



A. Lewis

THE MAINE BUGLE.

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

CAMPAIGN I.

JANUARY, 1894.

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EDITORS, Committees from the Maine Regiments.

Published by the Maine Association.

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Losses in the First Maine Heavy Artillery.

Of the two thousand and forty-seven regiments in the Union army, the First Maine Heavy Artillery sustained the greatest loss in battle. Not only was the number killed the largest, but the percentage of killed was exceeded in only one instance. Again, its loss at Petersburg, June eighteenth, was the greatest of any regiment in any one action, during the war. It made the charge that day with about nine hundred muskets, losing six hundred and thirty-two in killed and wounded. Only a month previous the regiment had suffered a terrible loss in its gallant fight on the Fredericksburg Pike, near Spottsylvania, May 19th, 1864, where it lost eighty-two killed and three hundred and ninety-four wounded; total, four hundred and seventy-six. Among the killed were six officers, and in the battle of June eighteenth, just referred to, thirteen officers were killed or mortally wounded, besides others who were hit. This regiment was raised principally in the Penobscot valley, and was organized August 21st, 1862, as the Eighteenth Maine Infantry. Major Daniel Chaplin, of the Second Maine, was appointed colonel. He fell, mortally wounded, August 18th, 1864, at Strawberry Plains, Va., (Deep Bottom). The regiment left the State August 24th, 1862, and was changed to heavy artillery in December. It remained in the defences of Washington until May, 1864, when it joined Grant's army at Spottsylvania. All its losses occurred within a period of ten months. During the spring campaign of 1865, it was in De Trobriand's brigade of Mott's Division, Second Corps.

The Charge of the Heavy Artillery.

BY JOEL F. BROWN, CO. I FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY.

Nearly thirty years have passed since 1864, and scenes clear and bright to memory once have become dim and misty now. Time and the smoke of the battle of life have obscured the recollection of those days of trial and danger. One scene, in which it was my lot to act an humble part, is burned on my memory so deeply that nothing will ever efface it. I have only to close my eyes and I can see it clear and distinct as I saw it then. It was the charge of the famous First Maine Heavy Artillery at Petersburg on the eighteenth day of June, 1864. I was a member of Co. I of that regiment, and after having lain in the defenses of Washington for eighteen months, where it was a ceaseless routine of drill six days in a week with inspection and dress parade, supplemented with a little battalion drill and church service for variety, on Sunday, we joined the Army of the Potomac, a full artillery regiment, eighteen hundred strong, just in season to receive our first baptism of fire at Spottsylvania Court House in an action known as the fight at the Fredericksburg Road.

How well I remember, when we joined the army, the old veterans laughed at and jeered us, called us "Abe's pets," "Paper collars," "Band box soldiers," etc., just as though we could help staying in the defenses of Washington when the "Powers" thus decreed. How well I remember that first fight, where our heavy artillery brigade under the lead of the gallant Gen. Tyler confronted the whole of the rebel Gen. Elwell's corps and held them in check for two hours and a half until reinforcements arrived and drove them off the field. The rebs outnumbered us three or four to one, and according to all the rules of war we were whipped several times over, but it was our first fight and we were green at the business, as well as being Abe's

pets, etc., so we did not know we were whipped and kept on fighting. The rebs got disgusted with our way of shooting straight at them and kept behind a stone wall, and the reinforcements coming up, we did not all go to Andersonville as we should have done if they had been disposed to advance their flanks and simply scoop us all in. I well remember also that an old veteran came over to where we were lying in a piece of woods and said, "Well, you can fight if you did come out of the defenses."

We lost as near as I can remember, about four hundred of our regiment here. I also remember sometimes, in a dim, hazy kind of way, of the march to Milford Station, of the North Anna, of Cold Harbor, and skirmishes and fights without names, all parts of the great battles, I suppose. Some of these memories are dim to me; it seems as though the smoke of burning powder obscures them; and some are quite sharp and clear yet. I recollect the march to, and the crossing of the James, the advance on Petersburg, of lying all night—we were in the Second Corps then—and hearing the roar of the trains as the advance of Lee's army was being hurried into the defences of the city; also the fighting on the sixteenth and seventeenth of June, and the rumors of an advance on the eighteenth, when it was our duty to lead; all of this comes back to me as a dream. During all this marching and fighting our regiment had dwindled down until scarce nine hundred men remained, but we had learned how to fight. On the morning of the eighteenth of June seventy-five men of Co. I answered "Here" at roll call. There were one hundred and fifty at Spottsylvania. Just one-half was gone. I was the second man on the right of the company in the front rank, and next but one to the regimental colors. Of the original eight who formed the first two files on the right, two were dead and three wounded, leaving but three in the ranks, but others had closed up to the right, and our front although shorter, was still solid. I think it must have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when we came out from our breastworks and began to advance. We moved a short distance to the front and then up to the right, down a sunken road that

ran parallel to the line, where we halted in the line of battle for some time. There was a piece of open woods in our rear and the bank of the road was so high in our front as to completely cover us from the enemy. We soon found that the rest of the corps was being massed in our rear and were told what was to be done. The whole corps was to charge in mass, we to lead; and then came the getting ready. Knapsacks, haversacks and blankets were thrown off, in fact everything that would lighten our load; messages were delivered to be sent home, in case anything happened, and good byes were said. I can call to mind how I stood there leaning upon my musket, looking on. I had no particular comrade to say good bye to; both were dead, one at Spottsylvania, the other at Cold Harbor. I expect my face was white. I know I saw other white faces there and some of them wore shoulder straps, but there was no flinching; it is always harder to wait than to fight. At last we heard from our colonel, "Attention, First Maine Heavy Artillery—Forward, Guide Right, March!" As we scrambled up out of the road, what a sight was before us: about ten or fifteen hundred yards away, across an open field having a little rise and covered with old corn stubble, were the rebel works, bristling with artillery, still as death, awaiting our onslaught. We had become somewhat broken in climbing up out of the road and the sight before us, together with a few stray shots from the sharpshooters along our front, did not tend to steady the line, so our old colonel, who was I believe, the coolest man that it would be possible to find, gave the command to halt, took his station as on dress-parade, ordered his guides on a line, dressed up the regiment, and then put us through the manual of arms as quietly as though we were still in the defences of Washington, and all the while the bullets from the sharpshooters humming about his ears like bees. Then came the word, "Forward, Double Quick, Charge," and with a wild cheer which seemed to me more like the bitter cry wrung out in a death agony, we sprang forward. I saw the works plainly before me. I saw the blinding flash of red flame run along the crest of those works and heard the deafening crash as the awful work began; then the air seemed

filled with all the sounds it was possible for it to contain, the hiss of the deadly minie, the scream of the shell, the crackle, crash and roar of every conceivable missile, and through it all that red blaze along the crest of that work which we must cross, as we, with bowed heads, breasted that storm. Once I fancied I heard the order to fall back and glanced from right to left to see if it were so; but no, the boys, bent forward with arms at a trail, were still rushing on. At last I could see the faces of the rebels and hear above the roar their shouts of "Come on, Yanks." Again I looked to right, to left, and found that I was almost alone; we were turning back. Then came the rush to get off the field and under cover; the ground over which we must return was covered thick with those who were down, the wounded, dead and dying together. How I ever got back I cannot tell; it seemed but a moment and yet we were twenty minutes in that awful place. When about half way I felt something strike my foot, numbing it, and I stumbled forward on my face. I remember drawing up the foot to see how bad it was hurt and found that only the heel of the shoe was gone, shot off, and I sprang up and rushed on again, but the whole foot was black the next day from the bruise. At last I reached the sunken road. But what a scene! It is too horrible to attempt to describe. Those who have seen such pictures know all about them; let those who have not thank God for it and not try to learn about them. I remember well that about the first thing I heard as I came into the road was this greeting, from the rest of the corps, "Didn't you fellows know any better than to go in there?" History says that Gen. Birney massed the Second Corps and made a desperate charge that day. So he did, but it was the First Maine Heavy Artillery that made the charge alone. The rest of the corps never crossed the sunken road. I went up the road towards the left to where the colonel was, just as Gen. Birney rode up, and heard him say, "Col. Chaplin, where are your men?" and I shall never forget his answer: "There they are, out on that field where your tried veterans dared not go. Here, you can take my sword; I have no use for it now;" and the old hero sat

down in the road and cried like a child. Just as night began to close in, the adjutant came along and told us to get together and call the roll. We did. Company I got together; we had gone in with seventy-five men; six privates had come out. There was no roll call in that company that night; one of our number wrote the names on a piece of paper and with tears running down his cheeks handed it to the adjutant; that was all. Out of the nine hundred men of the regiment about seven hundred had fallen. Late that night Lieut. Sam Oakes came to us. He had been knocked senseless on the field, but at night revived and crawled off. How we hugged him and cried over him! His coming saved our company from being wiped out, but the bruises he got that day cost him his life within one short year. Our colonel was broken hearted over his loss and threw his life away at Deep Bottom soon after. He seemed not to care to live after his regiment was gone.

Such was the charge of the First Maine Heavy Artillery on the eighteenth day of June, 1864, before Petersburg. I do not believe there was a man came out of that charge without some mark about his clothes. I had a bullet through my cap, cutting off a lock of hair close to the skin, one took off the heel of my shoe, two went through my canteen, one cut the bayonet scabbard in two, and one went through the left sleeve of my blouse leaving a small splinter in the arm, where it is yet. I have never attempted to talk about that charge; I cannot, neither can I describe it; it is beyond description; but I can see it yet, and suppose I always shall.

Has any regiment in ancient or modern time suffered so severely? Behold the record!

LOSSES AT SPOTTSYLVANIA, MAY 19, 1864.

Co. A—Killed—Copl. Daniel W. Snow; Pvts. John O. Hughes, George F. Stanwood, Adelbert Witham—4.

Wounded—Lt. Prince A. Gatchell (slight); Sgt. Benjamin Berry; Copl. Martin Scott; Pvts. Benjamin Dow, Thomas H. Griffin, Amos Holt, (arm amputated), Chas. M. Lovejoy, Hugh A. Morrison, John R. Morrill, Horace L. Peasley, William Pendleton, Bealy Runnells, Benjamin Richardson, John R. Towle, Frederick H. Tucker, M. Augustus Turner, Marcellus L. Fisher—17.

Co. B—Killed—Sgts. Addison C. Percival, Samuel M. Bolton, Gustavus A. Watson; Pvts. Warren M. Brown, James M. Call, Jethro W. Clark, Rosalvan P. Cowan, John C. Erskine, Austin Q. French, Herbert T. Gibbs, Nathan A. Hopkins, Henry C. Hutchinson, Amaziah Langley, James McGrath, Charles H. McKinney, Thornton M. Pierce, George B. Robinson, Henry W. Ryder, Lemuel B. Whitney—19.

Wounded—Lt. Isaac N. Morgan (lost an eye); Sgt. Henry L. Thomas; Cpls. Sylvander G. Elliott, Ezra McGray; Pvts. Benjamin F. Adams, Joseph H. Barnes, Jeremiah T. Bowden, Artemas Butterfield, Benjamin F. Buzzell, James A. Courtney, Andrew M. Davis, George Delany, Isaac Duff, George S. Gates, Benjamin Jackson, Thomas Loran, Patrick McCue, James B. Robbins, John Speed, Charles H. Stewart, Moses H. Stewart, Peter Tibdo, Charles T. Twombly, William H. Kent—24.

Co. C—Killed—Lt. George W. Grant; Sgt. Elliot J. Saulsbury; Pvts. George W. Burns, James Cain, William H. Campbell, Edward E. Emery, Sidney S. Eldridge, Harrison Fogg, Eben W. Foster, John P. Higgins, Francis G. Knowlton, Christopher Mench, Edwin G. Marcyes, George Morrill, George A. Smith, Isaac C. Staples, Elisha H. Wasgatt—17

Wounded—Capt. Zemro A. Smith; Sgt. Mark T. Richardson; Cpls. William F. Emerson, Benjamin Frazier, Stillman Gray, Cushman E. Harden, John J. Scott; Pvts. Francis A. Blanchard, Smith C. Beverly, Joseph S. Bonzey, Sylvester Bowden, Edwin G. Brimmer, Benjamin S. Campbell, William B. Campbell, Levi Chapman, John Douglass, Maurice Downey, John L. Emery, William H. Fox, Alden H. Frazier, Newell Garland, Ezra P. Gray, James H. Grover, Jeremiah Harrington, Sewall F. Haskell, Richard Higgins, Charles W. Jellison, Peter McCabe, Llewellyn McGown, John Murphy, John Royal, Luther M. Royal, Abraham Sargent, Jr., Arthur L. Saulsbury, William P. Squire, James R. Sutherland, Edwin F. Smith, Henry G. Smith, William H. U. Staten—39.

Co. D—Killed—Copl. Charles W. Smith—1.

Wounded—Lt. George Rollins; Pvt. David Ames—2.

Co. E—Killed—Lt. John F. Knowles; Sgts. Charles M. Parshley, Everett M. Delano; Cpls. Eben W. Bean, Cyrus S. Labree, Henry O. Smiley; Pvts. Emerson Bartlett, John Bradford, Joseph F. Brown, Joshua L. Brown, Seth H. Brown, Albert Chadbourne, Wilson G. Cole, Samuel Flanders, Cyrus B. Hayes, Charles W. Hanson, Flavil B. Jackson, Francis D. Lindsey, Francis J. Lord, Leander Maxim, Almon C. Morton, Alfred B. Shea, Orrin A. Sidelinker, Royal H. Strout—24.

Wounded—Lt. Benjamin F. Rollins; Sgts. Jeremiah Daine, Charles H. Gatchell; Pvts. Thomas Arnold, Benjamin D. Averill, James A. Barnes, William Bartlett, Geo. H. Brown, Wm. H. Brown, Elisha H. Broad, Ervin Chamberlain, Lucian H. Chase, Alton P. Fassett, James Fish, Albion K. Fletcher, Charles Fogg, George W. Greenough, Gustavus B. Hiscock, Charles J. House, Bradish B. Jackson, George P. Leighton, Charles P. Lindsey, Henry H. Lufkin, Benjamin C. Lyford, Andrew W. McFarland, Harrison P. McIntire, Delvin B. Merrill, Randall C. Noyes, Amos D. Orne, James W. Overlock, David Palmer, William S. Randlett, Andrew J. Reeves, John P. Roberts, William L. Sampson, George Smith, Wentworth Staples, Domingo C. Thompson, Leonard H. Washburn, Osborn Weeman, Charles E. Weld—41.

Prisoner—Pvt. David J. Whitney—1.

Co. F—Killed—Sgt. William M. Stevenson; Art. Sylvester Drew; Pvts. Franklin C. Barwise, Darius G. Brown, Alvah M. Chick, Charles R. Clark, Jacob B. Holmes, Charles W. Jones, Levi K. Mayo, Thomas L. May, Harrison L. Mitchell, Andrew

Patterson, Alphonzo Smith, Samuel Snow, Rodney J. Taylor, Frank Voyer, Charles P. Wheeler, David B. Wiggin, Abijah T. Young—19.

Wounded—Capt. Roscoe F. Hersey; Sgts. Luther K. Patten, John W. Blake, Jas. E. Wentworth, Edward C. Tuttle, George E. Gilman; Cpls. Edwin K. Stuart, Bradley W. Abbott, Melvin S. Stevenson, Daniel R. Stevenson; Pvts. David W. Barrett, Allison Blackden, Joseph Carter, Frederic L. Clark, Aaron W. Edgerly, Oris W. Ellis, Isaac W. Grant, Orrington Gowen, Amos E. Hardy, Orrin Houston, Francis E. Joy, Andrew S. Knight, David A. Legrow, Broadstreet Mason, Charles H. Maddocks, Peter Patterson, Nathaniel D. Philbrook, Henry W. Pomroy, Charles B. Smith, Lowell M. Stevenson, Henry F. Stubbs, James Turner, Jr., Oliver Wiley, George A. York, Hezekiah Whitcomb, John W. Shaw, Daniel P. Raymond—38.

Co. G—Killed—1st Sgt. Sewall T. Douglass; Pvts. Timothy C. Atkinson, George A. Bonsey, Charles W. Gray, Charles Prue, Clinton D. Saunders—6.

Wounded—Sgt. James A. Ripley; Cpls. Woodman C. Huntoon, John E. Ginn; Pvts. Joseph M. Currier, David L. Dodge, Obed Leach, John Murphy, Nathaniel Spaulding, Willard E. Suckforth, Elias Webber, Jr.—10.

Prisoner—Pvt. Kenney Depray—1.

Co. H—Killed—Copl. Philander D. Low; Pvts. Joseph L. Downs, Granville Dunham, Alexander Parker, Edmund Perry—5.

Wounded—Copl. Michael Cunningham; Pvts. Arthur D. Bumps, James H. Brazzell, Hanson Cole, Benjamin H. Foss, Sherman L. Tucker, Thomas Williams or Williamson—7.

Co. I—Killed—Sgt. Ithamar D. Morton; Pvts. Ira Chapman, George Derocher, Oval Derocher, Henry H. Doane, Levi Doane, Richard Dowdell, William Grover, John F. Hodgkins, David Lord, Whitefield Mills, Isaiah Randall, Frank St. Pierre, Benjamin B. Soule, John A. Trickey, True W. Wedgewood—16.

Wounded—Lt. Richard V. Moore; Sgts. Charles M. Weymouth, Isaac Q. Freeze; Cpls. John A. Cousins, John B. Curtis, Edwin F. Lord, James M. Moore, Edmund C. Parsons; Pvts. Eli Andrews, William S. Averill, Charles W. Bosworth, Charles A. Burgess, Joshua L. Clark, Elijah K. Cleveland, Joseph W. Cottle, William H. Doughty, John A. Dowst, Ithamar Emerson, Daniel J. Flanders, Alverdo W. Ford, James F. Getchell, Thomas Gilbert, John Gilpatrick, Theodore H. Graffam, Selden Hancock, Nicholas Harris, Rollins Hammon, William L. Holmes, Justin M. Leavitt, Henry Pooler, John L. Rollins, Henry Rowe, Leander Russell, Arthur G. Sawyer, Gilman J. Shaw, George E. Tibbetts, Lorenzo Warren, George C. Waters, Daniel W. Winchester, Thomas B. Worcester, Leander R. Young; Art. George T. Springer—42.

Co. K—Killed—Capt. William R. Pattangall; Lt. Gershom C. Bibber; Sgt. Chas. H. Moore; Cpls. Ambrose A. Huntley, Jeremiah Loring, Henry W. Motz; Pvts. George E. Bradbury, Samuel Collier, John J. Dority, Reuben C. Fickett, James T. Mack, George P. Potter, Nathaniel Treadwell, Jr., Brazilla F. Whiting, Franklin York—15.

Wounded—Sgt. Edward B. Kilby; Cpls. Edward J. Gilligan, Hiram Smith, Robert C. Clark, Andrew Hall, Christopher C. Huntley; Arts. Isaiah L. Lincoln, George W. Howe; Pvts. Philander C. Brawn, John Cambridge, Arthur S. Chickering, Samuel J. Crosby, Ezra Dean, Andrew J. Harmon, George H. Hayward, Horace Howes, Charles T. Huntley, James Finn, Taylor Jarrabee, Reuben Lyon, Barnard McDavid, John D. Maller, Henry Pomroy, Josiah T. Potter, George W. Jewell, Daniel Littlefield,

Nehemiah Littlefield, Francis McLaughlin, Elbridge G. Nelson, Charles W. Robbins, Stephen M. Smith, J. F. William Richter, Isaac Shaw, John P. Sprague, Isaac Watson, George E. Wilder, John W. Presley, Paron W. Cook—38.

Co. L—Killed—Capt. William T. Parker; Lt. Wilmot T. Vickery; Cpls. Fields Baston, David A. Chase; Pvts. George W. Beede, Webster Brown, Ephraim Bowley, Edward P. Chaplin, Franklin Chapman, John L. Crooker, Hiram S. Emerson, Charles S. George, Daniel W. Kilbourne, Henry H. Newman, Irad Walker, Jr.—15.

Wounded—Sgt. Cassius C. Roberts; Cpls. David F. Gilman, James R. Creasey, Daniel O. Bowen, Charles H. Noyes; Pvts. Charles Call, Charles Downs, Levi W. French, Hiram J. Grant, Daniel Green, Henry A. Higgins, Elisha James, Jr., William W. Kilbourne, Stephen O. Lilley, Joseph C. Love, Herrick Lufkin, George W. Luce, George W. Maddox, John V. Maxfield, Joseph R. Mears, Nathan E. Nickerson, John H. Quimby, William H. Richmond, John C. Rogers, James H. Stinson, Benjamin C. Studley, William H. Talbot, Benson L. Trundy, James H. Towle, Horace C. Webber,—30.

Co. M—Killed—Pvts. Orrin W. Brann, William H. DeWolf, Alfred J. Douglass, Isaac H. Davis, Horace C. Griffin, Charles McMann, James Merrill, Henry H. Mitchell, Ira B. Robbins, Charles E. Smiley, Timothy Spencer—11.

Wounded—Capt. Frederic A. Cummings (slight); Sgt. David A. Knowles; Cpls. John S. Foster, Edward Lyford, Isaac A. Billington, William W. Pratt, Henry A. Ramsdell (slight); Pvts. Isaac P. Batchelder, Hiram Batchelder, Hartley B. Cox, William B. Cox, Andrew Clindennin, George A. Freeman, Daniel B. Friend, Charles Green, Mark P. Kelley, Henry O. Keith, Alvah B. Knight, Franklin R. Knowlton, Benjamin Leach, John A. Mitchell, Orlando Moore, Samuel W. Moore, David M. Morgan, Starling Mower, Timothy Nicholas, William H. Over, Charles D. Robbins, Smith A. Symonds, George W. Speed, Oscar Tracey, Reuben H. Turner, Hezekiah C. Moore—33.

LOSSES AT MILFORD STATION, MAY 21, 1864.

Co. D—Killed—Pvt. Albert J. Dunbar—1.

Prisoner—Pvt. George A. Haskell—1.

Co. I—Prisoner—Augustus Goodwin—1.

LOSSES AT NORTH ANNA, MAY 23-26, 1864.

