Fredericksburg. During the night his army had crossed the Rappahannock to fight a great battle. The movement had been demanded by the loyal people of the North. He had counseled with the President and the military authorities at Washington, who said that he must make a movement. He was confronted by an army numbering nearly eighty thousand, in a very strong position. Through no fault of his own, his original plan had been upset. Now he had no plan other than to advance with his whole army and attempt to carry the Confederate breastworks. He placed Gen. Sumner's grand division on the right, Hooker's in the centre, and Franklin's on the left. He did not know the qualities of these commanders only as they had been exhibited at Antietam. Sumner was brave and energetic. He had been trained as a cavalry commander. He had rendered excellent service on the Peninsula, but at Antietam the formation of his troops had been very faulty. Hooker was bold, impulsive and aggressive. He was already known as "Fighting Joe." Franklin had not been in position to manifest his abilities, except in a small way at Crampton's Gap.

Soon after daylight I rode across the upper pontoon to Fredericksburg. The bodies of those killed the previous evening were lying where they fell—some at the water's edge, others farther up the bank and in the streets. Stringent orders had been issued against committing

degradation, but as the Confederates had fired from the houses the order became a dead letter. Doors had been battered down and windows smashed. Solid shot had crashed through the walls. There were great rents where the sides of the buildings had been shattered by the explosion of shells. After the fighting was over for the night the soldiers had made themselves at home in the deserted houses. They tumbled the furniture into the streets, brought out feather beds and mattresses, which the Surgeons soon appropriated for the use of the wounded. Some were boiling their coffee in the kitchens; others were cooking eggs or frying flapjacks from flour found in the pantries. They were rummaging closets and taking whatever pleased their fancy for the moment.

Fancy runs wild at such a time. One soldier was strolling the streets, wearing an old-fashioned scoop bonnet; another had on a chemise over his uniform; a third was wearing a gown; a fourth had a mantle thrown over his shoulders; another appeared with a string of custard cups, which he was wearing as a necklace; another had found an old-fashioned bell-crowned hat, in fashion 30 years before the war. It was more like a masquerade than anything else.

I came upon Gen. Oliver O. Howard, now a Major General of the army, and who had led the advance in the occupation of Fredericksburg. He was seated in a chair upon the sidewalk, with his staff around him, waiting for orders. I had a very pleasant chat with him for a few moments in regard to the scenes of the

night, and then rode through the streets, out to the picket line. The density of the fog prevented my seeing the position of the Confederates, and I returned to Gen. Burnside's headquarters on the northern bank of the river.

It was just half-past 9 o'clock in the morning when the roar of a cannon broke the stillness. It was fired by Captain Pelham, as we know, connected with the Confederate artillery attached to Stuart's cavalry, far down upon the left. It was followed by several other peals. Comprehending that the battle was to begin in that direction I leaped into my saddle and rode along the bank of the river to Franklin's pontoons.

General Burnside expected that Franklin would turn the flank of Jackson and secure the railroad leading to Richmond. The troops were moving across the plain toward Hamilton's Crossing. The fog had lifted sufficiently to enable Stuart to open the battle. A few moments later I heard the pattering fire of the skirmishers. General Meade's division was in the advance. After a rattling fire which lasted a few moments there came a volley of musketry, which indicated that the battle had begun in earnest.

Just before reaching the pontoons, I met two soldiers bringing a third who had been wounded in one foot. They laid him on the ground a few moments. He was making sad lamentation that his foot was torn all to pieces. The bullet had entered at the toe of the boot. I said to him that it would be well to take it off before the foot became swollen. One of the soldiers attempted to remove it, but the wounded man made bitter complaint.

"Cut it off," he said.
Neither of the soldiers had a knife, whereupon I dismounted and cut the boot open. Upon examining the wound I found the bullet imbedded in the flesh between his toes and picked it out with my fingers.

"If that is all we won't carry you any farther," said one of the soldiers, and left him. The fellow evidently was more scared than hurt.

Crossing the river I came upon a brigade of cavalry. The soldiers had tethered their horses to the trees surrounding the house of Mr. Benard. Gen. Bayard, commanding the brigade, was seated at the root of a tree filling his pipe for a smoke. After a few moments' conversation with him I passed on toward Meade's command.

A little later a cannon ball came whizzing across the field. It was a chance shot, but selected Gen. Bayard for its mark, instantly killing him.

Now, I could see Doubleday's division on my left, facing east, standing at a right angle with the river. The soldiers were in line, but not taking part in the battle. Beyond them I could see puffs of smoke from the skirmishers thrown out toward the Confederate cavalry. In the direction of Hamilton's crossing, the division under Gen. Meade was hotly engaged. Gibbon's

division was on Meade's right. Eighteen cannon on a knoll were sending their shells upon the Confederate lines. As Meade's troops moved on they came to a hollow, where they halted a moment and then advanced toward the railroad.

There was nothing to obstruct my view. The railroad embankment was in sight behind where I could see the sunlight glistening on the bayonets of the Confederates belonging to Lane's and Archer's brigades of Jackson's division. There was a gap between them into which Meade determined to force his way.

He would use his troops as an entering wedge. The next moment 14 cannon in the woods behind the Confederates opened fire and the shells came thick and fast upon the advancing line. But, unmindful of the storm, the troops rushed on to the railroad, dashed into the gap and captured about 200 prisoners and several standards. There was a confusion in the Confederate lines and a quick retreat to the woods. Meade's men rushed after them and the battle waxed hot and heavy in the edge of the forest.

Jackson ordered General Gregg's brigade to advance to the help of Archer and Lane. Ewell's division, near the house of Mr. Hamilton, came upon the run, but before they arrived Gregg's South Carolina brigade was nearly cut to pieces. Gregg was wounded, but leaning against a tree urged on his men until he dropped unconscious to the ground. Of course I did not at the moment know this incident. I cannot say how long the contest went on, for on a battlefield one usually takes little note of time, especially when bullets are humming through the air and shells exploding not far away. After a while the Union troops came in a flock from the woods. They had been attacked in flank, as we now know, by four Confederate brigades. Beside the killed and wounded left upon the ground in the edge of the woods, Meade lost several hundred who were taken prisoners.

Gen. Gibbon had been directed to support Meade. He advanced to the railroad, where the embankment was somewhat higher than where Meade advanced. It was therefore a natural breastwork for the Confederates. Gibbon's men came up to the embankment and fired in the faces of the men in gray, who stubbornly held their ground. Some of Gibbon's regiments gave way. The Twelfth Massachusetts was in the second line, in the brigade commanded by Col. Lyle. I do not remember whether the Sixteenth Maine was in that brigade, but that regiment, I think, joined with the Twelfth in a charge upon the Confederates, which was so sudden and vigorous that about two hundred of the enemy gave themselves up as prisoners. The position which had been gained was held for some minutes, but no supports came and they were soon compelled to retreat. They retired slowly and in good order.

This is a very meagre account of a conflict in which one hundred and five men, out of two



SERGEANT PLUNKETT AND THE COLORS.

nundred and fifty-eight, composing the Twelfth Regiment were killed or wounded. This regiment at the beginning of the war was commanded by Colonel Fletcher Webster, son of Daniel Webster, who was killed at Manassas. It was a pitiful sight—the lines of men bearing stretchers and carrying the wounded to the rear and placing them in the ambulances—pitiful because nothing had been gained by the attack.

When Meade and Gibbon retired the Confederates made the air ring with their exultant cheers. Birney's division advanced to meet them, and thirty cannon opened fire, compelling the Confederates in turn to fall back into the woods. Of more than forty thousand troops at his disposal Franklin had used only about fifteen thousand. From the success attained by Meade it seems probable that had Franklin sent in the remainder of his troops, Jackson would have been driven from his position, and Lee's right flank successfully turned.

Seeing no disposition on the part of General Franklin to attack with vigor I determined to ride back to General Burnside's headquarters on the north bank of the Rappahannock to ascertain officially, if possible, what was going on. As I reached the bank of the river a solid shot whizzed over my head and dropped into the water. The cavalry, which at the beginning of the battle had been tethered to the trees around Bernard's house, had been removed to a shelter beneath the bank. Upon reaching the headquarters of Burnside I found that Sumner had been employed during the morning in getting his troops into position. Burnside had expected greater results from Franklin's movement, and had not ordered Sumner to advance until between 11 and 12 o'clock.

Burnside did not know there was a canal in rear of the town, which the troops must cross in column before they could come into position for an attack. The canal takes the water from the Rappahannock, opposite the village of Fal-mouth, to supply the flouring mills at the lower end of Fredericksburg. It was a very formidable obstacle to Sumner's advance. The engineers, it seems, did not know of its existence. Blindly, and without any well-considered plan, an attempt was to be made to drive Longstreet from his formidable position. The attacking force must advance across a plateau, which could be swept by nearly one hundred Confederate cannon. At the base of the bluff was a sunken road, filled with Confederates. Half way up was a trench, also filled with Confederates. At the top of the hill was a line of breastworks and the artillery.

Sumner's troops through the morning had been standing in the streets of the town. The Confederate cannon had been silent, but when the Eighth Ohio Regiment marched up Hanover street, and the First Delaware Regiment appeared upon Princess Ann street, respectively leading the two columns, the storm burst forth.

It was a little past 11 o'clock when 115 soldiers of the Ohio regiment advanced as skirmishers,

of whom 48 were killed and wounded in less than ten minutes, but they drove the Confederate skirmishers from their positions and reached the bank on the west side of the ravine beyond the canal. General Nathan Kimball, who once defeated Stonewall Jackson at Kearntown in the Shenandoah Valley, formed his brigade in Caroline street. The moment the head of the column reached the open ground the Confederate cannon opened fire. The next moment the thirty-pounders of the Union artillery on the northern bank of the Rappahannock sent their shells high above the heads of the Union soldiers into the Confederate lines.

Brigade after brigade passed across the canal and came into position under the shelter of the ravine. When all were ready, at a signal they climb the bank and rush across the open field. Suddenly Marye's Heights are aflame—the sunken road at the base, the trench half way up, the crest, all three are flashing and flaming.

From my standpoint I can see shot and shells coming from the right, from the front, and from the left into the advancing lines—a cross and direct fire. The lines are three or four deep. It is a blue wave advancing across the plateau. Men are dropping, the ground is thickly strown with prostrate forms. Hundreds are limping toward the rear, but on, up almost to the sunken road the wave rolls on, then breaks and drifts back to the shelter of the ravine. Nearly six thousand men have advanced, but in this brief period nearly two thousand have been killed or wounded.

General Sumner is not a man to give up a contest after one repulse. He orders up Howard's division. Again the dark mass advances over the plateau, but only to retire with dismantled ranks. Since the war I have walked over the field with General Ransom, a Confederate commander, who said he could but admire the bravery and determination of the Union troops, and that it pained him to see them slaughtered so terribly when there was no chance of their carrying the position.

Thus far the attacks had been made by the troops of the Second Corps. Sumner now ordered up Sturgis's division of the Ninth Corps, in which were the Sixth, Ninth and Eleventh New Hampshire, the Twenty-first and Thirty-fifth Massachusetts Regiments. The last named had been at Roanoke Island, South Mountain, Antietam and Chantilly. It was commanded by Col. Clark. When Sturgis advanced the regiment went almost up to the sunken road, when Serg. Collins, carrying the flag of the Twenty-first, fell. The flag was instantly seized by Serg. Plunket. He was born in Ireland, but came to this country when a boy. When 10 years of age he earned his living making shoes in West Boylston. He had distinguished himself in other battles by his coolness and bravery. As he picks up the flag his comrades hear him shout, "Come on!" The next instant a shell bursts in front of him and both hands are gone, but with his bleeding arms he claps the flag to his heart, staining it with blood. To him

there is nothing on earth so dear. Many who may read this letter will recall him as door-keeper at the coat room in the State House up to 1884. Many times I have felt something rise in my throat and the moisture gathering in my eyes as I saw him patiently sitting there, with the two hooks at the ends of his arms, the only substitute for the hands which he had given to his country. He was ever an eloquent and pathetic testimonial to the power of the flag to transform citizens of other lands into true-hearted and patriotic citizens of the republic. At the time of his death the Legislature, in a body, with the flag he carried at Fredericksburg, attended his funeral.

I have said that General Burnside had no other plan than to attack the enemy in his entrenchments. Seemingly, for the moment, he lost his mental equipoise. No impression had been made upon the Confederates. He ordered Gen. Hooker to advance. That officer, after reconnoitering the ground, said that in his opinion the heights could not be carried. Burnside replied that the attempt must be made. Humphrey's division advanced, but the result ended in failure. The sun goes down with Marye's Heights aflame, the Confederate cannon pouring a destructive fire upon the Union troops. Although a third of a century has passed away, memory recalls the terrible scene—the clusters of Union troops trying to shelter themselves along the ravine, the ground thickly strewn with inanimate forms. Amid the thunder of the cannonade and the rattling of musketry, heart rending wails from the wounded and dying fall upon my ears. Not till darkness covers the scene can the ambulances reach them. More than 12,000 Union soldiers have been killed or wounded, and a little more than 5000 Confederates. Although the result was so disastrous General Burnside determined to renew the attempt in the morning with the Ninth Corps which he would lead in person; but Sumner, Hooker and Franklin unitedly remonstrated and he yielded the point.

Sunday morning dawns beautiful and clear. Burnside sees that the wounded must be cared for; humanity demands it. White flags are displayed. The soldiers on both sides stack their guns, and the pickets talk familiarly of the battle. The Union troops give the Confederates coffee, and receive tobacco in return. During the day Burnside arrives at the conclusion that the army must be withdrawn, and orders are issued for the movement to begin with the coming on of night. Little does Gen. Lee mistrust, as the sun goes down Sunday, that the Union artillerymen are winding wisps of straw around the wheels of the cannon so

that they will make no rumbling as they cross the pontoons. The Union officers issue their orders in whispers. Fortunately the wind is blowing from the south, and no sound of the departure reaches the Confederate ears. When Monday morning dawns Gen. Lee beholds with astonishment that the Union army is once more upon the northern bank of the river, and that the pontoons have been removed. The great battle has been fought, resulting in terrible slaughter, with nothing gained. It is the darkest period of the war.

The morning after the return of the army to Stafford Hills I visited Col. Harriman of the Eleventh New Hampshire. I had made his acquaintance several years before the outbreak of the Rebellion. He had been identified with the Democratic party in that State, but was loyal and true to the Union. He had been a popular speaker, had many friends and was influential in raising the regiment. This was his first battle. The regiment had suffered severely, I found him greatly depressed. I reproduce as nearly as possible our conversation:

"Well, Carleton, we have been in battle, and have suffered a terrible defeat. We may just as well give up the fight now as to go on with it. I tell you, we can never conquer the rebels."

"Well, Colonel, I do not wonder you feel so. This is your first battle and your regiment has suffered severely: you were exposed to a murderous fire. We have lost from 10,000 to 12,000 and nothing has been gained. You say that we may as well give up now as ever; that we can never conquer the rebels. Permit me to say to you that this war is to go on until one or the other party is utterly exhausted. It is a conflict between freedom and slavery and one or the other will triumph. More men have got to be killed, but freedom is to triumph in the end."

Col. Harriman was silent for a few moments, and then said:

"Well, I do not know but that you are right. So be it. I saw brave men die yesterday, giving their lives cheerfully for their country, and I am ready to give mine if need be."

Thirty years have passed since then, and it is a gratification to read once more the words written to The Journal just after my interview with Colonel Harriman:

"It is no time to lose faith and hope. Now is the time to rally with all our strength to sustain the Government and the priceless cause in which we are engaged. Let every patriot stand like a rock. The world has seen many dark days. Right has seemed to have the worst of it in the long contest against wrong; but right was born among the exterminities and will live beyond all time. It is not defined to let go of the Government—not the time to sit disheartened and let the great cause perish by default."





CHARLES F. W. ARCHER.

CAPTAIN MAGNITZKY.

In a quiet office in Court street, up one flight, where the blazing canal coal splinters and crackles socially in the wide, open fire place, its dancing, flickering light illumining the titles of many a staid volume of Metcalf or Gray, or Coke or Blackstone, the writer found an exceedingly interesting old soldier. There was no mistaking the erect, military carriage, though the uniform was long since discarded.

Retired because of wounds, says the army register, and by no means an old man yet. Captain Gustave Magnitzky is the name of this quiet gentleman, Sergeant Magnitzky it was, when more than thirty years ago, with his fellow German Turners of Company C, Twentieth, he scaled the height of Ball's Bluff, up the narrow foot path, where but one could go alone, with the possibility of a whizzing rifle bullet at any moment from the lofty crest above.

"I suppose it was only eighty or ninety feet straight up, but I remember I thought it full two hundred when I came down over it that evening," said the Captain, with a laugh, in his pleasantly accentuated tones.

"I will not forget that battle," he continued, "for it was there that I was first laid out with the dead."

In 1860 he came from Prussia to this country to escape a draft for the Prussian army, arriving here just in time to plunge into our four years' war.

To-day he is the only survivor of all the commissioned officers of the Twentieth who went through the entire service of the regiment and was in every battle borne upon its tattered colors save one—"Ream's Station."

Of 21 officers of the Twentieth who crossed the Rapidan on the 3d and 4th of May, 1864, three only crossed the James on the 17th of June, and Capt. Magnitzky was the only one left in the October following.

For six weeks after Hatcher's Run he commanded the Twentieth, all other officers above his rank being disabled, and in that engagement led his comrades in a daring charge, routing out a nest of rebels.

It was a fascination to sit in the fire light as the gloaming drew on and listen to the Captain's story of his first battle as he gives it below. Said the Captain:

The Twentieth lacked the coherency of the other regiments sent forward at the time for this reason: Abraham Lincoln called for 75,000 men, and when that quota was filled there were here and there a number of scattered companies in excess of the call.

These companies were kept together. The German Turnverein of Boston had voted to raise a company, but there were so many Turners who wanted to go that they easily filled two commands instead of one. The men were scholars as well as gymnasts.

We had two companies of rough-and-ready fellows—"Fort Hill boys" and "North Enders"—but good fighters. Our men were scattered far and wide, from Nantucket to Cambridge.

But we had splendid officers from the start—most all Harvard men—each one a gallant soldier. They proved their courage at Ball's Bluff.

We got to Washington on the 7th of September, with 500 or 600 men, but our ranks were

subsequently filled up while at Camp Kalwama. On the 15th of September we pitched tents two miles from Poolesville, on the road to Edwards Ferry, a mile and a half below. With the Nineteenth Massachusetts and Seventh Michigan, who joined us, we established Camp Benton, the headquarters of General Lander's Brigade in Stone's "Observation Corps" on the Upper Potomac.

It was a beautiful situation naturally, but we had many alarms and occasional stray shooting. Most of the time we were on detached service.

On the afternoon before Ball's Bluff four of our companies fell in with arms and knapsacks and marched out, leaving the camp in charge of Lieutenant Colonel Palfrey. Our number was subsequently increased to seven companies. We were marched down to Edwards Ferry, then back up the left bank of the Potomac four or five miles till a halt was ordered.

At about midnight our boys began embarking in scows and were ferried over to Harrison's Island. The Fifteenth Massachusetts preceded us and crossed to the Virginia shore soon after midnight, followed by I and D of the Twentieth.

They were sent on a scout to develop the country and discover the hiding place of the rebels. It was a beautiful evening—perfect October weather.

Our turn to go came in the early morning. All through the forenoon the scow made its trips. Once landed on the farther side, the sharp bluff towered sheer and steep above us. The top was only to be reached by a winding footpath, up which we scrambled one at a time. Had the rebels been on that crest, they might have easily picked us off by detail, man by man, and not one of us could have reached the summit.

Happily—perhaps unhappily—they were not there. Well, we assembled rapidly on the bluff, and formed two lines of battle not far from the edge with two mountain howitzers, and a rifled cannon from a Rhode Island battery. I think, in our front. I think it was 11 o'clock before we all got over.

Companies A and G held the centre and the front line was in a very exposed position and Baxter's First Zouaves from Philadelphia were on our left.

We saw no enemy and we just laid down and enjoyed ourselves while we were waiting.

We decorated an apple tree on our right with our overcoats and extra accoutrements, hang-

ing them in fantastic festoons. It was quite a picnic for a little while. True, there were disturbing shots from beyond those trees which hid the spires of Leesburg from us in the direction the Fifteenth had gone. Toward noon the firing was sharp and rapid, but our boys appeared to be holding them. The day was warm, the soft balmy air of the Indian summer was enticing, and so we lay in the shade of our oddly-hung tree and waited, little dreaming how joyously "the Johnnies" were to appreciate our festoonery and take complete possession of it before nightfall.

We left them the whole of it and glad enough were some of us to get off even so lightly as that.

The shot sare coming nearer now.

Attention!

Every man grasps his Enfield.

There is a succession of quick, light puffs above the trees, and of sharp reports in such rapid continuity as to give a ragged, rattling musketry fire.

There they come—the fellows of the Fifteenth—out from under the white smoke cloud that veils the woods. They fall back steadily along the cart path to our position on the bluff.

We had in front of us an open field, bounded upon its farther edge by a bit of woods which described the arc of a circle from our extreme left round to the right. It was not over 200 yards from where we stood on the edge of the bluff to the belt of timber on the longest radius of the arc.

In front of us was the short slope of brown grass, dotted here and there with the gay tinted leaves of autumn. Behind us, just over that edge, straight down ninety feet, was the river. The sun's rays were as warm as in midsummer making coats unbearable, and we stood shoulder to shoulder without them, the sloping visors of our caps pulled low over our eyes, as we anxiously looked for the enemy.

There was a slight lull as the Fifteenth came back to us and took position, I think, on our right. I remember Gen. Baker. He looked like a very pleasant old style of gentleman as he came up to Col. Lee and said: "Colonel, you have a fine line of battle here." He complimented the Twentieth on its good appearance.

I guess it must have been 3 o'clock when the rebels opened a brisk fire on us from the woods and the battle was on. There were only two shots from our mountain howitzers before they were disabled.



CAPTAIN GUSTAVE MAGNITZKY.

"I have been in over 30 battles," but I never knew such absolutely vicious firing as that at Ball's Bluff. The air was just chock full of bullets. It seemed like hell let loose and there we stood, just simply targets for the rebel riflemen. The nearest approach that we ever had to that firing was at Gettysburg, but even that was nothing so vicious as this.

I remember after Baker fell, when the order came to cease firing and retreat to the foot of the bluff to avoid further slaughter. There wasn't much retreat about it. It was just a scramble—any way to get down.

"It was about 5 o'clock when I was wounded in the leg. I found I could move and I went right over the edge of the bluff. If it hadn't been for the hanging bushes there that I clung hold of going down, I would have come down pretty hard, I can tell you. I half slid and half fell till I reached the foot. I recall, as we scattered, one fellow who acted as though he was drunk. Somebody hit him in the head with a clubbed musket and he ran off, yelling that he was killed. That was the last I saw of him."

There was a great crowd of our fellows under the bluff, and the scow was just shoving off with a load. I managed to get into it in some way and they pushed us over the river to the island.

The rebels came up to the edge of the bluff and we could see them firing down upon our poor fellows.

The scow went across again and there was a grand rush for it. Seventy or eighty men got in, and the old thing was overloaded. They pushed out into the stream, the rebels firing at them, and had got some way from shore when all of a sudden I saw them all go over into the water.

You see there was so much excitement, so much jumping about to escape being hit, that the men crowded too much to one side and careened the scow, which quickly filled and sank.

Over they went into the river.

I never saw anything like it before in my life.

It seemed like a great rolling ball of humanity in mid stream. Each man held on to the other to save himself. They held together for a moment and then gradually drifted apart, some individually succeeding in getting ashore and others going down the stream out of sight.

I saw Lieutenants Wesselhoft and Babodist themselves of their clothing on the further

side and jump in to swim the river in company. They had to stem a cold swift current, two hundred feet wide. All the time the rebels were cracking at them—firing at every head they could see in the river. The Lieutenants got part way across and then, before anybody could get near them, I saw them throw up their hands and disappear beneath the surface.

I remember how, in the middle of the night, Captain Crowninshield, with Lieutenants Hallowell and Charles A. Whittier, with Captain William F. Bartlett—Frank, we always called him—who went through so much afterward and became a General, and Lieutenant Henry L. Abbott, afterward killed, came to us on the island. Captain Crowninshield stripped and swam the river, which appeared to have risen in some sort of freshet, for there were lots of logs and stumps which had been brought down and were left sticking up with their jagged points just above water, rendering it a very risky thing to swim through them at 12 o'clock at night. But that's what the Captain did, and some of the others with him.

Captain Bartlett found a small skiff, and got quite a lot of the boys over in that, beside saving himself. The skiff had been sunk, and he got a negro to raise it for him and tip the water out.

The next funny thing that I remember was my being laid out with the dead. It happened in this way.

After my wound was dressed, it coming on to rain, a rubber blanket was put over me and I was taken to a shanty where the wounded and dead were laid.

I was completely done up and slept soundly. By mistake my bearers carried me too far over the line and deposited me with the dead.

My fellow-sleepers gave no sound and I slept blissfully unconscious of my surroundings until there stole upon me an indistinct, confused sense that somebody was standing over me and talking.

"I had a dim consciousness that some one was saying 'poor fellows, they will never wake again,' something like that, when the rubber blanket over my face was raised and I looked straight into the eyes of a man. I was broad awake then, I can tell you.

"Well, if you ever saw a man jump—that fellow did. He dropped the blanket on my face and ran off. Very soon he came back and brought another. They were soldiers, and my discoverer was so happy at finding me alive, that he forced me to take a great, big, new plug of tobacco.

"We were all sent back to the Maryland side that night. General Lander was wounded the next day at Edwards's Ferry, and soon after, a whole division was thrown across and recaptured a number of prisoners. It was perfectly easy for us to have crossed at Conrad's Ferry. As to who was to blame, the matter has never been decided by an official court."

SERGEANT M'GINNIS.

Ah, those far-away gloaming hours when, with the fading of the aftermath we stood with faces flattened on the window pane peering down the dusky street for the first flash of the lamplighter's cheery torch in the gathering gloom.

The jolly, light-hearted fellow—when was a lamplighter known to be anything else? What a fascination there was in his coming and going and with what dextrous twist the turn-cock sprung open and presto, the jet burst into flame. There is just the glimpse of a smiling face, a nod and he's gone, but he has left the quiet street the brighter for his coming.

He is going fast like Tony Weller's post-boys in the ever increasing glare of the great arc light, but happily for the coming generation, the lamplighter has by no means survived his usefulness in Boston town.

To find, therefore, after a long search for that gallant soldier, that Captain William A. McGinnis, the jolly Sergeant of the Fighting Nineteenth is to-day devoting his attention to brightening the many dark nooks and corners round old Fort Hill after nightfall, just as his merry, jocular spirit lightened the gloom of many a sad hour in stockade and hospital, struck the writer with singular appropriateness as he wended his way down toward India square in his search for the Captain.

It was early candle light, but the evening was dark and rainy as the reporter turned into Battery-march street, after a fruitless quest through old Bread street, its numerous side lanes and by-ways, and was rewarded by a bright flash dead ahead.

There was the Captain at last, sure enough.
"Hi, Captain McGinnis!"

"Aye, aye, sir, what's wanted?" was the cheerful reply to the reporter's hail.

It was a sturdy figure of generous proportions that halted with soldierly promptness within the circle of light from the street lantern above him.

"Can I tell you something of my experience in the war? Well, I can," said he.

"Will you?"

"Ahl that I don't know."

"Oh, come; a man like you is always ready with a story."

"But how shall I begin?"

"Why, that's easy: where do we find the next lamp?"

And so threading our way in and out through the rain, back and forth criss-cross over the muddy streets, now down a deserted wharf among the shipping, and again in and out behind great silent warehouses we took a most fascinating ramble, the Captain leaving his cheerful light behind him as he went, and his companion enjoying to the full a round of yarn spinning from his fund of reminiscence.

"I don't know about Captain Jack Adams's Thanksgiving turnips, but I can tell you of what we had for a Fourth of July dinner down in Danville."

"Let's begin with the axe-handle brigade, Captain?"

"Oh, yes, that's so. Well, to start with, you see I was born and brought up in Boston, living down on Fort Hill about all my life before the war.

"I just took a notion and went up and enlisted in Capt. Ansel D. Wass's Boston Tiger Fire Zouaves, Company K, Nineteenth Massachusetts. We went into camp at Lynnfield. Our uniform was a regular zouave cap, jacket, sash

snd trousers then, and we kept it for some little time: I wore it at Camp Benton, where I was a Sergeant.

"Yes, I had command of the axe-handle brigade. It was made up of a detail of ten men from each company, with a Corporal in charge of each squad. I put the Corporals in as captains, and Charlie Newhall of Saugus, he was my adjutant."

"Was he a Sergeant, Captain?"

"Oh, no, he was just one of the 'meres,'" with a laugh.

"Mere what?"

"Mere private."

"You see we had a Second Lieutenant who felt pretty big over his new straps and nobby uniform. Oh, he was quite a swell. So one day he had visitors and one of the boys passed them. A lady asked him who the man was.

"He; that fellow?" says the Lieutenant, 'oh, he is a mere private, you know.'

"Well, the boys caught on to it, and all high privates after that were 'meres.'

"Devereux, the Colonel, was a great stickler for proprieties. He always addressed the Second 'Luffs' as Mr. so and so. And when I got into the woods I'd go round to all the chopping parties and address the Corporal like this: 'Mr. Hood, how are you getting on to-day?'

"We had the best drilled regiment in the brigade, and the boys all caught on to my 'axe-handle brigade.' They'd march in like veterans. Charlie Newhall would form the line, and then at the command 'present axes' every blade would come flashing up and be presented square to the front. Then I'd take command.

"But as for the orders of the day: some of 'em would hardly do in print. You see the officers are most all alive yet.

"It was while I was at Camp Benton that I saw General Lander wounded.

"The regiment had been picketing the tow path of the canal along the Potomac River down to Edwards Ferry and Company K, Nineteenth, was detailed to guard the ferry.

"Major Rice came down while we were there and said to Captain Wass, 'Captain, send Sergeant McGinnis with three men down to Goose Creek on picket.'

"Well, I went down with three of the boys till we came to the creek—just a little stream making up from the Potomac. There was a covered bridge and we went over on it and up the hill on the other side.

"There was a small little house there and we went into it. There was a man in there all doubled and twisted up with rheumatism. His hands were all curled up. There was an old man with him. He was awful scared. He said the women had all run away and the able-bodied men were all gone to Richmond.

"Says I, 'Did you see any rebels about?' 'No, I didn't,' says he, but he was that frightened that he couldn't tell us much any way.

"So we went out and I was marching ahead along the road when all of a sudden I heard somebody say,

"'Who comes there?'

"I wasn't looking for any rebels and so I straightened up, winked back at my three boys, and says I—

"'Who dares thus to accost Sergeant William A. McGinnis,' swelling up just like that.

"'Begorra, the next minute I heard a cap snap and then another. Then a gun went off, my three pickets flew for the woods, and I just dropped flat to the ground. The shots flew thick and fast over my head. I worked back down over the hill to where our troops were. I jumped a Virginia fence as the balls whizzed by spating into it, splitting the wood and came full upon Lander.

"He said, 'Who are you?'

"I told him my name and regiment.

"Says he, 'Who are those over there?'

"Says I, 'That's the line of battle.'

"And he said, 'What are they doing there, they ought to come up here,' or something like that. We were right between the two lines of battle, and zip! zip! now the bullets flew. A whole brigade was firing then.

"Just as Lander said that the men ought not to be where they were, a bullet struck him in the leg. It seemed to me that I could hear it as it 'socked' into the boot leather, carrying scrap and all with it.

"I said, 'General, can I be of any assistance to you?' He said, 'No. It is well enough; something like that. His orderly came up and helped him to the rear, and that was the wound from which General Lander died. He went to the rear, himself, with the assistance of his Orderly.'

"Just then Captain McGinnis and I emerged upon Fort Hill square. "Hold on," said he, as the ready torch went up to the waiting lantern overhead, "and I will show you how an Andrew sharpshooter popped a rebel in the eye."

"Down came the torch to the wire fence. "You see," said the Captain, "the sharpshooter had a telescope rifle. It weighed 80 pounds, and he rested it just like this on the Virginia fence, and says he to me, 'Do you see that reb over there?' 'I'm going to hit him in the eye.' He fired, over went the reb, and when they went up to the 'Johnny' afterward they found that the ball had cut the vizor of his cap and gone in just under the fellow's eye, sure enough."

"Happily for the brave fireman standing across the square, the Captain's torch was non-explosive and carried no death dealing missile to him to complete the graphic recital.

"You were hit yourself, weren't you, Captain, once or twice," I asked.

"Yes, I got it," with a shrug, indicating that it was quite a trifling matter.

"I was the right guide in Company K, made First Sergeant on the field. Our oors were in a little clearing in the woods like. I saw a man opposite me aiming right for me, so I took aim for him. I fired, and as the smoke cleared away I couldn't see that man anywhere, but at the



CAPTAIN W. A. MCGINNIS.



SERGEANT MCGINNIS.



HIS AXE BRIGADE.

same moment I felt a ball strike me in the left breast near the shoulder.

"I thought at first it was the arm itself that was struck at the time.

"Well, I went back and met an officer that I knew right off was a Surgeon by his straps. 'Doctor,' says I, 'I've a bullet in me back. Just cut it out for me, will you?' He directed me to the field hospital, and I went right on to the operating table, and out it came.

"There was a Sergeant there with a bullet in his jaw, and he says to me, 'I'd like to have your nerve.' 'Why wouldn't you?' says I. But I knew that ball had been laying so long in grease that it would not do me any good to have it stay too long in my body.

"Well, after my wound was dressed I went into the temporary hospital in the rear. It was a small little house, and there I found Captain Harry Hale sitting on the floor.

"He had been shot through the mouth, and the ball knocked out every tooth he had in his head—nice strong teeth they were, too. His lips were all swelled up so he could hardly open them, and his face was all puffed out. He was trying to drink some tea.

"I wanted to cheer the boys up a bit, and when I looked at him and saw the queer picture he made, says I: 'Oh, Captain, how I'd just like to kiss you now.'

"Well, if you could see them laugh, and poor Captain Hale couldn't keep from laughing, though he could hardly move his lips. He could only just sputter, but I was sorry afterward, because it put him in so much pain.

"There lay Hincks on the floor, and I believed him dead. I never expected to see that man alive again. He was shot through the body and terribly wounded."

Colonel Hincks was reported killed in this battle, and on the 20th of September, 1862, The Journal published an obituary notice of him, paying tribute to his worth and bravery.

"And the second wound, Captain?"

"I got that at Gettysburg. I was the First Sergeant of the right flank company of the Nineteenth Massachusetts, the first man in the regiment.

"It was the third day's fight, and right in front of us was Pickett's Division, coming for us like a wave of the sea, in triple lines of gray. I remember just how they looked coming up there, with all our artillery trained on them—a hundred and fifty guns, all flaming at once, pouring an awful fire into them; and I remember how those three lines wavered and broke, retreated and then melted entirely away.

"Well, just at that minute when they had broken I hops up on a little ridge there was in front of us, and I shouts—

"They've broke, boys! they're running! There they go! 'Tare and 'ouns, see them run!

"And the very next minute I got it. A bullet went right through the back of my neck."

"Ah, that was a grand charge, Captain; the most thrilling of the war; those fellows coming for almost a mile across that cannon-swept, open country."

"Grand, is it? Yes, sir, they could fight. I wouldn't care to fight them again," said the Captain.

"I don't remember Jack Adams's Thanksgiving Day, as I told you, but I do remember his Fourth of July, '64. We were captured in front of Petersburg on the picket line of the Second Corps—Hancock's.

"We were advanced. The Sixth Corps lay, I think, on our left. When we went forward it did not, and that left a gap between us.

"At any rate the rebs got in there and we were gobbled. I was a Lieutenant then and had gone out on the line. I had carried a gun so long that I always picked up one before going into a fight, and used to lay down and pop away with the boys on my own account.

"There was a little open space in front of us, and I was behind a tree, nice and comfortable with plenty of cartridges. Right across from me was a Johnny. He had everything fixed nice, too, with a little breastwork right in front of him, with two bits of board placed slanting wise to each other, and a small hole between them to poke the muzzle of his gun through. We both of us opened fire on each other, and lay there cracking away at each other quite comfortable. He'd fire at me, and I'd pop away every time at the hole where his gun showed.

"We had got quite wrapped up in it, when all of a sudden the shots began to fly right at my back. Well, I turned round and says I, 'What in blazes do you think you're firing at? You'll kill your own men!'

"And then—then I saw a lot of men come running, all in gray. Somebody says, 'Throw down that gun, Yank.' I looked ahead, and there seemed to be graybacks all round us.

"I walked straight over across to where that reb lay that I'd been firing at. He got up, and I says, 'Well, how do you like my shooting?' Says he, 'Wuz you the man that was firing agin me?'

"Yes, I was," says I. 'How did you like it?'

"Well," says he, 'you're a mighty good shot. Your last one struck the end of one of my boards and canted it, so it closed up my hole right in front of my face.'

"That fellow turned out a mean chap, though; he beat me out of my sugar and coffee."

"Who were the men, Captain, that captured you?"

"I had an idea that they were some of Stone-wall's, but I believe somebody told us that we were on the Claiborne plantation, and that they were Claiborne's men.

"Well, I had the queerest feeling come over me. I never felt so in my life, and I'll never forget it. They took us to Libby at Richmond, and a right handy way they had of searching us, too. I got an old dressing gown there from some commission, and I wore that all through.

"They took us to Lynchburg and then to Danville. We were put into passenger cars, though they were not Pullmans.

"When we got to Danville, the guard came in and dealt out a ration to each man. He gave us

a bit of corn bread about as big as that," said the Captain, indicating just the palm of his hand. "Beside the bread there was a small rasher of bacon.

"Well, Jack Adams and I hadn't seen a bite to eat for two days.

"I guess we were just about three minutes, not longer than that, finishing that corn bread and pork. The bread was pretty fair. We would have eaten anything then.

"But the next minute we heard the yell of the rebel guard—

"Say, you Yanks, them's four days' rations."

"Great scott! What?"

"Four days' rations."

"Then you ought to have seen Jack Adams and me look at each other.

"How the boys laughed. They roared.

"And we—well, we put on a sickly grin, too, but it was the sorriest smile I ever attempted.

"After that we went to Macon, then to Charleston, Columbia, Goldsborough and Wilmington.

"At Charleston we were put under fire. That was when our forces shelled the city and the rebs put a lot of us prisoners out in front within range, in the hope the bombardment would be abandoned.

"Jack Adams was in that. He was so weak he was put in the Roper Hospital. You had to get a parole to get in there. Beside him there were Major Dunn, Frank Osborne, the Adjutant, and Lysander J. Hume.

"They marched the rest of us, quite a number of hundred men, down by the jail and round into the jail yard. The water stood two feet deep in places in the yard.

"And there we listened to the music of General Foster's shells bursting over us, and as we stood, we sang 'The Star Spangled Banner.'

"The only man frightened was the rebel guard up at the Roper hospital when a big piece of a 500-pound shell came down and

struck the building. It was a fine moonlight night.

"I remember that 'dead line' at Columbia— at Camp Sorghum. It was a bleak place, cold and disagreeable. There was no stockade. The dead line was just a series of posts, each with a little stick nailed on top of it. There were spaces between each post.

"Why, I knew a man who was shot and killed by simply getting on that line without knowing it.

"It was at Columbia that I got a pair of \$100 shoes. That was the price, Confederate. I got them from a sutler by giving him an order on the paymaster for \$50 in greenbacks. I left them at Annapolis, when we were exchanged, for a \$45 suit that could be bought for \$10 now.

"We were finally exchanged in March, '65, at Wilmington, N. C. They marched us out, a thousand of us, between two lines—a line of rebels and a line of our troops, General Terry's men. As we passed through we were counted, and somebody gave us a great pot of black coffee, strong enough to keep you awake for two weeks.

"Well, do you know that our stomachs were so empty, we had so little to eat, that that coffee actually made Jack Adams and me drunk.

"That's a fact.

"I went through a good deal with the rebs," said the Captain reflectively, as we lit our last lamp and turned homeward through India street. "All of my hair came out at 'Camp Sorghum.' I remember a rebel who came in, and, after looking at me, said it was a shame; that, if he could, he would let—

"The' yar po' old man go free."

Then I turned a hand-spring right before his face. I wasn't so old as he thought. I was totally blind for a long time. I don't know whether that was due to eating rice or not. I haven't talked as much war as this to anybody for a long time. Good night."

THE MAJOR TELLS OF BALL'S BLUFF.

Midnight!

The face of Ball's Bluff veiled by the tree tops and rich sombre foliage, bathed in the radiance of the bright October moon, presented a fascinating succession of lunar shadows, amid which exposed bits of rock and greensward stood forth boldly revealed in the soft white glare.

A dark shadow glides across the rippling surface of the Potomac sparkling in the moonlight.

It is a boat conveying Capt. Chase Philbrick and eight or ten stalwart fellows of the Fifteenth and some of the Twentieth, bound upon a most romantic mission—a nocturnal scout to penetrate the mysteries of those gloomy woods beyond the Virginia shore.

Silence reigns supreme.

The boat glides into the shadow of the bluff and is lost to sight.

A winding foot path, blocked here and there with many a moss-grown trunk, ascends a narrow ravine, and thence by a sloping plateau to the crest of the bluff itself. In places it is a stiffish climb over the precipitous rock face.

What will they wake up—up there at the top-pickets?

The men tread lightly on tip-toe, following the Captain. No talking, except for his whispered direction now and then. What strange things one sees in the woods at this weird hour! Every stump has its individual personality.

Hah!

What was that?

Silence! the whole squad.

Was it the gleam of the picket's rifle?

Pshaw! No.

Only the glinting of a moonbeam across a

bright bit of hornblende away up there on the cliff.

Whirr! Away flies a frightened covey, startled from their lair by these nocturnal intruders.

Another halt! No response from the pickets. Then they go on. Involuntarily one looks for the tall form of old Leatherstocking stalking there in the advance, as now the dusky figures steal out in the moonlight upon a bare bit of ledge to gaze down upon the silent tree tops below them swaying in the night breeze, and then vanish from sight in impenetrable shadow.

The top was reached, to find no pickets there.

The spell was on the young scouts, as, upon working through the belt of woods back from the bluff, they saw beyond the next clearing, in the interstices of a row of trees upon the ridge, through which the moonbeams glanced weirdly, what each fully believed to be the snowy canvas of the rebel tents surely.

Alas, a ghostly encampment it proved to be, but back came the scouts with their exciting report.

"Give us a memory picture, General," said the reporter, approaching the old Major of the famous Fifteenth—"Your story of the battle that followed the dawn."

State Auditor Kimball looked up from his desk, in some surprise but readily complied.

"I can give you the key to the whole of it," said he. "Lieutenant Colonel George H. Ward of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, with the five companies of the left wing of the regiment, who was under explicit instructions from General Charles P. Stone to do so, never occupied Smart's Mill on the Virginia shore, as he was ordered. Had he done so the disaster at

Ball's Bluff never could have happened, though of course we might have lost some men.

"Colonel Ward was not to blame, either, for not doing so being justified by a later order which he received to report to Gen. Devens, but if ever there was a wronged man, that man was General Charles P. Stone."

For so good-natured a man as our present State Auditor the General was very emphatic.

"The instance I am about to relate will prove what I say," he continued. "Colonel Chase Philbrick of Lawrence, Captain he was then, with eight or ten men, possibly—a small scouting party, at any rate—from the Fifteenth, had crossed the river the night before and had made a reconnaissance over the bluff toward Leesburg, as you already know."

"Their encampment proved subsequently to be literally all in the air, though it could be readily seen how they were deceived when one looked at those spaces under the trees, and saw the way they appeared afterward in the moon light. Captain Philbrick declared he could have sworn they were tents.

"Colonel Devens was ordered across the river with five companies of the Fifteenth to advance in the direction of Leesburg, to ascertain what might be developed, while Lieutenant Colonel George H. Ward, afterward killed at Gettysburg, was ordered to proceed with the remaining five companies across the river to occupy Smart's Mill, an old brick flour mill to the right of the bluff, looking from the Maryland shore, toward Conrad's Ferry.

"Now, this mill was directly in the range of guns which could be easily brought to bear on our side of the river, and consequently covered by them. If you will study the map you will find that the foot slopes of Ball's Bluff are merged in the ordinary shore level, and that Smart's mill is on very low ground.

"It would have been perfectly possible for a very small number of men to have held that mill for any length of time, for no rebel could have approached it under the fire of our guns.

"It was the intention of Gen. Stone, it is plain, to make that mill the basis of operations on the Virginia side; in case of necessity a safe point for the men to fall back upon and wait for reinforcements.

"But Lieut. Col. Ward did not go with his men where it was intended he should for the reason stated above, and there Gen. Stone's plan failed from no fault of his.

"Col. Devens crossed first, as I stated, soon after midnight. In the early morning he sent forward Capt. Philbrick's company, H, through the woods to skirmish toward the supposed camp in the direction of Leesburg. The company advanced until they came up to the suspicious line of trees, and ascertained that Major Philbrick's supposed camp was a myth.

"But behind those trees was another open field rising to a slight elevation. The Colonel said to Philbrick: 'Captain, take your men and skirmish to that next elevation and see what you develop.'

"Captain Philbrick did so, and beyond the ridge came upon a cornfield. Here his skirmishers developed the rebels concealed in the corn, and there was quite a sharp fight here, the company losing several men. This was quite early in the morning.

"Lieutenant Colonel Ward, with four companies, crossed to Harrison's Island with the intention of finding the nearest route to 'Smart's Mill.' I was left with the last company to superintend the crossing under orders to rejoin Lieutenant Colonel Ward at that mill.

"But when we got upon the island we heard the firing on the Virginia shore and knew our men were engaged.

"Lieut. Col. Ward, by reason of the new order, changed his intention of going to the mill, and actuated by the belief that Col. Devens was in peril and in danger of being cut off, decided to disregard Gen. Stone's express order, and to go at once to the relief of his chief and his outnumbered comrades. He did so.

"When I came up with the rear company I asked the way that Lieut. Col. Ward had taken for 'Smart's Mill,' and was told that he had not gone there at all. I could hardly believe it at first, but was convinced of the fact. It was my duty to report to Col. Ward wherever I could find him and I crossed my company at once and followed him over the bluff.

"We crossed the open field on top of Ball's Bluff and found Col. Devens and Lieut. Col. Ward in the belt of woods on the farther side. Of course the Colonel was very glad to see us—to have his whole regiment with him. He was in no immediate peril, however.

"Upon the withdrawal of Captain Philbrick, after his hot fight in the morning, Company B, Fitchburg Fusiliers, was advanced to the crest of the ridge as skirmishers. I went across the field to the right and saw Captain Simonds near the Jackson house. I then went down the line to the left and saw Sergeant May, afterward Colonel of our Tenth militia regiment.

"I saw indications there of an attempt by the rebels to get round on our left, and reported back immediately to Colonel Devens. He formed his line of battle in the woods. The Johnnies did turn the flank of our skirmish line, and that's where Captain Simonds and so many of our boys were gobbled. George C. Taylor, the first soldier from Fitchburg killed in the war was shot there.

"The rebels came down upon us and we had a very smart engagement, but repulsed them.

"Between 1 and 2 o'clock we received word that Gen. Baker had come upon the field and assumed command of all the troops with directions to fall back to the bluff.

"We came out of the woods by a cartpath and crossed the open lot to where the Twentieth Massachusetts, the 'California Regiment' (so-called), and the New York Tammany boys were drawn up to support us.

"I was near Col. Devens when he reported to Gen. Baker. The latter said: 'Colonel, your regiment has done splendidly to-day. I will give you the post of honor, the right of the line,' and he added, 'if we fight, we will make

MAJOR JOHN W. KIMBALL.



GENERAL JOHN W. KIMBALL.



the battle right here.' That was on the edge of the bluff.

"Col. Devens said, 'Major, what time is it?'

"I looked at my watch. It was a quarter-past two. Just then the rebels opened fire on us. That watch went to the bottom of the Potomac that evening.

"The Fifteenth formed the right angle of a triangle, a portion of the regiment facing down the line of battle, while the remainder faced directly forward. I did not see General Baker mounted on the field. There were no horses that I saw there on our side except a small body of cavalry, 'two fours,' we would say, which came over in the morning and then went back, doing us no good at all.

"He certainly could not have had a horse. There was no opportunity for him to use him in front of our line, and he could not have ridden him behind the Twentieth without going overboard off the edge of the bluff. The statement that he was shot in the saddle is wholly erroneous.

"There were two mountain howitzers in our front, facing at an angle to the main line toward the cart track, and a rifled gun farther along the line, possibly in front of the Twentieth, to our left. These cannon were brought up by drag ropes. I saw no horses about them. The only man I saw that day on a horse was a fellow who rode out of the woods in front of the Tammany regiment (Forty-second New York), and shouted 'Come on boys!' The Tammany fellows responded, and that's where they were terribly cut up before they discovered their mistake.

"The man who claims to have done that is living in Leesburg to-day, and his name is E. Z. White. He says he shouted 'Come on boys!' and that 'the Yankees rushed up toward me and received a terrible fire.'

"The Forty-second New York was on our left. It was as late as 4.30 when that happened.

"The last time I saw General Baker was when he gave me an order to take two companies and deploy to the right as he believed that the rebels were moving down through the woods to turn our flank. I took Company A, Fifteenth, and another company, found the rebels, and was successful in repelling them.

"There were no Confederates then between my men and the river, and had that old mill been occupied as General Stone intended, and at the time no doubt supposed it was, it would have been perfectly possible to have moved out by the right, and reached the flour mill by the flank. There we would have been in comparative safety for our batteries on the Maryland shore would then have come into play. As it was those guns were silent all day.

"It was impossible to use them on Ball's Bluff, for the range was so high that the shells would fall clear beyond the rebel line.

"The howitzers were fired several times, but the cannoniers were especial marks for the Mississippi riflemen, and were shot down at the guns. It was there that Baker was killed.

"He was always very impulsive, and went where no commanding officer was entitled to be

He rushed out to see why those howitzers were silenced, and, conspicuous in his full uniform, was immediately shot down and killed.

"The last time before the battle that I saw him mounted was in the morning quite early, when I met him on the Maryland side, with his staff, and told him that the shortest way to reach General Stone was to ride down the tow path of the canal. I was waiting then to cross to the island.

"After he was killed, Colonel Cogswell, Forty-second New York, assumed command. He claimed seniority as ranking officer.

"He said to Colonel Devens, substantially: 'Colonel, I direct you to withdraw your men to the foot of the bluff.'

"Colonel Devens, in some surprise, replied: 'Do I understand you, Colonel, to order a retreat?'

"He did not believe that such a step was necessary. We had held the rebels very well, and had been successful in repelling their flank movement on our right.

"Colonel Cogswell said that was what he meant.

"Colonel Devens then said, 'Colonel, I want somebody else here to hear what you say. Just repeat that in the presence of my Major.' Lieut. Colonel Ward had been wounded just before that, and he summoned me. When I came up, Colonel Devens said:

"Now, Colonel Cogswell, I will receive that order.'

"He did so, repeating it about as I have said. The only way for us then to get out was by the left flank down through the depression to the plateau beneath. I don't think there was any pell mell jumping over the edge of the bluff. If there had been it was so steep the casualties would have been far greater.

"Colonel Devens was perfectly cool, and I think somewhat vexed, for he was very much opposed to the order. He encouraged our boys, and the old Fifteenth fell back, fighting as it went, moving out by the left in good order.

"When we got down on the plateau our Colonel wanted to rally, and said to me 'Let us reform and try to go back.'

"But the rebels had then rushed to the edge of the bluff and were firing right down into us. It was impossible to rally the men, and then Colonel Devens shouted, 'Boys, throw your guns into the river and save yourselves.'

"With him I went down to the water. The only scow had sank. The river was full of struggling men. There was a metallic life-boat, but it was so riddled with shot as to be useless.

"All the time the rebels kept up their murderous fire and men were dropping all round us. Capt. Moses Gatchell was shot and killed while swimming the river, and so was Lieut. Willie Grout of Worcester.

"I never saw Gen. Devens more cool. Lieut. C. H. Eager, Frederick H. Sibley, with W. A. Eames, A. A. Simonds and George L. Boss, all of Company B, had a branch of a tree, some 20 feet long, with an ordinary piece of scantling about 12 feet long.

"They were supporting themselves upon them in the water, and called to us. 'Come, Colonel, come, Major, we will take you across.' Devens was an indifferent swimmer; some of the others could not swim. I was a good swimmer. When we got out in the stream we found our load too heavy, and I bade the boys good-by and struck out alone. Three times I went down. The shots were spating the water all round me, and oh, how numb I was! The water was icy cold and the current swift.

"The last time I went down my feet touched bottom, and I remember the supreme effort I made to rise above the surface. I came up beside an upturned stump about eight rods from the shore. From that I waded to land, the water being shallow. I met a soldier on Harrison's Island who immediately went to work on me to restore circulation.

"As soon as my blood began to flow naturally I

was all right, but I could not have gone much farther. Later I rejoined my comrades, who landed farther down stream than I did.

"Fugitives were coming in from the Virginia shore for two, three or even four days after the battle. Capt. Simonds was reported killed, but after the battle, when the rebel pickets became more friendly, one of our fellows, talking across the river, learned that the Johnnies had captured a long, lean Yankee Captain with a handkerchief tied round his head, and that he had gone to Richmond.

"That identified the Captain, who had gone into the fight with an accidental sword cut back of his ear, and wound the handkerchief about it to stop the blood. He was afterward killed at Antietam. That's the true story of Ball's Bluff, for which Gen. Stone was unjustly imprisoned in Fort Lafayette and refused a trial when he asked for it."

AN UNKNOWN HERO OF THE WAR.

[Colonel Norwood P. Hallowell, who tells this story so vividly about Captain Timothy O'Meara of the Forty-second New York ("Tammany Regiment"), is the present President of the National Bank of Commerce. The incident he relates has never been published before, and Captain O'Meara never received that national recognition which his heroism deserved. He was a prisoner of war, and when Libby closed its doors upon him his name passed into oblivion. The roll of the Forty-second bears simply the legend, "Captain Timothy O'Meara, mustered out October 10, 1862," nearly a year after Ball's Bluff.]

We were seated at the table, round the hospitable board of the "veteran mess" of the Twentieth, when Captain Gustave Magnitzky revived Ball's Bluff by a query to his neighbor, Colonel Norwood P. Hallowell, a Captain of the regiment on that field, as to whether he had heard any order for retreat.

The Colonel replied that he heard no order but he did hear Col. W. R. Lee say, "I've done all I can do—you are at liberty, now to care for yourselves." Then the line began to fall back toward the base of the bluff.

Continuing, Col. Hallowell remarked that he was the last commissioned officer to get away from the Virginia shore that night, after the disastrous rout, and to escape without capture. He swam the Potomac as late as 8 o'clock in the evening and reached Harrison's Island.

After the sinking of the scow there were clustered together under the bluff, perhaps 150 men, refugees from the battle.

They were soldiers of different regiments left there apparently hopelessly stranded—with a cold, swift and deep current rolling before them, and at their back a cruel, exultant rebel horde of whose brutality and inhumanity each succeeding moment brought a fresh reminder in the continuous sharp reports of their rifles from the top of the bluff, and now and again a muffled cry from the river as the swift flying bullet, on murder bent, found its mark, and the fast widening concentric circles rippling back almost to their feet told of another brave swimmer sunk beneath the tide.

The bitterness of despair pervaded the group as it stood face to face with the grim king of terrors, himself, in most gloomy guise.

But in that hour of darkness and misery, forth from their midst an unexpected leader came—a brave Irish Captain of the "Tammany Regiment."

With excellent judgment, true courage and rare steadiness of nerve, he restored manhood to the cowering by the sheer force of personal example. His orders were coolly given, and obeyed implicitly, for none questioned his right to command. He called for volunteers for a picket guard, and soon actually had a well established line of pickets half-way up the bluff, thrown right into the teeth of the triumphant rebel host.

Though the guard numbered only fifteen or twenty men their fearlessness inspired such caution in their foes that the leading files were loth to advance, and thus a mere handful of men, under the guidance of a brave master spirit, held in check the thousands of a victorious enemy.

"Of course we knew," said the Colonel, "what terrible peril those fellows were in, and when we got together on Harrison's Island somebody thought of a boat he had seen on the Maryland side of that island, and I sent for it." When afterward a boat appeared, by means of which a number of men were brought over from the Virginia shore, the Colonel inferred that that was the craft he had ordered.

"It made several trips, and when it got across it was met by this Irish Captain—O'Meara was his name," continued the speaker.

"He personally stood and saw the boat properly filled with the wounded, first from his little throng of comrades. Among those thus rescued was Corporal Charles Covell of my company in the Twentieth, who was wounded in the battle.

Hope was revived as the refugees saw their comrades departing. If that picket guard could only hold the rebel line a short time longer. Would they do it? It began to look as

though it were possible, and the drooping spirits of the men rose again.

"Through it all Captain O'Meara calmly stood as cool as though he had a whole division around him. He and his little picket guard made it possible to rescue certainly 30 or 40 men, before the rebels, growing finally suspicious, swooped down and around the picket line upon the remnant of the Union band, and thus rendered abortive further trips of this hastily improvised ferry.

"It was with sad hearts that the gallant boat's crew found itself forced to sheer off and leave that brave Irish Captain to his fate, a prisoner in the hands of exulting captors.

"And now let me tell the true story of the raft that I find I am credited with improvising," said the Colonel. "That raft was not my inspiration. Some of the men constructed it of rails and timbers, which they tied together by means of their rubber blankets, in part, and strips of clothing. I volunteered to pole it across, and with one man, a private of the Forty-second New York.

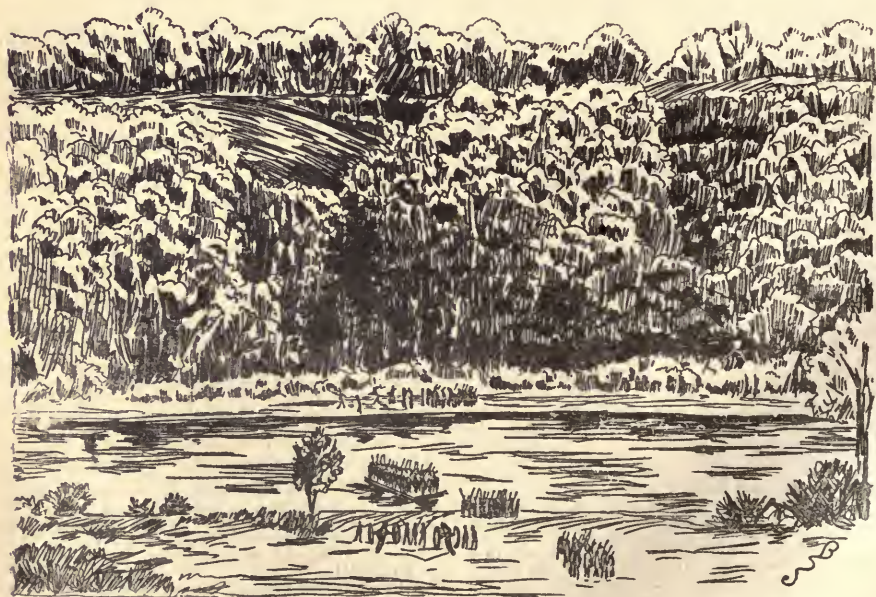
'Tammany Regiment,' we got the raft over to the Virginia shore. Lieut. Murphy of the Twentieth stood on the bank of Harrison's Island as we pushed off, and wished us 'good luck.' We took on board five men and started back for the island.

"Mid stream the raft suddenly went to pieces and we all had to swim for it. Four of the men we had rescued were swept away down stream and probably drowned. We never saw them again. The fifth, with the New York private, who went with me, and myself, succeeded in reaching the bank.

"So that really all that we accomplished with that raft was to rescue one man and drown four.

"Capt. O'Meara went to the heart of rebeldom to Libby Prison. We never heard from him again as to his fate; and his heroism, his devotion to his comrades in their peril, his noble self-sacrifice were never recognized in any published account of the battle or by the nation.

"He will live in our memory, although so far as the world is concerned he is, an unknown hero of the war."



CROSSING AT BALL'S BLUFF.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Captain W. A. Hill, the narrator, was born in Salem. He was one of Devereux's famous Salem Zouaves, especially chosen by General Butler as drill master, for newly recruited companies arriving at the front, and he was successively promoted as Second and as First Lieutenant, and as Captain in the Nineteenth Massachusetts. He was Adjutant of that regiment at Gettysburg, and participated in all the fighting at Fredericksburg. At present he is Cashier of the Edison Electric Company Boston

"A busy skurrying of orderlies in and out of camp!

"An unusual stir at headquarters

The issuing of extra rations to the men, the serving out of additional rounds of powder and ball, and, more than all, an unexpected and exceptional inspection of arms at 'retreat,' were pointers sufficient for any old soldier to read as plainly as though they formed a printed page in extra long primer type that the Second Corps had marching orders—that the boys would be on the move before daybreak

"To go where?

"A good soldier never asks questions.

"It may be a long twenty miles march over tough Virginia roads.

"It may be the preface of his last day on earth.

"The fact is that the army is at last about to break its long period of inaction since Antie-

tam. Burnside has yielded to the popular clamor, and against his better judgment begins a movement.

"And John Thompson was company cook.

John, the dullard, the drill Sergeant's despair—John, who always came to right face when he should have faced to the left, who never 'doubled up' right according to Hardee, and invariably broke up his file. John to whom, 'by the right or left flank,' was as the veriest Greek.

'John, 'the pot slewer,' 'the coffee cooler,' as the boys affectionately called him at mess time—in a word, the company cook, because there seemed no other place to put him

'By gum, I'll do it,' said John, coming to the position of the soldier with far better 'set up' than he had ever achieved before in his whole military experience.

'Splash went the soup stick to the bottom of the kettle, with a quick, responsive gevser of hot beef fat to sputter its wrath to the glowing embers of the fire beneath—at such astonishing proceedings.

"Straight up the company street went John to the line officers' quarters.

'Lieutenant?' and up came the hand to his cap vizor

"'Lieutenant?' said he

"'Well, John,' said I

"The boys are going into a fight to-morrow—questioning."

"It looks like it, John."

"Well, Lieutenant, please let me fall in with them."

"But John, you are doing such good work here I never could find another party to put in your place. Somebody must cook for the boys—they will want something to eat."

"I know, Lieutenant, but I want to show em the stuff I've got in me. Won't you let me go?"

"Well, he begged so hard that I finally told him that if he'd get the word of Morrison, the chief cook that my boys shouldn't go hungry—that I'd grant his request."

"You never saw a man so pleased. Off he went, and was back with Morrison in a jiffy."

"It'll be all right, Lieutenant," said that good-natured chef. "There's always plenty of dar kles lying round. We'll get along."

"I said, 'All right, John, you can go—get your gun and fall in.'"

"He was the most grateful man, and as happy as though he were going to a dance."

"The Nineteenth Massachusetts lay in camp at Falmouth. Right down below us was the river. The banks were sloping, perhaps forty or fifty feet high—not ledgy, but of the peculiar clayey soil of Virginia."

"The Lacy house, a fine old Dominion manor, was but a short distance away. I remember it as a white mansion with the big portico in front, common to Virginia residences of its class, and imposing gable."

"Right across the river was Fredericksburg, a typical southern city."

"When assembly sounded the first man in line was John Thompson."

"He crossed with us in the first boats that went over and took his place in the skirmish line."

"He had been firing a good while when he came up to me and asked if he might go a short distance to the rear and get the musket of a wounded man lying there, his own piece having fouled."

"You see, the bullets in the cartridges they gave us were often so slushed with grease that in very rapid firing the barrel would gum up in a short time."

"I said, 'All right, John, go get it.'"

"He went back and met a Lieutenant, who sang out, 'Here! where are you going, you — shirk? Go back to your company.'"

"I'm no shirk and no coward," says John, 'I got leave to get this man's gun,' stooping for the coveted rifle."

"Well, you can't have it, said the Lieutenant, 'get out of here and go back to your company.'"

"We were getting a hot fire then."

"Well, of course I didn't know of what was going on in the rear, I wasn't watching John Thompson, I knew that a man that had asked to go into the fight did not require it."

"The next that I saw of him was when he presented himself, panting, and smoke-crimed. He was actually so mad he could hardly speak. He was bulging on to his thigh and limping."

"Said I, 'Are you wounded John?'"

"Then it poured forth—"Didn't you tell me, Lieutenant, I might have that man's gun?"

"I did."

"Well, that — — — back there," meaning the Lieutenant, 'wouldn't let me have it, and, — — — him, he ran me through the leg with his sword, said I was a shirk and a coward.'"

"Well, John, said I, rather surprised, 'You're wounded—go to the rear.'"

"Not by a — — — sight," shouted he, fiercely, 'I will never forget his appearance as he stood before me, his face black with the smoke of battle and streaked with perspiration—his expression intensely eager.'"

"I came out here to fight and I'm not through yet," and he sprang forward and left me. John was wounded—after that, but the boys never taunted him again in the service, and he bade good-by to the kettles."

That man had a splendid war record, and before he got through was commissioned as Second and then as First Lieutenant. He was killed in the trenches at Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

"So you never can tell, after all, who will make a soldier," said Captain W. A. Hill, once of the fighting Nineteenth, thus opening his treasure basket to bring back memories of the Rappahannock for the Journal readers."

"And what became of the blood-thirsty Lieutenant, Captain?"

"Oh, he was wounded, too. If he had not been, I should surely have preferred charges against him. He was afterward promoted, and is dead since the war."

The Captain was seated at his pleasant desk in his business office, off Tremont street, as he opened his portfolio of memory pictures of war-time days for his visitor's enjoyment. The whirring of huge dynamos and intermittent electric flashes from the glowing incandescents in the great halls around him gave a realistic setting to the stories he unfolded. One needed only the murky battle smoke to make the mental portraiture complete."

"We had simply to go down to the river. It was no great distance," he continued, "and our brigade—'Hall's'—just happened to lie at the Lacy house just prior to the crossing."

"We left camp at Falmouth before daybreak. It was a December day, just like this, clear and with keen temperature, though I remember that there was a white bank of river fog that hovered over the Rappahannock and veiled our movements."

"At about daylight we pushed on down to the river bank, where we found the pontoon corps at work laying the bridge. As day dawned, the pontoniers were interrupted in their work, and the rebel sharpshooters on the opposite side of the river picked them off so rapidly that the bridge builders were compelled to desist. The pontoon was then about two-thirds done."

"Our artillery was posted upon the bank above us—50 to 75 guns, principally 12-pound Parrotts, though there may have been some Na-



CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. HILL (IN PEACE).



CAPTAIN WILLIAM A. HILL (IN WAR).

poleons among them. These pieces were soon shelling the town.

"Flames burst forth from several houses. The shells continued to be sent across until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when word came down the line for the troops in the neighborhood of the bridge head, which was near the Lacy house, to cross the river and dislodge the sharpshooters.

"The nearest troops were those of the Nineteenth Massachusetts and the Seventh Michigan.

"We happened to be there, that was all. I know that they called us the 'Forlorn Hope,' and it was somewhat of an undertaking, but as far as volunteering that was not necessary, with the commanding General right close to us watching the opposite shore. He would give the order for us to cross when he decided that the time had arrived to make the movement, in any event.

"We were ordered to go, being the nearest troops, and we went. There were a number of the flat pontoon boats lying along shore not used. We got into them and the boats were poled across. The water was not very deep, not over four or five feet at the deepest part.

"We were under fire the entire distance."

Were any men killed, Captain?

"I do not remember that there were any killed in the Nineteenth, though there were several men wounded, but I think some of the Seventh Michigan were killed, besides several wounded.

"The crossing was effected. On the other side we were not especially under fire, for we were protected by the bank.

"Our men were deployed as skirmishers and went up the bank into the town. There was just a little narrow road, hardly a street, running along the bank.

"We advanced as skirmishers straight up the main street running back from the Rappahanock, until we came to the first street running across our way, parallel with the river.

"This was Caroline street, and there we were met by a vigorous fire from what appeared to be a concentrated body of troops. If we had been in line of battle our boys would have been terribly cut up.

"The men who opposed us came from Barksdale's brigade, and they were posted in rifle pits across the street, on which were our skirmishers.

"I remember that in this fight Michael Redding of Company D, Nineteenth, was wounded in the leg, and, when the fire became so hot that we were driven back, one of our fellows went up to Redding, who was sitting on a doorstep, and offered to take him back with us.

"But he said, 'No; you'll be back again shortly, and I'll sit here and wait for you.'

"The Nineteenth's skirmish line fell back to the river, fighting as it went. When we got back there we found that the pontoon bridge was completed.

"It had been finished under cover of our

movement. It was now growing quite dark, and I remember seeing a body of troops just crossing on the bridge, in column by divisions—that is two companies abreast—and marching at half distance, or, in other words, almost closed in mass. It was a division of the Second Corps.

"We had held the rebels at Caroline street long enough for the pontooners to get the bridge in shape and establish communication.

"I recall the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment as it came along by us.

"I thought then they were the first regiment to cross on the pontoon bridge. They did not cross in the boats with us.

"I know that the Twentieth Massachusetts had the credit of crossing in the boats with the Seventh Michigan, and improperly so.

"General Couch made that statement that it was the Seventh Michigan and Twentieth Massachusetts who went across in the boats, and some of our boys took the trouble to write to General Couch and have him correct it.

"They felt the Twentieth Massachusetts had glory enough out of this battle in the splendid way it stood up to the terrible fire poured into it at Caroline street. It was a grand, good regiment, with an admirable record, and no man in the Nineteenth would say aught to detract from its laurels in any way.

Gen. Couch said in his reply, 'The article has gone. I didn't make it,' that a writer employed by Scribner & Sons obtained an interview with him, and read it through to him, and Couch signed it. As a matter of fact the General said he did know that the Seventh Michigan crossed and some Massachusetts regiment, which he understood was the Twentieth.

"I won't say," said Captain Hill, "that some men of the Twentieth did not cross in the boats with the Nineteenth and Seventh Michigan, but the regiment was not with us in a body."