Co. B—Wounded—Pvts. Samuel Gibson, Charles Speed—2.

Co. H—Killed—Lafayette Murray—1.

Wounded—Pvts. Wilmot N. Burk, Andrew J. Lombard, Albert C. Phinney—3.

LOSSES AT HANOVER TOWN, MAY 27-29, 1864.

Co. L—Prisoners—Copl. James P. Newell; Pvt. Franklin Campbell—2.

Co. M—Wounded—Pvt. John G. Tibbetts—1.

LOSSES AT TOLOPOTOMY, MAY 30-31, 1864.

Co. B—Wounded—Pvt. William M. Erskine—1.

Co. G—Prisoners—Pvts. Charles D. Tirrell, Roscoe Trevitt—2.

Co. H—Killed—Sgt. Fernando C. Plummer—1.

Wounded—Sgt. Charles Emerson; Pvt. Ezra C. Gray—2.

Co. K—Killed—Pvt. Richard Sears—1.

Wounded—Cpls. Cornelius Nickerson, William H. Wilder—2.

LOSSES AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 2 TO 12.

Co. A—Killed—Pvt. Andrew J. Dill—1.
 Wounded—Pvts. John Flemming, William J. Smith (lost right hand)—2.
 Prisoners—Pvts. Isaac E. Bowley, Addison C. Kenne, Francis L. Philbrook, Frederick Philbrook, Eri Rowe—5.
 Co. C—Wounded—Pvt. Ezra N. Curtis—1.
 Co. E—Wounded—Copl. Leonard E. Howard; Pvt. Albert Hayes (slight)—2.
 Co. F—Wounded—Copl. Fred A. Chamberlain—1.
 Co. G—Wounded—Pvt. Edwin P. Hill—1.
 Co. H—Wounded—Pvts. William L. Allen, Phineas S. Bennett—2.
 Prisoners—Pvts. Nathaniel W. Pinkham, Enos Sawyer—2.
 Co. I—Wounded—Pvt. George B. Stinson—1.
 Co. L—Wounded—Sgt. George H. Oakes; Pvt. Hiram S. James—2.
 Co. M—Wounded—Wag. Joel A. Dorr; Pvts. Isaiah L. Jones, William H. Merrill, Rufus H. Rook, Charles M. Staples—5.

LOSSES AT PETERSBURG, JUNE 16, 1864.

Co. B—Wounded—Pvt. John H. Furbish—1.
 Co. C—Killed—Pvt. Franklin Morrill—1.
 Co. E—Killed—Pvt. William H. Buck—1.
 Wounded—Sgts. Albert W. Chapin, Thomas O. Eaton; Pvts. Richard P. Raynes (slight), Joshua Grinnell, William G. Page—5.
 Co. F—Wounded—Copl. Samuel E. Pray—1.
 Co. G—Killed—Copl. George L. Stover—1.
 Wounded—Sgt. Isaac J. Dunham; Pvts. Daniel Davis, George P. Clark, Ivory Otis—4.
 Co. H—Wounded—Pvt. Everett W. Davis—1.
 Co. I—Wounded—Pvts. John D. Edes, Willard Page—2.
 Co. M—Killed—Sgt. Sewall D. Ramsdell; Pvt. Silas S. Bennett—2.
 Wounded—Lt. Cyrus K. Bridges; Sgt. Dallas Knowlton; Pvts. George W. Lloyd, Alexander H. Madlocks, John E. Mitchell—5.

LOSSES AT PETERSBURG, JUNE 17, 1864.

Field and Staff—Killed—Major George W. Sabine—1.
 Co. A—Wounded—Pvts. Edward Jennis, Thomas G. Libby—2.
 Co. B—Killed—Pvts. Charles N. Leavitt, Thomas Savage—2.
 Wounded—Pvt. George Inman—1.
 Co. C—Killed—Pvt. Stillman Smith—1.
 Co. D—Killed—Pvts. Gustavus W. Bean, Horatio B. Downer, Llewellyn Knowlton, Frank W. Whittier—4.
 Co. F—Killed—Sgt. Mark T. Emerson—1.
 Wounded—Pvts. Isaac M. Lawry, Joseph Morse, Charles F. Read, Charles E. Sawtelle, Peleg Bradford, Jr.—5.
 Co. G—Wounded—Copl. Thomas E. Dodge—1.
 Co. I—Wounded—Sgt. Alphonzo A. Tozier; Pvt. Llewellyn H. Smith—2.
 Co. K—Wounded—Copl. Jacob Henry; Pvts. John Fisher, Joseph Moholland, John G. Wilder—4.
 Co. M—Wounded—Pvts. Thomas S. Henderson, Phineas P. Jones—2.

LOSSES AT PETERSBURG, JUNE 18, 1864.

Field and Staff—Wounded—Maj. Christopher V. Crossman; Sgt. Maj. Nathan M. Mills—2.

Co. A—Killed—Sgts. Jonathan Clay, Jr., Moses P. Wing; Cpls. Amasa S. Flagg, Daniel Fitzpatrick; Pvts. George Duren, Scribner H. Davis, Henry W. Howard, Cyrus A. Lord, Daniel McCurdy, John Murphy, Joseph Pooler, John C. Ritchie, Andrew J. Rowe, John B. Scott—14.

Wounded—Capt. Charles W. Nute; Lt. Samuel E. Burham; Sgts. Arthur P. Budge, John H. Taylor; Cpls. Benjamin M. Griffin, William Harmon; Art. Herod Robinson, Jonathan G. Rideout; Wag. Lyman H. Dolley; Pvts. Jeremiah S. Bartlett, Manly S. Brown, Otis H. Bruce, Charles W. Carson, John P. Crowley, Levi D. Curtis, John A. Davis, Simon Devou, Charles H. Dill, Joseph C. Dunn, George W. Hooper, Nathaniel Ladd, Charles H. Lancaster, Charles H. Morrison, Horatio Nelson, Isaac L. Olmstead, Edward C. Osborn, Hiram D. Raymond, George W. Sprague, Charles W. Stewart, William H. Stewart, Thomas Sullivan, Thomas B. Walker, James Warren, William C. Warren—34.

Co. B—Killed—Capt. Samuel W. Daggett; Lt. Albert G. Abbot; Sgt. Charles H. Whittier; Cpls. Herbert Leadbetter, George F. Marquis; Pvts. William Alexander, William Allen, William Bartlett, Lysander Bragg, John Coffin, James A. Cole, Charles A. Colomy, Charles H. Daggett, Leander F. Elliot, John Frazier, Edward W. Gorham, James A. Grant, Alphonzo Miller, Daniel R. Mills, Jacob Mudgett, Hoyt R. Parks, Franklin S. Playze, William W. Pomroy, John S. Smith, William White, Joseph O. Ward—26.

Wounded—Lt. Andrew J. Hilton; Sgts. Herman P. Smith, William A. Webster, Freeman D. Gove, William K. Nason; Cpls. Calvin R. Billington, Isaiah B. Bolton, Simeon A. Hapworth, George H. Robbins, Marion F. Tyler; Pvts. Harvey A. Blanchard, David Braley, Nehemiah Brawn, Amos Burgess, Ferdinand C. Burr, Henry Curtis, Charles E. Dodge, George Emerson, Alphonzo Fletcher, Andrew E. Gates, Henry W. Hutchinson, Charles W. Johnson, John Keating, Joseph R. Langley, Joseph Le Belle, Charles E. Lovell, Henry A. Severance, Charles Stade, William W. Tibbetts—29.

Co. C—Killed—Lt. Edward S. Foster; Sgt. Milton S. Beckwith; Cpls. Geo. Kittedge, Arthur P. Hinkley; Art. James M. Parker; Pvts. Charles W. Allen, Nathan Brazier, Charles T. Clare, James S. Emerson, Isaiah Garland, Reuben Gragg, Jr., Michael Lee, John M. Liscomb, William T. Lunt, Algernon Morgan, Joseph W. Nason, Lemuel A. Smith, Daniel O. Sullivan, James Williams—19.

Wounded—Sgts. Carlton M. Austin, James M. Smith, Hervey L. Hastings, Frank J. Sargent; Copl. Eben F. Burns; Pvts. William S. Butler, John H. Douglass, John M. Fogg, George G. Henries, Walter Jordan, William L. Miles, Nahum Murch, James F. Osgood, David Pottle, John A. Rodick, Charles H. Long, Asa Smith, John A. Smith, William Smith, William H. Stanley, Wellington Stratton—21.

Co. D—Killed—Lt. Thomas S. Drummond; Sgt. Frank S. Robinson; Cpls. John Jackson, Horace W. Burleigh, Josiah E. Hurd, Sumner Tibbetts, Albert C. Ellis; Art. Matthew Waters; Pvts. Charles H. Austin, David Bishop, Charles F. Broad, George Brown, William C. Chamberlain, Jeremiah Cook, Adrian R. Drew, Otis Dunbar, William E. Dutton, Thomas Hatch, John S. Libby, Charles Parkhurst, Frank S. Powers, Harvey H. Reed, Reuben W. Seavey—23.

Wounded—Lts. Henry E. Sellers, William A. Beckford; Sgts. William A. Howe, Henry M. Howe; Cpls. Walter S. Gilman, George E. Johnson, James F. Robinson,

Corydon Ireland; Pvts. John Bowen, George H. Crosby, Thomas Donohue, William Dixon, Hiram Dulac, James W. Dutton, Sylvester Eaton, John Hanscom, Ebenezer D. Harlow, Nathan Knowlton, William Knowlton, Jr., Aaron Nason, Charles N. Smith, William Wallace—22.

Co. E—Killed—Lt. James W. Clark; Sgt. Samuel T. Hiscock; Pvts. Henry N. Cole, Willard G. Delano, Robert Higgins, William R. Kennerson, Lewis Lord, James R. Orne, Holman Staples, Lewis A. Sturtevant, George G. Thompson, Amos A. Withee, George S. Woodbury—13.

Wounded—Capt. Whiting S. Clark; Sgt. Dexter Goodwin; Cpls. Charles J. House, William A. Fenlason, Samuel F. Tasker; Pvts. Levi L. Curtis, John Fitzgerald, David V. Fogg, William W. P. Foster, Charles A. Gates, James H. Gerrish, Stephen F. Harriman, Albert Hayes, Amos K. Hodgdon, Atwood Hilyard, William T. Newbit, Charles L. Patten, Henry W. Stearns, Cleaves C. Tracy—19.

Co. F—Killed—Lt. Gardner H. Ruggles; Sgt. James C. Gray; Pvts. Eugene Burrill, Augustus H. Corliss, Ransom C. Dodge, John F. Drew, Nathan D. Hanson, Edmund Jefferds, Charles Larrabee, Eugene Lord, Samuel H. Nason, Selden Rogers, Josiah Staples, Harrison R. Friend—14.

Wounded—Lt. George R. Fernald; Sgts. Stephen G. Waldron, Asa T. Wing, James Goodell, Jr.; Cpls. Alonzo A. Orr, Simeon C. Whitcomb, Samuel E. Pray, Orville J. Dorman, Araunah Tracy, Stephen S. Sawyer; Pvts. Corydon C. Blackden, Goff M. Blackden, Lorenzo T. Davis, Robert C. Dunaff, Michael Ford, Cyrus Heard, Henry Lord, James F. McKellar, John F. Montgomery, George J. Nickerson, Ezra Pattee, James J. Reeves, Dennis Sherburn, John W. Smith, Francis H. Snow, Martin V. Tripp, Thos. Wentworth—27.

Co. G—Killed—Capt. Frederick C. Howes; Lt. James E. Hall; Sgts. George W. Carr, Albert Leach, Joel K. Grant; Wag. John B. McCaslin; Art. Lyman Carley; Pvts. Simeon E. Allen, William H. Betts, Jacob L. Cain, Jr., John C. Chandler, Asa Dore, Franklin Ellis, William C. Green, Nathan E. Gross, John F. Haynes, William H. Heagan, William H. Jipson, Francis N. Leach, Aaron Saunders, Addison J. Strout, Moses B. Tolman, Joseph Uhr—23.

Wounded—Lt. James A. Godfrey; Sgts. Rufus P. Peaks, Lewis M. Page, Hudson Sawyer; Cpls. Charles L. Heywood, Lorenzo D. Perkins; Pvts. Daniel Austin, Joseph M. Batchelder, Charles E. Bonsey, Norman S. Brown, Asa Batchelder, Nathan E. Burton, John B. Craig, Joseph M. Currier, Greenlief P. Curtis, Edmund N. Davis, Samuel T. Davis, Ezra H. Dodge, Everett Dodge, Frank B. Dore, James E. Fulton, Floriman D. Furbish, Howard M. Gilley, Isaac B. Goodwin, Edwin W. Gould, Josiah M. Gowdy, George P. Hooper, John M. Houston, Irving C. Jackson, Seneca E. Keene, Edwin L. Ladd, Alonzo Libby, Gilbert L. Lurvey, John Marsh, Cornelius Meehan, Gilman Pike, Henry H. Sleeper, Stephen Thurston, Jesse Tibbetts, Minot Tolman, Aaron E. Williams—41.

Co. H—Killed—Lts. William R. Newenham, Allan E. Barry; Sgt. Alvin C. Casey; Cpls. Samuel H. Bussell, Horatio P. Nash, Benjamin N. Tucker; Pvts. Andrew F. Blyther, George W. Burk, William H. Cates, Richard Cannon, Hillman Foss, Jeremiah Gray, Henry W. Grant, Warren L. Hall, Samuel Hart, Calvin P. Holway, William G. Jackson, Leonard W. Lee, James A. Nash, John F. Norton, Howard M. Stratton, George W. Tuesley, Austin W. Whittier—23.

Wounded—Capt. Harrison G. Smith; Lt. John A. Lancy; Sgts. Jonathan Pineo, George H. Coffin, Joseph W. Worster; Cpls. Charles H. Sawyer, Leverett C. Bridg-

ham, Calvin Farnsworth, Elias Griffin, Aaron W. Kelley; Pvts. Justus Adams, Moses N. H. Baker, Daniel S. Bunker, Elijah C. Clark, Benjamin Cousens, William Dobbins, Jr., Edward J. Donald, Everett W. Drisko, Jeremiah Durgan, George A. Estes, George L. Fitzgerald, Benjamin T. Genthner, Benjamin M. Gilman, Jason Leighton, Rufus P. Sinclair, Converse Thomas, Samuel A. Thomas, William W. Warren, Nathan B. Watson, Benjamin Weaver, George M. Willey, Joseph F. Wakefield—32.

Co. I—Killed—Capt. Andrew J. Jacquith; Lt. Samuel W. Crowell; Sgt. Adelbert F. Sproule; Copl. Kutus Gross; Pvts. Charles S. Bunker, Benjamin F. Cilley, Frank L. Dearborn, George W. Doe, James G. Dudley, James H. Harrison, James A. Hathaway, Job Kelley, Joseph H. Meader, Anson C. Merrill, Zina Michael, Jr., Walter S. Malbon, Jerome Mitchell, Thomas Neddo, Ira Scott, Albert Tucker, Daniel W. Tucker, Alexander Veancou, Elisha Whitaker—23.

Wounded—Sgts Benjamin M. Foss, Albert Guppy; Cops. Chesley L. Metcalf, Edward J. Milton, Charles W. Southard; Wag. Charles Mercer; Pvts. Alvin S. Archer, Ephraim L. Brown, John D. Cole, William Doane, Calvin Douglass, Edmund M. Erskine, James A. Farrar, Stillman Guppy, Calvin L. Hutchins, James S. Jewett, Alvin Overlock, William T. Partridge, Winthrop Shirland, Horatio Tibbetts—20.

Co. K—Killed—Copl. John Johnson, Jr.; Pvts. Israel P. Benner, John Byrne, Timothy Collins, Edward Crowell, Sylvanus G. Lincoln, Samuel G. McCullough, Frederic W. Patterson, James Sears, Thomas Walton—10.

Wounded—Lts. Hugh F. Porter, Lucius B. Gibson, Hiram F. Swett; Sgts. Calvin R. Gardner, John T. Ward, Enoch L. Hanscomb; Cops. Abijah Ayer, Edgar M. Johnson, James W. Huntley; Art. George W. Howe; Pvts. John Barrell, John W. Bugbee, Elias Brewster, Jesse Brown, Alonzo J. W. S. Cook, John E. Corbet, Moses P. Corson, Enoch S. Crosby, John H. Dearborn, Horace E. Ellis, Horace W. Getchell, Robert H. Gibson, Hiram Farley, George Hunter, David S. Jewell, Barnett N. Jewell, Edward J. Kernin, William B. Kief, Patrick McCarthy, Gustavus Malmquist, James C. Motz, Raymond P. Motz, Ezekiel Merrithew, Patrick O'Neil, John Robinson, Ephraim W. Steward, Thomas Toohey—37.

Co. L—Killed—Lt. Horatio N. P. Spooner; Sgt. Charles C. Morse; Cops. George C. Cross, Richard B. Creasy; Pvts. Kingsbury W. Bowley, Otis B. Boynton, Daniel G. Foster, Edward Hamor, Stephen Harris, William King, Winslow H. McIntire, Willard Merriam, Loomis T. Nickerson, Albert J. Osgood, Alfred P. Patterson, Henry A. Patterson, Charles E. Prescott, William F. Rideout, Emery O. Rannels, Charles W. Sanderson, Omar Shaw, Nathan S. Stanley, Isaac E. Stevens, Oscar Storer, George A. Tibbetts—25.

Wounded—Lts. Thomas Foster, George J. Brewer; Sgts. Abiathar J. Knowles, Aurelius H. Patterson; Cops. John H. Brown, William D. Dixon, Robert A. Martin; Pvts. Willard Andrews, Alvah Babbidge, George M. Brown, William Berry, John H. Booker, John F. Boynton, Charles F. Cowan, James S. Crooker, William Dilling, James W. Hall, David B. Hamor, Moses G. Howard, Thornton McD. Howard, Wm. Judkins, Russell L. Knight, Frank Lancaster, Rufus P. Patterson, Alfred K. Paul, Nathan W. Pratt, Horace Tibbetts, Charles Wiley—28.

Co. M—Killed—Cops. Edward E. Jennison, Andrew J. Knowles; Pvts. Thomas J. Bickmore, Levi Glidden, Nathan Higgins, Jr., Edwin G. Minot, John A. Poor, Edwin Stanton—8.

Wounded—Lt. Albert P. Eastman; Sgt. Daniel W. Pettengill; Copl. John C. Grover; Pvts. Erastus Adams, Josiah P. Bradbury, George E. Card, Philip C. Keith,

Frederick Ordway, Ferdinand Palmer, Luther F. Rolf, Charles F. Runnels, Hosea H. Sherburn, Frederick Stanhope, Virgil D. Sweetland, Edwin White, Axel Woodbury—16.

LOSSES AT JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD, JUNE 22, 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—Pvts. Philander W. Rowell, Albert Spearing, George W. Tucker—3.

Prisoners—Pvts. Noah Cross, Arthur F. Howard—2.

Co. B—Wounded—Pvts. Richard P. McGrath, John A. Whittier—2.

Prisoner—Pvt. Ezra R. Reed—1.

Co. C—Wounded—Pvt. Oscar Kimball—1.

Prisoners—Copl. John G. Remick; Pvts. Alanson Bennett, Sewall A. Bunker, James M. Stratton—4.

Co. D—Prisoners—Pvts. Hosea B. Perkins, Charles A. Peavy—2.

Co. E—Wounded—Sgt. George W. Labree—1.

Prisoners—Pvts. Joseph S. Church, William S. Randlett—2.

Co. F—Wounded—Pvt. Joseph Appleton—1.

Co. G—Wounded—Pvt. Charles B. Gilley—1.

Prisoners—Cops. John Ames, Charles A. Jackson; Pvts. Eben W. Johnson, Uriah B. Leach—4.

Co. K—Killed—Sgt. Robert Smith—1.

Wounded—Pvt. Archibald McKenzie—1.

Prisoner—Sgt. Robert Smith—1.

Co. L—Wounded—Sgt. George E. Dodge—1.

Prisoners—Sgts. Joseph A. Burlingame; Pvt. Marcus M. Alley—2.

Co. M—Wounded—Sgt. Byron W. Murphy; Pvts. James H. Buck, Philonas K. Martin, Charles H. Philbrick—4.

Prisoners—Art. Samuel R. Cromwell; Pvts. Stephen N. Barker, Thomas B. Drysdale, Franklin Ware—4.

LOSSES AT DEEP BOTTOM, AUG. 14-18, 1864.

Field and Staff—Killed—Col. Daniel Chaplin—1.

Co. E—Killed—Pvt. David O. Pollard—1.

Wounded—Sgt. Dexter Goodwin; Pvts. George E. Ball, Sullivan Ellis—3.

Co. F—Wounded—Copl. Stephen S. Sawyer; Pvt. Samuel E. Pray—2.

LOSSES IN PICKET LINE SKIRMISH, SEPT. 9, 1864.

Co. A—Prisoner—Copl. Randall M. Davis—1.

Co. G—Prisoners—Mus. James A. Smith; Pvt. Asa Batchelder—2.

Co. H—Prisoner—Copl. Warren T. Small—1.

Co. K—Prisoner—Sgt. Edward B. Kilby—1.

Co. M—Prisoner—Wag. Joel A. Dorr—1.

LOSSES AT SQUIRREL LEVEL ROAD, OCT. 2, 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—Pvt. Andrew Hooper—1.

Co. C—Killed—Pvt. James H. Grover—1.

Co. D—Killed—Copl. Rodolphus A. Tufts—1.

Prisoner—Pvt. Charles A. Jones—1.

Co. F—Killed—Pvts. Owen D. Bradford, Charles H. Maddocks—2.

Wounded—Pvt. Amos E. Hardy—1.

Co. H—Wounded—Pvt. Converse Thomas—1.

Co. L—Killed—Pvt. Isaac Adams—1.
Wounded—Pvt. John Bigelow—1.
Co. M—Wounded—Pvt. James M. Bryant—1.

LOSSES AT BOYDTON ROAD, OCT. 27, 1864.

Co. A—Killed—Pvt. Roger Connelly—1.
Wounded—Sgts. Thomas B. Gifford, Joseph W. Knights—2.
Prisoners—Sgt. Thomas B. Gifford; Pvt. Roger Connelly—2.
Co. B—Killed—Pvt. Leander Vickery—1.
Co. C—Killed—Pvt. Luther Kingsman—1.
Wounded—Lt. Carlton M. Austin; Sgt. Frank J. Sargent; Pvt. Owen O'Neil—3.
Prisoner—Owen O'Neil—1.
Co. D—Wounded—Art. Amaziah Billings; Pvts. Hiram G. Bolton, Benjamin W. Hinton—3.
Prisoners—Art. Amaziah Billings; Pvt. Hiram G. Bolton—2.
Co. E—Wounded—Lt. Frank A. Clark; Pvts. Peter Pelkie, Benjamin W. Rollins, Osborn Weeman—4.
Prisoner—Peter Pelkie—1.
Co. F—Wounded—Pvt. Sanford Annis—1.
Prisoner—Pvt. Oliver P. Hodgdon—1.
Co. G—Killed—Sgt. Lorenzo D. Perkins; Pvt. Freeman S. Hancock—2.
Co. H—Wounded—Lt. Ira M. Bowers—1.
Co. I—Killed—Pvt. Lorenzo Warren—1.
Wounded—Pvts. Francis M. Archer, George E. Tibbetts—2.
Prisoners—Lorenzo Warren, Francis M. Archer—2.
Co. K—Wounded—Sgt. David Wilbur; Pvt. Ezra Dean—2.
Prisoners—Sgt. David Wilbur; Pvt. Ezra Dean—2.
Co. L—Killed—Copls. George C. Knowles, Virgil D. Bowley—2.
Co. M—Killed—Pvt. Elias Chick—1.
Wounded—Pvts. Charles Conery, Josiah M. Whittier—2.

LOSS ON WELDON RAID, DEC. 8, 1864.

Co. F—Prisoner—Sgt. Luther K. Patten—1.
Co. H—Prisoner—Sgt. Augustus P. Nash—1.

LOSSES IN FORT HELL AND VICINITY, SUMMER AND FALL OF 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—Pvts. Hiram F. Savage, Francis A. Sullivan—2.
Co. B—Wounded—Wag. Charles W. Jones—1.
Co. C—Killed—Pvt. Daniel Jellison—1.
Wounded—Pvts. Willard O. Fogg, William H. Stanley—2.
Co. D—Killed—Pvt. Emery W. Hatch—1.
Wounded—Copls. Frank R. Leach, Calvin Kirk—2.
Prisoner—Pvt. Charles A. Jones—1.
Co. E—Killed—Pvt. James A. Barnes—1.
Wounded—Pvts. Elisha H. Adams, Elbridge G. Frost, Osborn Weeman, Henry H. Lufkin—4.

- Co. G—Killed—Pvt. James W. Lunt—1.
 Co. I—Wounded—Pvt. Joel F. Brown—1.
 Co. K—Killed—Pvts. John Cambridge, Thomas H. Woodman—2.
 Co. L—Wounded—Pvts. Heman Case, John V. Maxfield—2.
 Co. M—Wounded—Pvts. Charles E. Dunn, Alfred Hoyt—2.

LOSSES AT HATCHERS RUN, MARCH 25, 1865.

- Co. A—Wounded—Pvts. John Miller, James Warren—2.
 Co. B—Wounded—Pvt. Joseph Jordan—1.
 Co. C—Wounded—Pvt. Jeremiah Harrington—1.
 Co. D—Killed—Pvt. James Morrill—1.
 Wounded—Pvt. Robert A. Webster—1.
 Prisoner—Pvt. Henry H. Frost—1.
 Co. F—Killed—Pvt. Loomis J. Felker—1.
 Wounded—Sgt. Orrin Houston—1.
 Co. G—Wounded—Pvt. Wilbur H. Eldridge—1
 Co. H—Wounded—Copl. Robert L. Willey; Pvts. Newell Davis, Israel Sweet—3.
 Co. I—Killed—Capt. Samuel J. Oakes; Pvt. Moses Davis—2.
 Prisoners—Pvts. James Davis, Moses Davis, Erastus F. Emery, William Harlow, Jr., Samuel P. Soule, Augustus Young—6.
 Co. M—Wounded—Pvt. William F. Butters—1.

LOSSES NEAR FIVE FORKS, MARCH 31, 1865.

- Co. A—Killed—Pvt. John M. Steward—1.
 Co. E—Wounded—Pvt. Elijah Dow—1

LOSSES AT SAILORS CREEK, APRIL 6, 1865.

- Co. A—Wounded—Pvt. William W. Scott—1.
 Co. B—Wounded—Pvts. Albert Clements, William H. Welch—2.
 Co. C—Wounded—Pvts. John L. Emery, James F. Osgood, Calvin J. Sargent—3.
 Co. D—Wounded—Copl. Stephen M. Bickford—1.
 Co. E—Killed—Pvt. Henry A. Evans—1.
 Wounded—Sgt. Alpheus Rowell; Copl. David W. Adams, Pvts. David V. Fogg, Francis O. Nichols, John Saul—5.
 Co. F—Wounded—Lt. John N. Batchelder; Copl. Edwin K. Stuart; Pvts. Herbert C. Arey, David A. Legrow—4.
 Co. H—Wounded—Pvt. Rufus S. Sinclair—1.
 Co. I—Wounded—Copl. Edmund C. Parsons; Pvt. George B. McKechnie—2.
 Co. K—Killed—Alonzo J. W. S. Cook—1.
 Wounded—Pvt. John P. Sprague—1.
 Co. M—Killed—Ferdinand Palmer—1.
 Wounded—Pvts. Oliver W. Bates, James M. Bryant—2.

LOSSES AT FARMVILLE, APRIL 7, 1865.

- Co. G—Wounded—Copl. John Murphy—1.
 Co. H—Wounded—Pvt. Robert Goodwin—1.

Summing up the above gives the following in killed, wounded and prisoners:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	Totals.
Spottsylvania.....	152	321	2	475
Milford Station.....	1		2	3
North Anna.....	1	5		6
Hanover Town.....		1	2	3
Tolopotomy.....	2	5	2	9
Cold Harbor.....	1	17	7	25
Petersburg, June 16.....	5	19		24
Petersburg, June 17.....	9	17		26
Petersburg, June 18.....	221	328		549
Jerusalem Plank road.....	1	15	22	38
Deep Bottom.....	2	5		7
Picket skirmish.....			6	6
Squirrel Level road.....	5	5	1	11
Boydton road.....	9	20	11	40
Weldon raid.....			2	2
Fort Hell.....	6	16	1	23
Hatcher's Run.....	4	11	7	22
Five Forks.....	1	1		2
Sailors' Creek.....	3	22		25
Farmville.....		2		2
Totals.....	423	810	65	1,298

An Old Blue Cap.

BY KENDALL POLLARD OF CO. K.

There's a cap in the closet, old tattered and blue,
Of very slight value it may be to you;
But a crown, jewel-studded, could not buy it to-day,
With its letters of honor, brave "Company K."

Bright eyes have looked calmly its visor beneath,
O'er the mark of the reaper, grim harvester death.
Let the muster roll meagre so mournful'y say
How foremost in danger was "Company K."

Who faltered or shivered? Who shunned battle stroke?
Whose fire was uncertain? Whose battle-line broke?
Go ask it of history, years from to-day
And the record shall tell you, not "Company K."

Though my darling is sleeping to-day with the dead
And daisies and clover bloom over his head,
I smile through my tears as I lay it away,
That battle-worn cap lettered "Company K."

Side Lights

ON THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST MAINE HEAVY ARTILLERY OF MAY 19TH.

Col. Walker in his history of the Fourth Maine Volunteers, says: "Our train had been guarded by the Maine and Massachusetts heavy artillery regiments, acting as infantry. It was being parked, and the guards had moved to a fine spot and stacked arms, when the rebel General Rhodes' division issued from the woods and attacked the rear of the train. The newly arrived regiments were close at hand and attacked recklessly, driving back the enemy and holding them in check, but meeting with severe losses. I was moving to the flank and rear of the enemy, with the determination to fight "for all we were worth," and in three minutes more we would have been engaged, but an aid brought an order from Gen. Birney, who was as usual at the rear, for me to withdraw from the woods to the open field. At this time the first brigade was to the left, on the enemy's right; the Maine "heavies" were engaged at their front, and if Birney had permitted us to attack as I desired, we would have destroyed the rebel force or captured it. I reluctantly withdrew to the field as ordered, and was assigned by Birney's adjutant to a position to the right and front of the troops that had been engaged. The enemy retired and fighting ceased.

I knew full well that the enemy were leaving, and called at division headquarters several times during the night to get permission to advance and attack, but the general was sleeping soundly, his staff officers refused to have him disturbed, and I dared not take the responsibility without orders. At three o'clock I found the general awake, preferred my request, received orders, and both brigades advanced. The main body of the enemy had gone, leaving a strong rear guard and many non-resistant stragglers. Five hundred willing prisoners fell into our hands, our brigade turning over two hundred and seventy-five."

Gen. Humphrey writes: "On the 17th of May, Brig.-Gen. R. O. Tyler, with a temporary division of heavy artillery regiments serving as infantry, and the Corcoran Legion, joined the Second Corps, making an addition to it, General Hancock says, of 8,000 men. General Tyler was assigned to the command of one of Gibbon's brigades."—Virginia Campaign of 1864-5—Humphrey, p. 109.

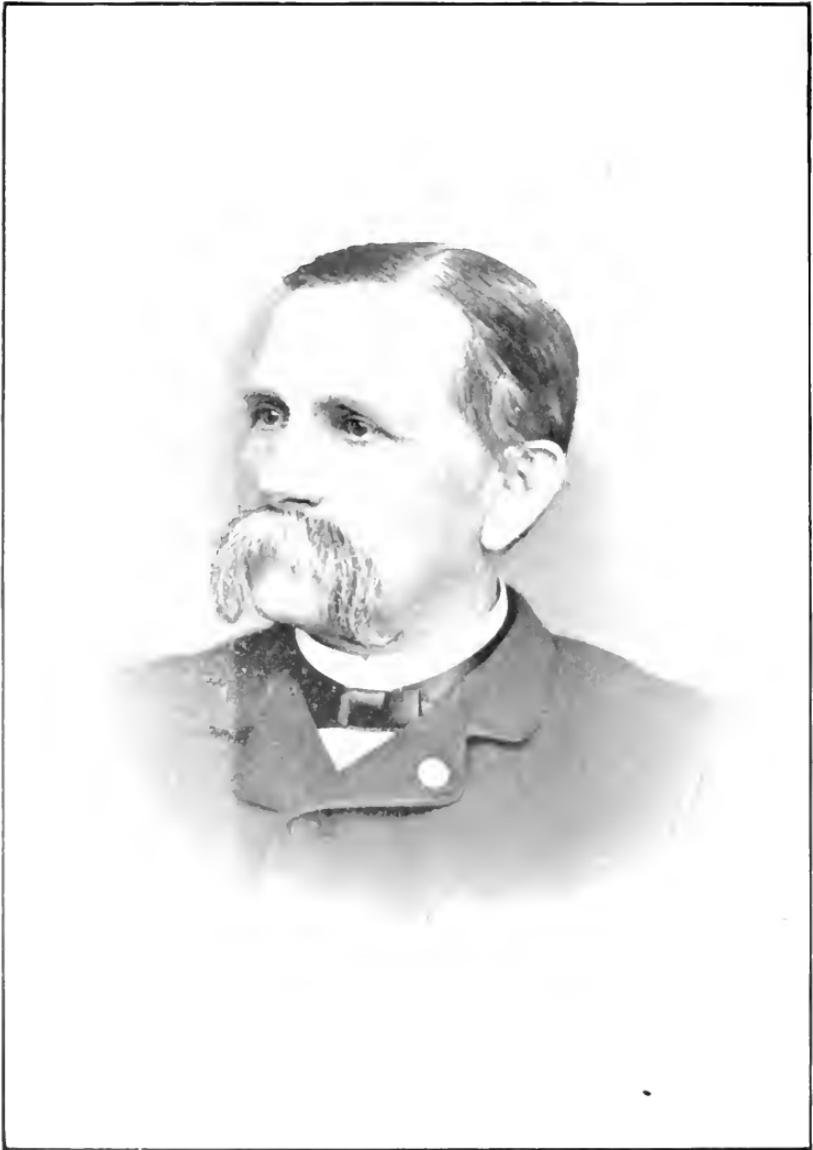
"Gen. Ewell was directed by General Lee on the nineteenth to demonstrate in his front to ascertain whether the Army of the Potomac was moving to his, Lee's, right, as he believed it to be. General Ewell says that to accomplish this he moved with his corps around on our right by a detour of several miles, on roads impassable for artillery, when he came upon us prepared to receive him—his force 6,000. Our position being developed and his object obtained, he was about to retire, he says, when he was attacked. Part of his line, he continues, was shaken, but Pegram's and Ramseur's brigades held their ground so firmly that he maintained his position till nightfall, when he withdrew unmolested; that his loss was about nine hundred killed, wounded, and missing.

Ramseur (whose account is the only one I find besides that of General Ewell) says that his brigade was in front, that their movement was discovered, and that he then attacked with his brigade and drove the enemy rapidly, and with severe loss, until his flanks were enveloped, when he retired two hundred yards and formed, Grime's brigade on his left, Battle's on his right; but that Gordon's division on their left being flanked, retreated, and the whole line was compelled to fall back, when it was repeatedly attacked by a heavy force until night, when it quietly and safely withdrew. Kersaw's division held Ewell's intrenchments while he was absent. The force encountered by Ewell was Kitching's brigade and General Tyler's division, posted on the Fredericksburg road in the vicinity of the Harris house. Colonel Kitching, on the left of Tyler, perceived indications of the movement in the course of the afternoon, and precautions were taken to meet it. The firing began about half-past five o'clock, and it being heavy, General Hancock was at once

directed by General Meade to send a division in double-quick to Tyler, and to hold his corps ready to move up. General Warren, being the nearest at hand, was directed to send some troops over, and the Maryland brigade sent by him got to the ground in time to take an active and effective part in the fight. The First Maryland regiment, returning from Fredericksburg, had at once, without waiting for orders, joined in the attack on Tyler's right.

General Hancock ordered up Birney's division in double-quick, directed Barlow and Gibbon to be ready to follow, and went himself to the ground, where he found Tyler's division "fiercely engaged" with the enemy in front of the Fredericksburg road. As soon as General Birney's troops arrived two of his brigades were thrown into action on Tyler's right, but the severity of the action was already over. Gen. Crawford of the Fifth Corps, arrived shortly after Birney, about dark, and was formed in support of Kitching and the Maryland brigade on the left.

The fighting, General Hancock says, continued obstinate until about nine o'clock, when the enemy gave way, retreating rapidly across the Ny. The loss of the enemy in killed and wounded was severe, and about four hundred prisoners fell into our hands. This was the first engagement Tyler's troops had taken part in, and they acquitted themselves handsomely, he says. Gen. Early says that his whole corps was held ready to co-operate with Ewell, should his attack prove successful, and that, to create a division in his favor, Thomas' brigade was thrown forward. It made a demonstration on Gen. Cutler's front so far as to drive in the pickets on his right flank."—Idem, pp. 112-13-14.



Dr. HENRY C. LEVENSALE,
Surgeon 5th Me. Inf. and Bvt. Col. U. S. Vols.
Thomaston, Me.

Early Services of the Eighth Maine.

BY KENDALL POLLARD OF CO. K.

At the call of President Lincoln in 1861 for three hundred thousand men for three years, or during the war, the Eighth Maine Regiment sprang into existence, and the first of September, 1861, found the regiment ready to go forward. It left Maine September 7th, 1861, with the following named officers in command: Colonel Lee Strickland, Lieut. Col. John D. Rust, Major Joseph S. Rice, Adjutant James Dingley, Jr., Quartermaster Augustus H. Strickland, Surgeon Paul M. Fisher, Assistant Surgeon Jonathan S. Houghton, Chaplain Henry C. Henries; Co. A, Capt. Ephraim W. Woodman, 1st Lieut. Austin S. Bump, 2d Lieut. John M. Adams; Co. B, Capt. Joseph F. Twitchell, 1st Lieut. Charles C. Perry, 2d Lieut. Luther B. Rodgers; Co. C, Capt. John C. Bryant, 1st Lieut. Isaac H. McDonald, 2d Lieut. William H. Timberlake; Co. D, Capt. Henry Boynton, 1st Lieut. Franklin E. Gray, 2d Lieut. John R. Sprague; Co. E, Capt. Thomas Hutchins, 1st Lieut. Thomas S. Hutchins, 2d Lieut. Isaac A. Phillips; Co. F, Capt. John Heminway, 1st Lieut. Alonzo E. Kimball, 2d Lieut. John H. Roberts; Co. G, Capt. Augustus A. Hoyt, 1st Lieut. Wilbur F. Lane, 2d Lieut. Edwin B. Bates; Co. H, Capt. John F. Milliken, 1st Lieut. Edward A. True, 2d Lieut. Charles E. Howard; Co. I, Capt. William M. McArthur, 1st Lieut. Charles H. Robinson, 2d Lieut. John E. McUrda; Co. K, Capt. John Conant, 1st Lieut. Henry Brawn, 2d Lieut. Hillman Smith, making ten good companies of men and officers as ever left the State; and no State in the Union shows a better record for gallantry in the war than the Pine Tree State. Its soldiers never faltered, never shrank from any known duty.

At Hampstead Plains, L. I., we remained three days, thence to Washington where we arrived Monday morning just at break

of day. While marching through the streets of Baltimore in the night, we could hear the rebels yell "down with the Yanks," "shoot them," but no hand was raised for they had not forgotten the Massachusetts troops. We laid in the streets of Washington all day until nearly dark, and then marched to East Capitol street where we pitched our tents. Up to this time we had received no arms, but in a day or two were supplied. Then began our manual drill. We remained only one week, then to Annapolis, Md., where we did provost duty for two weeks, when we were shipped on the steamship *Aerial* and sent to Fortress Monroe. We lay in Hampton Roads a week, saw a large fleet of steamships and gunboats steam in and anchor, all loaded with troops. The war ship *Wabash* was the most active. Officers rowed back and forth all of the time. It dawned on our minds that our destination was south. After a week's delay, one morning in October the signal flew from the *Wabash* and we all started out of the harbor. It was a splendid sight—nearly thirty sail and steamships moving at the same time. The fleet went forward grandly until off Hatteras, when we encountered a heavy storm. For two days and nights, November second and third, our fate hung trembling in the shock of the seas. The fleet was scattered, the waves rolled mountains high, but the *Aerial* breasted well the storm. Men and officers were seasick; one captain said to his lieutenant during the storm, "I should like to know where we are going," to which the lieutenant replied, "It looks like down to Hades."

We knew not who had command of the land forces or the naval fleet, nor where bound, but one night, November fifth, just at dark we ran into Port Royal Harbor, S. C., and were saluted with a few shots from some small crafts. The *Aerial* was the first of the fleet. The next morning all of the fleet arrived, and after resting two or three days for the men of the gunboats to get everything ready, on the morning of November eighth, the *Wabash* led off and five other war ships followed, in a wide circle in Port Royal river pouring a broadside of fire as their guns bore on the East Fort and another volley of fire as the West Fort came into range. The engagement lasted from

nine o'clock A. M. until four o'clock P. M., then the troops landed. It was an inspiring sight for us on the steamship *Aerial* as the naval fight was in full view; none of us who saw it will ever forget it. We were a happy set of men to be on land once more as our appetites never rallied from the vast upheaval of the seas off Cape Hatteras. We found the land forces were in command of Gen. Sherman, and were divided into three brigades. The Eighth was in the first brigade, with the Third New York, Seventh Connecticut, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth New York, our brigade commander being Gen. E. G. Viele of New York, and that we were at Hilton Head or Port Royal, S. C., (known by both names) and that the naval vessels were under Commodore Dupont. In a day or so we were sent into the woods to cut timber to erect a large wharf so the boats could land. The Maine men were selected because they were familiar with the use of the axe, and knew how to handle timber. From the ranks you could always detail men qualified to make a watch or to perform all kinds of work, carpenter, machinist, millwright, boiler-maker, or men educated to construct a railroad or run a locomotive. Then men with spades and picks begun extensive fortifications to render the place safe from the attack of the enemy. This hard, monotonous work continued and the only incidents to vary its dullness were the resignation and promotion of officers in the regiment. Col. Strickland resigned, Major Rice left and John Rust was made colonel; Capt. Joseph Twitchell lieutenant colonel, Capt. Woodman major. H. C. Henries, chaplain, also resigned; Capt. John Conant had resigned, and Lieut. Brawn was made captain. Some other changes were made but nearly thirty years have passed and many things of those early days are forgotten. We worked at Port Royal till into January, then the different companies were sent out to build breastworks on the other islands for the purpose of taking Fort Puluski, which controlled the mouth of the Savannah river. Early this year Gen. Sherman left us and Gen. Hunter took command, while Gen. Gilmore had charge of the forces building breastworks on the Tybee. The Eighth worked on Mud, Bird, Awfuskie and Tybee islands,

building fortifications and mounting guns. It was an unhealthy locality, the water was so bad to drink and the men obliged to work in the mud until the tide drove them off, and then wait near by to be ready when the tide left. On Tybee the men had to build up places to sleep on, the ground was so damp and the snakes so abundant and large. The regiment landed on Tybee the first of February, 1862, and remained there until after the capture of Fort Pulaski. The Eighth helped build the batteries and mount the guns, and worked them during the bombardment of the fort, which lasted all one day and part of the next when the white flag was hoisted at four o'clock P. M. the typical day of April 9th, 1862. A detachment of the Eighth with its colors went over and hoisted the stars and stripes, which now wave so proudly from every public building and from every school house through our land. A few days after the capture of Fort Pulaski Chaplain Philbrook came to us and was gladly welcomed by the boys.

Cavaliers at Cedar Mountain.