"Carleton makes the same mistake in his book, 'Boys in Blue,' in which he makes the same statement that it was the Seventh Michigan and Twentieth Massachusetts that crossed in the boats."

"But he gives you credit now, Captain.

"Oh yes, we've talked the thing up so much at our regimental reunions, and in other ways, that we have established the fact that it was the Nineteenth Massachusetts that went over."

"Well, now, Captain, Captain Magnitzky states that the Twentieth Massachusetts went over in boats, too—that you went first because you were nearest, and that they followed you—your regiments deploying and the Twentieth marching in column of companies in the town?"

"As to their coming after us I won't say. They might have done that, but the opinion has obtained with us that they were the first regiment to cross the pontoon bridge. I know they went up into the town in column, as you say, and I know they suffered terribly and lost more than we did, because they stood up to that terrible fire at Caroline street so bravely."

"You went up through the yards, Captain.



CHARGE OF THE FORLORN HOPE.

didn't you, and were not so exposed as the Twentieth?"

"Yes, that was true."

"Did you find many in the yards?"

"Well, we found a few fellows, but not many, as we advanced. The yards were like those of all Southern cities. There was an air of neglect about them—broken palings in the fences—a general aspect of decay.

"I remember, in trying to look into one house, we found the door locked and that a girl answered our demand for admittance. When she saw us, she said, 'Oh, do go away; there is really nobody in here but my poor old blind father.'

"We took her word, and had just started on when there was a report of a gun, and we saw a puff of smoke coming from the cellar window of that house.

"That didn't look much like a blind man. We made a rush inside, and down in the cellar we found a mean, cowering, sneaking reb. His gun was hot.

"Well, the boys snaked him out quick. The Twentieth was just going by, and we started that reb immediately in front of the leading files of that regiment. He was kept there, too, literally at the rifle muzzle, and when the Twentieth reached Carolina street the miserable fellow fell dead, killed at the first fire that broke upon Bartlett's Company from Barksdale's Brigade.

"When our boys got back to where we left poor Mike Redding to wait for us the doorstep was empty, and we came upon his dead body in the street. He had been bayoneted to death and thrust through in half a dozen different places. Redding hailed from Boston.

"I remember that as we were crossing there was a rebel sharpshooter on the Fredericksburg side, who had annoyed us very much by his pestiferous shots.

"Naturally when we got on top the bank we ran up to look for this chap.

"We came upon a rebel lying there with his eyes closed, and just breathing. He had been disemboweled, apparently by a shell. And there was a hog, one of the wild kind common in the South, who had been sniffing round, and had begun to eat him.

"We forgot old scores in that sad sight, and, in the interest of humanity, one of our boys shot the hog.

"But perhaps the funniest features of that battle were the experiences of Captain Andrew Mahoney of Company E.

"The Captain was a braw Irish lad with a good rich brogue, but 'all sojer.' A fine figure he had, and very particular was he as to orders.

"Well, I was Lieutenant, commanding Company F, and Lieut. Elisha W. Hincks, a brother of the General, now down in Orrington, Me., was in command of Company B.

"An order came for the three companies on the left to cross the street, surround a house there was there and to search it.

"Captain Mahoney, as senior officer of the

left flank company, which included his own and those of Hincks and myself, took command.

"Over we marched and soon had a cordon of men round that house. We three commanders marched up the steps to the entrance. I was on one side of the door and Hincks on the other. The Captain stood between us, and pompously rapped on the fast closed door which was locked.

"'Open the dure,' he thundered, giving it a tremendous rap.

"No response from within.

"Sargint, joost lave me your gun.'

The man presented his musket to the Captain.

"Now will ye lave the dure be shut when I tells ye to open it!" shouted that gallant officer, clubbing the piece and bringing the butt of the gun with a mighty swing down upon the offending planks. Bang went the musket, and in went the door, just as the bullet from the inverted gun went whizz through Elisha Hincks's long beard.

The Lieutenant jumped as though he had been shot, and for a moment I thought he had been. The Captain was rather staggered and turned upon us with a ludicrous, startled expression, which soon gave way to one of wrath.

"For if ever a man was mad, it was Lieutenant Hincks, and he opened on the Captain with a vim. The air was blue for a time with the volley he gave him. It made no odds to him how many bars Mahoney wore on his straps.

"An' how dare ye, sorr,' roared the Captain, relieved to find Hincks was not actually shot by his carelessness—'how dare ye, sorr, address such language to your suppayior officer. I'll report ye, sorr.' 'Yes,' shouted Hincks, 'and I'll prefer charges against you, sir.' So they had it, to the delight of the men, who chuckled in the ranks.

"After all, there wasn't a thing in that house, but for a time relations were strained on the color line between our Irish Captain and excitable Lieutenant, who passed each other with great dignity on all occasions.

"Afterward, when the attack was made on Marye's Heights, we were on the outskirts of the town, and received an order to move a little more to the left. To execute that movement it was necessary to get on the other side of a fence, from which several palings were knocked off.

Captain Mahoney led the way, creeping through a convenient hole in the fence, with his entire company at his back.

Just as he was pushing through the cavity, pop came a ball wounding him in the leg. Down he went. The sudden check was too much for his boys, who were hurrying behind him, and down they came on top of him, burying the unfortunate Captain under a confused heap of struggling men.

"O'i'm a dead man! O'i'm a dead man!' he roared.

"An' Missus Mahoney is a widdler!"

"Take me to the rear, and go back to your company," he added with conscious dignity.

"I remember Mahoney's famous orders."

broke in Capt. Reynolds, "They were always given in one aspiration, with more or less sharp rising inflection at the end, according to the capacity of the Captain's lungs. He used to shout out: "Head-and-eyes-square-to-the-front-cash-t-your-eye-now-and-thin-to-the-right-or-lift-to-see-where-you're-goin'-forward—ma-a-r-r-eh!"

"I remember, too, at Antietam an Orderly came down to us with orders to instruct the men to keep their places in line, and that a detail might be made to get the necessary wood and water.

"Capt. Mahoney delighted in nothing so much as in 'Orthers,' as he expressed it. So he shouts: "Attention there, Company E!"

"Right dress!"

"The-orthers-from-head-quarters-is-for-every-man-to-kepe-in-the-same-place-in-line-do-you-hear-that-McGibbon-an-if-an-ny-man-wants-wood-and-wather-let-him-go-and-get-it-As-you-were!"

"He was going to fight a duel once with Captain Mel, Merritt of Lynn. We were ordered to form column of divisions. Company E was standing in some disorder, Captain Mahoney not having commanded attention.

"You will dress your company, Captain Merritt," said the Adjutant, "on Captain Mahoney's."

"Mel looked over his shoulder at Company E. "What, on that mob," said he.

"Quick as a flash up jumped Captain Mahoney. "Mob is it," said he. "Attention, Company E. Captain Merritt, I demand satisfaction, sorr," and he actually challenged Captain Mel to a duel at ten paces.

"But Mahoney was a good fellow. He could do more with his company than anybody else could, and he was a great fighter. He was scarred all over with saure cuts obtained in the Mexican War."

"Where is he now, Captain? I asked.

"Oh, dead some years ago—since the war.

"The crowning incident of that battle of Fredericksburg was how Lieutenant Edgar M. Newcomb of Boston picked up our falling colors and saved the line just at the crucial point in the attack on Marye's Heights on the 13th of December."

"Tell him about that, Cap," said Captain Reynolds.

"Well," resumed Captain Hill, "Lieut. Newcomb was a Boston boy, a graduate just out of Harvard College. He was a man of slight physique, of almost girlish face, and such superior culture and natural refinement that he seemed strangely out of place when he came to us. In fact, he was about the last man you would naturally expect to see in the ranks among a regiment of rough men. He had traveled in Europe, too.

"He was a man," said the Captain, "that I did not feel that I had really come to know until

after his death. He was very religious, with deep-seated convictions."

"In fact a Christian soldier," said Captain Reynolds

"The boys had not caught on, as we say now," said Captain Hill, "to the nobility of Newcomb's character. They came to know him better when his splendid courage thrilled the whole regiment that day on Marye's Hill.

"There was a tendency to scoff at his religious tendencies, and once he was insulted by the coarse vulgarity of a man who afterward was obliged to quit the service. Newcomb got up and left the table, walking quietly away.

"Well, he was made a Sergeant and Brigade Clerk to Gen. F. W. Lander. Then he came back to the regiment as Sergeant Major and was Second Lieutenant in George Batcelder's company, C, which had the colors. George was killed at Antietam. The night before Newcomb and he had shared the same blanket, and Newcomb read the Psalms to him. The Captain took his last sleep on earth. He fell in the battle of the following day, and Edgar Newcomb was promoted to First Lieutenant and was in command of the colors on the day in the movement on Marye's Heights. The Nineteenth was in its place in line of battle in Hall's brigade when the order came to storm the enemy's lines—

"Suddenly flashed a sheet of flame

From hidden wall and ambushade;

A moment more—they say this is fame—

A thousand dead men on the grass were laid."

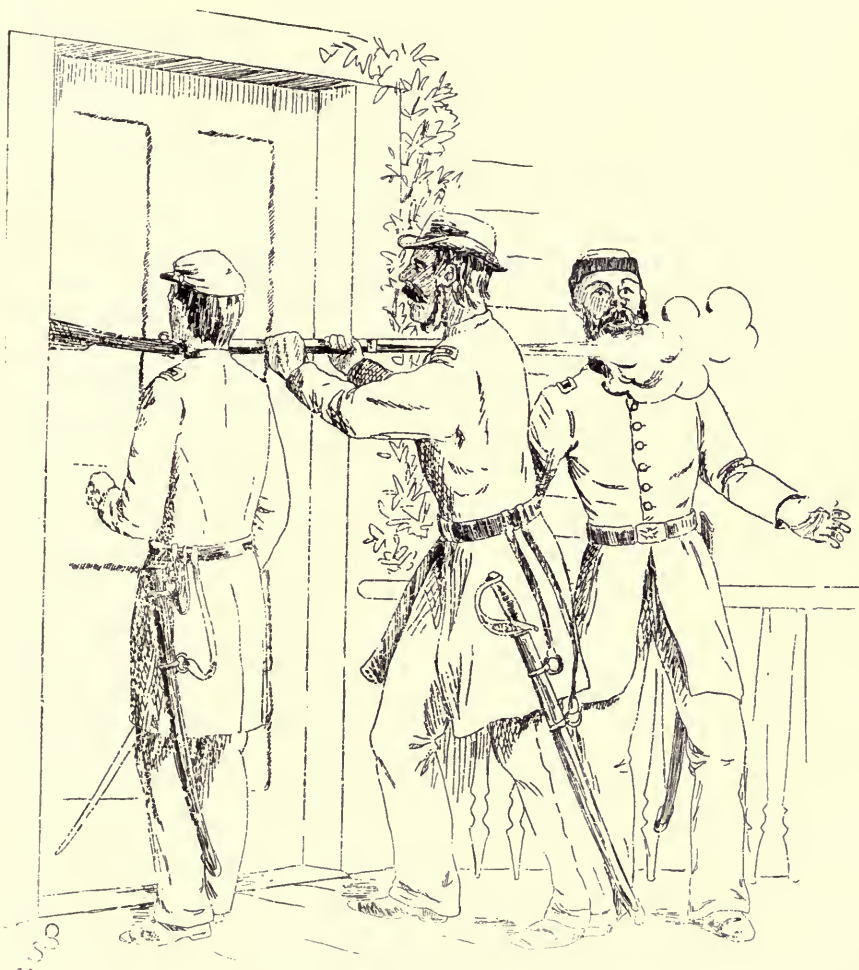
"We met a solid sheet of lead, winged with name, poured into our faces from the sunken road, and lost in that fight seven color bearers, shot down one right after the other.

"At one time both stands of colors—national and State—went down together. Then it was I saw Edgar M. Newcomb jump right out in front of our quivering line, for the regiment was beginning to shake. He grabbed both flags, one in each hand, and forward it was—the men's nerves were again as steel.

"But the brave young fellow went down like a flash, shot through both legs, and begged of Jack Adams, to whom he passed the flags, not to let them fall. He died from his wounds after the battle.

"It was one of the bravest things I saw a man do in the whole war."

"Well, as for the movement, Captain?" "Oh, as to that," said he as his visitor rose to leave, "Burnside had no plan. It was just a movement he had to make. Nothing was accomplished by it, but a loss of men and a waste of money. It was against Burnside's judgment, but a battle was demanded, and he yielded."



CAPTAIN MAHONEY'S FANCY SHOT.

CHRISTMAS IN CAMP.

"Along the beaten path I pace,
Where white rags mark my sentry's track;
In formless shrubs I seem to trace
The foeman's form with bending back.

* * * * *
'Halt! who goes there?' My challenge cry.
It rings along the watchful line;
'Relief!' I hear a voice reply;
'Advance, and give the countersign!'

The blue-coated sentry, with voluminous army cape, close twisted and snugly rolled about neck and throat—on lonely picket in the ice keen blast that sweeps along the winding course of Rappahannock's bleak, forbidding shore—stands a stern and dimly-outlined figure in the mist of thirty years before his sleek, rotund and exceedingly comfortable later self this Christmas morning.

The man of business dropping from dream-land shadows to the things that are, rolls from his warm, seductive couch, shuddering, yet fascinated, at his martial wraith of days long gone, and whispers to himself, "Ah, yes, that was myself, I stood there then for glory."

But to-night, while yet the aftermath lights the western sky, from deep within the glowing ember caverns of the open fire, with well sharpened memory pencil, he will draw a fascinating back-log picture of Christmas tide in army days for his boys and girls.

There he stands, again the stalwart young picket, with low drawn cap and shading visor, and ready trusty rifle, half-cocked and capped, resting in the hollow of his arm.

So as he stands, his gaze sweeps the further bank for any skulking foe, or stealthy skirmish line, and then his mental vision moves backward to the hearthstone, and forward, too, until perchance in ideal outline, dimly seen in futurity's roseate halo, he stands face to face with

his very present and actual later self of 30 years thereafter.

The crisp hard crusted snow cracks sharply, 'neath his steady tread in the chill and resonant air.

Again we see the dreary picket pathway take shape before him beside the river bank, while to the rear there rises a picturesque encampment of white-capped huts, from whose odd chimneys, curling lazily upward in the silence of this gloaming hour of the short December day, rises the smoke of the camp-fire.

"That winter camp at Falmouth, with Hall's brigade before Fredericksburg, was about the most comfortable we ever had of its kind," remarked the old Adjutant, knocking the ashes out of his pipe-bowl ready for a fresh charge, "though to be sure the country was dismal enough."

"Won't you give the Journal a picture of it 'Cap'?" said I.

The veteran methodically rolled the moist fragments of the well-shaved plug, dressed them firmly home in the bowl, and as he watched the dying flame of the match upon the fast kindling tobacco, blew forth a huge cloud of fragrant smoke and began:

"You see the boys would chum together, usually four, sometimes two, but not often six. They would go into the woods and cut down some good-sized young trees.

"These were cut into logs, each of which was neatly cleft in two. Then these logs were notched at the ends and placed one upon another, with the smooth side in, and the rounded, bark-covered portion out."

"Something like a log cabin?"

"Exactly

"Well, the cracks between we plastered with Virginia clay. Falmouth was rich in that.

"The logs were piled up about as high as the sides of a wall tent or a trifle higher. Then the four tent makes took their shelter tents, luted them together, and that made the top."

"Wasn't it cold inside?"

"Oh, no! Every 'stockade' had its fireplace and a pretty big one, too, plenty large sometimes for a good-sized stick.

"The big cob chimney was the poetical feature. It was built of short sticks, laid criss cross, 'cob' fashion, and to finish it, for a cap-piece, a barrel was stuck on top.

"I never knew one of those chimneys to catch afire. The wood was green, and the blaze was not very lively, though plenty warm.

"'Cept,' said the Adjutant, with a sudden strong pull at his dying pipe, 'when some fellow would come along, and gently drop a handful of cartridges down the chimney, just to relieve the monotony.

"Then, gee whizz, what a clatter; how everything would go up in smoke, and bang!—down came our chimney top to roll down upon the hurrying guard.

"Who did that?"

"Pretty sharp.

"'Tis the Officer of the Day."

"Well, who did? You never saw such a circle of blank faces, and half the regiment was there.

"Must have been a comet straight from heaven, so far as any of that innocent crowd could tell.

"'Call the roll, Sergeant, and muster the men."

"Boys all fell in of course in the company street—not a man absent on his life.

"But it never was any use, and the Captain knew it. It was the most singular thing where those spare cartridges did come from, and how that chimney came to bust. The old man would turn away with a wuk in his eye.

"And the fellows in the stockade never made any fuss. They knew better.

"But the beds. Oh, the beds of that camp were perfect poems. We would take one side of the stockade and make the frame. Then we cut four pieces of timber for stringers. After that tree boughs were filled into the space and on them we put a row of barrel staves, topping off the whole with pine branches. Then you had a spring bed that couldn't be surpassed.

"On those fragrant resinous couches we slept the sleep of the just.

"We had none of the domestic bedfellows that our good wife holds such mortal enmity for, but we did have another chap that would put any ordinary bug in the shade, and that was the woodtick.

"The peculiarity of this vindictive little wretch is that he buries his entire head into the flesh of his victim.

"And unless a man pulls him out just so, that head is dead sure to break off under the skin and stay there, in which event it makes about the worst kind of a sore a man ever endured from anything so small.

"Some of our boys became such experts in pulling out wood ticks that they were professionally consulted about every morning by their less skillful fellows.

"Those were pleasant days until the order came from Fredericksburg, and we went across the river.

"But as to Christmas, I do not remember any special observance of it in the old Nineteenth. Our big time in '61 was at Camp Benton on Thanksgiving Day, and in '62 our hearts were too sore for the brave fellows left on the slopes of Marye's Heights for any general holiday celebration.

"Our companies were scattered in picketing the river, but I remember in '61 jolly trips to Darnestown to see the Captain and his merry First Sergeant.

"We drank egg nogg, toasting old King Christmas with the wassail red while we sang—

"In his fine, honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard weather scars;
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same trace
On the cheeks of our bravest tars.
Then again I sing till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall—
To the stout old wright, fair welcome to-night,
As the king of the seasons all."

"Oh yes," said Captain Mel, breaking out from a reverie, "I was Provost Marshal there."

Darnestown was the natural gateway for the Montgomery County pike road through to Poolesville and Frederick and all those places. My headquarters were at Rockville and Bill P. was my Deputy.

"You remember Bill? Major, you know that kept the hotel down in S—

General Gorman commanded our brigade then, and Banks—Nat. P.—was our Division Commander.

Gorman hailed from Minnesota. Senator he was since the war I think, and a dreadful pompous man was he.

He used to swell round in citizens' clothes to catch the sentries.

Well, one day Bill brought him to a halt.

"'Can't pass here,' says he.

"'But I am Brigadier General Gorman.'

"'Yes you are,' says Bill.

"'Young man, do you know who I am? I command this brigade.'

"'You be damned,' says Bill, in that polite way of his.

"'You shall pay for this, young man,' says the General, half choking with wrath.

"'Oh yes I will; where's your pass?'

"'I don't require one, sir; I issue the passes used on this line.'

"'Well, then, you produce one darn quick,' says my deputy, 'or the guard shall have you.'

Well, he kept the General there for an hour storming and threatening and cajoling, to no purpose.

"Finally he demanded the Provost. Down I went of course. 'Do you know me, sir?' says Gorman sternly. Bill gave me a quick shot from his eyes behind the General's back. Well, of course, it wouldn't have done to have admit-

sed too much, for that would put my deputy in a bad place.

"I was non-committal, and after fully an hour's parley we allowed the General's orderly to be sent for.

"And then, of course explanations were profuse.

"Some of us looked for trouble, but Bill P— was calm as a clock, and next day proved he had gauged the old man right, for Gorman actually complimented him in orders.

"Perry Trail, an old Secesh, the bitterest kind of a sympathizer," kept the tavern. One morning about Christmas time one of my boys saw Perry give the stage driver a package.

"Original package, Cap'n?"

"No, documents, papers."

"The grocery store was a perfect hot-bed of Secesh, so much so that we kept one man among 'em all the time. They were plotting day and night.

"Well, when the stage came down that morning, we hauled it up and pulled that stage driver off.

"The package proved so valuable that we deemed it important to send a man with it and the coach driver to Washington.

"Moses F. Carr volunteered, and he was so eager that he actually 'frogged it' all the way along the low-path. Mose was young then.

"That Christmas week we made a rich little haul of about one hundred stand of arms and 75,000 rounds of cartridges, that our Secesh friends were keeping very choice up in a loft over the Free Mason's room.

"Well, about the 'egg nogg, Cap'?"

"Oh, yes. You see on Christmas Day some few of the old residents kept open house.

"We hadn't many friends, for with the exception of ex-Senator Bowie, who was a lawyer and Union man, about everybody else was Secesh, and would sling rebel talk right in our faces.

"But Dr. Summers and Frank Biers kept open house for all our officers and men—mighty fine set of fellows they were in a company, old Nineteenth. There were pine boughs and holly and egg nogg and flip till morning light.

"And a ball, Cap'?"

"Well, hardly that; for the women of the town were bitter secesh, and the very few belles were of the maroon variety, but the boys made up for all deficiencies.

"But we kept up the fun till morning."

"And took good care of the dead and wounded?"

"Yes, surely."

"Ah!" said the staff officer, "how many good times there were round Washington in '61, when, after a night's romancing and a sweet leave taking on the wide old verandah; it was a quick mount and—

"Clash, clash goes the sabre against my steed's side.

Kling, kling go the rowels as onward I ride;

And all my bright harness is living, and speaks,

As under my horse shoes the frosty ground creaks

I wave my buff glove to the girl whom I love,

Then join my dark squadron and forward I move."

Those were merry Christmas times. Indeed

"We were at Falmouth, too," said Comrade Oscar Schmidt of Blenker's division.

"I was only a little drummer boy then—just 11 years old when I left New York in Company A of the Twenty-ninth German Regiment. Capt Warnecke's company

"Why, you must be the long sought youngest soldier of the war, comrade?"

"Ach nein," was the reply, with a good humored smile. "There was little Lehmann in my regiment, too, who wasn't but nine years old. He was the youngest drummer we had."

"And what became of him—is he living?"

"Dead. He was killed at Chancellorsville, when they flanked us."

"So—that was too bad. What a loss to fame."

"We were put into Steinwehr's brigade, the Second Brigade of General Blenker's Division, and our first work was building the forts round Washington, so we didn't have much time for Christmas," continued the pleasant-faced young German, for young he is still.

"In '62 we went down to the Rappahannock, and there we cut down all the trees—beautiful cedar trees, too. It seemed a pity."

"Ah, then you were the fellows who made that country the barren waste that Hall's Brigade found it?"

"Yes, I suppose so, but we had to obey orders," and Comrade Schmidt smiled again.

"In '62," he said, "our camp was at Hunter's Chapel, Virginia. I remember those hunts. We had the same. We could make them so hot inside that you couldn't stay in them sometimes for long.

"Well, at Christmas the huts would be decorated with evergreen and holly. Some of our boys—for the regiment was most all young shavers—would have boxes from home—knick-knacks and Rhein Wein. We little drummers would be off by ourselves up on the headquarter line, while the men played at "Zweicken."

"What's that, comrade?"

"Something that puts fan-tan into the shade," with a smile

"Then the men would sing the old songs—"Was ist das Deutsche Vaterland," and the drummer boys would follow it with "Morgen Roth" ("Morning Red"), their fresh young voices blending well. That was a boy choir for you!

"Then the whole regiment would join in with 'Wer da Will Unter die Soldaten?' ("Who Would Go for a Soldier?"), and wind up with 'Im Wald und der Heide' ("In the Woods and in the Desert")—that was because we had cut down all the fine young cedars. "See?"

"Die Wacht am Rhein" hadn't come into being then, comrade?"

"No, Germany wasn't then united. It was all separated. That didn't come along till the Franco-Prussian war of 1870.

"Well, now and then for Christmas a soldier would have a tree in front of his hut, and we'd have the Christ Kindel (Christ child) for a few of us by one of our flaxen-haired drummers.

"But that was only for our circle, you might say.

"There was always plenty of evergreen, but most of the men would rather sit round, drink

the lager and smoke der piefe, while they told stories.

"Was you ever hit, comrade?"

"Twice. There's one place," showing a shortened and long broken finger, and then I was shot through the thigh."

"Your place was with the ambulance corps and the stretchers, wasn't it, as a drummer?"

"Yes, we wore the red cross, and it was there that I got hit."

It was on the second field of Bull Run. I had been carrying the stretchers with the other drummers, and when the line fell back our hospital was the last one that was taken.

"Captain Dilke's battery came along, and he advised all that could walk to get out of there and to the rear as fast as they were able.

"So we started, and I was going back with those that could walk, when the rebs opened fire right into us, and it was there I got this," showing his maimed hand.

"Thousands of our wounded fell into the hands of the enemy.

"Our first fighting was at the First Battle of Bull Run. We were in the reserve, but we had a little skirmish fighting with the Black Horse Cavalry. We were at Strasburg, and marched through the Shenandoah Valley to effect the junction between McDowell and McClellan. Afterwards we were under Fremont in West Virginia."

"Ever beat the charge, comrade? "Oh, yes they made 't do that, too."

"Then there is some ground for the brave Color Sergeant and the little drummer leading the advancing line?"

"Well, now, about that I don't know. They used to put us with the colors to stir up the men, but the drummer's place was with the officers, just in the rear of the line of battle.

"Sometimes the line would get separated a little, and then we boys were right in the face of the whole of it, as well as the men.

That was the way little Lehmann was killed.

"He was beating the charge—the call to the color—on the flank at Chancellorsville, when they swept down on our line and turned it back. The boy fell, shot through. He was only nine years old, as I told you.

"I had my experience with the colors at Cross Keys on the 8th of June, '62. It was quite a little battle, too.

"We were in the pioneer corps after Fredericksburg and our men built the roads and cut out a passage for the artillery.

"Christmas then we passed mostly on out-post duty.

"I tell you what," said "Corporal O'Kaisy" of the old Twelfth, "you fellows of the Nineteenth might have had a comfortable camp at Palmouth, but it wasn't a circumstance to our Camp Hicks in '61 at Frederick. We had a regular cantonment—a village, so to speak. The huts averaged 16 by 14, and were built of logs placed one above another to a height of, say, six feet. The roofs were of rough boards.

"Each hut had a door and a window and then

there was a stove—a real stove, with its pipe sticking up through the roof.

"To be sure, the stove was capable of holding only a very small cord of wood.

"There were three tiers of bunks in the hut for the men.

"And in such calm, delightful repose we blossomed forth a poet whose muse evolved:

Here's to the Twelfth, who one and all
On far Potomac's wooded banks,
Wait but the trumpeter's thrilling call—
Impatient at the interval
To charge the foe with serried ranks.

"With more of equally spirited tone."

"I can't say much of the cold side of King Christmas," said Amos, "for down in Louisiana we found very little frost in him, I can tell you, and he met us only in his warmest mood.

"That's the only kick 'Geranium' made. There was altogether too much July about Christmas that year in the Fiftieth to suit him.

"He had a box come from home, and as usual only his chums were in it.

"I was one of the outsiders. Well, I sauntered over to his tent just as 'Geranium' had the cover off and was pulling out three great long bologna sausages.

"I liked bologna first rate, especially after some weeks of army grub, but I knew there was no invitation for me in that crowd.

"I shut one eye, opened the other, and saw my chance. Those bolognas were pretty near white. Perhaps you know their outside wrap will at times in warm weather show mould.

"The climate was so hot that they exhibited that peculiarity without at all affecting the interior. It is only necessary to say that we had had it very hot.

"I looked at those sausages very hard, and held up my hands.

"Just like the women folks," I said, "they don't know any better than that."

"What do you mean?" says he, turning over the bologna doubtfully.

"What, yours' not going to eat those," said I with affected horror.

"Certainly, says Geranium, 'why not?'

"What, in this climate man?"

"Why, ain't they all right?" says he.

"Sure death," said I.

"But what'll I do with 'em?"

"Carry them down behind the sinks and bury them," said I.

"Geranium" eyed me suspiciously, but I was as bland and childlike as I could look. Then he tried to play foxey. He was afraid to leave his box.

"You do it," says he.

"All right, said I, but I should think you might give a fellow a hunk of gingerbread for doing it." He handed me out a good bit, and off I went with the sausages.

"Frank and I just scraped off that mold and peeled off the skin, but it took us a couple of days to bury those bolognas, and when we got through with them he and I both agreed that they were the best sausages we ever ate, but we had to put up a bold front to 'Geranium' when



CHRISTMAS IN WINTER QUARTERS.

he spied some bologna skins one day under our tent guys.

"Some time after that 'Geranium' had another box and we couldn't get anywhere near it.

"There were five of us scapegraces in one tent, and we all drew lots to see who should go into 'Geranium's' after the box.

"It fell to me, having the shortest straw. Over I went and reconnoitred. I found the men were all sleeping with their heads to the sides, feet to centre. We had it all fixed in case of pis-covery, to loosen the tent guys and dowse the whole canvas.

"The pins were all pulled, and I walked into the tent at the time appointed, but as though the deuce were in it, I found, that it being a hot night, the men had changed position, and their heads were in the centre.

"The first thing that I knew I put one foot right down on 'Geranium's' face.

"My gracious!" he bellowed, starting up wildly.

"Down came the tent upon the whole of us, and in the confusion I rolled out from under the canvas and escaped, but 'Geranium' had grabbed one foot, and I was obliged to leave with the loss of a shoe.

"I jumped into Company B street and got another very quickly.

"When the guard came up all five of us fellows were snoring in our tent as innocently as lambs, though they flashed the lantern over us.

"Next morning the company was mustered, and the Captain held up my shoe. None of us owned it, and every man had his on his feet. It was a close call, but we got out of it that time.

"And then there was that Christmas on Folly

island, with the Fortieth, on that magnificent hard sand, where an entire batty might manoeuvre without leaving an imprint of wheel or hoof, with Charleston city dimly outlined far up the bay, and Sumter's grim and shell torn battlements at the apex of our triangle, the whole broad ocean before our sentries, and the jungle, with its tough, impenetrable roots and branches in our midst.

"Christmas under the giant cottonwoods, with their hoary pendant Southern moss sweeping the ground beneath their low branches.

"Christmas, too, in the hospitals at Georgetown and Baltimore just after Fredricksburg and Antietam.

"Who of those 800 wounded, scarred and maimed fellows at Stuart's, in Dunbarton street, and the old Methodist Church at Georgetown, can forget the dainty feast arranged for that merry Christmas by the tender hands of those devoted, loving women.

"Who that does not remember the impressive spectacle of those 200 heroes marching into dinner, when 'roast beef' sounded lively on bugle and drum, brought them, between the green twined pillars, fragrant with the odor of the pine and beneath the tastefully draped colors, marching as best they might to the strains of

Rally Round the Flag Boys'

from the little Zonave band. Soldiers with but a single arm, soldiers whose crutches told a pathetic story, but all of them ready again to die and to dare for union and for liberty.

"So to-day we rejoice again with old Uncle Remus that de Lord mus' be on our side, for de turkies is roostin' pow'ful low dis yar winter."

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.

"He bears the cross bravely" reads the crest of the first Hutchinson known to history—Bernard of Cowan, in old York, living in the year 1282, the eighth of the reign of the first Edward—"Ye Longshanks' Norman King.

The terse Latin phrase happily typifies the striking characteristic of a brave race as traced from root to branch of the family tree.

Nowhere is it more strongly exemplified than in the career of the long time famous Hutchinson family, without whom no anti-slavery group stands complete. The brave singers whose voices were first uplifted for liberty and universal freedom full fifty years ago.

Garrison, Phillips, May, Collins, Sumner and Hutchinson blend naturally together.

"There were four quartettes in that family, and each with a girl," wrote Mary Howitt.

Yet to-day there sings but one. But his voice has no quaver, and is as mellow, strong and true as though no seventy-second milestone of life's way lies abreast of him.

He sits at his cherished organ, and his fingers lightly sweep the keys, as with face uplifted he sings again the dear old ma'rigals and glees:

"In the State of Massachusetts,
In the grand old town of Lynn,
There's a famous range of ledges
As eye hath rarely seen.
Two hundred feet, the highest point,
Looms up this rugged block,
And it's known throughout New England
As 'Old High Rock.'"

Wednesday its loving owner was 72 years old, and but a few yesterdays since the writer climbed the old, steep stone steps, seemingly chilled into its sloping base, to reach the pretty tower cottage in which he dwells, to convey to him the best wishes of the Journal, and to hear from his lips the thrilling story of how he sang that grand hymn of Whittier's—"A Consuming Fire is Our God"—right on the borderland of slavery,

Just in the shadow of that rugged old sentinel which his song immortalizes dwells this stirring singer of days lang syne.

Standing on the crest of the rock itself, breathless from the steep climb on the narrow iron stair that scales the sheer face of the perpendicular ledges, we throw back our shoulders, expand the chest, and draw in, in grateful respirations, the enlivening oxygen of the keen frosty air—the pure, bracing breath of the north wind.

Then, when the grandeur of that wide expanse of glittering sea and shore from Magnolia and Kettle Cove to Boston light and far Nantasket fills our soul, and we note below us the bustling streets and hundreds of busy factories betokening the thrift and energy of a free people, how is it possible to wonder that John W. Hutchinson, for whom each morning sun has revealed this entrancing vision of God's country, should break forth into song, or that the broad spirit of universal liberty should pervade his whole life?

We were so fortunate as to find Mr. Hutchinson at home, and he gave us most cordial greetings.

"I shall be only too glad," he said, "to give the Journal all I can about the Hutchinson family, though to tell all I know would fill a book as big as this, I fear," bringing his hand down upon the huge old family concordance.

Mr. Hutchinson has a very strong individuality of his own. His aspect is most patriarchal. The long white hair, covering his head in profusion, falls upon his shoulders, while his face is half concealed behind heavy gray moustache and flowing beard, almost as white as the hair itself.

The expression of the face is kindly—that of the eyes especially pleasant. He is not above medium height, but his personality is striking.

JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.



ABBY (HUTCHINSON) PATTEN.



He wore a loose sack coat when the writer called, and wide-brimmed soft black felt upon his head.

Whether from old associations connected with his early singing days, or from contiguous habit, dating from even farther back, Mr. Hutchinson adopts the very wide white linen collar of Oliver Cromwell and the Puritan of olden time. This collar is attached to the vest. Yet it is in perfect keeping with the flowing hair and beard.

"Is as "Father Hutchinson" and "Uncle John" he is known to the younger folk—but Brother John it was in the dear old days of long ago.

But one cannot in Mr. Hutchinson's presence feel that he is conversing with an old man.

Far from it. His tone is sprightly, his step energetic, his form erect, and his spirit as young as though his span of years were reduced by a full score at least.

Mr. Hutchinson's home is like himself—modest, yet attractive in all its furnishings. There is a sunny double parlor, in the rear portion of which is his desk. A library table stands close beside, piled high with all the newspapers of the day and recent magazines.

The walls are covered with cherished relics of the master's varied experiences—photos of the old Milford home; a group of ten of the Hutchinson brothers, including Mr. Hutchinson; the "Tribe of John"—himself, his wife, his much cherished son Henry J. Hutchinson, now dead, and the latter's wife, Mrs. Lillie Hutchinson, since remarried.

Then there is a portrait of the dear sister Abbie—Mrs. Ludlow Fatten—who recently passed on. This picture was painted by Carpenter, the distinguished artist.

Directly opposite it is the upright piano at which Mr. Hutchinson still spends many of his leisure moments.

Mr. Hutchinson's household, besides himself, consists of his son Judson and his housekeeper.

He has quite a little settlement about him on the foot slopes of the flock, and his code of rules governing his tenants is clear, concise and unique.

The having of intoxicating liquors in the house for a beverage is strictly forbidden, and the coming home intoxicated by the tenant is sufficient to break the contract, and at once to terminate his occupancy of Mr. Hutchinson's property. Each lessee receives these rules plainly printed on a card with the key of the tenement he hires. He is expected to abide by them implicitly or vacate immediately.

The old gentleman is kept quite busy looking after his various houses.

"There," said he, inviting his caller to remove his heavy coat, and opening a door into the front hall. "I wish I had that lighted for you," pointing down to a huge back log and fore stick on the fire dogs in an attractive open fireplace bordered with old tiles illustrating the parable of the sower. "I sit here often in the evenings and enjoy my fire," he said.

"Now, then, where shall I begin?" he continued, lying back comfortably in his easy chair, and closing his eyes. "There's so much, you know, to tell. Well, let us see. Yes. We began in Milford, N. H., where we were born and where we lived."

[This old house, in which 14 children of the Hutchinson family were born, still stands on the farm originally owned by Mr. Hutchinson's grandfather, Elisha Hutchinson, and afterward given to his two sons, Andrew and Jesse. The house is of the ordinary 2½-story gable New England farmhouse type. This inscription is written by Mrs. Abby H. Fatten on the back of the photograph of the house in Mr. Hutchinson's possession. Elisha was born Dec. 6, 1751, and came to Amherst (N. H.) in 1779. He retained the Hutchinson arms, of which the crest is given above.]

"And then he went on in delightful rambling fashion to tell how they were all of the 'Tribe of Jesse'—sixteen children altogether, of whom twelve were boys, and thirteen lived to grow up.

Judson the oldest, and John and Asa and Abby were the original Hutchinsons. Brother Josiah had been a teacher for more than 40 years in New Hampshire, and led the little Baptist choir in the home village. The entire family had a taste for music, but the quartette first named started to make it their calling, and began giving concerts in Milford in 1841.

Brother Jesse was in Lynn selling the first air-tight stove from which he earned his sobriquet of "Air-tight Hutchinson." He was a baritone singer, but so was Asa, and so he devoted himself to writing the songs for his brothers and sisters to sing.

Mr. Hutchinson gave a most interesting account of how they started out in Lynn, and how the first week's singing netted the four but 12½ cents.

They found they needed more culture, and so spent months of rehearsal in brother Andrew's hall, at the corner of Pearl and Purchase streets, in Boston. Andrew was a grocer, and was instrumental in starting a Universalist society in his hall. They would not join the Handel and Haydn Society, finding themselves overbalanced by too heavy sound.

Mr. Hutchinson committed Henry Russell's "Maniac" to memory, and "I used to give it with a good deal of power, too," said he. They also learned pieces from the *Æolian Lyre*, and finally went back to Lynn and gave their first concert in old Sagamore Hall, where Fabens Block now stands.

So he continued, telling of their funny trips in their wagon from town to town, and brother Judson's rousing the musical sentiment of Kennebunk with a huge dinner bell when the family's bills had not been posted, as had been expected. Mr. Hutchinson has the queer little box melodeon, less than three feet long, which accompanied them on all their trips. It was made by Prince of Buffalo, 50 years ago.

So they went all over the country, and were on the point of selling their outfit, being stranded in Albany, when a gentleman came to them and begged to know if they would sing in his church for \$100. "Well, we looked at each other," said the old gentleman, "and we finally

said we would. We actually received \$30 over that amount."

He recalled a big man named Richardson, who weighed 300 pounds, and who came down upon them with great force for daring to put their tickets at 50 cents each, as the Handel and Haydn did. "Corporeal Richardson, he was called," said the old gentleman.

Abby was called home because mother could not bear to be cut off from her sixteenth child for so long a time just as they were going to the South, to New Orleans, and Judson had left them with a note that he was going to Texas. The others came to Boston, and here they heard that there was a runaway slave here. Jesse formed a company to try to save him.

They followed Jesse till they came to Marlboro' Chapel, back of the Marlboro' House.

"We marched up the aisle, singing as we went," said Mr. Hutchinson. "You may imagine my feelings. There we had just come from singing in popular concerts, and here we were singing in an anti-slavery meeting.

"But I felt as we all did that we must save that man, and it soon got abroad that we did sing for freedom.

"That slave was George Lattimer, and the money was raised with our help and his liberty paid for and given to him.

"Do you know," said Mr. Hutchinson, "that on the day of the Whittier memorial in Haverhill, the fact of this appeal in behalf of the slave was published in a Haverhill paper, and that very morning, after fifty years, I met George Lattimer himself, and we had a very pleasant meeting together, I assure you, going over that anti-slavery gathering in Marlboro' Chapel. He remembered it. Oh, yes.

"I told that story to Whittier, and he responded with his poem, 'Massachusetts to Virginia.'

"Then we sang in England in 1845 for eleven months, singing 'The Slave's Appeal.' with great effect.

"Oh yes, indeed, they gave us trouble. We've stood, five to ten minutes at a time, to let our opponents get tired of hissing. That was in New York, and after they got through we would start up:

"Ho, the car emancipation
Rides majestic through our nation.
Bearing in its train the story,
Liberty our nation's glory.
Roll it along! Roll it along!
Through our nation—
Freedom's car emancipation."

"At Philadelphia the Mayor of the city issued a notice to the lessee of the hall in which we sang that, unless the police were allowed to detain the black man, who sat on the platform with us, at the door, he would not be responsible for the perpetuity or safety of the hall. We left Philadelphia and came back to our free woods in New Hampshire, holding our good name more precious than silver and gold, though we lost thousands of dollars.

"That black man was Robert Purvis, one of the noblest men in America."

"Was he a slave?"

"No, never!"

"You sang 'Ein Feste Burg ist Unser Gott,' did you not, Mr. Hutchinson?"

"Ah, yes indeed, we did," the old gentleman replied with kindling eye. "You are familiar with it? Then you remember this," and he sang those stirring lines of Whittier's:

"What gives the wheat fields blades of steel?

What points the rebel cannon?

What sets the warring rebel heel

On the old Star-spangled pennon?

What breaks the oath of the men of the South,

What whets the knife for the Union's life?

Hark to the answer! 'Slavery.'

"That was the furnace blast that we gave them on the Potomac. The original Tribe of Jesse had been dispersed—Judson, with his two daughters, had gone off in one direction, and Asa, with his wife and children, in another, and my Tribe of John—myself, my daughter Viola and my son Henry—had started singing on our own account.

"We had been giving many concerts in aid of the soldiers and their families, and we thought we would like to meet the soldier in the army and see what camp life was like. So we visited the Capitol and secured through Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, a pass to visit the Grand Division of 30,000 men then encamped along the Potomac. This pass was good for fifteen days, and was issued by the Secretary of War."

"The elder Cameron?"

"Yes. I think that was about his last official act, for he was out next day and Stanton succeeded him."

"Well, we obtained the use of a good, large church on the Fairfax Seminary grounds and were giving two concerts a day, and we had upward of 2000 soldiers present at a time.

"It was quite a good church belonging to the seminary, but I don't remember the denomination—Presbyterian possibly.

"Well, on this particular occasion the house was packed with soldiers. We started with 'Cannon Balls May Aid the Truth,' and everything went well, until finally we came to that great hymn of John G. Whittier's, 'The Furnace Blast,' which had been adapted to music.

"I sang the verses straight through till I came to the one which I've just recited to you.

"I sang with strong feeling, for my whole soul was wrapt in the grand sentiment of the hymn.

"I will never forget that crowded church; that great throng of listening men, and the intense stillness that pervaded the entire house as my last lines rang out.

"What whets the knife for the Union's life?"

Hark to the answer! 'Slavery!'

"No sooner had that last word been sung with the most emphatic enunciation of which I was capable, than from one corner of the room came a solitary hiss—so exactly like the stillant

serpent in the yet unbroken hush as to startle everybody.

"Major Hatfield, who was the officer in command of the regiment to which most of the soldiers in the pews belonged, sprang upon one of the front benches, and in a voice stern with suppressed indignation, turned toward the place from whence came that hiss, shouted that if the interruption was repeated the person who caused it should go out of the house.

"Back came the rejoinder from the man who hissed—'you had better come and put me out.'

"The Major recognized his man, and knew also that before he had come in he had threatened to do just what he had done.

"I can put you out,' retorted Hatfield, and if I cannot I have a regiment of men that will do it.'

"At that every man in the house sprang to his feet, and matters looked squally for a time. There was great confusion and shouts of 'put him out.'

"But happily no force was used on the fellow, who cowered before the immense throng that surrounded him.

"We quietly sang that beautiful song, 'No Tear in Heaven,' and by degrees order was fully restored, the soldiers respectfully hushing their tumult that we might go on.

"Chaplain Merwin, who had obtained for us the Seminary Church, also exerted himself to restore order.

"After the concert certain persons who were present refused to mess with the Chaplain because of what he did for us. Major Hatfield was afterward killed before Richmond in McClellan's campaign.

"Well, a message came to Chaplain Merwin to appear before General Kearny

"What, Phil Kearny?

"The same. He was afterward killed in battle.

"The General demanded all the details of the concert and disturbance, and called for the singers to be brought before him with all their songs.

"There was very great excitement, and the Trustees took the keys of the church.

"The Chaplain was very much troubled about it on our account. Well, the message came for us to wait on the General, and so through the rain and mud we all tramped to his headquarters.

"General Kearny reproved Chaplain and vocalists for singing within his lines without first submitting their programme and songs to him, and added that he could not allow the concert to go on.

"I said to him, General, I have a permit from the Secretary of War allowing me to sing. I am no stranger to the soldiers' (for a good many thousands of men knew of and had heard us), 'whatever the officers may think and feel on the subject.'

"To this the General replied quickly, 'I reign supreme here. You are abolitionists. I think as much of a rebel as I do of an abolitionist.'

"We left the General's quarters rather doubt-

ful whether the concerts were to be allowed to continue or not, but soon after reaching our quarters there came a fresh message from the General that we must forego all further singing in the camps.

"Not satisfied with this, the news was sent to General Franklin, and this order came back:

"HEADQUARTERS ALEXANDRIA
DIVISION CAMP, January, 1862.

"Major Hatfield:

"You will please send to these headquarters as soon as possible, a copy of the songs sung by the Hutchinson Family last night in the Seminary Chapel.

"By order of Brigadier General Franklin.
"JOSEPH C. JACKSON, A. D. C."

"After some hours of hard work copies were taken and forwarded to General Franklin by the Chaplain.

"The General took them and asked to have the objectionable song pointed out to him. He was referred to Whittier's 'Furnace Blast.'

"Why,' said he, 'I pronounce that incendiary,' and then added 'if these people are allowed to go on they will demoralize the whole army.'

"The Chaplain again retired very sad and depressed. Another concert had been advertised, and on announcing that it was forbidden the members of the regiment who were to have attended it expressed their regret.

"Late on Saturday night (a concert having been given the previous Friday evening) this message was sent to Gen. Franklin, purporting to have emanated from Gen. McClellan, commanding the army:

"HEADQUARTERS ALEXANDRIA, }
VIRGINIA, June 18, 1862. }

"General Orders No. 3.

"By command of the Major General Commanding, U. S. A., the permit given to the Hutchinson Family to sing in the camps and their pass to cross the Potomac, are hereby revoked, and they will not be allowed to sing to the troops.

"By order of Brig. General Franklin.
"J. C. JACKSON, A. D. C."

"(Official.)

"JAMES M. WILSON, A. A. G.
"Headquarters, First New Jersey Vols."

"This, of course, was an effectual stopper to further proceedings.

"At the same time I received a verbal message that myself and vocalists must leave our quarters.

"The hour being late and weather bad, Mr. Hutchinson obtained from General Franklin the privilege of remaining with his friends until the Monday morning following; the answer coming back, 'There is no objection to these people remaining, if they behave themselves properly.'

"The next day being Sunday, Chaplain Yard obtained permission to use the church, and a little plan was adopted in order that the hundreds of soldiers who desired to hear the Hutchinsons sing should not be disappointed.

"The Chaplain asked leave to have a choir, and at service time the Hutchinson family offered themselves as that choir.

"The Chaplain preached in the morning, and in the evening Mr. Merwin gave a temperance lec-

ture. "We sang on both of these occasions," said Mr. Hutchinson, and on the following Monday morning daughter Viola received a \$20 gold piece sent her by the soldiers. I sent a part of my company to Washington, intending to follow with my daughter, but I was prevailed upon by the Chaplain to remain over night, as he said he would take me to visit Farnsworth's regiment of cavalry the next morning.

"They had a slight runaway accident, their carriage being broken against a tree, and on their return to quarters were informed that an officer had called in their absence to see if they had gone, and intimated that 'it was just as well for them that they had gone off.'

"Anxious to give the authorities no grounds for charging him with disobedience of orders, Mr. Hutchinson departed at once, calling on Gen. Montgomery at Alexandria, where they sung their songs and hymns at the General's own headquarters, and conjointly with the Provost Marshal, Gen. Montgomery arranged for a concert, which was given by the Hutchinsons.

"On reaching Washington," said Mr. Hutchinson, "I called immediately on Mr. Secretary Chase and told him the whole story of our trouble at Fairfax Church."

"At his request I gave him a copy of the prohibited song, which he submitted to the Cabinet. Of course the details of the sessions of that body are not public, but I was informed on the best of authority that I was exonerated from all blame and that the President expressed himself very strongly in my favor.

"President Lincoln remarked that they were 'just the songs he wanted his people to hear.'

In this as in all other instances Mr. Chase acted with the utmost kindness toward us.

"I no longer hesitated to go to Alexandria and gave two concerts there, singing the prohibited as well as all the other radical songs, which were loudly called for—'John Brown's Body' among the rest.

"The General himself sat on the platform. We returned to Washington at the special request of some officers of Gen. McClellan's body guard, and these gentlemen compensated us by selling large numbers of tickets for this concert, which was given in a church and at which the Provost Marshal was present. The radical songs were received with great applause, but the minister of the church, however, was so frightened lest his congregation be dispersed by the anti-slavery character of those songs that he would not let us have the church for another concert. We created a great sensation by our 'Slave's Appeal.'"

The old gentleman recalled with pleasure kindness shown him by Gen. J. C. Fremont and Jessie Fremont. The colored people also opened their churches when the doors of others were shut against them.

The Tribe of John sang in Philadelphia and the West, and at Hutchinson, Minn., a town founded by the family. The old gentleman uttered what proved to be a prophetic warning against the coming of the Indians. The latter did come; 300 people were obliged to flee for their lives a distance of 17 miles for refuge, and every house in the town was burned but two.

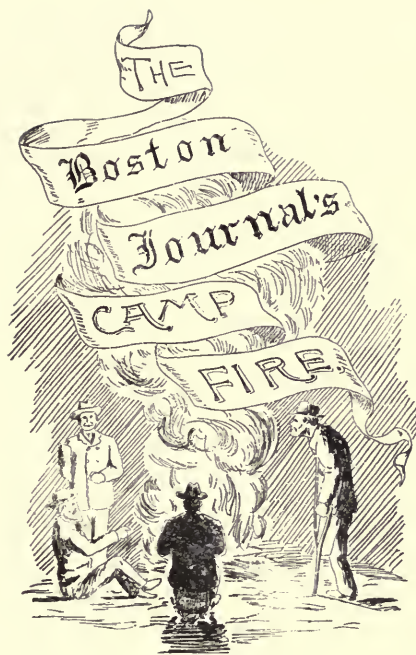
To-day Brother John is enjoying the gloaming of life with his remaining son, still singing, whenever his services are desired, the songs of olden time.



THE HUTCHINSON CREST.



ORIGINAL SINGERS.



AT FIRST BULL RUN.

[Capt. U. A. Woodbury of Burlington, Vt., at the request of the Journal furnished a very graphic and thrilling story of his personal experiences at the first battle of Bull Run, where he lost his right arm (being the first empty sleeve from Vermont) and was captured by the Confederates and subsequently confined in a rebel prison. Capt. Woodbury is a native of Elmore, Vt., and enlisted May 26, 1861. He was mustered in as Sergeant of Co. H, Second Vermont, June 20, taken prisoner at Manassas, July 21, and paroled Oct. 5. He was discharged on account of wounds received Oct. 16. He subsequently re-enlisted as a private in Company D, Eleventh Vermont, and was commissioned Captain Nov 16, 1862. Capt. Woodbury served in the Veteran Reserve Corps until March, 1865. He was Chief of Staff to Gov Barstow in '84, Mayor of Burlington in 1884-5-6, Lieutenant Governor of Vermont from 1888 to 1890, and was the last President of the Vermont Officers' Reunion Society.]

I was First Sergeant of Company H, Second Regiment, Vermont Volunteers. The regiment rendezvoused in Burlington the first part of June, 1861, being the first three-year troops sent from Vermont. The members of it came largely from rural communities—there are but few other than rural in our State—and they were as hardy a set of boys as ever assembled in a camp.

In those days "rassing" was the universal sport at every village and neighborhood gathering, and the regiment contained hundreds of athletes that would have been eagerly sought for by football enthusiasts, had that game been "on" in those days. They could outmarch, outrun, outjump and "outrassle" all competitors. They were full of good humor, slow to wrath, but they had enlisted for a purpose, clearly defined in their minds, and no danger or deprivation moved them from it. They were

naturally, mentally as well as physically strong.

We were mustered into the United States service June 20 by Lieutenant Colonel Rains, U. S. A., who shortly after resigned, went into the Confederate Army and was killed.

We left Burlington June 24, and arrived in Washington the 26th. Went into Virginia the 10th of July and camped at Brook Hill, a few miles from Alexandria. There we were brigaded with the Third, Fourth and Fifth Maine, and placed under the command of Brigadier General O. O. Howard, who afterward distinguished himself in various commands, and is now the ranking Major General in the United States Army next to General Schofield. Henry Whiting was our Colonel, Geo J. Stannard—afterward Brevet Major General, U. S. V., who distinguished himself at Gettysburg while in command of the Second Vermont Brigade—was our Lieutenant Colonel. C. H. Joyce, afterward M. C. from Vermont, was our Major. W. W. Henry—afterward Brigadier General, and the gallant Commander of the Tenth Vermont, which distinguished itself at the battle of Monocacy—was a Lieutenant.

And I now recall such persons as Colonels Tracey, Walbridge, Stone, Tyler, Johnson and Major Dillingham and many others, heroes every one, who distinguished themselves on many a bloody field.

The Captain of our company was an old militia officer of fine physique, and we thought we had a prize. But we soon found that he did not know enough to lead the company to mess, and he never learned.

At Centreville our boys made it lively for the honey, and the bees made it lively for the boys.

The pilferers often got badly stung, but the simple partakers of the sweet luxury feasted with delight and safety. While we were living at Centreville a portion of the Union forces had a brisk little skirmish with the rebels at Blackburn's Ford.

I witnessed some of the affair, and then first saw an armed rebel and saw the first shotted gun fired. I began to think there was work ahead for us. The evening of the 20th brought us knowledge that a battle might be expected on the morrow. Gen. Howard had the brigade paraded and delivered us a patriotic address.

Before daybreak July 21 we were astir, and after breakfast were put in marching order. Soon long lines of infantry, some batteries of artillery and some cavalry filed past us to take the positions assigned them by orders. It was a beautiful sight to see the long line of soldiers with their bright bayoneted guns glistening in the sunlight as they marched over the hill and into the depression beyond, the hamlet of Centreville. What a contrast between the confident, brave army at that hour and the dismayed, defeated and disorganized force that fled back over the same route a few hours later.

The army was accompanied by a horde of civilians, among whom were many members of Congress who had joined the army so as to "do up" the rebels and end the war. Some of these gentlemen accompanied us to Richmond. I remember that Congressman Ely of the Rochester, N. Y., District was in Libby when I was in the adjoining building. Their capture created some merriment to others besides themselves, and many jokes were cracked at their expense.

We were fully equipped. We had dress coats, knapsacks filled to repletion, haversacks almost bursting, 40 rounds of cartridges, canteens, etc., and smooth bore Springfield muskets. We had them all on, too. We soon fell into the line of march and passed along toward the right flank of our army, and were halted about three miles from Sudley Church, near a blacksmith shop.

Here we remained several hours, greatly interested in the battle, which we could plainly hear, but could not see. When some louder discharge than usual was heard, Lieut. C. of my company would exclaim, much to our satisfaction, "Another rebel battery taken." He really thought so. He went down to Virginia to whip the rebels, and he had no idea but what it was being done as arranged.

Our Captain, having filled up to his usual limit—when we were ordered to advance at the double quick at about 3 P. M.—said: "I'll be d—d if I came down here to make a race horse of myself. Lieutenant C. you may take charge of the company." He went to the rear and I never saw him afterward. Just imagine men double quicking under a burning July sun in Virginia—accoutred as we were.

We thought we must not part with our knapsacks, but it soon became apparent that we should drop in our tracks if we were not re-

lieved, and then we began to throw them off, and soon the line of march was covered with them. But, oh, wasn't it hot. Soon our thirst became almost unbearable. At Sudley Spring some of us filled our canteens with water and slaked our thirst, but we were needed at the front and we were hurried forward. Everyone seemed anxious to do his duty and but few straggled, unless absolutely unable to go on account of exhaustion.

As we passed Sudley Church we saw the first evidence of the battle. Ambulances were bringing the wounded to the church, where a hospital had been established. We saw the wounded being taken from the ambulances and then realized more than ever before the perils that awaited us.

As we came nearer the field we saw the Second Rhode Island Regiment resting beside the road, with arms stacked. Some of their boys called to us as we passed them. "We have been in and had a hack at the Rebels and now it is your turn." At that place we left the road, which was bordered with trees, and emerged into the open field. We were soon discovered by the enemy, who opened fire upon us with solid shot and, as we advanced farther, with shell and musketry. I did not see a man of our regiment leave the ranks, though there was some ducking of heads when a shot or shell came unusually near.

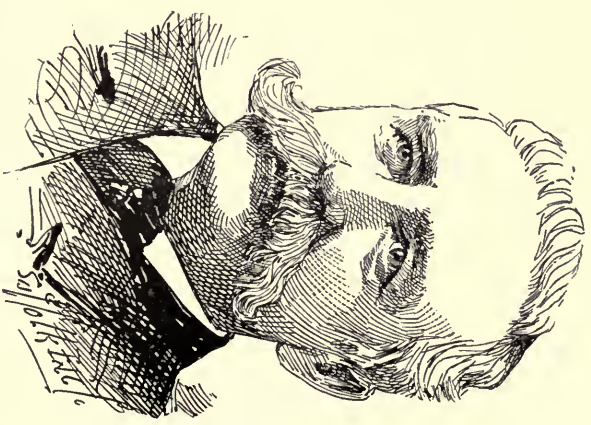
We were to the extreme right of our army. We went on to the field by the right flank, marching at quick time, but as we came under a hotter fire our pace was quickened to the double quick. We soon began to descend the hill to the Warrenton pike, beyond which the enemy who were firing upon us were situated.

Heavy firing was heard soon at the Henry house—to our left and front. A portion at least of the Fourteenth Brooklyn was retiring to our left, and Rickett's Battery was flying to the rear upon our right. The idea of retreat or defeat had not entered our minds at that time. We thought, I did, at least, that the retiring battery and troops were going back after more ammunition or to make room for fresh troops.

While marching at double quick down the slope at trail arms, at the head of my company, which was next to the color guard, I was hit in the right arm, near the shoulder, by a piece of a shell, which passed across my breast and whirled around and fell to the ground. In the twinkling of an eye I was transformed from an athlete to a pensioner. Another piece from the same shell killed my file leader, Corporal Benjamin of Company C of Brattleboro'. His life was the first laid upon the altar of his country in battle by a Vermonter. I was carried to the rear by two comrades after my bleeding was partly stopped, placed in an ambulance, carried to a little old cooper's shop near the Sudley Church, placed upon a board upon the ground, and my arm, which was completely shattered and hanging together only by the skin and muscles, was amputated by Surgeon Ballou of my



CAPTAIN U. A. WOODBURY (IN WAR).



EX-LIEUT. GOVERNOR U. A. WOODBURY (IN PEACE).

regiment. I remember of seeing him standing over me as I was being etherized, and I did not see him afterward for 25 years, almost to a day, when I met him at the Van Ness House.

The regiment continued on and soon became closely engaged with the enemy. They fought gallantly and only retired when peremptorily ordered to do so. They retreated in good order and formed a part of the rear guard, such as there was. The service of the regiment thereafter, as a part of the famous First Vermont Brigade, was brilliant and unexcelled by any other organization in the Union Army.

Soon after I recovered my consciousness I heard the cry, "The Black Horse Cavalry is coming," and soon a Major of rebel cavalry came into the shop and sternly informed us that we were prisoners.

I had started out in the morning confident of victory and that the war would be ended and the Union preserved, and now the consciousness that our forces were routed and flying to the rear, and that I was a prisoner and maimed for life put me in an unhappy state of mind from which I did not entirely recover until I left Dixie.

My arm was laid upon a tow bench beside me, in my full view. It was pale and useless then, and I told one of the boys the next morning to take it out and bury it. The shop was filled with our wounded, and it was interesting to note the effects of wounds upon different individuals. I recollect a Zouave who was shot with a musket ball when his mouth was wide open—presumably when shouting. The ball did not hit his teeth or any part of his mouth. It first struck the posterior pharynx and passed through his neck and out by the side of his spinal column in the rear.

He could not lie down, but slept some sitting. He was very light-hearted and made a rapid recovery. By my side lay an apparently strong young man who had a simple flesh wound in one of his forearms. He was homesick and despondent, and inflammation set in, with accompanying fever, and he died in a few days. The weather was hot and moist, and wounds did not do well. It was before the days of antiseptic surgery, the great boon of the subjects of the surgeon's knife.

One week from the day of the battle we were taken to Manassas Junction, bound for Richmond, Va.

We passed through the centre of the battlefield. Broken gun carriages, caissons, accoutrements and dead horses, from which a horrible stench arose, covered the ground in all directions.

We sat up in an old side-seat omnibus during the two hours' journey, and when we reached the junction we felt pretty well used up.

We were put in an old tobacco shed for the night. While there we were visited by many rebels, who taunted and threatened us. Though

our prisoners were better treated at this time than later on, so far as food and care were concerned, there was a bitter personal feeling by the common rebel soldier toward the Union soldier than after they got better acquainted. On the morning of July 29 we were loaded into some old freight cars, unprovided with even straw to lie upon, and started for the capital of the Confederacy. What a terrible journey of 36 hours and 130 miles that was for the badly wounded. Unable to sit up we lay upon the floor of the car with, at the most, but a blanket under us. Every time the car wheels struck the joints of the rails our arms and legs were thrown up a few inches into the air, to come down again at once with a thud on the floor.

More dead than alive we reached Richmond. I was carried to the poor house, with some others of the badly wounded, and was there visited and cared for by those ministering angels, the Sisters of Charity, who knew no difference between Union and rebel. They were doing the work of their Master who is no "respector of persons."

One of them gave me a few swallows of rum punch which revived me much. I am a temperate man, but I think that if a sister should offer me a rum punch now I should drink it, to see if it would taste as good as it did in Richmond over 31 years ago.

Captain James B. Ricketts U. S. A., who commanded Ricketts' Battery in the battle and who lost a leg, was a prisoner in the poor house with us. His devoted wife had braved the dangers incident to a journey through the lines, and was then ministering to her husband. Ricketts was afterward a Major General. While in this place occurred an incident which illustrated the mean side of human nature, very rare indeed in a Union soldier.

Among the prisoners in an adjoining room to the one I was in was one Murphy, a member of a Brooklyn regiment. He had recovered rapidly from his wound and wanted to make his escape. We were not securely guarded and escape was feasible. He consulted me about the matter and said he had no money to buy food, which was necessary. I had \$1 left of \$2.50 that I received from the sale of a watch to a negro.

I gave him this, with which he supplied himself with the necessary food. I also exchanged with him my only blanket for his overcoat, as he could not use the coat for fear of discovery by its color. I helped lower him out of the window to the ground late at night and bid him godspeed to freedom. I was soon transferred to a tobacco warehouse next to Libby Prison, after being in the poor house.

Soon after my admittance there a rebel guard, accompanied by a prisoner, came on to the floor where I was and asked for "Woodbury."

When he found me, the prisoner, whom I recognized at once as Murphy, who had evidently been recaptured, approached me and demanded his coat. I was indignant, and de-

murred, and finally resisted, as it was the only covering I had and it was precious to me, but his two hands were stronger than my one, and, besides, I did not dare make too much fuss over the matter for fear of exposure of my complicity in his escape, and he got the overcoat.

At this late day I lose my composure when I think of Murphy. I have no expectation of meeting him in this world or wish of meeting him in the next. It is said that the maimed are made whole in the next world, and I therefore have the right to expect that my right arm will be restored to my shoulder. Should it be and it be as strong then as it was the morning of July 21, 1861, and should I meet that Irishman Murphy I would be tempted to thrash him until he wished he was in purgatory.

I have spun this yarn out too long already, but will briefly say that our prison life was like others which has been so often described, deprivation, filth, hunger and ill treatment. In October the welcome news was received that those who were so badly wounded they would not probably be fit for service again would soon be paroled. At last the happy day came for about 80 of us and we were formally paroled.

We were the first considerable numbers of prisoners paroled from Richmond.

We went down the James River on a small rebel steamer and were met some 20 or 30 miles above Fortress Monroe by the Union steamer Express.

What a sorry spectacle those 80 men made.

Men with arms and legs gone, men shot in the head and through the bodies, and clad in all sorts of garments. I had on my gray uniform pants—I have them now—a knit jacket and a cap and shoes.

But we were happy; as we went upon the deck of the Union steamer and saw the old flag floating over us and realized that we were once more under its protecting folds cheer upon cheer broke from our lips, caps and crutches were thrown into the air and for the moment joy reigned supreme.

For the moment we forgot that we were cripples, and that for the remainder of our lives would be deprived of a large share of the physical enjoyment that a complete healthy frame brings to one; we were once more in the land of freedom; we had done what we had opportunity to do for the honor of the flag, we were soon to see our comrades and our loved ones at home.

We were young and looked on the bright side of life. We felt that a grateful people would appreciate our sacrifices and we were content.

Coffee and food in abundance were ready for us on the steamer, and we partook of the first square meal since we left Centreville a few months before. In due time we arrived at Fortress Monroe, from which place we went to Baltimore, and there separated from each other to go to various hospitals, or our homes.

URBAN A. WOODBURY.

THE SHERMAN EXPEDITION.

War reminiscences? What can I give you? The subject has been pretty well used up, but there was one phase of the Rebellion that I have not yet seen in print—the great storm which struck the Sherman expedition in October, 1861. Those who were in it and still survive may like to hear it described from the standpoint of another, and as thousands of those who experienced that terrible blow were readers of *The Journal*, it cannot fail to interest them on account of the memories revived. Like the great majority of those who enlisted in 1861, I was but a boy, younger even in experience than in years. I was a member of the band of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, a regiment assigned to the expedition commanded by General T. W. Sherman to operate on the coast of South Carolina in November, 1861. The field officers were Col. Enoch Q. Fellows of Sandwich, later Commander of the Ninth New Hampshire Volunteers, one of the best regimental commanders sent out by the State, and a graduate of West Point; Lieut. Col. John H. Jackson, afterward Colonel of the regiment, and for many years an officer in the Custom House, Boston; Maj. John Bedell, brevetted a Brigadier General, both veterans of the Mexican War; the Adjutant was Alfred J. Hill of Portsmouth, also a Mexican veteran.

All but Colonel Fellows are dead.

Among the line officers who were, or are well known in New England, was Capt. J. H. Plympton, later Lieutenant Colonel, killed in Virginia in 1864; Capt. J. F. Randlett, also Lieutenant Colonel, since the war in the regular service, at present in the Eighth Cavalry; Captain Michael T. Donohoe, later Colonel of the tenth New Hampshire, and brevetted a Brigadier General; Captain Ralph Carleton, leader of the Farmington Band, a fine musician, killed on James Island in 1862; Adjutant Alvah Libbey, killed at Wagner; Captain William H. Maxwell of Manchester; Captain Dick Ela, killed in Virginia in 1864; Captain Henry H. Ayer of Penacook, killed in Virginia in 1864; Lieut. John H. Thompson, who died of yellow fever at Hilton Head in 1862, the father of Major A. B. Thompson, for many years Secretary of State, and Captain Charles S. Burnham, now of Waltham, Mass.

Among the non-commissioned officers who won their straps by honorable service and who are readers of *The Journal* are Major J. Homer Edgerly of Charlestown, Major W. H. Trickey, now a Universalist clergyman, Capt. Roger W. Woodbury of Denver, a wealthy banker, Capt. R. W. Houghton of the same city, Capt. C. A. White, Mayor of Greely, Col., Capt. Michael P. Donley of New Ipswich, Capt. David Wadsworth of Manchester, Adj. Elbridge J. Copp of Nashua, Register of Probate for his county.

who served three years, was severely wounded several times and was not old enough to vote on his return; Capt. Dan Eldridge of the Co-operative Bank on Bromfield street, Boston, and Capt. A. S. Atherton, a well-known grocer of Wakefield, Mass.

The other officers were not perhaps so well known outside of their own localities, but all were of a character to reflect honor on both the regiment and State, for it is not too much to say that in this respect it was second to no regiment that left New Hampshire. We left Concord on Sept. 3, 1861, going to Hampstead, Long Island, where it was proposed to organize the expedition spoken of. Events in Washington, however, broke up this arrangement. The Third was ordered to Washington on the 13th, pitching its tents about a mile east of the Capitol, alongside of the Congressional Cemetery, and here occurred the incident which was the occasion of one of the best stories of the war, so good that it has been appropriated by scores of regiments from as many States.

The Chaplain of the Third was a Methodist clergyman named Hill, a very good man. He was the regimental postmaster, and a man of a practical turn of mind. He desired to get up a revival in the regiment, an old-fashioned one. The east branch of the Potomac was close by, furnishing the material in which to immerse the converts. McClellan had just assumed command of the army.

Every one desired to go to the city, but it was impossible for any but commissioned officers to secure a pass; even they had difficulty in getting the required permission. The regimental mail bag had to be sent to the city twice a day. The Chaplain saw his opportunity, and announced a temporal as well as an eternal reward for those who heard his call, viz. the privilege of carrying the mail to and from the city for each new convert. The scheme proved to be a great success; the converts were numerous and the immersions frequent, each one fondly expecting that he was the one to carry the bag. Lieut. John W. Hynes of Company A was an employe of Col. John B. Clark when he enlisted, and was a regular correspondent of his old paper, the Manchester Mirror.

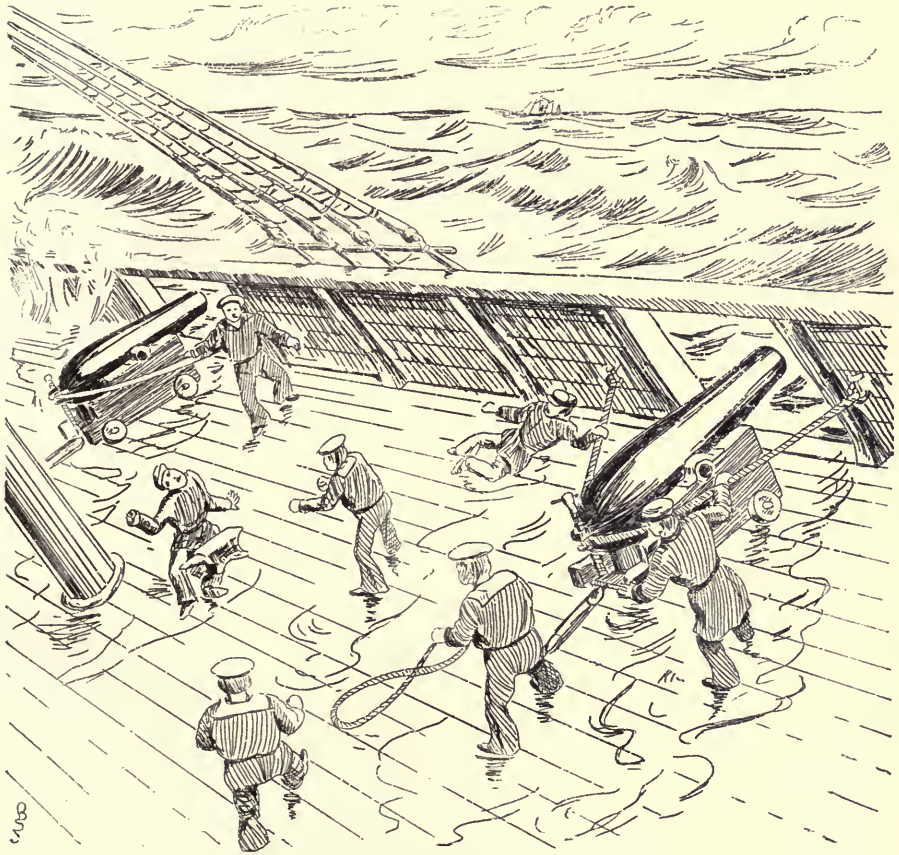
His letters home were filled with glowing accounts of the great revival in the camp of the Third Regiment, which was pleasing news to Rev. Mr. Hill, but just the opposite to his ministerial associate, Chaplain Willis of the Fourth New Hampshire, which, under command of Colonel Tom Whipple, was encamped near Bladensburg. He, good man, while pleased to read of the great doings in the camp of the Third, felt his heart grow sad to think of the spiritual condition of the men under his charge, and not realizing the advantage of being so near the water, which was two miles from his camp, and not being cognizant of the cunning mail bag arrangement, made up his mind that the trouble was that Colonel Whipple did not take the interest in the spiritual affairs of his men that Colonel Fellows did in those under his command.

The more he thought of it the more convinced

was he that something must be done for the sake of his own reputation. So he plucked up courage one morning and started for the Colonel's tent, a little faint-hearted, knowing full well the convivial habits of his commander, and dreading the result of the interview. Fighting Joe Hooker had just been appointed commander of his well-known brigade, the Second New Hampshire, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania and the Eleventh Massachusetts, all of whom were encamped a short distance from the Fourth New Hampshire. Only the night before he had a spread, at which Colonel Whipple was present, so his condition can be imagined when the Chaplain approached. He began at once, growing earnest and eloquent as he proceeded. He told Col. Whipple that the columns of the Mirror were filled with glowing accounts of the great revival in the camp of the Third, which would, of course, rebound to the credit of the Chaplain of that regiment, while not a word was said of the spiritual condition of those under his command; that he had given the subject prayerful consideration and that he deemed it his duty to come and tell him, the Colonel, that he did not take the interest in the religious welfare of his men that was taken by Col. Fellows of the Third, and the result was that he, the Chaplain, had to bear a responsibility which was unjust. The subject fairly broached, the Colonel strode to the tent door and bade the Orderly call the Adjutant. On his appearance, he said: "Adjutant, detail 50 men to be baptized at once. By the Eternal, the Fourth won't play second fiddle to the Third in anything while I command it."

Six years ago Corporal Tanner delivered the address at the Weirs reunion. I was the President of the association at the time. When he commenced to speak he opened with an anecdote, as is the custom with good speakers, and to my surprise it was the story of the detail for baptism, locating it in a New York regiment. I stopped him just as he got fairly into it, apologizing to him and the audience by saying that I could not allow it to be stolen from New Hampshire, especially when the hero of the story was on the platform, and introduced Col. Whipple, who came forward and gave his version of the affair. A more enjoyable episode never occurred at Weirs; to none of whom it was more pleasing than to Tanner, who has ever since given proper credit to glorious old Tom Whipple, who received his final muster out only two years ago.

The regiment remained in Washington until the 4th of October, when it was ordered to Annapolis, where the Sherman expedition was being organized. While I was at the capital it was my good fortune to get a good view of President Lincoln, who was present in his carriage one evening at a dress parade of our regiment. I shall never forget how he appeared to my boyish eyes, the sad expression of his face, so often described, being apparent even to me. I also had an opportunity to witness the grand review of the entire strength of the Army of the Potomac on the fields east of the capital, consisting of the infantry, cavalry and artillery



THE CHASE FOR THE FUGITIVE ANVIL.

composed of the flower of the American youth, before bounty or reward of any kind had drawn a different class into the volunteers.

Arriving at Annapolis, we found before us the Twenty-first Massachusetts, which was guarding the road between Annapolis and Washington. The Third was quartered in the Naval Academy buildings, occupying five of them. Here we remained but a few days. The camp equipage arriving, we pitched our tents in rear of St. Johns College on the banks of the River Severn, and were drowned out by a terrific thunderstorm the first night.

The expeditionary corps consisted of 15,000 men, composed of New England, New York and Pennsylvania regiments, with one each from Michigan and several other States. Some of these regiments, notably the Third and Fourth New Hampshire, the Third Rhode Island, the Sixth and Seventh Connecticut, the Eighth and Ninth Maine and the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York, served either in the same brigade, division or corps, to the end of the war.

The troops commenced to embark on the 18th of October, and on the morning of the 21st weighed anchor and headed for Fortress Monroe. It was the good fortune of the Third to be assigned to the steamer Atlantic, side wheeler, of the Collins Line, which was to be the headquarters of Gen. Sherman and staff. It was commanded by Captain Oliver Eldridge of Massachusetts, a thorough sailor and a perfect gentleman. Not a soldier in the regiment from the drummer boy to the Chaplain but loved him, and this feeling was most cordially reciprocated by him.

The fact that we were twenty-one days on board the Atlantic will enable the reader to appreciate the situation and understand that nothing but kindness and consideration on his part could acquire the love and esteem of a thousand men, not one-tenth of whom had ever been on board a vessel before. Fortress Monroe was reached on the forenoon of the 22d, and a busier sight was rarely seen than was witnessed here up to the date of sailing.

The surface of the water was covered with all kinds of craft, from the punt of the pie-seller to the stately dimensions of the Wabash, the flag-ship of the fleet, for thus far this was the grandest aggregation of vessels ever seen on American waters.

Side-wheel and screw ocean steamers, ships, brigs, barques and river and harbor steamers of all sizes were constantly arriving and loading or unloading. On board of the transports the decks were alive with men, to the great majority of whom the scene was as new as it was novel.

The destination of the expedition was known but to the leaders, and many were the guesses as to its objective point.

On the beach facing us was an immense piece of ordnance known then as the Union gun; in our rear were the Rip Raps, rising out of the water rough and jagged looking, and in the distance could be discerned the enemy's works at

Sewall's Point, the occupants of which were doubtless as eager to find where we were going as we were ourselves.

Here the officers of the regiment got into a little "skirrimage" with quite a large party of correspondents who boarded the Atlantic in New York, and selected, naturally, the best staterooms, for the best is never any too good for the reporter in times of war or peace. Among them was one, at least, who became famous afterward, Adam Badeau, who met Gen. Grant and acquired a reputation and a Brigadier General's Commission; genial Oscar Sawyer of the New York Herald, afterward Paymaster's Clerk in the navy, and Doesticks, the humorist. The officers made a complaint to the Quartermaster, resulting in the correspondents vacating the rooms, giving the others the pick and taking what was left. Peace followed, but the indignation of the knights of the quill was naturally deep if not loud, but it was soon over, all being good fellows.

While some realized that this would be a voyage from which only God knew who would return, nevertheless all were impatient for the signal to weigh anchor, as life on the vessel was getting intolerable. Many were seasick and confined to their bunks, and the packing of ten or twelve hundred men between decks did not tend to sweeten the atmosphere.

Among the members of Gen. Sherman's staff on the Atlantic were some whose names afterward became famous: Capt. Quincy A. Gilmore, the great artist, who became a Major General; Capt. P. H. O'Rourke, who fell afterward at Little Round Top in command of the One Hundred and Fortieth New York; Lieutenant, now General, Horace Porter, whose name is to-day a household word; Captain General Rufus Saxton, Chief Quartermaster, and his assistant, Captain C. E. Fuller of Boston. Elsewhere in the fleet were Brig. Gen. H. G. Wright, commander of the Sixth Corps, Brig. Gen. E. L. Viele, Military Commandant at Norfolk, Brig. Gen. I. I. Stevens, killed at Chantilly, Col. and Maj. Gen. Terry, whose name will ever be connected with Fort Fisher, Lieut. Col. later Brig. Gen. Hawley, Gen. Beaver, ex-Governor of Pennsylvania, as well as the old sea dogs, headed by Admiral Dupont, upon whom depended largely the success of the expedition. Many of the officers named, in fact nearly all, were graduates of West Point, so that it was evident the Government was sending its best. The material in the regiments was first-class, whether it came from New England or elsewhere. The Seventy-ninth New York, Cameron's Highlanders, had been at Bull Run, and the Eighth Michigan was, as it afterward proved to be, one of the best regiments in the service.

It was my good fortune that the change from land to sea had no effect on me. I crossed the Atlantic when nine years of age and had experienced the many phases of an ocean voyage, lasting six weeks and four days, and tasted the sweets of a storm off the banks of Newfound-

land, the captain and crew making ready to leave on the long boat, when Providence mercifully interfered by abating the storm. I now felt quite at home, having acquired my "sea legs" after a little practice.

The only drawback was the grub. Steamed salt pork, hardtack and coffee was the regular fare three times a day. I never could eat pork. I cannot to-day; but the hardtack being sweet, the coffee good—Uncle Sam always furnished the best—and my teeth being in the best condition, I got along tolerably well. Once in awhile the thought would come, I wonder which of us will return, for danger there was on all sides, on ocean and shore. Two of the Forty-seventh New York were drowned by the sinking of a leaky boat at Annapolis, and the sight of their bodies, stiff in death, with the features mutilated by the crabs, was a sight I can never forget.

Even at Fortress Monroe, the day before we left, one of two soldiers on a vessel near by, while fooling near the traffrail, lost his balance and fell overboard. A boat was lowered as quick as possible, but as the tide was going out toward the Rip Raps like a mill race, only his hat was recovered. Scenes like these, before the realities of war had been met, proved how frail a hold one had on life. But all things have an end, and so in this case, large as the fleet was, everything was ready, the last package of commissary stores, the last case of ammunition, the last piece of artillery, the last ton of coal and the last man was on board, and at 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, Oct. 29, 1861, the signal gun gave notice to weigh anchor, and for seven long hours we, who were on the deck of the Atlantic, saw them glide by us, the sailing vessels in tow of the steamers—frigates, gunboats, transports, coal barges, ferry boats, etc.

As the transports went by, a round of cheers went up from the decks of each vessel. It looked more like a huge picnic than a hostile expedition bound for an unknown point. Just 31 years ago, and yet the scene is as fresh in my mind as if it were but yesterday. Among the larger vessels of the fleet were the Vanderbilt, Ocean Queen, Ericsson, Empire City, Daniel Webster and Great Republic; but seven years before the latter had been used by the British Government for the same purpose, carrying men and stores to the Crimea. The men-of-war, in addition to the Wabash, were the Pawnee, Ottawa, Curlew, Isaac P. Smith, Seneca, Pembina, Unadilla, Penguin, Pocahontas and Vandalia.

The appearance of this fleet of nearly 100 sail, the decks alive with men, was something never to be forgotten. How little the thousands on board realized what was before them in the long campaign beginning before Charleston and only ending when Sherman marched to the sea. The Atlantic had been selected as the headquarters of General Sherman and staff, but at the last moment the General changed his quarters to the Wabash, the flagship of the fleet, leaving his staff on the

former vessel. For this reason the Atlantic did not weigh anchor until the last of the squadron sailed by, when in turn it took its place at noon, and after steaming vigorously for four hours, fell into line, directly in rear of the flagship. The scene was beautiful and inspiring, the vessels were arranged in three parallel lines, the transports and storehips in the centre and the men-of-war on the outside.

Capes Henry and Charles, once passed it was not long before land was lost sight of and we were sailing for where? No one could surmise. The air was warm and delicious, the water smooth as the surface of Lake Winnepesaukee on a June day, and when the sun went down, followed by the shades of evening, a clear sky made it seem like a scene of enchantment; the diamonds twinkling in the heavens being matched by the variegated lanterns suspended from the mastheads of nearly a hundred crafts, the music from over a dozen bands attached to the different regiments, as well as the singing of the boys on the many transports, made it seem anything but warlike, while the character of the songs denoted thoughts of home—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Greenville," "Old Grimes is Dead," "Down on the Swanee River," "Saw My Leg Off Short," etc.

The hour was late when I turned in, down two stories, next to the temporary hospital, and were it not for the imperative call of Morpheus I believe I would have stayed on deck all night. Some of the poor fellows by my side were quite sick, one was already in a high fever, at times out of his head. He was only a boy of 17, and it was pitiful to hear him call in his delirium for his mother. At other times he would burst out singing the hymns he had so often sung at home.

One in particular he was forever singing, "Greenville," and I never hear it now but the whole scene, like a picture, is brought before my view—the bunks, three high, each having two occupants, with an alley between, and completely filling the space between decks, the dim lights, the foul air, the pitching of the vessel, the creaking of the timbers, the clank of the machinery, the chaffing and joking of the well, and the complaints of the unfortunate seacock, or the moans of the poor fever-stricken boy in the hospital by my side.

The cooks of the ship reaped a rich harvest for, afloat or ashore, the soldier was beat, right and left. He was the prey for all who had anything to sell. So far as he was concerned, the rules of honesty in trade were laid aside. He paid in cash the highest price, while his credit was nil, and so it proved here.

We paid 25 cents for a cup of tea and 75 cents or \$1 for a pie, all of which was the property of Uncle Sam, and supposed to be used only for his favored sons. The second day out and the second night following were of the same character as those preceding, but, although the dreadful Hatteras had been passed, there was a change on the evening of the third day; a terrible storm blew up, whose memories will never be

forgotten by those who were for three days at its mercy. By midnight it was impossible to stand, sit or lie still.

The whistling of the wind though the rigging, the creaking of the timbers, the pitching and rolling of the heavily-laden steamer, the swash of the waves against the side of the ship and the constant clank, clank, clank, of the engines, as well as the fears of what might happen, kept us all awake; and, as if to make it more frightful, the poor fellow stricken with fever was singing at the top of his voice "Greenville," his feelings seeming to be in harmony with the storm, which howled and screamed like a pack of demons. As if things were not bad enough, the regimental anvil got loose on the upper deck, and for over an hour slid from one side to the other like a thing of life, smashing everything in its course and endangering the lives or limbs of those of the crew, who finally succeeded in capturing it, but not, however, before one of them had both legs broken in the attempt.

The experience of that night will never be forgotten by those who survive. There was no lull in the storm on the day following, and the faces of the poor landmen were white and web-begone. To those who went on deck the ocean was an immense cauldron, boiling, hissing, roaring, rising, falling, accompanied by the wind which blew like a hurricane, obliging all to hang on to rope or mast for dear life, and the expedition—of all the craft that sailed so gayly for three days together, but one was in sight from the deck of the Atlantic, evidently the Great Republic, which had broken loose from its convoy, the Vanderbilt, during the night, and was pitching fearfully, away to the southeast.

Another good story at the expense of the Chaplain, of what regiment it is not necessary to state, must be told here. It was his first trip to sea, and he was about as badly a frightened man as could be found in the fleet. He stayed on deck the live-long day, afraid to go below, hanging on to any object he could grasp for dear life. Things looked pretty blue to him, and after a tremendous wave had drenched him from head to foot he groped his way to the captain, who was ever at his post.

"Oh, captain," said he, "this is terrible; do you really believe we are going to pull through it?" The captain assured him in a soothing voice that we would, and told him not to be alarmed, for all would be right in the end. Feeling encouraged, he went back to his corner, only to return again to the captain, more alarmed than ever, for the vessel pitched fearfully, and repeated the same question. This time the captain took his arm and escorted him to the forward part of the vessel, stopping at the fore-castle, and lifting the cover he told the Chaplain to stoop and listen. He did so, and in a moment he raised his head, with a look of horror on his face, "Captain," said he, "this is dreadful—to think of those men, almost on the verge of eternity, and swearing like demons." He had been

listening to the sailors off duty in their quarters. "Now, Chaplain," said the captain, "these men have followed the sea for years. Do you suppose, if their experience led them to believe there was danger, they would be swearing like that?" "Ah," said the Chaplain expressively, and, unconsciously, his face shortened—in fact, he almost smiled. He returned to his post feeling better, for there was a lull in the storm, but for a short time only. Again the wind roared, the vessel pitched, and the Chaplain this time groped his way alone to the fore-castle. Reaching there he stooped, again patiently listened to what was going on below, and, raising his hands with a look of relief on his face, he was overheard to murmur to himself, "Thank God, they are still swearing."

Night brought no cessation of the storm. The port holes, which had usually been left open in order to enable us to get fresh air, were now closed, screwed up tight, and to add to our misery the atmosphere was indescribably foul in consequence. The result was that all were pretty well discouraged; that is, all but the delirious boy, whose strength seemed, if anything, to gain with the storm. Above the moans of the seasick, the roar of the waves, which was frightful, and the regular clank of the machinery, which was ever at work, arose his voice singing "Greenville."

Completely tired out, I finally fell asleep, only to be awakened by a rush of waters and the yells of those around me. For a moment I thought we were going to the bottom, for it seemed as if the vessel had turned over. I was not alone in that opinion, for some were praying, thinking their last hour had come sure, but the fact that we were still afloat gave us a little courage. We found one of the bulls' eyes, which had been simply closed without being screwed up, one of the boys leaving it in that shape to get a little fresh air, had been burst open by an immense wave which had almost capsized the ship, and through this aperture came in an immense quantity of water, nearly drowning us out, as well as frightening us to death before we found out the cause.

Although the danger was over, sleep was out of the question. The old, familiar sounds of the tempest, the creaking of timbers and the steady, monotonous action of the machinery were still heard, but something was missing. I turned around and faced the bunk on which the singer was lying, but his voice was still. I raised myself up on my elbow, and by the dim light of the binnacle I could see his pale, white face and outstretched arms, dead; his troubles were over, and "Greenville" is never heard but that the memories of that terrible night are brought fresh to my mind.

A visit to the deck at daybreak showed no change in the situation, only that five ships could be seen at different points.

In the afternoon a small craft was sighted which proved to be the Mayflower, with her flag floating, Union down. She had a terrible experience during the night; her paddle boxes

and the works on the upper decks were smashed into kindling wood, and when near enough to see with the naked eye, we could perceive that the men were lashed to the mast or other portions of the vessel to prevent their being washed overboard.

This was at half-past 4 in the afternoon and from that hour until darkness set in ceaseless attempts were made to take her in tow, the first officer of the Atlantic, a burly Englishman, who was never sober only when half full, superintending operations from the gangway.

A stout cable with a barrel attached to the end of it was thrown into the sea, and around this barrel, which was bobbing up and down, the waves rolled and pitched both vessels. On the bows of the Mayflower, lashed to a portion of the broken timber, was one of the crew, marlinspike in hand, ready to let drive into the barrel when it came near enough, but it was a full hour before he succeeded in catching it, only to have the rope break. When this happened the air was fairly blue with the strong language of the first mate. Still keeping his position on the gangway, he issued orders to have a larger cable procured, and after a shorter period the second rope was securely fastened and the Mayflower taken in tow. When this was done it was quite dark, and many grateful hearts returned thanks to God, for another half hour's delay would have been fatal to those on the Mayflower.

It was Sterne said that "the army swore terribly in Flanders," but if he had lived to our day and had heard this officer carve his mother-tongue in scriptural language, the navy would never have been robbed of the honor which rightfully belonged to it; but be that as it may, as he stood on the gangway on that November afternoon, riding the waves like a jockey on his horse, issuing his orders for the rescue of the half-drowned men on the little steamer, and sticking to his post until the job was done, I felt like taking my hat off and calling for three rousing cheers for old John Bill, for a braver or better representative of the choleric old Briton never lived. Another night of trouble followed. No let up on the part of old Boreas, and mingling with the feelings of the dread of foundering was the regret at the breaking up of the expedition, from which so much had been expected.

Knowing the character of the coast and the destruction of the lighthouses by the enemy, the best informed feared only the worst, the wreck of the greater part of the fleet and the consequent loss of life; but God willed otherwise, for toward morning the wind died away and the advent of Sunday brought peace and safety after sixty hours of continual storm, the like of which had not been witnessed for years. For that reason it was looked upon by the Confederates as a direct interposition of heaven in their behalf. One of their papers quote: "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and added "so the winds of heaven fight for the good cause of Southern independence. Let the Deborahs of the South sing a song of deliverance." Fortunately for the Union cause the wind was not strong enough to waft their hymns of

deliverance beyond their own sacred soil, for certainly there was no response from above, the expedition, as subsequent events proved, having accomplished the end for which it was fitted out. Terrible as the storm was, there were but four vessels and about a dozen lives lost.

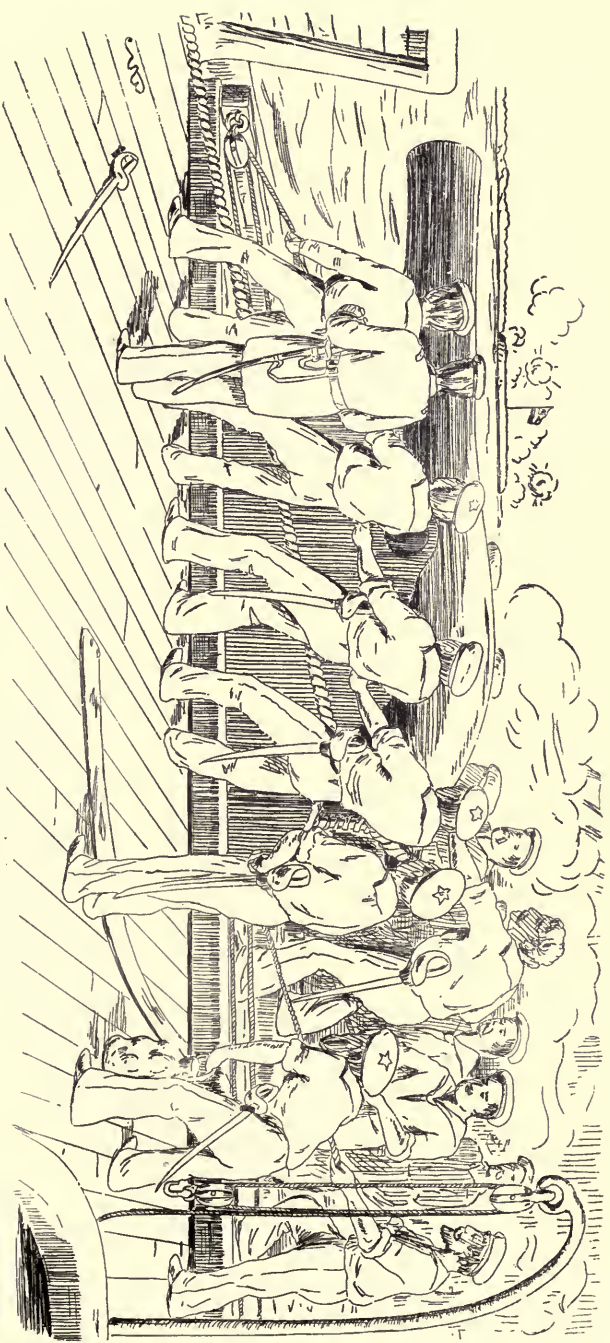
The vessels lost were the Governor, Peerless, Osceola, and Union.

The Governor very fortunately kept afloat until the storm was over, foundering on Sunday, Nov. 5. She had on board a battalion of marines, numbering 350 men, all of whom were rescued by the frigate Sabine—except a Corporal and half a dozen men. The crew of the Peerless were saved by the gunboat Mohican. The Union was wrecked off the coast of South Carolina, and the Osceola off the coast of North Carolina, and the crews of both taken prisoners. The gunboat Mercury, in order to save herself, had one of her two rifled cannon thrown overboard.

The Isaac P. Smith was obliged to part with eight 8-inch guns for the same purpose. The Florida, carrying nine guns, the Belvidere, the Ethan Allen and the Commodore Perry were obliged to turn back to Fortress Monroe, and from them was derived the first tidings of the fate of the expedition—news which carried sorrow and dismay into the homes of many New England readers of the Journal. This was practically all of the loss sustained. Our experience during the storm was similar to that of the other vessels, save that for many on the smaller craft the danger was far greater, the steamer Winfield Scott, with 500 men of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, barely escaping destruction.

By Monday morning, Nov. 4, the Wabash, surrounded by 23 vessels, anchored off the entrance to Port Royal Harbor. One of these vessels was the Atlantic, and from its decks, on Monday noon, many glad some eyes were gazing on the sacred soil of South Carolina, with a pleasure second only to the view obtained sea ward, where from all points of the compass, like birds with wings outstretched, could be seen the scattered ships of the expedition, all making for a common port. Three days were taken up in buoying the channels and allowing time for the fleet to assemble, but all being ready on the morning of the 7th, we could see from the appearance of things on the decks of the men-of-war that the real business of the expedition was about to begin.

It was a glorious morning, warm and sunny, not a cloud in the sky, or hardly a ripple on the water. We had been gazing inward between the forts on either side of the bay and could see distinctly the black smoke which came from the funnels of Tatal's little squadron as it steamed from one point to another, and heard an occasional shot fired, which was but a premonition of what was about to take place. It had been ascertained that Fort Walker, on Hilton Head Island, on the left of the entrance, was the most powerful of the two, and it was determined to make the main attack on this, but by no means



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT WALKER.

to neglect the other at Bay Point, directly opposite.

The order of battle "comprised a main squadron ranged in a line ahead, and a flanking squadron which was to be thrown off on the northern section of the harbor to engage Tatnal's flotilla and prevent them taking the rear ships of the main line when it turned to the southward, or cutting off a disabled vessel."

The plan of attack was to pass up midway between Forts Walker and Beauregard, which were about two miles apart, receiving and returning the fire of both, and at the distance of two and a half miles northward of the latter, round by the west, and closing in with the former, attack its weakest flank and enfilade its two water faces. The vessels were to pass abreast of the fort very slowly in the order of battle, and each avoid becoming a fixed mark for the Confederate guns. On reaching the shoal ground making off from the end of Hilton Head, the line was to the north by the east, and passing to the northward to engage Fort Walker, with the fort battery nearer than when first on the same course. These evolutions were to be repeated. The captains of the vessels were called on board the Wabash and fully instructed in the manner of proceeding, and this plan of pursuing a series of elliptical movements was strictly followed during the engagement.

General Sherman had again changed his quarters to our vessel, the Atlantic, and, surrounded by the members of his staff and the officers of the Third, took position on top of the pilot house to observe the battle. The men-of-war began to move shortly after 8 o'clock, and, as the line slowly glided by, headed by the Wabash, we could see the men at the guns, with sleeves rolled up, ready for action. A more animated scene than that presented at the entrance of Port Royal Harbor, on that November morning, was never witnessed on American waters. On the decks of the transports were 15,000 soldiers, young and enthusiastic, full of life, and eager to disembark and take part in the engagement. Every inch of available space, from the taffrail to the maintop, was occupied by soldiers or sailors, all burning to hear the first gun fired which they were sure would end in victory for Dupont's gallant tars.

As vessel after vessel went by round after round of cheers went up from the boys on the transports, which must have had a good effect on the men-of-war. Eye and ear were strained to see and hear. Our vessel, on account of the presence of General Sherman, was a full mile nearer the scene of action than any of the other transports, so that we could see quite distinctly the flags flying from the staff in Fort Walker. As our vessels advanced we could see Tatnal's fleet slowly receding in the distance. The first gun was fired about half-past 9 from Fort Walker. Instantly it was followed by one from Fort Beauregard, and responded to

by the Wabash and Susquehanna, which were between the forts.

In less time than it takes to tell it, all the vessels were engaged, and for two hours a bombardment of shot and shell took place, the like of which the country had not seen thus far. Vessels and fort were soon enveloped in impenetrable smoke, from which belched out fire and destruction to those on shore. The blaze of the guns gave us an occasional glimpse of the ships as they sailed in the order described. The clouds of dust on shore caused by the bursting shells, the deafening cannonading and the thick sulphurous smoke which was lighted up at intervals by the flash of the guns, as broadside after broadside was poured into the devoted defenders of the Palmetto State, formed a vivid contrast to the scene outside, where the expectant thousands were looking on, under a clear sky and a bright sun.

At last we could see that Fort Beauregard was left severely alone, the fleet confining its operations to Fort Walker on Hilton Head Island. About 11 o'clock there was a lull in the storm, and the Wabash could be perceived slowly approaching the fort, paying no attention to the rain of shot poured from the shore.

The man with the lead in his hand we could see deliberately at his work taking soundings; the anchor was cast out, the vessel swung round with the tide, and poured broadside after broadside into the fort at short range.

At half-past eleven the flag of Fort Walker was shot away, and from this time the fire of the enemy grew weaker and weaker, the heavy guns of the Wabash and the Susquehanna getting in their work effectually, and the shells from the smaller vessels falling so thickly on the enfilading point that in a short time their guns ceased to reply.

About 2 o'clock a boat could be seen leaving the side of one of the vessels. Every eye was strained. It touched land. Gen. Sherman was looking intently through a glass. All of a sudden he dropped the glass and cried out: "The fort is ours," taking off his cap and cheering; at the same time the band, which was in readiness, struck up the "Star-spangled Banner," followed by "Yankee Doodle," the soldiers cheering and yelling like madmen. Officers and privates were mixed up indiscriminately on the quarter deck, shaking hands, dancing, singing and cheering, and during all this every vessel in the fleet was moving in toward the fort.

The scenes on the deck of each were similar to those on board the Atlantic. It was quite a transformation in one short week from a struggle for life in an angry storm to a successful termination of the labors of the expedition.

Just seven months from the time Fort Sumter was fired upon the authority of the United States was re-established on the soil of South



JOHN C. LINEHAN.

Carolina, and here began the struggle inaugurated at James Island in the early summer of 1862, with its sad memories of Morris Island and Wagner, that did not end until Sherman's march on Columbia hastened the fall of Charleston and broke the back of the Rebellion.

JOHN C. LINEHAN.

SKETCH OF J. C. LINEHAN.

Hon. John C. Linehan of Penacook, N. H. was born in County Cork, Ireland, on the banks of the historic River Lee, on Feb. 9, 1840, and nine years later came to the United States. At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion he was foreman of the Rolfe Brothers' box shop in

Penacook. After the war he was 25 years a merchant at Penacook, and in 1890 was appointed State Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, which office he now holds. He was a member of Gov. Sawyer's Council in 1887 and 1888, and has served in both branches of the Concord Municipal Government. He is a Trustee of the New Hampshire Industrial School at Manchester. Comrade Linehan is Past Department Commander of New Hampshire, and Past Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and ex-President of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association. In 1884 he was appointed a Director of the Gettysburg Battlefield Monument Association, which position he still fills. He is widely known as a popular and eloquent public speaker.

A GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

[The well-known Pension Agent for New England, Comrade and ex-Representative, William H. Osborne, enlisted in Company C, Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Regiment, May 18, 1861, and was mustered into service at Fort Monroe, Va., May 22, 1861, for three years. His age was 21 years. He was a graduate of Bridgewater State Normal School, and at the time of his enlistment a teacher in the public schools of Plymouth county. He had prepared himself for admission to Bowdoin College, Maine, and was about to enter that institution, but like thousands of other young men of his day was drawn away from his books and profession into the army by the then predominant sentiments of patriotism. He served in the department of Fort Monroe till June, 1862, when his regiment joined the Army of the Potomac, then besieging Richmond. He was engaged in a severe skirmish June 15 at Fair Oaks, and in the following battles: Gaines Mills, Peach Orchard, Savage's Station, White Oaks, Swamp Bridge, Charles City Cross Roads and Malvern Hill.

At the latter battle he was twice wounded, the second time severely, in his left leg, was left on the field and fell into the hands of the enemy. After suffering intensely from his wounds and imprisonment he was finally released and conveyed to a Government hospital, where he was under treatment for many months. After his discharge from the service he read law, and was admitted to the Plymouth Bar in 1864. In 1872, and again in 1884, he represented his district in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, the last time serving on the Judiciary Committee. He was appointed United States Pension Agent at Boston by President Harrison May 28, 1890, and assumed charge of the office July 1, 1890. He is the historian of his regiment.]

During the winter and spring of 1862 my regiment—the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts—was stationed at Camp Butler, Newport News, on the right bank of the James River. The place was seized by Gen. Butler in May, 1861, and fortified in a strong manner. Its occupation secured to the Government the unchequed

navigation of a considerable portion, of the James, while as a post of observation it was of the first importance. The camp was on an elevated plateau of about two miles in length and half a mile wide, while the banks of the stream at this point rose to a height of 30 feet.

The post was commanded at the time of which we are about to speak by Brigadier General Joseph K. F. Mansfield, an old officer of the regular army, afterwards commander of the Twelfth Corps, and who while in command of that corps was killed at the battle of Antietam Sept. 17, 1862.

The garrison at Camp Butler at this time consisted of about 4000 infantry, Capt. Howard's light battery and a small body of cavalry. To insure immunity from attack by water, the frigate Congress and the sloop-of-war Cumberland were stationed in the river, the Cumberland directly opposite our camp and about a half mile from it, and the Congress lower down the stream.

The tragic event of the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, popularly known as the "Battle of the Merrimac and Monitor," were witnessed by me while one of this garrison, under exceptionally favorable circumstances, favorable so far as being in a position to observe what happened, though in another sense unfavorable, because the garrison was under fire nearly the whole of both days.

Saturday, the 8th of March was a calm, warm, cloudless day. The noon-day meal had been eaten, and as nothing unusual had happened up to that time the men were strolling about camp, smoking and enjoying the balmy, soft air. As

the next day was the weekly inspection, I had taken a notion to prepare for it. I had cleaned the brasses upon my equipments, packed my knapsack, and, spreading a blanket upon the floor of my barrack, had commenced cleaning my rifle. The barrel was out of the stock and the lock taken apart, which at that moment I was engaged in oiling.

In this situation the long roll sounded with a fierceness of alarm such as I had never heard before. I was in a state of deplorable unreadiness. At first my hands shook, and it seemed an impossible task to gather up the scattered parts of my rifle and put them together. I did it, however, quickly, but how, I could never tell.

In a few minutes the whole camp resounded with the shouts of the men and the commands of the officers. Every soldier was running to his quarters to secure his arms and equipments, and having put myself in readiness I stepped to my barrack door and looked toward the river. A single glance showed the cause of the alarm.

Over toward the southerly shore, at the mouth of the Elizabeth, was an immense floating structure having the appearance of a house, with a large chimney in the centre, sending out dense volumes of pitchy black smoke. It was unlike anything I had ever before seen upon the water. In the nautical language of one of the sailors of the Cumberland, "A longshore meeting house was steaming down the bay." It was accompanied by two small steamers, and all were making a straight wake for our camp.

At this moment I chanced to look up the river and some five or six miles away were to be seen two large black-looking steamers and a small tug.

The "longshore meeting-house" was the Merrimac; her consorts were the Beaufort and Raleigh, while the other three were the Jamestown and Yorktown and the tug Teaser, the latter an old acquaintance of ours.

It was evident that both our camp and our vessels were to be attacked and that there was soon to burst upon us one of the wildest and most destructive storms of war.

The drums of the Congress and Cumberland were heard beating their anxious crews to quarters.

All the troops were soon under arms and in line by companies, but as there was nothing for the men to do, there being at that moment no indication of a land attack, it became an impossible task to keep them in position. First one and then another would break and run towards the river to get a better view of the passing scene. In the course of 15 minutes it is safe to say that two-thirds of our regiment were clustered around the battery on the river bank, which was exclusively manned by members of the regiment.

The battery men had their guns all loaded and shotted and stood ready to take a hand in the coming battle as soon as a chance should offer.

By this time the Merrimac was passing the Congress and receiving her fire, only returning it with a single shot as she crossed her bows. The Cumberland was also firing, indeed she fired the first shot in the battle, and the Merrimac was steaming straight toward her, seeming to regard her from the first as the only foe worthy of her steel.

In the course of a few minutes the Merrimac was close alongside, and then broadside followed broadside, with a sharp roar, that was simply deafening. The smoke rose rapidly, and soon nothing but the upper works of the two vessels could be seen by us. In this situation we could form no idea of how the battle was going, for as a matter of fact we had at that moment no conception of the invulnerable character of our foe.

The Cumberland was still at anchor with sails furled. Occasionally we could hear excited human voices.

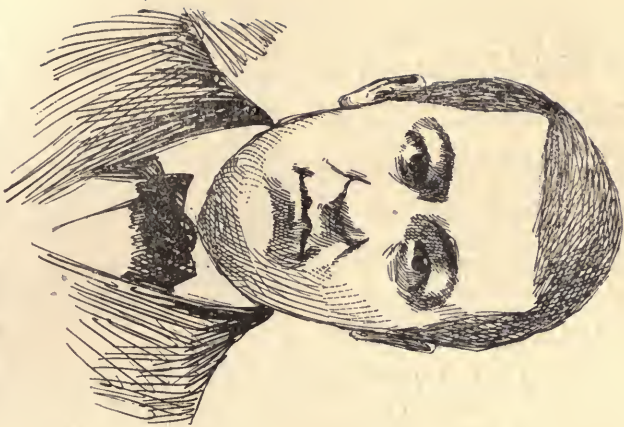
Suddenly the fire slackened, and a slight puff of wind drove the smoke away. Some one cried out that the Cumberland was sinking. I riveted my eyes upon her, and noticed she had assumed a rolling motion; finally her bows pitched downward, then it rose and her stern settled; a few more of these ominous movements and her bows made a sudden, deep plunge, her stern mounted high in the air, and with a roaring, rushing sound she disappeared beneath the dark waters of the stream.

She never struck her flag, and just before she made her last plunge she discharged her forward pivot gun on the spar deck at the enemy. Now there was something for the soldiers to do. Many of the sailors had already jumped from her deck into the water and were striking for the shore. The water seemed full of bobbing heads. With one accord hundreds of the soldiers rushed to the sand beach. Everything that would float was thrown into the water to aid the swimmers, and some running into the stream to their arm pits, seized the half-drowned sailors and dragged them to the land. About one hundred dead and wounded are said to have gone down with the ship.

One of my townsmen was a sailor on the Cumberland, and his brave young son was a member of my company. He stood beside me on the river bank watching the battle, and when the ship began to sink he could stand it no longer, but ran to the beach, jumped into a small boat and went paddling out among the struggling sailors in search of his father. He found him about half way to the shore and brought him to our company barrack, where we provided him with dry clothing. It was always a wonder to me that the Merrimac did not fire at our men as they were huddled together on the shore. One or two charges of grape would have blown hundreds of them into eternity.

As soon as the sailors were rescued, about 200 of them, there was a fight between the Merri-

WILLIAM H. OSBORNE (IN WAR).



WILLIAM H. OSBORNE (TO-DAY).



mac and our land battery. The smoke had cleared away and there she lay, broadside on, surveying us. Every one of our heavy guns were repeatedly trained on her and discharged, and every shot struck and glanced from her mailed side.

Once or twice she replied, with shell, but they all struck the bank below the battery, and did us no harm.

About this time there was a scene upon the deck of the ironclad that provoked the applause of our men. At the moment she was not only under the fire of all the guns in our battery, but of other guns in the camp. Finally her flagstaff came down, when, with the quickness of a monkey, out ran a rebel sailor and lashed up the broken staff. He had scarcely left it before it was prostrate again. Three times, with the shot and shell striking and breaking all over the sides and deck of the vessel, this brave act was repeated, and each time was loudly cheered by our men on shore.

The last time this rebel hero left the scene of his bravery he paused on the edge of the hatchway, and, straightening himself up, gave us a true military salute.

It is impossible to relate within the compass of a newspaper article all the noteworthy events of that afternoon.

After the lapse of about three-quarters of an hour the Merrimac steamed down stream to complete the destruction of the Congress, which, by that time, had, with the aid of one of our tugs, been beached. Taking up a position under the stern of the latter, she raked her repeatedly with her heavy guns. The most of the surviving crew of the Congress had already escaped through the bow ports and been rescued by the garrison. An attempt by one of the smaller rebel steamers to capture the frigate and tow her off as a prize of war, was frustrated by the soldiers of the Twentieth Indiana Regiment, who showered well-aimed balls upon the decks of the steamer and drove her away.

Nearly all the time that these events had been transpiring the rebel steamers Yorktown and Jamestown were shelling our camp, firing mostly percussion shell.

Their gunnery was shockingly poor, not more than two or three of all the shells they fired striking within the limits of the camp. These vessels were finally driven away by Capt. Howard's battery. One or more of his shots penetrated the side of one of these steamers, and, showing signs of distress, she was towed out of range.

Once during the shelling of our camp by these vessels, the garrison was in a roar of laughter. A soldier of the Eleventh New York was pacing his beat, about midway between the outer breastworks and the woods. A large percussion shell struck the earth near him and buried itself in the ground, exploding as it did so. A fragment of turf about the size of one's head struck the soldier in his back. Dropping his musket, he ran leg bail for his camp, shouting to the height of his voice that he was killed. Being

soon convinced that he was unhurt, he meekly returned to his post and resumed his duties, though he kept a sharp lookout at the hole in the ground, evidently supposing there was more trouble there in store for him.

During the afternoon the steam frigates Minnesota and St. Lawrence left their anchorage in Hampton Roads and attempted to come to the relief of our fleet in the James, but both grounded at the mouth of the river, and as the tide was ebbing, all efforts to move them proved fruitless. After riddling the Congress with her shot, the Merrimac with all her consorts, started down stream to destroy these two national vessels.

A sharp battle occurred between them at somewhat long range and continued till near nightfall, with no apparent serious effects on either side.

The withdrawal of the rebel fleet from the immediate vicinity of our camp gave us an opportunity to take a somewhat calmer view of the wreck and ruin of the afternoon's battle. Boats were launched and the wounded and many of the dead sailors still remaining on the Congress were removed to the shore. The soldiers and the rescued sailors were gathered together in groups discussing the events of the day, thinking that our trouble for the time being was over, when looking down stream the Merrimac, to the horror of all, was again seen approaching us.

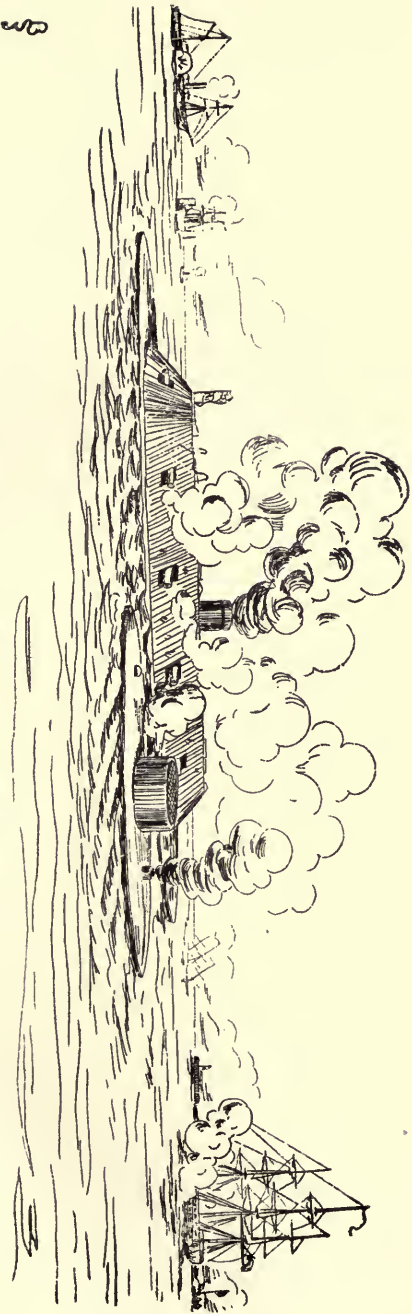
This time she had taken the inner channel, and as she came along, her immense smokestack towering up among the branches of the trees that overhung the river bank, belching forth volumes of smoke and sparks, her appearance was simply appalling.

Arriving at a point where the channel winds in nearest to the shore, the camp was fairly within range of her bow gun. A sudden burst of light, a dismal, deatening roar and the crashing of boards and timbers were heard almost simultaneously.

The large shot passed entirely through the post hospital and the headquarters building of General Mansfield, tearing down the chimney of his house and nearly burying that venerable officer in the ruins. He was fortunately but little hurt, and soon emerged from his quarters white with plaster. This ended the hostilities of the 8th of March. The Merrimac now withdrew, and darkness soon settled down upon both land and water.

The night was one of great gloom and excitement in Camp Butler as well as all the Federal camps in the department. Mounted orderlies were riding in every direction, and rumors were rife of a land attack by the enemy's troops under Magruder. In anticipation of such an attack, the garrison was reinforced soon after dark by the Sixteenth Massachusetts and other troops from Camp Hamilton, near Fort Monroe.

These troops brought with them a report that a Federal ironclad steamer had arrived in



BATTLE OF THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC.

Hampton Roads late in the afternoon, and had gone to the relief of the Minnesota, then aground at the mouth of the James.

Having partaken of my supper, with one or more of my comrades I walked to the beach and started down where the Congress lay aground, a distance of perhaps half a mile. The night was very dark, and as soon as we had descended the bank and reached the shore we discovered that the Congress was afire between decks. All her ports were open, and the light of the fire shone out upon the water.

Some one suggested that possibly her guns were loaded and that we had better keep out of range of them.

The words were scarcely spoken before one and then another of them discharged. A shot from one of these guns, skimming the surface of the water, entered and sank a schooner lying at the wharf near the main camp.

Seeking a place of safety we watched for the first time in our lives the spectacle of a burning ship. The flames soon burst out of the hatchways, communicating with the masts, rigging and sails, for they were all unfurled, and were leaping out at every port with angry tongues. Heaps of shell, which had been brought from the magazines for the afternoon's encounter, lay upon the gun-decks; these now began to explode, and ever and anon they would dart up out of the roaring, crackling mass high into the air and course in every direction through the heavens. At about 12 o'clock the magazines blew up with a terrific noise.

This event had been anticipated by the garrison, and the shores and adjacent camps were crowded with awe-struck gazers. The whole upper works of the frigate had hours before been reduced to ashes by the devouring flames, the masts and spars, blackened and charred, had fallen into and across the burning hull; these were sent high into the air with other debris, and as blast succeeded blast were suddenly arrested in their descent and again sent skyward. The spectacle thus presented was awfully grand; a column of fire and sulphurous smoke fifty feet in diameter at its base and not less than two hundred feet high, dividing in its centre into thousands of smaller jets, and falling in myriads of bunches and grains of fire like the sprays of a gigantic fountain, lighted up the bay and the strand with a brightness rivaling that of the day itself. The sides of the hapless Congress were thrown open by the last explosion, and then darkness almost palpable reigned supreme.

When the soldiers of Camp Butler turned away from that scene to retire to their quarters for a few hours of needed sleep it was with heavy hearts. The recollection of the harrowing events of the afternoon was still fresh in their minds. They had now witnessed the total destruction of another vessel of our navy, the loss of which gave joy to the South, a new lease of life to the Rebellion, and operated to postpone the day when they would be permitted to doff the blue and return to their peaceful homes.

I do not remember whether I dreamed that

night of war or rumors of war, but I do remember that before I retired I made arrangements with a comrade to start as soon as we awoke in the morning for the point at the mouth of the river. We had each of us provided ourselves with a field glass, one of them quite powerful, and at about 8 o'clock—at least as soon as we had answered roll call in the morning—we were on our way toward the point. This situation commanded an unobstructed view of Hampton Roads and the broad estuary formed by the confluence of the James and Elizabeth Rivers.

The Minnesota was still aground, but her consort, the St. Lawrence, had floated during the night and steamed down under the guns of the fort, where she was at anchor.

By the aid of our glasses we could distinctly see the entire Confederate fleet lying at anchor near their land batteries at Sewall's Point, at the mouth of the Elizabeth. The day broke fair and warm, and so calm and peaceful was everything upon both land and water that it seemed very like preparation for the funeral of the 200 brave men who had tasted death on the preceding day.

At the time we reached the point there were not above a dozen persons there, save the regular guard, but in the course of 20 minutes General Mansfield and staff made their appearance, followed by several companies of infantry carrying pickaxes and shovels.

These men immediately fell at work throwing up an entrenchment across the entire point and the spectators were ordered back to their respective commands.

My desire to witness the movements upon the water, which had already commenced by the Merrimac and her consorts leaving their moorings and steaming toward Fort Monroe, led me to disobey the orders of my commanding officer, and I skulked off toward the woods and climbed a tall cottonwood tree, where I had even a better view than at the point itself. Seating myself among the branches, with glass in hand, I surveyed the scene before me with an intensity of interest such as I can hardly describe. I remained in my elevated perch from about 7 o'clock till near 11 in the afternoon, watching closely every occurrence of that historic day.

The Merrimac had not proceeded far toward Fort Monroe before she suddenly turned and steered toward the mouth of the James. I could plainly see a commotion upon the decks of the Minnesota and distinctly hear her drums beating the alarm.

When the Merrimac had arrived within fair range she fired a shot from her bow gun. Thereupon fire was opened by the frigate. I observed at that moment that certain flag signals were being made by the latter ship and soon I noticed a steam vessel leaving her side, which had previously been hidden from my view. It had every appearance of a raft with a tower in the centre.

This was another revelation to me, and, re-

membering the reports I had heard the night before, I concluded it was our ironclad. It was, indeed, the little David that had so opportunely come to contend with the Goliath of the enemy, the veritable and the historic Monitor. But, as I put my glass upon it and surveyed its proportions, and compared them with those of the huge monster, which had now nearly stopped as if to gaze, like myself, at this strange appearing craft, my heart fairly sank within me from despair. "How can such a little thing as that," thought I, "ever hope to contend successfully with such a gigantic foe.

With apparent confidence in itself, however, it steamed directly toward the Merrimac, and when within about 100 yards opened fire. The report of that gun rang out so loud upon the still air of the morning as to fairly startle me. It seemed to be the most powerful gun I had ever heard discharged, and my hopes rose accordingly.

In less than fifteen minutes from that time the two vessels were close alongside of each other engaged in a most terrific battle. As on the day previous, the smoke at times obstructed my view of the contest, but as the sun got higher a gentle breeze arose, and the smoke blew away frequently. As I watched them closely I could plainly observe the difference in the noise and frequency of firing of the two vessels. It seemed as though the Merrimac, like a great bully that had previously had everything its own way, was stung by rage and chagrin. She fired rapidly, but wildly—first shot and then shell—while the Monitor fired slowly and with evident precision. Soon, even when the vessels were hidden by the smoke, I could distinguish between the guns of the Monitor and those of the Merrimac by the sound alone.

Another thing I observed was the difference in the speed of the two vessels. The Monitor moved with quickness and was rarely still, while the Merrimac was slow, very slow, sometimes her motions being almost imperceptible. At one moment the Monitor would be under her stern, then across her bows, going completely around her, as if to test the invulnerability of each and every part of her armor.

Occasionally the two vessels would separate and a brief truce follow, at the close of which they would again approach each other and another duel, fiercer and more desperate, if possible, than the preceding one, would ensue.

At one time during the battle one of the larger Confederate steamers ventured to interfere on the side of the Merrimac, but she received a shot from the Monitor that apparently pierced her side and caused her to haul off out of range.

Once in a while the garrison in Camp Butler were disagreeably reminded of what was going on by a huge shot from one or the other of the vessels missing its mark and reaching the land. Several of these huge missiles went bounding over the long plain, casting the dust high into the air and plowing up the earth in deep, irregular furrows.

Several times, when the absence of smoke af-

forded me a good view of the Merrimac, I noticed that her smokestack was badly riddled, and somewhere about 10 o'clock it disappeared altogether and the smoke from her engines seemed to be coming out all over her deck.

It never occurred to me at the time that the loss of her smokestack had crippled her, but in fact, it had, and we now know from the testimony of her officers that it was in consequence difficult for her engineers to keep up steam.

About 12 o'clock the Monitor hauled off a distance of a mile or more from her antagonist and her crew seemed to be at work upon her deck about her turret.

I feared something serious had happened to her, and my fears were increased when I observed that the Merrimac had made a sudden movement toward the Minnesota, for the tide was now at its height.

I knew well what the fate of the frigate would be if the rebel ironclad once struck her with her prow. The Minnesota had again opened fire, and the Merrimac was replying with her bow gun. By the time the Merrimac had fired her third shot, the Monitor had reached the scene of action and immediately ran in between the two vessels, covering as far as possible by her turret the already badly injured frigate.

This movement of the Monitor caused the Merrimac to change her position, in doing which she grounded. Now there was another scene of terrific firing.

Every available gun of our two vessels was brought to bear upon the shield of the Merrimac, and when the smoke lifted the latter was seen slowly retreating toward Sewall's Point.

This part of the contest perhaps lasted ten minutes, but it seemed to me an hour.

When I was fairly convinced that the rebel ironclad was retreating I concluded that she had at last been seriously damaged and that the battle was over.

I scrutinized her carefully with my glass, and she seemed to me a veritable wreck. One anchor was gone, her smokestack and steam pipes were shot away and there appeared to be a mass of wreckage hanging by her sides, but exactly what it was I could not clearly make out. When the Merrimac left the Minnesota the Monitor did likewise and steamed toward Fort Monroe.

When the latter had proceeded about three miles on her course I observed that two of the rebel steamers that had been hovering about the mouth of the Elizabeth all the morning, keeping out of range of the Monitor's guns, were steaming quite rapidly toward our stranded frigate, and in a few minutes the Merrimac turned and ran in the same direction.

Suddenly, as if by some preconcerted plan, they all three paused and headed toward Norfolk, and the Monitor, to the unspeakable joy of the garrison, started in pursuit, continuing it till the rebel fleet had nearly passed out of sight behind Craney Island.

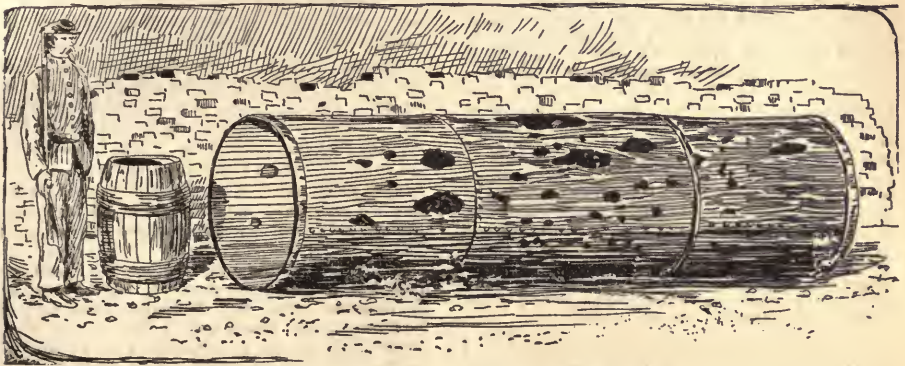
Then the Monitor was seen returning with

the Stars and Stripes floating proudly above deck. She had come out of a battle of nearly five hours' duration, victorious, in which the naval supremacy of the great powers of the world was suddenly stricken down, and the whole system of naval architecture revolutionized.

Not only this, but by her achievements she had relieved the Government from a peril and a menacing danger, the extent of which even the most sagacious could not estimate. Some

of the Confederate writers have treated this contest as a drawn battle with the advantage on the side of the Monitor, but it was much more than this—it was a pronounced victory for the latter, as is well attested by the fact that though frequent opportunities were afterward afforded the rebel ironclad to again try conclusions with the Monitor she repeatedly declined them, and in May following, when the Federal troops marched on Norfolk, she was deliberately blown up and sunk by her own people.

WM. H. OSBORNE.



FUNNEL OF THE VANQUISHED MERRIMAC.

A BATTLE CRISIS.

[Gen. A. P. Martin, who gives this graphic account of the desperate fighting at Gaines's Mill, is the head of the present well-known Boston shoe firm of Augustus P. Martin & Co. He had been a member of the old Boston Militia Artillery known as Cook's Battery, for seven years before the war, and had been an officer, but responded to Gov. Andrews' famous order No. 4—upon the firing on Fort Sumter—in the ranks of the battery and went to the front as an enlisted man—chief of No. 1 gun. Returning from the three months campaign he was commissioned Sept. 5, '61, as First Lieutenant of Major Dexter H. Follett's old Third Massachusetts Battery, succeeding to its command Nov. 28, 1861. He was made Chief of Artillery, First Division, Fifth Army Corps, by Gen. Morell, and when the artillery brigade was formed Gen. Meade appointed Gen. Martin Chief of Artillery for the entire corps, which position he held at Gettysburg. He was Mayor of Boston in 1884.]

"I think that was the hardest contested battle in my experience in the war, for the number of troops engaged."

The speaker was General Augustus P. Martin, the former Chief of Artillery of the Fifth Army Corps.

"And what battle was that, General?" asked the Journal reporter.

"The battle of Gaines's Mill," he replied. "We had only about 27,000 men to face and to hold from 50,000 to 70,000 of Stonewall Jackson's men, who had effected a junction with the Army of Northern Virginia."

"I've never seen a less estimate than 50,000, and I have seen it figured as high as 70,000 Confederates, which I have no doubt was nearer the number. Lee was there and Jackson was relied upon to effect a junction with him."

"It was not a surprise at Gaines's Mill, but the crossing at Mechanicsville on the day before did come upon us as a surprise."

"Our army lay upon the Chickahominy, which was so badly swollen by recent rains as to overflow the low grounds, rendering it well

nigh impassable. It had been considered impossible to effect a crossing.

"We had been up to Hanover Court House on the 27th of May, and it had rained heavily on the 28th, 29th and 30th of May submerging all the bridges, detaining us nearly a month."

"But Jackson crossed at Mechanicsville on the 26th of June and drove our troops."

"Our corps—Fitz John Porter's—was hurried forward to meet them, and they made an attack upon us, or rather a series of attacks, at Gaines's Mill."

"It was between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, after our troops were in position, when the fighting began, and it continued up to 5 or 6 o'clock, when there was a lull for a time, occasioned by their forming a new line of battle."

"They fiercely attacked us with fresh troops and broke through our line in several places. Stonewall Jackson had effected his junction, and it was his troops that were in front of us. We were ordered to attack, were met by fresh troops, and our men were badly cut up. Our left was forced to retreat."

"My own position with the Third Massachusetts Battery, of which I was in command, was on the right of the line, supported on my right by a brigade of regulars under Gen. Sykes, while on our left was the First Division of the Fifth Army Corps."

"Griffin's battery of regulars was also on the right."

"When the Confederates made that attack I have spoken of, they advanced on my battery and were going to carry it with cold steel."

"Jackson had declared that his men would do it with the bayonet."

"We were in battery upon a slope, a little to the rear of a ridge which gave our men cover."



CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN (IN WAR).



GENERAL AUGUSTUS P. MARTIN (TO-DAY).

Our guns were loaded with double-shotted canister.

"The Confederates advanced in fine array, a long line of gray. They came on rapidly, eager, confident, evidently assured that they were to sweep us from the field, and firm in their purpose to capture our guns, as their leader had said he would do, with the cold steel.

"I have seen nothing like that charge except, of course, at Gettysburg.

"Silently we waited for them, every man in his position at the piece. They were within 100 yards when the command came, stern and low:

"'Fire by battery!'

"Simultaneously the muzzles of our six Napoleons flamed. Griffin's guns opened at the same instant.

"The ground shook beneath the thunderous roar.

"And that gray line—

"As the cannon smoke rolled away we saw its shattered remnant sent staggering back to the rear.

"I could see great gaps where companies had stood.

"It was as though they were mown down in swaths as by a mighty scythe.

"But they rallied and came for us again.

"The desperation with which that attack was made surpassed anything I ever saw before or have seen since.

"They came, but in single line of battle, but their advance more nearly resembled that of Pickett's division at Gettysburg than anything else.

"They were a portion of Jackson's corps, and it was stated at the time that the charge was led by Jackson in person.

"The firing was very effective. The Confederates fell back and reformed three times to advance upon us.

"Our loss in that battle was very heavy. We lost in the Fifth Army Corps one-half of the men engaged in the seven days' battle.

"I never saw better fighting on any field, and we had to meet a very much larger force.

"The left of our line of troops was entirely driven from the field, and we on the right were ordered to limber up our batteries to move to the rear.

"We saved our guns, with the exception of one piece, which we lost in crossing a little creek, but we lost no cannon on the field.

"The attack upon and repulse from our guns, just at the close of that battle, was about as spirited and heroic a thing as I ever saw. They came down upon us and upon Griffin's battery. We were obliged to remove the pins from the pintles, drop the trails of the pieces, and open again upon the advancing enemy.

"They swept down right atop of us with fixed bayonets. We were moving to the rear, mind you, and they were sharp after us. Our ammunition was running low, and the situation was growing intensely exciting, not to say thrilling.

"I had a number of spare sponge staffs, and so I told my boys to let those fly. We gave them a volley of sponges. Their execution was not as bloody as the double shotted canister,

but they made up in noise what they lacked in other respects, and answered every purpose.

"Some of our batteries on the left lost their pieces. I think some guns were taken from Allen's, afterward Phillips's Fifth Massachusetts, and some from Whedon's Rhode Island Battery. I'm not sure that Battery B, Fifth Artillery, lost any.

"The Confederates turned these captured guns upon us. We were obliged to march to the left, and gained the rear by the left flank, coming under the direct fire of those guns as we passed out into the open, upon the low ground.

"It was there that Lieutenant Caleb E. C. Mortimer of Charlestown, of my battery, was mortally wounded, struck by a minie bullet.

"I remember that General G. K. Warren's Zouaves lay about 200 yards in front of us, in a deep cut. We were firing over their heads.

"Our entire line of battle extended perhaps a mile from right to left. The Zouaves were our immediate support. They held their position during the day, but were driven out at the close, when Jackson made his advance upon my battery to carry it with cold steel.

"General Porter conducted the movements of our corps with very great ability and very great nerve. The Confederates advanced to find his line ready for them.

"From my position with the battery I could see them forming in the woods seven or eight hundred yards in our front. At the same time we opened fire, our guns being loaded and fired by battery.

"I remember the Eighteenth and Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiments in the line on our left.

"I remember one rather singular circumstance. An officer came to me and gave me an order to limber up my guns just before that last attack.

"I rather hesitated about obeying such an order as that at such a time, as the officer was unknown to me, for, as I told you, we had repulsed the rebels once and they were reforming. The officer declared that he came from Gen. Porter.

"I then gave the order to limber to the rear, and it was while limbered up that they attacked us again with fixed bayonets, when we had such a close call.

"I asked Porter afterward if he had sent such an order to me, and he said he had not. I have always supposed that the officer who came to me must have been one from the Confederate side in our uniform. If so, he was a bold chap, but they did such things at that time.

"When that last attack was made all the support my battery had was from the Eleventh United States Infantry, regulars, on our right.

"When we were driven back we took a position a mile to the rear, when French's and Meagher's Brigades crossed the river and checked the advance of the enemy, giving us a chance to get our troops in hand.

"The correspondent of the New York World, writing from the field, gives this glowing account of that Confederate attack and the repulse of Jackson's lines:

"'Griffin's and Martin's batteries did splendid

service in checking the advance of the enemy, pouring canister into their ranks with terrible effect. Probably the greatest carnage of this bloody day was produced by the incessant discharges of double-shotted canister from the brass Napoleons of Martin's battery.

He had taken up a position in the hollow between two small hills. The enemy advanced from the opposite side on the double-quick, not being able to see the battery until they reached the crest of the hill, within 100 yards of it, when

artin opened on them, sweeping them from the field like chaff in the wind.

"Twice again they formed and advanced, their officers behaving splendidly, but it was useless, Martin's fierce leaden rain being too terrible to withstand.

"The advance of the fresh troops having checked the enemy, and night coming on, the conflict ceased and both parties quietly lay upon their arms."

MARTIN'S BATTERY AT GAINS'S MILL.

[Historian J. D. Reed of the famous Martin's Battery had written for the Journal the following valuable article, which contains reference to the Martin Battery at Gains's Mill, and interesting anecdotes of the old organization.

Martin's battery participated in twenty-three of the great battles of the Potomac army. In the first and second battles the battery's position was very unsatisfactory, being placed at a great disadvantage. At the third battle, at Gains's Mill, although placed in a very perilous position, it was satisfactory to the boys, as the destructive discharges of canister from our six 12-pound Napoleon guns for three hours directly in front of the massed position in the woods of Stonewall Jackson's forces terribly avenged the death of Lord and Lewis at Yorktown. April 5 the battery was in position three-fourths of a mile from and in front of Fort Mifflin, among scattering trees that proved to have been used as targets by the gunners in the fort. Charles L. Lord and Edward Lewis were killed. Their lives were very closely connected. They married sisters and lived in the same house in Charlestown, Mass., and they both worked in the same gristmill, they enlisted in the Third Battery at the same time, were both in the same detachment. Lord was No. 1 man on the gun, while Lewis drove the lead team. When the battle opened Lewis was dismounted and standing a few feet in the rear of the gun, holding his horses by the bridle. A shell from the fort burst close to him, one piece went through the neck of the horse he rode; another piece struck Lewis in his side, nearly cutting him in two. Lord at that moment was sending a shell home in his gun, and cried out: 'Some one go and pick up Ned.' No one starting, Lord went, and just as he got to his friend he was hit much the same as Lewis had been by a shell, and killed instantly. Two as good soldiers as ever went into battle lay mangled and dead. Together they were buried in one grave, and afterward were taken up and brought home together.

May 27, at the battle near Hanover Court House, one section of the battery under Lieutenant Dunn was in position, with the Second Maine on the right—the Forty-fourth New York on the left. Soon after General Porter, with the main body of his troops, had moved in the direction of the Court House, the rebels threw a heavy force on the rear guard. The Forty-fourth was thrown into temporary confusion by the unexpected attack, and the

Battery men, left without support, were forced to retire, with a loss of two men wounded, three horses killed and two disabled. The Forty-fourth soon rallied, and a detachment of the Second Maine, under Major Daniel Chaplin, volunteered to assist Lieutenant Dunn in recovering his pieces, and the guns were brought off with the prolongs. The section was under a murderous cross-fire, but the supporting regiments replied with so much spirit that the guns—to use the words of Colonel Roberts's official report—were not polluted by rebel hands. Major Chaplin was presented with a sword, as described by General Martin in these columns.

The right wing of the Potomac army, Porter's corps, was situated on the southeast side of the Chickahominy swamp and stream. Gen. McClellan had taken the precaution to have constructed the Woodbury bridge. The grand plan of the enemy, under Generals Davis, Lee and Jackson, was to throw a large force against the right wing and force it back beyond the bridge, thereby dividing McClellan's army, as the only other crossing of the swamp from there to the sea was the frail structure 10 miles below, called Bottom bridge. In the forenoon of June 27 Gen. Porter formed his advanced line of battle on a ridge in a cultivated field near a long belt of woods, his left resting on the Chickahominy, one-quarter of a mile from the covered bridge, his right extending nearly two miles in the direction of White House Landing.

The enemy, numbering between thirty and forty thousand, about noon made a fierce attack. One plan of Gen. Porter's was to send the Eighteenth Massachusetts and a part of Stoneman's cavalry out on his right to play 'possum with the enemy. The ruse worked well, as thousands of them were decoyed several miles towards the White House. Orders were sent to the landing for the steamers there to be ready to take on board all detachments and convey them down York River.

For four hours the roar of battle was terrific. Thirty-eight cannon were captured by the enemy on the first line of battle, but the connecting link—the Woodbury bridge—must be preserved at all hazards. Martin's battery was in position on the left centre, about 140 yards from the woods belt, the guns on the slope of the ridge near the top, in front of the military road that had been used to haul supplies from the dispatch station. The enemy, moving

from the right to the left, had to cross the road in good canister range. Three lines advanced to capture the battery, but the canister stopped them. Near 5 o'clock in the afternoon our line of battle was forced back. Captain Martin seeing he could not retain his position without losing his guns, prolong was attached, and they were drawn a few yards down the hill. He ordered them double charged with canister. Three guns had their sponge staffs left in them. When the order was given to fire the rebels were massed on top of the hill, fifty yards from the guns. When the smoke arose not one could be seen standing in front of them. At that time two cases of canister contained twelve hundred and one musket bullets. They commence to spread as soon as they leave the mouth of the gun, and make awful havoc at short range. I am very sure it is safe to say that very few batteries in the service did more damage to the enemy in any one battle than the Third Massachusetts Battery did at Gaines's Mill; that discharge was very timely. It is fair to assume if it had been delayed one minute the battery would have received a volley and charge from that massed line. Sufficient time was given for the battery to limber to the rear and reach the second line of

battle. Reinforcements were sent over the bridge to assist Gen. Porter to maintain his second line. Under cover of night all that was left of the Fifth Corps crossed over the bridge. Near daylight the engineers blew it up.