The First Rhode Island Cavalry held their reunion this year on the ninth of August, the thirty-first anniversary of the battle of Cedar Mountain (August 9th, 1862)—the first engagement in which many of our comrades took part. A very interesting feature of this reunion was the reading of the following poem, written for the occasion, by Rev. Frederic Denison, A. M., chaplain of the regiment, entitled "Cavaliers at Cedar Mountain," which the genial chaplain has kindly furnished for publication in the BUGLE:

Again we hear the bugles blow,
And don our sabres and our spurs;
Comes back afresh the long ago
That warmly every bosom stirs,
Some heads are bald; all locks are gray;
The print of one and thirty years
We bear since our hot battle-day
At Cedar Mountain, which appears

With flaming face and thunderous sound
As if it were but yesterday :
And so we tread the crimson ground
And share again the desperate fray.
That summer morn was calm and bright,
And gentle dew was on the plain ;
The mountain stood serene in night,
And fields were loaded with their grain.
But ere the sun that day went down,
How changed and marred was nature's face
As if beneath some demon's frown,
Whose foot left naught of beauty's trace.
Battalions gather on the hills,
The horsemen spur from side to side,
At length the host the valley fills,
When sudden breaks the martial tide.
Our squadrons met the opening fire—
The hail of hot and howling shell,
As if the heavens had burst with ire,
And fully sounded doomsday's knell,
The mountain belched from rebel throats ;
Hot were the guns that sent reply ;
Horrific were the missiles' notes,
Like meteors screeching through the sky.
We held our guidons 'mid the smoke,
While bursting shot flew thick o'erhead,
And felt the fiery battle-stroke
That strewed the valley with the dead.
There sleep our comrades in their blood,
Who died with sabre strong in hand,
Who at their posts unfaltering stood
To do our country's high command.
As billows, lifted by a gale,
Roll on in rage with bellowing note,
So warrior-waves stretched through the vale
And full armed hosts together smote.
Awhile eclipsed the summer sun
By heavy, surging battle-cloud
Of dust and smoke, inmixed and dun,
As though the heavens together bowed.
How splintered by the shot and shell
The mansion house midway the field,
Whose inmates, as the hail stones fell,
Fled to the cellar as their shield.

Again we hear the bugle calls
From mountain summit echoed back,
While sulphurous clouds arose as palls
To veil the struggling army's track.

When charged the rebel infantry,
They met a burning wave of shot
From our alert artillery—
Their corses left to mark the spot.

What though our flag was battle-torn,
We held it firmly in the storm;
Nor ever standard braver borne,
Or soldiers moved in truer form.

When midnight mantle shut the day
And hushed the raging battle-greed,
Dead men and dying horses lay
For mercy's ministries to plead.

With twenty thousand 'gainst Banks' eight,
Still Jackson ordered wise retreat
Across the Rapidan in flight,
There for a better day to wait.

Who can forget those long trench-graves
Dug in the valley cannon plowed,
Filled with the forms of Freedom's braves,
Their uniforms their only shroud.

We see the buzzards hovering o'er,
That smelt the carnage from afar,
Swift hasting to the feast of gore—
The black-winged scavengers of war.

And we who faced the battle-blaze
With brothers who in action fell,
Can best declare their meed of praise,
And their heroic conduct tell—

How firm they stood for right and God
Where piercing lead and iron hailed,
And, spite the tide of fire and blood,
In patriot courage never failed.

We sing a single battle-flame
Of those that filled four burning years
And indicate the proper claim
Of Freedom's gallant cavaliers.

Our spurs were on the flaming front
Till treason bowed its guilty head;
We shared the closing battle-brunt
When Sheridan our sabres led.



Col. HENRY C. LOCKWOOD
Aide de camp to General Ames.
New York City

Let proud Virginia boast her knights
Obedient to her bugle blast;
An overmatch in raids and fights
She found the Yankee blades at last.
Confederates gained their dark renown
In planning their barbaric power;
They drew, from heaven, the lightning down
That left them neither wall nor tower
All southern soil is richer now
That slain is demon slavery,
And broad upon our Union's brow
Sharp swords imprinted Liberty.
Thus we review our battle-day,
And once more rally round our Flag
That holds triumphant, peaceful sway
From ocean-wave to mountain-crag.
That August day! how well we know;
Deep in our thoughts, it cannot die;
On History's page it long shall glow
In proof of quenchless bravery.
No more we hear the bugles bray
Adown the vale to call the fight;
All fields, for harvests, bloom to-day
And joyful drink the summer light.

A Man from Maine.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE ARMY AT FORT FISHER.

BY COLONEL HENRY C. LOCKWOOD.

With the exception of the naval engagement between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" and the sea-fight between the "Kearsarge" and the "Alabama," there was no event of the Civil War, in which the navy bore part, so brilliant in action and so significant in result as the capture of Fort Fisher, for it shut off the Confederacy from Europe, and in this way did much in causing the surrender of the Southern armies.

This strangely isolated battle, in which a combined army and navy force attacked an immense work defended by its garrison alone, has many features that are scarcely known in the annals

of modern warfare. Still, this most brilliant and dramatic event was largely overshadowed by the great closing battles of the long contest, and even at this late day new explanations are set forth to show that it is one thing to storm such a fort and get possession of one of its bastions with several traverses, and quite another to capture the garrison that defends the interior of such a stronghold inch by inch for seven long hours.

As a participant in both the successful and unsuccessful expeditions against this famous fort, having served on the staff of Brevet Major-General Adelbert Ames, who commanded the division of attack, I held a position that enabled me to know what happened at this time, and to form as I think a correct judgment on many questions that have arisen since the capture. I believe that each one who took part in the leading battles, sieges, and expeditions of the war should state the facts as they appear to him, in order that truths of history may be developed; not to foment controversy, but to aid those who wish to learn the true history of those times. With this spirit I propose to set down some facts that relate more particularly to the movements of the army before Fort Fisher.

Before proceeding to the more important part of this paper I desire incidentally to refer to the subject of the failure of the explosion of the "powder-boat," which made General Butler the butt of so much ridicule and called down upon him so much adverse criticism.

"We all believed in it from the admiral down," says Lieutenant-Commander Parker in a paper lately read before the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion, "but when it proved so laughable a failure, we of the navy laid its paternity upon General Butler."

This is a very frank admission, for the truth is that in looking about for a scape-goat after the failure, Butler was seriously charged with the *fiasco*. The general's plan was to run the powder-boat on shore before firing it, and at a time when the army was near enough to take advantage of any damage that might be done. It was not carried out. The navy, that had full charge of the affair, exploded the powder at 1.30 A. M.,

which was an error of itself, and then again, on account of the faulty arrangement for ignition, but a small part of the powder was burnt. General Butler knew nothing of the explosion until it was over.

It is not generally known that although General Butler accompanied the expedition as commanding general of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, still, Major-General Godfrey Weitzel was in actual command of the troops by order of General Grant, and upon Weitzel and Lieutenant-Colonel Cyrus B. Comstock, United States Engineers of headquarters of the armies of the United States, rests the responsibility for the withdrawal of the military forces. But I will waive this position, which may be called technical, and state the facts.

While the army was storm-bound in Beaufort, North Carolina, where it had been driven for coal and water, Admiral Porter attacked Fort Fisher. The War and Navy Departments had determined that a combined attack of the two branches of the service was necessary for the reduction of the fort. Porter made a purely naval attack on December 24. What would the country have said if Butler, while lying off New Inlet waiting for the navy, had taken advantage of the beautiful weather that preceded the storm and had made the attack without waiting for the navy? The navy had no more right to attack without the presence of the army than the army would have had to attack in the absence of the navy.

After ordering his transports to follow him, Butler, who had heard of the operations of the navy, started for and arrived off New Inlet between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, in time to see the end of the first day's bombardment.

A staff officer was sent on board the flag-ship "Malvern" by Butler to confer with Porter, but the admiral returned word that he was too much fatigued to give him audience, but would receive General Weitzel and Colonel Comstock in the morning. A brigade of Ames' division were the first troops to land, at a point two miles and a half north of the fort. This brigade was immediately formed and marched towards the fort along the sea beach. But it was soon evident that the surf was becoming

heavier; already boats were swamped in their attempts to reach the shore. Curtis was ordered forward, but the day was fast drawing to an end. The fact is that the fort was not silenced by the fire of the navy on December 24th and 25th, but its firing was so slow that the navy formed the erroneous idea that it had been silenced. "The fire of the fleet had been diffuse," says Colonel Lamb, who commanded the fort, "not calculated to effect any particular damage, and so wild that at least one-third of the missiles fell into the river beyond the fort or in the bordering marshes."

"It was evident," says Butler, in his report of December 25th, 1864, "as soon as the fire of the navy ceased, because of darkness, that the fort was fully manned again, and opened with grape and canister upon our picket line." It would have been temerity to order a charge at this time. Weitzel, however, was present with Curtis and could have ordered a charge if he so pleased. Even Curtis did not deem it wise to make an assault, although he had permission from Ames to do so. All the troops that had made a landing were pushing on through the deep sand to support Curtis. General Ames, who had been among the first to land, displayed his usual energy and dispatch and strained every nerve to get Pennypacker's brigade up in time, but it could not be accomplished. The night was dark and the storm that was coming up might drive off the navy and the transports, and the small body of our troops that had been landed would then fall into the hands of the rebels. There was no hope for immediate re-inforcements, for the now furious surf had cut off all communication with the fleet.*

*"A piece of romance was sent North and got a lodgment in current history, and is actually repeated by General Grant in his Memoirs, though General Butler corrected the error in his official report of January 3d, 1865. No Federal soldier entered Fort Fisher Christmas day except as a prisoner. The courier was sent out of the fort without my knowledge and was killed and his horse captured within the enemy's lines. The flag captured was a small company flag, placed on the extreme left of the work, and which was carried away and thrown off the parapet by an enfilading shot from the navy. It was during a terrific bombardment of the land force when I had ordered my men to cover themselves behind parapet and traverses as well as in the bomb-proofs. Amid the smoke of bursting shells Captain W. H. Walling of the

Butler requested Weitzel and Comstock, who had reported the condition of things on shore, to return, examine the ground, and decide if an assault were possible. "To me," he said, "it does not look possible, but I am unwilling to give it up." These two officers reported against the assault.

General Butler says, "I sent to him [Admiral Porter] and asked what could be done. He sent me word that he had not an hour's ammunition, and that he must go into Beaufort to replenish his ships."—Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.

In causing the withdrawal of the troops Butler acted under the advice of two engineer officers, than whom no more skilled and learned members of their profession then held commissions in the United States army.

"I went back to General Butler," says Weitzel, "and told him I considered it would be murder to order an attack on that work with that force. I understood Colonel Comstock to agree with me perfectly, and General Butler has since said he did. I am fully satisfied, from all I have heard since; from the result of the second attack and everything else,—I am fully satisfied that I did my duty there."—See Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.

"The failure of the expedition," says General Butler, "was owing to the delay of the navy in Beaufort, the exploding of the powder-boat before the troops got there to take advantage of the effect of it, whatever it was, the refusal of Admiral Porter to run by the fort, and the failure of the bombardment to silence the fire of the fort on the land-front. . . . I believe my withdrawal from Fort Fisher to face the calumny which has rolled its waves over me, and which I calmly looked in the face when I made my decision to withdraw my troops, was the best and bravest act of my life."

One Hundred and Forty-second New York, gallantly crawled through the broken palisade and carried off the flag, doing what two or more men could not have done without observation. The angle of the work hid him from the sharpshooters on the front, who behind traverses were watching for an advance."—See Col. Lamb's article in *Battles and Leaders of the Civil War*, Vol. IV., p. 646.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War gave the subject a thorough examination. The testimony covers two hundred and sixty pages of printed matter, and after mature deliberation the committee found as follows: "In conclusion, your committee would say, from all the testimony before them, that the determination of General Butler not to assault the fort seems to have been fully justified by all the facts and circumstances then known or afterwards ascertained."

Whatever may be a just criticism of the distinguished officers who commanded our forces on land and sea on the first expedition against Fort Fisher; as to whether a proper co-operation between army and navy existed; whether the troops that had been landed in the face of a Confederate division, which threatened to attack them in their rear if they advanced in the direction of the fort, and although afterwards cut off, as they were for two days, from the transports and fleet by surf and storm, whether they should have been ordered to charge during that night or at early dawn against this immense work, whose ramparts were remanned when the firing of the navy ceased, are questions that have caused some discussion among military and naval men; but while this is true, there is, however, another view of this most important movement upon which all minds seem to agree. I refer, of course, to the fact that the Butler-Porter expedition constituted a thorough and careful reconnaissance of the fort and all its approaches. While the navy had an opportunity to test the strength of the work and the power of its guns, the troops that had been landed and pushed by General Ames to a point near the work were enabled not only to learn the conformation of the ground but to discover, as will be seen, the weak part, if not the key to the fortification itself.

General Alfred H. Terry, who had been placed in command of the army branch of the second expedition after the removal of General Butler from his command, was an officer of experience and ability. To him is due the credit of having, from the outset to the close of the movement, established that harmony of action between the army and navy which was so necessary

to success. He and Porter seemed to pull together as well as if they were within speaking distance of each other. In fact, during the action an army signal-officer was stationed on the "Malvern," Porter's flag-ship, in communication with one on shore at General Terry's headquarters. In addition to these arrangements there were other general signals agreed upon and followed. Terry had detailed instructions from general army headquarters. He effectively carried them out.

The men who composed the army force on the second expedition were picked from soldiers who had seen considerable field service. No one who had any disability was allowed on the transports. Terry's force consisted of three thousand three hundred men of the Second Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, under command of Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames (afterwards brevet major-general United States Volunteers); the same number from the Third Division, Twenty-fifth Army Corps, Brigadier-General Charles J. Paine; and the Sixteenth New York Independent Battery with four three-inch guns, commanded by Captain R. L. Lee. In addition to these troops that were on the first expedition there were fourteen hundred men of the Second Brigade, First Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, Colonel J. C. Abbott; Seventh New Hampshire Volunteers; and Light Battery E, Third United States Artillery, with six twelve-pounder guns, under command of Lieutenant John R. Myrick. There was also a siege-train with a detail from the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery, under command of Captain William T. Pride, and a detachment of engineers from the Fifteenth New York, under Lieutenant H. S. O'Keefe, for service in case a gradual approach was determined upon.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 6th of January the transports sailed from Hampton Roads. During the day a severe storm arose, which greatly impeded their movements; but on the 8th they reached the rendezvous off the coast of North Carolina, although many had been damaged by the gale. The weather continued unfavorable, and it was not until the 12th that the combined force arrived off Federal Point; the disembarkation was deferred until the following morning.

At daylight on the 13th of January Porter formed his fleet in three lines, and stood in close to the beach to cover the landing. The "Brooklyn," the double-enders, and the other gunboats opened fire on the woods directly in the rear of the position upon which it was decided to land the troops. The first troops were landed on the beach about three miles north of New Inlet. Pickets were thrown out in every direction. The enemy did not make any opposition to this movement. During this day eight thousand five hundred men were landed, with forty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge-boxes and three hundred thousand additional rounds of small-arms ammunition, and six days hard bread in bulk.

The landing was accomplished amid the greatest enthusiasm of the soldiers. Cheer upon cheer went up, clearly indicating their splendid morale. The surf gave some trouble at first, but it subsided as the day progressed. This favorable condition of the surf continued through the three days of active operations which culminated in the accomplishment of the object of the expedition.

Paine's division of colored troops having disembarked was marched a short distance towards the fort and then directed across the peninsula to the Cape Fear River, in this way forming a defensive line facing Wilmington. These troops now threw up a strong intrenchment from the ocean to the river. Colonel Abbott's brigade also formed a part of this line, and on the 14th, Captain Lee's and Lieutenant Myrick's batteries were also placed there in position. This line held Hoke's division of Confederate troops, under command of Bragg, in check; but at no time, much to the surprise of the Federals, did this rebel division make any serious attempts to charge this defensive line; it seemed to rest paralyzed before it. This movement left General Ames' division free to operate against the fort without any fear of an attack upon his rear.

To this gallant young general, with his division numbering only three thousand five hundred men, was assigned the post of honor and danger, the tremendous task of assaulting and carrying by storm a permanent fortification pronounced impregnable

by the ablest engineers in the rebel army, and as the sequel shows it could not have been placed in worthier hands.

All day and night of the 13th and 14th the navy continued such a ceaseless fire against the fort that it was impossible for its garrison to repair damages. The monitors and the "Iron-sides" bowled their eleven- and fifteen-inch shells along the parapet, scattering a destructive storm of shrapnel in the darkness. The defenders of the fort lost heavily in killed and wounded, and this fact shows that the fire of the navy was much more effective than on the first expedition.

On the afternoon of the 13th Ames directed the Forty-seventh New York Volunteers, Second Brigade, under command of Colonel Joseph M. McDonald, to cross the peninsula to the river, and under the protection of its bank to push up skirmishers as near to the fort as possible. This movement was executed with difficulty, as it had to pass over a strip of marshy ground. The skirmishers were quite successful in silencing the gunners who were trying to serve the barbette guns on the parapet.

Curtis with the First Brigade, however, had been selected by Ames for the advanced line, and on the morning of the 14th the Third New York of this brigade was ordered to relieve Colonel McDonald. As this regiment marched across the open plateau it was fired upon by the rebel steamer "Chickamauga," and a number of its men were killed and wounded. Colonel Weeks, commanding, lost a leg. This attack did not materially check the advance of Curtis, who pushed on to the river and captured a rebel flat-bottomed steam-transport laden with stores, that had unwittingly come up to the dock at Craig's Landing. This brigade had been over this same ground on the first expedition and was familiar with it. It worked its way along the river-shore, taking advantage of its bank, that gave some protection, until the advance redoubt near the river and about half a mile from the main fort had been reached and captured. This brigade met a determined resistance, the fort having thrown out a company of skirmishers and brought the guns to bear on our position, while we on our part picked off

every man we could who appeared on the parapet. The fort was now thoroughly invested. Preparations were being fast made for the bloody work of the morrow. In the evening Terry went aboard of the "Malvern" and arranged the plans for the attack of the next day.

The bright rays of the sun aided the besiegers to see the fort plainly. The land-face of Fort Fisher commenced about one hundred feet from the river with a half bastion and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side where it joined the sea-face. The outer slope was twenty feet high from the berme to the top of the parapet, which was not less than twenty-five feet thick. The revetment was five feet nine inches high from the floor of the gun-chambers. The guns were all



THE GREAT MOUND AT THE ANGLE.

mounted in barbette, on columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemate gun in the fort. Between the gun-chambers, containing one or two guns each (there were twenty guns on the land-face), there were heavy traverses, exceeding in size any known to engineers, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet on the parapet, and were twelve feet or more in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. In each alternate traverse was a magazine or bomb-proof. Passage-ways or galleries penetrated the traverses in the interior of the work and under the gun-chambers, with openings on the interior plane.

The sea-face for one hundred yards from the northeast bastion was of the same massive character as the land-face. A crescent battery intended for four guns joined this. From this bomb-proof a series of batteries extended for three-quarters of a mile along the sea, connected with an infantry curtain. On this line was a bomb-proof electric battery connected with a system of subterra torpedoes. Farther along a mound battery sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns. This battery was one mile from the northeast bastion. At the extreme point of land was Battery Buchanan, four guns, its two eleven-inch guns covering the approach by land. An advanced redoubt with a twenty-four-pounder was added after the attack by the forces under Butler and Porter on Christmas, 1864. A wharf for large steamers was close by. This battery was also intended to cover a retreat by water in case of capture of the fort. The fort was also protected by a system of subterra torpedoes extending across the peninsula, five to six hundred feet from the land-face, and inside this torpedo line, about fifty feet from the berme of the work, from the river-bank to the sea-shore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally-port, from which two Napoleon guns were run out as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance of the river road into the fort; commanding this bridge was a Napoleon gun.

Against this immense work, in many respects the strongest in America, the Second Division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, was to be led by Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames, upon whom now devolved all the responsibility of leadership in the desperate and bloody encounter that in a short time was to commence and not to end until after darkness had covered the earth for many hours.

Scientific and literary education may assist a man to fill the requirements of time and station, but at the foundation of all there must exist those qualities of heart, character, and imagination that alone give power to create, or to turn into success

the great opportunities that come in life. This rare combination of human virtue, cultivated mind, and heroic bravery led to the favor of the gods in the distant past, and inspires the gratitude of the people in these prosaic times of ours. If there were demigods in days of yore, there were heroes in these later days of internecine strife. There was as much honor, fidelity, and fortitude displayed on the battle-fields of the Civil War as in the conflicts over which history casts the glamour of its romance and chivalry.

One of the most distinguished and meritorious characters that this later period produced is Brevet Major-General Adelbert Ames, who was scarcely more than a boy at the beginning of these days of storm and stress. This cultivated gentleman and distinguished graduate of West Point, entertaining the highest conception of duty to the cause of national unity, and possessing a character that combined perfect self-possession, chivalrous modesty, and courageous manhood, was endowed with a high order of personal bravery and steadiness combined with soundness of judgment that made him naturally and pre-eminently a capable and aggressive leader. He was the beau-ideal of a division commander, and as such there was no more efficient and gallant officer in the armies of the Union. Every one who rode with him in battle soon discovered that Ames never hesitated to take desperate chances under fire. He seemed to have a life that was under some mystic protection. Although he never permitted anything to stand in his way, and never asked men to go where he would not go himself, still his manner was always cool, calm, and gentlemanly. Under the heaviest fire, when men and officers were being stricken down around him, he would sit on his horse, apparently unmoved by singing rifle-ball, shrieking shot, or bursting shell, and quietly give his orders, which were invariably communicated in the most polite way, and generally in the form of a request. I often thought when I saw him under fire that if one of his legs had been carried away by a round shot he would merely turn to some officer or soldier near by and quietly say, "Will you kindly assist me from my horse?"

The outbreak of the Civil War found him a cadet at West Point. He was graduated with his class, and commissioned in a battery of regular artillery. At Bull Run, where he showed great gallantry, he was shot through the leg. He was soon promoted to the colonelcy of the Twentieth Maine and served in the Army of the Potomac. In the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg he led his regiment in the assault of Marye's Heights, rendered almost impregnable by a stone wall, trenches, and batteries. He was soon promoted to be brigadier-general, and continued to serve in the field. It was a fortunate thing for the army before Fort Fisher and for the country at large that this brilliant and gallant officer commanded the division that was destined to charge into the imminent deadly breach and over the walls of this Malakoff, to stand undaunted amid the crash and destruction of the heaviest artillery, the deadly work of the murderous rifle, and to lead his men into positions that seemed like a forlorn hope only at last to be rewarded with victory.