In nearly every heavy battle some peculiar incidents occur. In this battle, as Adjutant Boyer of the Fifty-Seventh Pennsylvania was riding to give an order to the regiment on his right, a piece of shell hit his horse on the head and neck, nearly cutting off the head. The rider, as the horse fell, was thrown forward to the ground, streams of blood following and completely saturating the Adjutant. Col. Z. P. Boyer is now a prominent civil engineer of Philadelphia, and a practical railroad constructor, identified with the Reading Railroad.

In another article the writer of this can relate some of the trials in hauling rations and supplies from the dispatch station, through ten mile of bog holes, to Gaines's farm. The Sergeant does not wish to be understood to say that he has seen a mule sink out of sight, but with truth can say he has seen thousands of mules' legs out of sight in the quagmire of Chickahominy swamps.

J. D. REED,
50 Edge wood street, Roxbury.

THE FIFTH CORPS AT GAINES'S MILL.

I was much interested by Gen. Martin's article on the Gaines's Mill battle in the Boston Journal, and at once dusted my old weather and time-stained diary, written on the spot so many years ago, to refresh my memory.

Thinking these extracts from my old diary might interest some of the survivors of the old Fifth Corps I copy them word for word for what they are worth:

1862.

June 26—In camp until about 4.30 P. M., when we broke camp and left with the full battery (Fifth Massachusetts) and marched about two miles toward White House, then countermarched, and halted in a field about three-quarters of a mile in front of Dr. Gaines's house. Heavy cannonading and sharp musketry toward Mechanicsville, from about 5 o'clock P. M. until dark, bivouacked for the night in the field with Butterfield's brigade; teams hitched up all night, and all the men slept near their pieces, to be ready at a moment's warning. Pleasant day and fine night. Slept very well.

June 27 Packed up all our equipage and prepared to leave about 2.30 A. M. Were soon ready and left, and proceeded to the brow of a hill just in rear and right of the camp ground we left yesterday, to cover the retreat of our forces, placed our guns "in battery" and remained there until all the artillery had crossed the mill stream, and destroyed the bridge. Cannonading and musketry commenced this morning at daylight. The enemy's firing sounds nearer and nearer, and their battery of 32-pounders (across the Chickahominy) threw several shots at us, but made wild shots.

After the bridge was destroyed we "limbered up" and went about half a mile farther to the rear, and placed our guns "in battery" on the brow of a hill and changed our position several times on the same ground. The enemy gradually advanced and drove in our skirmishers and charged on our front, and were at least three times repulsed.

The infantry felled the trees in front of us to prevent the advance of the enemy's artillery and cavalry. Our infantry met and repulsed the enemy in the woods in front of us.

The batteries from the forts of Gen. Smith's division shelled the enemy vigorously, and the enemy's shot and shell struck all around us, musket balls whizzing like bees over and around us, and a spent ball hit my elbow.

The left section advanced and fired canister into the enemy when they made their second charge on our front. About 6 P. M. the enemy again rallied and attacked us on the front and left. An awful battle ensued. The infantry checked them for a while, and in the meantime the left and centre sections of our battery took a new position at the edge of the woods, behind the infantry, and commenced firing shrapnel at them with one-second fuse. At last the infantry in front of us began to yield to the enemy's murderous fire, and a general and most disordered retreat commenced. We poured the shrapnel into the enemy until they were almost upon us, then "limbered up" and drove off. The enemy closely followed up our retreating army, and kept up a most destructive musketry fire, which made great havoc with our troops; horses and guns were left and the whole army were panic-stricken. Many of our horses were shot (25) and



GRIFFIN'S AND MARTIN'S BATTERIES AT GAINES' MILL.

four guns left on the field. These the enemy turned on us and threw cannister at us. Lieutenant Phillips's horse was shot from under him.

The whole of the retreating army crossed a bridge and fragments of the different regiments and batteries bivouacked near McClellan's headquarters on the south side of the Chickahominy.

One of the caissons (Sergeant Smith's) broke down on the march this morning and for the time being was left, but was afterward lashed up and taken across the mill stream and placed with the others.

All the teams and caissons were ordered across the Chickahominy this morning and were saved.

Unhitched our remaining teams and were ready to rest about 8.30 P. M. A hot day in every sense of the word.

Slept under the ambulance with Sergeant Page and rested quite comfortably.

June 28. A false alarm in camp this morning occasioned by the infantry discharging their guns previous to cleaning them.

Left camp about 12.30 P. M. with the remains of our battery and marched about eight miles toward the James River; at roll call this morning our loss appears at present to be three

men killed, Corporal Milliken, C. M. Barnard and E. F. Gustine.

Milliken and E. F. Gustine killed. Barnard wounded but afterward died.

William Ray, seriously wounded; John Agen, slightly, Richard Hayes and Edward Smith missing. Wounded soldiers taken to Savage's Station this morning en route for the White House.

We lost four guns and twenty-five horses; all the caissons saved. A heavy rain in the night. Another alarm this night caused by some loose horses running into camp, and bugles were blown and the infantry ordered into line and some of the battery horses hitched up to repulse the supposed guerrillas; it proved false and soon all was quiet again. Slept very soundly.

Martin's Third Massachusetts Battery lost two or three men and one piece. Wheaton's Fourth Rhode Island Battery lost several men and pieces.

Thus closes my record of those three eventful days of "the seven days' battles."

By the Adjutant General's report the Fifth Massachusetts Battery took part in eighteen engagements, lost nineteen men killed, thirty two wounded

Dorchester.

T. E. CHASE

ANECDOTES OF GENERAL MARTIN.

I feel very much obliged to General Martin for remembering so pleasantly the Second Maine Regiment in the first battle it took part in, where we had the pleasure of sleeping on the battlefield, and the sad duty to perform the next day of burying the dead; having commenced with the first Bull Run, the regiment knew all about the other side of the story. What I desire to say is this: I would like to ask General Martin if he remembers a little incident that took place the day on which the army arrived in front of Yorktown. When the Second Maine Regiment arrived where we could see what was going on, we found Martin's Battery in position firing on a rebel earthwork just across a field in the edge of the timber. Our regiment was just in the skirt of the timber on our side of the field, but the battery was out in the open field. The firing from the fort and Martin's Battery was going on quite briskly. My recollection of Capt. Martin on that day, or any other day of the war time, I can never make tally with the now dignified ex-Mayor.

That day he was riding about his guns with

the most happy expression on his face imaginable. The blonde moustache of those days, with its long ends, never looked fierce, but he always looked as though he had just heard something that pleased him mightily. While we were getting into line of battle to support the battery and as we supposed to charge on that particular earthwork whenever things were ready, a band of music appeared on the top of the rebel earthwork and began to play "Dixie." It sounded finely. Captain Martin rode up to one of his guns, dismounted and sighted the gun. The shell dropped right among the players, the music stopped instantly. When the dust and smoke cleared away there was no band in sight and we had no more music that day, and then and there the siege of Yorktown commenced. We did not charge, but went to work in due time with our picks and shovels.

E. L. STIRLING, Arlington, Mass.,
Second Lieutenant, Company E, Second Regiment, Maine Volunteers.

ANTIETAM.

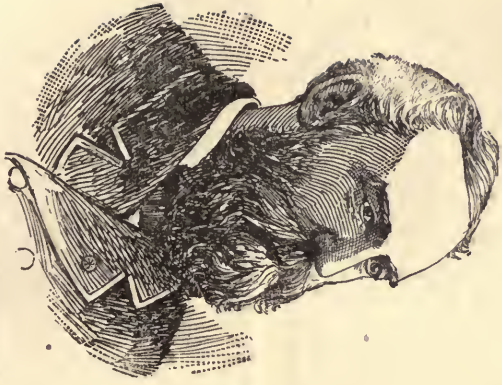
[Capt. John P. Reynolds of Salem, who contributes the following article, and who also furnished the Journal with an interesting article on Ball's Bluff and Thanksgiving reminiscences at Camp Benton, originally served in the Salem Zouaves, Capt. A. F. Devereux, during the first three months' campaign. He was one of five drill masters to the Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment at Lynnfield, and was mustered in as Second Lieutenant, promoted to First Lieutenant, Adjutant and Captain, and was twice severely wounded in the battle of Antietam. He was subsequently commissioned by President Abraham Lincoln as Captain in the Veteran Reserve Corps, and was in command of the post of New Albany, Ind., during the troublous times with the "Peace organizations" and "Sons of Liberty," which so disturbed that State during Gen. A. P. Hovey's administration of the District of Indiana, Northern Department, commanded by Gen. Joseph Hooker in 1864-5.

Capt. Reynolds is also the founder of the system of expressing the military record of officers, soldiers and sailors on the Army Regulation principle, which he established in 1868.]

Carleton's graphic account of the battle of Antietam recalls to the mind of the writer many vivid recollections of that historic event. When it was known that Lee had crossed the Potomac, the excitement was intense. His audacity was inspiring, and the army was rapidly put in motion to intercept him. It was an exhilarating change from the disastrous campaign of the Peninsula with its Chickahominy death swamp, its fruitless efforts, ending in "The Seven Day's Battles," and "change of base." We had met and fought the enemy at the second Bull Run and Chantilly, during the latter of

which I served on the staff of Colonel Hincks, temporarily commanding the brigade, and we were now after the Confederates on our own soil. The situation had materially changed, and the recall of McClellan once more to the command of the Army of the Potomac, following Pope's defeat at its head, contributed a healthy enthusiasm.

Passing through the beautiful town of Frederick, which Whittier has since immortalized with the heroism of "Barbara Frietchie," we halted for a time, drawn up in "close column by division," while an order was published (i. e., read by the Adjutant of our regiment), against foraging. While listening to the order, I espied my own colored boy, Henry, stalking triumphantly across a field toward us with an earthen pot of butter under each arm, fresh from the spring house or dairy. The effort to beckon him out of the way and evade our superior officers, while our mouths watered to spread it on our hard-tacks, was comical but strategic. Continuing our rapid march, we arrived in the vicinity of South Mountain at nightfall of the 14th. All the afternoon we had heard Hooker's guns, and we now could see their flashes high up on the mountain side, but could hear no reports. It was a veritable pyrotechnic display. We bivouacked at the base of the mountain, and before "turning in," I sent Henry off again with 50 cents and two canteens to get something to eat. He was most reliable on such trips, and had



CAPTAIN JOHN P. REYNOLDS (TO-DAY).



LIEUTENANT JOHN P. REYNOLDS (1862).

acquired an enviable reputation in the regiment. He shortly returned with a loaf of bread under each arm, a canteen of milk over each shoulder, a tin pan of flour on his head, an earthen jug of peach preserves on top of that, and the 60 cents I sent him with.

The next day we crossed the mountain. Evidences of the previous day's fight were visible on every hand. The Confederate dead lay mixed with our own. Under a fence by the wayside I was attracted by the soles of some shoes, too small for men's feet, sticking straight up in the air, six in a row. As I got nearer I noticed they were Confederate bodies, placed side by side for burial, but evidently hastily left behind. Their bare ankles, dirty and sallow, showed below the blanket which covered their heads and which curiosity prompted me to lift. A momentary glance satisfied. Three young, beardless faces, ghastly in death, with three pairs of glassy eyes, caused a shudder, and I was glad enough to replace it. These boys of a school age, apparently, had been sacrificed for the Confederacy but a few hours before. We toiled up the mountain side, arriving at the summit under a brilliant noon-day sun, passed the Mountain House and turned down the road to descend. The grandeur of Pleasant Valley burst upon us. Heated, tired and thirsty, the magnificent view exerted a potent influence on our spirits, and the onward march was productive of many exclamations of delight. The next day, the 16th, was a quiet one with us, with nothing to break the monotony but an occasional reminder that we were waiting orders in close proximity to the enemy, and simply had to dodge his shells. We were comparatively safe behind the ridge, but he stirred us up now and then with a stray visitor, which seemed to say, "Are you there?"

The next morning our turn came. Hooker and Mansfield had engaged the enemy with their gallant First and Twelfth Army Corps, respectively, and now Sumner of the Second was to be "put in." The corps was in splendid condition and sprang quickly to its work. Coming down the slope, our regiment, the Nineteenth Massachusetts, passed through a barn yard, by straw or hay stacks, waded the creek, and moved steadily on for a mile. Sedgwick's Division was composed of Gorman's, Dana's and Burns' Brigades, entered the fight at about 9 o'clock in the morning, advancing in three brigade lines about 40 paces apart through the historic cornfield, which was strewn thick with the enemy's dead, their lines having been pressed back by the fight of the earlier morning. During this advance I tumbled over a dead Confederate Color Sergeant, stopped momentarily to snatch the "cross jack" or "saltier" from his staff, wobbled it up and tossed it to the Colonel's orderly as a trophy, and hurried on. I have never seen it since, but have often wondered what became of it.

Our lines pressed steadily forward, when suddenly fire opened on us. Shot and shell tore through our ranks with the roll of musketry, while the orders rang out, "Forward, men," "Close up," &c. I was at this time First Lieutenant of Company G, Capt. H. G. O. Weymouth,

the color company of the regiment. In less time than I can write it a half dozen or more men on the left flank (colors) were hors de combat, killed or wounded. I shall never forget the sound of the bullets as they struck our men: a singing "whish," followed instantly by a sharp crack, as if clapping the hands. Still the lines swept on until orders were given for the men to "lie down." No force could stand the withering fire from "Stuart's unseen guns" on the ridge in the front. The First Minnesota, a sterling regiment, was in the first brigade line, and the Nineteenth Massachusetts was in the second, directly in their rear, the two brigades' right flanks coming together, their left flanks being wider separated, more like the letter V, caused probably by the difficulty of preserving exact distances under such circumstances, though the rebel commander in his report says that this division came on "advancing as if on parade."

The first line was badly broken up, and the order was given to change front. Just before this Captain Henry A. Hale received a bullet in the mouth which nipped off the end of his tongue and carried away several teeth. During this movement over a plowed field I received the Confederate compliments in the left ankle joint, and cutting a pigeon wing hobbled a short distance to the rear. Mistaking a numbness of the leg for a slight wound, I returned to duty in the line, and shortly received another thud from a shell in the right elbow, smashing the joint and causing me to drop my sword. I wonder if it was ever recovered. This is all that I remember until later in the day, when our Drum Major, Stephen L. Newman, so often seen in later years at the head of Baldwin's Boston Callet Band, was feeding me with soup from a dipper. The operating table was close by, and the Surgeons were busy at work. Many were waiting their turn for amputation, and others were "fixing up," but the former I was fortunate enough to escape.

The loss in both officers and men was very severe in the Nineteenth Regiment, as it was in many others that terrible day. Col. Hincks was wounded through the right arm and body. At the time his wounds were considered mortal, and his published obituary entertained him later. Lieutenant Colonel Devereux was also wounded. Capt. Geo. W. Batchelder received a shell wound which nearly wrenched his leg off and he fell into the Confederates' hands as our line was pressed back. When the ground was recaptured by the desperate changes of fortune he was recovered, but was so weak from the loss of blood that his life soon went out. By a strange fatality, his body arrived home simultaneously with that of his only brother, Lieut. Charles J. Batchelder of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry, who died in Louisiana, and both were buried from their father's home in Lynn the same day. Both had served in the Salem Zouaves, now Company H, Eighth Regiment, M. V. M., during the three months' campaign, and both gave their lives to their country, on widely distant fields, but the memory of the Batchelder boys will never die.



HON. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR. (TO-DAY).



CAPTAIN OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR. (1862). 143

Lieutenant Albert Thorndike received a wound through the abdomen, the ball entering at one vest pocket and passing out at the other. The ball struck his watch chain, and the chain in turn split the ball, so that only one-half of it entered the body. But it carried into the wound a piece of the chain, which worked out at the farthest orifice—during the process of supuration.

A day or two after the battle, while lying on the floor of a building in Keedysville, used as a temporary hospital, a stranger entered with an anxious look, accompanied by an officer, who had on a red cap and was understood at that time to be a member of Gen. McClellan's staff. The officer inquired if Capt. Holmes of the Twentieth Massachusetts was in that room. The Captain (now Associate Justice Holmes, Supreme Judicial Court) had been wounded in the neck. No one answered the question, until I turned partially over, and shouted that I thought Capt. Holmes had been moved into the next building. The stranger was gone in an instant. Shortly after this there appeared in the Atlantic Monthly the interesting story from the pen of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled "How I found the Captain," with its quaint colloquy, "How are you, Cap?" "How are you, Dad?" and I then learned for the first time who the stranger was.

Capt. Edmund Rice and Lieut. Elisha A. Hinks were also wounded in this battle. Capt. Rice subsequently commanded the regiment in later campaigns, and is at present a Captain in the Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., and in charge of the Columbia Guard at the World's Fair at Chicago. Many gallant men of the regiment were either killed or wounded, among the latter Sergeant Wm. A. McGinnis, who with such fortitude had the ball cut from his shoulder without the aid of anesthetics, as narrated in

his interesting reminiscences to the Journal a short time since.

It has been truly said that the battle of Antietam was one of the severest battles of the war, but it has been overshadowed and partially lost sight of, as many other sanguinary fights have, by the greater battle of Gettysburg, which in later years come very near focusing the war in itself. So far as the general public is concerned, severe as Antietam was in losses to both the Union and Confederate forces, it will always be exposed to unfavorable comment on the Union side. At no time does the engagement appear to have become "general," but disjointed masses entered the fight with a gallantry unsurpassed. They were unsupported and enfiladed and driven out as the rebel commanders, with characteristic sagacity, discovered the "holes" in our lines and crammed them full of their best battalions.

The engagement of Sedgwick's Division was a battle in itself. They advanced nearly parallel to the Confederate line until they found themselves in a cul de sac, under the fire of ten rebel brigades who were "rapidly working round their flank and rear." The Union troops were obliged to lie down and finally to get out altogether to escape capture or annihilation. Still success perched upon the Union arms, and the Confederate leader was foiled in his attempt to transfer the scene of conflict and arouse the State of Maryland in behalf of the Confederacy. It is true he was allowed to get away instead of being driven into the Potomac, but he was severely punished and his scheme failed. But it was another day for laurels to the Second Army Corps, whose honors continued to pile up as the war went on, and whose historian has truly said of it: "Up to May, 1864, it had never lost a color or a gun."
JOHN P. REYNOLDS.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

Mr. W. H. Spiller of North Cambridge was a member of Company C, Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers. He was one of the very few men of the Thirteenth New Hampshire Regiment who went with Gen. Ord's "Flying Troops" sent to head off Gen. Lee in the Appomattox Valley. He saw the surrender and then went to Richmond where he took up his quarters in Jeff Davis's house and slept on a mattress "for the first time in three years," he tells his auditors. He was appointed by Col. Stevens "left general guide" of the regiment, and was one of the two best drilled men in the body.

The articles published in the Century Magazine—the deaths of Generals Grant, McClellan and Hancock, and the general revival of interest in everything connected with the Rebellion, awakened many old memories that slumbered in my mind for over thirty years. It seems queer to me now to think I should keep out of the Grand Army of the Republic for twenty years, and then join it with as much enthusiasm as I would have felt at the end of the war, but so it is, and I think I feel more interested in the G. A. R. now than I should have felt twenty years ago, for then I was tired and sick of war and soldiering but the cycle of time has brought the old martial spirit around again and I feel impressed to record my memories.

These remembrances of long ago are very dear to me. I would not exchange the fact of my having been a soldier in the Union army for the crown and sceptre of a King; it is the proudest memory of my life, and fully repays me for all I was deprived of and suffered to acquire it. It is a pension that will not end with my life, but will be the proud heritage of my son.

The tidal wave of patriotism which, in 1862, swept 300,000 more brave Northern hearts beating over the breakwaters of South Mountain and Antietam, to be stopped finally by the im-

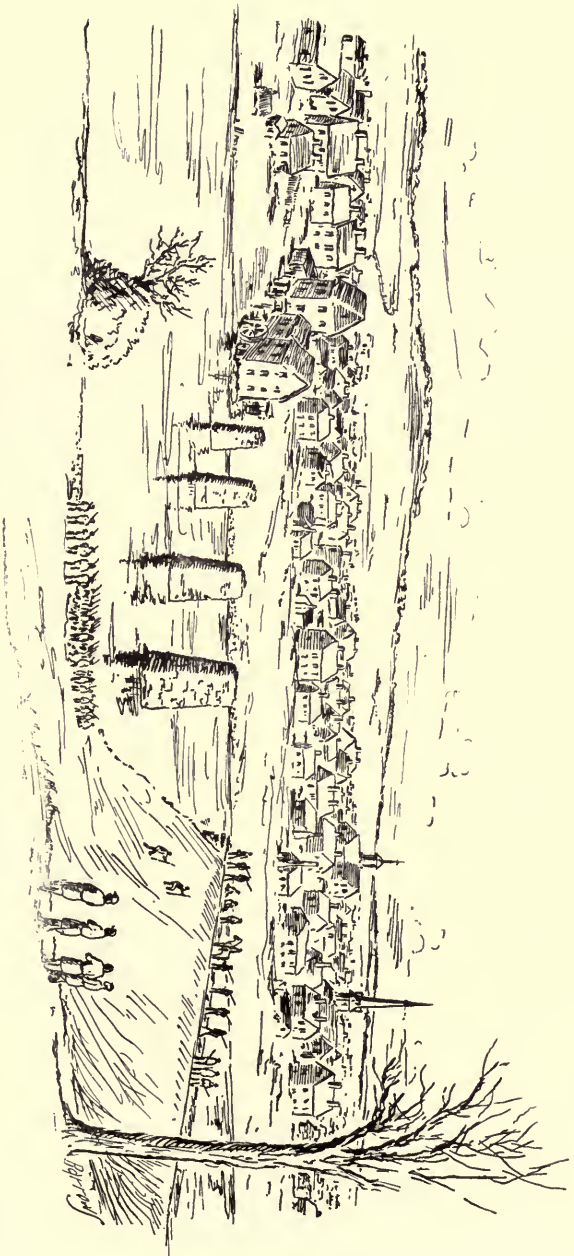
pregnable heights of Fredericksburg, took me along with it. Not being of age, I obtained my father's consent by threatening to go without it. I enlisted in the Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and went into camp at Concord for a few weeks.

A sister's tears and my father's "God bless you, my son," are fresh in my recollections of the last day in camp. We left Concord Oct. 6.

We received the usual ovation and many favors, in hand-shakes and kisses from the young ladies as we passed through Philadelphia. Orders for Jeff Davis's head were numerous, and promises to bring it back ditto.

I recollect that some of us were very indignant because we had to ride in cattle instead of palace cars. We marched from Washington over the Long Bridge to Arlington Heights. And such a march—the dust as fine and dry as powder and about three inches deep, rising at every step from five to ten feet above our heads and nearly smothering us, but we got used to Virginia dust, as well as mud, before many months. Here we went into camp, near Fort Albany. We spent some time at Arlington drilling, etc. It was here that I first heard that phrase (which became stereotyped) "Going out to fight mit Sigel," from the sturdy Pennsylvania Dutchmen on their way to the front. From Arlington Heights we moved down to Fairfax Seminary, opposite Alexandria, and from there we began our first lessons in picket duty. I well remember my first night on picket for various reasons. The situation was a novel one, as all first experiences are.

I remember that on that first night on the



FREDERICKSBURG (VA.) AND ITS RUINED BRIDGE.

picket line I felt as if the safety of the whole country depended on my vigilance, and my eyes and ears were strained to their utmost. The swaying of a limb, or the crackling of a twig, would bring my rifle to a ready in a twinkling, and set my heart to beating a lively tattoo against my ribs. Then again, on this first night, I came within a hair's breadth of shooting one of my officers. It happened this way: We were posted in the woods, about 160 yards apart, with instructions to walk our beats one way until we met the next picket, challenge him, get the countersign, then back until we met the one at the other end of the beat, challenging each time we met, and to shoot any one attempting to pass without the countersign. I had been up and down my beat for over an hour, and had learned the location of every tree and bush near it, and everything had gone all right, but this time as I approached the spot where I usually met my comrade to the right of me, things didn't look just right, for where there should have been but one object, I saw two (the night was dark, and being in the woods made it worse). Five yards away you couldn't tell a man from a bush.

I halted, took a good look at the objects before me, which seemed to be a man standing with another man, or large black dog, I couldn't tell which, crouching beside him.

I challenged, but got no reply—challenged again with the same result. By this time I had become thoroughly frightened, and the thought flashed through my mind the rebels had captured the post and were about to gobble me up. Just as I was challenging for the third time the crouching figure arose and took one step forward, and as it was a man, fully confirming my fears, as quick as a flash my Springfield came to my shoulder at a full cock, aimed point blank at his breast and my finger pressing the trigger, when with a voice trembling with fear he cried out, "For God's sake don't shoot! I am the Officer of the Day."

And such he proved to be, on his rounds to see that the pickets were awake and vigilant. He found them so much so that he went no farther that night, but returned to camp considerably wiser than he came out, for he had learned from that great teacher, experience, never to fool with a picket in the night time, and also that even the Officer of the Day must give the countersign when challenged. As we stood there facing each other and trembling with excitement, I suppose no two more frightened persons ever existed, he for his life and I from the double fear of capture and having so nearly shot him. The only thing that saved him was my rifle being new. The trigger worked hard.

I found out next day that my fear of capture was entirely groundless, for the rebels were 15 or 20 miles away, and the Army of the Potomac between them and us. We were all pretty green then, officers as well as men, but we were learning lessons that made us good soldiers afterward. While here or at Arlington—I forget which—we occupied large Sibley tents, and eighteen or twenty of us in a tent. I well re-

member how we used to "raise Ned" at night.

A jollier set than filled our tent nights could not be found, and long after taps a wilder burst of merriment than usual would bring the guard down our street on the double quick, only to find everything quiet, except the hard breathing and fearful snoring in our tent. We had one comrade, by the name of Lamber, who was a notorious snorer, and he got kicks, cuffs and curses by the score every night. Well, one night long after taps, every one had simmered down (how easily this old slang comes back with the other memories), we had all become quiet and were trying to go to sleep, when Lamber set in with his double-breasted snore, with whistle attachment. "Shut up, you fool," "Give that calf more rope" and other, some more profane than polite, sentences were hurled at him with as little effect as a fly would have on a mule. Nudges from elbows and pokes from hands would only vary the inflection by making it spasmodic and irregular.

Finally Wes Carter (the biggest rogue we had in the company) said, "Leave him to me, boys. I'll fix him for to-night, sure," and taking his rubber-sinking tube (such as we all had when we first went soldiering), he went to the water bucket, filled his mouth full, then crawled over near Lamber, and taking one end of the tube in his mouth, put the other end to Lamber's mouth, which was wide open, and let drive. You can imagine the equal. Lamber, wild with rage, said, "The one who did that had better prepare to die!" and, hearing a snicker from the opposite side of the tent, grabbed one of his boots from back of his head and let drive, hitting Bob Flanders in the face and nearly dislocating his jaw. Bob was a fighter, and went for Lamber, but, hearing the guard coming, he was pulled back and down by those near him, and by the time the guard reached our street all had become serene again. If Lamber snored again that night he waited until all the rest had gone to sleep.

From Alexandria, December 1, we marched back over Long Bridge and down the Maryland side of the Potomac to opposite Aquia Creek. This march was the first one of any length that we had made, and it comes back to me quite vividly. Here we first began to rough it—used shelter tents, got our own wood, built little fires, cooked our coffee, broiled our slice of pork on a stick over the smoky fire and lived from our haversacks instead of the cook house. Didn't we make the rail fences look sick, though.

Our brigade left camp at Fairfax Seminary in a drizzling rain and encamped the first night a little below Washington city. For several days after this the weather was pleasant and we enjoyed the march very much, for it was a change from camp life, of which we were becoming tired, and it seemed more in the line of soldiering.

We moved along leisurely, over easy roads—to us—a new country which, in comparison

with the other side of the river, was quite rich and fertile. The farms we passed were well stocked with geese, ducks and chickens, and although foraging was forbidden, we "boys in blue" managed to add a feather to our caps now and then, and, if my memory serves me rightly, our officers didn't refuse to pick a bone with us occasionally about breakfast time. Hogs and pigs roamed through the country at large with a freedom from restraint which we in the ranks truly envied. But at night, after pitching our shelters, cooking and eating supper, and getting fixed for the night

Some of us used to interfere with the freedom of the pigs, for we considered them contraband of war and fit subjects for confiscation; so as soon as it was dark we used to go hunting through the woods for them, and many a poor, slab-sided porker gave out his last grunt on the point of a Yankee bayonet. No wonder we never saw any shoulders or hams (but only sides of bacon) while we were in the army, for all the hogs that I ever saw down South were nothing but sides, and so thin that you could almost see daylight through them, and they had hard time of it to keep the two sides from growing together. Not being used to marching all day, we would get pretty tired along in the afternoon, and the regiment would be strung along the road in not very close order. At such times Col. Stevens would order the band to play, and it was wonderful to see the change that would come over the boys. We would brace up and trudge along bravely for a mile or two further. I remember one comrade by the name of Ladd—we used to call him "Koss"—on account of his red cheeks; he was quite fleshy and found it pretty hard to keep up sometimes, but we used to encourage and help him all we could.

Before he enlisted he had been an enthusiastic member of the Concord Fire Department, and when he got to lagging too far behind some of the boys would sing out to him, "Fire, Koss, fire!" which would brighten him up considerably, but one afternoon even that failed, for he said, "Let her burn, boys, I'm played out."

On the afternoon of the fifth day from camp a severe rain storm came on, and we halted for the night in a pine grove. The weather up to this time had been quite warm and pleasant, and we had not been very particular about pitching our tents—had stuck them up any way so that they would keep the dew off. But our lack of experience cost us dearly this night, for we had heaps of trouble getting our tents together and up, and keeping them there. They were anything but shelters that night. In the morning the ground was covered with snow to the depth of four inches, but the sun soon melted it away.

On this, the sixth day from Fairfax Seminary, before noon, we reached the point on the river where we were to cross. Transportation not being ready for us, and the weather suddenly becoming very raw and cold, we built large

camp fires and hugged them pretty closely all day.

At that time we had the old-fashioned paper cartridges, and some of the boys standing back to the fire got too close, and their cartridge boxes began to curl, and finally bang! bang! went their cartridges, frightening them nearly out of their wits and coming very near injuring some of them.

The transports were not ready for us until after dark, and it was 9 o'clock in the evening before we landed at Acquia Creek—Burnside's base of supply. We marched about a mile and camped for the night. Cold, that was no name for it! Why, the next morning the Potomac was frozen so hard that the steamers could not get to the wharf. Our officers were in a terrible plight—for they had neither tents nor blankets—the baggage having all been left on the Maryland side of the river.

Take it altogether it was the most disagreeable night our regiment ever passed.

On the morning of the eighth our brigade started for Falmouth, where we arrived on the ninth, and became part of that "glorious old Army of the Potomac," which, then under Burnside, was preparing to attack Lee in Fredericksburg.

Our army life now really began. Our regiment was here detached from Wright's brigade and assigned to the First Brigade (Col. Hawkins's), Third Division (Gen. Getty), Ninth Army Corps (Gen. Wilcox), Sumner's Grand Division. As near as I can remember, our brigade consisted of six regiments, as follows: The Ninth New York (Hawkins's Zouaves), Twenty-fifth New Jersey, Tenth and Thirteenth New Hampshire, Eighty-ninth New York and One Hundred and Third New York.

Preparations were at once commenced for the impending battle. Eighty rounds of patent cartridges were issued to us—40 rounds were placed in our cartridge boxes, the other 40 in our knapsacks.

The cooks were kept busy dealing out our hard tack, coffee and sugar, and cooking our beef—or salt horse, as we used to call it. The next day, the 10th, I got leave to visit the Twelfth and Sixth New Hampshire, in both of which I had friends.

I hunted them up and found them all right. I remember with what feelings of admiration, almost veneration, I looked upon the members of the Sixth, for they were already veterans of five battles—viz., Camden, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain and Antietam.

They were veritable heroes in my eyes and I listened to their stories of the battles, told with that sangroid peculiarity to old soldiers and sailors, with as much wonder, as when a child I listened to the fairy tales of old. These veterans of McClellan and Burnside, looked upon us new men with a sort of contempt, mixed with pity for our lack of experience and service. But only a week or two later, after we had been through the battle of Fredericksburg, and re-

ceived our first baptism in blood, we had the same feeling toward raw recruits and new regiments.

The following story was told me by a friend in the Sixth.

Bill Horner, whom I had formerly known by sight, had an impediment in his speech, and stuttered fearfully. He was a rough and ready sort of a fellow, and rather profane. I will give the story as told me.

One day Horner was on picket when the enemy was but a few miles away and strict orders had been given to allow no one to pass without the countersign, not even our own officers; this order came direct from Gen. Burnside, his corps commander, whom Horner knew by sight as well as he did his own Captain. Well, some time the night previous to Horner's going on in the morning, Gen. Burnside, with a small escort of cavalry, had gone out through the picket line to reconnoitre his front by early daylight. The countersign had been changed that morning, so when the General came back between 8 and 9 o'clock he was without it. As Gen. Burnside rode up, he was halted by Horner; the General had one of his aids dismount and advance as close as Horner would allow and state the cause of their being without the countersign, but to no purpose; the General, becoming impatient, cried out: "This is Gen. Burnside and party." Horner replied at once: "Ge-gen-er-er Genral B-B-B-Burn-Bur-Burnside or-or-or G-G-God Allmighty can't pa-pa-pass here wi-wi-without th-th-the countersign!" and he kept them waiting until the officer in command of the picket could be called to pass them through.

The next day Horner was ordered to report to Burnside's headquarters, where he was highly complimented for his faithful performance of duty, and given a 10 days' furlough.

The 11th of December, 1862, opened up with more music than I had ever before heard. Our batteries all along our front belched forth fiery blasts all the forenoon, and we did not suppose there could possibly be a rebel left in Fredericksburg—but there was—lots of them.

Although we knew that a forward movement meant death to some, and disability to more of us, yet we welcomed the change, perhaps as much from patriotic motives as for the sake of a chance.

On the afternoon of the 11th we were ordered to fall in. We marched toward the river and halted in the hollow in the rear of the Phillips house, where we remained under arms till night, when we were ordered back to camp, where we had hardly got settled before we were ordered out again, and this time meant business.

After meandering up and down the river bank awhile, following a guide who didn't guide worth a cent, we finally found the pontoon bridge, and crossing over the Rappahannock, were in the streets of Fredericksburg.

We stacked arms in the main street and after placing guards over our arms and equipments,

we disposed of ourselves for the night within easy call.

Early next morning I took a little stroll around through some of the streets looking for trophies and observing the results of our bombardment of the day before.

Our shells had raised sad havoc with most of the buildings. The brick ones—many of them—were in ruins and the wooden ones were shattered and honeycombed with holes from an inch in diameter to those as large as a hogshead.

I came to quite a nice looking dwelling house surrounded by a lawn filled with shrubbery and trees. Thinking I would like to look the place over, I opened the gate and walked in. As I approached the back of the house a sight met my eyes that brought me to a standstill. There upon the lawn on its back, stretched stiff and stark, was the body of as handsome a man as I ever saw, dressed in a new Confederate uniform. He was an officer. His rank, in my horror at the sight (for this was the first body whose death resulted from violence I had ever seen), I forgot to notice. In life he must have been a noble looking man. His features were as fine and clean cut as though chiseled from marble, and as white. He had a long black moustache and goatee and black curly hair.

As he lay there, cold and stark in death, covered with the dews of night, I could not help wishing that he were alive and well and up on the Heights with the rest of the Johnnies. He had been killed the day before by one of our shells, which had taken off the top of the back of his head. I had seen enough, and went back and told the rest of the boys, many of whom wished to see a rebel at short range, either dead or alive.

During the day quite a number of dead rebels were found in the yards and houses, where they had been killed by our shells, or the bullets from our sharpshooters. We spent this day (the 12th) in the streets, doing nothing in particular, but ready to fall in at a moment's warning.

I know that we ran across an old dorky, who told us where the rebels had sunk several tons of tobacco close by the river bank to keep it from falling into our hands.

We procured poles and drove spikes into the ends of them, then began hunting for the weed. We found it readily; as fast as a box was brought to the surface plenty of hands were ready to pull it on shore. In less than an hour we had captured enough tobacco for our whole brigade. We all filled our knapsacks and pockets with it and left lots of it to be kicked about the streets. What a bonanza that tobacco would have been for the sutlers, but they weren't getting so near the front in those days.

On the morning of the 13th the ball opened again in earnest. Our artillery from the Fal-mouth bank of the river were firing over us, and the rebel guns on Marye's Heights were throwing their shot and shell both over and at us.

Finally our brigade was marched down under the river bank, with the exception of the Tenth

New Hampshire, which was up at the front on picket. Here, under the river bank, we were allowed to sit or lie down with our muskets beside us and equipments on ready to advance at any time. We were now well protected from the rebel guns, but not from our own, for we found the nearer we got to our batteries the more dangerous they became, especially the one directly opposite us, for almost every other shell they threw burst as soon as it left the gun, and the pieces would come whizzing and whirling directly at us. After a while of dodging and ducking we became a little nervous over it and began to protest to our officers, and finally our Colonel notified Col. Hawkins that it ought to be stopped, and he (Col. Hawkins) sent one of his aids across the river with a protest. The aid soon came back, saying the Captain of the battery's excuse was that "some of his ammunition was poor," but he kept on throwing it at us just the same, and we soon became so indignant and threatening about it that Gen. Getty was notified, and he sent word across that if the battery wasn't silenced the Captain would be put under arrest. But before the order reached him one man was killed. He belonged to the Ninth New York, which regiment lay in front of us, and a little nearer the top of the bank.

I saw the piece of shell coming directly for me, and laid flat on the ground to avoid it; at the same moment I heard "a sickening thud," and looked up just in time to see the man directly in front of me give two or three spasmodic kicks and straighten out dead.

He was lying on his side, leaning his head on his hand, and probably asleep when struck. The ragged piece of shell, about as big as a silver dollar, hit him just back of the eyes and passed through his head. This was the first man I had ever seen killed, and to know that it had been done by our own men and guns made it seem more horrible. We were all furious over this murder—as we called it—and many threats were made to cross the river, shoot the Captain and throw his guns into the river.

The idea became firmly fixed in our minds that the fuses of the shells from that battery were cut short on purpose to demoralize us and that the Captain was a traitor.

Sometime near noon, I think, we were ordered to fall in, as we supposed, to go up to the front, where the battle had been raging furiously all the forenoon, but we marched up Main street a little way and turned to the left up a short street leading toward the front, and halted in a field in rear of some buildings that were being used as hospitals.

Here we saw some of the horrors of war, for the wounded were being brought in every moment and carried into these hospitals, where arms, legs, feet and hands were being amputated, and every little while an arm or leg would be dropped from a window to the ground below; and before we moved from there there were three or four piles of different members of the human body, as large as bushel baskets. And all this within fifty feet of where we were

sitting or lying around on the grass. Although this was our first experience in the actual horrors of battle, we soon became hardened.

As I look back over those years that are gone, to that December afternoon when we sat there in those back yards of Fredericksburg, eating hard tack and "salt horse," with the roar of that terrible battle before us and those hospitals back of us, I can but wonder how we could have been so heartless as to have joked and laughed in the presence of so much danger and suffering. War, thou art a great demoralizer.

Just before dark our division was ordered into the fight. We had been lying around all day in suspense, and we fell in quickly and marched by column of fours out toward the front. The fury of the battle seemed to go down with the sun, for at this time it was not razing near so hard as it had been during the day.

But there was noise enough then to suit us, for the skirmisher up at the front were popping away quite lively, and every few minutes a shell would explode a little way ahead of our column, and I now heard for the first time the hateful humming of a spent Minie ball.

We marched out through the fields, wading our way through the openings in the fences that had been made by our troops earlier in the day.

As we marched along we met wounded men, stragglers and the usual number of bummers that are always dropping back to the rear of all armies during a battle. And these were some of the encouraging remarks we heard from them: "Oh, you'll get all you want up there!"

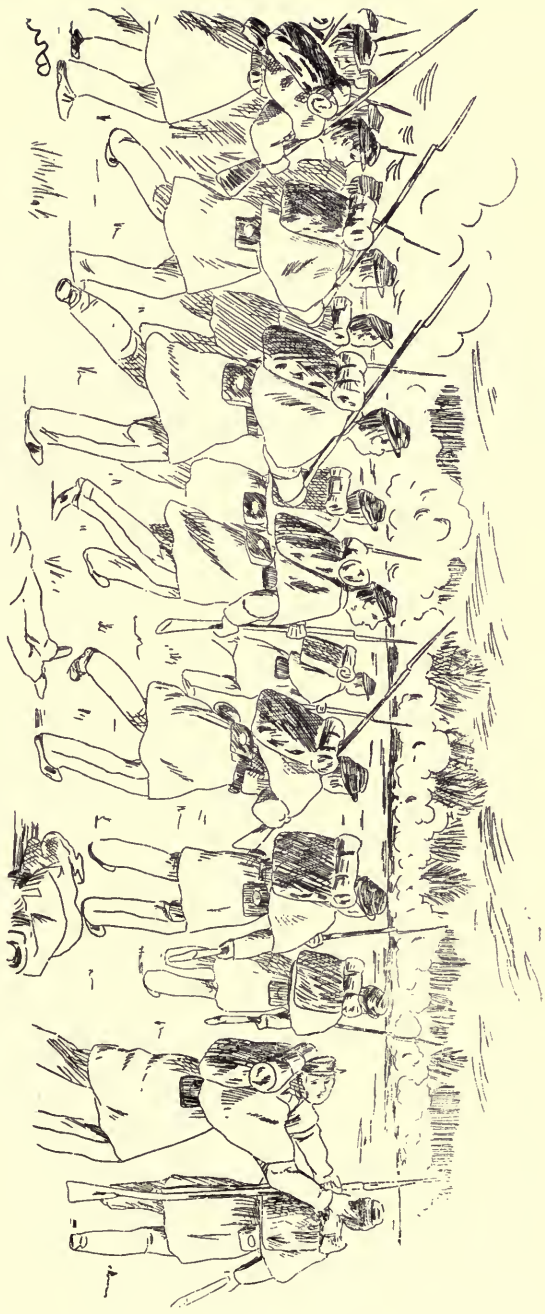
"It's h— up there, boys!" "Don't you wish you hadn't enlisted?" "You'll not come back in such fine style!" "The Johnnies will cook some of you before you get over that stonewall up yonder!" and various other similar remarks, having a tendency to depress rather than encourage us.

I don't know how the rest of the boys felt, but I do know that as we marched toward the front an indescribable feeling came over me, a sort of depressing faintness, some such feeling as I imagine a pound of lead dropped into an empty stomach would cause. I thought at the time it was fear, and think so still, but all the boys that I asked "how they felt," said they didn't feel a bit afraid, "only a little queer," and as that was about the way I felt, of course I was not scared either. We formed our line of battle behind the railroad embankment, which covered us from the view of the enemy. By the time our line was formed it was nearly dark.

The Ninth New York (Hawkins Zouaves) was in the front line, and our regiment (Thirteenth New Hampshire) in the second just behind them. (The division was to charge in double line of battle.)

Finally the order was given to "advance in line of battle," but for some reason the front line didn't move, and we couldn't, without going over or through them. Then Gen. Hawkins (Adjutant General) appeared on the railroad, and very vehemently urged the Ninth New York to advance, but to no purpose. He

NEW HAMPSHIRE 13TH CHARGING THE STONE WALL.



pitched into them "up-hill and down," called them cowards, but they would not budge an inch from their position.

[In a subsequent letter to the Journal concerning this episode, Sergeant Spiller desires to make a correction. It was, he says, the 25th New Jersey, and not the 9th New York.]

In the history of the Tenth New Hampshire Adjutant General's report for 1866 it says: "For some unaccountable reason the Hawkins Zouaves failed to advance."

This officer, in his harangue to the Ninth New York, mentioned our regiment, and supposing he included us in his list of cowards, a man in my company yelled out at him: "You're a liar! We are no cowards." The Adjutant hearing it turned his attention to us, and ordered us to advance. "Forward, Thirteenth New Hampshire. Charge over the cowardly dogs!" Being thoroughly enraged at his taunts, which we supposed he meant for the whole brigade, and indignant at what we considered the cowardice of the Ninth New York, we waited for no second bidding, but with a cheer, and at a run, we went over them, up the embankment, across the railroad, down the other side, over and through ditches, across fields, through hollows and over crests until we reached the ascent just below Marye's Heights, and directly in front of the stone wall.

As we came up over the last crest, and on to this sandy, smooth, though inclined plain, we were pretty well tucked over, having gone nearly half a mile (I should judge), most of the way at a run, or double quick, and cheering and yelling at the top of our voices. Stopping here but a moment to straighten out our line a little, the order was given: "Charge bayonets, forward, double-quick march," and forward we went at a run.

By this time it had become quite dark, and all we could see ahead of us were the heights, looking black and formidable in the darkness. I noticed two or three lights on the heights—they were probably near batteries.

We gave a rousing cheer as we started for the stone wall, but it was cut short most unceremoniously, for at this moment the rebels opened upon us; the next five minutes is better described in the words used by one of the wounded men we met a short time previous, who said, "It's hell up there boys." First a sheet of flame—it seemed to me a mile long and right in our faces—then ten thousand bumble bees and a thousand demons shrieking in our ears couldn't have made more noise than the thousands of bullets, grape and cannister, solid shot and shell did—it was terrible—but we kept on for a moment longer.

Then there came tearing through our regiment, like a drove of wild buffaloes, the Twenty-fifth New Jersey, scattering us and bayoneting some of our men. Brining my gun to my shoulder I fired up at the line of flame in front of me, and bringing it down again to re-

load, I discovered that I was alone. Turning quickly to run back with the rest, my heel caught in the sand, I tripped and fell full length on the ground, my gun falling about six feet from me.

At this time the bullets were flying like hail-stones, and not daring to rise, I turned over on my back, and no woodchuck ever tried harder to get into his hole than I did to get into that sand. The air above me seemed filled with all sorts of missiles of death, but as I lay

most of the shots went above me, but some of the bullets struck the ground near enough to me to throw the sand into my ears and face.

By working my head and shoulders, hips and heels, I managed to get down into the sand a little, and I'll bet I wasn't over two inches thick. I even turned my feet over to each side so my toes would not stick up. I probably laid there 10 minutes (it seemed an hour), and during that time I thought of everything, of home, friends, and whether I should be killed, wounded or taken prisoner, for I never expected to get out of it alive and whole.

Finally the firing slackened up so much that I thought I might stand a chance of dodging the bullets, and, fearful of being taken prisoner, I took the chances of stray bullets and shell. Getting onto my hands and knees, I crawled around and found my gun, then jumping up I started at a run for the city. Going a few rods I heard a voice to my left trying to rally some men. Thinking it might be my regiment I turned in that direction. One poor fellow, whom we heartrendingly called "the darkie" because of the darkness I couldn't see, was crying piteously for water. From his accent I knew he was an Irishman, belonging to the Tenth New Hampshire. "Water! Water! For the love of the Holy Virgin, give me some water!"

That voice haunts me now, and I have always wished that I had hunted the poor fellow up and given him a drink out of my canteen; but being anxious to find my regiment, and thinking that the next moment might bring the Johnnies down on me, I didn't think it prudent to stop. But the agonizing cries of the wounded were soon lost and for the moment forgotten, as I listened to the most eloquent appeal I ever heard. It was Col. Donahoe of the Tenth New Hampshire trying to rally the fragments of our brigade for another charge on that terrible wall. I stopped for a few minutes and listened to his impassioned speech. But with the hundred or two men gathered there, I saw it was folly to attempt anything, so continued my way to the rear.

But my admiration for Col. Michael Donahoe as a brave soldier dates from that night.

After wandering around for an hour or two and inquiring of everyone I met for the Thirteenth New Hampshire, I finally found what few of them had kept together in a ravine about half a mile back from the heights.

Here I found Col. Stevens and many of our

men, covered with mud and weary and discouraged. I was right glad to find so many of my company unhurt, and they were pleased to see me in the same condition. After leaving here awhile we were ordered back into Fredericksburg, and stacked arms in the street in about the same location we had occupied the night before; here the company rolls were called, and a good many were missing, but some turned up before morning.

I remember that night one man in my company shot his forefinger off. He said accidentally, but as it was the forefinger of his right hand and our guns were all stacked, we were uncharitable enough to think it was intentional. We spent a good part of that night talking over the events of the day and evening. It was the general opinion among us that the whole piece of business was a blunder, and the sending of our division in after dark, alone and without support, as far as we could see, we thought was worse than a blunder.

The fact was just this: The Third Division, Ninth Army Corps, under Gen. Getty, had been sent up after dark against those impregnable heights that had withstood the assaults of

whole corps all day. For what? It has always been a conundrum to me.

Another fact has always struck me as being very foolish, why we were taken up over that rough ground for about half a mile at a run, for we were about played out when we got there, and had we succeeded in getting over their works would have been in no condition to fight.

The next day (the 14th) we spent in the city, expecting the battle would be renewed every minute, but, thank the Lord, wiser counsels prevailed and we were spared another trial in that slaughter pen. I visited some of the other New Hampshire regiments and found that some of my friends from Concord had been killed or wounded. Among those killed Maj. Sturtevant of the Fifth was the most prominent, he having been Chief of Police of Concord for a long time. During the day I heard Col. Harriman of the Eleventh taking on quite badly about the brave boys he had lost from his regiment. It was a sad Sunday for all; we felt very much dispirited. This being our first battle of course we felt as though we were invincible, and we expected a far different termination.

W. H. SPILLER.

THE TWENTIETH CROSSED IN BOATS.

[Sergeant Josiah F. Murphy of Nantucket, a soldier of Company I, Twentieth Massachusetts, writes that he was one of the men who helped pole the leading boat containing his company across the Rappahannock to Fredericksburg. His letter will be read with interest as it clears away the controversy regarding the Massachusetts Twentieth crossing the river.]

Capt. W. A. Hill of the Nineteenth Massachusetts Regiment, says that the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, at the battle of Fredericksburg, did not cross over the river in boats but were the first regiment to cross after the pontoons were finished. Now, I will not say that the whole of the Twentieth Massachusetts crossed over the river in boats at that battle, but I will say that Company I, the right flank company, did cross over in boats, and I can furnish the proof right here in Nantucket. I myself pulled one of the two oars, or poles, that propelled our boat across the river. A man by the name of Thos. Russell of this town (since dead) had one of the oars, or poles, and was propelling the boat on one side; the man on the opposite side was pulling him around and the boat was heading up stream toward Falmouth, when Lieut. Leander F. Alley, also of this town (who was killed on the 13th on Marye's Heights), said to me, "Murphy, take that oar from Russell," which I did, and we soon had the boat on

the opposite side, where she grounded a few feet from the shore. We all jumped out, and with the rest of the company, who had also come over in another boat, went under cover of the river bank, where we stayed until the pontoon was finished and other troops began to cross, when we moved forward up Fanquier street, I think was the name, by company front or platoons. The remainder of the regiment marched, I think, by the right flank, in column. It was then when we showed ourselves on the street that we received that terrible fire from the rebels, whereby we lost in killed and wounded 97 officers and men from our regiment in a space of about 50 yards, and I have good cause to remember it, for it was when we reached the corner of Caroline street that a rebel bullet plowed a furrow in the right side of my face, which brought me down, and from which I still bear the scar.

I have always understood that the Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth Massachusetts crossed over first in boats, and deployed as skirmishers in the town, keeping the enemy back while the pontoon was being finished, and it was the boats they crossed in, which, on returning with a few rebel prisoners, we went over in.

I do not for a moment think that Captain Hill would detract from our regiment any of its glory, because there is certainly enough to go all around.

J. F. MURPHY.

Nantucket, Mass.

AN ARMY SINGER.

[Few civilians were so widely known in the Army of the Potomac and of the Cumberland as E. W. Locke, known since the war as Father Locke, army poet and balladist. For some years before the war his reputation as a song writer and public singer were such that at the great Republican ratification of Abraham Lincoln's nomination, held in Faneuil Hall, Governor Andrew sought him to sing some of his own songs, which, as many will remember, were received with great applause. When in August, 1860, 50,000 Republicans gathered at Lincoln's home in Springfield, Ill., our singing poet had been invited to add interest to the occasion. Then and there Mr. Lincoln became his friend; for he was a great lover of certain kinds of songs. In February, 1862, Mr. Locke called at the White House to see if the President had forgotten him. After a short interview the President urged him to go to the army and sing his patriotic songs to the soldiers, as he sang them to patriotic masses of men and women in most of the Northern States before the war. He thought to stay three weeks, but remained three years. He assumed a three-fold mission, viz., singing his own songs, selling postage stamps at cost, and working in field hospitals during and after battles. He told his experiences in a book of over 400 pages, entitled "Three Years in Camp and Hospital," some 20 years ago, and though eight editions were printed, not one is for sale to-day. He is now one of the substantial citizens of Chelsea, having laid by a moderate competence from the sales of his songs and book, and, though 75 years old, is one of the cheeriest and most active men one meets on the street, and is still a great attraction at campfires and reunions. But we will let him tell his own story of his work in the war.]

My first effort as a war minstrel came very near being my last. I had crossed Long Bridge and was working my way to Arlington Heights, where the larger part of the Army of the Poto-

mac was encamped, when I came upon a regiment from the city of New York, composed, as I soon learned from the Colonel, of young men from the very highest circles of the city.

I showed this autocrat of a thousand men my pass, and asked permission to sing for his regiment. The look of mingled amusement and "get out" he gave me was withering. "Among my men," said he, "are more than a score of musicians qualified to play or sing in first-class opera, and they would laugh at your singing Go and do, re, mi to the country regiments and they will appreciate you. Nevertheless, you may make a trial, but if you raise any commotion you must leave at once." Inviting the men to hear me, I was about to mount a broad stump for a platform, when a Lieutenant, not as scrupulous about the neatness of his uniform as the other officers, addressed me in a tone befitting his language. "I say, old fellow, have you any soap to sell?" My answer was: "No, but if I had expected to meet as dirty a fellow as you, I would have bought two cakes at least." The shout that met this reply brought a crowd of kindly disposed men. I handed out a few copies of my song, then new, "We're Marching Down to Dixie's Land," and we had a grand chorus to even the first verse. Not only all the men, but all the officers came to the concert, and every one who could sing took part in the refrain, if nothing more.

The Colonel invited me to make his regiment my headquarters as long as I pleased. But I did not feel that success was assured with one trial.

I knew that the Sixth Maine was a short distance above Chalu Bridge, and I made way for that, for the Colonel, the Chaplain and many of the men had been my friends for years. Spending my first night in camp, sharing the cot of Chaplain Thompson, as soon as morning guard mounting was over I made my second effort as a war minstrel.

It was a success, and from that day I felt I was part of the army to put down the rebellion. Shortly after McClellan advanced on Manassas, to find it abandoned, I went with the New England cavalry to Warrington Junction, where I found a brigade of five regiments, under command of Gen. Abercrombie of the regular army, an elderly, gentlemanly man, whose pleasant face and gentle speech would never remind one of a warrior.

One of these regiments was the Massachusetts Twelfth, Col. Fletcher Webster. In the book published by this regiment is a full narrative of the incident I am about to relate as briefly as possible.

The morning after reaching the camp I was about to enter one of the Sibley tents of the Twelfth, when a man with a loud voice and commanding tone called to me. "Here, sir! this way, sir!" I said: "Who are you, to address me in such tones and manner?" "I am the Provost Marshal of this brigade, and I order you to report to me immediately!" was his answer. He was Capt. Bates, Company H of the Twelfth, and most admirably fitted for his position.

He took me at once for a spy, as he could see no reason why I should be 20 miles away from the main army, liable to be shot or captured any minute, with nothing to sell but postage stamps at cost and a few sheets of music at five cents a copy. He tried in vain to frighten me, made an effort to purchase a few stamps above their face value, but at length took me before the General.

Unfortunately my pass had been left in the hands of a Captain six miles away, and the General told me that though I was surely a New England man and seemed like a gentleman, he would have to detain me until I could send for my pass or he could communicate with the President. I said: "General, I am E. W. Locke of Portland, Me., a well-known song writer and singer, a friend of President Lincoln, who urged me to come to the army and sing my patriotic songs in camp, and now, with your permission, I will sing one for you."

"Let us hear it," said the General. I was not half through with the first stanza when Captain Bates interrupted by asking for a copy of the song. He was a magnificent bass singer and the General's Adjutant was one of the sweetest of tenors, and soon that old Virginia log house had such music as never rang through its rooms before. We sang the last verse six times or more, and the last time I met General Bates, a year before he died (he commanded the brigade a year or more before the war closed), he said: "I shall never forget that verse." I quote it:

"March on, march on, our cause is just,
To Dixie's land, to Dixie's land,
With loyal hearts and God our trust
To put rebellion down!

The blood of martyred brothers cries
From Dixie's land, from Dixie's land,
Avenge, avenge our sacrifice,
And put rebellion down!

The trumpet sounds, the war cry rings,
Through Dixie's land, through Dixie's land,
With clashing steel each brave heart springs
To put rebellion down."

The chorus had a ringing melody, the bands played it, and until Root gave us "Rally Round the Flag," and "Tramp, Tramp," this song and "We're Marching on to Richmond" were in a fair way to become national.

It is perhaps needless to add that my songs and singing were as good as a pass in every part of the Army of the Potomac.

The "Marching to Richmond" song was written and composed one night while lying in a dog tent of the Fifth Maine in the swamp of the Chickahominy. Here is the chorus:

"Then tramp away while the bugles play,
We're marching on to Richmond,
Our flag shall gleam in the morning beam
From many a spire in Richmond."

About the same time, when all the victories were on the wrong side, I wrote and composed "We Must Not Fall Back Any More." I give one verse.

We often go home in our dreams, boys,
And sit by the old kitchen fire,
And tell o'er the tales of our camps, boys,
To list'ners we never can tire;
But just in our moments of bliss, boys,
When thinking our bardships are o'er,
The order comes round to turn out, boys,
Fall in and tramp on as before.

This song was changed by the author of "Shall We Gather at the River?" and did service in the Sunday Schools for a number of years. When General Grant came to Brandy Station to take charge of the Army of the Potomac no troops were in line or high-grade officers were present to receive him. With his Adjutant and a colored boy to carry his valise, he started for General Mead's headquarters, three-quarters of a mile away, while I went to an empty tent to celebrate the occasion by writing a song to an old melody, that when he heard the boys singing it he might know somebody was glad he had come. Before night the song was completed, and before the next night half of the army Grant came to command had heard it.

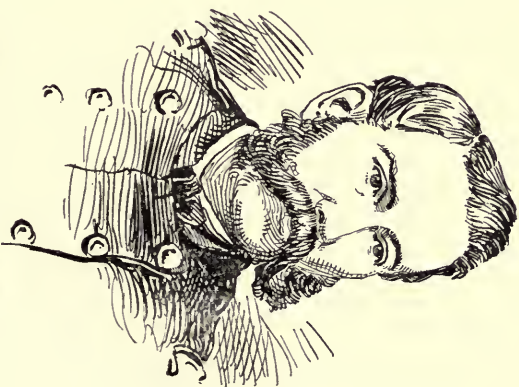
It was soon in print, and a copy of it is in many a soldier's home to-day. Here it is:

We've sung the praise of many braves,
While marching on to battle,
Whose words and deeds have nerve'd our arms
Amid the musketa's rattle;
But now another leader comes,
Who e'er'y doubt dismisses,
With shout and song we welcome him,
The nation's hope, Ulysses.
Chorus—Ulysses leads the van. (Repeat)
We'll ever dare to follow where
Ulysses leads the van.

They tell of Vicksburg, where two years
The rebel flag was floating,
How Uncle Sam was in a fix
About his Western boasting,
Until he learned he had a lad
Whose rifle never misses.



FATHER E. W. LOCKE (THE ARMY SINGER).



COLONEL JAMES L. BATES (12TH MASSACHUSETTS.)

and so he gave the ugly job
To his brave boy Ulysses.

This plan had failed, and so had that,
And worthless were his ditches;
No matter what new scheme he tried
It had some fatal hitches.

At length he got the needed grip,
Which proved the legal tender,
"Hold on!" cried Fern, "I've got enough;
I'm ready to surrender!"

The war will soon be over, boys,
And then, in countless numbers,
We'll go where drum and bugle notes
Will not disturb our slumbers;
And when our loved ones greet us home,
And give their long kept kisses,
We'll ever tell and sing the deeds
Of modest, brave Ulysses.

My principal songs, written in the Army of the Cumberland, are "Old Rosy Is Our Man," "Brother, When Will You Come Back?," "Bragg-a-Boo" and "Peter Butternut's Lament," most of them to old melodies. I sold upward of \$20,000 worth of stamps. This part of my mission was quite hazardous, and in two instances placed me in great peril.

My stamps were carried in a large tin can, strapped to my body and swinging under my left arm. Its capacity was \$500 worth. It was a tempting article to rogues when full, and many were the plans to capture it, one of which was so nearly successful that it cost one highwayman his liberty for an indefinite time.

After the defeat of Bragg's army, at Stone River, I started from Murfreesboro' to replenish my can. Arriving at the Post Office, in Nashville, I learned that there was not a stamp in the office, but a military train being about to make the attempt to reach Louisville, I obtained a pass and transportation and pushed on 200 miles farther.

But 20 miles beyond Elizabeth, Ky., the roads were torn up and the train went back to Nashville, while I, on foot and alone, plodded on one night and a day toward Lebanon Junction, where I found the trains running as usual to Louisville.

But unfortunately I fell into the hands of a squad of Morgan's men, who robbed me of \$18, all they could find about my body or in my satchel, but I fooled them on my stamp money, which in large bills was hidden under a nicely fitting wig. I knew the gang were in the neighborhood and prepared for them.

If the length of this sketch will admit, I think one incident of my field hospital experience will greatly interest many of the Journal readers in Maine.

During the battle of Malvern Hills I had charge of the hospital camp at Carter's Landing, about two miles below the battle field. From 3 P. M. till past 8 the roar of cannon, shells and rifles was terrible to hear, to say nothing of the falling of those in the fight. Before sundown ambulances and army wagons came pouring into the camp all laden with dying, dead or wounded men.

On Col. Carter's plantation an immense field of wheat lay in gavel just as it came from the cradle. With all the men I could secure well enough to carry a bundle of wheat I began

making beds for the thousands who would need them before morning.

By 7 o'clock in the morning the camp was abandoned for Harrison's Landing, two miles farther down the river.

I had just reached the place when I saw a very large man on a stretcher, covered with an army blanket. Thinking it might be the body of one of my dead friends, I turned the blanket from the face, when I found it was my friend Capt. Robert Stevens of the Fifth Maine, with a bullet hole through his thigh.

"What can I do for you, Capt. Stevens?"
"For God's sake send me home to die with my family," was his answer.

"I will try," was all I could promise.
A few rods from the Captain I found another friend, Lieutenant Colonel Marsh of the Sixteenth New York.

Getting the same answer to my same question and making the same promise, I started to see what a man without shoulder straps, or even a Corporal's stripes, could do to send one man to Maine and another to Gouverneur, N. Y., to die with their families.

For a few minutes I was bewildered, not knowing what to do. Looking down the James River I saw the gunboat Susan Small at anchor, three-quarters of a mile away. I knew she was a hospital ship, for I had drawn supplies from her the night before at Carter's Landing.

I must board that ship at once! But how was it to be done?

At the pier there were five huge boats of a pattern I had never seen, with rowlocks for four oars, but only one oar to be found.

I must have a helper to manage this kind of a craft. A dollar secured a strong negro for the rest of the day.

Julius could row, but could not scull. As we had but one oar the boat must be moved by sculling. Luckily there was a groove in the stern, and I shipped my oar to make my first trial in this kind of seamanship. I astonished myself, and Julius said, "You is a right smart sailor."

But it was hard work, and the speed very slow. Not a breath of wind moved the surface of the James, and my hail of "Gunboat Susan Small, ahoy!" was answered when 50 rods away.

The officer answering my hail, finding I had no orders from a high officer, refused my request to take these wounded men on board, but when his steward heard my name and told the officer that I was the man to whose order he issued supplies the previous night, he said: "Bring your men alongside and we will take them." For two men to put a man on a stretcher on one of these boats was indeed a perilous undertaking, but we did it.

Six times I sculled that huge boat three-quarters of a mile that afternoon with hands that were blistered, before reaching hailing distance the first time.

The ship left for New York the next morning, but the Colonel died before reaching port. The Captain was spared until the present year, dying in Biddeford, Me., much honored at death, as well as a highly respected, crippled veteran for 30 years.

E. W. LOCKE.
Chelsea, Mass.

THE BRAVE TWENTY-EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS.

The First Maine Cavalry, a most gallant, brave and efficient body of men, represent that they were in more fights during the war than any other body of cavalry, if not of any organization, and I think they claim that they lost as many men.

There is another regiment, from Massachusetts, which I think can claim as great a loss of officers and men as the First Maine Cavalry or any other body of troops. I refer to the gallant Twenty-eighth Massachusetts Volunteers, better known as the "Faugh-a-Ballaghs." They lost terribly in officers and men at James Island, and in the campaign of 1864 they were terribly decimated. It was the only regiment in the "Irish Brigade" who were armed with the Enfield rifles, the other regiments of the brigade in 1864—the Sixty-ninth and Eighty-eighth New York—being armed with the altered-over Springfield guns—i.e., changed from the old flintlocks to the percussion lock having the round bullet with three buckshot in the cartridge. When this regiment went into the Wilderness they had 385 men and 27 officers. They lost heavily in the tangled woods of the Wilderness. Capt. McIntyre, a young, gallant, brave and efficient officer, was killed in the woods on the first day. They went into the fight with Hancock's Corps in his daylight charge upon the lines of the enemy, and lost heavily. This fight was called the "Hancock daylight charge" (at Spottsylvania), which resulted in the capture of 3000 prisoners and 22 pieces of artillery, including two general officers—Generals Stewart and Wise. The gallant Gen. Francis C. Barlow commanded the First Division, and after the capture of the earthworks and guns, assisted in person to turn the captured guns upon the enemy.

Again, at Spottsylvania May 18 the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts made a charge and captured a line of earthworks and held it until

obliged to fall back. At this fight the gallant "Dandy Lawler," Major Lawler and Captain Magner and Captain Corcoran were all mortally wounded. These were valuable officers, whom the regiment or Government could ill afford to lose. Captain James Fleming, subsequently Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, was wounded. Captains Annand and Page were also wounded. Continuing on to Cold Harbor on the 3d day of June, 1864, just 30 days from crossing the river on this campaign, the regiment was reduced to less than 100 men and but three officers, Capt. Nolan, Capt. Noyse and myself being the only officers unhurt. At Cold Harbor we lost our Colonel, Byrnes, who had but just returned from recruiting service at Boston, and had assumed command of the brigade. Col. Byrnes was a Lieutenant of the United States army, detailed and made Colonel of the Twenty-eighth. At Cold Harbor we also lost that gallant officer, Lieutenant West of Chelsea, who received a bullet wound in the abdomen and retired down the hill in a dying condition. He died before reaching hospital.

I do not think there was another regiment which returned home at the end of the war with a less number of their original men than the celebrated "Faugh-a-Ballaghs." After Cold Harbor I was detached again upon the staff of the First Division, Second Corps, commanded by Major General F. C. Barlow, and subsequently by the present Major General Nelson A. Miles. I shall try and give you some experiences from a staff officer's point of view up to the time of Ream's Station, Aug. 25, 1864, at which time I received a wound that prevented my following the army further.

MARTIN BINNEY.

Late Captain Twenty-eighth Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, A. D. C. First Division, Second Corps, Army of the Potomac. Somerville.

FREDERICKSBURG.

It has been often demonstrated in courts of justice and elsewhere that either of two persons viewing the same transaction may observe or be impressed differently. There could hardly be a better illustration of this fact than is found in the numerous differing accounts of events in the Civil War.

And is it not natural enough that differences of statements occur when the variation of locality in the line—the lay of the land—and of temperament are borne in mind? And do they not promise eventually a more complete history?

After a battle the report of a commander of an army must deal with the more important and consolidated subjects; those of commanders of corps, divisions, brigades and separate troops are more particular in detail, and when the Colonel or other officer in charge of a regiment, battery, etc. sends his summary to the Adjutant General of the State which his command represents, more concise and succinct records are made. But, after all, it seems to me, the many histories of separate organizations prepared by associations of the survivors thereof, the writings relating to wartime life and events, and by no means least the valuable contributions of indefatigable and ubiquitous war correspondents like "Carleton,"

Reid and others, are the glossary—the chinks and cement—that explain and make whole erroneous, incomplete and fragmentary accounts when from time to time furnished.

Much has been said and written of the battle of Fredericksburg (Dec. 13, 1862, more particularly). The afternoon of that day, with its death sweep of iron and lead across the plain in front of Marye's Heights, furnished much to write of. As one of the participants in the onslaught there, my diaries and memory contribute the following mite, relating more particularly to the part taken by the Eighteenth Regiment of our State.

After partial recovery from a wound received in a charge made by the regiment—notwithstanding a certain school history book says none of the Fifth Army Corps was engaged—on Aug. 30, 1862, at Groveton Station, or Gainesville, a; sometimes called, during the battle of second Bull Run, the writer rejoined his regiment Nov. 10 near Warrenton Junction, Va. On the way back my companions were two other wounded officers, Lieut. Pomeroy of the regular infantry and Lieut. Justin E. Dimick, Jr., of the United States artillery. The last named was a son of Colonel Justin E. Dimick, U. S. A., to whom our regiment, the Third Massachusetts Militia, three months'

men, reported at Fortress Monroe, Va., April 20, 1861. Lieutenant Dimick was killed on May 3, 1863, directly in front of our line (and regiment, the Eighteenth), near the road north of "Chancellorsville House," where the Fifth Corps, or most of it, was in close column en masse supporting the batteries there collected to repel one of the enemy's attempts to break through on that last day of fighting in that splendidly managed campaign at first, so badly "petered out" at last.