January 15th, 1865, proved to be a bright and beautiful day. The air was mild and balmy as a May day. The sun shed its bright rays upon a scene through a cloudless sky. What little wind there was, scented with the aroma of the pine-trees of the Carolinas, blew off shore, flattening the surf and ocean to a calm seldom seen on this coast. While the unruffled bosom of the sea glimmered in the morning sunlight and all nature seemed attuned to peace, the boys in blue on land and sea were not to have a day of rest. This mild, tranquil morning was in strange contrast with the storm of human conflict that was soon to burst forth.

Early in the morning, Ames, at the head of Pennypacker's and Bell's brigades of his division, advanced towards the fort. Curtis, who was already at the outwork which had been gained the day before, was now ordered to advance against the fort, and to hold the position he might gain until the assault. He gallantly succeeded in pushing his brigade to within two hundred yards of the stronghold. In the formation of the brigade line the One Hundred and Seventeenth New York had the right towards Cape Fear river; the One Hundred and Twelfth New

York the left, in the direction of the sailors, who were then forming on the sea-front. The distance from the left of this line to the face of the fort was much greater than on the right and far more exposed; the right being sheltered somewhat by a sand ridge to within a few rods of the stockade, which ran from the left half bastion to the river. There was an opening in the stockade through which the road from Wilmington passed. A bridge was here thrown across a low, and almost impassable marshy strip, and extended for some distance beyond the fort, and in front of the position held by the One Hundred and Seventeenth. This bridge and gate-way that proved so disastrous to the fort was protected by a single Napoleon gun. A company of the Thirteenth Indiana, from the Third Brigade, armed with Spencer rifles, and fifty volunteers of Curtis' brigade, all under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Lent, and accompanied by Captain Albert G. Lawrence, acting aide-de-camp, representing the division staff, and provided with shovels, now volunteered to go forward in advance of Curtis' line as skirmishers to pick off men who might appear on the fort, and also to cut holes through the palisading with axes, with which they were provided. A number of these men were directly in front of the gate-way, which has been called a sally-port. They rendered most important service, and in the charge that soon followed, aided by Curtis' men, shot down the artillerists who attempted to use the Napoleon gun. Over the bridge the stockade was reached, through which the pioneers cut holes near the bastion. It was along this river road, over this bridge, and through this opening around the west bastion that so many of our men afterwards gained the interior of the fort.

The movement of putting Curtis' brigade into position was plainly seen by the garrison, and the parapet was manned at once, the enemy opening with musketry and artillery regardless of the pitiless storm of shot and shell which belched from every gun of the navy on the fort. The Napoleon guns in the redoubt at the centre sally-port fired on our men at this time with grape and canister. The garrison had to leave the gun-chambers and stand on the parapet to fire on our men, who on their part

threw themselves on the sand, and using their hands, tin cups, or anything else that would aid them in their work, threw up little trenches as soon as possible. In the meantime they hugged the sand and fired as best they could.

The Second Brigade under command of Colonel Penny-packer, was now formed also in line of battle at a position of about five hundred yards from the fort, parallel to, and in rear of, the line formed by the First Brigade. The Third Brigade, under command of Colonel Bell, was formed in a similar manner about seven hundred yards from the fort. This column of brigades was manœuvred on the open sand plateau, directly in front of the land-face. It extended from a point opposite the west bastion to the east of the centre sally-port. The men were quickly in position, and then they threw themselves on the sand and dug small rifle-pits for protection, as has already been described. They were often directly over the subterra net-work of torpedoes placed in front of the fort, that fortunately for the Federal army did not explode.—the wires having been cut by shots from the navy.

While these operations were taking place, General Terry and staff, and General Ames and staff, occupied the advance earth-work already described. It was situated near the river about eight hundred yards from the fort. It was at this point that Terry made his headquarters during the fight. From this position he could communicate with the navy and, at the same time, have a good view of the fort.

General Ames gave a most minute and careful supervision to every detail of these preliminary manœuvres, not hesitating to go himself to direct the troops into better positions and to correct and establish the lines of attack, although at each time he and his staff showed themselves on this plateau of sand they became targets for the sharp-shooters stationed on the parapet and behind the palisading. It is difficult to understand how Ames went unscathed at this time while exposing himself, as he did, for he wore a brigadier-general's dress-coat, and had made as careful a toilet as if he were going to review.

While these operations of the army had been going on, a force of sailors and marines, numbering two thousand, were

landed on the sea-beach, under command of Fleet Captain K. R. Breese. The head of this column had been pushed up to within a few hundred yards of the fort by means of a succession of small intrenchments and rifle-pits, behind which the men lay prone upon the sand, sheltering themselves as best they might, while tongues of flame and puffs of smoke in their front plainly showed whence arose the storm of lead that fell upon them. Although the navy kept up its terrific fire upon the fort, still, at no time was it entirely silenced. The "Ironsides" and the monitors hurled forth their immense projectiles, the grand old frigates boomed out their heavy broadsides, and the gunboats poured in their whistling shots upon the doomed stronghold.

The directions that Admiral Porter issued from the "Malvern" to the sailors and marines were of a remarkable character. The sailors were to be "armed with cutlasses, well sharpened, and revolvers," and they were to "board the fort on the run in a seaman-like way." The marines were to "follow after, and when they gain the edge of the parapet they will lie flat and pick off the enemy in the works. The sailors will charge at once on the field-pieces in the fort and kill the gunners. The mouths of the bomb-proofs must be secured at once, and no quarter given if the enemy fire from them after we enter the fort. . . . If, when our men get into the fort, the enemy commence firing on Fort Fisher from the Mound, every three men will seize a prisoner, pitch him over the walls, and get behind the fort for protection, or into the bomb-proofs."—See pages 194 and 195, Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.

Never before was such an order issued to brave men of war. It is beyond criticism because it is incomprehensible. This force of gallant sailors and marines should have been properly armed. It should have been put on shore the same day the army was landed, thus avoiding the undue haste that occurred. It should have been placed under the direction and command of army officers, accustomed to handle men in field operations. These brave but unfortunate men were strung out, by a hurried movement under fire, along the sea-beach, with subdivisions of

too small fronts, giving the movement, as seen from the river, almost the appearance of a charge by the flank. In fact, Captain Selfridge says that the formation was "by a flank."

This famous "landing order" issued from the "Malvern," from which a quotation has been made, and which gave the naval officers such minute and peculiar instructions as to the arming, landing, and handling the sailors and marines, has never been equaled as a blunder, except perhaps at Balaclava, when the order was given to the Six Hundred to charge, while cannon on three sides of them "volleyed and thundered."

All preparation for the assault was now completed. From this moment to the close of the battle the whole direction, manœuvring, and fighting of the army force that operated directly against the fort devolved on General Ames. "To him more than to any living soul is due the success of the assault, on account of the way he put the brigades in and kept them there until the final surrender."

During the entire battle of seven hours, Terry gave Ames but two orders,—one as Ames was about to leave the redoubt for the attack, and the other when it was nearly dark, and while he was directing the fighting of his division inside the fort.

The memory of Brevet Brigadier-General Charles A. Carleton, who was then serving as a captain and assistant adjutant-general on Ames' staff, as well as my own, is perfectly clear as to what was said on this occasion. "I heard Terry's last words to Ames," says Carleton, "before we left that redoubt for the assault.

" 'General Ames,' said Terry, 'the signal agreed upon for the assault has been given.'

" 'Have you any special orders in regard to it?' inquired Ames.

" 'No,' replied Terry; 'you understand the situation and what it is desired to accomplish. I leave everything to your discretion.'

"I went to the rear at least twice," says Carleton, "and saw Terry, reporting the condition of affairs as they were, and he told me he had no instructions for Ames, intimating that he left everything to his judgment."

The only other order Ames received during the battle was in these words: "General Terry orders that you make one more effort to capture the fort, and if you fail to retreat." This order was delivered to Ames by a staff officer.

On this order General Ames acted, not only in his general orders directing the movement of the several brigades, but in the successive steps of the prolonged struggle during the rest of the day. He it was who directed the battle, sharing its exposures with his officers and men, and inspiring them with new courage by his coolness and self-possession.

General Ames was now ready to advance in order to direct and lead the assault. "Gentlemen, we will now go forward," he quietly said to his staff.

As soon as he and his staff appeared on the level place in front of the fort, the enemy selected this bunch of officers as a target. Ames, noticing this firing, said, "We had better separate somewhat from each other." Before this could be done Captains Dawson and Keeler were hit,—Dawson dying of his wounds. Captain (afterwards Brevet Brigadier-General) A. G. Lawrence, aide-de-camp, had been instructed by General Ames to order Curtis' brigade to charge. He was shot down, losing an arm and being otherwise severely wounded while placing a color on the parapet, which he was the first man to reach while accompanying Lent's skirmishers. The writer of this paper received a severe contusion on the head, disabling him for some time during the fight. Ames was thus left at the commencement of the battle with but two of his personal staff, Carleton and Matthews, and Carleton was the only one to accompany him when he entered the fort, and the only one not either killed or wounded during the assault.

It was half-past three when the steam-whistles shrieked out the signal for the attack. Such vessels as could do so turned their guns upon the lower batteries, the others ceased firing. The troops and sailors darted forward, vying with each other to reach the parapet. The large guns of the fort were so injured that few of them could be used against the national columns, but the garrison valiantly manned the parapet to resist the charge.

Keeping close to the sea, the sailors and marines charged against the sea- and land-face of the northeast bastion with desperate valor; but the marines seemed to fail properly to do the work of sharpshooters according to instructions given them. A columbiad on the Mound Battery opened on this column, and the two Napoleon guns in the redoubt of the centre sally-port fired grape and canister into the fated ranks. The parapet now swarmed with rebel troops, who exposed themselves with reckless gallantry. They had until then largely reserved their musketry fire, but they now poured volley after volley into the faltering ranks of the sailors and marines, some of whom had reached the berme and sprung up the slope of the fort. It was a grand spectacle while it lasted. The brave Lieutenants Preston and Porter were instantly killed. The numerous casualties did not at first check the exhibition of courage and nerve that seemed like madness, but soon the bravest began to fall back. The officers could not control the men, who, leaving several hundred of their comrades dead and dying under the walls of the fort, turned and ran, or took shelter under the slope and palisade of the fort. They were never rallied to charge again, but some of them were later in the day put on the defensive line, to take the place of Abbott's brigade and Blackman's (Twenty-seventh United States) colored regiment, that were marched against the fort in the evening with the object of re-enforcing Ames.

Simultaneously with the charge of the sailors the recumbent men of Curtis' brigade sprang to their feet with a bound and charged forward with a wild cheer; many passing through the apertures in the palisade, across the dry ditch, and up to the parapet, the rest charging over the string-pieces of the bridge—the planks had been torn up—on the road that led around the left and rear of the fort. The left of this brigade was exposed to a severe enfilading fire, directed by General Whiting, who was present in the fort as a volunteer. The Confederate officers had scarcely ceased cheering at the repulse of the sailors when they were surprised to see Federal battle-flags on the left of their work. The ground over which the right of our column passed

was marshy and difficult; sometimes the men sank waist-deep into the mire, and some of the wounded perished here. In fact, the Confederate commandant, Lamb, thought the marsh was impassable for troops. But it did not stop our men, who then rushed for the gate-way through the stockade, which extended from the bastion to the river. This entrance was covered by a Napoleon gun. Two reliefs of rebel gunners with their supports were shot down here before the enemy gave way at this point, but finally they could resist no longer, and over the dead bodies of the blue and gray the charging column entered the fort. A great advantage had been gained, and these soldiers now mounted the parapet from the inside and joined their comrades who had charged the front of the work. They soon had possession of the left bastion and of three of the immense traverses. When the fourth gun-chamber was reached, our men met with a desperate resistance, for that portion of the garrison that had defeated the sailors was now turned against us. Now began a series of the most terrific hand-to-hand conflicts ever known in the annals of modern warfare, only ending with the surrender of the work.

The glory of this initial charge by which the fort was entered and a foothold gained which could not be broken is due to the steady valor of the First Brigade.

But while we had gained a foothold our position was critical. Aside from the exposure from advancing over the field, the capture of the first traverses was the easiest part of the afternoon's work, and the most quickly accomplished. To hold what we had gained tenaciously and to advance with a wise audacity, in the face of a determined opposition, to the complete possession of a work still most formidable, was the difficult problem to be solved by General Ames and his gallant division. There was need not only of the valor of veteran troops, well led by their immediate officers, but of the personal direction and the cool courage of the commander of the division, the man directly responsible to his superiors and to the nation for the success of a struggle involving such vast interests. The nation should be thankful that we had the right man in the right place.

Having advanced across the field with a coolness which elicited the admiration of officers and men, he was early in the

fort, and constantly engaged, with characteristic quietness, in directing the disposition of his troops.

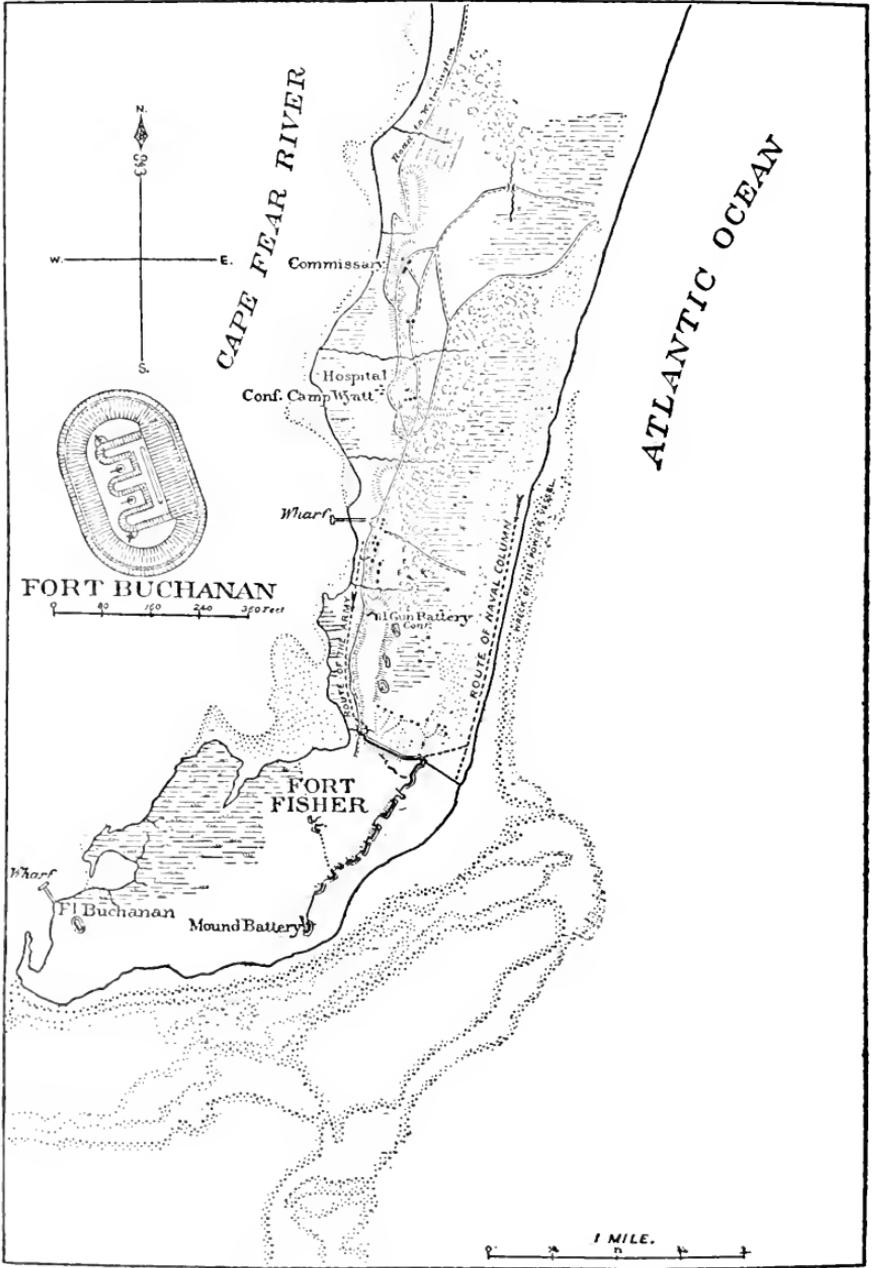
The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Galusha Pennypacker, which had moved into the position vacated by the First, was now ordered up by Ames. As they rose to their feet they met a murderous fire. The Forty-seventh New York, commanded by Colonel Joseph M. McDonald, held the left of the brigade line, somewhat to the east of the centre sally-port. As the men of this regiment moved forward its entire color-guard was swept away, every man being killed by a shot from a Napoleon gun in the redoubt at the sally-port. A great number of this brigade gained the fort by passing through the openings in the palisading made by the navy fire and over the parapet, but the Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, that held the right, and some others entered the work around the left bastion. At this juncture Colonel Pennypacker was so severely wounded that his life was despaired of for many months.

The contest continued for the fourth traverse. These two brigades were somewhat mingled in the fighting on the parapet,



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE THREE TRAVERSES OF THE NORTHWEST SALIENT ADJOINING THE RIVER ROAD.

but temporary formations were made and rushes followed. The contestants fired into each other's faces. The Confederate Whiting was plainly seen leading and encouraging his men to action. It was at this time he came face to face with some



MAP OF THE MILITARY AND NAVAL ASSAULTS ON FORT FISHER.

Federal soldiers. They called on him to surrender. "Go to h—, you Yankee —!" he replied, and tried to get away. He was shot down, and died several months afterwards in New York harbor.

Ames now sent Carleton to order up the Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel Louis Bell, which had been moved up to this position just occupied by Pennypacker. Carleton directed the column obliquely towards the right so it could enter around the left bastion. Bell's manly form was seen at the head of his column as it darted over the famous bridge—which had been repaired by replacing the planks--and in this way entered the fort. But it was his last charge, for at this point the noble soldier fell mortally wounded. The greater part of the brigade was now directed across the interior plane of the fort against the rear and inside of the sea-face. Some of the men joined the troops on the parapet, where the fighting continued for the immense traverses, which were forts of themselves. The ground inside the fort over which the Third Brigade had to charge was obstructed by the debris of barracks and magazines. The enemy was also sheltered by an old work, which was used as a breastwork, and took advantage of every object that would afford cover. When Colonel Bell fell, Colonel Alonzo Alden took command of the brigade, and Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Colvin led the One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York, which was the leading regiment in this charge. Colonel Colvin explains the difficulty that existed in making an advance against the enemy, who were firing from the sea-face, from the openings, of the galleries that ran along both sides of the fort, from the old interior work, from the magazine, from the debris of buildings, from the barracks, and from the hospital. It was desperate work. To make it worse, if that were possible, Lamb, the Confederate commander, went to the Mound Battery and turned two of its guns on the column in the fort. In this way this column received a concentric fire of musketry as well as an artillery fire on its flank. Not only did the Mound guns open, but the guns of Battery Buchanan poured in shot on the western end of the work, at

one time killing friend and foe alike. When Lamb returned from the Mound he brought back with him more than a hundred of his garrison and threw them in front of those already engaged.

A large number of the traverses of the land-face had been taken, the interior plane had been occupied, but Fort Fisher was not captured. The Third Brigade was within one hundred feet of the breastworks inside the fort. Lamb saw he must make an heroic effort or all was lost. He massed what men he could gather, including those he brought from the Mound; he called upon them to follow him, but as he gave the command he fell seriously wounded and was carried to the rear.

Outside the circle of flame and smoke the sun was seen setting in a flood of rosy light; men were gladdened at the sight, hoping that the fighting would now cease.

At this time the herculean General Curtis, who had been fighting with his men all the afternoon, approached General Ames, who was then standing on the interior plane of the fort some little distance from the left bastion. Ames was engaged in giving some general instructions as to the battle, when Curtis suddenly threw up his arms and fell to the ground. He had been struck in the eye by a fragment of shell fired from Battery Buchanan. Carleton sprang to his relief, and picked up his sword, which he carried during the rest of the fight. Curtis was borne from the fort, not to die, however, for in a few hours he heard the shouts of victory.

At last Ames stood within this circuit of fire amid the fragments of his division; every brigade and almost all of the regimental commanders had fallen, as well as most of his personal staff, so that for necessary duty substitutes for the latter had to be taken temporarily from the most available officers at hand. Ames, who had entered the fort at the head of the Second Brigade, remained there fighting with his men until the close of the action. He had been made particularly conspicuous by the prominent and advanced position he occupied. There he stood among his troops. No advice to retreat, no suggestion to postpone the engagement until the following

morning, found a listening ear with him. "Advance! Drive the enemy from the works!" were his repeated orders. To his determined bravery, tenacity, and skill on this occasion the country owes more than to that of any other one officer either in the army or navy.

It was now quite dark, but the battle was not ended. At some points the different brigades were mixed up. Here it was a soldiers' fight. The men would wait until there were enough together for a charge, then some officer would form them into line, and they would rush up a traverse and over; when they came against the enemy it was cold steel or the butt of a gun. At other places the contending forces would blaze away into the darkness. They would throw themselves on the ground and then come alternately crawling or running for position. Hoarse voices were shouting orders, and from the huge round traverses, that looked like great sea-billows toppling over to engulf all before them, shadowy forms of friend and foe were seen in confused masses.

While the first assault of the combined forces was progressing, the fire of the navy ceased; but after the repulse of the sailors and marines it was recommenced. At first it was directed at the southern portion of the sea-face, including the Mound and Battery Buchanan; but later on the fire was changed so as to include a large part of the land-face. It was attempted to fire on the traverses in front of our men and not yet occupied by them. But it was too close work, certainly for night-firing, and the consequence was that many of the shells fell in the traverses held by the Federals, killing and wounding them by the score. The enemy still kept up an impetuous resistance, and would not permit darkness to put an end to hostilities. They continued the fire from the Mound on the interior of the fort, while the navy maintained its fire as described, both navy and Confederate shot falling in many places amid friend and foe. The bursting of shell, the rattling of musketry, the shouts of the men, and the groans of the wounded, all united to make up a perfect pandemonium. In the midst of this scene Ames sent an officer to Terry to signal

the fleet to cease firing on the land-face. The request was complied with.

At this late day I retain a vivid impression of the horrors of war as then portrayed by the conflict raging about me. A lieutenant of the Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania, who had had a leg shattered by a shot from the Confederates, was lying in one of the gun-chambers, when a shell from the navy tore of his arm. "For God's sake," he exclaimed, "take me out of here!" The poor fellow did not live to be carried from the fort. The scene at this time was indescribably horrible. "Great cannon were broken in two, and over their ruins were lying the dead; others lay partly buried in graves dug by the shells which had slain them." The outlines of the work could now and then be seen by the flash of exploding shell or blaze of musketry, but indistinct as the creation of some hideous dream. A soldier was shot in the head by a rifle-ball. There was no outcry; simply a spurt of blood and all was over. "Poor fellow," said his comrade next to him, "who will be next?" Death does not always come in this way, for there arose now and then an agonizing clamor of wounded men, who were writhing in the sand, and in heartrending accents, beseeching those near them to end their suffering. The dead certainly, and perhaps the wounded, do not count for much on a battlefield. A color-bearer had fallen, and though choked by blood and sand, he murmured, "I am gone. Take the flag." An officer who had been shot through the heart retained nearly an erect position; he seemed leaning against a gun-carriage. Some lay outstretched, with their faces in the sand, and others who had been near each other when a shell exploded had fallen in a confused mass, forming a mingled heap of broken limbs and mangled bodies. At times a grim and uncanny humor seized a wounded man. Lawrence, of Ames's staff, lay on his back; one arm had been amputated, and the other arm as well as his neck was pierced by rifle-balls. He had told the chaplain to write his father that he could not live. Seeing me approach, he motioned me to lean over him, and when I had done so, he whispered, as he held up the stump of his amputated

arm, "Isn't this a devil of a bob-tail flush?" These are some of the scenes of this human battle-field.

At eight o'clock the garrison seemed to weaken: its firing was not so rapid. Whether this was caused from want of ammunition or exhaustion could not at first be determined. The Third Brigade, now commanded by Colonel Alden, did not cease to press the enemy across the plane, while the other brigades were fighting on the parapet. About this time General Ames, wishing to make "assurance double sure," sent to General Terry for re-enforcements. He immediately forwarded Colonel Abbott's brigade, which arrived at the bridge and left bastion at quarter to nine in the evening, and also Blackman's Twenty-seventh United States Colored Regiment, which, however did not enter the fort.

These re-enforcements could not well be used in the hand-to-hand conflict for the traverses. Nor did it seem advisable to throw them across the interior plane towards the rear of the sea-face of the work, for here the Second Brigade had been checked during the day, mainly because of the obstructions presented by ruined barracks, lumber, and other rubbish, and which would have inevitably thrown any force into confusion in attempting to pass over the ground at night. Bearing these facts in mind, General Ames ordered Colonel Abbott to move his command by flank between the palisading and the foot of the land-face of the work till the head of the column should reach the angle of the fort, then facing to the right, go over the fort in line of battle. The darkness and noise made this movement practicable.

When Colonel Colvin, who commanded the leading regiment of Ames' Third Brigade, heard that Abbott was coming, he in friendly emulation called on the men to drive the rebels out of their works before the re-enforcements could arrive. At nine o'clock, however, a general assault was made, and the garrison of the fort fell back in retreat along the sea-face, the rear-guard keeping the Union forces engaged as they advanced in the darkness as far as Battery Buchanan.

The writer of this paper, who had partially recovered from his hurt, had, by order of General Ames, taken charge of the

movement of Abbott's brigade towards the retiring enemy. Skirmishers were thrown out as the brigade followed the retreating garrison. As we approached near Battery Buchanan the writer, who was some distance in advance of Colonel Abbott and staff, dimly saw the forms of two men in his front. Up to this time—about ten o'clock—we did not know at what moment we might be fired upon, or whether the retreat to Battery Buchanan meant surrender or not. These men just referred to, who proved to be Major James H. Hill and Lieutenant George D. Parker, of Colonel Lamb's staff, challenged the writer. When they learned they were speaking to a staff-officer of General Ames, they stated that they wished to surrender, and asked what the terms would be. They were informed that no conditions could be extended. One of these officers then said, "General Whiting and Colonel Lamb are lying seriously wounded behind the battery, and we ask that our men be allowed to carry them back to Fort Fisher." They were informed that there did not seem to be any objection to this course, but that the entire disposition of these two wounded officers and of the other prisoners must be left to the discretion of Colonel Abbott. The writer then asked to be conducted to Whiting and Lamb, whom he found lying on the exterior slope of Battery Buchanan. He asked these officers for their swords, but some one standing by said that they had been thrown into the sea. He did not stop to investigate what had been done with them, and ordering Abbott to take charge of the prisoners and arms, he mounted a horse he had found near by and riding back to the fort reported the formal surrender to General Ames. Cheer upon cheer now rang out on the night air; the fact of the capture of the fort was signaled to the fleet. The naval vessels sent up rockets in celebration of the glorious event. In the excitement of the moment the killed, the dying, and the wounded were apparently forgotten.

Consequent to the fall of Fort Fisher the enemy, during the nights of the sixteenth and seventeenth, blew up Fort Caswell, and abandoned both it and their extensive works on Smith's Island, at Smithsville and Reeve's Point, and all the works erected to defend Fort Fisher.

There were found in the fort one hundred and sixty-nine pieces of artillery, two thousand stand of small arms, commissary stores, and full supplies of ammunition. The prisoners numbered one hundred and twelve commissioned officers and nineteen hundred and seventy-one enlisted men.—See General Terry's Report.

The sacrifices of the army, navy and marine corps in killed and wounded amounted to eight hundred men. The rebel loss was trifling compared to ours.

In the language of General Ames, "The names of every officer and man engaged in this desperate conflict should be mentioned." Space will not allow the full recital of the sacrifices and acts of heroism of that eventful day.

"Of General Ames," says General Terry, in his official report of the battle, "I have already spoken in a letter recommending his promotion. He commanded all the troops engaged, and was constantly under fire. His great coolness, good judgment and skill were never more conspicuous than on this assault."

Colonels Curtis, Pennypacker, Bell, and Abbott, the brigade commanders, led their men with the utmost gallantry.

On the second expedition the fleet was handled with perfect skill, and the firing was most effective. Every request made by Terry of Porter was cheerfully complied with, and the utmost harmony existed between them from the outset to the close of the battle.

The assault of the sailors and marines although it failed, undoubtedly contributed to the success of the army. But this repulse proved to be a short-lived victory, for the enemy had scarcely time to utter a shout of triumph before it found itself called upon to turn its entire force against the army, which it engaged in a hand-to-hand fight for seven hours, and during which time the sailors took no part in the fighting, and strange as it may appear, no attempt was made to rally them to renew their effort to "board the fort in a seaman-like manner."

In the uncertain light of the early dawn our exhausted men could be seen, with here and there one of the enemy of whom no notice had been taken, lying on the sand wrapped in their

blankets just where they had found themselves after the fight, whether they had joined their own regiments or not. They lay like corpses with their bronzed faces rigid in the slumber of sheer exhaustion. To arouse them from their death-like sleep they had to be rudely shaken, when with haggard eyes they arose like beings summoned against their wills from much needed rest.

The writer comes now to the relation of an episode as dread as it was unexpected.

In the northeast angle of the fort was the reserve magazine. It was a frame structure twenty by sixty feet and six feet high, covered with eighteen feet or more of sand well turfed, and contained probably thirteen thousand pounds of powder. It made an artificial mound most inviting to a wearied soldier, and after the fight Colonel Alden's One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York Regiment found itself near it. The members of this regiment laid themselves there for rest. Two sailors who had wandered into the fort, and who, it is said, had drunk of brandy found in the hospital, were seen to enter the magazine. The next moment the green mound blew up, killing some two hundred Federal soldiers and some Confederates. The entire structure, with a dull, heavy sound that shook the surrounding country, went up into the air like an immense water-spout, with timbers, debris, and human forms flying against the sky. The existence of telegraph-wires between a bomb-proof near this magazine gave rise to the belief that it had been purposely exploded from the opposite shore, but an official investigation traced it to the sailors already mentioned.

The writer wishes to draw attention to the fact that Whiting and Lamb, through staff-officers, had requested to be taken back to the fort after the battle. They would not have made this request if they had known the magazine was to be exploded the next morning. Certainly if the magazine was to have been exploded they would have known it.

By a providential change of mind the life of General Ames was spared from this catastrophe, as he had at one time after the surrender decided to establish his headquarters for the rest

of the night in a small out-building on the very spot of this explosion.

Admiral Porter's theory in relation to the force necessary to capture the fort seems to have been that after the navy had bombarded it any land force could successfully assault it, and that when such a force had reached the parapet, the garrison would capitulate. Porter makes use of the following language in describing the events of the first expedition: "Until late in the day of the 26th the fort lay at our mercy, and if the men had not been brought off the rebels would have surrendered when they marched up and the navy opened fire." (See Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War, page 78.) . . . "They [the forts] were so blown up, burst up, and torn up that the people inside had no intention of fighting any longer. . . . Never was a fort that invited soldiers to walk in and take possession more plainly than Fort Fisher. . . . We have shown the weakness of this work. It can be taken at any moment in one hour's time."—See Report of Secretary of Navy, page 51.

To the superficial observer the final capture of the fort might seem to prove the correctness of these views, but in fact it establishes the contrary. It has been shown by the experience of the second expedition that assaulting the fort was but a small part of the work to be done, for after the troops had gained the inside and rear of the land- and sea-face of the fort, the fight, which partook of the nature of a battle of infantry against infantry, continued for over seven hours. This great fact has been lost sight of by those who believe that the engineer officers showed a lack of judgment on the first expedition. Porter, however, afterwards changed his mind on the subject of the strength of the fort and the forces necessary to carry it. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War (see page 190) he says, "I have since visited Fort Fisher and the adjoining works, and find their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying they could not be captured except by regular siege. I wonder even now how it was done. The work, as I said before, is really stronger than the Malakoff Tower, which defied so long the combined power of France and England."

All honor to the officers and men on land and sea, who, disheartened by no defeat, discouraged by no obstacle, appalled by no danger, neither paused nor swerved until the national colors floated over the ramparts of Fort Fisher, thus closing the gate-way of the Confederacy to the outer world.

While the events that have just been described were taking place before Fort Fisher, Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, who had been at Savannah, in conference with General Sherman, was returning north on the steamer "Spaulding." On the day following the capture of the fort he arrived off New Inlet, and called on Admiral Porter and General Terry, who had gone on board the "Malvern," and then learned of this brilliant achievement of the army and navy. After receiving the information imparted to him by Admiral Porter as to the navy and by General Terry as to the army, he proceeded to Fortress Monroe. On his arrival at that place he sent a dispatch to the President. That this famous telegram, which recites the movements and action of the army was inspired by Alfred H. Terry and dictated by him to Edwin M. Stanton does not admit of a shadow of a doubt, nay more, that portion of it which describes the army operations discloses its source as clearly as if it had been signed by Terry himself.

The Secretary's dispatch to the President is marked "Official." It is dated Fortress Monroe, Tuesday, 10 A. M., January 17th, 1865. This was the first official statement that reached the people. The names, it contains, became impressed on the public mind, and incredible as it may appear the name of Adelbert Ames is not once mentioned in this dispatch to the President as proved by the following extracts which include every name occurring therein:

EXTRACTS.

"The rebel flag of Fort Fisher was delivered to me on board the steamer 'Spaulding,' off that place, yesterday morning, January 16, by Major-General Terry. An acknowledgment and thanks for their gallant achievement was given in your name to

Admiral Porter and General Terry, from whom the following particulars were obtained."

* * * * *

"A reconnoissance was made by General Terry on Saturday."

* * * * *

"The front was assaulted at the hour mentioned by a column of seamen and marines, eighteen hundred strong, under command of Captain Breese."

* * * * *

"The assault on the other and most difficult side of the fort was made by a column of three thousand troops of the old Tenth Corps, *led by Colonel Curtis, under the immediate supervision of General Terry.*"—(The italics are the author's.)

* * * * *

"Admiral Porter contributed to the success of the assaulting column by signals between himself and General Terry at brief intervals."

* * * * *

"At about ten o'clock at night the enemy were entirely driven from the fort, forced down towards Federal Point, followed by a brigade of our troops, and about twelve o'clock at night, General Whiting surrendered himself and his command to General Terry."

* * * * *

"Colonel Curtis was severely but not mortally wounded. Colonel Bell died of his wounds Monday morning. Colonel J. W. Moore and Lieutenant-Colonel Lyman were killed. Colonel Pennypacker was badly wounded, also Lieutenant-Colonel Coan."

* * * * *

"General Leroy reported to Surgeon-General Barnes that he had ample provision of surgeons," etc.

* * * * *

"How the explosion occurred was not known; but General Terry believed it was occasioned by accident or neglect."

* * * * *

"General Hoke's division, reported as five thousand, was at Wilmington. . . . A demonstration was made by General Hoke against our defensive line."

* * * * *

“Their respective commanders, Admiral Porter and General Terry, vied in their commendation of each other. Each seemed more anxious to do justice to the other than to claim anything for himself.”

* * * * *

“General Beauregard, a few days before, pronounced it [the fort] impregnable.”

* * * * *

“General Whiting had three wounds in the thigh. Colonel Lamb also, who had gone into the fort with re-enforcements and to relieve General Whiting on Sunday, is wounded.”

The history of the Civil War does not afford a parallel to the successful assault on Fort Fisher, and the conflicts of other lands would be searched in vain for its counterpart, for in no war until the Crimean had the system of earthwork defenses been tested, and in the Crimea there is no instance of a successful assault upon any work till it had been regularly approached by elaborate and protracted siege operations. For the first time a really formidable earthwork was carried by a direct assault, and in a military view, therefore, the storming of Fort Fisher is probably entitled to be reckoned the most brilliant, as it surely was the most remarkable victory of the war.

From the facts that have been set down in this paper, does it not occur to the reader's sense of justice that Terry, in failing to acknowledge Ames' services, and by suppressing his name in the recital that was about to go before the country, and one that would be sure to make a wrong impression that only history could correct, did a great injustice to a gallant officer? If Terry had stated that the fighting and leadership of the troops had devolved on Ames, who led the charge over the walls of Fort Fisher with his division and remained fighting with it, and the other troops that were sent to him, until the close of the action, he (Terry) would have told a plain and truthful tale; but when he put his own name forward as personally supervising the conflict—except within the scope of his action as already stated—he did a wrong to the actual hero of the fight, whose name should be a household word throughout the land.

While there was an irony in the fate of that officer who was shot by an Indian and had his name spelt incorrectly in the newspapers, there was a refinement of injustice in the suppression of the name and deeds of Adelbert Ames in this recital of the capture of Fort Fisher, inspired and dictated by the general commanding, as it was, and made authoritative by the signature of the secretary of war.

Terry's information and description given to Stanton was like a representation of Hamlet with the role of Hamlet omitted.

In Major-General Terry's official report of the battle, which was sent to the adjutant-general of the army, he says of General Ames, "I have already spoken in a letter recommending his promotion. He commanded all the troops engaged and was constantly under fire. His great coolness, good judgment, and skill were never more conspicuous than on this assault."

This report to the adjutant-general of the army was not the one he gave to Secretary Stanton in person, and must not be confounded with it.

The report to the great War Secretary went blazing forth to the whole world, and was known of all men; the other report went direct to a pigeon-hole in the War Department.

For that day's work Terry was promoted brigadier-general in the regular army; Colonel Pennypacker, among other promotions, received that of brigadier-general of volunteers, and Colonel Curtis was made a brigadier-general of volunteers, while the record shows that Ames, who was then a brigadier-general of volunteers, was "promoted *Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. Army* for gallant and meritorious services at the capture of Fort Fisher, N. C., January 15th, 1865"!

(Official.)

FROM SECRETARY STANTON TO THE PRESIDENT.

(From the *New York Times*, Thursday, January 19, 1865.)

FORTRESS MONROE, Tuesday, January 17, 1865, 10 P. M.

"The rebel flag of Fort Fisher was delivered to me on board the steamer 'Spaulding,' off that place, yesterday morning, Jan-

uary 16, by Major-General Terry. An acknowledgment and thanks for their gallant achievement was given in your name to Admiral Porter and General Terry, from whom the following particulars were obtained: The troops arrived off Fort Fisher Thursday night; Friday they were all landed under cover of a heavy fire from the squadron. A reconnoissance was made by General Terry on Saturday. A strong defensive line against any of the enemy's forces coming from Wilmington was established on Saturday, and held by four thousand men, chiefly colored troops, and an assault was determined on. The assault was made on Sunday afternoon at half-past three o'clock.

"The sea-front of the fort had been greatly damaged and broken by a continuous and terrible fire of the fleet for three days, and the front was assaulted at the hour mentioned by a column of seamen and marines, eighteen hundred strong, under command of Captain Breese. They reached the parapet; but after a short conflict this column was checked, driven back in disorder, and was afterwards placed on the defensive line, taking the place of a brigade that was brought up to re-enforce the assaulting column of troops. Although the assault on the sea-front failed, it performed a useful part in diverting the attention of the enemy and weakening their resistance to the attack by the troops on the other side. The assault on the other and most difficult side of the fort was made by a column of three thousand troops of the old Tenth Corps, led by Colonel Curtis, under the immediate supervision of General Terry. The enemy's force in the fort was over two thousand. The conflict lasted for seven hours. The works were so constructed that every traverse afforded the enemy a new defensive position, from whence they had to be driven. They were seven in number, and the fight was carried on from traverse to traverse for seven hours by a skillfully directed fire thrown into the traverses. One after another they were occupied by the enemy. Admiral Porter contributed to the success of the assaulting column by signals between himself and General Terry at brief intervals. The fire was so well managed as to damage the enemy without injury to our troops.

“At about ten o'clock at night the enemy were entirely driven from the fort, forced down towards Federal Point, followed by a brigade of our troops, and about twelve o'clock at night, General Whiting surrendered himself and his command to General Terry unconditionally as prisoners of war, numbering over eighteen hundred, the remainder of his force being killed and wounded.

“Our loss was not accurately ascertained on Monday afternoon, but was estimated at between seven and eight hundred in killed and wounded, besides the naval loss, which was slight, not exceeding one hundred killed and wounded. Not a ship nor a transport was lost.

“Colonel Curtis was severely but not mortally wounded. Colonel Bell died of his wounds Monday morning. Colonel J. W. Moore and Lieutenant-Colonel Lyman were killed. Colonel Pennypacker was badly wounded; also Lieutenant-Colonel Coan. A complete list of the killed and wounded will be forwarded as soon as it can be prepared.

“General Leroy reported to Surgeon-General Barnes that he had ample provision of surgeons, nurses, and hospital supplies for the wounded. They will be sent north to their respective States as fast as they can be placed on transports, of which there was ample supply.

“On Monday morning, between six and seven o'clock, the magazine of Fort Fisher exploded, killing and wounding two or three hundred persons.

“After the capture of the fort all the troops were withdrawn, except one brigade left in charge of the works.

“How the explosion occurred was not known; but General Terry believed it was occasioned by accident or neglect.

“General Hoke's division, reported as five thousand, was at Wilmington. A portion of it was thrown into the fort not long before the assault; and while that was going on a demonstration was made by General Hoke against our defensive line, but it was found too strong for anything more than a skirmishing attack.

“About eleven o'clock on Monday morning a heavy cloud of smoke was observed over Fort Smith, on the south side of

New Inlet. The naval officer commanding that station reported that the enemy had fired their barracks and evacuated the fort.

"You will be pleased to know that perfect harmony and concert of action existed between the land and naval forces, and their respective commanders, Admiral Porter and General Terry, vied in their commendation of each other. Each seemed more anxious to do justice to the other than to claim anything for himself, and they united in the highest commendation of the naval and military officers and the forces engaged. To this harmony of feeling, and the confident spirit inspired, may, perhaps, be attributed, in some degree, the success of our attack, with nearly equal numbers, against a resolute enemy in a work unsurpassed, if ever equaled, in strength, and which General Beauregard, a few days before, pronounced impregnable. The armament of the fort was seventy-two guns, some of large calibre and rifled, and one Armstrong gun. The troops in the fort had rations for sixteen days. Their loss in killed and wounded was between four hundred and five hundred. General Whiting had three wounds in the thigh. Colonel Lamb also, who had gone into the fort with re-enforcements and to relieve General Whiting on Sunday, was wounded. On Monday everything was quiet as a Sabbath-day. The dead were being buried and the wounded collected and placed in transports and field hospitals.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
"Secretary of War."

Fort Fisher (Second Expedition). Capture.

GENERAL AMES'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND DIVISION TWENTY-FOURTH ARMY CORPS,
 FORT FISHER, January 16, 1865.

"CAPTAIN A. TERRY, *Assistant Adjutant-General*:

"I have the honor to submit the following report of the late movements and operations of this division:

"On the night of the 2d the division, which had just returned to its camp from a demonstration against this point, received

orders to prepare for a second expedition. I left camp on the 3d, and embarked on ocean transports at Bermuda Hundred, between the hours of 7 and 9 P. M., on the 4th instant. The transport fleet sailed from Fortress Monroe on the morning of the 13th instant.

“At 3 o'clock P. M. on the 15th, we stormed Fort Fisher. Brevet Brigadier-General N. M. Curtis' brigade (the First) made a lodgment on the northwest angle of the fort. I immediately ordered up Colonel G. A. Pennypacker's brigade (the Second). The enemy was at once driven from behind the palisading extending from the fort to the river, and about one-third of the work, its northwest angle, occupied by us. I then ordered up Colonel Bell's brigade (the Third), and moved it forward against and in rear of the sea-face of the work, the ground being much obstructed by the ruins of the barracks, lumber, and other rubbish; the enemy being protected by traverses, and taking advantage of the cover afforded by magazines, etc., checked our advance. Fighting of a most obstinate character continued till after dark, during which time we made considerable advancement on the left and captured about four hundred prisoners.