We were informed at Alexandria that the army was at White Plains. We found upon our arrival there one army wagon and a car side-tracked (at Rectortown), that was to carry General McClellan away from the Army of the Potomac; an event that caused a feeling, quite general, not compassed by the word "regret," but nearer bordering on that of injustice.

The army was from 25 to 30 miles away. As darkness was near we camped beneath the army wagon. 'Twas cold. Frozen snow covered the ground. We had no rations, and all three of us had unhealed wounds.

The man fit for Commissary proved to be Lieut. Pomeroy who fished out from a heap of broken boxes and barrels some rice, about a quarter of a pound of pork, and an old canteen when split made two frying pans. The teamster showed up from somewhere, we never knew, next morning, and we were not long in finding out that neither of us could stand the jolting of the army wagon, and so "hoofed it" most of the way to our several commands. This little episode is noted here partly for the purpose of disabusing some minds. I have heard expressed, of the notion that officers stayed at home, or in hospitals, as long as they could when wounded. Dimick's wound, as before stated, was unhealed, as were ours, and very severe, being through the shoulder. A letter just referred to (Feb. 1, 1863) is from a well-known lawyer in Boston, now a Justice of a District Court in one of the suburbs of the city, to the writer at the front, complaining of his slow recovery from a severe wound received at Fredericksburg preventing him from resuming the command of his company in the Eighteenth Massachusetts. Such manifestations of impatience to return were not exceptions, but the rule.

During the preparations for the movement at Fredericksburg the Eighteenth Massachusetts lay in front of Falmouth, near Stoneman's switch and adjacent to the bridge of the Aquia Creek Railroad. We were so crowded that this place was designated as "Camp Smoke." Covering against the blasts of winter was scarce owing to the disorganized condition of railroad transportation. The best the officers of the line could do was to control the service of the small d'Aubre (shelter) tents, which were a part of the camp and garrison equipage accompanying the uniforms of the Chasseurs a Pied awarded the regiment just

after the great review of the Army of the Potomac at Bailey's Cross Roads, Va., on Jan. 16, 1862. The army which had recently marched from Warrenton Junction was stretched along the north banks of the Rappahannock from a point about eight miles out toward Hartwood Church. Its position generally is more fully and accurately described by "Carleton." It was formed in three grand divisions; the only such formation that my circumscribed military reading brings to mind since King David, and his General-in-chief, Joab, tried it when fighting the Ammonites and the mercenary Syrians.

The Fifth Corps, commanded by Gen. "Dan" Butterfield, was in the centre grand division, which was commanded by "Fighting" Joe Hooker. The Eighteenth Massachusetts had the right of the First Brigade of the First Division of the Fifth Corps, the brigade under command of Brig. Gen. James Barnes, who as Colonel took the Eighteenth to the front; and the regiment under command of Colonel Joseph Hayes, formerly its Major. Regiments had become so reduced in number by casualties and sickness that the constructions of brigades were materially changed. For instance, ours—the First—was comprised of the Eighteenth and Twentieth Regiments of Massachusetts, with the Second Company of Sharpshooters from this State, the Thirteenth and Twenty-fifth New York Regiments, the One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania, known as the "Corn Exchange" regiment, the First Michigan and the Second Maine Regiments. The loss in the brigade in the charge made was 600, 125 of which fell upon the Eighteenth Massachusetts, including two officers killed—Captain Kuby, Acting Major that afternoon, and Lieut. Hancock—Captain Collingwood was mortally wounded and six other officers were wounded, i. e., Captain Charles H. Drew, and Lieuts. Hemmenway, Winsor, Hanley, Walker and the writer.

About this time there was considerable feeling among the troops, not freely expressed publicly, because of the removal of McClellan and the proceedings against Gen. Fitz John Porter, our corps commander, up to the time of and a little after the close of the Bull Run battles, when he was succeeded by General Hooker. It was common rumor, too, that Gen. Burnside did not desire the command of the Army of the Potomac.

Early in the movement out to the hills in front of Fredericksburg, it was current in our regiment that the First Division of our corps was to be held in reserve for use at the critical juncture—and it came.

The efficiency in drill and discipline was never better than then.

We were not sent across the river till late in the day. From our position on the north bank we had a view of operations over there in our immediate front, and partly of those to the right and left of the centre grand division, respectively under the man-



FIGHT IN THE WOODS BEFORE FREDENICSHURG.

agement of Generals Sumner and Franklin. Here perhaps it may be excusable to interpolate an incident illustrative of a phase of army life. When the assembly was sounded for the brigade to "fall in," I was at the left of it conversing with Sergeant Orcutt of the Second Maine. We both hurried to our places, widely apart, the Eighteenth as stated being on the right. In the spring of 1864, when I was serving as Adjutant of the Draft rendezvous for Delaware and Maryland, Lafayette Barracks, Baltimore, a gentleman, a clerk in the War Department, walked into my quarters. It was Orcutt. When evening came the conversation naturally embraced each other's "luck" after parting at Fredericksburg. To my inquiry if he was wounded there, he took out one of his eyes and passed it to me. The member, and almost the other one, he had lost while passing through that awful hole, the railroad cut in rear of the city. The skillful substitution of a glass eye had escaped my notice during the day.

Marye's Heights were crowned with artillery. There was also a heavy gun in a redoubt diagonally towards Sumner's front that worried us terribly when passing through the railroad cut. Lower down the heights was a line of the enemy's infantry and some artillery, but we knew nothing of the division of the enemy in the sunk road behind a wall until a sheet of flame burst therefrom at short range. All but this we could see. It was and had been to us a fearful panorama. We had watched the advance and recoil of columns from our waiting spot on the other side; had beheld with mingled feelings of hope and fear the rolling smoke of battle above the woods away to the left, where Gen. Meade of Franklin's command was rolling up the right flank of the enemy like a blanket, only to be repulsed for want of support, while to our right, and partly within our range of vision, Sumner's artillery and infantry were keeping up an incessant roar.

The assembly is sounded. Our time has come. Though late, the work will be speedy; bloody.

Crossing the pontoon bridge at the lower end of the city, death and desolation strikes the vision in every direction. Dead men, rebel and Union, the skirts of their blouses thrown over their faces by some kindly hand in many instances, lay in doorways, yards and upon the sidewalk.

We moved some distance westerly through the street, and then filed off to the left for the open in rear.

When passing through the city there were incidents to be laughed at under ordinary circumstances. Shot and shell from the rebel batteries cut queer capers. One goes through a house, and evidently a flour barrel, too; and as it crosses the street a little in front of us it has, comet fashion, a nebulae of flour for a tail. An old negro woman, a dog with his fore paws upon her shoulders, is on a door-stoop singing and

clapping her hands as if the millennium had arrived.

After passing through the city our course was diagonally and westerly toward the front about 60 rods. I should judge toward the front of Gen. Sumner's division. In this move we were compelled to scramble through and over a boarded sluiceway, after passing which the brigade was halted, there being a rise of ground in our front of three or four feet. Soon the order was given to "charge!" The touch of the elbow was well maintained till on the extreme right the company to which the writer was assigned for that occasion only being the extreme right was confronted by a substantial board fence, which was being made a "skimmer" of by rebel bullets. The boys had larger holes through it in less time than it takes to tell of it, but it split our company, Lieut. Winsor, who was in command, having one part, and the writer the other, until after we had passed a house standing alone farther out in the field, and behind which wounded men swarmed for such protection against the fearful cannonade and musketry fire as it might furnish. As this very circumstance has a bearing upon a controversy in other quarters, I dwell more minutely upon it.

It should for this purpose be remembered that the Eighteenth Massachusetts had the extreme right of the line in this charge, and the company to which the writer was attached was the right flank company of the regiment. The conformation of the ground was such towards the left as to allow the Eighteenth to go considerably further before receiving the enemy's fire from behind the wall than regiments to the left of it. From my position I plainly saw from 30 to 50 rebels on the north side of the wall, just as if their line was straight and extended over a bend in the wall. Of this I am certain for just at the point of charging this squad, which was further to our right than our line, was wounded. I believe the Corporal (Guild) who was with me at this juncture is yet living and can verify the correctness, in the main features, of this statement.

When crawling from the field, bullets from somewhere came so near my head, throwing mud in my face even, I rolled over as if dead among a very well defined line of corpses. They were men of Meagher's brigade, and had the emblematic green trimmings on them.

Finally I reached a point at the rear, near where we started to charge.

The second brigade was in line there. And I would like to insert here the inquiry as to who the officer of the Ninth Massachusetts was that sent two men over the slope who carried me behind a brick kiln and "braided me up."

I would like to meet him if he lived through; and expect to if he's dead.

The result of this sanguinary charge was just about what the men thought it would be. But they went in without a murmur.

The following from the New York Herald refers to the part taken by the Eighteenth:

"* * * The Eighteenth Massachusetts advanced gallantly under a terrific fire of two concentrating batteries, advancing some 200 paces nearer the rebel batteries and line of battle than Meagher's Irish Brigade had been able to go. A second charge was also made, and when ordered to retire they brought back their wounded and also their tattered colors."

Poor Lieutenant Walker. He has left us. After varying experiences he and I fetched up next day in a tent in the lee of a hill on the north side of the river, where they were cutting off legs and arms, etc.—a temporary affair. We had brooms for crutches. The missile that hit him made an awful hole, so that he would have

been obliged to "stand up" at the dining table, if there were any such thereabouts, for some time to come. Walker insisted that the rebel who shot him must have fired with the bullet the wormer.

Our wounds had not received attention. The sheet-iron stove had attractions. The loss of blood and the heat combined took the remaining strength out of his legs, and over he went "all in a heap." I was leaning on some medicine chests, whereon were the surgeon "tools" and medicines. Noticing a bottle of ammonia I grabbed it, forgot for the moment that I too had a "game" leg, and, while trying to stoop over to revive him, fell upon him, pouring the liquid into his mouth, eyes, ears and nostrils. He revived! Was there scientific swearing in Flanders? You should have heard Lieutenant Walker.

K. W. EVERSON.



LIEUTENANT NEWCOMB SAVING THE COLORS, MARYE'S HEIGHTS.

A WAR ANNIVERSARY.

Thirty years ago, December 13, Burnside's army crossed the Rappahannock and brought on the battle of Fredericksburg. Thirty years ago! What veteran can realize such a lapse of time since the occurrence of an event every incident of which to him who participated in it seems—or so seems to the writer—as fresh and vivid as though it all happened but yesterday! A remarkable battle it was in some features that distinguished it from battles in general.

The sudden shock of hostile forces unexpectedly meeting at the intersection of lines of march, as at Gettysburg; the rapid overtaking of the enemy, checking his advance and compelling him to turn at bay like a cornered rat, as at Antietam; the halting of a flying army in full retreat and the tremendous impact of advancing columns, as at Second Bull Run; each event bringing on the clash of arms with scarcely an interval for thought—the serried ranks being precipitated upon each other in the excitement and fervor of hot passion and under the spur of suddenly aroused combativeness—a slap in the face as it were, awaking ready resentment and quick reprisal—all this was vastly different from lying for days, ingloriously inactive, awaiting the means to cross a broad river, beyond whose

watery barrier tantalizingly stretched an unobstructed path to the goal that had so often and so mockingly eluded, so to speak, our persistent and bloody endeavors to attain it: beholding a position of incalculable importance inviting peaceful occupancy, gradually being covered by a hostile army, while we, in enforced idleness, witnessed day by day the augmentation of the enemy's forces and noted his busy toil and strenuous preparations to strengthen and render impregnable a vantage ground formidable enough in its natural naked ruggedness.

Such were the days of anxious and harassing contemplation during that interval "between the enacting of a dreadful thing and the first motion," as the Federal army lay alone: the Stafford and Falmouth Heights waiting for the pontoon trains, which seemingly were never to arrive, and for the word to "forward" from its commander.

But at last the pontoons came, the bridges were laid, and on Friday, the 12th of December, the advance of the army proceeded to cross.

My individual reminiscences are confined to the battle on the left, "part of which I was, and all of which I saw." Our regiment—the Thir-

teenth Massachusetts—had from its organization developed an adaptability for light infantry tactics second to none in the army, its effectiveness due partly to its personnel and largely to the fact that our Colonel (now General Samuel H. Leonard of Worcester) was one of the best and most indefatigable masters of drill in the service. So we were perfectly at home when, on reaching the southern bank of the river, we were deployed as skirmishers. Not an enemy was at first sight, and, unlike the experience of our comrades on the right, our crossing was unopposed.

As the bugles sounded to advance, the long line of skirmishers stepped briskly forward, until passing over a rising ground the broad plain, whose present smiling and peaceful aspect was in less than twenty-four hours to be disturbed by the horrid din and turmoil of contending armies, burst upon the view.

Bisecting this plain could be seen a long row of evergreen trees planted at wide intervals apart on an embankment, indicating one of those beautiful roadways for which this section of the Old Dominion is justly celebrated. It was the famous Bowling Green or Richmond pike.

And now, midway of the plain and against this dark background, suddenly emerged into view an opposing line of gray-clad riflemen—the enemy was before us, prepared, apparently, to dispute the right of way.

In appearance only, however, for as we advanced the "Johnnies" slowly retreated and we wonderingly saw them clamber over the roadbank and disappear. Thus far not a shot had been fired, which told to each side that the opposing force was composed of veteran troops with nerves too well schooled to lose self-control, forget discipline and become "rattled" at the first sight of an enemy.

Undoubtedly each man's pulse was a little quickened, as we drew nearer and nearer, at the seeming certainty that behind the frowning embankment hundreds of death-dealing tubes were leveled at us; but

sounded the bugles, and on we went, mounted the bank and through the gaps in the cedars beheld our foe slowly retiring behind a ridge of land on the other side of the road and which ran for a long distance parallel with it.

Once in the roadway the bugles signaled to halt, and the strain upon both moral and physical powers was relaxed for the present at least.

An incident, or rather a series of incidents, not uncommon in similar situations later in the war, but of which I believe this was among the first, marked our occupation of the Bowling Green road. It was apparent that the Confederates had established their outposts along the parallel ridge in front of us; and it soon became equally evident that the battle was not to be joined that day, and that our skirmish line was as far advanced as was practicable without precipitating an engagement.

All remained quiet in our front; not a shot had been fired, and a mutual understanding not to begin hostilities appeared to have been es-

tablished in some indefinable way between the two picket lines. Moreover, from time to time a Confederate would come out a few paces from the ridge and shout some good-natured badinage at us, to which we responded in a strain pitched to the same tune.

At length a "grayback" was seen to advance, waving a handkerchief and offering to meet one of "you-uns" half way for a friendly confab. A ready response greeted the proposal, and one of the "thirteenth" was soon sent forth with a well-filled haversack containing sugar, coffee, salt and hard tack, the joint contribution of his messmates.

The advance of the friendly foes, deliberately timed so that they would meet at a point equidistant from either line, was eagerly and excitedly watched by both sides. As the men neared each other they were seen to extend a welcoming hand, and then as the palms of "Johnnie" and "Yank" met in a fraternal clasp an electric thrill went straight to the heart of every beholder.

Such a wild, prolonged and hearty cheer, such a blending of Yankee shout and rebel yell as swelled up from the opposing lines was never before heard even in battle! The contents of the haversack were soon transferred to the adventurous rebel, who in turn loaded our man down with native tobacco and bacon.

As the afternoon wore on numerous similar affairs occurred, the utmost good fellowship being manifested. It was learned that our immediate opponents were the Nineteenth Georgia Regiment; they told us that they had tasted neither coffee, sugar nor salt for months.

We were fated to meet a large part of this regiment later on the next day, but as prisoners—and very cheerful ones, too—taken at the first charge of our line. They were as fine a set of fellows, for rebels, as we ever met during the war—inelligent, in short, excellent specimens of American manhood, among them being a graduate of Harvard College, whose name I have forgotten.

All that night we remained on picket; no quieter night was ever passed in winter quarters. But at daylight the stir and bustle and hurried movements, the steady tramp of men, mingled with the vibrations of artillery wheels and rumbling of heavily loaded ammunition wagons, betokening an army on the march, were borne along on the morning breeze.

It was not far from 8 o'clock, I think, that the division of Pennsylvania Reserves came up, and immediately their pioneers attacked with axe, pick and shovel the road bank and soon a sufficient space was cut out for the passage of the troops and artillery. The impression will never leave me of the advance of the leading brigade as in close column it marched gallantly out upon the open plain. The movement was evidently a blunder, for while they were still in motion Gen. Meade, at that time command-



AMERICANS AND BROTHERS.

ing the division, attended by his staff, rode up to the gap, pausing there to survey the field.

As I stood at my elevated post on the embankment I could have touched him by extending my arm. He sat his horse for a moment, and then excitedly raising both hands, in a gesture of despair, cried:

"Good God! How came that brigade out here? No artillery—no supports! They will be cut to pieces!"

And then he quickly dispatched an aide with some order to the imperiled troops, who were seen to hastily deploy, and another to hasten up a battery which soon came thundering through the gap and unlimbered just as a single shot came plunging along from the opposite woods followed by crash after crash from the rebel guns, and the air was filled with the shrieks of flying shells and solid shot!

The battle on the left had begun.

Our division—Gibbon's—was being formed to the right of Meade, and at this moment, and in the midst of this storm of shot and shell, we were hurried in that direction and thrown out to cover the former's position.

Meanwhile the rebels had withdrawn down the slope and along the railroad track, and the ridge just relinquished was now occupied by our skirmishers. The "picnic" of the day before was evidently not to be repeated; a bloody struggle was before us.

I remember how fair a morning it was, how balmy, even though in the midst of December, was the air, and how cheerful the sunshine as we moved out and took our station along the ridge, hearing at the same time the furious battle that was raging on the right, and eye witnesses of the obstinate and bloody fight that Meade was making on our left.

But now our own part of the field was to be involved. On a rising ground at our rear Hall's Maine battery had gone into position, and now his guns began to play over our heads into the woods that partially screened the Confederate works.

We were forced to lie down, for the Federal missiles came perilously low, Hall being compelled to depress his pieces in order to throw a plunging fire into the enemy's line. As an illustration of our danger from this source, following the discharge of one of the Maine guns, we heard a terrific screech down the skirmish line, and suddenly beheld a knapsack hurled into the air and one of our boys—of Company H, I think—was borne to the rear, dying, we were told, on the way. A shell had torn through his side.

A rebel battery posted in the edge of the woods was severely annoying our line of battle, which was lying down behind us waiting for the word to go into action, when Hall, suddenly concentrating the fire of all his guns on that point, effectually silenced the rebel cannon. During the momentary lull that followed this achievement all eyes were at once directed toward the

silenced battery by a terrific explosion, followed by the unique spectacle of an enormous and perfectly symmetrical ring of smoke rising slowly over the tops of the trees, and sailing gracefully away until it became dissipated in the distance.

Hall's last shot had exploded a rebel caisson, killing and wounding, as was afterward learned, a large number of men.

But meanwhile we skirmishers were not idle. The rebel sharpshooters had ensconced themselves among the limbs of the opposite trees, and were popping away at us and picking off the officers in the line of battle behind. Our own rifles were hot with constant firing, and every tree that sheltered a "Johnny" was made the billet for many a bullet. What execution our shooting did, as a whole, it was hard to tell. We now and then saw a rebel slide down from his cover and limp away; but it was at least equally effective, if not more so, than that of the enemy, for as we lay at the regulation distance of five paces apart the intervening ground was literally peppered with hostile lead, but up to a certain period not one of us had received a scratch.

My immediate neighbor on the left was N. M. Putnam, late of Hyde Park, whom we, his few surviving comrades, sadly bore to his last resting place at Forest Hill, only last spring. "Put," as he was familiarly called, was the model of a soldier; one of those men of sturdy New England build, morally and physically, always ready for any duty, and who could never acquire apparently the first principles of the art of shirking, whether it was that of the most disagreeable police duty or the more dangerous one of keeping his file in the face of bursting shell and a storm of leaden hail; presenting, moreover, the rare example of an old soldier who never drank a drop of intoxicating liquor, never smoked or chewed tobacco, was absolutely insensible to the fascinations of poker, loo or seven-up, and was never known to indulge in even the mildest and most innocuous cues word.

It happened, on this of all days, to be "Put's" turn to carry the mess wash-basin, a new and glittering affair recently bought of the sutler.

We all had our knapsacks on, and as we lay on our bellies—firing in that position, turning sideways to load—it might have been thought that such an object, slung on the back of a knapsack, would afford a first-class mark for a Southern rifeman.

We noticed, indeed, but without divining the cause, that the shots were coming a little thicker and faster about the particular spot where we lay, until a "Bucktail"—one of the famous Pennsylvania regiment so named because they had adopted the device of wearing a buck's tail on their caps—who was next to me on the right, sang out:

"Tell that cuss to take that d— tin pan off 'm his back!"

I passed the warning to "Put" just at the

moment when there came the sharp pish of a bullet, accompanied by a slight tintinnabulation—I am sure that must be the right word—or it—and "Put" hastily tore off the ba-sin. Such a comical look of stupefied consternation came over his face as he held up the bright object and exhibited a jagged hole completely through it, that we who beheld it fairly yelled with laughter. The next instant, with a frantic gesture, "Put" threw the thing from him, and it rolled with many a grotesque gyration down the slope almost to the rebel lines. That was close shooting, and we Northern veterans have good reason not to deny the abilities of "our friends the enemy" in that line. We all remember the characteristic story of the Northern traveler who witnessed the Kentucky lad shoot a squirrel dead with his pea-bore rifle and who began to blubber on examining his prize. "What's the matter, my boy? Why do you cry?" "Pap will give me a lickin' 'cause I didn't shoot the varmint through the head!"

But now a sudden commotion in the rear, and the sound of our bugles to fall back, told that our long, harassing and nerve-wearing duty was finished.

Grandly came forward our line of battle, and the New York Ninth, whose front we had been covering—the noble, gallant, whole-souled boys of Brooklyn and New York city, with whom we had fraternized since the early days of '61, and between whom and the old Thirteenth a perfect Damon and Pythias tie subsisted—opened its ranks to permit us to pass through, and then with a word of cheer that involuntarily partook perhaps of the nature of an adieu, we passed to the rear.

A minute, five minutes, perhaps more, perhaps less, for who can measure time at such a moment? and then a flame of fire and a cloud of smoke shrouded them from our view, as volley after volley of musketry, punctuated by the deep diapason of cannon and bursting shell, thundered and echoed over the plain.

The advance and the retreat, the repeated charges and final bloody repulse, the brave, stand up fight our boys made, the useless, purposeless holocaust—all this is history, engraven forever on the hearts of the American people.

And so, for us of the Thirteenth, ended the battle on the left,

GEORGE E. JERSON.

A LITTLE CAMP FUN.

When the Fourth Battalion of Rifles was growing into the Thirteenth Infantry (Col. Leonard) at Fort Independence, the boys bezzled the tedium of garrison duty and drill with some pronounced horse play, of which some of the most popular comrades were victims. Early one morning Capt. Fox, afterward Mayor of Cambridge, was suddenly aroused from sleep by a deluge of water which covered him and his bed. It was to be expected that the Captain would arise, shake himself and put to blush the profane army in Flanders, but the lurking witnesses of his discomfiture were disappointed. He only turned over and remarked to himself, sotto voce, and with characteristic deliberation: "Somebody, doubtless by accident, has spilled some water." Lieut. H. T. Kockwell, who chanced to hear the observation and reported it with "ghoulish glee," might have been able to tell who spilled the water.

The writer of this belonged to a regiment the members of which received a good many boxes of dainties from solicitous friends in Boston and vicinity, where they enlisted. Whether or not

those dainties included some actual seed cakes, the Forty-fourth ere long acquired among, possibly, envious comrades of other battalions, the ignominious cognomen of "Seed Cake Regiment." In one of Gen. Butler's Guernatorial campaigns he erroneously transferred this appellation to the Forty-fifth, of which one of his political foes, Col. Codman, had been the gallant leader. The mistake, I think, was duly corrected before the end of the canvass, but it was probably never generally known that the title was the invention of a soldier of the Forty-fourth itself, the same incorrigible wag, in fact, who, while Newbern was under siege, circulated the exclusive information among his comrades that the commander of the rebel force had notified Gen. Foster to remove the women and children and the Forty-fourth Regiment from the town, as he, the rebel commander, was about to make an assault. Notwithstanding all this and more, Dave Howard of Company D was not without warm friends and admirers in the regiment of his lampoons. Z. T. HAINES.

HEROIC MOTHER AND A HEROIC SON.

The first member to die of Company E of the Thirty-third was Private George Osborne of Manchester, Mass. He was the son of a widow, the last of a family of five boys. If I remember rightly all had died in the army. His mother learned he had enlisted in my company, and wrote me he was the last of her five boys. As he was young, she desired me to look after his welfare as much as possible. He was taken sick near Fairfax Court House and sent to the hospital there. A few days after the regiment was ordered to Thoroughfare Gap, when young Osborne heard the regiment had left, he, with

some others, left the hospital and came on after, reaching the regiment late at night. I was informed of his arrival, and went to his tent to see him.

I told him he should have remained in the hospital till he got stronger, but he said he thought he would be able to keep with the company and had rather die with the regiment than be left in the hospital. No one who has not been in the army knows how hard it was for those young soldiers to be left in the hospital sick among the sick and dying, with no friends to cheer them. While having our morning company drill the



THE WOUNDED COMPANY WASH BASIN.

next morning word was brought me young Osborne was dead. I was utterly astonished, having no idea he was so low. He had used up all his strength to reach the regiment and just sank right away and died before morning.

Orders reached us that morning to march back to Germantown, near Fairfax. Hastily we prepared his grave in a little hollow at the foot of a noble chestnut tree, on the right, just as you enter Thoroughfare Gap. We wrapped his blanket about him and fired the farewell salute as we replaced the turf on his lonely grave.

He was the first of Company E to die. It was a sad moment for us all. He was a good boy, whom all liked. With a sad heart I informed his mother of the death of the last of her fam-

ily. In her anguish she did not forget the cause for which her sons died, and blessed God she had been able to rear a family of boys who were willing to give their lives when their country's need demanded it. She said she had no one to love, no son in the army, and would adopt me, as I had been kind to her boy when alive. Many were the kind and motherly letters and little presents, such as stockings, mittens, handkerchiefs, etc., which I received from that true American mother. The fact that all her sons were willing to give their lives for their country was the one consoling thought in her great grief. It was such mothers at home that made the war a success.

Kennebunkport, Me.

W. H. H. HINDS.

GEN. MEAGHER'S ADDRESS AT FREDERICKSBURG.

On that memorable 13th of December, 1862, while we were waiting in the city of Fredericksburg for the order to move forward under the frowning guns on Marye's Heights, many who heard the eloquent voice of Gen. Meagher of the Irish Brigade will remember some of his noble words to his brave soldiers.

The time was drawing near when the soldiers must march on the double quick over the deadly plain. The firing had been continuous for a long time, but the increased rattle of musketry told that something more sweeping than the work of the whizzing shells was flying through the air. The hissing of those little bullets which they were soon to hear, the General well knew would make many a stout heart faint.

It was then, just before his men were to be ordered to the front lines, that Gen. Meagher rode along the street and, like the great Napoleon, addressed the brave fellows under his command. His sentences were short, his words simple, the tones of his voice loud and clear. Something like these were some of the words he uttered:

"Soldiers, the eyes of a whole nation are upon you! March on bravely to victory! Do your duty to a man! A glorious cause is yours!

"Soldiers, be true! Do not falter in the hour of battle! Stand by your flag, and do not shirk in the hour of danger! Stand by me, my brave men, and the victory shall be ours!

"Soldiers, let your step be firm! We fight for the dear ones at home. Let no word go over the wire that my soldiers were cowards. I know that can never be. You came to fight for the Union, to overcome the enemies of this free land of ours. I know you will stand up like the brave men I have found you to be. Soldiers, I can trust you! I know you are ready to meet the foe: Come on, brave boys! I am proud to lead you to the conflict!"

History tells how bravely those men fought on that field of slaughter, but none except those who listened to Meagher's words can tell how inspiring were the speeches of one like him in such an hour.

South Hampton, N. H.

P. P. WHITEHOUSE.

A MOST GALLANT FEAT.

[Comrade John G. Crawford, now of Manchester, N. H., who served in the war in the Second Michigan Regiment under Phil Sheridan and other commanders, tells vividly an anecdote of a gallant charge at Fredericksburg, made to dislodge rebel sharpshooters from houses on the opposite bank of the Rappahannock, declared by many the most gallant in the war.]

I have been deeply interested in the department of the Journal devoted to the reminiscences of the war, and am conscious of the fact that the soldiers of no one State did all the fighting that saved the Union. No true veteran would detract from the glorious record of those who went from the Bay State. While it was my fortune to serve in a Michigan regiment, I had two brothers who were members of Massachusetts regiments, one of whom gave his life to the Union; the other, like Comrade Linehan, drove the enemy from many a field by the discordant notes of a regimental band.

"Carleton," in his description of the battle of

Fredericksburg, gives due credit to the Seventh Michigan. The story of that battle, the heroism displayed by the leaders of the forlorn hope, cannot be too often told. The account given at the time, when every movement was fresh in the minds of those who described it, is as interesting and as inspiring as the glorious account by "Carleton."

Many of your readers served in regiments from other States and their only desire is to let credit be given wherever it is due. Major Thomas H. Hunt, who commanded the Seventh Michigan after Lieutenant Colonel Baxter was wounded, in his report of the battle, said: "On the morning of the 11th we were in line at day-break and marched between three and four miles to the Lacey House, which stands on the bank of the Rappahannock, directly opposite Fredericksburg."

"On arriving there we found that the Engineer Corps, which had been laying the pontoon bridge during the night and had succeeded in getting it about two-thirds of the way across.

had since that time been continually fired upon by the rebel sharpshooters, who were concealed in the houses and cellars along the opposite bank, and who killed and wounded so many of the workmen that they were forced to abandon the bridge. At this juncture we were ordered to deploy a skirmishers along the edge of the bank and below the bridge. This we did, and opened fire at will against the enemy on the opposite side, but under the protection of brick houses, cellars and rifle pits he could laugh at us with impunity. One hundred and forty pieces of artillery were then opened upon this part of the town but could not dislodge them. The attempt was again made to put down the bridge but again failed. General Burnside then proposed that a party of volunteers be made up to cross in the boats and dislodge them.

Our Colonel (Hall), now commanding brigade, told General Burnside that he had a regiment that would volunteer to cross, and made us the offer which was promptly accepted. Arrangements were made that the men of the Engineer Corps should man the boats and row us over. We placed our men along the banks of the river at proper intervals, so that they could take the boats quickly when all was ready, and after waiting about half an hour we were told that the officers of the Engineer Corps could by no means induce their men to undertake the job. The

proposition was then made that we man the boats ourselves. This proposition we also accepted, and at a given signal the men rushed to the boats, carried them to the water, jumped into them, and pushed gallantly out into the stream amidst a shower of bullets from the enemy which killed and wounded a great number of our men. Among the latter was Lieut. Col. Baxter, and here the command devolved upon me. The regiment charged gallantly up the ascent, taking possession of the rifle pits and buildings, also capturing 35 prisoners. During this affair we lost five killed and 16 wounded. It was said by the many thousands who witnessed this feat that it was the most gallant of the war, and I feel that our State should have the credit due her. I should not close without stating that the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts came to our support as soon as they possibly could and we held the ground until the pontoon bridge was finished and this wing of the army crossed, and did not ourselves recross again until the night of the 15th inst."

Gen. Thomas F. Meagher, in his report, said: "A few moments after 4 o'clock P. M. word was conveyed to me that a gallant body of volunteers had crossed the river in boats and taken possession of Fredericksburg. The State of Michigan fairly reserves to herself the largest measure of pride justified by this achievement."

JOHN G. CRAWFORD,
Manchester, N. H., late of the Second Michigan.

THE BURNING RAILROAD TRAIN.

(The story of a burning railroad train, which caused many a mile with its load of fire and exploding ammunition, is told by Pension Agent Osborne.)

The following incident occurred on Sunday, June 29, 1862, while the Army of the Potomac was falling back from its lines in front of Richmond, on its route to Harrison's Landing on the James River. The day broke exceedingly warm and sultry. Early in the morning my brigade (the Irish Brigade of Gen. Meagher) started up the tracks of the York and Richmond Railroad to reconnoitre in the vicinity of Fair Oaks.

In going and returning we observed that extensive preparations were being made to destroy large quantities of army stores that had accumulated at this point during the siege, and which we were unable to remove in the wagons during the time afforded us. Enormous fires were kindled, and into them were thrown boxes of hard bread, bales of clothing, cases of shoes, blankets, fragments of cars, tents, hospital stores, barrels of whisky and turpentine, and many other articles that go to make up Quartermaster's supplies. The whole combined made a fire covering nearly two acres.

This destruction of stores, says the Count of Paris, "was a sort of holocaust offered to the god of war," and such indeed it seemed to be. While this was taking place, the troops were hurrying to and fro, taking up the various positions assigned them on the hill opposite Sav-

age's Station, preparing to meet the enemy, who was momentarily expected.

The impressive nature of these scenes cannot be adequately portrayed by human language. An army of probably 80,000 men were mustering for battle; the rumbling of the artillery as it went from point to point over the field, the excited commands of hundreds of officers, the neighing of horses, and the roar of the flames, made up the wildest of all the wild scenes of war.

The noise and tumult were, however, of short duration. It was not long before everything had changed. By two o'clock the lines were formed, the artillery had unlimbered and taken position, and then could have been seen under the cloudless sky of that June day the corps of Heintzelman, Franklin and Sumner, with their numerous starry flags, quietly and calmly waiting for the storm of battle to burst upon them.

Another, and if possible, a stranger and more unusual scene was to be witnessed before the serious work of fighting was to begin. My brigade was in position near the crown of the hill overlooking the ravine through which ran the railroad. On the track near Fair Oaks station stood a train of nearly fifty baggage cars with a powerful locomotive attached to it. Into the cars had been put hundreds of kegs of powder, shells, cartridges, and other material of a highly combustible character. At a little after 2 o'clock the cars had been well loaded with their dangerous freight, and when this was done

each car was set on fire, the engineer opened wide the throttle of his engine, jumped from it, and left the train to plunge forward on its fiery course alone. In full view of the waiting army the burning train swept past Savage's station with the speed of lightning.

The grade from this point to the Chickahominy was descending, greatly increasing the velocity of the cars; every revolution of the wheels increased the volume of fire, so that now the form of the cars was scarcely visible—it was nothing short of one long chain of fire!

The distance from Savage's station to Meadow Bridge, which had already been burned, on the Chickahominy is not far from two and a half miles. When the train had reached the deep forest beyond the station a deafening explosion burst upon our ears. The fire had reached the ammunition and now in quick succession began to burst the shells.

The noise thus produced was simply terrific; first the loud, sullen sound of a huge shell rent the air, echoing far and wide through the deep

recesses of the forest; now came the explosion of smaller ammunition, sounding like the rattle of musketry. The scene of war seemed transferred to the upper regions; the shrieking, hissing missiles were coursing in all directions through the clear sky, far above the tops of the tallest trees; columns of white smoke were shooting up in gracefully tapering cones toward the zenith; beautiful circles, well defined, marked the explosion of shells.

The rattle and roar of the train were distinctly heard for some minutes, ending at last in a succession of crashing sounds.

I had the misfortune to be wounded at the battle of Malvern Hill two days later and to fall into the hands of the enemy, and while a prisoner in their lines I chanced to fall in with a North Carolina officer who had visited the scene where the burning train leaped into the Chickahominy. He told me that by actual measurement the engine and tender jumped full 20 feet when it left the end of the rails and lodged on the top of a tall pier in the bed of the stream!

WM. H. OSBORNE.

HOW A CORPORAL TURNED REPORTER.

Mr. Phineas P. Whitehouse, was a member of Company C, Sixth New Hampshire Volunteers.

During the war I wrote letters to local home papers, and although this fact was known to a few comrades, I think that very few, if any, soldiers outside of my own company looked upon me as a writer for the press. I was therefore not a little surprised at the beginning of the battles of the Wilderness in 1864, when the Adjutant of my regiment called me out from the ranks and detailed me for special service as a reporter of the great battles that that officer said were to follow.

The skirmishing had already begun, at least along our part of the line, and stray shots whizzed through the woods and stopped frightfully near us at times. I carried a musket, and marched in the front rank with my comrades. We also had with us our knapsacks containing our clothing, blanket, shelter, etc., our haversack, canteen, belt and cartridge box.

I was not personally acquainted with the Adjutant. I had spoken with him, as had scores of others, as occasion demanded in line of duty, but I did not suppose he knew me, except in a very indefinite manner, from a hundred other members of the regiment.

The Adjutant rode up to me where I stood in the line, and as nearly as I can remember addressed me in the following words:

"Corporal, we are going to have a great battle. I want you to come with me to make a report of it." The Captain of my company, if he noticed the incident at all, thought nothing of the fact that a man should be detailed from his company for some special service, and, without attracting the attention of any one in particular, I left my place in the line and found a slightly retired place a few rods in the rear, took out my pencil and paper and began to write.

It soon began to rain, and I put up my shelter on sticks or the branches of trees so as to keep off the wet, as it was not very convenient to write with the rain drops falling on my paper. The Adjutant rode away and left me to myself, but I think I had not written more than a page before he returned to see how I was progressing with my account.

I think I read him what I had written, and he expressed himself satisfied with my work. "I want you to come with me now," said he, and he rode off toward the left of the line, I following as best I could on foot. Of course, the Adjutant went faster on his horse than I could walk, but he rode up to another regiment and waited for my arrival. Asking the name of the regiment he turned to me and instructed me to make a memorandum of it, and then started off still farther to the left. The engagement was not general, still there was occasional firing, and deadly missiles would now and then come in our path. The Adjutant's horse was a good one, and he got over the ground at a lively pace. I, on foot, could progress but slowly in comparison.

We came to a battery, after traveling over not a little uneven ground, somewhat more open than where my regiment lay, when the Adjutant asked its name, and I made note of it as before. This performance was repeated till I found myself quite a distance away from my comrades, and the officer whose instructions I had been endeavoring to follow gave me permission to return to my retreat and continue my account of the movements of our regiment.

Our lines and those of the enemy were quite near, and the scattering shots which came from the Confederates were decidedly unfavorable to a very fitting choice of words in my description of the events then transpiring. I did not know what disposition the Adjutant intended to make

of my report. That was none of my business. My duty was to obey the orders of my superiors, and in this instance I did my best work under the circumstances. My musket lay idle beside me, while for the time I took up the pencil.

There lie on the desk before me as I write two soiled sheets of note paper on which are six quite closely written pages, the result of my work as regimental reporter at that time. I had written but three words on the seventh page of my notepaper when I saw the Colonel approaching my retreat. He looked at my musket, knapsack and other trappings at my side, and then at the owner busy with pencil and paper

I shall never forget the puzzled look of the Colonel when he asked:

"Corporal, what are you doing here?"

"The Adjutant has detailed me to write an account of the battle," I replied.

"Well," said he, "you may go to your company. The Adjutant isn't just right."

Of course I immediately obeyed, leaving my literary task unfinished, now realizing that I had been under the direction of an officer laboring under aberration of mind.

P. P. WHITEHOUSE.

South Hampton, N. H.



CORPORAL REPORTER.

A NIGHT ON PICKET.

[The following posthumous paper was written by Capt. John G. Mudge of Petersham, who served in the Department of the Gulf under General Banks.

The spring of 1863 found me enrolled as a soldier in the Grand Army of the Union. The regiment to which I had the honor to belong was assigned for duty in the "Department of the Gulf" whose headquarters were at New Orleans.

In the month of April the whole army, some 15,000 strong, started for a campaign through the western part of the State. Our march lay through the parishes of St. Mary, St. Martin and St. Landre, what is called the "Fecche Country"—the very garden of the State.

We landed from New Orleans by rail at Bernick Bay where we commenced our march. We felt our way along carefully often marching all day in line of battle. At Paltemenville we had our first fight our baptism of fire, captured Fort Bisland and drove the rebs toward Alexandria. The army pushed on in pursuit rapidly and in high spirits marching from 20 to 30 miles per day.

We reached New Iberia near night after a march of some 30 miles. At this place, on the outskirts of the village, our advance had had a "skirmish" with the rebs and some half a dozen of the latter lay dead by the roadside as we marched by in the early evening to camp for the night, at some three miles distance.

The spot of the skirmish, a few hours before was a beautiful plantation the home of one of those old French families who, in the past, had added lustre and renown to the history of the State, and in consideration of the well-known hostility of the owners to the Union and that the rebs had fired from this house upon our advance, "the boys" were allowed to "go

through it," sack, pillage and destroy every article within its walls. One who has never seen a house "sacked" by the "boys" can have no idea how faithfully they "do their work." "They" were "at it" while we were marching by to our camping ground for the night, where we arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening.

We had a long march that day and were "all played out," or at least we thought so. The boys dropped on the ground with hardly strength and ambition enough to get their suppers. I had been on duty as Captain of the picket guard, only the night before, and was congratulating myself upon a good night's rest, of which I stood much in need. "Ivel," that kind and thoughtful soul who ever afterward seemed to me a saint on earth and who two months afterward fell before Port Hudson, insisted upon making me my quart cup full of coffee. I was soon outside of that and lay flat on the ground munching "hard tack," winking at the stars in return and listening to the plaintive notes of the mourning dove in the swamp near by which seemed to speak to me of coming sorrow in the future.

In a moment my quiet, peaceful reverie was broken. Captain Blank, whose duty it was to command the guard picket that night, was sick, and had sent to me asking if I would do him the favor to take his place that night—could get no one else all seeming to have the best excuses.

I reluctantly consented, hastily throwing a few comforts such as I had into my haversack, and with my blanket on my arm, was soon marching with a detail of about 200 men to establish the picket line for the night.

The formation of a "picket line" of an army in an enemy's country is generally as follows: About a mile from the main army one-third of the detail is stationed, called the grand guard, which is the first line. About 600 yards from the grand guard are three detachments stationed in a circle some 200 yards apart, each detachment in charge of a Sergeant. This is the second line. Two hundred yards from the second line are stationed nine small detachments of men, each in command of a Corporal. This is the third line. From thirty to fifty yards farther are a line of sentinels within halting distance of each other. This is the fourth line and completes the half circle as far as the formation of the country will permit. The grand guard, or first line, is in command of a Captain and the Commanding Officer.

In case of an attack in force, the sentinels fall back upon the Corporals' details, they upon the Sergeants, and all upon the grand guard, when it is expected the enemy will be kept in check until the main army can be warned and formed in line of battle, ready to repel the foe. Once before midnight and once after the Captain or Lieutenant must visit the outposts. Oftentimes it requires a walk of two miles or more, stumbling along in the dark. One is thankful when it is well over.

I had just made the first rounds for the night, given orders for the Lieutenant to make the next, when I thrust myself upon the ground for rest and sleep. In a few moments I had dropped off "solid, too." How long I lay in that blissful state I never knew, but I was suddenly aroused by sound of voices—peals of laughter from a party of mounted men a little away from my right-greeted my ear. Fortunately it was dark, very dark, but among those voices I instantly recognized that of the Commanding General of the army I had known him a little at home before the war. There was no mistake about that voice. A cannon booming in my ear could not have started me more. Like a flash of lightning I leaped to my feet. Good heavens! the grand guard were all that on the ground sound asleep.

Visions of court-martial, dismissal and disgrace went crashing through my brain like a ball of fire. In the frenzy of the moment I grasped each man by the collar and lifted him to his feet and into line, hissing in his ear, "Great Jerusalem! General B. is right onto us; for blank's sake, wake up!"

I had barely time with my most frantic efforts to get my men in line, place myself at the right, give the order to "shoulder arms," "present arms," and "salute," before General B. and his staff were before me.

I had experienced several times in my life cold and also hot perspiration, but this time the latter ran off of me in rivers. Darkness had extraordinarily protected him from seeing the extraordinary situation of my command and the efforts I had made to receive him. He halted

for a moment, seemed to be in the best of spirits, and as I afterward learned had, with his staff, a little celebration at New Iberia that night and was on his return to his headquarters. He complimented me on the promptness, zeal and discipline of my command in a pleasant way and passed on.

Good heavens! What an escape! That moment was a crisis in my military life. Never did words of commendation fall more pleasantly upon my ear, but candor compels me to say never more undeserved. I was grateful, I felt as though a hissing bullet had passed by and left me unharmed.

However, I had hardly got over my scare before the Officer of the Day rode up, a Major of a New York regiment. We soon got into a little row—he threatened to put me under arrest. The fact was he had had too much whisky and I too little. But the matter was happily averted; yet out of revenge he kept me a dancing along the outposts until morning.

The fine rays of the sun shone upon the maddest Captain in the whole army, tired and worn out with the trials and duties of the night, with hardly strength enough left to express himself of the situation in accordance with the rules and regulations governing the army.

It was late that morning before we were relieved. The column was already marching; no chance for rations. I asked and obtained leave to straggle for a few hours and pick up my breakfast as best I could.

The army counter marched about three miles toward the village of New Iberia near the scene of action and pillage the day before. I went ahead of the regiment and determined to gratify my curiosity and examine the house and the work of the boys. It was a quaint old house filled with rich, old furniture and costly china imported from France, and the place was owned and occupied by the descendants of its nobility. But what a wreck! Every article was broken, destroyed or removed by some careful hand of a Union soldier.

After a close search I could find only two little articles that were worth my carrying away as mementoes of the place. As I passed into the back court I saw madam, the lady of the house. She sat at the foot of a tree, with only one attendant. All the men had fled. Her long white hair hung loosely on her shoulders—a perfect picture of despair, hatred and rage with the ruin which surrounded her. A feeble attempt on my part to say a word met with no response.

Just at that moment my eye caught sight of one of those Western boys with a basket full of eggs—fresh at that. It was the work of but a moment to order half a dozen into my haversack, thus making my breakfast a fixed fact. Going into a kitchen nearby, and with the remains of a mahogany chair for kindling wood, I soon had a good fire. In a few moments my coffee was boiling, my eggs were boiling, my harstuck and entire larder in a reachable position; by the way, it consisted of only salt, pepper and a little sugar. I never

CAPTAIN JOHN G. RUDGE (IN WAR).



CAPTAIN JOHN G. RUDGE (IN PEACE).



shall forget that breakfast. Such cooking! Such eggs never were equalled in my Northern home. So sweet, so delicious, perfect blending of the white and the yellow. Neither too hard nor too soft, but a half solid and liquid combination that one by one melted from my sight, but to my memory ever dear.

O ye housekeepers, if I could only impart the secret of my success in that morning hour your fortunes would be made forever; but, alas, I have tried in after years, often when circumstances seemed favorable, but never approached the sublimity of that occasion.

It was now about ten o'clock. Our brigade was miles away, and how to overtake our regiment began to press itself on my mind. However, I was full and happy and rested, in a

measure, with a general desire to forgive a large portion of my enemies.

In the rear of our column were a large number of "hangers on," negro men and women and some straggling soldiers. I saw one of the latter leading a horse. It was not much of a horse, but I thought I would purchase it.

The price was \$3, but, with a little Yankee shrewdness, I was soon the fortunate owner for nine shillings. My saddle and bridle, which I soon obtained, cost even less (in money), but what the recording angel put down for me that morning I never knew. A couple of hours of hard riding brought me into the arms of my boys, who received their Captain with shouts of laughter, thus ending my night of picket duty.

JOHN G. MUDGE

CAPTAIN JOHN G. MUDGE.

Capt. John Green Mudge was born in Winchester, N. H., March 26, 1823. He removed to Petersham, Mass., at the age of 25.

In 1842 he raised a company of volunteers in Petersham and adjoining towns, receiving a commission as Captain of Company F, Fifty-third Regiment, M. V. M. He enlisted for nine months, leaving Camp Stevens, Groton, Nov. 29, 1842, and was ordered to Louisiana with his regiment to serve in the Department of the Gulf under command of Gen. Banks. He was at the capture of Fort Bisland April 13, 1843. The Fifty-third, joining the besieging forces before Port Hudson, Capt. Mudge was engaged with his company during the siege, and, until the surrender July 9, in several skirmishes and assaults. During one of the most disastrous of these assaults, which occurred June 14, Capt. Mudge was wounded by a minie ball, losing the lower portion of the left ear.

In a letter written in the woods near Port Hudson, he tells of this ill-fated attempt upon the enemy's works as follows: "On the morning of the 14th, a bright, beautiful Sunday morn, our leaders selected for an assault upon a portion of the works the Eighth New Hampshire and Fourth Wisconsin, who were to go forward as skirmishers, two companies of the Fourth Massachusetts and two of the One Hundred and Tenth New York, with hand grenades to throw over the parapet; then the Thirty-eighth Massachusetts as first line skirmishers, and the Fifty-third Massachusetts as second line, to support and balance the brigade, to storm in column

and also to be followed by the First and Second Brigades of Gen. Paine's Division. At the command, forward, we all dashed off at daylight, rushing on until within two or three rods of the works into a ravine upon the top edge and fired upon the enemy whenever they put their heads over the parapet.

We lay there a few moments when Gen. Paine came forward, and in a loud, clear voice ordered the Thirty-eighth and Fifty-third Massachusetts to charge over the parapet into the enemy's works.

Company F rose up manfully and with heroic bravery charged up the parapet until nearly every man who reached the brow of the hill was either killed or wounded.

Col. Kimball, who stood in the bottom of the ravine, seeing us fall back ordered me again to charge. I replied that I had not a man standing to make a charge.

He was satisfied that we had done all that could be required of us!

Oh, what a sad sight! And a painful time I had in dragging out the wounded of my brave company. Never can I think of that sad scene and be happy.

Out of 34 men who followed me into battle 22 were killed, wounded and missing.

Capt. Mudge was mustered out of service Sept. 2, 1863, and died in Boston March 22, 1891. He joined the Samuel G. Wood G. A. R. Post of Barre, Mass., a few years before his death.



RUINS OF FORT SUMTER.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Col. Bridge J. Copp was born in Warren, N. H. During his infancy his parents moved to Nashua, in which city he has ever since resided. He was graduated at the Nashua High School in the class of '61, and, although then only 16 years of age, he immediately enlisted as a private soldier in the ranks of the Third Regiment, New Hampshire Volunteers. In 1862 he was appointed Sergeant Major of the regiment and soon after was promoted to a Second Lieutenant. His soldierly bearing, faithfulness under trying circumstances, enthusiasm and superb courage when the battle was on won the admiration of his superiors in rank and secured for him a commission as Adjutant of the regiment in 1863. He was then but 18 years of age and was the youngest commissioned officer in the service. Colonel Copp served for a time as Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Colonel and Acting Brigadier General Louis Bell, who was killed at Fort Fisher, and held his commission until mustered out in October, 1864, on account of disability from wounds.

That the subject of this sketch was not a carpet knight or a soldier who shirked the bugle call to battle is abundant evidence of his gallant record, a record that does honor to his native State, and in which he has every reason to take pride. At Drewry's Bluff, in front of Richmond, while under a murderous fire, he was wounded in the shoulder, but so earnest was his desire to be with the comrades of his battles and hardships, so devoted was his patriotism, he joined his command before his wound was fairly healed, and was again in his saddle when the movement was made at Deep Bottom. In this terrible and unsuccessful assault made by Hawley's brigade, and when inside the enemy's fortification, he was shot through the body and left among the dead. His feeling was, as he once said to the writer of this sketch, that only his head remained to him and that his wound was mortal. He was rescued by a member of Gen. Hawley's staff, and was one of but few of his regiment among the hundred or more who were wounded in the engagement who escaped being taken prisoner. Under skillful treatment at the Chesapeake Hospital, at Fortress Monroe, he recovered so as to be removed to his home. He has never fully recovered from his wounds, and is often a great sufferer for weeks at a time.

Following the war Colonel Copp traveled for a time in

the West for a Chicago and Indianapolis book concern, but finally wearying of the road, he settled in business in Nashua with his brother, Captain Charles D. Copp, a gallant veteran of the New Hampshire Ninth, who was awarded a gold medal by the Government for meritorious service in the critical tide of battle. In 1873 Colonel Copp was appointed Register of Probate for Hillsboro' county, a position which he has filled with such marked ability and courtesy that he has been elected biennially ever since. He has not, however, in the years since the war, abated any of his military ardor. On the contrary, he was commissioned Captain of the Nashua City Guards in 1878, and by drill and discipline gave it a standing second to none in the State. In 1879 he was promoted to the rank of Major of the Second Regiment, New Hampshire National Guard, a few months later he was advanced to Lieutenant Colonel, and in 1884, upon the promotion of Col. D. M. White to a Brigade Commander, was commissioned Colonel. When his five years had expired he was urged to accept a new commission, but, believing this would be unfair to other deserving officers who had earned promotion, he declined the honor. Even then, his interest in the military of New Hampshire did not cease, for he at once assumed the task of organizing a stock company and by the most zealous labor succeeded in erecting in Nashua the finest armory in the State. He is a member of the Congressional Society, the Masonic Fraternity, I. O. O. F., John G. Foster Post, G. A. R. and the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion. As a citizen he is active in all good work for the public weal, as a friend he is steadfast and true, and in his home life he is the ideal American gentleman. Thus, in Colonel Copp Nashua, New Hampshire and the country has a veteran as patriotic, brave and true "as ever, 'mid fire and smoke, planted the victorious standard of his country on an enemy's wall;" as a citizen to know is to respect.

WM. O. CLOUGH.

The invincible monitor ironclads that so much was expected of, had failed in their attack upon Charleston, in April, 1863. Baffled and beaten back by the remarkably handled guns of Fort Sumter, Battery Wagner and other rebel forts in Charleston Harbor, Commodore



ADJUTANT E. J. CORP (1863).



COLONEL E. J. CORP (1893).

Dupont, with his crippled fleet of ironclads, withdrew from the fight, two of his vessels in a sinking condition, and all badly used up. It will be remembered by the older generation what intense interest centred upon the wonderful ironclad fleet that was so easily to sail up into Charleston Harbor and capture this "hotbed of secession." So great was the disappointment at the failure of the navy to capture Charleston that it was determined to make an immediate and combined attack by the army and navy.

It is a matter of history that in the operations following, of the army under General Quincy A. Gillmore, with the navy co-operating, known as the siege of Charleston, there was some of the hardest experience ever known in siege operations, some of the most desperate fighting of the war, notably the capture of Morris Island from open boats, and at Fort Wagner, and also the greatest of heavy artillery firing and the most audacious of military engineering in the world's history. The plan of the attack was to capture Morris Island, reduce Fort Sumter by the combined attack of heavy siege guns and the ironclad navy, and the fall of Charleston would follow.

Space in the Journal will not permit of giving in detail the history of this wonderful siege. But of something of its history, "all of which I saw, a part of which I was," I will attempt.

I was Acting Adjutant of my regiment, the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, taking the place of Adjutant Libby, who was serving upon the staff of General George C. Strong. We were upon Folly Island, having secured a foothold here, making it a temporary base of operations; 10,000 troops under Gen. Quincy A. Gillmore had been concentrated.

In the afternoon of July 9 Adjutant Libby came into my tent and told me of the plan for the capture of Morris Island. Our brigade, he said, had been selected as the assaulting column. We were to make the attack in open boats. He was very much elated at the prospect of the glorious part we were to take as the Forlorn Hope. I can't say that I shared his enthusiasm. On the contrary, to the best of my recollection, the cold shivers ran down my back, well knowing something of the horrors of facing a combined artillery and musketry fire, under the most favorable circumstances; but to advance in open boats against the hail of grape and canister and a whirlwind of lead and exploding shell called for the courage born either of a reckless disregard of life or a martyr's duty to his God and country.

Libby was a model soldier, courageous and true. He was spared in the slaughter in the boat attack, but was killed a few days later on the slopes of Fort Wager in that terrible charge so graphically described in the Journal of Dec. 29, by Sergeant Carney.

About 9 o'clock on the evening of the 9th of July, we moved out of camp with two days'

rations of hardtack and coffee; marched across to the westerly side of the island, and quietly embarked in boats that lay waiting for us in the creek. Slowly and quietly we moved up the stream with oars muffled and every voice hushed that the enemy's pickets should not discover our approach.

Arriving at the mouth of Light House Inlet which separates Folly Island from Morris Island, a halt was ordered, and under the cover of the tall marsh grasses along the shore, we waited the dawn of day. Scarcely have the first rays of daybreak begun to show itself in the East when we hear to our right, upon the extreme northerly end of Folly Island, in the direction of our masked batteries, the sound of axes in the chopping of trees.

We wait with breathless interest, for we know this to be the prelude to the signal gun that will announce the opening of our batteries. The ironclad fleet has crossed the bar and is moving up into position.

The enemy, all unconscious, are still sleeping in their camps on Morris Island, less than a mile away. The forest in front of our batteries falls as by magic.

The signal gun booms out over the water, echoing and re-echoing from the waters to the clouds above. Then fifty guns and mortars shake the islands and pour a deadly shower of missiles into the camps of the enemy.

The guns of our ironclads in the harbor add to the din. The huge 15-inch shells from our monitor guns go ricocheting over the water, striking the sands of the island, throwing cart loads high in the air, exploding with deadly effect and with the noise and vibrations of an earthquake.

The enemy, although taken by surprise, soon man their guns and heroically serve them with unerring aim. For two hours an incessant fire is kept up. A signal has been given to General Strong to move his brigade up and assault the works.

The order is given to pull out and on we move out into the stream in full view of the rebel batteries. As we approach, the guns of our fleet slacken their fire for fear of damage to our own forces and the enemy divide their attention between our batteries on Folly Island and our boats.

On we pull, preserving our formation as best we can, four thousand bayonets flashing in the rays of the rising sun, four thousand men facing death. A shell from the rebel batteries comes shrieking over our heads and explodes beyond without damage; another and another in quick succession explode over our boats; several are killed and wounded by the flying fragments.

On we move. "Forward," shouts Gen. Strong from the leading boat. "Forward! Pull for your lives!"

The boats are now in line and fairly flying through the water. The rebel infantry are now plainly seen upon the line of rifle pits upon the shore, and have opened fire. "Down, down,

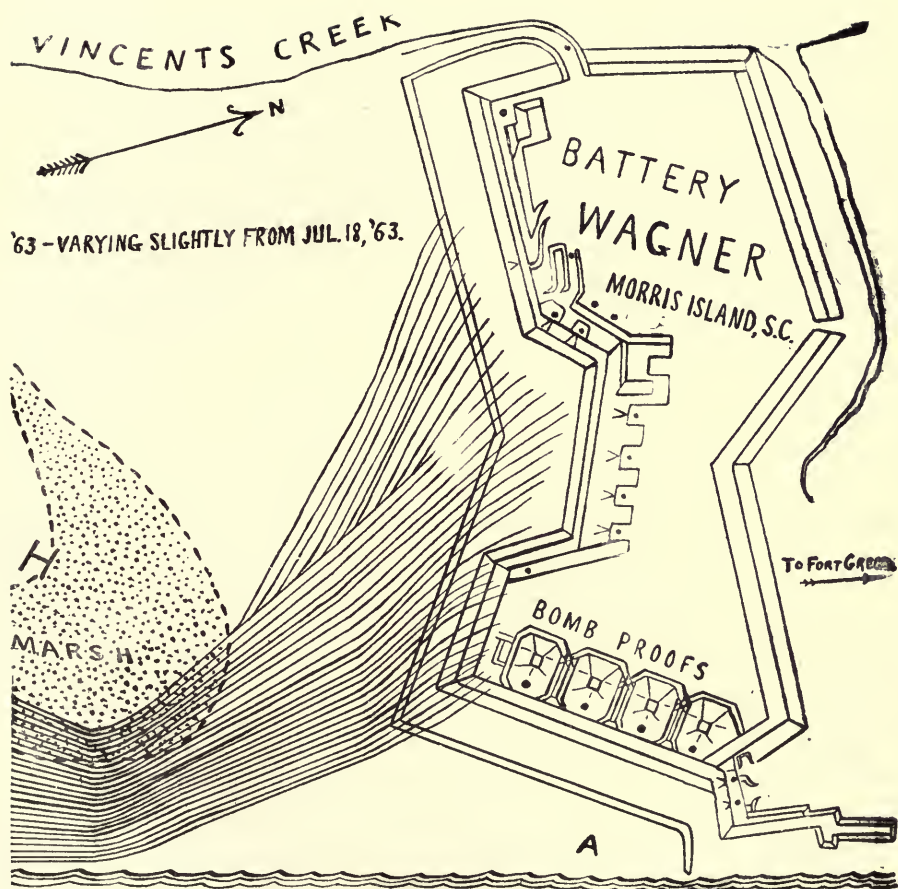


DIAGRAM OF THE ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER.

men, and get what protection you can! Pull, pull harder!"

Nearer and nearer we approached the shore. The leaden hail and exploding shell is thinning our ranks, but serve not to check the advance.

Grimly the oarsmen pull at their oars, and with blanched faces, but firm set mouths, and like statues, our men stand with rifles firmly grasped, ready for the command of their gallant leader.

A shell explodes in the boat next to my own, killing and wounding many. The boat sinks, leaving a struggling mass of human forms in the water, reddened with the blood of the dead and wounded, but on, on we pull; striking the beach, out jump the men, some in water waist deep.

All hastily forming, move on in the face of a deadly fire of infantry and artillery. "Charge bayonets!" is the command.

With a wild yell, out along the line the enemy are routed from their rifle pits and earth works upon the shore, driven back from battery to battery through their camps over the sand hills back to Fort Wagner.

From Charleston newspapers, found in the captured camp, we first learned of the victory of Gettysburg and the fall of Vicksburg. As the troops were moving forward over the sand hills and up the beach of Morris Island, Lieut. Col. Bedel, our gallant old fighting Bedel, came along with a rebel newspaper in one hand, his hat in the other, shouting at the top of his voice: "Vicksburg captured! Big victory at Gettysburg!" and, in his wild enthusiasm, grasped me around the neck, lifting me from the ground in a way that, having escaped the shot and shell of the enemy, I was sure I was to die of strangulation.

Added to our own victory and in the act of following up a retreating enemy the enthusiasm of men knew no bounds, and, with wild hurrahs and vociferous yells, we followed up the panic-stricken forces of Beauregard, firing into them as opportunity offered, till they reached their stronghold—Fort Wagner. Here the advance was checked by a vigorous fire from their infantry and the guns of Wagner, Sumter—Wagner two miles and Sumter three miles away—and other rebel forts in the harbor, they having got range of our troops.

Upon the approach of our boats to the shore many of our men jumped too quick. General Strong was among the first to jump, went into the water all over, lost his boots in the mud, his hat floating off with the tide, and when I saw the General he was leading his brigade in the advance up the beach, bootless and hatless, mounted upon a diminutive mule, or jack, captured from the enemy.

It was now 9 o'clock. The torrid heat of the sun upon the glaring sands, with the intense excitement of the morning had added greatly to the casualties of battle. Many of our men were lying dead and wounded in front of the

rifle pits and all along the line of march many were prostrated by the intense heat.

Pickets were thrown out and the troops were glad to seek protection behind the sand hills of the island and get needed rest and rations.

The firing from Wagner had now become continuous, and occasional shots from Fort Sumter and from Fort Johnson on James Island came plowing along the broad beach and ricocheting over the sand hills down among our men. A group of officers, myself among the number, were sitting under the protection of one of those treacherous sand hills, a pile of butter, which had been found in a rebel tent, between us, and we were enjoying the luxury of hardtack and butter when an unexploded shell came plowing over the sands, bounding and striking within a few feet of us, nearly burying the whole party with dirt, and demolishing our pile of butter, striking Colonel Bedel upon the leg as he sat upon the ground, wheeling him around and over and over, like a ten-pin.

The Colonel was soon on his feet again, however, covered with dirt, his eyes, nose and mouth full of it, but yelling with a vigor characteristic of the man and with language more forceful than elegant. "Where in hell is our butter? Where's our butter?" the next instant picking up the shell a few rods away with the fuse still burning, threw it down the beach into the water.

As the shot and shell from Sumter and Wagner came tearing down the beach and over the sand, our men found sport in dodging the missiles; a dangerous, ghostly sport it proved in some cases. A Whitworth shot, came from Sumter—a Whitworth shot, by the way, is of peculiar shape and proportions, being a hexagon or octagon, some two to three feet in length, by four to six inches.

One of these shots from Sumter came shrieking through the air like a fiend incarnate, passed between Col. Jackson and myself, standing within a few feet of each other, striking one of our men, severing his body like a stroke of a guillotine.

Another man, Corporal McCoy of Company F, had thrown himself to the earth to escape a shot or shell he saw coming, but he was directly in its path. The ball striking the ground, bounding a hundred feet or more, struck the Corporal in the back, killing him instantly.

We had gained a foothold upon the island, but how long we could hold it, or what further advance could be made, was uncertain. Fort Wagner, the strongest earth work upon the coast, stood between us and Charleston, and must be reduced before further progress could be made. An assault upon the works made the following morning, the 11th of July, met with disastrous failure, and demonstrated the fact that a much larger force would be necessary to make further advance. Troops were hurried over from Folly Island and from other points in the department, so that in a few days more than 10,000 men were encamped on Morris Island. General Gillmore established his headquarters well back near Lighthouse Inlet, and was personally di-

recting operations. Breastworks were hastily constructed, reaching across the island, guns and war material were landed by shiploads and placed in position as rapidly as possible for defence, and also preliminary to another assault upon Fort Wagner.

The 18th of July was fixed upon for the assault. After a terrific bombardment of ten or twelve hours from the guns of our land batteries and navy the assault was made after night-fall.

The genius of a Dante could but faintly portray the horrors of that night attack, the charge across the narrow neck of the island in front of the fort, the murderous fire of the enemy's infantry and of shell and grape and canister into the crowded, confused mass of our troops, and of the struggle to hold the works after gaining a foothold. The brave Col. Putnam of the Seventh New Hampshire Regiment, standing on the parapet of Wagner, with sword aloft, with voice above the din of the battle, calling upon his brave men to follow him, fell by rebel bullets.

That brave leader of the charging column, General Strong, had already fallen inside the enemy's works, and our own Adjutant Libby, true to his chief, was with him in death. Colonel Shaw of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts colored troops, with hundreds of his brave men, had vindicated the right of liberty to all men. He fell and was literally buried under the bodies of his followers.

Colonel Bedel was taken a prisoner by the enemy while leading where his men did not follow, owing to the confusion of orders and the blackness of the night. Thousands of other brave men on that fearful night were alike martyrs in the cause of humanity and victims of an incompetent leader back in the camp of Morris Island.

The charge upon Wagner takes rank with the hottest battles of the war, and, indeed, of history, the loss—over 33 per cent. of the numbers engaged—being very rarely exceeded, but, like many other hard-fought battles, being shorn of a victory almost within our grasp by the woeful failure of the support to come up at the critical moment.

By all known rules of war the failure to capture Fort Wagner, the movement against Charleston by this line of operations would end, but not so with General Gillmore.

A few months previous to this time he had made a world-wide reputation as a most skillful engineer by the reduction and capture of Fort Pulaski at the mouth of the Savannah River with his siege guns and mortars upon Tibe Island, more than a mile away. In the emergency that now confronted him the same tactics were at his command, and how skillfully made use of the world already knows.

Fort Sumter lay two miles and more from our nearest guns on Morris Island, and the reduction of Sumter over the heads of the garrison and guns of Fort Wagner has not ceased to be a

marvel. At the end of the bombardment it lay a mass of rubbish, every gun dismounted, and ever after served only as a bomb proof for its garrison. Why the navy did not sail up to the wharves of the city of Charleston after the capture of Morris Island and alter the guns of Sumter were silenced, history does not tell us.

During the whole time of the siege the troops not on duty in the trenches were spectators of the grandest spectacular exhibition the world ever saw. The sand hills, back out of range of the guns of the enemy, although an occasional shot did reach us, were covered with men watching the firing of our own guns and mortars and those of the enemy.

Hundreds of guns of all calibre, from thirty pounds to three hundred pounders, were continually belching forth, as from the depths of regions internal, fire and destruction. The sight was grandeur in its highest exemplification, particularly at night; the air filled with shot and shell, describing with their fuses trains of fire in all directions through the heavens, the trembling of the earth beneath us as by the Almighty's hand, with the deafening roar and thundering of the guns, veiling with and exceeding the most terrific of heavens' artillery, was a fascination that held me spell-bound, knowing with each explosion in the trenches of our works that lay before us a life was the forfeit or the wounded body of some of our boys was the accomplished fiendish work.

Lieut. Wadleigh of our regiment—and a no more stalwart, loyal and brave soldier ever went from New Hampshire—was detailed for special duty in the Engineer Corps, and was in immediate command of the fatigue party that mounted the celebrated gun swamp angel. It will be remembered that this gun reached Charleston with its shell, loaded with Greek fire, and set on fire and destroyed a portion of the city, but after some 30 rounds the gun exploded.

This is the gun that Col. Serrell of the Engineer Corps declared could not be mounted in the place indicated by Gen. Gillmore without the authorities unrissh him 50 men, 18 feet tall, to erect a battery in swamps 15 feet deep, and for which he made requisition in due form.

After the reduction of Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg and the occupation of the entire Island, Charleston was shelled from Cumming's Point. It was during this time that two ladies made their appearance upon the island, armed with authority from the Secretary of War to visit any point in the department. I understood at the time that they were nieces of Secretary Stanton.

They were very desirous of visiting Cumming's Point, the place made historic from its being the spot from which the first guns of the war opened fire upon Fort Sumter in 1861. Under proper escort they rode up to the front.

The firing upon Charleston had not wholly ceased, and while the ladies were there the officer in command, much against the protesta-

tion of the ladies, continued his firing upon the city. They declared it most cruel.

They soon became interested, however, in the artillery's scientific explanation of the working of the gun, its elevation and amount of powder, and as to distance, etc., etc. Finally one of the ladies in her enthusiasm sized the lanyard and with an exclamation "Oh! how cruel!" discharged the gun, sending its iron message into Charleston.

In front of Fort Wagner was a long, low morass, which, at high tide, was nearly covered with water. It was over this treacherous ground that Gen. Gillmore constructed his approaches to the fort.