“About 8 o'clock P. M., Colonel Abbott with his brigade completed the occupation of the face of the work, extending from the ocean to the river. A general advance was now made, and the fort occupied without opposition.

“The conduct of the officers and men of this division was most gallant. Aided by the fire of the navy and an attacking column of sailors and marines along the sea beach, we were able to pass over the open ground in front of the fort, through the gaps in the palisading in the ditch made by the naval fire, and finally to carry the work.

“Where the name of every officer and man engaged in this desperate conflict should be submitted, I shall at present only be able to give a few of those most conspicuous. It is to be hoped that all may be suitably rewarded.

“Brevet Brigadier-General N. M. Curtis, commanding First Brigade, was prominent throughout the day for his bravery, coolness, and judgment. His services cannot be overestimated.

He fell a short time before dark, seriously wounded in the head by a canister-shot. Colonel G. A. Pennypacker, commanding Second Brigade, was seriously wounded while planting his colors on the third traverse of the work. This officer was surpassed by none, and his absence during the day was most deeply felt and seriously regretted. Colonel L. Bell, commanding Third Brigade, was mortally wounded while crossing the bridge in advance of the palisading. He was an able and efficient officer, one not easily replaced.

“ I here submit the names of the regimental commanders, and in connection with the brigade commanders is the credit due them for the heroic conduct of their men.

“ Regimental commanders: First Brigade—One Hundred and Forty-second New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Barney; One Hundred and Seventeenth New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Meyer; One Hundred and Twelfth New York Volunteers, Colonel J. F. Smith; Third New York Volunteers, Lieutenant E. A. Behan. Second Brigade—Forty-eighth New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Coan; Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel J. S. Littell; Forty-seventh New York Volunteers, Captain J. M. McDonald; Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania Volunteers, Colonel J. W. Moore; Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, First Lieutenant J. Wainwright. Third Brigade—One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, Colonel Alonzo Alden; Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Zent; Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, Captain J. H. Roberts; One Hundred and Fifteenth New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Colonel N. J. Johnson.

“ Colonel J. W. Moore, Two Hundred and Third Pennsylvania Volunteers, behaved with the most distinguished gallantry. He was killed while passing the second traverse of the fort in advance of his regiment waving his colors.

“ Few equaled, none surpassed, the brave officer, Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Zent, in command of the Thirteenth Indiana; his own regiment and a detachment of volunteers from the First Brigade, numbering in all one hundred men, were deployed

within two or three hundred yards of the fort, and by their fire materially aided our advance.

“Major J. R. Lawrence, Thirteenth Indiana Volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Colvin, One Hundred and Sixty-ninth New York Volunteers, also behaved in the most gallant manner, and rendered efficient service in collecting and organizing the troops which had become separated from their commands in the charge and in leading them to positions where important advantages were gained.

“Captain G. W. Huckins, Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, and First Lieutenant J. Konig, Seventh United States Colored Troops, aides on the staff of Colonel L. B. Bell, commanding Third Brigade, were untiring in their labors and rendered valuable services in the absence of my staff-officers, who had been stricken down in the early part of the engagement.

“Privates Ulric Chapin and James Spring, Company G, One Hundred and Forty-second, D. O. Hotchkiss, Company A, and O. R. Kingsland, Company D, One Hundred and Twelfth New York Volunteers, volunteered to approach to a point considerably in advance of our skirmish line, which they did do, and by this step valuable information with reference to the ditch was gained.

“Private James Cadman, wounded; William Cabe, Company B, George Hoyt and S. R. Portens, Company C, D. H. Morgan and Edward Petue, Company E, E. H. Cooper, Company G, wounded; Silas Baker, Company H, missing; George Merrill and William J. McDuff, Company I, Z. E. Neahel and Bruce Anderson, Company K, One Hundred and Forty-second New York Volunteers, volunteered to advance with the head of the column and cut down the palisading. Copies of the reports of the brigade commanders will be forwarded. In them will be found lists of officers and men who particularly distinguished themselves. It is recommended that medals be bestowed upon all enlisted men mentioned.

“To my staff-officers I am particularly indebted for their zeal and gallantry throughout the day: they were constantly passing to and fro and exposed to the hottest fire. I would respectfully

recommend that they be brevetted for their services: Captain Charles A. Carleton, assistant adjutant-general; Captain A. G. Lawrence, acting aide-de-camp; Captain H. C. Lockwood, aide-de-camp; Captain R. W. Dawson, assistant inspector-general; Captain J. S. Matthews, provost-marshal; Captain B. B. Keeler, mustering-officer.

" Captain Lawrence was the first man through the palisading, and in extending his hand to receive a guidon which he intended to place on the parapet of the works a shell exploded near him, taking off his left arm and seriously injuring his throat. He was afterwards shot in the right arm. For his services on this occasion, as well as those on a former one, I most earnestly urge his promotion.

" Captain Dawson was disabled by a wound in the left arm.

" To Captain Lockwood, General Whiting and Colonel Lamb surrendered with the garrison at Fort Buchanan.

" I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

(Signed)

" A. AMES,

" *Brigadier-General Volunteers.*"

BREVET MAJOR H. C. LOCKWOOD,
Aide-de-Camp to General Ames.

A Cavalryman in the Eleventh Maine Infantry.

CAPT. MONROE DAGGETT, ST. MARIES, IDAHO.

After being discharged from the First Maine Cavalry, having served three years, two months and six days, I immediately accepted a commission as second lieutenant in the Eleventh Maine Infantry and went to Galloups Island, Boston harbor, to await transportation to the front. After remaining there a few weeks drilling recruits, we took ship for Fortress Monroe, Va., on the transport Mississippi. Quite a full account of that voyage can be found in the National Tribune of February 18th, 1892, under the heading, " Fighting Them Over," from the pen of A. C. McShane, who was a passenger on the ship. On

arriving at my regiment I found quite as pleasant a state of affairs as I expected. I was well received by the officers, and very kindly treated. I was quite sick for two weeks from the effects of my sea voyage but continued on duty. We were camped at Chapin's farm, a few miles from Richmond, and about my first duty was to go on picket in front of the confederate capital, where "eternal vigilance was the price of liberty." My training in the cavalry came in good play. I knew all about picketing, and had the reputation of the First Maine Cavalry to sustain, for I soon acquired the title of the "Cavalry Lieutenant." Every officer felt that his regiment was equal to the best and deserving quite as much credit as any other; therefore, coming from such a noted regiment I was not looked upon as a recruit, by any means, and you will pardon me, I trust, if I say that I did not play the part of a recruit, at least such was not my intention. I felt that I was a miniature Atlas, and had the reputation of the First Maine Cavalry on my shoulders, which I fully determined to carry.

In the direction of Cold Harbor, Gen. Kautz' cavalry was doing picket duty during March, 1865, and when Sheridan came down from the Shenandoah Valley, Gen. Kautz was ordered to meet him. Consequently infantry had to take his place. A detachment was sent from my regiment and by mere chance, I always thought, I was sent in command. We remained four days on picket, and strange to state I was not relieved during the time. If my memory serves me right I did not sleep during the four days. We were finally relieved and returned to camp, just in time to find tents struck and all ready for a night march. We crossed the James and the Appomattox rivers that night and did not halt until the next morning, and then only long enough to eat breakfast. The next night we halted in front of Petersburg, near the camp of the Sixth Maine Battery, in which command I had a brother. I went to his tent, sat down on his bunk while he made me a cup of coffee, but before the coffee was ready I was asleep, and all efforts to wake me failed until the next morning. To my great satisfaction my regiment had not moved and I had not been missed, so far as I ever

learned. The next morning, March 29th, we marched for Hatcher's Run, within a few miles of which place we met the enemy's skirmish line and they objected to our further advance, but we advanced all the same up to within about four hundred yards of their works and got down to business in earnest. We skirmished in the day time and did picket by night until the first day of April, when just before daylight the Eleventh Mississippi charged our pickets, capturing several men of our regiment and one officer and killed Lieut. Ireland of Co. H and seriously wounded Major Baldwin in the shoulder, from which he is still a cripple.

During the day much was said about the affair, and Capt. Maxfield (a splendid fellow) whose lieutenant had been killed, was trying to smooth the affair over, when I showed a very large amount of indiscretion by stating in a very positive manner that in my humble opinion there was no cause for such a surprise, that my regiment (emphasizing the my) was never taken in, in any such way, and that there was not a corporal in the regiment that would have allowed such a surprise had he been in command. Col. Hill was standing near by and took in the conversation, as I soon learned, when Adjt. Hanscomb notified me that I would be for picket that night. My brain was not so thick as to prevent my seeing through the cause of my detail for picket at that time, when I had just returned from four days picket duty. The adjutant was my friend and sympathized with me, but it was the colonel's orders and I had to go. On reporting at brigade headquarters I found myself the ranking officer on the line that night, Lieut. Griswold of the Tenth company being the only officer with me. The old picket was relieved and we went on duty. I stationed my men in holes in the ground that the Rebs had dug for picket posts, twelve men in each post, just far enough apart to be a heavy skirmish line when deployed. I walked the line that night until about two A. M. when a fearful fire of musketry commenced up the line near Fort Hell and it seemed to me as if the enemy were advancing, and I looked very anxiously for the brigade officer of the day (my friend Capt. Maxfield of my regiment).

He did not come. Fearing that an advance would be made in our front and the reputation of the First Maine Cavalry resting on my shoulders would not be fully sustained, I deployed my skirmish line (without orders) and advanced towards the enemy's entrenchments. Before advancing I went along the line and gave directions to every post to advance or fall back as the center of the line did, without orders, which command was fully obeyed. We advanced up to the first line of abatis, very quietly tore it down and, as the firing up the line somewhat ceased and no advance from the enemy in prospect, we fell back to our picket posts without anybody knowing that we had advanced one rod. All was quiet again and I was once more happy.

About an hour before daylight the fog fell so thick that we could not see six feet, and as that was the condition of affairs the morning before when our picket line was surprised I felt sure that another advance would be made by the enemy. So, being fully determined to sustain the reputation that I had given the First Maine Cavalry, I advanced the picket line a second time, that I might surprise the Rebs instead of being surprised by them. That time we advanced to the second or last line of abatis and took that down also, marched a couple of rods inside and halted preparatory to giving our friends a warm reception when they came out to carry our picket line again. They did not attempt this, but when daylight came they gave us a very warm reception indeed. My men returned their fire from behind stumps while they fired from behind their breastworks. We settled down to business and I was sustaining the reputation of "my regiment" with a vengeance. The First Maine Cavalry always obeyed orders but I was into it in *Al* shape without orders.

About this time Lieut. George Paine of my regiment came to my relief with about one hundred men, took position on the right of the line and opened fire. I did not go to interview him as my position behind a big pine stump was much safer than out in open ground. In a short time some of my men commenced calling for more ammunition, and then and only until then did I realize my perilous situation. I had advanced with-

out orders, brought on an engagement, and was nearly out of ammunition, and to fall back meant the loss of at least one-half of my men, and if I did not get killed or captured I would surely be cashiered, so my only chance for my life and the reputation of the old First Maine was to charge the works—and get captured. I did not stop to think twice but gave the order—just as we lay behind the stumps—“Fix bayonets!” which order was promptly obeyed by every man, including Lieut. Paine’s detachment, and at the command “Charge!” every man was on his feet and trying to get over those breastworks before the other fellow got there. Over we went, and to our extreme joy the little force of ninety-two men that had been left to be captured by us surrendered. I only had eight men wounded. A West Virginia brigade on our left and across Hatcher’s Run, commanded by Gen. Harris I think, immediately charged and carried the works in their front, capturing everything. My good friend, Capt. Maxfield—brigade officer of the day before—put in an appearance and about the same time Gen. Harris showed up in the redan that we had taken and asked who ordered that charge. I replied that I did, and after inquiring our regiment he walked away with the remark, “You will hear from me, young man.” I did not know whether he meant Capt. Maxfield or myself, but I hoped that he meant the captain for he spoke in anything but commending terms, but we never heard anything from him, at least I did not.

The really interesting part was, our brigade had gone to Petersburg, Fort Gregg, in the night and left the officer of the day with Lieut. Paine’s company to bring my command away after daylight, which he did as soon as he could get where we were. He remained with Lieut. Paine until after the charge, which was quite as dangerous as where I was. We joined our regiment just before the final charge on Fort Gregg. The next morning when the regiment was reorganized Capt. Maxfield was assigned to duty as major and I was given command of his Co. H, which positions we held until we returned to Richmond after the surrender at Appomattox, our regiment taking an active part in the last charge a few moments after Lee had surren-

dered. After returning to Richmond I was detached from my regiment and assigned to duty as assistant provost marshal, where I remained until the city was turned over to civil authority.

In conclusion, I wish to say that I had a very mistaken idea of the infantry, as all know who were there. The last campaign was the hardest of the war, and the infantry made cavalry time on that march, and I have to report that the infantry service except the last campaign was a picnic as compared with the cavalry service. I was never punished or even reprimanded for my action on the skirmish line at Hatcher's Run, but on the contrary was on the best of terms with every officer and man in the regiment, from the colonel down. And just here I want to record the fact that no better, braver, more faithful to duty and the cause of the Union lot of officers and men were ever organized into a regiment than those comprising the Eleventh Maine Infantry, from Col. Hill down, your humble servant excepted of course. After serving a full term in the First Maine Cavalry I ought to know whereof I speak. My service in the infantry was of the most pleasant and satisfactory character, considering the time and duties to be performed, and I look back to the days that I spent with the Eleventh Maine Infantry, counting even the hard work and exhaustion of the time from Chapin's farm on the north side of the James River to Appomattox Court House and back to Richmond as among the most pleasant of my life.

Eleventh Maine at Appomattox Court House.

BY THOMAS J. HOLMES, SECOND SERGEANT, CO. G.

I will commence my story April 8th, 1865. We commenced marching at the Appomattox river at a burnt bridge west of Farmville, where we arrived the night of the seventh of April. We started before daylight in a thick fog back for the main road we left the night of the seventh. The road on which we continued to march all day was the road over which the cavalry had gone, and all along the way we saw jaded and played

out horses which had been turned loose. About six o'clock in the afternoon we heard cannon firing and fighting going on in front of us a good distance ahead; later on a courier came back and the news spread like fire running through the grass that Sheridan's cavalry had captured a train of cars loaded with supplies; then our officers commenced urging us on. Away we went, until eleven o'clock that night, the eighth of April, '65. We came up to the railroad and trains and to the cavalry guarding the same, pushed across the track where two cars had been shackled, then crossed a broad turnpike into a pine forest, and here lay down for the night. At four o'clock in the morning, April 9th, we moved up the broad pike straight ahead, with woods on the left side and fields on the right. We arrived just at daybreak at an almost square turn in the pike to the left, and in the field on the right side of the pike were the headquarters of Generals Sheridan and Custer. Our men at this time commenced singing out "hot coffee." Gen. Sheridan came out and said something to our commander, Gen. Ord. Our division, the first, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, filed in to the field on the right of the pike and commenced cooking coffee. The water had not boiled when we heard rifle shots away out on the pike. Soon they got thicker and faster and we had orders to fall in quick. We kicked over the hot water and fell into line as quick as we could. Orders were given to double-quick, so on we went double-quick; a heavy growth of timber on the left side of the pike and scrub oaks on the right. We had double-quickened a long distance when we came to a down hill grade in the pike. Here we met some of the cavalry falling back, coming out of the scrub oak on the right side of the pike, and I remember well a cavalry major coming up the pike and singing out at the top of his voice for us to fall back, that we would all be taken prisoners. Gen. Hill ordered us forward, and we charged the pike till we came to six pieces of artillery—twelve-pound brass-pieces—in the middle of the pike. Right here was a road on the left of the pike leading to Lynchburg, as we understood at the time. We passed this road and the cannon, meeting horses without riders. We cleared our way until we

came to a pair of bars leading into a small field, triangular in shape, surrounded by woods on all sides. We tore the bars away and charged into the field. Here we formed a new line of battle and marched in line to the back end of the field, close to the fence. I must mention here that there were one or two old rebel wagons in this field, loaded with all kinds of plunder. I remember seeing Gen. Foster, commander of our division, draw his sword and demand of some cavalymen who had followed close behind us into the field and were pilfering the wagons, to give up the plunder as it belonged to his men and not to the cavalry. They gave up the plunder to Gen. Foster, and if my memory serves me right, one of the trophies was a blue silk banner that belonged to the Norfolk Blues. Here orders were given to fix bayonets and charge. I was one of the company on the extreme left of the regiment, being in Company G; our regiment held the extreme left of the division. We charged there from the field through a heavy growth of hard wood timber, through low land at first then rising ground. We kept on until we came to a field, sort of ox-bow shape. Our left at this time rested close by a small white house; Company H near the house, and Company G to right of the house, near corn house and tobacco house, lying down behind the fence. When we came over the crest of the hill there was a rebel battery in the ox-bow field that opened a murderous fire on us with grape and canister, and a good many of our boys fell dead and wounded. I lay low with the boys on the left of my company behind the fence, shooting at the rebel artillery. Our whole attention was directed in front watching the artillery and getting in a shot when we could, not dreaming that the whole right had fallen back—even the whole right of our company had fallen back. The first notice I had of this was from five or six rebel cavalymen, wearing red caps, and mounted, coming out from behind the tobacco house on our right, singing out "Surrender, you d——d Yanks." I sung out "Boys, get up, the rebs are on us." I told the boys to blaze away at them; they did so and the cavalry fell back behind the tobacco house for cover. I told the boys to run for the timber.

We all made for the timber, and when we got there each man got behind a tree and commenced blazing away at the cavalymen. While behind the trees we saw the cavalymen take some of Company H prisoners, among whom was an Arabian, very dark and with curly hair. The rebs sung out "He is a nigger; kill him!" We could see and hear the poor fellow pleading for his life; that he was not a negro but an Arab. The next scene was the artillery in the field, limbering up and going back at break-neck speed towards the court house. Here we commenced to fall back to see where the regiment was. We went through the woods some two hundred yards into low land, when we heard voices. I told the boys to lay low and I would see who was there. I picked my way from tree to tree for about three rods, then peaked out and saw the old flag of our regiment. It was drawn up in line of battle, with Major H. C. Adams in command. I sang out to the boys to come on and we all came from the woods together, and when the regiment saw us they cheered. We fell into our places, and were ordered to fix bayonets and charge. We charged through the woods again, coming out in the field to the left of the white house. Soon after reaching the field we were called to a halt, and at this place the white rag came out, or the flag of truce. At this point, while in line, we heard yelling in the rear coming from the woods and shouting and cheering. We looked around and saw the colored troops coming up from the woods we had just left. Then we moved still farther to the left, as far as the field extended next to the woods. There was a road running straight along parallel with our line, past us, then through the woods to the field and past the house. The Eleventh did some shooting and skirmishing with Fitz-Hugh Lee and his cavalry. We held the left then and until we marched back to Farmville after Lee's army was paroled. All of this is just as I remember things at that time, and I think I am right. I do not know what happened on the right on the first charge to cause the break, but have been told that a brigade of hundred day men who were on the right when the grape and canister came, broke and run and so caused the line to fall back and form again.

REVEILLE.

O voices winter-clear, awake!
 In all the wild familiar shrines;
 In thunder on the great shores break;
 Call from the deathless mountain pines
 The chant, that lulled their cradle rest,
 The sweet refrain to heart and brain;
 Cry "Welcome!" down each cliff and crest
 For these, our boys—the sons of Maine!

For two years and a half have the First Maine Cavalry skirmished with the First Maine BUGLE. They have fully found out the lay of the land and ascertained the position of the enemy, and now, in the usual cavalry custom, they propose to withdraw the curtain of their ranks and let the infantry men of Maine and the red artillery do some shooting. Don't be alarmed about your flanks. The cavalry will be out that way, somewhere, and when you have defeated the opposing foe you will hear them yell as though they had performed all the fighting. But in good fellowship do not take umbrage at their noise; for it is a military axiom that the cavalry yell on the flank or in the rear of the enemy's column is as effective in demoralizing their ranks as the sharp, close crack of repeating carbines. The clear field now before you is all Maine, and on the field thus developed and made ready for the muskets and guns of the artillery and infantry, you are urged to take your position and open fire.

We ask the attention of every reader of this first Call to its distinctive Maine flavor, and to the fact that such flavor is as upright and fragrant as her northern spruce. One feature in this Maine atmosphere is the adherence of her soldiers to an unbending devotion to the lines of duty as relentless and full of purpose as her northern winters. The first article—Comrade Brown's, of the First Maine Heavy Artillery—has aroused criticism and discussion. This is one purpose of the BUGLE. It



Dr. HORACE C. WHITE,
Asst. Surgeon 8th Me. inf.
Somerville, Mass.

is to awake each and every comrade who hears its notes to declare in enduring form what he remembers and knows concerning "that great struggle which preserved constitutional liberty on the face of the earth." Such narration must be honest and not imaginative. It may vary from the actual facts but such variation must be due to the smoke and confusion that hangs over every participant in actual battle, and not to a desire to vary or wrongfully color. Every excited and actual worker in front of the enemy's fire sees a narrow field of view with no perspective and with a universal misconception of time and distance, but such detached pictures are the life of any regimental or other organization seeking material for history. The very design of the BUGLE is to break up the soil that lies buried under thirty years or more of subsequent struggle for livelihood and material ends.

The First Maine Heavy Artillery is grandly noticed in this issue; next, sandwiched between a melody of poetry, appears an appetizing sketch of the early services of the Eighth Maine. In the April issue a bright and interesting narration of experience in southern prisons and escape of a member of the Eighth Maine will appear. It is right to remark here that the Eighth Maine are fully awake and will crowd every issue of this year's BUGLE with pictures of her comrades and articles of value to her members and of exceeding interest to lovers of Maine.

Next in order comes the leading and most important article in the issue, "A Man from Maine," a true history of the army at Fort Fisher; a clear, honest narration of what was done, bearing its own justification on its face and giving the right proportions of the various actors by their own words and their positions in the fight at the time. It is an article of great and permanent historic value and should be carefully re-read to see how clear and strong its deductions are established.