The immensity of the work and the obstacles overcome were something new in the history of siege operations. The construction of parallel lines in the operation of sapping and mining in an approach to the enemy's works is a hazardous operation under the most favorable conditions, but when it is known that for a mile or more the entire mass of sand and other material for the construction of the immense earthworks with their bomb-proofs, was carried forward upon the backs of men in sand bags and otherwise, the wonderful genius of Gillmore and the courage and endurance of our soldiers can be better understood, and this, too, under a constant fire of the enemy from Fort

Wagner and other forts in Charleston Harbor. The alert sharpshooter was also getting in his deadly work. The last parallel was run into the ditch of Fort Wagner, the enemy still holding the fort.

Morris Island, in common with many of the islands upon the Southern coast, is constantly changing its formation by the action of the winds and tides, and to-day the waters of the Atlantic peacefully flow over the site of the great Fort Wagner and the graves in and around it of those who fell in that terrible charge of July 18 and the days following.

A complete history in all its details of the siege of Charleston would fill many volumes, but, having already exceeded the limit of reasonable space in the Journal, I must bring this rambling story to an end. If I have failed in giving to the readers of the Journal a correct statement of the events of which the Third New Hampshire Regiment was a part, it has been from the treachery of my recollection.

To mention by name all of the heroic officers and men of the old Third Regiment who are worthy of mention for deeds of daring and of special gallantry, would need more space than in this article is allowed. Many brave boys fell in the thickest of the fight and their bodies lie in unknown graves, but the glory of their deeds live on. The cause of humanity in which they fought and in which so many gave their lives was directed by the Great Commander of all and their record is safe. E. J. COFF.

STORIES OF GEN. GILMORE'S OPERATIONS.

Among the able engineers of the Union army was Quincy A. Gillmore, who conceived and conducted the siege and reduction of Fort Pulaski, on Cocksbur Island, at the mouth of the Savannah River, in the spring of 1862. At that date brick and stone were considered a defence against the artillery then in use. When the rebels discovered the Union forces on Tybee Island they had no idea that in a month or so Pulaski would be a wreck, for how was Gen. Sherman to get his batteries in position under the guns of the fort. Captain Gillmore cut bushes, transported them up the island in the night, and stuck a few of them into the ground in range in several places where he wanted a battery. The next night he placed a few more, and the next more, and so night after night until a sufficient number had been set to cover a working party. These bushes had been put there so quietly that the garrison had not discovered the changes in the landscape. The shovel brigade was put to work, then the guns—rifle and smooth-bore—were put in position, and the rebel commandant was invited to surrender. The reply of Colonel Lamb was that he was there "to defend the fort—not to surrender it." It was said that General R. E. Lee remarked that we might as well "bombard the Rocky Mountains from Tybee Island as Fort Pulaski." Other eminent engineers questioned our success. It is said that General H. G. Wright, who

constructed Fort Clinch at Fernandina, afterwards commander of the Old Sixth Corps, remarked that we might "fill Pulaski full of shot and shell and we could not break it," but in three days of pounding a big hole was there, the magazine was in danger, and the Stars and Stripes floated over what was left of it. General Gillmore repeated the game at the upper end of Folly Island in the spring of '63, notwithstanding their tall lookout on James Island. He placed 47 guns and mortars in position and opened them across Lighthouse Inlet, much to the surprise of the enemy, who were just on the move to come over and take the few pickets that might be on duty there. Many incidents of interest occurred that never have appeared in print. The capture of the rebel sharpshooters in front of Wagner will long be remembered. Colonel Montgomery was the general Officer of the Day and had charge of the affair. He said to me: "Lieutenant, do you want to go with me to-night and see a racket?" An affirmative was our reply. Those sharpshooters were bothering our gunners. Two companies of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts were selected for the work, so with a musket in one hand and shovel in the other, at the signal—Col. M. dropping his handkerchief—away they went, running on to the Johnnies; handing them a shovel with an order to "dig," the rifle pits were soon reversed and occupied by Yankees, who cautioned the rebel gunners on Wagner to

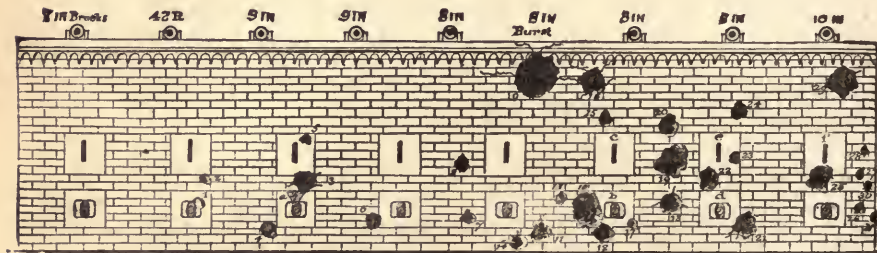
keep out of range. But what a racket this little event caused away round to our right. Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, was aflame. Battery Gregg opened, Fort Wagner, Johnson (Mother Johnson, we used to call her), Sumter, Simpkins, Pascal and Cheaves, on James Island, all saluted us with shot and shell. Wagner with grape and canister. The Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers were in the trenches that night, and they held close to the bomb proofs. The Johnnie's were a good deal irritated by this little episode.

Col. Montgomery said to me more than once: "If I was in command I would blow that old Moultrie House that the rebs are using for a hospital into the middle of next week. They will play some trick with it yet," and sure enough, it came about 1 o'clock one dark night; a heavy battery opened on us away to the right. We thought the rebel fleet came down the harbor and opened on us. So the long roll awoke the echoes. "Fall out!" and "Fall in!" came the

quick commands of every company commander on the island, and we doubled quicked up and down the shore "to repel boarders," if necessary. Well, come daylight, what was it? The rebs had built a fort in rear of this "hospital" that we had respected, and removed the building and opened on us and so disturbed our tranquillity. It weakened our confidence in rebel honesty for several days.

Gen. Gillmore was surprised once. His commission came—a Major General's—in the night. His staff changed the buttons and shoulder straps on his coat. It did not seem to him to look natural; he survived, however. Then the grand review. Coming off guard duty soon, those who were standing near heard him say: "The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) is not excelled in fine marching." Then we felt proud of our brigade and all other brigades in the Union army.

S. P. HUBBARD.



SUMTER'S BATTERED WALL.

HERO OF FORT WAGNER.

Sergeant William H. Carney, the hero of Fort Wagner, came to New Bedford from the South when quite a young man. He was mustered into Company C, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, March 30, 1863. At Fort Wagner he was seriously wounded, as the following narrative tells, in the memorable assault of July 18, and was obliged to remain in the hospital at Beaufort until December of that year. Then he rejoined his regiment, participating in its fortunes until the command was mustered out, Aug. 29, 1865. Sergeant Carney helped organize Robert G. Shaw Post 148, G. A. R., of New Bedford, named in memory of his old Colonel, and was its first commander.

Among the most honored of New Bedford's brave, will ever be held the name of Sergeant William H. Carney, the hero of Fort Wagner, and as long as deeds of valor shall be told, the story of this colored soldier's bravery will be repeated.

Many years has his familiar form been seen passing through New Bedford's busiest streets, clad in the uniform which Uncle Sam furnishes for his letter carriers, and while time has generously sprinkled his beard with gray, and has forced upon him the use of spectacles, the springy step of the gallant Sergeant has lost little of its youthful vigor. It needs but a mention of Fort Wagner to cause the kindly eyes to snap and the well-knit form to straighten back proudly as befits one who remembered his duty to his country before himself.

The story of Morris Island and the assaults on Fort Wagner is a matter of history. An expedition against Charleston, S. C., having been contemplated, the military occupation of Morris Island, a low sand island about five miles long on the south side of Charleston Harbor, was deemed necessary, and Gen. Quincy A. Gillmore was placed in charge of the project. He took possession of the south end of the island on July 10, 1863, and on the 11th and 18th made two attempts to capture Fort Wagner, near the north end, by assault, his object being to get within more effective breaching distance of Fort Sumter. His efforts, however, were unsuccessful,

and it was determined to reduce Fort Wagner by a regular siege. After various maneuvers a bombardment was begun Sept. 5, lasting 42 hours. It was determined to carry the place by storm on the next day, but during the night the enemy evacuated the fort and Gen. Gillmore became master of the whole island.

But it is with the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, commanded by Colonel Robert G. Shaw, with which my story has chiefly to deal. Company C of this regiment was recruited among the young colored men in New Bedford, and Sergeant Carney, who was later to win undying fame at Wagner, was one of its Sergeants.

On the memorable 18th of July, when the second assault on Wagner was made, Gen. Gillmore ordered his reserves, the Third Brigade, in which was the Fifty-fourth, to advance. What the brigade and regiment did in the desperate charge was told by an eye-witness, the New York Tribune correspondent, in the following language:

"At the instant the line was seen slowly advancing in the dusk toward the fort, and before a double quick had been ordered, a tremendous fire from the barbette guns on Fort Sumter, from the batteries on Cummings Point, and from all the guns on Fort Wagner, opened upon it. In the midst of this terrible shower of shot and shell they pushed their way, reached the fort, dashed through the ditches, gained the parapet and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy, and, for nearly half an hour, held their ground, and did not fall back until every commissioned officer was shot down. These brave men were exposed to a most galling fire of grape and canister from the howitzers, raking the ditches, from bastions of the fort, from hand grenades and from almost every modern implement of warfare."

Gallantly did Sergeant Carney conduct himself during this terrible blast, which seemed like an outpour from the very gates of hell. But let him tell his story in his own modest way:

"On the 18th of July, 1863, about noon, we commenced to draw near this great fort under a

tremendous cannonading from the fleet directly upon the fort. When we were within probably a thousand yards of the fort we halted and lay flat upon the ground, waiting for the order to charge. The brave Col. Shaw and his Adjutant, in company with General Strong, came forward and addressed the regiment with encouraging words. Gen. Strong said to the regiment, 'Men of Massachusetts, are you ready to take that fort to-night?' And the regiment simultaneously answered 'Yes.' Then followed three cheers, proposed by General Strong, for the regiment, three cheers for Col. Shaw, three cheers for Governor Andrew and Massachusetts, and three cheers for General Strong.

"We were all ready for the charge, and the regiment started. We had got but a short distance when we were opened upon with musketry, shell, grape and canister, which mowed down our men right and left.

"As the color-bearer became disabled I threw away my gun and

making my way to the head of the column, but before I reached there the line had descended the embankment into the ditch and was making its way upon Wagner itself.

"While going down the embankment our column was stanch and full. As we ascended the breastworks the volleys of grapeshot which came from right and left, and of musketry in front, mowed the men down as a scythe would mow the thick grass. In less than twenty minutes I found myself alone, struggling upon the ramparts, while all around me were the dead and wounded, lying one upon another; Here I said, 'I cannot go into the fort alone; and so I halted and knelt down, holding the flag in my hand.

"While there the musket balls and grapeshot were flying all around me, and as they struck the sand would fly in my face. I knew my position was a critical one, and I began to watch to see if I would be let alone. Discovering that the forces had renewed their attack further to the right, and the enemy's attention being drawn thither, I turned and discovered a battalion of men coming toward me on the ramparts of Wagner. They proceeded until they were in front of me, and I raised my flag and started to join them, when from the light of the cannon discharged on the fort I

"I wound the colors around the staff and made my way down the parapet into the ditch, which was without water when I crossed it before, but was now filled with water that came up to my waist.

"Out of the number that came up with me there was no man moving erect save myself, although they were not all dead, but wounded.

"In rising to see if I could determine my course to the rear, the bullet I now carry in my body came whizzing like a mosquito.

"I was shot. Not being prostrated by the

shot I continued my course, yet had not gone far before I was struck by a second shot.

"Soon after I saw a man coming toward me, and when within halting distance I asked him who he was. He replied: 'I belong to the One Hundredth New York,' and then inquired if I were wounded. Upon my replying in the affirmative, he came to my assistance and helped me to the rear. 'Now, then,' said he, 'let me take the colors and carry them for you.'

"My reply was that I would not give them to any man unless he belonged to the Fifty-fourth Regiment.

"So we pressed on, but did not go far before I was wounded in the head. We came at length within halting distance of the rear guard, who caused us to halt, and, upon asking us who we were and finding I was wounded, took us to the rear and through the guard. An officer came, and after taking my name and regiment, put us in charge of the hospital corps, telling them to find my regiment.

"When we finally reached the latter the men cheered me and the flag. My reply was, 'Boys, the old flag'

The Sergeant's eyes brighten as he tells the story, his closely-knit form straightens and the blood courses through his veins with the vigor of youth, as the memory of that glorious experience returns. "The truest courage and determination were manifested on both sides on that day at Fort Wagner," he continues. "There was no longer a question as to the valor of Northern negroes. The assault on Fort Wagner completely removed all prejudices in the department.

"General Gillmore issued an order forbidding all distinction to be made among the troops in his command, so that, while we lost hundreds of our numbers, we nevertheless were equal in all things save the pay.

"However, while the Government refused to pay us equally, we continued to fight for the freedom of the enslaved and for the restoration of our country. We did this, not only at Wagner, but also in the battles on James Island, Honey Hill, Olustee and at Boykin's Mill."

Probably the occasion which will live longest in Sergeant Carney's memory, next to the battle of Fort Wagner, is the visit of Gen. Russell A. Alger to New Bedford in January, 1890. The Sergeant made a speech at the dinner given in the General's honor, and after the tumultuous applause which followed had subsided, Commander Alger (he was National Commander of the Grand Army at that time) arose from his place at the head of the table and marched down to where the hero of Fort Wagner was seated. Grasping his hand and pointing to a gold medal upon the colored soldier's breast, a medal awarded by Congress for bravery—Gen Alger said to the Sergeant, "I want to congratulate you. I would rather carry that badge than to receive any office in the gift of the people of the United States."

WALTER H. B. REMINGTON.



SERGEANT CARNEY ON THE RAMPARTS OF WAGNER.

ANECDOTES ABOUT A COLORED VETERAN.

I have read with a great deal of interest the series of war articles which you are publishing in your valuable paper. Though not an old "yet" myself, nor yet a soldier's son, yet I think I take as much interest in the stories of the great war as the man who fought in it. My father lost a dearly beloved brother, who left his young bride of a few weeks and marched away to the battlefield, only to fall by a rebel bullet in almost the first engagement. As I was reading an account in the Journal the other day I thought that perhaps some of the readers of the paper would like to hear the narrative of an old colored soldier who followed the flag for more than two years, who was at Fort Pillow, and was with Sherman in his famous march to the sea, and who was never tired of singing the praises of "Ole Uncle Billy."

I spent some time at Westfield three years ago, and while there, one day, as I was going down the steps of the house, I heard the sound of some one sawing wood, and going around the corner of the house I saw this old colored man working away as if his life depended on his getting all that cord of wood done before night. I got to talking with the old man, and soon found out that he was an old Union soldier, and that he had a store of tales, all very interesting, about the men and events, as he had seen them, in the late "wah." One day he told about his marvelous escape from Fort Pillow, and I will try and give it as he told me, in his quaint, old darky dialect.

He said that in the early part of the fight he was struck "all in a heap," as he expressed it, by a spent ball, and when he came to his senses the "rebs" were all around him. He saw more than one deed that was worthy of barbarians done by those men in gray. He said, "Dere was Tom Johnsing, my friend with whom I was just done talking with dat mornin', an' a big rebel stick he bay'net right troo' him, and den laffed at him as poor Tom lay dere groaning on de groun'." All this was done although Tom had surrendered, and was begging for mercy when killed. His own escape from death was a little short of marvelous. As he lay there on the ground, "Playin' possum," a rebel Captain, who thought he was not yet dead, fired his revolver at the old man. "An' what do you think, sah, de bullet carried away part of my ear," said the old darky. And sure enough, as he turned his head toward me for inspection, I saw that a small part of his ear was really gone. Well, he lay there on the ground all day, counting terfeting death, and when night came he crept away in the darkness, narrowly escaping the rebel sentries, to the gunboats in the river.

One day I asked him "if he wasn't frightened when he went into his first battle?" "Frightened," said he, "why, I was de scaredest man you eber see. In de first battle we was ordered to charge the rebels, who were in de woods a little way to de right. When I hear de bullets a whistling and a singing right ober

my head, and hear de big cannon go 'boom' and a great big piece of iron go 'ker-plunk' right in amongst us, an' seed de men a throwing up deir han's and droppin on de groun' I guess I was scared. But when I looked troo de clouds ob smoke an' see dat grand ole flag a waving right in front ob me, de glorious ole Stars and Stripes, I just remembered dat I was a free man now (he had previously told me that he had been a slave before the war), and dat I had a country to fight for, and so I made up my mind dat I'd follow dat flag whereber it went, and before I knowed it I was right in amongst de rebels, an' I wasn't scared a bit, but I felt just as though I could lick de whole rebel army. Dere was a great big rebel right in front of me, an' I panted my musket at him; he did not know that it wasn't loaded, and tole him to s'trender. Dat rebel he feel awful bad cause he had to gibe in to a 'nigzar,' but dere is something kinder convincing about a musket barrel pnted at your head, whedder dere is a white man behind it or a black man, an' so he say he gibe in, and I tole him to de rear, an' dat end my first battle."

As I stated before, the old man had been with Sherman in his march to the sea, and I guess from some of the tales he told me that he was the Grand Marshal of the "Bummers." He said: "One day I was coming back to de regiment just after a raid on de nearest plantation. I had about t'ree chickens in my han', two hams strung aroun' my neck, a big jux ob 'lasses under my arm, an' I was a eatin' a nice piece ob hoe cake when who should I run axainst but 'Uncle Billy.' He stop he horse an' he look at me, an' den he laff like as though he would split. Den he say, 'Well, my man, I guess you won't go to bed hungry.' Den he laff again an' ride away. I tell you he was de bestest General in de war, an' he was de finest man I eber seed. Dar was a powerful good man left dis earth when 'Ole Uncle Billy' went to his long rest," said the old man reflectively, as he raised his old battered straw hat from his head, and brushed the moisture from his eyes with an old red bandana handkerchief.

I spent many a day after that listening to the old man's stories, and although once in a while he was apt to draw the long bow a little, like his tale of canturing "Seven rebels when dey was all powerful drunk on peach brandy" and taking the whole lot into camp, or the time when he "Seed a cannon ball coming close along the groun', an' I jump right up in de air an' it go right under me," still, he was very interesting, and seemed to remember everything that had happened to him.

He was also on the Red River expedition, at least so he said, and some other time, if I can remember it, I will tell you some more about him.

Boston, Mass., Jan.

ARTHUR F. ADAMS.

HOW THE SECOND ARMY CORPS WAS CALLED.

Capt. Murray of the Fifth New Hampshire Regiment, an old soldier and a veteran of the Mexican War, came into the possession of an old cavalry horse, who had been condemned and turned loose to hunt his own living. He was used on the march to carry the innumerable small things belonging to a company in active service. The old animal was stone blind, but very intelligent; he knew the bugle calls and would go through the cavalry drill when he heard them sound. He would go through the manoeuvres anywhere he chance to be; he used to charge into a group of men or a tent or anywhere, as he could not see a particle. The old horse was christened Beauregard by the men, and was made a pet of by the company. Everyone was expected to get him something good to eat—a biscuit or a few potatoes and such like—and Beauregard could munch "hardtack" like a veteran. The corps was encamped on Boliver Heights, and was expecting an attack from Mosby, the guerrilla, who was reported as being near by, and strong picket lines were maintained both day and night. The Seventh New York, a German regiment, was in camp next to the Fifth. Some

of the boys of the latter regiment... some of them from Lancaster, thought they would have a little sport with the Dutchmen. So they took a cavalry uniform and sewed it together, stuffed it, tied on a pair of boots, made a head and fastened on a cap; then they whittled out a wooden sword, and then hunted up old Beauregard and mounted the stuffed man on his back, fixed him up with the sword hand and reins tied around him. Then they took him over near the New York regiment, where they gave him a prod behind with a bayonet, and away he went down one of the company streets, over everything he met. Tents were overturned, men knocked down amid cries of "Mine Gott! Moshby! Moshby!! Moshby!!!" The long roll was beat and men rushed to arms, and in a few minutes the whole Second Corps were in readiness to resist an attack. Old Beauregard had done the job intended thoroughly. He was found dead a few days later. For a long time the superstitious Knickerbockers believed it to be the ghost of a dead cavalryman making a charge.

Lancaster, N. H.

H. F. WHITCOMB.

A CHRISTMAS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Fort Royal had fallen, and, for the first time since the capture of Sumter, the sacred soil of South Carolina was occupied by Union troops, and the war brought home to the fire-eaters of the Palmetto State, who, in their pride, deemed themselves safe from invasion. Dupont's guns had hardly ceased from firing before Hilton Head, St. Helena, Gay Point and Beaufort were garrisoned by the exultant boys in blue, who were impatient to be led on to Charleston, a point, however, they were not to reach until many long, weary months had passed away, and thousands had responded to their last roll call. To the boys from the North whose eyes had been accustomed to the granite hills of New Hampshire, the pine plains of Maine, and the busy shops and mills of Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, the change from the crowded decks of the vessels, where they had been confined for three weeks, to the dry, sunny shores of Hilton Head Island was delightful while the semi-tropical shrubbery, the

palmetto trees, still green in November, and the wide cotton fields, white as snow from the bursting bulbs, made it seem at first like a scene of enchantment, to which was added the inspiring scene in the bay, crowded with vessels, from whose sides proceeded small squadrons of boats, loaded to the gunwales with commissary stores, ammunition and camp equipage.

As usual, the Irish soldier was here in the ranks of the Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, which first had its mettle tested at the battle of Secessionville in June, 1862, and many more of the same nationality responded to their names in the files of the New England regiments, especially in those from Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Hampshire.

Company C in the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, commanded by the genial Captain M. T. Donohoe, later on Colonel of the Tenth New Hampshire, and Company G of the Fourth New Hampshire commanded by Captain



COOKING THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



Michael O'Flynn, were nearly all natives of Ireland, and what could be more natural than to have a little reunion and celebration on their own account when the anniversary so dear to them in the old country (Christmas Day) came around. The Yankee Christmas (Thanksgiving Day) had been duly observed the month before, the two New Hampshire regiments fraternizing in the camp of the Third, where a glorious good time was had, materially enhanced by the fine music of the two bands, led respectively by Gust Ingalls and Walter Dignam, and the speaking of gallant old Tom Whipple Colonel of the Fourth.

The Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania was encamped at Seabrook, on Skull Creek, about three miles from headquarters, and to this regiment was attached a Catholic Chaplain. The two companies obtained leave of absence for the day, and like true Irishmen of the old faith, under the leadership of their Captains, and headed by the company musicians, took up the line of march for the quarters of the Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania. How lightly they stepped off under the exhilarating influence of the rollicking strains of "Garryowen," and how the boys of the Forty-seventh New York, poor Miles O'Keilly's boys, the tall lumbermen in the Eighth Maine and the jolly Germans of the Forty-sixth New York, all of the same brigade, cheered them as they marched past, and how surprised and wistful the Gaels of the Seventy-ninth Highlanders looked, as they trod gayly on like school boys on a day's outing in the woods.

Thirty-one years have passed since that beautiful December morning, but its memories will live forever. The long tramp through the woods under the shade of live oaks festooned with gray streamers of moss was not in the least wearisome, and the hearts of many, light as they seemed, must have carried them back to the banks of the Lee, the Shannon and the Boyne, when, as children, they walked beside their father or mother to mass on a Christmas morning. Oh, may God bless the boys who never forgot the old home, and who have remained true to the teaching received at their mothers' knee, who have kept the faith despite the scoffs and sneers of those before whom they have had the courage to practice it, who have never been ashamed of their name or origin, but stood up like men in defence of both, and whose patriotism in volunteering and bravery in action proved them all the better Americans.

And a truer representative of this class was met in the service than the American born son of honest Owen Donohoe of Lowell, who so gayly marched at the head of his company, handsome and genial, with a pleasant word for each one under his command, officer and private, and beloved by all, from little Eddie Quinn, his orderly, who fell by his side at Secessionville, to the grim commander of the department, General Sherman.

Beside him, free and easy, his First Lieutenant, "Bob" Allen, Protestant as he was, kept in line with his men, for he, too, had some

tender recollections of the old land; and keeping step with him was sedate, resolute Walter Coyle, Second Lieutenant, who six months later, on James Island, was crippled for life.

The thoughts of all were on the present; none dreamed what was in store for them; the stern realities of war had not yet set in, and no vision of Morris Island and the long siege of Charleston disturbed their happy thoughts. The well-known airs their mothers danced after, or their fathers sang, "St. Patrick's Day," "The Sprig of Shillelagh," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Wind That Shook the Barley," "The Connaught Man's Rambles," "The Bold Soxer Boy," etc., were played in the most lively manner by Tom McHenry, the fifer, accompanied on the drum by napper little Mike Galvin.

And how they chaffed each other, and laughed and sang, either keeping time to the music or changing to rout step, while the piper was resting the chanter, and how tickled the contrabands were, who came out of the woods attracted by the music.

"How, wah, colly, Massa, dat's nice." Poor souls, to them, pouring in every day from "Bufton on the main, sah," the Yankees were glorified beings, almost angels, and their daily prayer was, "God bless Massa Linlum and the Yankee soxers." And how they sang, "Glorious Mawwin, Glorious Mawwin, Jesus rose from the dead Sunday Mawwin." Such voices and such harmony, rich and melodious, and over all a clear, sunny sky, the air as warm and balmy as a June atmosphere in New England, the sombre live oaks drawn up on each side, hoary and aged looking, with their gray mossy beards, pre-empting arms seemingly, as the exiles of Erin marched by in review.

Now a grove of pines is struck, and the air is redolent with the delicious aroma, only found in such forests, while the ground is thickly carpeted with the cast-off garments of a dead year; occasionally a palmetto tree steps out to view the parade, but not often; the presence of invaders is a disagreeable reminder of its bygone glory, and it sets in the grave old live oak and the sighing pine to sing a dirge over its dying hopes. But the march is over, Seabrook is reached, and Colonel White of the Fifty-fifth extends a hearty welcome to his guests.

An altar had been erected in the open air, and in a few minutes all are on their knees, and the voice of the priest is heard, as he offers up the holy sacrifice of the mass. What a scene for an artist! The altar under the shade of the trees, the uplifted arms of the celebrant, the bowed heads and bended knees of the soldiers, the dipping of the colors, the roll of the drum and the "present arms" of the guard at the elevation, and, more than all this, the wondering, reverential dark faces which, like a black fringe, encircled the kneeling battalion. Ah! God pity the poor souls! Did they realize that this was a reminder of the awful sacrifice on Calvary's Mount ages ago? But now the service is over, mass is finished, and as the men stand in their places, the priest slowly turns and faces them.

He folds his arms and for a moment is still.

looking over the upturned respectful countenances of his congregation, and casting a surprised glance at the crowd of interested dark faces which had collected, unknown to him, during the service. It is five months since they had left their homes, and how glad the men are to hear again the voice of their own "Sogarth Aroon," and that voice having just the faintest flavor of their own delicious brogue; and how feelingly he addressed them, and what good advice he gave them, to be true to their God and their country, and their duty would be well performed; and that even the head of the church, always on the alert for the welfare of his flock, had issued a circular letter, absolving them from all fasts while serving in the armies of their country, and asking them to kneel, he gave them his benediction, and the services were finished.

A couple of hours' fraternization between the

CAPTURED A REBEL GENERAL BY MISTAKE.

Reading the intensely interesting war stories in the Journal has called to my mind an incident I have never seen published.

It was some time in the fall of 1865. I was a mere boy, a Sergeant in Company E, Thirty-second Maine Regiment, Second Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Army Corps, in front of Petersburg. There had been an understanding between the picket lines of the contending armies for some time—for no firing—and all day long the Blue and the Gray were plainly visible to each other and in close proximity. Jokes were frequently passed back and forth, and it was not uncommon for two or three of each side to meet midway between the lines and swap for Johnny hoe cake. A Massachusetts Captain who had thus gone between the lines was one day "gobbled up"—taken prisoner—when orders were issued to stop this proceeding. One cold, drizzly Sunday not long after I was on the picket line, and a New Hampshire Captain was Officer of the Guard. In the afternoon we saw down at the left a rebel move a paper; not receiving an answer he moved up in front of our picket post and moved his paper. Our Captain of the

men of the different regiments closed with a drum call, and a little later, the battalion was on its way back to camp after a day well spent, nearly a third of a century ago; but the recollections of that Christmas are as clear as if on yesterday, though few of the actors survive.

Many of them found unknown graves on James Island, on Morris Island, at Wagner, on Folly Island, at Drewry's Bluff, at Cold Harbor, at Deep Bottom, or have died since their return of wounds or disease. Their gallant commander, genial Michael T. Donohoe, went in at the beginning and stayed to the end. Because he was always true to his God, to his country and to his friends, may he and his have peace to the end of their days; and no matter where the mortal remains rest of the boys of Companies C and G of the two regiments, the recording angel will have them credited for the day's service in December, 1861.

JOHN C. LINNEAN.

guard moved a paper in return, whereupon the rebel commenced to advance toward our post. Our Captain said he would bring him in or die in the attempt, and started to meet him. They met about midway, shook hands and our Captain did not let go his grasp, drew his revolver and brought him into our lines. The Johnny was very mad and swore roundly, calling it a d—d Yankee trick. He had on a fine steel gray uniform and silver spurs and said he was an orderly to Gen. Lee.

He was taken to General Griffin's headquarters (the General was brigade commander) and from thence to General Potter's headquarters. General Potter was our division commander. There my duty ceased. We learned soon afterward that our prisoner was no less a personage than Major General Rorer A. Pryor, now a famous lawyer in New York city and one of the counsel for Mr. Tilton in his famous suit against Henry Ward Beecher. If this sketch is read by any one who was on the picket line that day and saw this occurrence I would like to have them write me.

LEROY T. CARLETON,

Winthrop, Me.

Company E, Thirty-second Maine.

MARCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Going to the scene of war as a volunteer recruit in September, 1862, and joining a New Hampshire regiment just after the battle of Antietam, my first hard march was over the mountains near the Potomac River in western Maryland. It was a hot day, and my load was heavy indeed. How heavy that knapsack after a few miles of marching! The haversack, the canteen, the cartridge box, the musket—how they weighed me down as I climbed up, and up, and up the mountain side.

How long could I keep up the march with such a load? At every step the burden grows heavier. The bright sun and the charming scenery would be delightful if one could sit idly and enjoy them. But I can only wonder how I am to keep in the column and not fall by the way! Why not rest, and go on by-and-by.

That will not do, as long as I can put one foot in advance of the other. I must wait till the bugle sounds a rest.

But there is a man resting by the wayside; why may not I? He will not rest there long, for he has no permit. An officer rides back on a horse and talks to him. I am near enough to hear some of the conversation. "Move on," says the officer, in a stern voice, "or I will order you shot." Officers do not stop to argue much at such a time.

Men do, and often must, fall out on a march, but it is not allowable for a soldier to stop and rest because he is tired. If it were, all would be halting too frequently. The man who was spoken to was evidently one who was accustomed to "fall out." And then a speech like

that is sometimes a lesson to others who may be half inclined to give up the march.

When the bugle blows for rest what a delightful sound is that to my ear. How quickly I drop by the roadside and rest my weary limbs. How I wish those few minutes could be lengthened to an hour. Did I ever know so fully what rest meant before? Why cannot we stay longer and be in better condition to continue our journey? It is not for us to ask such questions, and the bugle sounds for "forward!" and we are again on our way.

My canteen is empty, and thirst is now added to other discomforts. I must keep my place in the moving column till another halt, and even longer, unless water is near at hand. There is little time to attend to personal wants. To do my duty I must keep moving, march away, plod along, climb the mountain, jump ditches, wade through streams, smile at the burning sun.

At last the mountain is climbed, the column descends on the other side, a task scarcely less

fatiguing than the climbing; we march through woods and lowlands, over rough ground and along stony tracks till, as the sun nears its setting, we drag our weary feet toward a field where we are to bivouac for the night. No friends have a hot supper awaiting us; no comfortable beds are placed at our disposal; we must prepare our own food, and be thankful for the hard ground on which to repose.

But, even under such conditions, it seems that I am not to be allowed a night's rest. It is my turn to go on guard. The camp must be protected, and I must be one to assist in that duty. Was there ever a longer night? Two hours on and four off. How long seemed each two, how short the four! How drowsy I am as I walk my lonely beat! How often I have to pinch myself to keep from sleeping, as to and fro I tramp with my musket on my shoulder. At last the morning dawns, and I rejoice as never before to see the rising sun.

F. P. WHITEHOUSE

South Hampton, N. H.

PATHETIC WAR MEMORIES.

I have been reading the war-stories in the Boston Journal, written by Carleton and others, and have been very much interested in them, and how that the regiments stood up so manfully before the shot and shell of the enemy. I thought that I would write a few lines in regard to the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. We left the forts around Washington the same time that the First Maine and the First New York Heavy Artillery Regiments did, and we marched down to Alexandria and took the boat for Belle Plain, where we disembarked and marched from there up to General Grant's headquarters. On the 18th of May we marched up the road about two miles, where we went in the woods and camped for the night, and it was one of the most beautiful nights that I ever saw. It was clear and the moon was full, and not even a leaf seemed to move, when some of the boys on our left commenced to sing, and they sang a few pieces and one of the pieces ended with "Uncle Abe, bully for you." The boys in Company F commenced to sing some of the war songs. And it seemed as though I never heard music sound so sweet in my life as it did there that night. I read the piece about the Captain who, after being relieved from picket, went up to a house and found some eggs and boiled them. They tasted so good that after he came home he tried them in the same way, but they did not taste the same. And it has been the same way with me in regard to the singing. For I have heard some of the same pieces since I came home, which have been sung well, but it did not have the same charm to me that it did down in those woods near the Fredericksburg road, and it was the last song that some of them ever sang. For one of them was killed before the next night, shot through the head (Corporal Washburn). We left the woods in the afternoon and marched about two miles up the road and formed in line of battle, when Companies F and D were

ordered out as skirmishers, and while we were going I looked back and saw the rest of the regiment going double-quick off toward the right, and in a few moments they were fighting hard. Companies F and D stood waiting at the edge of the woods for orders, as there seemed to be some mistake in sending us out there. But in a few moments we had orders to forward double-quick, and we came in line of battle on the left and began to fire, and soon were engaged with the rest, and we kept up the firing until about 10 o'clock, when it ceased, with only now and then a volley. We lay down until morning, when we found that Ewell's corps had gone, and we had saved the supply train that they were after. Our regiment lost in that engagement 50 killed, 312 wounded and 28 missing; total, 390. That was thinning out some, I thought, for one fight. I went out on the battlefield the next morning, where they were gathering the dead, and what a sight to see men who but a few hours before were in health and strength now stiff in death by the enemy's bullets, to say nothing of the sufferings of those who were wounded! And let us just stop and think of the homes that it made vacant, and the hearts that it seemed to crush, and sometimes I have thought if some of the people of the North could have looked upon such scenes as those they would not slur out against a pension. For I believe that everyone who went through that awful ordeal from 1861 to 1865 should be rewarded. For no pen can write, no picture can be painted that can express anything those boys went through on the march, the picket, the bloody field of battle or those prison pens in the South. And as we look at the old comrades to-day we see how some are suffering from wounds that have never healed and others their bodies shattered by disease from the effect of that terrible strife.

E. F. HODGE, Co F, First Mass. H. A.

Post 14, Hopkinton, Mass.

IN THE SOUTHWEST.

Col. King is a native of Alstead, N. H., and at the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion he was in the employ of the Nashua Manufacturing Company of that place. He was one of the first to respond to President Lincoln's call to arms in April, 1861, enlisting as a private in the First New Hampshire Volunteers, serving his enlistment and returning home as a Corporal. He then assisted in raising a company for the Eighth New Hampshire Regiment and was commissioned as Second Lieutenant. He accompanied the regiment to Ship Island with Butler's expedition, and for his admirable efficiency as an officer he was promoted to First Lieutenant in July, 1862, and to Captain in November, 1863. He served for a year with ability and gallantry on the staffs of Generals Paine and McMillan as Adjutant General and Assistant Inspector General. On the advance of the Red River expedition he was second in command under Major Connelly, who commanded the right wing. After brave service and great suffering as a prisoner he was given the command of the Eighth Regiment, which position he filled until November, 1865, when he was mustered out after four and one-half years' service. He was commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel by Governor Smyth, and from that official, as well as from Adjutant General Head, he received the high encomium of having the best disciplined regiment they had reviewed. Only one, the Second New Hampshire, continued in service when the Eighth was mustered out. Of the original 87 officers, Col. King was the only one left at the mustering out, a fact which occurred in no other New Hampshire regiment. For nearly 25 years Col. King has been continuous in office as Register of Deeds in Hillsborough county, New Hampshire, and is now discharging the duties of that position with rare fidelity and success. His many elections are proof alike of valued services and well-earned popularity. Col. King has erected a beautiful home for himself and family on one of the most attractive avenues in Nashua, and to that home, with its elegant furnishings and many mementoes of the war, his army comrades, as well as all other friends, are always welcome. As is well known, from his return from the service until the present time Col. King has been a great sufferer from wounds received in the service, and which suffering he expects to carry to the grave.

Like Capt. Magnitzky of the Twentieth Mas-

sachusetts, I was the only one of the original officers of the Eighth New Hampshire who was "in at the death." I entered as Second Lieutenant and came home in command of the remnant of the regiment in November, 1865, the number being less than 200 men, out of a total of about 1900 who had been borne upon our rolls. This small number shows the decimating effects of the climate of Louisiana, with its vast areas of swamp and canebrake, much of it only fit for its present denizens, alligators and moccasins.

Four years which the regiment spent there made havoc with our members hardly equaled by any organization in the service. The regiment was organized in the autumn of 1861 and camped in the open field at Manchester until January, 1862, when it was moved to Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, where, after a short stay, it bore led two sailing ships for Ship Island, off the coast of Mississippi, in the Gulf of Mexico, being part of Butler's expedition for the capture of New Orleans.

Col. Hawkes Fearing, Jr., now of Hingham, Mass., commanded the regiment, and with six companies sailed on the ship E. Wilder Farley.

The other four companies took ship Eliza and Ella under Lieutenant Colonel O. W. Lull, who was afterward killed while leading an assault on Port Hudson. I was in the latter vessel, and, owing to storms, we were 41 days making the trip. Wood and water ran short, and we put into Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, in distress, and replenished.

The port was full of blockade runners, though supposed to be neutral, being under the English flag.

We landed at Ship Island shortly after



COLONEL DANA W. KING (TO-DAY).



COLONEL DANA W. KING (IN WAR).

Butler's arrival, and spent several weeks drilling on its sands. When the passage of the forts was attempted by Farragut, my company with two others was sent up the "Rigolets," a passage leading to Lakes Pouchatrain and Catharine to possess ourselves of Forts Piko and Macombe, which the rebels had abandoned. We found them and their armament wrecked, so far a rebel ingenuity could do it, and spent several weeks at the latter place putting things in order for defence, and in cruising around the lakes in search of government property which the "Dago" fishermen had filched from the forts. We also took possession of Lower Dupree, with its eight heavy guns which we removed to Macombe. The other seven companies under Col. Fearing followed the fleet to New Orleans and camped at the Parapet, eight miles above the city on its eastern bank and where our three companies joined them later.

In October we formed a part of Gen. Weitzel's brigade in an expedition to open up and reclaim western Louisiana, and fought our first battle at Georgia Landing, on the Lafourche Bayou. We were "spoiling for a fight," but I am frank to say that after the first one few men spoiled for the second. I think every man, when the first bullets zip by his ears, wishes the thing was over and he was well out of it.

When the engagement becomes close this nervousness is gone. He sees men dropping dead, loses his temper, and thinks and swears that he can whip the whole rebel army. Tell it not in a Sunday School, but more profanity is indulged in on a battlefield than on any other spot in the world.

The "Battle of the Cotton," in which a part of the Eighth were engaged, soon followed, when comparative quiet reigned in the department until the next March, when a feint was made in the rear of Port Hudson to enable Farragut to pass up the river. This he did with part of his fleet, losing the Mississippi, which from our position we saw blow up, making a spectacle never to be forgotten. We were next engaged in the Battle of Fort Bisland, west of Berwick Bay, which we captured, and opened the way to Alexandria on the Red River, which we soon occupied, and then descended on Port Hudson, crossing the Mississippi at Bayou Sara, and approaching it from the north. I well remember a long chat that I had with Col. Kimball of the Fifty-third Massachusetts as we rode from the crossing to the line of investment.

The siege of Port Hudson will always be famous in our country's history, and its capture, after a gallant defence of 46 days, will always be a matter of pride to all who took part in it. Twice we assailed it when "blood was King and damnation reigned supreme," and at its downfall the Eighth New Hampshire had a larger list of killed than any other command that took part. It was honored by having the right of the line on the army's entry at the surrender. Col. Fearing gallantly commanded a brigade throughout the contest, Lieut. Col. Lull

and other officers were killed, and our total loss footed up 67 per cent., which was 31 per cent. greater than that of the charge of the "Light Brigade at Balaklava."

Failing to capture it by assault, siege was laid, and the weeks spent in the rifle pits were weeks of horror and toil. Under a burning Louisiana sun, with no shelter, and constant labor with musket and shovel, tried the grit of men as few conditions do try them. The charge on the 14th of June was most deadly. General Paine of Wisconsin, our leader, was shot on the skirmish line, and only rescued in an unconscious condition twelve hours afterward.

I remember seeing a man sitting behind a stump with his suspender drawn round his leg to stop the flow of blood from his wound. He had inserted his bayonet in the bandage to make a tighter pressure. I spoke to him and he answered that he guessed he could hold it until we could capture the place. The assault failed, and, three days afterward, the rebels raised the flag of truce and requested us to bury our dead, as the stench to them and to us was unbearable. This was complied with, and 113 on our part were gathered and placed in the pit, three deep, not one so far as I knew, being identified. It was a horrible sight, this charnel house of bloated and black bodies. I think Col. Goodin of the Thirteenth Massachusetts was one of the burial party.

My man behind the stump, before spoken of, we found just as I had left him, dead. The hot summer sun and the buzzards had left nothing but the bones of his skeleton hand grasping the bayonet, and his bare, eyeless skull sat grinning at us from the collar of his blouse. Capt. Stanyan and Lieut. Newell, both wounded, were taken prisoners in the ditch. Those of us who got back to our starting point don't want to repeat the experiment of running with a fire in the rear.

I have often been asked if I was ever scared in battle? Well, I think so. On one occasion a half pound more of scare would have killed me. One day while the siege was in progress I stood leaning against a small sapling, about a quarter of a mile from the fort, when a nearly spent shell plunged into the ground about four feet to my right, cut a hole about two feet in depth under me, and turned me on to my head in it. Capt. George S. Eays of Company B stood talking with me at the time, and stunned and blinded as I was, I recalled thinking that my bowels were torn out. My breath was knocked out, and it was during this interval that the thought occurred. Scared! I should say so. Poor Eays! we buried him a year ago, as we have most of the comrades of that day.

I was a member of Banks's Forlorn Hope, being an officer in the Sixth Company, Second Battalion. We had failed to capture the place by two murderous assaults, and General Banks conceived the idea that a thousand picked men, specially drilled and prepared, and sworn to go in or die trying, could capture the stronghold.



COLONEL KING WOUNDED AT SABINE CROSS ROADS.



We were relieved from other duty, furnished with extra rations and a little grog and began preparations. Col. Birge of the Thirteenth Connecticut was in command. Swords and bayonets were sharpened like razors and needles, cartridges with a double amount of powder, a mine ball and nine buckshot were made by the men and filled each cartridge box. The sappers and miners had run a zig-zag into the ditch at the point of a salient.

This salient was undermined on each angle and a ton or two of powder was to blow it heavenward, and we were to enter from the zig-zag into the hole thus made. The news of the fall of Vicksburg, in the nick of time, and negotiations for surrender put a stop to this action and saved what would have been a slaughter pen. The rebels got wind of our intention and had prepared a reception by a "Committee of the Whole," which would have been a warm one. I examined the ground afterwards, and believe that I am enabled to tell the Journal readers this story to-day only because we were not called upon. Gen. Banks promised a medal from Congress to each participant in this affair, but for nearly 30 years it has failed to materialize.

Our next campaign was in Western Louisiana, where the battle of Carrion Crow Bayou was fought, in which Lieutenant Marian of Nims's Battery succeeded in getting away with two of his guns after they were fairly captured by the enemy.

The winter of 1864 found us at Franklin, changed to a cavalry regiment, and drilling preparatory to going on the ill-starred Red River expedition. The force was collected in New Orleans, when re-enlistments as "Veterans" was consummated, and a start made in March for what proved perhaps the most disastrous expedition of the whole war. Fates were against us, and the remarkable heroism of that army could not avail against the obstacles nature had placed in our way, reinforced by hordes of the best troops of the Confederacy. The cane-breaks, forests, swamps and bayous, extending over our four hundred miles' advance, were enemies in themselves.

We were in the advance, the cavalry division being commanded by General Lee, and our brigade by Colonel N. A. M. Dudley of the Third Massachusetts Cavalry. We fought more or less, day by day, captured Alexandria and Natchitoches (Nackitosh, in the vernacular), and pushed on toward Shreveport, our goal. Major Tom Connelly commanded our regiment, and I was second in command by seniority. We had a sharp fight near Pleasant Hill on the evening of April 7, and next morning advanced toward "Sabine Cross Roads," which was to prove a fateful field for us. About 10 o'clock the Major had the right, and I the left wing in parallel "columns of fours," when we were peremptorily ordered to charge the infantry in our front with the sabre, as it was thought by those in authority that only the rear guard was in our way. Fatal mistake! We found the infantry en masse by brigades behind

a fence which no horse in the division could scale, and the sabre was useless. The order "column left," and then "fours right," brought us into the line of battle so near that the enemies' powder pricked our faces. We received their volley when our fix was discovered in the rear, and the recall sounded. My horse had two bullets through him and fell.

I took him by the reins and tried to make him rise. He looked at me, apparently imploringly, out of his almost human eyes, and I made him a farewell. Poor Bony! A rush was made for the rear when I was stopped short by a bullet and fell, and my horse, which had regained his feet, went by me. I thought my lot, which was benumbed to the knee, was gone. I emptied my revolver toward the enemy, threw away the chamber and awaited results. Lying on a battle field with shot and shell from both sides cutting the dust around you isn't a pleasant position. This is supplemented by frantic horses that have lost their riders, and I fully expected to be trampled to death by their hoofs.

While lying there I heard the grand hailing sign of distress from a brother of the Masonic order, dangerously wounded, and which was answered by the enemy, and a rescue made under a shower of shot.

When hot firing ceased a long-haired Texan approached and ordered me to "Get up, or I'll shoot the stuffing out of ye." I obeyed and limped with him to the rear, where I was stripped of my belongings and pumped by Gen. Dick Taylor as to Banks's force, to which I replied with all the lies I could think of. We were gathered together at Mansfield, three miles away, our names taken by the Provost Marshal, and started for jail at Shreveport. Among the captured men I found Chief Bugler Henry J. Durkin, now of Rochester, N. Y., and to whom I think I owe my life for his care and attention to me during our subsequent imprisonment of seven weary months. Of all the horrors produced by the war, captivity was the acme. I disclaim having any liking for fighting battles, but I would sooner go into two heavy ones per week than to take my chances with a rebel landlord, whose hotel is an open field, where the bare earth is a bed and the sky the only blanket. We wished ourselves out of the jail, where the numbers were so large we could not all lie down at the same time, but many times later, when in the stockade at Camp Ford, in Tyler, yearned to get anywhere under cover again. The march to Tyler was a foot-sore one, and we were "played out."

We found here the officers of a detachment of the Forty-second Massachusetts, who were captured at Galveston after a most gallant defence, some months before. General Isaac S. Burrell, Capt. Alfred N. Proctor, whom I had known in boyhood; Capt. Sherive, now dead; Lieuts. Newcomb, Eddy, Cowden, (afterwards killed at a fire on Blackstone street, Boston), White and others were good Samaritans to us, and I quartered with them till their exchange in July. Corn meal, of old-time, ground with the cobs, with an occasional piece of blue beef and a few

cow pears, constituted our rations. How we missed "Lincoln coffee!"

Col. A. J. H. Duganne, the poet and novelist, was among our number, which at one time aggregated 4600. He had a handful of coffee, which he had boiled three times and again dried, and which he was saving for the Fourth of July. He sometimes let us smell of the rag in which it was tied up as a special treat and a reminder of "God's country." Escapes were planned and tunnels dug, but almost invariably exposed to the guards, by some one inside, before completion.

Suspicion pointed to one Bridges, I think from Connecticut, as the traitor. Anyway he had his parole to go outside, and I am told that after my exchange a tunnel was specially dug for him, he was inveigled into it, and is there yet.

One day I got a chance to help carry out the dead for burial in a pit outside. The pit had long been in use and had on it a rank growth of "pusley." It occurred to me that I had heard of its being used for "greens," and I carried back an armful, and Miller, a chum, contracted to cook it "at the halves." I skirmished all over the stockade for salt, but not an ounce was inside that day. The greens were cooked to a salty condition and we made such a meal as only starving men can make. Humanity was knocked out of us, and we declined to share our prize with our companions. Unlucky greed! An hour sufficed to show two men sick nigh unto death. The human stomach must have the organ of memory, as to this day the thought of that dinner of "pusley" sometimes nauseates me.

Exchange failing, four of us, Captain Dill of the One Hun red and Seventy-third New York, Lieutenant Miller of the Fifth Kansas Cavalry, Ensign Loan of the navy, and myself, laid a plan of escape. Our method is only known to ourselves. The scheme was to steer for Little Rock, Arkansas, nearly three hundred miles in an air-line. Let me say at the outset, that of all the sufferings during four years of service, this discounts the whole. We knew that every man's hand on our line of travel was raised against us, and we decided to avoid the roads and keep entirely in the forest and fields. We started with little food, meal browned in a kettle and tied in a rag, and which was soured by a rain on the night of our escape. Thus equipped, barefoot and bareheaded, with no compass and not even a solitary match, we plunged into the jungle and darkness.

At daylight we came across a party who had made their exit prior to ours, but who were befogged, and were going back toward the stockade.

We gave them their course towards Shreveport and parted. Scarcely had we done this when the dogs were heard coming towards us. A little phial of turpentine which Loan had provided was quickly uncorked, and the soles of our feet rubbed to throw the hounds off the scent. We

always thought this ruse succeeded, as the dogs apparently followed the Shreveport party, and we escaped them. Capt. Dill could not swim, but we had promised to get him safely across such streams as came in our way, among which were the Sabine and Red Rivers. The latter we approached just at daylight, after traveling all night, which was our rule, hiding in the day time to lessen the chances of discovery. We found the stream a raging torrent from recent rains, and sought for a suitable point to cross, but without success. Finding we were near some negroes hoeing cotton we concluded to wait till nearly night and then seek their assistance. The day was spent in picking thorns from our feet and in sleep.

Night approaching, I hailed a hand nearest us, who at first was scared at the apparition. Finally he came to me and I told him of our party, and that we were on our way to Gen. Steele in Arkansas, to get him with his army to come down to Texas and liberate the slaves. The bait took and he promised to bring us food at dark, and I showed us where we could cross the river. True to his word he, and his fellow blacks, brought us two bones of corn bread, and about two quarts of sour milk which we devoured with gusto, having eaten nothing for more than a day. One of them guided us to the only available crossing, some six miles distant, and left us. It was very dark and we dared not cross without our comrade who could not swim, so we got into the top of an unused sawmill and slept till daylight.

We were prisoners here until night came again, as some men came early and spent the day in fishing. At sundown they were gone, and we crossed in safety, landing some half a mile below our starting point, owing to the rapid current, and to the log on which Dill was toted over. A huge alligator went into the water from the bank as we went out. Steering by the north star, our only guide, we soon came to a body of water, which nonplussed us. It was running to our left, and it was decided that it was the Sabine River again. I claimed that our proper course was down stream, but was told with curses that that course would take us to the Gulf of Mexico instead of to Little Rock. Argue as I might I could not convince my companions that we had struck a huge bend, and that we must keep to the left until we had passed it. Blows were nearly exchanged in the controversy, and I declined to lead further. An up-stream course was taken, following the bank, and morning found us back at the mill where we had crossed, with a whole night wasted. We broke our rule here and proceeded through a heavy pine forest until we struck a field of sweet potatoes, out of which we succeeded in taking a half dozen young tubers, the size of one's finger, which we ate raw. The next night we entered a field of cactus, which we had to go round, as we were barefoot; then we came across a growth of "May Pops," a fine fruit, the size of hens' eggs, and growing on the ground. We literally gorged

ourselves and carried away what we could for further supply.

I have little recollection what occurred after this until our capture. I knew at one time we were lost in the woods, and that Miller climbed a tall tree to find our star. Suffice it to say that on a Sunday morning at daylight, while walking in a deer runway, we were met by a pack of dogs with the mountain hunters close behind, and surrendered at discretion. We begged them to help us on our way and offered them fabulous sums by way of truce, but it was of no avail. Our captors proved to be Confederate soldiers, home on furlough, and they gave us the only kind treatment we received from any of their horde.

We were taken to a planter's house and well fed.

At night the whole country side apparently came to "see the Yanks." They insisted that we should sing them some songs, especially comic ones, and we regaled them with these: "Star-spangled Banner," and "Red, White and Blue," and insisted that they were the most comical ones we knew. We proved to be only 60 miles from the stockade we had left, and were taken back by easy stages, being allowed to ride the guards' horses, one at a time. Arrived and cursed, as was the custom for runaways, we tarried in our old hole until October, when an exchange of 640 of us took place. I have not time to describe our trip out of 600 miles. Many died on the way, but the happiness of the survivors can never be appreciated except by such fellows as Captain Jack Adams and Major Davis of Boston, who have tasted the bitter of rebel captivity.

DANA W. KING.



ESCAPED FROM CAMP FORD.

NONE TOO GOOD FOR COL. KING'S BOYS.

"I want to relate an incident connected with Colonel King," said Colonel A. C. Hamlin of Banzor.

"It happened at a railroad junction in Indiana, just at the close of the war, after the surrender.

"Colonel King's regiment had been ordered home for final muster out and discharge from service, and his route North lay through Indiana.

"The story is of interest as illustrating the character of the man.

"He arrived, as I said, at the station, where he was to get transportation East.

"On reaching the depot he reported to the station agent with a requisition for cars for his officers and men.

"The agent replied that he was all ready for him, and to put his regiment into a train of cattle cars standing on a side track.

"Right in front of the station was a fine passenger train of very nice cars, just about to leave in the regular schedule service.

"The Colonel's wrath rose within him.

"He immediately threw an officer, with drawn revolver, into the cab beside the engi-

neer, with orders to shoot if that individual dared to pull the throttle. A sentry with loaded rifle was stationed over each car coupling, with instructions to shoot the first person who attempted to touch them.

"Then Colonel King gave his order to the company commanders to march their men aboard the nice passenger cars. When the entire regiment was in the train, the Colonel hunted up the conductor and coolly informed him that he was all ready to go.

"The train official stared at him, and then said, 'Well, you can get those men out of there just as fast as they went in. This isn't your train.'

"King looked at him indignantly. 'I'd have you to know, sir,' said he, 'this train isn't any too good for my boys; there's nothing in this world too good for them.'

"If these cars stay here till doomsday they shall remain in them. When this train starts my men go in it.'

"An' it's needless to add that they did. The conductor looked at the engineer, took in the situation, and Colonel King's boys rode home in comfort and in style. He was just that kind of a man in everything he did."





DR. GALLOUPE IN LIBBY PRISON.

[The story of a prisoner in Libby is the tale of Dr. Isaac Francis Galloupe, a Harvard graduate of 1849, who acted as a military Surgeon for the Seventeenth Massachusetts during the war, also being brevetted Lieutenant Colonel.

Dr. Galloupe joined the army August 21, 1861, leaving for Washington two days later. Next March he was sent with Burnside's expedition to Newbern, N. C. April 4 he was commissioned Acting Brigade Surgeon of the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps. On the 2d of May he became the Division Surgeon and Medical Director on the staff of Maj. Gen. J. G. Foster. He had charge of jails and prisons containing prisoners of war, being present at 31 engagements in North Carolina. He was in charge of the Foster (U. S.) Hospital at Newbern, and afterward became the Post Surgeon at Newbern. This was in 1863.

At the battle of Bacheller's Creek he was taken prisoner and confined at Kinston and at Richmond, Va. On the first of the following March he was exchanged, and returned to Newbern, where he resumed his duties. He was mustered out Aug. 10, 1864. Dr. Galloupe is now President of the Board of United States Examining Surgeons, residing in Boston. His former home was Lynn.

In regard to the ancestry of Dr. Galloupe the following may interest: John Gallop came from England in 1630, in the ship *Mary* and John. According to Cooper's Naval

History, he fought the first naval battle in this country. He was the owner of a portion of Long Island, of Galloupe's Island and Nix's Mate. The latter was granted him by the State for some service, and is now washed away. His son, John Gallop, was one of nine Captains killed in the noted "Swamp Fight" at Narragansett. Both grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolutionary Army. The father was enrolled in the war of 1812. The son of the subject of this sketch is Surgeon of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, ready to respond when called.

On the 1st of February, 1864, while stationed at Newbern, N. C., as Acting Brigade Surgeon, I was awakened at 4 o'clock in the morning by the sound of heavy, distant firing.

At that time and place cannonading meant no boys' play. Upon inquiring at headquarters I found that an outpost at Bacheller's Creek, 12 miles distant, defended by a regiment of infantry and a few pieces of artillery in a block house, had been vigorously attacked and that the Commandant had sent word that he did not need assistance. I said to the General that "where there was so much firing somebody must get hurt," and asked "if I had

not better go out there," he said. "No, we may want you here." I went out and listened to the booming which was now continuous and feeling uneasy, mounted my horse and rode toward the point of attack.

Seeing a movement in the camp of the Seventh Massachusetts (my regiment), and hearing that it was ordered to the front, I gave orders to the steward to load a wagon with hospital supplies, take two ambulances and a stretcher corps and follow.

We soon arrived on the field, and after clearing some negro huts found there, for a hospital, the stretcher men started to search for the wounded. We were however, too near as the shells fell all around us. Just then one of our batteries flew by in a direction away from the battlefield. I mounted my horse and galloped up to one of the officers, and asked him, "What is up?" He replied, "We are licked to—!" Of course we were not long in following him. Our forces were in full retreat, going slowly and in good order, artillery in the rear retarding the enemy by constant firing.

After retreating about eight miles, being then four miles from Newbern, I found that one of the wounded, Lieut. H. A. Cheever, Adjutant of the Seventeenth Massachusetts, was apparently dying and hoping that there would be time enough to attend to him, had him taken from the ambulance for that purpose. I found him in a state of collapse from a gunshot wound of the chest, after removing the ball he rallied and was replaced in the ambulance, the rest of the ambulance train had, in the mean time, passed on.

No sooner had we made ready to start than we were, in a flash, surrounded by rebel cavalry coming, as it were, from the clouds, horses panting, men with flushed and excited faces, pointing their carbines at our little hospital, squad calling out "Surrender!" I held out my hands to show that we were unarmed, when they lowered their guns without firing. I have since wondered that some of them did not shoot while under such great excitement. No one saw them coming, the first we knew we were surrounded.

The sensation caused by our capture can be neither imagined nor described. A few moments before we were among hundreds and thousands of comrades, all working together, then suddenly, they had completely vanished, and we were in the midst of the enemy, cut off from all knowledge of and communication with the world as effectually as if we had passed the River Jordan.

This feeling of isolation from friends, home and "God's country" was deeply impressive; to add to the distress of this novel and unwelcome condition, we were completely at the mercy of the enemies of our country. Our retreating army continued artillery firing, and we were

soon menaced with death from this source; fragments of shell were flying all about us. I got behind a log house for protection, but the flying splinters of wood were more dangerous than the shells. So I returned to the open field. I saw many rebels wounded and two or three killed.

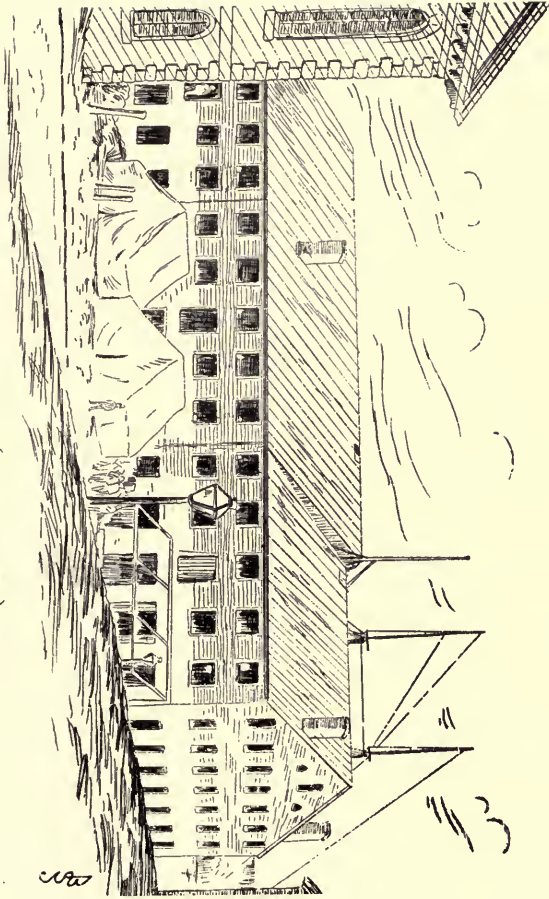
The shabby condition of the rebels surprised me. No two were dressed alike. One-fourth were dressed, in part, in captured United States clothing and nearly all the remainder in butternut homespun, evidently cut by a woman tailor; they were without overcoats and hundreds of them barefooted, and this in mid-winter. They seemed half-starved, and at once commenced searching for food, quickly devouring my hospital supplies. A small-pox hospital outside the lines was raided and all the food and clothing eagerly taken.

Their guns were rusty and accoutrements shabby but serviceable. I talked with many of them, and found them thoroughly sick of the war, the first word in almost every case being the question, "When do you think this war will end?" My reply was, "When you are completely beaten, and that will be soon."

I was soon ordered to "fall in" with other prisoners to be sent to the rear but begged to be allowed to remain in charge of the wounded officer before named, as he was suffering much from his wound, this I was allowed to do, a parole being given me in writing for myself and horse by Gen. Walter Harrison, Inspector General, on the staff of Gen. Pickett, whom I now found was in command of this army. In a few minutes a staff officer mounted my horse and when I remonstrated and showed my parole, he replied that "the General wanted the horse for the charge on our works to-morrow." Gen. Harrison had a few words with him. The horse was a splendid animal, and had carried me through many tight places during the past year. I never saw him again.

At this time I was interviewed by Dr. Hines and Dr. Lewis of the staff of Gen. Pickett. The former was as courteous and respectful as any friend could be, but the latter was less so, he took a great fancy to my rubber coat, and offered me two of my hospital blankets for it. I declined, but the trade was nevertheless made. I had heretofore supposed that it "took two to make a bargain," but I found that I had been mistaken. He told me that his sister was the wife of Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke of Boston, but "on account of the abolition sentiments of the latter he had to be ignored." [This statement is erroneous. I may have misunderstood him.]

Gen. Pickett established his headquarters within one hundred feet of the negro hut where I was attending to my wounded men. So far as I could see, the rebel army remained quiet, but there was occasional firing from our forts through the day. In the evening one of Gen. Pickett's staff informed me that their plan was to surprise and capture our gunboats, by an expedition down the Neuse River, and then charge



LIBBY PRISON (IN WAR TIME).

on our works and take Newbern. While he was telling me this brisk firing was heard, which he stated was from the attack on the gunboats, and that in an hour our whole fleet would be in their possession. As a matter of fact the attack was really a failure, they did capture one boat, the Underwriter, but were obliged to get away with but a few prisoners, in their small boats, the firing from our forts being too much for them.

At this time another staff officer told me that General Pickett had sent for me. I found him lying on the ground, in common with the whole army, having "retired" for the night. He told me to lie down by his side, and immediately began to question me about the condition of our defenses and I forces. I answered all his questions with apparent simplicity but I fear that the information was somewhat misleading. After remaining with him about half an hour I ventured to inform him that I had left a wounded man who was suffering much, and requested that I might return to him, to this he readily assented.

The next day I was surprised that no attack was made by the rebels. They remained, as far as I could see, quiet all day. At about 5 P. M. I was ordered to "fall in" with other prisoners, to be sent to the rear. The prisoners first taken had been hurried off immediately the day before.

Out of 115 men of my regiment engaged, 55 had been captured, of these, three only ever returned. The rest died at Andersonville! The rebels captured two fine two-horse ambulances, and it was provoking to see our wounded carted off in their wagons, without springs. After about an hour spent in getting us together we were started off, four abreast, the officers, of whom there were about a dozen, in front, there were nearly 300 in all. The road was sandy and wholly through woods.

Occasionally we came to a house, where the column was halted, and an officer called out the women (there were no men) who inspected each prisoner. I did not learn the object of this until the next day, when I found that among the prisoners were some who had deserted from them and enlisted in the Union army, and this way was taken to identify them. At about 9 o'clock we were turned into a field by the side of the road to bivouac for the night. I had two light blankets but gave one to Capt. Bailev, who had none. I took off my boots for a pillow and tried to get some sleep, but did not succeed. The ground was cold and uneven, I had on thin flannel clothing and a thin overcoat, without lining, and shivered all night. The guard made small fires on the ground, and I could see them passing their bare feet through the flames to warm them.

At 2 o'clock I began to hear troops passing to the rear there were cavalry artillery pontoons, siege guns, and all the trappings of a large army, by this I knew that the attack on Newbern had been abandoned. Of course this was good news for us, as, in my opinion, an at-

tack might have been successful, as a large part of our army at Newbern had recently been sent to reinforce the Army of the Potomac.

At 5 o'clock A. M. we were again started on the move, halting at each house as before. In the afternoon one of the men, identified as a deserter broke through the guard and rushed into the woods the guard took deliberate aim and fired, one after another, but the trees stopped the balls, and he was not shot. Some of the guard then gave chase, and, of course, he was soon overtaken by their bullets. After that all the suspected men were brought to the front, and the guard strengthened. I asked one of the rebel officers "why the man took such a risk?" He replied, "because he knew he would be hung to-morrow."

Now and then an exhausted prisoner would fall out, when that happened he would be left in the woods with a soldier to guard him. How these men fared I never knew. I tried my best, to keep up with the column, but could not, I gradually fell behind until I reached the rear guard, when I would start in "double quick" until I rained the front again, but in doing this I fell down many times. I had on heavy riding boots, the roads were sandy and my feet sank three inches at each step.

At 5 o'clock P. M. we reached Kingston, having marched forty miles in twenty-four hours. Here we were met by a small crowd of men, whose object was to exchange their Confederate money for watches, or anything else that we would part with. They kept crossing in front of us, shouting "Has any gentleman got a gold watch to sell?" "Has any gentleman got a silver watch to sell?" "Has any gentleman got a knife to sell?" etc., etc.

We were all turned into the Court House, the men into the body of the house and the officers into a small gallery filling it full, those in the rear were obliged to sit or lie down as the ceiling was too low for them to stand. The house presented an animated scene, trading was going on at a great rate, our men selling everything that they could do without. The noise and confusion were very great, rest and sleep were out of the question. I crawled under a settee to avoid being stepped on and pulled off my boots, the next morning my feet were so inflamed, blistered and swollen that I could not put them on, and I never got them on again.

That night, passed under the settee, was the most agonizing that I have ever endured.

The next morning at 10 o'clock a soldier appeared with a greasy haversack full of corn meal, shouting "Gentlemen grub," and dealt out to each officer a pint of it. We hired him to cook it for us, and paid him \$16 for his services. He took it out of doors, mixed it with water, and baked it in tin plates over a fire on the ground. I could not eat it, but gave it to whoever would take it. This was the first time that food had been served out to us. This was Thursday morning; my last meal was on the previous Sunday night, and I do not remember that I had eaten anything in the meantime.

Soon after this, I was allowed to go to the hos-

pital, and attended the wounded, whom I found in a barn, and store-house; Union men and Confederates in the same room. The surgeon in charge Dr Holt, was more than kind to me; furnished me with food, obtained for me a pair of second hand shoes, made of canvas (new ones there were none, large enough for my swollen feet, and did all he could for me, including making an application to Gen Pickett for my release but in this, without success.

He told me that he had receipted for me, and I could go where I pleased. As I wore a gray military overcoat and hat, like those worn by the rebels, I was not recognized as a "Yankee," and so mingled among them with freedom. The contrast between the condition of their army and ours astonished me. Their food, clothing, and supplies were as meagre as they could be; they admitted that there was only one thing that they had enough of, and that was tobacco; that they could beat us in that, and in nothing else.

Some of the ladies looked in upon us at the hospital, partly from curiosity to see the Yankees, and partly to sympathize with their sick soldiers. They were dressed in faded calico, but were high-headed and haughty. They asked me many questions, but did not come within 10 feet of me. In reply to a questioner I told her I came from the good old State of Massachusetts. Ah," said she, "If it wasn't for Massachusetts we should not be where we are now." I said "very true."

On the next day Feb. 4, I noticed that the whole army was getting into line, as if for a parade. I inquired of one of the officers what the reason of this was, and I was told "there was going to be a killing" and was asked if I "would like to see it?" He said that some 20 to 25 prisoners had been tried as deserters from their army and were now to be hung, and that the whole army was to be paraded to witness the execution.

The preparations were visible, and the thoughts of the thing were more than enough for me.

At this time I conversed with, or rather listened to, the conversation of a number of officers from Virginia, whose pomposity, exotism and ignorance of the character of the Northern people amazed me.

One the 7th of February the wounded were sent to Gouldsboro' by rail and I went with them, but was not allowed to enter the hospital. By the kindness of Dr. Holt I was provided with lodging in a private house, the next morning breakfasted at a large hotel, the meal consisting of rice coffee, in a cup without a saucer, and a piece of corn bread in a broken plate. Price \$5.

In the afternoon I was started for Richmond in charge of an officer. The cars were over-crowded with soldiers and people of all sorts except negroes, and moved at the rate of ten miles an hour. I sat on the floor mixed up with soldiers in gray, and was taken for one of their number. It became known, however, that a Union surgeon was on board, and loud calls for him were

made. One of the most boisterous of them sat next to me; we talked together, and shared the contents of our haversacks, but he did not find me out.

We arrived in Richmond the next morning. Here I found a city betokening civilization, and I said to myself, it could not be possible that here, in a city like this, prisoners could be treated with such cruelty as had been reported.

But I had to change my mind. I found that the sufferings of our men were far greater than had been told, and that language was inadequate to describe them.

My canvas shoes were now falling apart, and, by the courtesy of the officer in charge of me, I was allowed to visit the shoe stores and hotels, in search of a pair of slippers, but none could be found. Being now exhausted I requested to be turned over to the authorities, and was immediately taken to the office of the Provost Marshal Gen. Winder who sent me to Libby Prison. The walls of the prison office were hung with our handsome regimental flags, union down, the sight of which caused a feeling of exasperation to come over me that I could not control.

Still, it was a relief to be once more among Union men, even if it was in Libby Prison. I had become heartily disgusted with the everlasting butternut.

Being lame and sick I was placed in what was called (by courtesy) the hospital, a room on the lower floor, containing about 50 sick and wounded officers. There were in all 1100 Union officers in the building. The prisoners seemed to be very calm, but the guard were in a state of great excitement. A large number were patrolling the building, examining the floors, ceiling, chimney, stairs, &c. punching every spot with their muskets. It had just been discovered that 109 men had escaped through the famous tunnel, and they were in search of the place of egress. There was a flight of stairs leading to the next floor above, the opening to which had been floored over a guard was placed here, with orders to shoot any man who should attempt to step upon them.

It was also known that Gen. Butler was at Deep Bottom, 12 miles off, and it was feared that he would pay Richmond a visit.

I took off my overcoat and sat down upon it. A prisoner stepped up and asked me my name, where I was captured, and a few more similar questions, and then moved on. Others did the same, and this questioning continued for about an hour, then they stood around in small groups, talking and sending side glances toward me. I thought nothing strange of this. I had never been in prison before and supposed this to be their way of showing interest in a new comer.

After about two hours had elapsed, one cried out "fresh fish;" others took up the cry, until all of them were shouting, at the top of their voices, "fresh fish."

I inquired of one of them, a Lieutenant from Michigan, what the meaning of this was. He replied, "that means you," and added, "ye had a narrow escape, didn't ye?" "I made up my mind to kill ye" (and he meant it.) He then explained that I had been taken for a rebel spy, sent in to get information as to the way to the tunnel. He became very friendly, and showed his friendship by presenting me with two potatoes, worth a dollar each. He seemed to think he had wronged me, and, as compensation, continued his kindness to me while I remained in Libby.

My shoes had now gone entirely to pieces, and my limbs were still so swollen that I could not get my boots on, seeing which a prisoner loaned me a pair of overshoes made of buffalo hide, with the hair inside. This kind friend, I found, was W. O. McMackin, the Lieutenant Colonel of General Grant's regiment, 21st Illinois; he left the State with the General (then Colonel), was captured at Chickamauga, and had been a prisoner about a year. When I was released I gave him my boots, and so we both made a good bargain, inasmuch as I could not wear the boots, and he was destitute of the articles.

For several days following my entrance to Libby we were pained to see many of the escaped prisoners returned, many sick or wounded, and all in an exhausted condition.

The diet of the prisoners has been often described. Finding myself losing strength for want of food, I gave one of the guard \$13 with which to buy me something to eat. In two or three days I received 13 cookies that looked and tasted like the New England article, and which had been obtained from a "confiscated box" from the North. I placed them under my head at night, resolving to eat but one each day, and thus have something in reserve. During the night rats made an attack on them, and, while trying to find a safer place for them, I concluded to allow myself to eat one; but, alas, the temptation was too great to be resisted; the whole thirteen disappeared, and I did not feel that I had eaten too much. In the morning I found that the rats had eaten away the shoulder of my coat, leaving a hole six inches in diameter, and that a considerable portion of the cape of my overcoat was gone.

At this time "boxes" from home were not delivered to the prisoners (although 6000 were stored in a building near by) except a few to prisoners in hospital; these were not delivered entire; the contents of a box were tumbled into a dirty blanket; butter, doughnuts and many other things mixed promiscuously together. All cans were opened and contents spilled among the other articles. In this condition they were dumped upon the floor and the owner's name called. At the same time the men in charge of this much needed food lived like "fighting cocks," at least so they said.

The keenness with which the prisoners eluded the rules of the prison seemed almost superhuman. One rule was that there should be no communication between the different rooms of the building; nevertheless, messages, both written and verbal, were constantly passing to and fro. On waking from a nap one day I found a note directed to me from Capt. F. R. Josselyn of a Massachusetts regiment, who was a prisoner on the floor above. My friend, the Michigan Lieutenant, could not tell me how it got there, but said that my answer would be forwarded at once, and it was, I never knew how. Frequently the method of communication would be discovered and abolished, but in a few minutes a new route would be established.

Several of the men seemed to have plenty of flour, which they made into griddle cakes, and fried upon a small stove in their possession. On being asked where they obtained the flour, they replied: "The Rebs furnish it." A lot of flour was stored under the building, and they somehow got at it in the night, even while the guard were watching them, and they kept up the practice several weeks before they were discovered.

On the arrival of a flag of truce boat at City Point a vigorous shout of "Boat up, boat up," would be heard all over the building, and that before the prison officials were aware of the boat's arrival.

According to the cartel, I was entitled to be released by the first flag of truce. As this was not done, I wrote a note to the Commissioner of Exchange, Robert Auld, calling his attention to the omission, but without result.

At last, on the 27th of February, I was put on board the rebel flag of truce boat, with 12 others, civilians, from Castle Thunder, one of whom, a correspondent of the New York Tribune, had been a prisoner for a year. Another was a woman, who had been captured as a soldier in uniform.

The ever-prominent food question induced me to ask the officer in charge of us for "something to eat." His reply was: "You will be on board the City of New York in two hours, where you will get something a d-d sight better than we can give you." We were all put into the hold of the vessel, under guard, to prevent our seeing their defences on the river banks.

At last our eyes and hearts were gladdened by the sight of our flag of truce boat, with the glorious Stars and Stripes floating at the mast-head.

Oh! how grand and beautiful was that sight! and what a thrilling and happy sensation we felt on stepping upon the deck under that flag.

ISAAC F. GALLOUPE,
Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. V.

MAINE'S HEROES.

Among the most famous of all the regiments in the late war was one known first as the Eighteenth Maine, and later as the First Maine Heavy Artillery. For bravery, exposure and "hard luck," as the survivors are wont to express it, few regiments in any war of modern times can show a record equaling it. The nucleus of it arrived in Bangor July 24, 1862, being a company of farmers, woodsmen and river drivers from the back settlements of Penobscot county.

August 4, teams from Houlton, 110 miles away, brought in the second company. Aug. 15, the regiment was filled, and Col. Chaplin applied for orders to join the army. It was mustered into service by Capt. Bartlett of the Twelfth United States Infantry, and Sunday, Aug. 21, left in 20 cars for Washington. It performed garrison duty for five months on the Virginia side of the Potomac, when, by order of the War Department, it became known as the First Maine Heavy Artillery.

The regiment retained its rifles as at first, with both light and heavy ordnance in forts and batteries. Eight companies were stationed at Fort Alexander, under the immediate command of Col. Chaplin; Company E at Batteries Vermont and Mattox, with Company K at Batteries Cameron and Parrot. Here it remained the entire year of 1863, and in March the Third Battery was added, and was known as Company M.

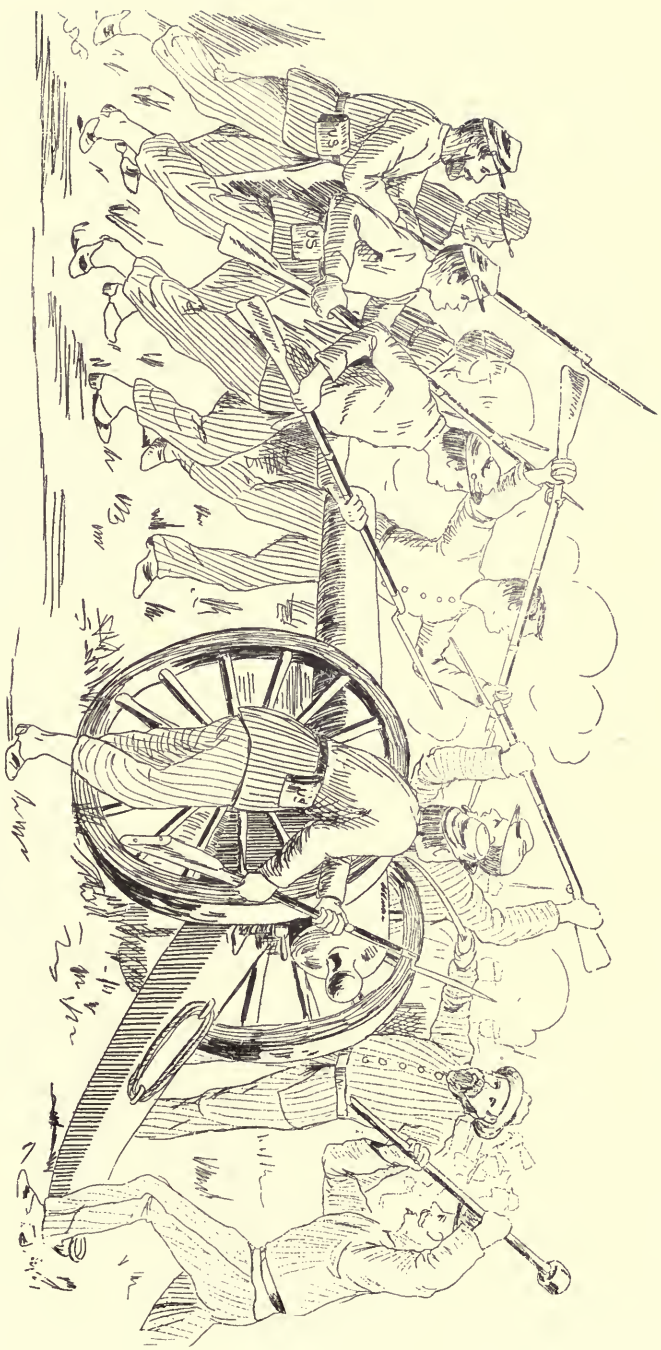
In February, 1864, it had 1800 men. On May 15 of that year the War Department ordered it to the Army of the Potomac, and it debarked later at Belle Plain Landing. On the 19th it was put into a fight against the enemy, who had made an advance and captured a train

of supplies. It won a victory in two hours and a half, losing six commissioned officers killed, six commissioned officers wounded, 76 enlisted men killed and 388 enlisted men wounded; total, 476 men.

On the 18th of June it advanced on the enemy's lines in the vicinity of the O'Haire House, and carried them. That evening it again advanced upon works extending from 600 to 700 yards in front of its position, so arranged as to sweep by direct and enfilade fires each foot of the intervening plain. The first battalion was swept away while going the first 100 yards; whole companies reeled before the shock, yet on went the rest toward death. They were repulsed. It lost in 20 minutes 7 commissioned officers killed, 25 wounded, 108 men killed and 464 wounded; total, 504 men.

July 14 the regiment arrived at the north side of Deep Bottom, and on the morning of the 18th a sharpshooter killed Col. Chaplin. A New York regiment had been ordered to advance but did not follow. Therefore Col. Chaplin's last words, as he was taken from the field, were suggested by the action of the New York troops. He said: "Tell the boys to obey orders and never flinch." Col. Chaplin had entered the service May 28, 1861. He was then Captain in the Second Maine. In September of that year he was given the rank of Major, and was made a Colonel July 11, 1862.

At the battle of Hanover Court House, Gen. A. P. Martin of Boston, then in command of "Martin's Battery," lost his guns to the enemy. Major Chaplin, seeing this, started to re-capture them, leading in person a portion of the Second Maine. On the first advance the enemy opened fire and Chaplin fell back. In the assault a



MAINE BOYS RETAKING MARTIN'S BATTERY.

rifle ball struck the scabbard of Chaplin, bending it so the sword could not be drawn.

Seeing this, Gen. Martin drew his own sword and gave it to Chaplin. The latter charged again, took the battery and turned it over to its commander. Gen. Martin afterwards wrote a handsome letter of thanks to Col. Chaplin, refusing to take back the sword. Though Col. Chaplin was a much taller man than Gen. Martin, and his disabled blade was two inches longer than the one Gen. Martin had given him, he said the latter was better balanced, and carried it until, one day, the privates and non-commissioned officers contributed \$1000 and bought Col. Chaplin a new blade. The widow of Col. Chaplin has the disabled blade in her home in Bangor; her son has the Martin sword in St. Louis, while the \$1000 weapon is in a Bangor bank vault.

The charge and terrible death roll of the First Maine Heavy Artillery on June 18 have always been fruitful sources of discussion in G. A. R. circles. It was for years a disputed question as to who ordered it. The following letter written Major Low of Bangor, and of the regiment, by Gen. Robert McAllister, freely explains the matter:

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Jan. 14, 1871.

Maj. Fred C. Low:

Dear Sir—in all of my army experience no scene of carnage and suffering is so impressed on my mind as that fatal charge made by your regiment on June 18, 1864. The history of that charge, as well as the one preceding it, is very familiar to me. I took part in the first. I was in command of the Second Brigade of the division. On the morning of the 18th we moved forward on the enemy's works, carried the first line without much difficulty, as the enemy were about leaving this line for a stronger one in the rear of it. Arriving in front of that, we found it manned by a strong force of artillery and infantry. After delaying a little I was ordered to advance on the enemy's works. We went forward.

They poured on my brigade a terrific storm of shot, shell and musketry, and my men fell like forest leaves in a nail storm.

Seeing the utter impossibility of advancing further we dropped down, planted our standard along the line and kept up the fire. I sent a report back to division headquarters asking what I was to do. Orders came to retire from my position. In doing this I lost heavily.

On reporting to Gen. Mott for orders I was ordered to place my brigade on the reserve ready for action. I asked:

"Where is my old brigade?"

Gen. Mott replied:

"Just going in where you came out."

I exclaimed, "God help them!"

He asked "Why?"

I answered

"They cannot advance on these works—they cannot live—the enfilade fire will cut them down." Just as I said this, an aid from headquarters rode up and said to the General:

"Order the advance at once." It was done.

Your brigade moved off, your fine regiment handsomely in the front. You went gallantly, but not to meet success. This was impossible—you were a forlorn hope. In a few minutes, out of your regiment which advanced 900 strong, 632 lay low on the battlefield. Darkness soon overspread the field, and I was very anxious that my wounded men who had fallen in the previous charge and lay between the enemy's lines and ours should be brought off, as well as those of your brigade and 1 regiment, some of whom had advanced still farther than mine. I sent men out; the enemy discovered them and opened fire. The opportunity was thus lost.

All that night we could distinctly hear the groans of the wounded and their cries for help; but no succor could be sent them on account of the constant fire. My brigade worked all night long to push our works forward so that we might rescue them. That terrible night at last broke into another day, the 19th, the battle continued with increasing fury. The sun poured down on the dying and wounded and amid the rattle of musketry and roaring of cannon we heard the cries of our comrades for water! water!

When the long, terrible day was over and night again threw her dark mantle over the contending forces, and the fire slackened, I pushed my brigade forward and built new breastworks, the line of which ran through where your men lay thickest, and most of your dead and wounded, as well as mine, were brought off. That line was never pushed farther, but remained as our advanced outpost until the end of that great and terrible struggle before Petersburg.

Whether history will do you justice or not, permit me to say that no language can be too strong in its praise of your gallant regiment in that splendid, noble, heroic charge—when almost three-fourths of your number fell—fighting for their country. This, then, my dear Major, is why I regard the First Maine Heavy Artillery as a grand regiment.

I am yours very truly,

ROBERT MCALLISTER.

Late Brevet Major General U. S. A. Volunteers

GENERAL MARTIN'S STORY.

"At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 27th of May, 1862, we took up the line of march from Gaines's Mills to Hanover Court House, where it was supposed the Fifth Army Corps was to effect a junction with Gen. McDowell's corps, then at Fredericksburg, and was to have come down to the Hanover Court House to join the Fifth Corps in an advance on Richmond, separate from the main army.

"Arriving at the intersection of roads on the way to Hanover Court House, when it was supposed that reinforcements might be sent, the Forty-fourth New York, Second Maine and two guns of my battery—I was then a Captain—were left under command of General Martindale to guard that position, while the main body of the corps, under General Fitz John Porter, advanced still further on towards Hanover Court House.

"Before reaching there, however, sounds of musketry and artillery firing were heard in the rear, where an engagement had been commenced between Gen. Branch's North Carolina troops and Gen. Martindale's brigade. At this time Gen. Martindale was forced back and the two guns of my battery were temporarily in the hands of the enemy.

"But General Martindale rallied his troops and made a splendid attack, routing the enemy and recapturing the two guns. In this battle the Second Maine Regiment fought gallantly, and in recognition of the great service rendered by the officers and men of this regiment, I presented Major Chaplin with a sword (I had two) to replace one that had been broken by a minie bullet during the conflict.

"Before the main body of the Fifth Corps reached the point of engagement between Gen. Martindale's brigade and the rebels under Gen. Branch, the enemy had been completely routed and driven to the rear.

"I would like to say that no troops ever fought better, more gallantly, or achieved a more decisive victory than Gen. Martindale's brigade at the Hanover Court House.

"Col. Roberts and Lieut. Col. Varney were equally entitled to praise and recognition with Col. Chaplin for courage and ability that they displayed on the battlefield. The sword presented to Col. Chaplin was intended to be as much of a compliment to the whole command as to any one member of it.

GEN. A. P. MARTIN."

A TRICK OF THE REBELS.

[First Lieutenant Aaron Ring, Q. M. and A. C. S. of the Thirteenth Regiment of Maine's Infantry, was Post Quartermaster and A. C. S. at Forts Jackson, St. Philip and the Quarantine Station during the time of this interesting incident.]

At the time the Thirteenth Regiment of Maine Volunteers were doing garrison duty at Forts Jackson, St. Philip and at quarantine there was a Confederate recruiting camp a short distance from Pass a l'Ouvre on the main land, very short of rations; they had their friends at New Orleans watching chances to send them food. The Quartermaster of the forts visited New Orleans about this time for army stores. After making requisition for about \$10,000 worth he called on the Quartermaster of the Department of the Gulf for transportation of the goods from New Orleans to the forts. The steamer Fox, a small side-wheeler, the one Sidell and Mason went to Cuba in, was turned over to him with a crew of sixteen men and a captain, all supposed to be Confederate neutrals. Dr. Gordon, now in Portland, Me., being Assistant Surgeon of the Thirteenth Regiment and in New Orleans, asked for passage to the forts in the Fox.

He and the Quartermaster of the forts were the only ones with Yankee blood in them. The Fox left the city about 3 o'clock P. M., and paddled gently down the river with the current, passed quarantine station about dark; as the steamer turned the bend in the river near the signal station and about two miles to Fort St. Philip, they ignored the signal gun from the fort, and paid no regard to the boat in the river with red lights, which immediately threw up red rockets. The garrison of the fort were called to quarters and opened on the Fox with shot and shell. The Quartermaster walked around on the guard, saw the lights were out, and only one man on deck, and he at the wheel. He then made up his mind they were trying to steal the Fox and all on board, knowing the way these fellows would attempt it. They draw lots to see who shall steer the boat through; the one the lot falls on goes to the wheel, the rest go down into the well-room below the water-line, out of range of direct shot and shell.

The Quartermaster told Surgeon Gordon what he thought was up, and if the doctor would stand near him with revolver and shoot down any man who attempted to knife him, he would

do the rest at the proper time. The Quartermaster and his friend waited under fire to the music of shot and shell in the wood piles on shore and the beating to quarters in Fort Jackson, and saw them throw up white lights, which seemed to float in the air several minutes, giving light all around. When they went out it was like Egyptian darkness; you could feel it! Soon as they turned the second bend in the river near Fort St. Philip, Fort Jackson opened on them. When the steamer had gone far enough to round up good at the fort, the Quartermaster stepped to the wheel house and told the man to put the boat into Fort Jackson. The man said the rope was broken from the wheel, she would not mind her helm. He told him to give the wheel a turn—"We'll see." Holding his revolver close to the man's head and watching him, he saw that the steamer came around like a bird and headed towards the wharf at Fort Jackson!

All this time the forts were trying to strike them, but the fear of the forts was nothing compared to the seventeen desperate fellows within striking distance. The stores were landed

in the fort that night and the captain and officers of the boat put under guard till morning. At the hearing next morning the captain of the Fox showed what purported to be an order from the Quartermaster of the Department of the Gulf to go down to the Belize and bring up any vessel with goods on for the United States Government. Upon his showing this the Colonel commanding the post allowed him to go, and quietly turned the laugh on the Quartermaster of the post. Two days later the Quartermaster received a telegram asking where the Fox was. This was shown to the Colonel, and he explained, and got an answer back, that the permit to go to the Belize was a forgery—no such order or permit was given. Then the laugh was on the Colonel of the post. Little more than a week later we heard by way of a gunboat that chased the Fox from Pass a l'Ouvre over to the rebel camp, and saw the men set her on fire, and go on shore and up into the camp—the gunboat remaining to see the Fox burn to the water's edge.

AARON RING.

Hyde Park, 114 Gordon avenue.

BATTLE OF SAVAGE'S STATION.

I have been an interested reader of the many well-written articles in the Journal's war-time recollections. The Journal found a rich vein when it opened its columns to these publications. I hope it finds them profitable to itself, as well as interesting to its readers. Some of the stories told come very near us.

We belonged to the "Corps of Observation," at Poolesville, Md.; and we were "in it" at Fredericksburg. We must have been very close to Pension Agent Osborne that day at Savage's Station. We distinctly remember the incident of the burning train. The grand spectacle it presented as it disappeared around the curve, the explosion, and the cone-shaped cloud of steam that rose above the trees, and, gradually expanding, floated away a trembling mass of white vapor.

That same 29th day of June, 1862—one of the eventful "Seven Days"—was pretty well filled with stirring events. It was in the dim light and fog of its early morning that we abandoned the works we had built with so much labor and care. Retreating toward White Oak Swamp, we halted twice to repel the attacks of the pursuing enemy, reaching Savage's Station about noon, I think, though I have no means of recalling the exact time. I write of Savage's Station, since Comrade Osborne calls up the memory, because in the fire of this battle was forged one of the links in the David and Jonathan chain of friendship that the war wrought between the Fifteenth Massachusetts and First Minnesota. We had been brought together by the "fortunes"—or,

rather, misfortunes—of war on the upper Potomac in 1861.

We had suffered a terrible "baptism of fire" at Bull Run, and they had been equally unfortunate at Ball's Bluff. Our mutual adversities may have attracted us to each other. Be that as it may we had "summered and wintered" together, been tried with one another on the march and in the fire of battle. Our experiences had brought mutual respect and confidence, and each faced the dreary ordeal of battle more confidently if the other was supporting or covered a flank. Our division, the Second, Second Corps, was massed in the open ground at Savage's Station when the "Johnnies" "stirred us up" with a couple of shells. We supposed Heintzelman's troops were in that direction, but this undeceived us.

Burns's brigade was sent to meet the attack, deploying a regiment to the front at double quick in fine style, under a sharp artillery fire. I have rarely seen skirmishers take position with more regularity and promptness. When Burns neared the wood it was found he could not cover the allotted space and the First Minnesota was ordered up to piece out the line. To reach our desired position we had to cross open fields. I recall that the sun was low down and shone in our faces. We moved at double quick, exposed to a hot fire from the rebel batteries, and a couple of our own batteries firing over our heads at an elevation calculated to just clear them. How those shells did screech as they nestled past us. They seemed hot enough to scorch. It was very trying to the nerves. Cross-

ing the field and a hollow at a run, we "came up standing" at the edge of the woods.

Some of the boys indulged in a yell, "just to clear their throats," and were answered by the rebels, who were advancing through the wood. The skirmishers were pushed into the woods, but had not gone 100 yards before they were greeted by a wild yell and a volley that sent them flying back upon us. The brush completely hid them from our view, but as the bullets came with vicious, spiteful force out of the woods it was evident that they were in easy range. We leveled our rifles into the woods, and, in the "poetical language" of Captain Davis, "blazed away." On came a mass of the rebels yelling and firing, and the regiment on our right, and I believe one other, was forced backward to the hollow.

Lieut. Col. Miller, who commanded us that day—Col. Alf. Sully taking the brigade—first excited ridicule by rushing up to Gen. Burns and calling out, "They are flanking us, General! They are doing it now, General!" They won our admiration and respect by marching on foot close in the rear of the hard pressed right wing of the regiment and by command and entreaty kept us to the line.

Once or twice a cheer that sounded faint and far off in the confusion of the fight had reached our ears from the hollow behind us. In a hasty glance in that direction nothing could be seen through the smoke and gathering darkness, save the lurid flash of our batteries on the hill, which were still throwing shells over our heads—and for that matter the rebel heads, too. The rebels came swinging around our right, enveloping us front and flank in a deadly fire. In another moment we must retreat or be annihilated.

But hark! The cheering is heard once more close behind us. A good, open-mouthed, ringing hurrah. No music ever sounded more melodious than that loud, defiant cheer to our battle-stunned ears. Then the Fifteenth Massachusetts pressed close up behind us shouting, "We are with you, Minnesota." Pushing to the front and extending to the right they opened a rapid fire, which soon drove back the rebels, who had passed our right, and the whole rebel line retreated rapidly into the woods.

There, on the smoking field, with the wild refrain of the battle still ringing in their ears, the "boys" of the First Minnesota and Fifteenth Massachusetts mingled together, shaking each other's hands, and united in a good old Union hurrah. This fight, though short, was really a hotly contested affair, Company F, the right flank company, losing nineteen men killed and wounded out of forty-one engaged. One of these, who died of wounds at Seminary Hospital, formerly lived, or had relatives, at Ipswich, Mass. His name was Edward E. Davis, Company F, First Minnesota.

Regiments, like individuals, formed strong attachments for one another. Perhaps there were no two regiments more closely united than the First Minnesota and the Fifteenth Massachusetts—in camp, on the march and in battle—they stood loyally and faithfully together.

This was only one of several incidents in their military life that tended to unite them the more closely. Not the least interesting one, perhaps, was on that bleak morning in February, '64, when the "Old First" started home on its "veteran furlough."

It had to leave the camp near Stevensburg, Va., long before daylight, but we found the Fifteenth in line with open ranks to bid us goodbye. No more sincere or kinder wishes or more fervent "God bless comrades" were ever uttered by many lips to man than came to us from out the darkness of that winter morning as we marched out of camp. They gave us hearty cheers "and the band played," not "Annie Rooney," but "Auld Lang Syne." As we marched to the cars we heard voices singing "Shall old companions be forgot?" They have not been forgotten. Whenever two men of those regiments meet there is a hearty, enthusiastic meeting. There was a notable meeting of the survivors of the Fifteenth and a few fragments of the First in one of the public school buildings in Boston in 1890, which showed that the memories and feelings of the old days were still fresh and vigorous after a quarter of a century.

J. A. WRIGHT.

Beverly.

WHY THEY DISLIKED GENERAL BUTLER.

The writer of the following article was a member of the New Bedford City Guards. For the accuracy of his statements, he refers to Col. I. C. Hart and Mr. J. H. Hathaway, City Treasurer of New Bedford, both of whom were members of his old company.)

To the Editor of the Boston Journal.

Your articles on the burning of Hampton and

death of Gen. Butler bring to mind an incident which you may think worth printing.

In July, 1861, the Third and Fourth Regiments, Massachusetts Infantry, marched from Hampton, which we did not burn, to Fortress Monroe, as our three months' service was ended. We moved into the fortress and donned our gray coats, which had been stored while we wore fatigue suits. Ever so many rows of brass

buttons and epaulets, weighing nearly three pounds adorned these coats, but our bear skin caps had been sent home. Our muskets and equipments, of which we were very proud, were in the best condition. Much of the work of polishing was done, like some of Mark Twain's work, by an "agent," said agent being some private among the "regulars" who for \$1 polished our belongings, so that we passed first-class "inspection." With our gay uniforms and shining Springfield muskets we were drawn up in line on the parade ground, ordered to "stack arms, right flank, right face, forward!" On we moved, never again to see those beloved "Springfields," which we hoped to have mounted in gold and silver, suitably inscribed and kept for our grand-children.

We marched to a remote part of the fortress, where we were armed with old, dull, blue Enfield rifles to carry on our triumphant march home. Do you think we cherished those rifles? Can you not believe every man abused his gun and left it on the ground to rust?

Can you wonder that we hated "Old Butler?"

Most of us lived to be older and better soldiers, realizing that those old blue rifles were good enough for militia men to march home with, and the Springfields were needed by those who came to fill our place. For one I forgave the General years ago.

CHARLES B WALKER.

Brandon, Vt.

THE YOUNGEST OFFICER IN THE WAR.

[The statement prefacing his very interesting paper upon the Siege of Charleston by Col. Elbridge J. Copp, of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, which declares that he was the youngest commissioned officer in the service, because of his receiving his first commission as Adjutant of his regiment in 1863 at the age of 18, aroused Col. Gardner C. Hawkins, of the old Third and Fourth Vermont Regiments, to ask for specific data, his own record being so nearly parallel.

Colonel Hawkins wrote: "I was 18 years old, Feb. 11, '64. I was commissioned Second Lieutenant, Third Vermont Volunteers, Oct. 18, '64, and while awaiting muster was at once ordered to duty, and about one month after receiving my commission I was transferred to the Fourth Vermont Volunteers as Adjutant, and remained there through subsequent promotions until I was wounded, April 2, '65.

"It is acknowledged by the Adjutant General of Vermont that I am the youngest officer who ever served in Vermont troops. I have never claimed to be the youngest in the entire army, but have always felt that perhaps I was 'very near it.'"

Whereupon Colonel Albert Clarke, the well-known Bostonian and Secretary of the Home Market Club, set all claims at rest in the following letter, by citing Lieutenant Charles W. Randall of the Vermont line as having been still younger than either of the prior claimants, being but 16 when first commissioned. Col. Hawkins at once replied, gracefully yielding any claim he might have had with pride, however, that so far as Vermont was concerned it was to one of her sons.

He declared that "after reading the article of Col. Clarke it would seem that Col. Copp and myself must now limit our claims as to which is the youngest 'surviving' officer, unless the Journal, in the great and good work that it is doing by these war articles, shall bring out another deserving claimant for this honor."

As Randall is dead, the claim of the youngest living commissioned officer is open.]

Without wishing to detract in the least from the honor claimed respectively by Col. E. J. Copp of New Hampshire and Col. Gardner C. Hawkins of Boston of having been the youngest

commissioned officer in the United States Army during the Civil War, I yet wish to do justice to a gallant young man who was long since transferred to the army over the river. I refer to Lieutenant Charles W. Randall, son of Colonel Francis V. Randall, of the Thirteenth and Seventeenth Vermont Regiments of Infantry. Colonel Hawkins says he was commissioned when he was 18, and he thinks he was younger than Colonel Copp. But young Randall was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Company G, Thirteenth Vermont, when he was only 16, and he made a good officer. Let me relate an incident in proof.

At Gettysburg, near night of the second day, when his company, with others, was charging to retake a battery, Lieutenant Randall asked permission of his company commander to go to his father, who appeared to have been shot. The leave was granted, and he started on a run, but in a moment came back almost breathless as he overtook the line, but smiling, and said it was not the Colonel, but his horse, that was shot, and in a moment more the Colonel himself, who had cut loose from his fallen horse, overtook the line and placed himself in front of the color. The success of that charge is a matter of history, likewise the one of the next day in repulsing Pickett, in which also both the father, and son bore a gallant part.

Subsequently, when young Randall was a Lieutenant in the Seventeenth Vermont, his health became permanently impaired by small-pox, which it was believed he took from infected clothing, having purchased in Washington some undershirts at a store which afterward came under suspicion as a place of consignment under the infection scheme suggested by Dr. Blackburn of Kentucky. But, whatever the origin, the disease destroyed his blood, and shortly after the war he died of quick consumption. I count it my good fortune to have been his superior officer, and to be now the friend and comrade of the next youngest officer, Col. Hawkins.

ALBERT CLARKE.

Boston.

DR. GREEN'S NARRATIVE.

Dr. Samuel A. Green's long continued and efficient service in the army as old soldiers know brought him into many perilous positions, but he was unflinching in his patriotic work. He was 31 years of age when the war broke out, having been born in Groton March 16, 1830. His early education was obtained at Lawrence Academy in Groton. He was graduated at Harvard in 1851, and received his medical degree three years later, after which he spent several years in Europe. On his return he began practice in Boston and became one of the district physicians of the city dispensary.

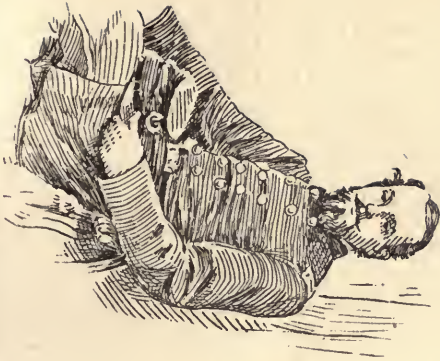
On May 19, 1858, he was appointed by Governor Banks Surgeon of the Second Militia Regiment. At the beginning of the Civil War he was commissioned Assistant Surgeon of the First Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, and was the first medical officer from the State mustered in for three years service. He was promoted to the surgeoncy of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment on Sept. 2, 1861, where he remained until Nov. 2, 1864, serving in the meanwhile on the staff of various general officers. He had charge of the hospital ship *Recruit* in the Burnside expedition to Roanoke Island, of the hospital ship *Cosmopolitan* on the coast of South Carolina, and during the siege of Fort Wagner was chief medical officer on Moon's Island. For gallant and distinguished services in the field in 1864 he was brevetted Lieutenant Colonel of Volunteers. Dr. Green organized "Roanoke Cemetery" in the winter of 1862, which was one of the first regular burial places for national soldiers established during the rebellion.

After the close of the war Dr. Green was from 1865 until 1872 Superintendent of the Boston Dispensary, a member of the Boston School Board, 1860-'62 and 1866-'72, a Trustee of the Public Library, 1868-'73, and Acting Librarian from October, 1877, to October, 1878. In 1870 Governor Claflin appointed him one of a commission to care for disabled soldiers. In 1871 he became City Physician of Boston, and retained the office until 1882. He was chosen a member of the Board of Experts, authorized by Congress in 1878 to investigate the yellow fever, and in 1882 was Mayor of Boston. In 1883 he was elected a Trustee of the Peabody educational fund, as well as the Secretary of the board, and from 1885 to 1888 was

the acting general agent. Dr. Green has for 21 years been Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and he has published a large number of valuable books upon historical subjects.

The French have a saying that there is nothing more probable than the improbable; and events often seem to prove the paradox. Truth is frequently stranger than fiction, and many incidents during the War of the Rebellion might be given on each side in proof of the statement, I am about to relate a story with many unlikely elements, which happened in connection with the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers during their service at the South.

In the autumn of 1861 a Boston boy, Frank McElhenny by name, enlisted in the Twenty-fourth Regiment, and was duly mustered on Nov. 24, when he was assigned to F Company. His age was 18 years, and his mother was a widow. His early advantages had been few, and he might have been considered a fair specimen of a young North End rough. During the early part of his enlistment he experienced the usual lot that falls to a private soldier, but a little later he began to show a spirit of insubordination which led him to his miserable end. In the summer of 1862, while the regiment was stationed at Newbern, North Carolina, he was found guilty of some offence by a court martial and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Macon, near Beaufort, N. C., for the remainder of the war. The fort is situated at one end of a very long and narrow island, so characteristic of that coast, and separated from the main land by the "swash;" and here Private McElhenny was imprisoned. In the course of a few weeks, amid the scenes of other exciting events, the affair ceased to be talked about, and passed en-



SURGEON SAMUEL A. GREEN (IN WAR TIME).



DR. SAMUEL A. GREEN (TO-DAY).

Samuel
A. Green
Co.

tirely out of mind. Soon afterward it was reported in camp that McElheeny had escaped from his place of confinement, but the rumor produced scarcely a ripple, so thoroughly had the whole matter been forgotten.

The scene now changes from North Carolina to Virginia, and let us pass over nearly two years.

One hot and sultry afternoon in the month of August, 1864, when the picket line of the Union forces in front of Richmond, twisting around Petersburg and requiring a small army for daily duty, extended over a distance of nearly 35 miles, a man in rebel uniform was seen running toward the Federal lines. At that point the distance between the two lines was very short, within speaking distance, though it varied in different places. It was late in the day, and the deserting soldier reached the post about ten minutes before the time when the picket guard was soon to be relieved. Naturally he was soon surrounded by men anxious to "buzz" him, and learn the latest news from the other side.

Among the first to accost him was a member of Company F, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, who approached and at once said, "How are you, Frank?"

The rebel soldier, without being abashed, immediately replied: "My name isn't Frank," which for the instant quietly allayed any suspicion.

A minute later a drummer boy, who belonged to the same company, came up and at once asserted the identity of the deserter with his old comrade, when McElheeny, in camp parlance, gave the whole thing away and acknowledged the fact. Of course he was taken at once to the rear and delivered over to the officer in charge of the provost guard. The news spread like wild-fire through the camp of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, and created a good deal of excitement. The next day he was sent to Fort Monroe, where by a court martial he was tried as a deserter from the Union army and found guilty and sentenced to be shot. The place of execution was decreed near the encampment of the brigade to which his regiment belonged, then at Deep Bottom, on the north side of James River. After the trial he was at once sent back to his regimental camp, where, securely guarded, he passed a night, and on the next day the sentence was carried out, within a week of his capture, in the presence of the brigade.

While under guard in camp I had an interview with the unfortunate man, and he told me that after escaping from Fort Macon and proceeding to the southern end of the narrow island he swam across to the main

land, and made his way to Raleigh, where for a short time he worked in a cobbler's shop. Finding this mode of life rather tame, after his army experience, he left for Richmond, where he enlisted, under an assumed name, in a company of heavy artillery. A strict tiring of military discipline he made up his mind again to desert, knowing that the National Government had offered to send all deserters from the rebel army to any place in the North, where they wished to go, and he intended to avail himself of the offer.

If he had come into our lines on either of the two preceding days, or on either of the two following, he would not have been recognized by any old comrade, as the Twenty-fourth Regiment went on picket duty only once in three days. If he had come into our lines ten minutes later the Twenty-fourth would have been relieved, and another regiment stationed in its place. Even on the day when he deserted from the rebels, if he had escaped to any other post, he would have gone among strangers and would have passed unrecognized. As it was, along a picket line of nearly 35 miles, where there were many hundred posts, he struck the identical post manned by his old company, which ten minutes later was manned by soldiers from another regiment, and took the one day in three when that combination of circumstances was possible. In the doctrine of chances everything was in his favor, and yet he lost. It seems as if keen-eyed justice on that occasion had landed on the point of a needle.

It belonged to me, in an official capacity, to be present at his execution; and I pitied the poor wretch from the bottom of my heart. As he stood near his coffin by the open grave, just ready to receive it, he nodded to me very familiarly, as if we were soon going to meet again, although he was then tottering on the verge of eternity. In colloquial language, he died "game," but for all that he was utterly unfit to enter that awful presence about which we know nothing except through faith. He never knew—and for that matter, no one else in the camp—that in the forenoon of that warm day (Monday, Aug. 8,) I rode seven miles to the Point of Rocks, where were the headquarters of Gen. Butler, then in command of the Army of the James, in order to intercede for him and secure a commutation of his sentence; but the effort was of no avail.

This is a simple statement of the episode, so far as I now recollect it, correct in the main, but perhaps inaccurate in the details, as I depend upon my memory for the facts.

SAMUEL A. GREEN,
Formerly Surgeon Twenty-fourth Massachusetts
Volunteers.

MCELHENNY'S COURT MARTIAL.

On June 3, 1864, I was with my regiment, the old Twenty-third Massachusetts, and of the veteran "Red Star Brigade," in that terrible battle of Cold Harbor, Va., where I received injuries which caused my being sent to the hospital at Fortress Monroe, Va. Not being in a condition fit for active duty with my regiment, but able to do light work, I was detailed for duty as a member of a general court-martial.

The following officers were detailed for the court: Brig. Gen. Edward W. Hinks, Col. A. A. Rand, Major D. J. Preston, Capt. Samuel Hazard, Capt. Wm. N. Rogers, First Lieut. C. A. Cook, First Lieut. F. H. Gould, First Lieut. J. L. Sherman, Second Lieut. Rufus E. Gales, Second Lieut. Amos L. Keables, Major J. L. Stackpole was Judge Advocate.

On the day designated the members of the court assembled in Carroll Hall, Fortress Monroe, it being the room where Jefferson Davis, President of the defunct Confederacy, was confined while held as a prisoner of war. Col. Horace Sanders of the Nineteenth Wisconsin Volunteers reported in place of Brig. Gen. Hinks, and Capt. Daniel S. Griffin of the One Hundred and Forty-second New York Volunteers was also a member. Col. Sanders being the senior officer, was President of the court, and acted as such until about Aug. 15, when he retired from the court, having received from Gen. Butler an appointment as Provost Marshal of Norfolk, Va. On the retirement of Colonel Sanders, Col. A. A. Rand of the Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry became the President. Well do I remember the case of that poor unfortunate boy, Frank McElhenny, Company F, Twenty-fourth Massachusetts.

Dr. Green I well remember. He was loved and honored, not only by the members of his own regiment, but by all of those who ever met him. Such men as Dr. Green, Dr. Rice of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, Dr. Otis of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts and our own surgeon, father as he was to us all, Dr. Derby of the Twenty-third Massachusetts, will ever be remembered by the boys of the Buriside Expedition as men skilled in their profession, kind in their every act, even anxious to relieve the suffering of those who came under their charge and truly loyal to their country.

Dr. Green has told a truthful story of the life of McElhenny while in the army. I think it was on Friday, Aug. 5, 1864, the court-martial assembled, and this poor boy was brought before us for his trial for desertion to the enemy. The orders from General Butler were to try Frank McElhenny and return him to the front without delay. His trial was a short one. The evidence against him was too strong to be doubted. He was bound to die "game," and when asked if he had anything to say he replied: "No, do what you can with me." He was found guilty and sentenced by the court to be shot. He was returned to the front (Bermuda Hundred) the next day, and on Monday, August 8, 1864, he gave up his young life,

shot by a detail from his old regiment and his early comrades. Sad indeed was his end. The last case that I remember that came before our court was that of a rebel officer who had been captured inside the Union lines. It was by an order from Gen. Butler that he was to be tried as a spy by our court. I think the trial was on or about August 15, 1864. Col. Sanders was the President of the court. We heard the evidence presented, found the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to be hanged by the neck until dead. Before taking the vote, Col. Sanders had much to say relative to our rights to try the case. The particular ground which he assumed I cannot remember, but I do remember that there was no member of the court that agreed with him.

Now comes the funny part of all. Whatever became of that "reel" I do not know, but I do know that our term of service as members of that court-martial was cut mighty short. The first business that was brought before us by the Judge Advocate when the court met the next day was his statement that after the adjournment of the court the day before Col. Sanders, a member and President of the court, handed to him a written document, which contained the opinion which he had stated to the court while it was in secret session, and requested him to put it with the records of the trial of the rebel officer and have the same sent to Gen. Butler. This request of Col. Sanders was refused by the Judge Advocate, and he laid the matter before the court for their action. This action on the part of a member of a court-martial was in direct violation of the 69th Article of War, whereby every member of a court-martial, before the trial of each case, has administered to him the following oath:

"You, A. B., do swear that you will well and truly try and determine, according to evidence, the matter now before you, between the United States of America and the prisoner to be tried, and that you will duly administer justice, according to the provisions of 'an act establishing rules and articles for the government of the armies of the United States,' without partiality, favor, or affection, and if any doubt should arise, not explained by said articles, according to your conscience, the best of your understanding, and the customs of war in like cases; and you do further swear that you will not divulge the sentence of the court until it shall be published by the proper authority; neither will you disclose or discover the vote or opinion of any particular member of the court-martial, unless required to give evidence thereof, as a witness, by a court of justice, in a due course of law. So help you God."

The Judge Advocate also has an oath administered to him, as follows:

"You, A. B., do swear, that you will not disclose or discover the vote or opinion of any particular member of the court-martial, unless required to give evidence thereof, as a witness, by a court of justice, in due course of law; nor

divulge the sentence of the court to any but the proper authority, until it shall be duly disclosed by the same. So help you God."

Col. Sanders, as stated, having gone to other duties, Col. Rand became the President of the court-martial. The Judge Advocate having fully stated the matter, the court immediately proceeded to discuss the case, and by a unanimous vote decided that the written statement from Col. Sanders could not be affixed to the records, for the reason that it would be a violation of our oath as members of a court-martial. The Judge Advocate reported our action to Gen. Butler, with the result that the next day Gen. Butler sent an order for the court "to affix the opinion delivered in secret session by Col. Sanders to the records, and return them to his headquarters without delay. This order of General Butler was not complied with, the members of the court voting unanimously, "That the opinion of Colonel Sanders could not be affixed to the records." The Judge Advocate reported our action to General Butler, which brought from him a more positive order, as follows:

"You will affix the opinion of Colonel Sanders to the records, and return them to their headquarters, without delay, without comment and refuse at your peril."

The court, after due and careful deliberation, voted unanimously, "That, although threatened by the Commanding General of the Department, the court would still refuse to affix the opinion of Colonel Sanders to the records." Every member felt that the stand we had taken was right. It was certainly a defiant one. We knew we had a hard man in General Butler to come with, and we awaited the result with anxious hearts.

After the court had adjourned, I went with other officers to Norfolk to spend the night, as we had done many times during the session of the court. I had just come from my supper at the National Hotel when I was met by an officer, who informed me that an officer of Gen. Butler's staff was in the city for the purpose of placing under arrest the members of the court-martial, and that if I had any engagement for the evening I had better go out before he found me. I thanked my brother officer for the information and went out immediately, passing first outside the door the staff officer who was looking for me. I returned to the hotel about 11 o'clock P. M. and retired. I had not been in bed but a short time when I heard a knock at my door, and was informed that a gentleman wanted to see me in the office. I got up and dressed, feeling that I was to meet an arrest. On reaching the office I met Captain Puffer of General Butler's staff, who informed me that I must consider myself under arrest, and to report to him at 8 o'clock the next morning at the boat to go to the front.

We did not refuse to obey his orders. Every officer reported to Capt. Puffer at the appointed time, and we were soon on our way to the front. Capt. Puffer was found to be a perfect gentleman, and he did all in his power for our comfort on the boat and at headquarters. Reaching Bermuda Hundred late in the afternoon, we

found an ambulance ready to take us to Gen. Butler's camp, where on our arrival we were assigned to quarters with strict orders not to leave the limits of the camp. We were all tired and enjoyed a good night's rest. The next morning the battle opened. We were first called separately into the presence of Gen. Butler. Captain Hazard was the first one to stand by our colors, and manfully did he so; hot shot flew thick and fast between him and General Butler, and he came out under orders not to speak to any of us. It fell to me to be the third one to face the music. Upon entering the General's tent I took the position of a soldier and gave him the proper salute.

"Is this Lieut. Sherman?" asked the General.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Do you belong to the Twenty-third Massachusetts?"

"I do, sir."

"Are you Adjutant of the regiment?"

"I am, sir."

"Were you a member of a general court-martial at Fort Monroe?"

"I was, sir."

"Did you hear the order read which I sent to the court?"

"I did, sir."

"Why did you not obey it, sir?" he demanded.

"General, I did not consider it my duty to obey it," was the reply.

"Well, sir," he said, "had I thought that you considered it your duty, you never would have come here. Do you consider, sir, that a First Lieutenant is to command a Major General of the army, or that a Major General of the army is to command a First Lieutenant?"

"General," I answered, "it is according to circumstances. In this case I believed it would be a violation of my oath as a member of the court-martial to vote to obey your order."

The General was very pleasant in his talk with me; perhaps he considered my youth. After telling me a funny story about a cat, he let me out, and one after another were called before him until he had heard the plea of all. Thus ended the fight on the skirmish line.

The remainder of the day was passed in such amusements as we could find, and at "taps" we retired to our tents to sleep, or, perhaps, to wonder what the morrow would bring forth.

Early the next morning we were ordered to appear before the General. On entering his tent we formed a semi-circle about him and awaited the shots which he was to fire at us, little knowing if we were to be killed or wounded. The General opened by saying:

"Gentlemen, I have heard each of you tell your excuses, and, as a result, have ordered my Adjutant General to issue an order releasing you from arrest, and ordering you to return to your regiments immediately for duty; also that you be disqualified from sitting upon any court-martial, military commission, or any detail whatsoever, so long as you are in my department."

Capt. Hazard asked the General if he issued the order as a punishment.

"I do, sir," replied the General.

Col. Rand then said: "General, in your orders to us you gave us no chance for explanation."

You ordered us to obey your order, without comment and to refuse at our peril."

"That is false, sir, I never issued such an order," said the General.

Col. Rand took the order from his pocket, he handed it to the General, who, after reading it, said in a most angry manner: "Strange, strange, I never ordered such an order to be issued. Gentlemen, I will give you one hour to make a written statement of this matter; go to my mess tent and prepare it."

We now felt a little more easy, but we were still all of one mind, and that was never to submit to be punished for doing our duty, and we knew we were safe under the 65th article of war, which says: "Whenever a general officer commanding an army shall be the accuser or prosecutor of any officer in the army of the United States, under his command, the general court-martial for the trial of such officer shall be appointed by the President of the United States."

General Butler had not the power to punish

us. All he could do would be to keep us under arrest and present charges against us. The written statement was made in full and sent to the General. In the afternoon General Butler was seen to leave his camp, and it was reported to us that he had been ordered to General Grant's headquarters, whether on our account we know not, but we do know that we won the battle. Early next morning we each received a copy of an order which released us from arrest and giving us until August 26 to report to our regiments. Lieut. Cook and myself immediately returned to Fortress Monroe, where we obtained from Major Stackpole, the Judge Advocate, vouchers for extra pay due us for 51 days as members of the court-martial, which we sold to a sutler for \$60 each. Then we went over to Norfolk, and after changing my best uniform for my field clothes, I returned to my regiment one day later.

JAMES L. SHERMAN.



DOOM OF THE DESERTER.

A PRISONER'S DIARY.

[The writer of this and the two following articles, First Lieutenant Hannibal A. Johnson, Company B, Third Maine Infantry, at the beginning of the war was a dry goods salesman in his native city of Hallowell. Scarcely had the sound of the guns from Fort Sumter died away, before this loyal son of the Pine Tree State was making strenuous efforts to enlist in his country's cause. As we have before mentioned, his first attempts were fruitless, and it at last became necessary for an official letter to be dictated from the Adjutant General of the State to Captain Staples, the recruiting officer, before the applicant would be received. A boy in years and in physique, these were the reasons given for hesitating to enroll him among the seemingly stronger and willingly accepted material from the Kennebec Valley. But April 27, 1861, finds him a regularly enlisted soldier in the first three years regiment from the Dirigo State. By slow promotion, as advancement had to be earned in this gallant regiment, originally commanded by Oliver O. Howard, this young soldier passed through all the non-commissioned grades of his company, and, as Sergeant, was given the Kearny Cross by his Division General for faithful and meritorious service after 20 months' duty in the field.

When First Sergeant of his company, at Gettysburg, he was captured by the enemy. This captivity on Belle Island was of short duration, seven weeks only. He was then paroled, and shortly after joined his regiment on the field. In December, 1863, he was commissioned as Second Lieutenant of his company, and at the Battle of the Wilderness, while acting as Adjutant of the regiment, he was again taken prisoner in this manner. While the brigade, to which the Third Maine was a part, was fiercely engaged with the Confederates, a report of fearful significance, if true, was brought to Col. Moses B. Lakeman, the commander, from Gen. Ward, by the General's Chief of Staff, Capt. Nash. The Colonel was ordered to select a suitable staff officer to accompany Nash, and ascertain the truth of the report, and to this day the report has not been made, as both officers were captured in trying to faithfully carry out the orders of their superior officers.

The manner of their capture will be given later by the Confederates whom these Federal officers struck, and as it reflects nothing but credit upon both "Yank" and "Johnnie," the entire correspondence will shortly follow by permission of Lieut. Johnson, who has been honored by his

captors by the return of his sword taken by them in battle. Twenty-nine days after the capture of Lieut. Johnson the Third Maine, then at Cold Harbor, left for home, their three years' service having expired. Nine months later Lieut. Johnson, after passing this time in Southern prisons, successfully escaped, entered the Union lines hundreds of miles from his prison, and at last was mustered out of service, Jan. 29, 1864. From his long service in the field, and harder service in rebel prisons, he had earned a needed rest from military service. But this was not the material the boy soldier is made of, for after regaining his lost strength and flesh, the last of March, 1865, found him again at the State Capitol asking for a position at the front. The Governor immediately gave him a position in a battalion of four companies, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Calvin S. Brown, who were just starting for the front, as First Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant, and thus he passed another twelve months in his country's service. This last term of service will be referred to in the diary of the escaped Union prisoner.

Lieut. Johnson is a member of Post 10, G. A. R., and was a member of Post 5 for many years. He is also a companion of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of Massachusetts, a member of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, a Royal Arch Mason, and a partner in the successful dry goods house of J. R. Clarke & Co. of Worcester, where he now lives.]

After two years of war and battles, commencing with first Bull Run (July 21, 1861), I with my regiment, Third Maine Infantry, find ourselves June, 1863, on our way with the Army of the Potomac to the field of Gettysburg. The interval between these two dates had not been uneventful or inactive on the part of our command.

I enlisted at the age of 19 from the city of Anzusta, being rejected without examination by my own brother, who was a commissioned and recruiting officer at the city of Hallowell (our home), he forming a company for the Third Infantry. I was refused enlistment simply for this reason—I was physically unfit for



RELIEVING THE YANKEE LIEUTENANT OF HIS SWORD.

the life of a soldier, and as at that period (April, '61) there were plenty of men only too anxious to enlist they could choose their material, which later in the war could not have been done.

I was at work in a dry goods store at this time, when the first gun was fired on Sumter, weighed 112 pounds, and did not look a very promising subject for Uncle Sam's uniform, but I wanted to enlist just as badly as my big brother of 175 pounds. My first application at Augusta was to Capt. Staples, Company B, but there met with the same reply—did not want me. At this time, instead of being discouraged, I was determined to enlist, and in the Third Maine also, as the regiment was to be formed from companies from the Kennebec Valley. So I applied to the Adjutant General of the State, and even he tried to discourage me, but at last gave me a written permit for Capt. Staples to enroll me among his men. With this document I did not apply in vain, but was at once enlisted as a high private in Company B.

We shall hear from this brother of mine before I get out of the army, for after he recovered his health he was commissioned in the United States navy, where he served until the end of the war.

After the death of Reynolds the command devolved on Major General O. O. Howard, who, by the way, was our first Colonel of the Third Maine and fought with us at first Bull Run, but was soon after rapidly promoted and is to-day the second ranking officer in the United States army. These two small corps of the Federal army, not numbering more than 10,000 men, were pitted against the divisions of Heth, Rhodes, Early and Pender, full 40,000 men, and the remainder of the Confederate army in supporting distance. During the night before my first capture both armies received heavy reinforcements, and as the Third (Sickles's) Corps was on the extreme left of the Union lines and supposed to be facing the right of the Confederate army, it was of the utmost importance to locate the Confederate position. Our regiment was posted in the then unknown to history Peach Orchard, when on the early morning of July 2 our command, numbering only 186 rifles, with 100 United States sharpshooters, all under command of Gen. Berdan, was ordered by Gen. Sickles to make a reconnoissance of the position, to feel for and find the enemy.

At the word "forward" we advanced, and for half a mile outside our lines pierced the enemy's territory, when a dense wood obstructed our front. We then advanced a quarter of a mile through these woods, when our skirmishers became hotly engaged, driving the enemy's skirmishers and pickets before us. We soon engaged the enemy in force, and they commenced to take us on the flank as well as front, attempting to cut us off from our line of retreat. We engaged this body of rebels for thirty minutes, though the odds were thousands, and when the bugle called the retreat we fought our way back

foot by foot. We had nearly reached the open ground, fighting step by step, when one of my men, who had fought by my side for two long years, fell, with a musket ball through his hips, and as he fell said, "Sergeant, don't desert me. Help me out of these woods." Another one of my company, noble fellow that he was, came to my assistance, and with his help I seated Call, the wounded man, across a musket, and, with his arms around our necks, with the bullets flying around us, and with these exultant rebs at our heels twenty to one, were making slow but sure progress, when Jones dropped his end of the musket and fell dead, shot through the head. Before I could recover, get Call's arms from around me and escape, for I could not think of trying to assist him farther alone, the Johnnies were on top and around us and we all three were prisoners. But a dead and wounded man were of no use to them, so I, with a few equally unfortunate, were secured.

I found that my captors were Wilcock's Brigade of Alabama regiments, a portion of A. P. Hill's Corps, and how a single one of our little command had ever escaped is strange. As it was, we lost 48 men in killed and wounded in this single half hour; but we had our fighting Colonel with us, Moses B. Lakeman, who could get more work out of a small command than any army officer I ever saw.

Like all prisoners of war, we were taken to the rear far enough to be out of range of the guns of either army, but near enough to hear hundreds of cannons and thousands of rifles engaged in deadly conflict throughout that day and the following, July 3.

We remained on or near the field until the night of July 4, when, with the beaten and retreating army of Gen. Lee, we took up our line of march to the Potomac, which we crossed July 10. Could the victorious army of Meade only have been informed of the condition of the Confederate army nothing could have prevented their surrender or destruction, for they were discouraged, weary and beaten, out of ammunition, quartermaster's and commissary stores, and when we arrived at the banks of the swollen Potomac at Point of Rocks they found that the pontoons by which we were to cross the river had been swept away by the sudden rise of water in the upper Potomac, as it had rained every day since leaving the battlefield.

Now for our long tramp down the Shenandoah Valley to Staunton, Va., more than a hundred miles away. We had about 5000 prisoners in our column, and were guarded by the remainder of Pickett's Division, the few that were left after their brave but unsuccessful charge on our centre on July 3. After being searched at Staunton, and having our blankets and everything of value taken from us, we were put in box cars, 60 to a car, and started for Richmond July 21, '63, just two years to a day from the date of the battle of the First Bull Run. We prisoners, who were made up of all grades of commissioned, non-commissioned officers and privates, were all at first put

in Libby Prison, but soon the enlisted men, which, of course, took all warrant officers, were taken from Libby and put upon Belle Island, a small, sandy tract of land in the James River, just above but in close proximity and in sight of Richmond. Here we soon began to feel all the horrors of prison life, for our island was fearfully crowded; we had poor and insufficient food and water, only a few condemned army tents to cover the thousands that were crowded on this small sand bar, and we daily receiving new prisoners from different points throughout the Confederacy.

Our rations were not enough to keep body and soul together, and I think that many would have died who did not but for the hope of home and our lines and trust in our future deliverance.

After my release from my first rebel prison I arrived at Annapolis parole camp, Maryland. I was at once taken to the hospital, and when I had recovered sufficiently had a short furlough home. I remained there some ten days when an order was issued from the War Department declaring all paroled prisoners of war legally exchanged, and those that were able to report for duty to their regiments at once. Oct. 15 I joined my regiment in the field at Brandy Station, Va., glad to be with the old Third again and fight for and under the flag I had learned to love so well.

I fought, with our division, the battles of Mine Run and Orange Grove, engagements of small consequence, and during this time had been commissioned by the Governor of Maine Lieutenant of my company. May 4, under General Grant, the Army of the Potomac commenced its onward march toward the rebel capital, and the night of this date finds our division on the battlefield of Chancellorsville of 12 months before, and the following day finds us hotly engaged in the battle of the Wilderness. During this engagement, and while our brigade and regiment were having a most desperate struggle with the enemy, a report came to our Colonel that there was a rebel line in our rear, or, in other words, we were flanked; also instructions that he, our Colonel, should furnish an officer to accompany General Ward's Chief of Staff and find out the truth of the report. My Colonel said I was the party selected to accompany Captain Nash, and to lose no time in reporting the truth, or otherwise, of this startling rumor. So we started to the rear on the run, as we did not consider it necessary to use much caution in going in this direction. Less than three minutes' time found us in the midst of a rebel line of infantry, lying down as close to the earth as was possible; so close that we mistook them, in the imperfect light of the woods at that time, as the ground itself, and, before we had time to change our course they were on their feet and around us. I grasped the terrible situation, and turned to run for life and the front; but a hundred men were on their feet in a second of time. Nash, who had never been a prisoner of war, had surrendered, as he saw resistance was useless, worse than folly; but I, with my seven weeks of horrible prison life just passed, and all its terrible features still

fresh in my mind, thought that life again in a Southern prison was not worth saving. So I made another dash for liberty, when a hundred muskets at less than 15 paces covered me with the order to surrender or I was a dead Yankee.

I did surrender then and there, and was at once disarmed, they in their haste snatching my sword from my body, a rebel Captain of infantry buckling it around his own boy in exchange for a poor one that he had worn (J. C. B. Smith, Twelfth South Carolina Infantry, so I learned 13 years later). This rebel command entered our lines where they did not connect, but, being so small a body, found it useless to make any demonstration, but took themselves out of their perilous position; for if word could have been taken to the front, so short a distance away, every man could have been captured.

I was taken to Macon, and almost the first persons I saw as we passed inside the inclosure were Lieuts. Anderson and Day, and as soon as they had got their mouths closed from crying "Fresh Fish" as usual to all new arrivals, they rushed forward, more pleased to see me than I them, as I was the only officer they had seen from the regiment during their long term of imprisonment.

Every prisoner after a time accumulates little articles that make prison life endurable, and Lieut. Anderson was quartered under a sort of shed or simply a roof of boards over him, which, with some inconvenience and crowd if he invited me to share, and also loaned me his cooking utensils, which were half a canteen, which he used to cook his corn meal in, as at that time the Commissary was issuing to the prisoners sorghum molasses and corn meal; and for a bag for my meal I used one of the legs of my Canton flannel drawers, and the only fault I ever found with this improvised bag was that it was altogether too large for the quantity of meal issued.

We remained at Macon Prison until Aug. 15, and just before this date our camp was honored by the presence of Gen. Stoneman of cavalry fame, who was captured with a portion of his command outside the city, while trying to liberate us prisoners from our captivity. About this date, Aug. 15, 800 officers, I among the number, were put on the cars, but for what purpose or what destination we knew not; we knew it was to be a free ride; as to the direction we were not consulted, but our final stopping place was Charleston, S. C., and were at once distributed among the different buildings prepared for our reception, viz: Koper and Marine Hospitals, Work House and City Jail, the latter being my stopping place; but I had learned not to be particular in my hotels, so said nothing when I was put in a seven by nine cell.

At that time the city of Charleston was under a state of siege from the water side, as Gen. Foster was daily and nightly throwing the largest kind of shell from the batteries on Morris Island, Battery Gregg and the Swamp Angel, right into the heart of the city, and we had been taken to this place and put in the most exposed locations

to prevent, if possible, the bombardment of this rebel stronghold.

Our Government was notified of what the Confederate authorities had done, but it being an inhuman and unwarranted act, and a violation of any previous articles of honorable warfare to put prisoners under the fire of their own guns, Foster paid not the slightest attention to the demand to cease firing upon the city on account of our exposed position, but if anything increased the severity of the siege. As the casualties among the prisoners from this artillery duel were very small, we being so well sheltered in these buildings, we rather enjoyed this change in our prison life: liked to watch the effects of these 300 pound shell from guns four miles away, to hear them come tearing into the city, see them strike buildings, see them crumble, and after a while be destroyed by these terrible engines of war. One of the strangest parts of this duel was that my brother, who resigned from the army and my regiment 15 months before on the Peninsula, on account of severe and prolonged sickness, had recovered, was commissioned in the United States Navy, and was taking a part in Charleston Harbor at the siege on this Southern city, and was not only showing his brotherly feeling by this red-hot reception in the way of shell and solid shot, but sent from the fleet while I was confined in Charleston a box of everything that would have made our hearts and stomachs glad, could it have been received. I learned of my brother's location off Charleston by the capture of one of his brother officers attached to the same ship, who was caught while doing picket duty under the walls of Sumter, by the Rebels.

My diary commences at this date, Sept. 17, as follows: Shells from our guns caused a large fire last night, destroying 29 buildings, several shells striking our prison out not doing much injury.

Sept. 20. Gave draft on rebel broker for \$100 in gold, receiving \$1000 in Confederate money in exchange, but as this broker has got to run the blockade to present these drafts for payment in the North, there is not much chance of their ever being honored and paid. (But unfortunately they were, and when the premium on gold was at 235, so I found to my discomfort when I finally got North.)

Sept. 25. Two hundred naval officers left our prison for exchange. Happy few. Naval officers received money and boxes from fleet, but most of the contents of boxes had been taken. Wrote home. Letter examined by rebel official before allowed to be forwarded.

Sept. 28. Some shelling to-day than any 24 hours since being in Charleston, Foster throwing 90 very heavy shell right into the upper part of the town.

Sept. 30. Naval officers left for Richmond and exchange.

Oct. 1. Firing on the city continues very heavy. Eighty-four shell thrown during the past 24 hours.

Oct. 2. Shelling of the city unusually severe, 170 heavy shells having left Foster's guns for Charleston during the past 12 hours.

Oct. 17. We had an election to-day in our camp for President, and out of the 1161 votes cast, Lincoln received 889 of those polled. McClellan stood being very unpopular. This result was very much of a surprise to the prison authorities, who supposed the camp was strong for McClellan, and said before we had balloted, they would print in the Columbia papers the vote as it was cast; but when they learned the result, refused to have anything to do with it.

Oct. 19. Camp alarmed; guards firing all along the line, on account of some of our men trying to escape. Rounds put on their track and they were soon recaptured and brought back to camp.

Oct. 21. Lieut. Young, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, accidentally shot by some of the new issue; died at once.

Oct. 28. Some of our officers in attempting to escape last night, were fired on by the guard, doing them no injury, but on the contrary shot one of their own men dead on his seat, hope to take this chance myself before long. Might as well be shot in attempting an escape as to die from exposure and lack of sufficient food. One of our officers shot fatally while attempting to escape last night.

Nov. 7. Thirteen officers brought into camp to-day, having some days before succeeded in getting by the guard at night, but were recaptured, as every white man in the county is hunting rebel deserters or escaping Yankee prisoners.

Nov. 9. Twenty-one officers recaptured and brought back to camp, but believe if I once got outside the rebel guard will be successful in reaching our lines, either at the coast or at Knoxville, Tenn., 500 miles distant.

Nov. 12. Received box from home, but most of its contents had been confiscated by the prison authorities before it was delivered to me.

Nov. 20. Another one of our men shot last night while trying to run by the guard.

Nov. 21. Having been removed to Columbia Prison, last night three officers, Lieuts. Anderson and Gilman of my regiment, and Lieut. Childs of the Sixteenth Maine, also myself, made a break for liberty and God's country by running down the guard. Had him helpless and at our mercy. The balance of the guard fired upon us, but in the darkness and confusion of the moment did not do us any bodily harm, we running for the woods as soon as possible.

Have had nothing to eat but dry corn which we found in the fields, for the past 24 hours.

Dec. 4. Early this morning the slaves brought us a nice breakfast.

The day being Sunday, the family are going to church, and the Brooks' house servant, who has been in the woods to see us, has promised, after the family are out of the house, she will show us the identical cane that Brooks used upon the uncovered and defenceless head of our Senator. After the family were out of the house this woman brought a wash leather sack into the thicket for our examination.

The cane originally was a large rosewood stick with a massive gold head, and on its face this inscription: "Hon. P. S. Brooks from B. D. Vick." Must have been a presentation cane from some admirer of this Southern bully.

The stick was totally destroyed, broken in three pieces, used up on the head of Sumner, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. My great desire was to take this cane away with me, and I so expressed myself, but the servant protested with so much earnestness that I gave up the idea, for she said the house was left in her charge, and if this cane was missed, which it certainly would be, she would be called upon to produce it, or satisfactorily explain its absence.

Dec. 9. We were then hidden in the woods when it soon commenced snowing, the first of the season, when soon our guide came for us, and hid us for the day in a negro cabin.

Dec. 10. This morning two poor runaway slaves, brother and sister, came to see us. They are living in the woods to keep out of the way of their master, and are suffering much from exposure this cold and wet weather, and they think because we are from the North we can help them; but we are in as bad if not worse shape than themselves, for we are liable to capture in any unguarded moment. The slightest carelessness or accident may throw us into the hands of the enemy, which is every white face in the South. So, although we sympathize with them in their terrible situation, yet we can do nothing to relieve them.

Fortunately we later struck the cabin of a Union woman by the name of Prince, and she proved a prince to us, who fed and warmed us, for we were wet, hungry and cold. After this woman was convinced that we were escaped Union prisoners of war, she opened her heart to us; told us that her husband was a Union man but had been obliged to go into the rebel army, where he was shot and died.

She also told us that 10 miles from her house up in the mountains, there was a camp of Out Liers made up of rebel deserters and Union men who had never been in the Confederate army, who were living in caves in the mountains to avoid being captured and shot or taken into the army by a company of Rangers who were in the Confederate service, employed to capture or shoot these men. These Out Liers had told this Union woman, Mrs. Prince, that if she ever came across any Yankee prisoners that were making for our lines to bring them to their camp, and they would go through the mountains with them and join the Federal army.

After hearing this, to us welcome news, getting dry and rested, we then at about midnight, with this Union woman for a guide, started for this Out Liers' camp, which we reached just before daylight, for it was ten long miles, and in a mountainous country; and a rougher looking set of men I never saw, all armed to the teeth with knives, revolvers, muskets, rifles or axes, and at first we did not know but what this woman had betrayed us to a pack of bushwhackers.

Dec. 15. This camp consisted of about 16 men, whose homes were scattered through the mountains, who go home occasionally to get food or a change of clothing, or else their families come into the mountains to see them, and living such a life as they do, are willing and anxious to go through to Tennessee with us, and we are very glad of their company, for they are familiar with all the passes in the mountains.

Dec. 19. To-night we start for Knoxville in earnest, for our party now numbers 46 men, quite a strong party for the rangers to strike.

Crossed the first range of the Blue Ridge, and the mountains we have crossed during the day have been covered with snow and ice, and as cold on their tops as in Maine in winter.

Dec. 23. Yesterday we made 20 miles, and at night encamped at the foot of Hog Back Mountain.

Dec. 24. This morning 14 of our party started back for South Georgia. Got frightened at the prospect of meeting Indians some 30 miles in advance of us; also are afraid of the snow and cold we are encountering in these fearful mountains; say they had rather be shot at their own doors by the rangers and be buried by their families than die of cold and starvation so far away from home. Do not blame them any, but we have no choice left us; must press through, although the prospect is a very gloomy one.

A mistake taking this fearful course in midwinter through these mountains that are full of snow, and we dressed in summer clothing, no underclothes, stockings worn out days since shoes all to pieces and clothing in rags from rough usage in the mountains, as we slip and fall every dozen steps, and this adds to the many rinds and rags on our bodies.

Got a guide from this section who says he will go through with us, as our present South Carolina friends are no good to us; are so far away from home that they know no more of the passes in the mountains ahead of us than we Yankees. Crossed Tennessee Mountains to-day, the highest range we have yet struck, being three miles to its top. Made 15 miles to-day.

Dec. 25. Early to-day crossed a very high peak known as the Balsam Mountain, 3½ miles to the summit, and, being covered with snow, was very hard to climb. At noon crossed the Rich Mountain, another very high peak, and at its summit we seemed to be above the tops of the clouds. At night encamped at the foot of Chestnut Mountain in a very severe snow storm which continued all night. Distance made, 13 miles.

Dec. 26. Crossed many high mountains during the day, and at night encamped near the State road that leads to Georgia. Have been on allowance since Saturday, only three bites of bread and meat for 24 hours. Distance made, 12 miles.

Dec. 27. Crossed the State road at daylight. We are now four miles past Scott's Creek Balsam Mountain, which took us all day to cross, encamping at night at the foot of Catalouch

Mountain in a rain storm. Distance made, only eight miles.

Dec. 28. It rained all last night, and this morning commenced snowing and continued all day, and God only knows whether we shall ever be able to stand the exposure and suffering we are hourly called upon to endure. Are now living on raw corn and wet chestnuts which we find in these mountains, for our food gave out a number of days ago. Teeth and gums are so sore from eating this kind of food that it is painful to open and close our mouths. Distance made to-day, 9 miles.

Dec. 29. Snowed again last night until morning. No sleep for any of us. Went to a house for food, also directions, for we are almost starved. Found a good Union man who fed us and gave us the information wanted. Distance, 10 miles.

Dec. 30. Slept in a house last night, and if ever I enjoyed the protection of a roof it was on this occasion, for we have had nothing but the heavens for a covering for many days; rain, snow and cold to contend with, always with wet feet and frequently thoroughly wet from head to foot for several days at a time, hungry, tired and discouraged, the protection of this roof and a full stomach once more makes me think life is worth struggling a little while longer for. We are now within one mile of the main road to Knoxville, which I hope we can take, for we have suffered so much in the mountains that I want to leave them at once and forever. The party have concluded to take to the mountains again, for we hear there are guards on the road. Started over the mountains once more, but after going four miles three of us vowed we could go no farther, but would take the road, guards or no guards; so we left the main party with one of our Third Maine Lieutenants, S. L. Gilman; and Anderson, Childs and myself started for the public highway. Came near capture, for as we were approaching a house where we had been told lived a loyal Tennessean, who, unknown to us, was feeding our rebel cavalymen, and as we jumped the fence to enter the house his wife chanced to come to the door, seeing us just in the nick of time, motioned us back and away. We kept the house in sight, and after the rebels had got filled up, mounted their horses and drove off, then we took our turn and got a good square meal from the same table that the Rebels had vacated.

Jan. 5. Came into the Union lines at noon today, meeting a squad of the Tenth Michigan Cavalry who were out foraging, or, rather, getting fodder for their horses. Slept at night in the camp of the First Ohio Heavy Artillery. Distance made, 19 miles. Made a portion of it on one of the army wagons which were out with the Tenth Michigan gathering fodder.

Jan. 6. Pressed three horses of the farmers and rode to Knoxville, some 25 miles distant, entering that city Jan. 7, after being on the road seven weeks.

No human being can imagine our feelings as we entered that city except he has been in the same identical position that we had been in; could hardly realize our situation; were more

like children than men; would first laugh at our good fortune and then we could not keep back the tears when we knew it was all true, at last in God's country and our sufferings at an end.

The war at that time was nearly over, yet no one knew how long it might last, and after I got over my fatigue and replaced some of my lost flesh after my long captivity I had still a strong desire to see the end of the war, and was anxious to get back to the army again; and after remaining at home about six weeks was commissioned by the Governor as First Lieutenant and Adjutant First Maine Battalion and sent to Virginia early in April.

The surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia and all the troops under the rebel flag took place when we had been at the front but a short time, and after the grand review at Washington of the Potomac and Western Armies most of the troops were mustered out; but as at this time troops had to be retained to garrison Southern cities, freedman's duty to be done, and many other duties, with the last enlisted commands our battalion was retained and served its entire time out—one year—and was finally mustered out April 5, 1866, 12 months after Lee's surrender.

We stopped one day at Columbia on our way up the country, and the contrast between the present condition of Columbia and when I was a helpless prisoner was as marked as the contrast between my conditions at these two dates, for between them Sherman had made his march to the sea, and he had put his hand down heavily on that city, for at that hour half the city was in ashes, and I did not mourn in consequence. Had time while there to visit my old prison camp of the November before; found what was left of my miserable apology of a brush tent that had served such a good purpose in sheltering me from the cold; visited the spring where we got our water, the spot where we broke through the lines on the 20th of November. Also found the hut of Captain Jack Adams, where he used to hold forth (was a leader of men even in prison), our now so popular Sergeant-at-Arms at the State Capitol in Boston.

Next stop was at Anderson Court House and, while the command were disembarking from the cars, jumped on my horse and rode to a little cottage house near the depot, and seeing a gentleman in the yard, asked him if he would oblige me with a glass of water. As soon as I saw his face it struck me as very familiar, but at the moment could not tell when or where I had seen him, but on his return if flashed over me in an instant that it was Captain Martin, our old prison Captain of Columbia, and at once addressed him as such. His surprise at being addressed by name by a perfect stranger in his town can be better imagined than told, but when he found who I was and that I had been one of the Yankees at Columbia, his joy was as great as his surprise. He had me go to the house, introduced to his family, and for the eight months we remained at the Court House our friendship and acquaint-

ance was unbroken. I found him a true, polished but unfortunate Southern gentleman; had lost all he had by the war and was trying to make the best of the situation; was then teaching school in the neighborhood.

Our command was divided into five different towns, with headquarters at Anderson, it being the largest town in our sub-district, and I was appointed Assistant Adjutant General of the district by General Ames at Columbia, to make contracts with the planters and freedmen throughout the region where our command was located, also to do other duties of a similar nature. This, of course, threw me into direct contact with all the freedmen and planters for many miles around, and scores of negroes whom I had met only a few months before. Then I was a refugee (not from justice, however), trying to hide my face from anything but a black one. Now how changed. Was in temporary authority, making contracts with these same loyal, faithful and true blue negroes. Seven months before I was avoiding the white man's house and presence as a pestilence; now I was invited to share the best his house afforded, not out of respect to me or the Government I represented, only for policy's sake, trusting to make a favorable impression by his seeming whole-souled hospitality, so I would make his contract with the freedman favorable to him rather than the blacks. Some of the freedmen did not remember me, while on the contrary very many did, and some of the latter were afraid, even at that late day, to have the fact made known to their former masters that they had ever met me before; afraid that these men might still do them harm for their acts of humanity to us escaping Union prisoners. It was, indeed, strange to be found sitting at the table as an invited guest, partaking of the hospitality of these Southern rebels, on whose plantations I had skulked and whose hens' roost had been robbed to feed us, and some of the very same darkies were waiting on the table whose hands had brought us food in the woods or thicket of some damp and cold swamp where we were being hid. We severally held our tongues, I not from fear of wounding the feelings of the planter but to save the negroes any future annoyance, although I think they were needlessly alarmed.

We remained in this location until the following April, some eight months, and among our duties was this—to assist all destitute loyal Southern people, in the way of issuing Government rations, but they must first prove their loyalty as a necessary requisite.

One day in August I was sitting alone in my quarters when my orderly said there was an old lady outside who wanted to see the Yankee officer who was giving food to loyal whites. I said, "Admit her," and a true type of a poor white Southern woman came in. She told me her wants, said she was very poor, had no husband, and, as the Government was helping such as she, had applied also, as she considered she was as loyal as any man or woman in Anderson district. My next question was, "What have

you got to prove all this?" and she at once took from the bosom of her dress a neatly-folded paper for my examination. As soon as my eyes dropped on the paper the writing looked familiar, and looking in a second at the bottom of the sheet saw my own name where I had placed it the December before. As soon as I recovered from my surprise I turned to the lady, and said, "Madam, did you ever see me before?" and she said she reckoned not. I then asked her if she remembered feeding four Yankee officers the winter before, and then taking them to the out-liers' camp in the mountains. She said she did. I then said, "Mrs. Prince, I am one of those Yankees, the one that wrote that letter." She said, "Good God! Are you the little Lieutenant?" I answered that it was indeed so. Then there was a scene. I do not know who was the most affected, for to tell the truth I was "all broke up," for I had yet a tender memory for this woman and her acts of kindness.

She told me that the men who had started through the mountains with us, and had turned back on account of snow and Indians, had been met by the guard and many of them killed. Those that went to Knoxville joined the Union army. Some had been killed in late engagements of the war, and the balance were at home, where they would no doubt be glad to see me, although since their return from the Union lines some of them had been murdered by the returning rebel soldiers when they learned they had joined the Union army. Mrs. Prince went to her home in the mountains with a mule-load of Government rations, full more than the allowance of a family much larger than hers; but it was a case that made unusual demands upon my feelings and disposition, and I simply gratified my inclination to return good with same in kind and compound interest included.

I also visited that section a short time after with a detachment of United States cavalry, sent me from Columbia for the purpose, as it was not safe even then for a United States officer to be so far away from his command without a strong escort.

We remained at this section until April, 1866, a twelvemonth after the close of the war, when we were mustered out at Hart's Island, New York harbor; and as I laid aside my blue army uniform, worn for five years with the exception of about seven weeks, I felt that the experience I had had, although it had cost me some privations, was not dearly bought. There have been many cases of prison life that have been far more thrilling, and where suffering has been far more severe, but I think not many cases like mine, where a prisoner who has made a successful escape has, through the chances of war, been able to again visit and remain in temporary authority at the scenes of his long and weary tramp, and be able to return some of the many favors and heroic acts of kindness done by the black men of the South and a very few of the loyal whites.

H. A. JOHNSON.



LIEUTENANT HANNIBAL A. JOHNSON.

RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

At times in conversation with some of my friends I have mentioned some personal experiences and reminiscences of the Red River campaign.

These stories amused them and prompted some of them, I fear, to speak to Mr. Ropes and induce him to ask me to give the Society a paper on the Red River Expedition.

I shall not bore you with many comparisons as to the statements of different authorities as to whether this or that command had one or two men more or less, or whether an order was given at 10 o'clock or two or five minutes past 10; and, indeed, in this campaign, it did not make much difference when an order was given, but if I can keep your interest for half an hour with an account of the march and of my personal and more or less trivial experiences, I beg you will not think I was unimpressed by the tragic, or unmindful of the serious events which transpired.

The expedition was such a jumble of success and failure, of advance and retreat, of co-operation between land and naval forces and the want of it, of hurrying orders from without and delays within, of insubordination and discipline, of opportunities made use of and neglected, and of such contradictory statements that if a man were to study the subject for years and digest all the information and documents he could obtain, he could not get at the truth. I shall try to observe one of General Banks's rules during his military career, not to criticize anyone.

War Records, Vol. xxxiv, p. 215, Gen. Banks's report, Series 1, Part I. "During my term of service it has been an invariable rule, from which I have never departed, to forbear the expression of opinion or complaint upon the official actions of others."

When Gen. Grant took command of the armies of the United States he determined to have a simultaneous movement of them all in the spring of 1864. He sent to Gen. Banks a copy of Order No. 1, assuming command of the armies of the United States, and also the following order:

Item, p. 610, Gen. Grant's report, Series 1, Part II.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Mar. 16, 1864.
(Received Grand Ecore 26th.)

Major General Banks, Commanding Department of the Gulf, New Orleans:

Enclosed herewith I send you copy of General Orders No. 1 assuming command of the army. It is my intention to establish headquarters for the present with the army of the Potomac. I have not fully determined upon a plan of campaign for this spring, but will do so before the return of our veteran troops to the field. It will, however, be my desire to have all parts of the army, or rather all the armies, act as much in concert as possible. For this reason I now write you, for I regard the success of your present move of great importance in reducing the number of troops necessary for the protection of the navigation of the Mississippi River. It is also important that Shreveport be taken as soon as possible. This done, send Brig. General A. J. Smith with his command back to Memphis as soon as possible. Its force will be necessary for movements east of the Mississippi. Should you find that the taking of Shreveport will occupy ten or fifteen days more time than Gen. Sherman gave his troops to be absent from his command, you will send them back at the time specified in his note of the 1st of March even if it leads to the abandonment of the main object of your expedition, but, should your expedition prove successful, hold Shreveport and the Red river with such force as you may deem necessary and return the balance of your troops to the neighborhood of New Orleans. * * * * *

I have directed Gen. Steele to make a real move as suggested by you instead of a demonstration as he thought advisable.

Mr. Seward, or some one else, thought the flag ought to float over the State of Texas, and so Gen. Grant directed Banks in Louisiana and Steele in Arkansas to advance simultaneously on Shreveport, which is in the northwestern part of Louisiana, near the Texas line.

Another object to be accomplished besides

raising the flag in Texas was said, at the time, to be the obtaining of cotton for our mills at Lowell and Lawrence. Cotton was worth nearly two dollars a pound and was almost unobtainable. The authorities at Washington and Richmond had agreed, it was said, to have the cotton brought down near our projected line of march, and we, or rather cotton buyers, were to pay for it in greenbacks, not in gold, our Government thinking that the cotton would do us more good than the greenbacks would the rebels. Whether this plan was arranged or not, there were civilians who accompanied our headquarters who had large amounts of greenbacks with them, which they never parted with for cotton to my knowledge.

This mixture of war and trade was very demoralizing, and the action of the navy caused the rebel military authorities to burn all the cotton that they thought might fall into our hands. We marched sometimes for days through burning cotton and cotton storehouses, and sometimes the heat was intense. So the mills got but little cotton and the rebels got no greenbacks.

As you probably know, Gen. Banks, with the co-operation of Admiral Porter and a powerful fleet, was to advance on Shreveport from the southeast along the line of the Red River in Louisiana, and Gen. Steele, from Little Rock, was to make a simultaneous advance on the same point from the northeast, and they were to meet at Shreveport. The enemy could not attend to both of them at once, and one or both would probably get to the rendezvous. You will see that neither of them ever reached Shreveport. There were at least three elements of uncertainty and doubt that helped to make the expedition a failure:

First. The appointed rendezvous within the enemy's lines at a place in his possession.

Second. The treacherous character of the river, on which we must rely for communication and transportation, and which might run away at any minute and leave the vessels high and dry, as it did later on.

Third. The partially-independent command of Gen. A. J. Smith, who would make no reports, at the time or afterward, to Gen. Banks, and who was continually threatening to leave.

Practically the last named element was only a worry, for Gen. Smith's troops under Mower and Kirby Smith seconded all Gen. Banks's efforts and fought splendidly and successfully.

Such were some of the elements of failure of this ill-starred campaign before its commencement there were plenty of others after it had begun. It seemed to me that any life lost in battle west of the Mississippi River after January, 1864, was an unnecessary sacrifice, and that the real theatre of war was east of the river, and the operations west of it only a side show. I express this opinion to Gen. Dwight, who was to command a brigade in the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, and he replied that he could not say as to the general question of the wisdom of a campaign in Texas, but that

an expedition, organized as our's was, could not succeed; that we should be driven back before reaching Shreveport, and that he should command the rear guard. I wrote this prophecy on paper and sent it home in a letter to my father before we started, so as to have it on record. It all turned out true, even to his commanding the rear guard, which he did with his brigade from Sabine Cross Roads to Pleasant Hill.

Shreveport is about 330 miles from New Orleans and about 200 miles from Little Rock.

The only route of communication between Gen. Banks and Gen. Steele was around the rear by way of the Mississippi and Arkansas Rivers. That is, if Gen. Banks wanted to communicate with Steele he had to send an officer down the Red River, up the Mississippi and then up the Arkansas, and then the messenger must find Steele if he could.

The Louisiana part of the expedition was to rendezvous at Alexandria on March 19.

General Banks's troops, consisting of the Nineteenth Corps, the Cavalry Corps, and detachments from the Thirteenth Corps, all under the command of General William B. Franklin, marched by land to Alexandria from the town of Franklin, La., while the navy under Admiral Porter and General A. J. Smith's command, from the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, came by water from Vicksburg. General Banks with his staff and some civilians came by water from New Orleans. The day of rendezvous at Alexandria was to be the 19th of March, 1864. General Banks's troops of all arms were 25,000 men, with 78 pieces of artillery; Gen. Smith's were 10,000, with 14 pieces of artillery, making 35,000 on the Red River itself, while Steele was approaching from Little Rock, which place he left on March 23, with about 10,000 men under his command, some of whom joined him at Arkadelphia after he had started, so that there were in all 45,000 Union soldiers approaching Shreveport. (Vol. XXXIV., Series 1, Part 1, War Record, p. 167.) To oppose these troops Gen. Kirby Smith had about 24,000 men; 17,000 under Gen. Dick Taylor (a son of Zachary Taylor), in Louisiana, and 7000 in Arkansas, under Gen. Sterling Price.

On the way to Alexandria Gen. A. J. Smith had captured Fort de Russy, on the Red River, about 25 miles below Alexandria, with its garrison of 300 men and 10 guns, and while at Alexandria, to keep his hand in, Gen. Mower had surprised and captured without the loss of a man or the firing of a gun the rebel Col. Vincent at Henderson's Hill, 25 miles beyond Alexandria, on the way to Shreveport. The prisoners amounted to 275 men, with 50 horses and four guns. These captures occurred before Gen. Banks's arrival. At this time Charles Le Doux Elgee, of the class of 1856, at Harvard, an aide on Gen. Dick Taylor's staff, rode into the camp at Henderson's Hill, not knowing it had changed owners, and was captured. Mr. Kones will remember Elgee as a popular man in college and a first-rate fellow (Vol. XXXIV., Series 1, Part 1, p. 167.)

The naval forces under the command of Admiral Porter consisted of 19 ironclads, mounting 16 guns and carrying, I suppose, about 1500 men.

General Smith and Admiral Porter left Vicksburg on the 10th of March, on the 14th Smith captured Fort de Russy, and arrived with Admiral Porter at Alexandria on the 18th of March, one day ahead of the appointed time of rendezvous. Brigadier General Lee, with the cavalry of Banks's army, arrived on the 19th, and the infantry on the 25th and 26th. Although General Banks was late in arriving at Alexandria, yet this loss of time was of no consequence, for the water in the river rose so slowly that it was not till April 3, fifteen days after the appointed time, that the last of the twelve gunboats and their transports passed the rapids above Alexandria. Several of the large transports drew too much water, and these, with a few gunboats, remained at Alexandria below the falls. All the supplies had to be landed, loaded into wagoons, hauled around the falls and reshipped, so that depots had to be established in the town as well as above the falls, and Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps, 4000 strong, were lent to protect the stores and the Carry. (History of the Nineteenth Army Corps by Irwin.

While here one of those amusing affairs which showed the want of ready co-operation and friendliness between Porter and Banks occurred. As the stores of perishable articles were landed, Gen. Grover saw that they must be put under cover or they might be spoiled. He found a large convenient storehouse on the levee, but it was more or less occupied by several stallions. He turned out the stallions and put in his stores. The stallions belonged to Admiral Porter, and he sent a crew of sailors, who put out the stores and put back the stallions. General Grover then sent a squad of soldiers, who, in turn, put out the stallions. Then Admiral Porter sent some marines with a howitzer, and put the horses in again. Grover then sent a company of infantry to replace his stores, and it seemed as if all the troops would ultimately become engaged. The matter was finally referred to Gen. Banks, who arranged it in some way which probably suited neither party. Steele left Little Rock on March 23 with about 10,000 men to meet Banks at Shreveport, which is a point, as I have said, within the enemy's country and held by the enemy.

Gen. Banks, on whose staff I was an Assistant Medical Director, had come by water from New Orleans to Alexandria, where he had arrived on March 24.

A. J. Smith's command had been lent to Banks for 30 days. His time would expire on the 10th of April, and it was not until the third of the month that the water was high enough for the navy to proceed. Gen. Grant was willing to extend Gen. Smith's time by 15 days, but

if Shreveport was not taken, certainly by the 25th of April, A. J. Smith was to be sent back, if the expedition had to be abandoned.

I have already read to you Gen. Grant's order on this subject. This, as Irwin expresses it in his history of the Nineteenth Army Corps, putting the expedition "in irons," for not only was there the treacherous river to contend with, which might run dry at any moment and leave the vessel stranded, but there was the semi-control of Gen. Smith's forces and the fact that they might leave at a critical moment. General Banks had protested against the expedition and did not believe in it, but he had practically been told that the troops would march, and that he could go with them or remain at New Orleans. Here he was at Alexandria with a naval commander who did not affiliate with him, and with a part of his command hardly recognizing his authority and threatening to leave at any moment. However, he decided to go ahead. The troops under Franklin went by land, and General Banks and staff went by water in the steamer Black Hawk to Grand Ecore, 50 miles from Alexandria.

Gen. Banks you all know. Of great personal bravery, he rarely succeeded in actual combat in equaling his enemies in point of numbers, as at Cedar Mountain, in the Shenandoah Valley, and at Sabine Cross Roads. Admiral Porter cooperated better with Generals Grant and Sherman than he did with Generals from civil life, like Banks and Butler. Major General A. J. Smith fought whenever he had a chance, and was one of the best fighters it was my fortune to see during the war. He was ably seconded by Major General Mower, who had risen from the ranks.

Gen. Emory, who commanded the Nineteenth Corps, in actual combat was excellent, but he was rather prone to fight his battles beforehand, and sometimes tired his troops with too much precaution.

Gen. Dwight, who now commanded a brigade, but was later Chief of Staff, was a brother of Major Wilder Dwight, killed at Antietam. He had been for two years at West Point in the same class with Gen. Sheridan. He was a fascinating companion in conversation and the troops he commanded were always steady and never retired. I remember how well his division stood at the battle of Winchester, Sept. 19, 1864, where the line of dead bodies along a fence they held attested their steadfastness. On General Banks's staff in this expedition were Gen. Charles P. Stone, Chief of Staff when the expedition started, a gentleman, and one who had already suffered hard and undeserved treatment from Secretary Stanton during the war, and was destined to suffer still more; Major George H. Drake, Adjutant General; Major Lieber, Judge Advocate, (now Judge Advocate General of the Army); Lieut. C. S. Sarrent, now the head of the U. S. Forestry Commission and of the Arnold Arboretum;



SURGEON JOHN HOMANS.

Captain Schuyler Crosby, Gen. John C. Palfrey, Chief Engineer; Lieut. Beebe of the Ordnance, a very gallant officer, were some of those that I remember very distinctly.

Colonel Clark, senior aid, always appeared with a map of the ground immediately after an action; two other aids were German officers who spoke the English language with difficulty. From Grand Ecore Gen. Banks went with the troops of the first division Nineteenth Army Corps and the cavalry under Gen. Lee, with detachments of the Thirteenth Corps under Gen. Ransom, all under the immediate command of Gen. Franklin. With Gen. Banks's troops marched Gen. A. J. Smith, from Sherman's army, with Gen. Mower's division, and with Admiral Porter by water went Gen. Kirby Smith on transports with a part of A. J. Smith's command.

On April 3 the army left Grand Ecore on its march to Shreveport, with the cavalry and mounted infantry in the advance. Gen. Banks and staff left Grand Ecore on the afternoon of the 7th and arrived at the camp of the headquarters of the Nineteenth Corps, near Pleasant Hill, in the evening, after an uninterrupted ride of 35 miles. I remember that Gen. Banks's horse was the only one that fell down on the road. All the trains had started and our head-quarter wagons left at the same time that we did, and, as we went at a gallop and they at a walk, we never saw them again until we met them on our retreat, and we were dependent on the bounty of others for our food and lodging, but, as we were in the saddle day and night for the next three days, we did not need any lodging. As I had not been on horseback for ten years, I was pretty stiff after this long, straight ride of 35 miles, but I went supperless to bed and slept splendidly, and was surprised to find that I was not sore when I mounted my horse the next day. The first thing to be done by me on April 8 was to beg some breakfast, and I got a first-rate one from General Dwight.

The road by which we were marching leaves the river at Grand Ecore and soon plunges into dense woods. It was the regular most traveled route.

How this paper came to be written is best explained in the following letter:

Dear Doctor—I write as the organ of the Executive Committee of the Military Historical Society to ask you to give us a paper on the Red River expedition. I want it to be chiefly a personal narrative, at least that seems to us to be the most attractive form in which it could possibly be put. Your recollection of men and things is so vivid and your descriptions are so graphic that we feel we should be very fortunate in having such a paper. Could you have this ready for us the first Tuesday in January?

Sincerely Yours,

JOHN C. ROPES.

Dr. John Homans was graduated from Harvard in 1858, and received the title of M. D. in 1882.

January 24 of the same year he was made an Assistant Surgeon of the United States Navy and was ordered to

the U. S. S. Aroostook. After a short cruise in search of the disabled U. S. S. Vermont he was engaged on the Virginia river, from May to August; he participated in the battle of Fort Darling, Va., and later co-operated with the army at the battle of Malvern Hill, in the same State. His resignation was offered September 16.

November 22 the future famous Surgeon was made an Assistant in the army. He sailed from New York for New Orleans in the following February, was assigned for duty in St. James Hospital, and in the autumn was given charge of the hospital.

He was on Gen. Banks's staff in the Red River expedition, and participated in the Battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill. Temporarily he was Medical Director of the army engaged in this expedition.

In May Dr. Homans returned to New Orleans and two months later was ordered North, arriving at Washington. In the army of the Shenandoah his position was Surgeon in-Chief of the first division, Nineteenth Army Corps, and in the Shenandoah Valley engaged in the conflict with Early's army. Dr. Homans was at the battles of Winchester, Va., and Cedar Creek. After that he was medical inspector of the middle military division on the staff of General Sheridan in November, and afterwards became the acting medical director of the army of the Shenandoah, finally resigning the 28th of May, 1865.

His career since the war and the great fame he has achieved as a surgeon need not be more than briefly mentioned here.

After returning from the war Surgeon Homans went to Europe for three years, returning to Boston to the practice of his profession. He was Surgeon at the Boston Dispensary, the Children's Hospital and the Carney Hospital, and is now a visiting surgeon of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He is a lecturer in Harvard University. For the last 18 years his name has been especially associated with abdominal surgery. He is a member of the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, and of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts. He has contributed various papers to the different medical journals of the country.

Why we took the road through the woods instead of the one following the river I do not know. On the river road we should have had plenty of drinking water and should have been near the gunboats in case they had needed our assistance, and also they would have been a protection to ourselves in case of reverse and defeat. There were probably obvious reasons, such as swamps or impassable marshes and low lands or something of the kind that made our engineers choose the road via Pleasant Hill and Mansfield, and this is the usually traveled route, I believe. This road by which we marched and the order of our march were the causes of our downfall. Kirby Smith had but about 18,000 men to oppose over 30,000, and if we had kept the troops together we should have been invincible, and could have gone anywhere. At

the head of the column was Gen. Lee, commanding the cavalry of 4000 men, half of which were mounted infantry. Next came a long cavalry wagon train, then some artillery, and then, several miles behind these wagons, came the Thirteenth Corps of about 5000 men, commanded by Gen. Ransom; then more commissary and ordnance wagons, then the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps, about 10,000 men; then its train of wagons and artillery; then Gen. Smith's troops, 10,000 men, and behind them the Corps d'Afrique. There was a distance of about nine miles between the cavalry and the Nineteenth Corps, more than this distance between that corps and Gen. Smith, with the intervals filled with wagons and artillery. All this in a narrow, sunken road through a pine forest, called in the rebel reports "a howling wilderness"—a road more like a broad, deep, red-colored ditch than anything else, and one where it was impossible to turn a wagon around, except at intervals of several miles where there might happen to be a clearing. Gen. Lee protested at having the train pushed up in front, but Gen. Franklin kept sending orders to shove it ahead and get it out of his way, and it was shoved ahead. In order to exonerate Gen. Lee, who has been blamed for having his trains in the advance, I will read from his report (War Records, vol. xxxiv., part 1, pp. 458-464).

"In view of the loss of the train of my command, a loss which has provoked some criticism, I desire in explanation of its presence, and continued presence, to call attention to the order of General Franklin cited in this report, and received by me at 5 P. M. on the preceding day, directing me to proceed as far as possible with my train to give the infantry room on the following day. I will state also that I had frequently requested that my train, or the bulk of it, might be left with the advance train of the infantry, as I found it a great charge and incumbrance in conducting the advance. Such permission had never been granted. On the night of the 7th in my dispatch of 9 P. M. I again indicated such wish, but without eliciting reply. My own dispatches cited in report could hardly fail to represent the current condition of affairs to my superiors, and under such explicit instructions and orders I can see little room left me, as a soldier, for the exercise of personal judgment,

"About 10 A. M. of the 8th my train was at the creek at Carroll's Mills, five or six miles from the battlefield. While a halt was being made in constructing a bridge General Banks and staff and General Franklin and staff came up and observed its construction. General Franklin directed the Quartermaster of the Fourth Brigade to keep the train well closed. At the point of its capture during the progress of the battle, this Quartermaster asked Lieut. Col. Chandler, Chief Quartermaster of the army, if he had not better move his train back. He replied, 'No; you must not turn a single

wagon; if you lose your wagons, lose them facing the enemy.'"

Cavalry Quartermaster Captain Whittier's report confirms this statement of Gen. Lee, and in the latter part of his report he says (War Records, vol. xxxiv., part 1, p. 464): 'I remained with the train in the position I described until the rout became general, when I received an order from Major Howe, Acting Assistant Adjutant General, to remove my train to the rear, which order I commenced to execute, when I found the road in my rear, at a point near a slough, blockaded by capsized and stalled teams belonging to another brigade, which made it wholly impossible to carry out the order further. In this position the entire train was captured. I would further state that previous to the instructions I received from Lieut. Col. Chandler, Capt. Hoze, Division Master, told me that the instructions were positive not to remove the train to the rear. I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

F. H. WHITTIER."

General Lee was especially earnest and active in pressing on. He drove the enemy before him to Sabine Cross-roads, within four miles of Mansfield, a town about 35 miles this side of Shreveport. Lee, finding himself hard pressed, sent back to Franklin for a brigade of infantry. This Franklin was unwilling to send, because he feared their presence would precipitate a battle before we were closed up and ready, and he refused Gen. Lee's request, but Gen. Banks gave a peremptory order and a brigade was sent from the Thirteenth Corps, and later another one, when the first was found unequal to sustaining the rebel attack. On the morning of the 8th of April I rode up to the front from the Nineteenth Army Corps headquarters and I passed nine miles of wagons in my ride. I found General Banks and Major Drake in some open woods through which the bullets were flying. Colonel Clark, our senior aid, was standing with the left leg of his trousers rolled up, and comparing a scar he had with the leg of a soldier who had just been shot in the same place. He asked me to look at the two wounds and say if they were not very much alike. It seemed to me queer, and I did not pay much attention to him. The firing became so hot and approached so near and the men were streaming by so fast that I turned round, hardly expecting to see Gen. Banks again.

After riding back a little way I thought I would try to rally some of the fugitives. As soon as I turned round my knees were knocked black and blue by the men running against them and by the knees of mounted fugitives, and I could do nothing. But at length I found a string of men tailed out behind the trunk of a tree, one behind the other, to escape the bullets which came, however, not

only from the rear, but from both sides. I appealed to a Sergeant and asked him if he and I could not get some men together and make a stand. He said he thought he could and that they would fight if they had any ammunition. I told him I would get him some and I rode off and overtook an ammunition wagon, stopped it and got out a box. Just as I was going to distribute the ammunition an ordnance officer came up and asked me what I was doing. I told him I was trying to get some ammunition to arm a squad of men. He said, "Have you anything to do with ammunition? Are you an ordnance officer?" I said "No," and he told the ammunition wagon driver to go on. I went on, too. Pretty soon a Colonel rode up to me, touched his hat and said "Are you on Gen. Banks's staff?" I said, "I am." "I have been ordered up here with my brigade, can you tell me where to put in my men?" I said, "Take a position Colonel on that rising ground to your left." He advanced with his men and was soon overpowered. I hope I did right to tell him to go somewhere, for there seemed to be nobody else to direct him. I knew there would be no stopping the rebels until the First Division of the Nineteenth Corps was reached, and this was nearly nine miles away, and any check the enemy received would give them time to form.

I continued my retreat, after advising the brigade commander, and soon joined Major Lieber, and we retreated together. Just about dark we heard the volleys of Emory's First Division, Nineteenth Corps, which had received the fugitives through its ranks, and, waiting until the rebels were close to them, had fired several volleys which put an end to the conflict, and killed and wounded very many of the rebels, among them a general officer. All the firing was musketry, no cannon could be used, there was no room to go into battery. During the night we fell back to Pleasant Hill about ten miles distant. The evening had been spent by the First Division in trying to make prisoners in the dark and in this they were quite successful. At length in the course of the evening and night all the troops got on the road, Gen. Dwight with his brigade ringing up the rear and making his progress complete.

At Pleasant Hill on our retreat we found Gen. A. J. Smith, with his command. The next day, the 9th, was spent in resting and in getting into position to fight the rebels if they should attack us, and it seemed absolutely certain that they would.

In the afternoon they came on, and I were at first somewhat successful, but a regiment in their rear and a charge by Mower's division started them, and all hands drove them from the field, two or three miles on their way back to Sabine Cross Roads. I saw this charge of Mower's as plainly as if I were standing on the hill on the Common in Boston and the rival forces were charging on the parade ground. Mower's men were lying down; the rebels came out of the

woods, formed in line and charged bayonets. Mower's men rose up, delivered their fire and charged against them. Nearer and nearer they came. I said to the officer next to me, "I am told that bayonet charges never meet. Which line is going to turn, the gray or the blue? If the blue turns we are gone up." Suddenly the gray line wavered, turned and ran. Everybody cheered and advanced. I set to work attending to the wounded, who were numerous, because we had the rebel as well as our own wounded to care for. Late in the evening an order was brought to me saying that the army was going to fall back to Grand Ecore. I said, "Why retire? We have whipped the enemy, taken their artillery, and we hold the field with the wounded of both sides, and have driven the rebels many miles." I was answered that we retreated because of the scarcity of water, but said I, "The wounded won't have any more water if you leave them. Let me go to Grand Ecore and turn back the ambulances and empty wagons we sent off this morning, and we can transport all the wounded." Again I was asked if it was any of my business. I said "No." Gen. A. J. Smith asked to be allowed to remain through the next day to bury his dead and collect his wounded, but his request was not granted. Why we lost the battle of Sabine Cross Roads, or Mansfield, as the Confederates call it, is plain enough. The country was not one to manoeuvre in. Our cavalry had no business in front. They had to ride along a sunken road in a pine forest, dismount, drive the enemy, come back for their horses, mount again and soon fight again as foot-soldiers. They were practically infantry, with inferior arms, and bothered by their horses. Then the train of wagons was a source of embarrassment, and being in the way and occupying the only road, it prevented us from bringing off any guns when we were repulsed. In such a country the advancing army had all the work to do and the retreating party could choose its own time, place and method of attack. Cavalry were out of place, they could not be used. Then again our army was strung out over thirty miles of road, no two detachments being in supporting distance of each other. The only way would have been to have got all the troops together (as we did on the way down where we were uniformly victorious in every engagement) and to have advanced with infantry skirmishers in front. We should have been irresistible, but perhaps it was fated that we should not get to Shreveport.

In these two days we lost 1792 killed and wounded and 1805 missing.

The rebels, according to Gen. Kirby Smith's report, lost some 2000 killed and wounded.

In officers killed and wounded the Confederate loss was especially heavy. Gen. Monton was killed at Sabine Cross Roads and Colonels Beard, Noble, Armant, Taylor, Buchel and many others.

In prisoners we lost 1800; the Confederates lost about 900.



TRYING TO RALLY THE FUGITIVES.

In wagons we lost 156 loaded with forage and food and 800 mules.
In cannon we lost about 15 and the rebels 5.

Our army was not really much hurt by these two battles; it was only hammered together, amalgamated, as it were. If Gen. Banks had advanced the day after Pleasant Hill he could have gone to Shreveport or anywhere west of it without much molestation. The Confederate troops were used up by their two days' fighting and the losses they had sustained. I do not see what would have been gained by occupying Shreveport, and it would have been a difficult place to hold if General Banks was to be on the other side of the Mississippi River, ready to attack Mobile on the 1st of May. However, if General Banks's and General Steele's campaigns had both succeeded, I suppose that Gen. Steele and the navy could have held Shreveport. To show that we could have gone on after Pleasant Hill, I will read from General Kirby Smith's report made at that time, also from an article of his written in 1888 and published in the Century War Book, Vol. iv. p. 372, many years later, and from an intercepted letter written soon after the battle by one of General Smith's staff officers to his father in Richmond. (Vol. xxxiv., Part 1, p. 485.)

"The next morning (i. e. after the battle of Sabine Cross Road) our whole army advanced and found the enemy in position at Pleasant Hill. Our troops attacked with vigor, and at first with success, but by superiority of numbers were finally repulsed and thrown into confusion. The Missouri and Arkansas troops, with a brigade of Walker's division, were broken and scattered. The enemy recovered cannon which we had captured and two of our pieces were left in his hands. To my great relief I found in the morning that the enemy had fallen back during the night. He continued his retreat to Grand Ecore, where he entrenched himself, and remained until the return of his fleet and its passage over the bars, made especially difficult this season by the unusual fall of the river.

"The question may be asked why the enemy was not pursued at once. I answer because our troops were completely paralyzed by the repulse at Pleasant Hill, and the cavalry, worn out by the long march from Texas, had been constantly engaged for three days almost without food or forage. Before we could reorganize at Mansfield and get into condition to advance over the 55 miles of the wilderness which separated the armies, the enemy was reinforced and entrenched at Grand Ecore. I we could not whip him at Pleasant Hill in a fair fight, it would have been madness to have attacked him at Grand Ecore in his entrenchments supported by a formidable fleet of gunboats. No sustained operations for dislodging him could be undertaken, because it was impossible to transport

supplies for the entire army from Shreveport, distant 100 miles. The enemy had possession of the river until he evacuated Grand Ecore. A large steamboat, which had been sunk in the narrow part of the channel for the purpose of obstructing the passage upward, and this fleet, had to be removed before the river could again be used." (Article 1888, Century War Book, vol. iv., p. 372.)

"Our repulse at Pleasant Hill was so complete and our command was so disorganized that had Banks followed up his success vigorously he would have met with but feeble opposition to his advance on Shreveport. Polignac's (previously Mouton's) Division of Louisiana Infantry was all that was intact of Taylor's force. Our troops were completely paralyzed and disorganized by the repulse at Pleasant Hill."

Narrative of Lieut. Edward Cunningham, Aide de Camp and Chief of Artillery. After giving an account of the battles of Sabine Cross Roads and Pleasant Hill, and a very clear description of the campaign against Steele, he says:

"I do not think Gen. Smith's late campaign admits a well-grounded criticism. All turns upon a comparison of the objects to be gained by operating against Banks or Steele after Pleasant Hill. That it was impossible for us to pursue Banks immediately, under four or five days, cannot be gain-said. It was impossible, because we did not have transportation for supplies; and impossible, because we had been beaten, demoralized, paralyzed in the fight of the 9th."

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I think these quotations from Confederate sources make it clear that our army could have advanced to Shreveport, and certainly a force might have remained to bring off the wounded and bury the dead, and there was no need of such precipitation in retreat. Here was a curious spectacle: two armies running away from each other, both retreating, but the victor most so. The next day, the 10th of April, our surgeons had to march beyond the battlefield to deliver their medical stores. We marched all the night of the 9th, leaving Pleasant Hill and all the wounded behind us, without being pursued, most of the enemy having retired six miles beyond or behind the battlefield of the previous day. I remember that, as Gen. Banks and staff well along the next morning by the column of infantry on the road to Grand Ecore, the soldiers sang in unison. On the 10th of April, '64, etc., and then all in unison shouted "Napoleon P. Bank." It seemed at the time as if this shout was rather in ridicule than in praise, and rather sarcastic than applauding. We remained at Grand Ecore a fortnight, till April 25th, and then retired to Alexandria. Our losses were more than made up soon afterwards, for at Alexandria we found Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps, and other

troops from New Orleans and Texas. On April 30 we had 4000 men more than we had on March 31, before we started from Alexandria, the return for March 31 present for duty being 35,847, and for April 30, after all fighting and retreating and losses in prisoners, present for duty, 39,041, without counting the sailors or marines. I went to see General Mower in his tent at Grand Ecore, and he actually shed tears because he had been compelled to retreat after Pleasant Hill. He said he was not used to such campaigning; that when he had whipped the enemy he had always pursued him, and he could not understand the good of coming up here and fighting and beating the rebels, and then running away, and much more in the same strain. He could not be reconciled to our retreating.

How fared it with General Kilby Smith's command, which went up the river on transports to meet us at Mansfield? They started from Grand Ecore on April 7, 14 transports, containing troops and stores, escorted by the naval vessels; 7 more transports followed later. On April 10 they arrived at Logey Bayou, 110 miles from Grand Ecore, and landed troops to take and hold the bridge at Bayou Pierre, and to hold the town of Springfield. They had received news of the battle between Banks and Kirby Smith, the tenor of which was that the Confederates were in full retreat, but, just as the troops were starting on their reconnaissance toward Bayou Pierre, an order from General Banks was received directing the return of the command to Grand Ecore. The only losses of the command were two killed and seventeen wounded, and the iron clad Eastport, a powerful and valuable vessel, and the boats reached Grand Ecore on the 15th of April. On the way they had been attacked by the rebels under General Green and General Liddell with cannon and musketry. General Green was killed by a shell, which took off his head, and his command suffered considerably. We remained at Grand Ecore from April 11 till the 21st, ten days, and then marched to Alexandria, where we arrived on the 25th.

(See Irwin's History, Nineteenth Army Corps.) "Banks's relations with General Stone had been strained, and Banks had determined on a change, when on April 16 an order was received from the War Office bearing date of March 28, whereby Stone was relieved from duty in the Department of the Gulf, deprived of his rank and ordered to Cairo, Ill., thence to report by letter to the Adjutant General of the army. For this action neither cause nor occasion had ever been made known. Banks published this order, and on the following day made Dwight Chief of Staff."

On the way down one of those incidents occurred which illustrated General Banks's personal bravery, and perhaps also his want of judgment. We came to the crossing of Cane River, which empties into the Red River at Monet's Bluff. The rebel General Bee, with a large force of infantry and artillery, held the bluff, which commanded the river crossing. General Birge with his brigade and Cameron's

Division of the Thirteenth Corps carried the hill by assault and cleared the way. In this action General Fessenden of Maine was severely wounded and afterward lost his leg, as did also Gen. Paine of Wisconsin. Before Gen. Birge got into action Gen. Banks rode up toward Monet's Bluff, from which the enemy were shelling the road. We halted in the road with our escort, headquarter flags, orderlies, etc., making quite a large crowd, and the rebels began practicing on us. At length they got the range, but Gen. Banks did not move and the rest of us had to stay with him. The shells burst closer and closer. At length one burst directly over our heads and the fragments fell upon and among us. One piece struck Gen. Banks on his boot and then fell to the ground. "Hand me that piece of iron, if you please," said the General. I made believe that my horse was restive and spurred along the road toward the bluff, for it seemed to me that the nearer I got to the enemy's battery the less likely I was to be hit.

Somewhere on the road between Nachitoches and Alexandria I left the troops and went on board a transport loaded with wounded, and gave directions about their care. This delayed me, and when I arrived at our headquarters I found Gen. Banks and the staff, together with Generals A. J. Smith and Mower, seated at a magnificent banquet. General Dwight had sent his aid, Lieutenant Daniel Payne (who was a classmate of mine at Harvard in the class of 1858), to New Orleans. Now the New Orleans restaurants, the French ones, were as good as those in Paris, and Paine had sent up a magnificent dinner, with plenty of champagne. I found the dinner considerably advanced, but I made up in haste for what I had lost in time, and we had a very jolly feast. I was very fond of Gen. A. J. Smith, with whom I used to ride whenever I could, and of Gen. Mower, and we all expressed an admiration and affection for each other. At length night and somnolence put an end to the feast.

One day during our stay at Alexandria I was called aboard a steamer filled with Confederate prisoners to prescribe for a sick man. The first person I saw on going on board was Col. Elgee, who had been captured by Gen. Mower at Henderson's Hill, as I have told you. Elgee was just the same as when I had seen him last at Cambridge in 1857. He told me that his own house had been burned and that his wife was staying at a house which he pointed out to me on the river's bank, and he asked me if I would go and see her when I went on shore, and tell her I had seen him and that he was well, etc. Of course I told him I would. I went on shore and rode to the house, found a number of ladies dressed in black on the piazza, introduced myself to Mrs. Elgee and gave my messages. The husband and wife never met again. Elgee died of typhoid fever in prison in New Orleans.

The sick and wounded gradually became so

numerous that I needed another and a larger steamer to put them in, and as General A. J. Smith had all the larger steamers I went to him, armed with a request from General Dwight, and asked him to give me one, naming one of the best. He said, "You go back and tell Gen. Banks he can't have any steamers. I am going to leave him. You will hear the G—d—d whistling to-morrow morning you ever heard. I am going. I won't stay. Come and take a drink." I took my drink and remained and talked, and finally got the boat I wanted.

On the 28th of April the enemy drove in the skirmishers of the Thirtieth Corps and Gen. McClelland fell back, abandoning and setting on fire his camp and garrison equipage, stores and forage. This was rather a serious matter, as we were short of forage, but our good genius in the way of fighting, Gen. A. J. Smith, took a brigade of his own troops without orders (Shaw's), put out the fire, saved most of the stores and forage, and returned to the camp without having been molested.

We were detained in Alexandria on our return from April 25 till May 13, 18 days, by building the dam over the river, so as to get water enough on the falls to bring the big boats over. This dam was built by the soldiers of the Nineteenth Corps, under the command and superintendence of Col. Bailey. I hope you have all read about the construction of the dam below the falls at Alexandria. I watched its building from the high bank on the shore. The river at this point was 758 feet wide. The mills, deserted houses and so on in the neighborhood were stripped of their iron and bricks and stones, and with these coffer-dams were filled and sunk. Tree dams were also made, and coal barges were filled with stone and sunk also. (Copy from Irwin. p. 338).

The members of the Maine regiments, many of them backwoodsmen, felled trees and brought them to the river in an incredibly short space of time. Gen. Banks was active day and night in pushing the work and hardly slept. Almost all the work was done by the troops and the dam was finished in a week, but only four of the gunboats were ready with steam up, the Lexington, the Osage, Neosho and Fort Hindman. These went over, but suddenly the dam gave way and the water fell. Bailey, however, was equal to the emergency, and a second dam, with wing dams above, was built higher up the river in three days' time, and soon a sufficient depth of water was obtained to float the boats over the rocks. As soon as Bailey reported that the water was deep enough, one of the vessels was sent over the falls; as she disappeared and dived head downward, and her smoke stack reeled over, we felt that perhaps she had struck on the rocks and would never rise, but when she glided out of the foam and rough water into the smooth stretch below "a shout that rent the firmament from all that crowd arose." The other vessels waiting above the falls were all brought over in safety. While we were at Alexandria no attempt was made to capture the rebel army, nor

to seriously attack it, though the enemy marched by us and gave us their flank and we had plenty of troops, 39,000 men. Rebel authorities think we might have done so. (Warrecords Vol. XXXIV., Series 1, p. 558, Part 1—Lieut. Cunningham's account.)

"The enemy showed less enterprise than I have ever known them evince. Once or twice while he was at Alexandria the posture of our force was such that by a short and comparatively safe movement of 10,000 men he might have insured beyond peradventure the capture of Polk's division, and must have been, in the main, aware of the position and strength of our force.

"Along with the hope of accomplishing his main purpose he seems to have given up his desire to acquit himself with any credit."

What was Steele doing all this time? As we have said, Gen. Steele left Little Rock March 23. He reached Arkadelphia on the 29th. His line of march was harassed on the front, rear and flanks. Gen. Phayer from Fort Smith joined him, and together they proceeded over fearful roads, through swamps and marshes to Camden, which they reached on the 10th of April. All this time Steele's foraging parties were attacked, his long line of transportation, over 100 miles, to Little Rock frequently interrupted, and, as he expressed it, he was "bushwacked and attacked, front, rear and flank, by Price's cavalry." His spies and messengers sent to Banks were intercepted, until, on or about the 17th, one more fortunate than the rest came in, confirming the reports of Banks's retirement to Grand Ecore. Steele found Camden fortified strongly, the works having been carefully built the year before by the Confederates. Those works were unoccupied, and Steele took possession. He could have maintained himself there indefinitely, as he speaks in high praise of the fortifications, but he could not maintain his long line of communication with Little Rock, his base of supplies. The country was impoverished; the expedition had come to naught; now that Banks had retired, he could not contend successfully against Kirby Smith, and Price reinforced from Shreveport; his foraging parties and supply trains were being captured, and his supplies of food and forage were low. He retired from Camden on April 26, using his pontoon bridge to cross the Washita River. Later on, at Jenkins's Ferry, on the Saline River, he laid his pontoon bridge again for the last time, crossed over his cavalry and most of his sick and wounded, and then turned and fought the pursuing enemy, who attacked with great desperation. The Confederates were defeated with great slaughter. The colored troops fought particularly well, the Second Kansas Colored capturing two guns. After pursuing the enemy about a mile, Gen. Steele turned back and crossed the river, leaving several surgeons with the wounded he could not transport, and saving all the wagons he could haul. Many of the

animals were so weak that they could not, even unharassed, drag themselves through the mud. Steele now destroyed his pontoon bridge, which had twice saved his army because he could not transport it, having not enough animals to haul the artillery and the rations. The rebels had been too much hurt to pursue. The effect of the action at Jenkins's Ferry on the Sabine, and that at Pleasant Hill under Banks, were much the same in their effect on the rebels. In both the enemy was whipped and so much hurt as to be unable to renew the attack. (Rebellion Records. Series. Vol. XXXIV., p. 547.)

Gen. Richard Taylor, who had been very much incensed against Kirby Smith, and was writing most insubordinate and insulting letters, says in one of them, "At Jenkins's Ferry you lost more heavily in killed and wounded than the enemy. This appears from the official report of Steele, confirmed by our officers who were present. You lost two pieces of artillery, which the enemy did not carry off because he had previously been deprived of means of transportation by Maxey and Fagan. He turned his pontoon for the same reason, and because after crossing the Sabine he had no further use for it. He marched to Little Rock after the fight entirely unharmed. He would unquestionably have gone there had the night never occurred. We do not to-day hold one foot more of Arkansas than if Jenkins's Ferry had never been, and we have a jaded army and 100,000 less soldiers. In truth, the campaign (in Arkansas) had been a ludicrous failure. The fruits of Mansfield (Sabine Cross Roads) have been turned to dust and ashes."

Steele reached Little Rock on May 3. He had accomplished nothing, had failed to reach Shreveport, and had been much more punished than Banks. His losses were enormous, particularly in material of war—wagons, 635; mules, 2500. On April 15 there were 800 wagons and 12,000 public animals at Camden, more than an average of one animal to every soldier, including officers and non-combatants, teamsters, etc. It was not unnatural that forage for this great number of animals should be difficult to procure. What an enormous loss of material of war, to say nothing of men, was sustained in these two campaigns of Generals Steele and Banks, without any successes to counterbalance them. Just think 3500 mules alone, and Major Livermore told us the other night that Napoleon had only 300 mules when he began the Italian campaign.

We were directed to leave Alexandria very quietly and were to be particularly careful to set no fires and to keep perfect silence, so as to give no notice to the Confederates that we were leaving. Our horses were saddled all day long, and at length, about midnight, on the 13th of May we left Alexandria, in what, as I recollect, was a perfect pandemonium of noise, and with the sky illuminated all night by the burn-

ing houses and burning cotton set on fire by the troops.

As far as our staff was concerned the march was a very pleasant one. Gen. Dwight, who had succeeded Gen. Stone as Chief of Staff, I at least saw but little of; he was very busy, and made Lieut. Charles S. Sargent and the other men on the staff work pretty hard in examining civilians who were arrested, brought to headquarters, and pumped for information about the enemy.

Sargent thought it pretty hard to ride all day and be kept up all night examining civilians arrested on the march. I believe the great Napoleon pursued this practice; whether he learned more than Sargent did, I do not know.

While we were at Alexandria the rebels marched around us and took possession of the Red River below us at Davila's Ferry, just above Fort De Russy. Troops had been coming to us in transport steamers from New Orleans and from the coast of Texas, the remainder of the Thirteenth Corps, with Gen. McClernand, their commander. Most of the transports got through to Alexandria all right, but for some time communication with New Orleans was cut off and Gen. John C. Falfrey and Colonel Alexander, our Medical Director, could not return to us, and I was appointed Acting Medical Director of the expedition. The rebels took possession of the bank and captured on the 6th of May the steamer, Emma, City Bell and Warner, and destroyed the United States gunboats Covington and Signal. About 400 of our men were made prisoners from the Fifty-sixth and One Hundred and Twentieth Ohio Infantry.

Descending from Alexandria the road follows the right bank of the Red River. The day following our departure we came in the course of the morning to a place where the levee was gone, on our side of the river, and about 80 rebel riflemen on the other bank had the range of the gap. When we came to this place I noticed that the teamsters got off their horses, and hid behind their wagons, crouching down. Everybody on foot stooped down and those on horseback ran their horses swiftly by, or else dismounted and kept out of sight, but Gen. Banks went at a walk, his horse curvetting about, and most of the staff kept behind him. Some of the regular officers, however, galloped ahead out of fire. In front of me was one of our German Aids or engineers. He rode a little white horse. All of a sudden we got a volley and the German's white horse dropped dead, shot through the neck. "My horse he shoot. Gott damn," said the Lieutenant. When we got beyond the gap I dismounted to attend to one of the escort, who had been hit, and the Lieutenant came up to me and said: "This soldier will not do yet. I tell him." "What do you want him to do?" "I tell him to get my saddle and bridle from my dead horse." I asked the man if he had refused to get the saddle and he said he had. I said: "Lieutenant, I

think he will get your saddle if you will go with him, won't you, my man?" "Yes, sir." "But I will not go with him." I said "I'd be d— if I would if I were the soldier. I think it would make this paper too long to tell of the actions at Wilson's Landing, Marksville, Mansou Yellow Bayou, or Bayou de Glatze, on the way to Simsport on the Mississippi where we arrived on the 19th of May, and Banks found General Canby waiting to relieve him.

We had been as successful in brushing the rebels aside on the way down as we should have been on the way up, and we marched in the same compact manner. I think we could have gone anywhere in Texas. I will now read a couple of extracts in which General Banks has violated his rule which I read to you at the beginning of this paper. They seem to me very natural remarks.

"But I feel it to be a solemn duty to say, in this official and formal manner, that Admiral Porter's published official statements relating to the Red River campaign are at variance with the truth, of which there are many thousand living witnesses, and do foul injustice to the officers and soldiers of the army living and dead, to whom the Navy Department owes exclusively the preservation and honor of its fleet." So much for Porter: now for Franklin.

"The results of the position of the cavalry train, and the loose order of march by the leading column of troops under Major General Franklin on the 8th of April before the battle of Sabine Cross Roads have been stated. A commanding officer is, of course, responsible for all that occurs to his command, whatever may have been the cause. I do not shrink from that responsibility. But while it was both proper and necessary for me to give personal attention to the prompt advance of all the troops and fleet from Grand Ecore on the morning of

the 7th, it was supposed that the movement of a single column of 13,000 men, moving in advance, on one road for a distance of less than 50 miles in such manner as to be able to encounter the enemy if he offered resistance, might safely be intrusted to an officer of the reputation and experience of Major General Franklin whose rank, except in one instance, was superior to that of any officer of the expedition or of the Department of the Gulf.

"I make no complaint of the navy, but in view of its prolific dispatches, long since published, on this campaign, I may properly repeat a few facts already stated. The success of the expedition depended solely upon celerity of movement. The navy delayed the advance of the army at Alexandria 16 days and at Grand Ecore three days. It occupied four days in moving from Grand Ecore to Springfield Landing, a distance of 104 miles, upon what the dispatches call 'a rising river with good water,' where it arrived two days after the first battle and one day after the decisive battle of the campaign at Pleasant Hill. It detained the army ten days at Grand Ecore and eighteen days at Alexandria on its return. These are not opinions, they are events. The difficulties of navigation, the imperfect concentration of forces, the incautious march of the 8th of April and the limited time allotted to the expedition were the causes of its failure."

Our arrival at Simsport and the relief of Banks by Panby was the end of the Red River expedition.

The detachment from the Army of the Tennessee went to Vicksburg and the rest of the troops were dispersed in Louisiana. The staff went to Fort Hudson, and later to New Orleans on a boat called the Universe.

JOHN HOMANS.

A CONFEDERATE'S STORY.

[Major Lamar Fontaine of Mississippi, himself a Confederate officer, gives a word picture of the rebel forces at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and ascribes part of the vindictiveness to the act of a Northern regiment, claiming that it fired into his friends after their surrender. The charge is not believed by the Journal—in fact, if memory is right, exactly the opposite happened, the rebels breaking faith—but the item is published that our boys in blue may have opportunity to refute it, and that their reply may be forwarded through the columns of the Journal to the South, where, evidently, the story is current.]

Major Lamar Fontaine enlisted in "Bob" Smith's company March 8, 1861, and left Jackson, Miss., April 13 for Pensacola, Fla. He was transferred to Company K, Burt Rifles, Eighteenth Mississippi Infantry, June 20, 1861. His first wounds were received at the first and second Manassas. He was transferred to Company I, Second Virginia Cavalry, in July, 1861. August 9 in the same year he wrote, "All Quiet on the Potomac." He received wounds at Lovettsville, Kernstown, Strausburg, Hankinson Ferry near Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Bear Creek Bridge and Selma. The Major was a scout for Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, R. E. Lee, R. S. Ewell and Joe E. Johnston.

During the siege of Vicksburg he carried 40,000 musket caps and dispatches from Johnston to Pemberton, and dispatches from Pemberton to Johnston, in May and June of 1863. In June of that year he was promoted from private to be a Major of cavalry. He was assigned for duty in the Fourth C. S. Cavalry Sept. 28, 1863, and placed in Forrest's cavalry, P. D. Rodney's brigade. He was wounded and captured in a skirmish on the Chickamauga Dec. 14, 1863. E. R. S. Canby refused him parole at Meridian in the succeeding May, as did Col. Riordan, U. S. A., at Jackson in 1865. He was in 27 battles and 57 skirmishes, receiving 13 terrible wounds, and was slightly wounded 54 times. The Major is now a resident of Shaw, Miss.

I am having an interesting war correspondence with Major Lamar Fontaine of Mississippi, one of the most dramatic characters brought to light by the throes of the Civil War. This Major Fontaine acted as scout for Generals Stonewall Jackson, J. E. B. Stuart, R. E. Lee, R. S. Ewell and Joseph E. Johnston; was engaged in 27 battles and 57 skirmishes, receiving 13 severe wounds and being slightly wounded 54 times; and performed one of the greatest exploits of the war in carrying 40,000 musket caps and dispatches from Johnston to Pemberton in May, 1863, having startling adventures and hairbreadth escapes in getting through the Union lines, thereby enabling Pemberton to hold out longer against Grant.

He is a civil engineer by profession; is of fine literary talents, the author of a popular war song. He is now an out-and-out Union man, and speaks in tender, very affectionate terms of his former foemen.

Major Fontaine was an active participant in the Ball's Bluff affair, and helped count the dead. He writes me the following realistic and deeply interesting account of that battle, "all of which he saw and a part of which he was," which in some respects is a very different version from that given by Federal authorities.

CHARLES O. STICKNEY.

In the battle of Leesburg, or Ball's Bluff as you Federals term it we killed, wounded, captured or drowned about four Federals to each man we had on the field.

That memorable 21st day of October, 1861, we had reported for duty that morning but 1700 men, for our little brigade was seriously affected by that camp epidemic, the measles, and not over half of the brigade could be moved on that account, and out of the 1700 for duty 600 of them, which include the whole of the Thirteenth Mississippi and the artillery, did not fire a musket or gun all day long, but marched and countermarched in and around Fort Evans during the whole of the fight.

This left us but 1100 muskets, and from 11 A. M. till 8 P. M. we kept up a steady fire of musketry—not a single cannon shot was fired along our lines. We captured the Federal guns at the very beginning.

We killed General Baker, and 900 of his men lay dead in the field.

There were killed 717 by jumping over a bluff; 128 were captured and sent to Richmond. The opposite bank of the river was lined with their wounded, under tents, for a long way. And we fished up out of the river 2200 dead bodies, and aided the Federals in burying them all, and I am satisfied that we did not get all of the bodies out of the river, as many floated off.

Now, their loss, not counting a single wounded man, was 4545. Do any of the historians say anything of this?

They merely say: "Col. Stone crossed the Potomac and made a reconnaissance near Leesburg with a small body of Federals, but was met by an overwhelming body of Confederates under Gen. Evans, and was driven back with great slaughter."

Does this come anywhere near the truth? It only leaves the mind of the youthful reader with the impression that the Confederates were there with a much greater force than the Federals, and hence Col. Stone had to retreat, and in doing so the Confederates fell upon them in great numbers and slaughtered them; while the plain truth is: the Federals, some 10,000 in all, were already in positions on our side of the river, when we discovered them, which was late in the day. When we attacked them they had ample men to have laid down their arms and tied us, hand and foot, but they were afraid to try it, and the treachery of one of their regiments caused us to lose more of our men than we otherwise would have done. Among those whose death was caused by their treachery was a son of Gov. John J. Pettus of Mississippi, and also the Colonel of the Eighteenth Mississippi, E. R. Burt.

The circumstances were these:

We came upon them suddenly, and, taken by surprise, they hoisted a white flag at our demand to surrender, and reversed their arms and surrendered. At this moment another regiment appeared on our right front and poured a deadly volley into us. We obliqued our guns and returned their fire. As soon as we did so, and while the men were loading, the surrendered regiment, within a few feet of us, raised their guns and gave us a deadly volley. We charged at once, without orders, and with bayonets and clubbed guns we gutted and brained the most of them, for their treachery

and cowardly act almost made demons of us for the time being.

The first regiment that had fired on us retreated to their main line and took position on the slope of the hill, with a thicket of laurel in their front.

Our skirmish line advanced to the foot of this hill and took position in a small drain. I was in the drain and our line of battle was some 60 yards in our rear, in a small skirt of timber on the brow of the hill. The first line of the Federals was about 60 yards in front of our skirmish line.

About 12 o'clock M. the firing began, and for eight hours it was steady, neither party giving back.

Our skirmish line held its position in the drain, as it was below or under the line of fire, and in no danger from our own men. After a few volleys had passed the skirmish line—finding they were in no danger from friends—opened a steady and deadly fire.

The laurel thicket disappears, cut down and blown away by the hurricane of bullets that swept the field. I fired some 300 rounds that day, and, after the first two or three shots, I cooled down and took rest and fired coolly and deliberately at the neck of a man in front of me, and I could hear the bullets of our men as they at each volley crawled among the blue-coats, ten lines deep in our front, with a dull, heavy thud.

I often thought of my friend Moore, so ruthlessly shot on the picket line a short time before in violation of the contract between the Confederate and Federal troops, and likewise of his wife and little ones, as my eye glanced along the barrel of my rifle, and my arm would be more firm and steady.

Our men on the hill could look back and see the ladies of Leesburg crowding the housetops to watch the progress of the fight, and some had wives and sweethearts there, and they could see them waving handkerchiefs and flags to encourage them.

And the sight nerved their army and made them determined to do or die.

About four or five o'clock the Federal lines were pushed forward a few yards, and our skirmish line lost two or three men.

As soon as it was dark the flash from the Federal muskets would almost throw their sparks upon us.

At about 8 o'clock I heard the voice of our commander ring out loud and clear in these words:

"Attention all! Drive them into the Potomac or into h—ll! D—n them, charge them!!!"

Our men gave a yell. I sprang as if touched by an electric shock and darted forward and sighted out a big lager beer bloated Dutchman, and though I was as fleet-footed as most men, he outran me and plunged headlong over a bluff some 50 feet high, and, with many others, lit upon the rocks below, a quivering mass. Many of our men came very near going over, too, in the darkness.

A large canal boat was leaving the shore, loaded with fugitives. We poured a volley into one end of it, and the human freight rolled

from it like turtles from a log. It plunged forward, went under, and we saw it no more.

The river was covered with a mass of struggling beings trying to reach the opposite shore, and we kept up a steady fire upon them as long as the faintest ripple could be seen.

A deep silence then rested upon the field, and it was "all quiet along the Potomac." Not a groan was heard. I sank upon the field among my comrades, exhausted, to sleep, and did not wake till the sun was high in the heavens the next day, when I awoke and gazed around me.

Some of my comrades were standing around, and they looked dazed. Their faces were swollen and black with burnt powder, and their hair and whiskers scorched and singed from the

flashes of their muskets. My limbs were so stiff and sore that I could hardly move.

We soon learned that all the live Federals on our side of the river were prisoners.

But few, if any, of all those who attempted to swim the river that memorable night to escape our fire ever did so.

I aided in burying their dead for several days, and we of the burying party kept a strict account of all the bodies.

This is a truthful account of the battle of Leesburg, from my standpoint as a soldier, and told just as I saw it, and is a copy from my diary written at the time, and I can vouch for it.

LAMAR FONTAINE,
Late Major Fourth Confederate States Cavalry.
Shaw, Miss.



MAJOR LAMAR FONTAINE.

ERRATUM.

On page 163, in list of organizations of General Dan Butterfield's 5th Corps, First Brigade, First Division, for "Twentieth Massachusetts," read "Twenty-second Massachusetts Regiment." The 20th was not in the 5th Corps.

THE JOURNAL'S WAR ARTICLES.

The following are a few from the scores of unsought testimonials to the Journal in praise of its war series and of voluntary descriptions of the interest the series arouses:

THE LOYAL LEGION DISCUSSES OUR ARTICLES.

You have no idea what an amount of interest among old soldiers the Journal war papers are creating. Your paper is presenting chapters of unwritten history. It is reaching men who have never spoken before, and thus obtaining much that is entirely new, and therefore of the deepest interest, especially among old veterans. We were discussing the matter up at the Loyal Legion the other night and the Journal reminiscences were highly praised. You've got the boys to talking, and you will find plenty of matter.

JOHN G. B. ADAMS,

Formerly Captain in the Nineteenth Massachusetts and now Sergeant-at-Arms of the Massachusetts Legislature.

"A BIG HIT."

The Journal has made a big hit by its war articles. They are very interesting and the young as well as the old can profit greatly by reading them. The Journal has made splendid progress during the past year, both in circulation and in business. It is a fine newspaper, too, and every department is strong.—[Bunker Hill Times, Charlestown.

"NEW FRIENDS EVERY DAY."

The Boston Journal's war sketches are among the most interesting contributions to the newspaper press at the present time. The Journal, since new blood was infused into its management, is making new friends every day. It is one of the best of New England's few great papers.—[Daily Evening Post, Portsmouth, N. H.

"THE VETERANS ARE INTERESTED."

The Boston Journal is always popular and interesting, but of late has been running a series of war sketches that are of extreme interest to every one, especially the veterans. Inquiry at

the news stands shows the Journal is rapidly increasing its sales.—[Beverly Times.

FROM A REGIMENT'S HISTORIAN.

W. H. Osborne, the well-known Pension Agent of Boston and the historian of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts, writes the Journal:

"I have read the war articles which have thus far appeared in the Journal with keen interest, and think they must prove a source of great pleasure to many of your readers."

PRAISE FROM THE THIRTEENTH.

An old veteran of the Thirteenth Regiment writes the Journal:

"At our regimental reunion last night it naturally formed the staple of discussion, and it would have gratified you if you could have heard the encomiums which the Journal received for its enterprise in starting the series of 'War Articles,' and for the grand chance it is affording the veterans to speak for themselves and show how the war was really fought and its battles lost and won."

PRAISE FROM COL. KING.

The Journal's series of war articles attract much attention deservedly. All New England ought to read them. I have taken the daily almost 25 years, and it is now in its best estate.

DANA H. KING,
Late Lieutenant Colonel Eighth New Hampshire Volunteers.

"MADE A GREAT HIT."

The war articles by "Carleton," the famous war correspondent, and by distinguished Massachusetts and New England soldiers, which the Journal is printing daily, have made a great hit.—[Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

HOW THE JOURNAL INTERESTS.

I have been a constant reader of the Journal for many years. It is a paper that I can take into my family and let my children read. We are much interested in the war stories by Carleton and others. My boys cut them out for their scrap book.

Waterbury, Vt.

CHARLES WELLS.



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