Attention is further called to the interesting and attractive manner in which the Eleventh Maine with two leading articles, wheels into line on the pages of the BUGLE and how grandly that regiment, which on foundation unstable as water, builded the resting place for the feet of the Angel, symbollically called

from heaven to send its messages into the heart of Charlestown from her own inaccessible swamps, continued her services till the final campaign of Lee's surrender. Her losses in killed on the 9th of April, 1865, were only equaled by one other regiment, and that regiment was from Maine. Now follows page after page of distinctive echoes, all of which will interest every reader and are in themselves a rich reward, like "the song that from the heart is poured."

A FEW CORRECTIONS AND AN IMPORTANT SUGGESTION.

AUGUSTA, December 26th, 1893.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—In looking over the advance sheet, pages one to sixteen, of this issue, I have become interested in the article of Comrade Joel F. Brown of Co. I, First Maine Heavy Artillery, on page four. For the sake of historical accuracy, I will give the figures of some of our losses which he gives from recollection. The list of killed and wounded at Spottsylvania as printed at that time numbered four hundred and eighty-four, with seventeen missing, ten of whom at least proved to be wounded and three prisoners. About twenty who were slightly wounded did not leave the regiment. The loss of the regiment at Petersburg has been set down at six hundred and four, of which Co. I lost forty-five and not sixty-nine as his article would indicate. The comrade must be in error as to the cause of the death of Lieut. Samuel J. Oakes, afterwards captain of Co. I. He was killed in action March 25th, 1865, near Hatcher's Run. In regard to halting, dressing with "guides on a line" and going through with the manual of arms after starting out on the field at Petersburg I must disagree with my comrade. Col. Chaplin never needlessly exposed his regiment, as his weeping over the loss of his men clearly proves. And in regard to his throwing away his life, he threw it away just as four hundred and twenty-five others of our brave boys did, in the faithful performance of a stern duty as ordered by a superior officer. Now in regard to being on the field twenty minutes: I think five would be nearer the correct time. The distance from the road to the breastworks is less than four hundred yards, less than half a mile out and back, over which a man could easily walk in ten minutes; and as we made no halt after starting but advanced on a double quick and retreated with all the speed at our command, the time we were on the field was decidedly brief. Every member of the First Maine Heavy Artillery who reads this number of the BUGLE will at once recognize the list of losses on page eight accompanying the article as part of a circular letter prepared by myself and sent out to the members of our regiment and some others for additions and corrections. But through some misunderstanding the list was printed in the BUGLE without my corrections, but now it is printed let us turn it to good account. Let it be understood that this list does not truly represent our losses. Since getting it out I have learned of over eighty wounded men whose names are not on the list, besides a large number that I have found are located in the wrong action, and a few will be stricken

off the list as not wounded. I have also accounted for nearly one-half of my list of "Not accounted for." Now let every member of the First Maine Heavy, or any other person who has any knowledge of the facts, write me supplying any omissions or corrections that should be made in the list, and in the April number of the *Bugle*. I will have all the new names and changes published.

Yours in F., C. & I.,

CHARLES J. HOUSE,
Historian of First Maine Heavy Artillery.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., December 22d, 1893.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

Your kind letter, also its contents from Comrade Parsons of Dwight, Ill., together with a part of the *BUGLE* for January next, has just been received and finds me sick and under the doctor's care; yet comrade Brown's article rouses me all up. He is in error, I think, about Col. Chaplin leading his regiment. Col. Chaplin was in command of the brigade, Gen. Mott in command of the division, and Gen. Birney in command of the Second Corps. I don't remember of seeing Col. Chaplin at the time of the charge. Lt.-Col. Talbot was away sick. The regiment as I recollect it was in command of Maj. R. B. Sheppard. The order came from Gen. Mott for the charge to be made, and was given by his assistant inspector, Capt. Isaac W. Starbird, Nineteenth Maine Regiment, who went into the charge with us. Only Birney's division, Third Division, Second Corps, was there, consisting of the three brigades. Our brigade was in the center, massed into column of regiments, but our regiment being so very large was massed in three lines of four companies each. The first line was commanded by Maj. R. B. Sheppard, second by Capt. Whitney S. Clark, Co. E, and the third line by Capt. Christopher V. Crossman, Co. D. The other two brigades were on our right and left one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards away. The brigade containing the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery was at or near the O. P. Hare house, where afterwards was built Fort Steadman. Now Gen. Mott writes me that his intention was to have our brigade make the charge, led by the First Maine Heavy Artillery, which was a new regiment, had not seen the tiger nor felt its claws, therefore unmindful of its danger, and might possibly go through the rebel lines. "Then it was my duty," says he, "to have the old tried regiments ready to profit by any advantage we might gain." When I came off the field, probably ten minutes from the time the charge was ordered and started, I saw Col. Chaplin coming towards our brigade, still massed in the road, consisting, I am informed by Gen. Starbird, of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, Sixteenth Massachusetts Infantry, One Hundred and Fifty-second New York Infantry, Seventh, Eighth and Eleventh New Jersey Infantry. He, Col. Chaplin, was riding towards us from our left, I think coming from Gen. Mott's position near the O. P. Hare house. I went towards him and met him about seventy-five yards from the brigade. He said, "Low, isn't that a damned shame?" and the tears started down his cheeks. He said, "Get your men together and see what has happened." He then rode towards the rest of the brigade and began to damn them for not going in. He said, "There are the men you have been making fun of: you did not dare follow them. If I ever hear one of you call them heavy again I'll shoot you on the spot." You will see by what I have written that the word brigade should be inserted instead of corps in the sixth line, sixth page.

January 4th, 1894.

A week ago yesterday I went to Melrose and spent three or four hours with Comrade Brown. We talked over the whole matter and he told me he had learned many things about the charge he never knew before. I find he corroborates the story that Col. Chaplin offered his sword to Gen. Mott or Gen. Birney after the battle saying he should not need it any more, "There is my regiment lying in that field." But it has been disputed by Capt. H. H. Shaw of Portland, who was on Gen. Mott's staff. I will send with this, a book, "Frank Wilkenson's Recollections of a Private Soldier," an account of its graphic description of the march of the heavy artillery into Spottsylvania. It begins on page eighty-two and covers five pages. That description is the best I have ever seen. The march was made by the Seventh and Eighth New York Heavy Artillery, First Maine and First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery on May 17th, 1864. We marched from Belle Plains Landing to Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, crossed the Rappahannock river to and through Fredericksburg, and continued directly on to Spottsylvania, arriving there and going into bivouac about eleven o'clock that night. We were held in reserve in the rear lines the next day. The army moved to the left the nineteenth, and this brigade, or as it was called, Tyler's Division of Heavy Artillery, remained expecting a wagon of ammunition and commissary supplies from Fredericksburg. About four o'clock in the afternoon as we were lying in the woods, our arms stacked near by, we suddenly heard not far away, probably not over one hundred rods, the crack, crack, crack of the advancing skirmish line of rebel forces who had advanced to the wagons. We jumped into line, took arms and were ordered forward, "right oblique, double quick, march," and in this order the whole line advanced. We did not stop but passed the wagon train just in our front, the rebel skirmishers falling back to the woods beyond the road. We continued to advance till about seventy-five rods beyond the wood, through a field; we came up to their line of battle. Thus began our first battle. We fought over two hours, many of us exposing ourselves unnecessarily; over half of the killed I believe were shot through the head. We were relieved after expending all our ammunition by one of the divisions of the Second Corps. We came off the field dripping with sweat and after getting our supper were marched about one and a half miles away and went on picket in a low swampy place where we suffered severely with the cold as we had lost our blankets; we had thrown them into a pile just before going into the woods and placed a guard over them. We never saw them again. I have always remembered the sufferings of that night as it was very cold. I am satisfied by what Comrade Brown says, that Col. Chaplin went in with his regiment and came out on the left near the O. P. Hare house, offered his sword to Gen. Mott, then called for his horse, and rode down and met me as before stated. Comrade Brown desires the following corrections made: On page six, ninth line from bottom strike out the words, "And put us through the manuel of arms;" on page seven, fifth line from bottom, change "Gen. Birney" to Gen. Mott; on page eight, fourth line from top, change "seventy-five men" to forty-nine. In your list of losses I find my name left out. I was wounded April 6th, 1865, at Sailor's Creek—Co. B, Capt. Fred C. Low—and in Co. I, Lt. Albert White was wounded at the same time and place. I have the photographs of all the officers of the regiment—one hundred and nineteen—except one, Lt. Whitmore, Third Maine Battery, which belonged to the regiment ten months and twenty-five days.

Yours truly,

F. C. Low.

BUGLE ECHOES.

Blow, bugle, blow;
Set the wild echoes flying.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

KENDALL POLLARD, Co. K, Eighth Maine, of Swampscott, Mass., writes:

I am always ready in a good warfare and will do my best to aid you as far as I can. I think that every comrade ought to have a copy of the roster of the regiment. I should like one.

IN TWO REGIMENTS.

JOSEPH F. TWITCHELL, Col. Eighth Maine and Capt. Second Maine Cavalry, of Hiram, Me., writes:

I received a copy of the BUGLE and was very much interested in it. The articles it contains are or should be of much interest to the old veterans. I left the Eighth in June, 1863, and joined the Second Maine Cavalry, and am not so familiar with the doings of the Eighth Maine after June, 1863, as Col. Boynton, and he would without doubt be pleased to prepare an article for your BUGLE. He is a very pleasing and forcible writer. I think a publication of the roster and addresses of the members of the Eighth would interest "the boys," and have no doubt a large percentage of them will subscribe for the BUGLE. I hope that you will meet with good success, as you deserve to, as you must have been to a good deal of expense.

WILL DO ALL I CAN.

J. W. CALDWELL, Co. B, Eighth Maine, of Sherman's Mills, writes:

I assure you if I felt competent to perform the task properly, and could devote myself to it, I should esteem it both a privilege and sacred duty; but I have engaged in an enterprise which will occupy all my time this fall and the first part of the winter at least. I shall be glad to contribute an article or two later, but not a leader. I shall most gladly do all I can to extend the circulation of the BUGLE in this vicinity during the year 1894.

WILL WRITE AN ARTICLE.

GUSTAVUS PEASK, Co. A, Eighth Maine, of Bean's Corner, Me., writes:

I heartily concur with you as to the value of publishing history that the "Men of Maine" helped to make a third of a century ago. I have thought for years that a publication of the character that you propose might be of great interest and benefit. The fact is, I am a poor plodding farmer who has to work day by day for his daily bread, and such a life is not conducive to brilliancy of intellect, and I suspect that this is somewhat the condition of nearly all of the survivors of the Eighth Maine, if not of all the survivors of the war. But if no one does anything the good work that you have inaugurated will not go on, and although I have not been able to do any

work for the proposed history of my own regiment as yet, I will give you my word that I will take time to endeavor to write an article for your publication. But with many of us the dollars are so few that we can enjoy neither politics nor reminiscence.

A WAR STORY.

REV. OLIVER M. COUSENS, Co. F, Eighth Maine, of Dexter, Me., writes:

You propose my writing for the *BUGLE*. I think I will do so, though perhaps before deciding to what extent, I will ask to hear from you again. Certain injuries received in war have incapacitated me for the pastorate of a church but they have not incapacitated me for writing. And for this purpose I relinquished my pastorate at Saint Clair, Pa., and came on here to this quiet place that I might write out what I have treasured up for these years. Of course I would be glad to have such work yield me something pecuniarily, but I will write you something anyway. Does your publication include any fiction? I have in my mind a war story of considerable length, embodying some of my own actual experience, and yet, to enhance the interest, containing a little tissue of fiction. You will favor me by saying whether or not such contribution would come within the line of your plan and whether you could make it of use.

NOTE.—Our plan includes fiction, poetry, biography, travels, explorations and everything appropriate to Magazine literature, but the especial trend of all our literary effort must be personal experiences and historical accounts pertaining to the war of the rebellion, and its effect on the development of our country. The unifying bond that encircles all the papers of the *BUGLE* is the personal element of comradeship, that what interests one comrade will interest another. As regards pecuniary profits, the *BUGLE* can pay nothing. Articles appearing in the *BUGLE* can be reprinted in book form at small expense by using the type before distribution.

WOULD NOT BELIEVE HALF OF IT.

ALBERT W. FRIEND, of Brooksville, Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, writes:

Modesty forbids my writing up my experience as a prisoner of war, although I stated in my letter to you that I could give a short sketch of my capture and my four months experience in Libby Prison and also my escape from that den of misery. I was only a recruit in the old First Maine, and you know what a horror old veterans have for recruits, and if I should make a statement of all the proceedings from the time I was captured up to the time I was paroled and have it published, I am afraid that the old veterans of the regiment would not believe half of it, and that would make me feel bad. But the recruits did not shirk their duty, they did the very best they could. I enlisted for three years or during the war and served about half of my time. Although I did not plant any flags on little Round Top, and was not the first man that entered Richmond when it was taken, I tried to do my duty; if I didn't, then it was no fault of mine. I do enjoy reading stories and incidents of army life, and I hope to see lots of them in the coming *BUGLE*. If there is anything that I can contribute in the form of my army service that will help to make the *BUGLE* interesting I will try to do so.

REV. H. A. PHELPROOK, Chaplain Eighth Maine, of Quincy, Mass., writes:

I have been elected president of a large corporation, and with others am engaged in establishing a new school in the city of Quincy. I am willing to be quoted as favorable to your plans and to the *BUGLE*, but I cannot take upon myself any more work at present.

DR. WILLIAMS NAMED.

DR. LOCERO J. GIBBS, Co. H, Eighth Maine, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., writes :

I feel interested in your enterprise and will certainly aid you to the extent of subscription to the *BUGLE* and would gladly aid you otherwise if I thought anything I might write would be of interest to the "boys" who served in my own and other regiments. You know the horizon of the individual soldier in the ranks was a limited one and anything like history from him would be limited and reasonably inaccurate. I would suggest Dr. Benj. Williams of your city as one well calculated to fill this position, and I will later try and contribute something to fill space at least.

GEN. HENRY BOYNTON, Col. Eighth Maine, of Augusta, writes :

Your favor of the seventeenth found me helpless from a sudden and very severe illness, from which I am now just again getting upon my feet, but I am so debilitated as to be unfit to attempt to write anything longer than a brief letter. My idea is that a sketch ought to embody incidents, real events, and occurrences that made up the real life of the regiment. I shall be glad when I become physically able, to record the various interesting episodes and striking events that are the salient points of the old Eighth, from the many notes and recollections that I have, but first it would be essential to know the exact amount of space in type at my disposal.

CAMP PENOBSCOT.

MRS. PERRY ARNOLD, wife of Arnold of Co. C, First Maine Cavalry, Bangor, Me., writes :

Inclosed you will find note for one dollar and a half (\$1.50) which my husband owes for the *BUGLE*. We waited a few days thinking we could get money to send—money is hard these times; we will soon have it and for the next year, for we could not get along without the *BUGLE*. I think I enjoy it as much as my husband, for I have to read every word of it aloud as his eyes trouble him. It is not hard to read its contents, no matter how tired I am. I forget self and am again with the boys in blue, and re-live the past again. I think it is more real to me as I was at Augusta all of the time the First Maine Cavalry was encamped there. What a handsome regiment it was, when marching to the front. How changed when they came home! We always had to laugh at Col. Goddard. His riding! ha! ha! So you see we have much to talk about, and we never tired of hearing of husband's army life. I saw in the last two *BUGLES* mention of W. L. Boyd, now in the west. Ask him if he remembers going to the ball of the non-commissioned officers in old Meonian hall, and of a captain of one of the companies losing hat or cap and coat, he taking Billy's to get into camp, promising to send them right back so B. could see his best girl home; we waiting there till past 4 o'clock A. M., then taking table covering from the dressing room, to use for cap, so they could get home and he to camp. When he got there captain was sound asleep; when aroused he said: "I was so sleepy that I thought it was my own." What a laugh the boys had. It was a long walk from down town then (now cars make easy work of those hills). Those days were full of fun to all concerned, little anticipating the hardships and exposure of actual service. Many of those little incidents I remember most pleasantly. I have some papers taken from the Court House at Fairfax, where the regiment camped in April '62; the one I have is dated in the 10th year of the reign of George the Second, which was about the year 1741. In these papers is a very interesting description

of the place. What was called the Happy Family at that time now sleeps in the old church in which our Noble Washington was married. The letters, I have, written in the field, are very interesting as they are very descriptive and cover the whole period of my husband's campaign; but I think you have enough of this. We have not much ready money but we are much better off than some of the comrades, as we have a good home for which we are very thankful. I hope I can send by and by something to pay for the BUGLE for some poor fellow who is not able to pay for it, for I think every one of the First Maine Cavalry should have it.

NOTE.—Letters like the above are most interesting and helpful. Time after time I have been discouraged and have resolved not to continue my efforts to print the BUGLE, and time after time I have had my heart made glad, because to many the BUGLE Echoes were as refreshing as the biblical cup of water, and I forgive those who are dead to the memories it wakens.

"I AM A MAINE MAN."

HIRSH S. TUTTLE of Oakland, Cal., writes:

I was in Co. K, Third California Volunteers, but I had a brother in Co. D, Eighth Maine Volunteers. He was at Beaufort, S. C. while I was at Salt Lake, Utah; but I am a member of the Eighth Maine Association. At some future time I will write you my experience of thirty-eight months service. I am a Maine man, was born in the town of Palmyra, claim Maine as my State and any one, who says aught against Maine or her boys who wore the blue, says it against me. I am a member of Bosworth Post of Portland. I will forward this letter of yours to my brother J. P. Tuttle, Hartland, Me., and I will send you the subscription for your BUGLE soon as I can get a spare dollar for I have an interest in the history of Maine troops more than I have in these of California, for there we were not treated right; we enlisted with the full assurance that as soon as the regiment was full we should be sent to the seat of war.

ALL THE READERS SAY THEY WANT THE WHOLE.

ERASMO'S DOBLE, Co. B, Eighth Maine, of Kingman, writes:

Several years ago I wrote out part of my experience in rebeldom for my children to read over when they were old enough to understand it, so they could know something of what we prisoners of war had to endure if I did not live to tell them by word of mouth. It is very crude and I do not now see any time to rewrite it. I give you full liberty to use what you like of it or reject the whole or any part of it.

"A LITTLE INSIDE HISTORY" PROMISED.

GEN. EGBERT L. VEILE of New York City, writes:

I thank you very much for the copy of the BUGLE you have sent me. I am a very busy man just now and although I fully appreciate and most heartily endorse your praiseworthy efforts to keep alive the spirit of comradeship and spirit of patriotism, I fear I cannot be of much service to you. The war for the Union was with me the continuation of an interrupted military life. There was no novelty in it to me, as it was the third war in which I had been engaged. But there was a very strong sense of duty and a very heavy weight of responsibility, for my West Point education left me no excuse on the score of inexperience for any mistakes or oversights. I felt all this more forcibly, I think, than at any other time, when those stalwart men of the Eighth Maine came to report to me, fresh from their homes in the great forests



JAMES H. H. HEWETT,
Capt. Co. D, 8th Me. Inf. and Bvt. Major U. S. Vols
Thomaston, Me.

of their State, with the sinews of Hercules and the hearts of children, frank, ingenuous, and brave, yet with no more idea of discipline and a soldier's life than of the composition of the moon. To get them into shape seemed an almost hopeless task. To make them understand that I was their sincere and sympathizing friend while yet exercising of necessity the authority of a commander, was still more difficult; yet in time they made most excellent soldiers and did some very hard work for their country. When I have a little more leisure I will be most happy to contribute to the interesting data you are collecting and disseminating; perhaps a little "inside history" might have a spice for your reading. In the meanwhile continue to send me the BUGLE.

"IT SEEMS LIKE MEETING THEM."

MRS. MATTHEW W. ELLIS of Searsport, writes:

Comrade Ellis of Co. D, First Maine Cavalry died 5th of June, after a long, lingering sickness. He thought a great deal of the BUGLE, and read it as long as he was able; after he got so low he could not read, I read it to him. I think a great deal of it myself and I will pay you for it as soon as I can. Continue to send the BUGLE and I will pay you quarterly. I think a great deal of the First Maine Cavalry and the only way I shall hear from them will be through the BUGLE. My husband always said it seemed like meeting them to get a BUGLE.

WILL SEND SOMETHING INTERESTING.

CORNELIUS HARRINGTON, Co. I, Eighth Maine, of New Bedford, Mass., writes:

It is a pleasure to know that the history of the Eighth Maine Infantry is to be printed and I am sorry I am not capable of writing a leader for the BUGLE, but if I can at some future time I will try and send something interesting for the BUGLE.

SHERMAN'S DAM.

JAMES G. HARDING, Co. II, Eighth Maine, writes:

I can give no promise of when I may be able to write something. I have thought I would like to give our experience in the Southern Department, building what we called "Sherman's Dam" (fortification at Hilton Head) and at Tybee.

I AM ABLE TO EARN MY LIVING.

MRS. D. C. HUNTINGTON, of North Bradford, writes:

I am the mother of Daniel Huntington (Hist. p. 652). I have urged him to write you and pay for the BUGLE, but he is forgetful. He and his wife are working in Bangor. He was at home last week and I gave him the BUGLE and papers and urged him to write you and pay up, but I fear he has not. I am seventy-three years old. My husband died twelve years ago, and I am able to earn my living, and send part pay for the BUGLE.

GOD BLESS THE BOYS.

JOSEPH D. EATON, Co. I, First Maine Cavalry, of Wells, writes:

I inclose \$3.50 for BUGLE. Its notes bring back to us the scenes of our boyhood days; great changes have taken place in our land, but to us the war was a reality. The old First Maine has no apologies to make to our Southern brothers their or Northern allies for the part it took in the struggle for National existence. God bless the boys. We are getting old and many of us are poor.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CITY.

EDWARD S. FROST, Co. C, First Maine Cavalry, of Pasadena, Cal., writes :

Every time I receive the BUGLE I say to myself "now I will write and remit what I owe to-morrow sure," but when I go to my office, I find so much to do that I don't think of it again until the next BUGLE calls. I enjoyed reading the "Country for Which We Fought," and will say that you missed seeing the most beautiful residence city in the country, and an old comrade that was on the lookout for you. I was very much disappointed in not meeting you, for I was planning to make things pleasant for you even if it was hot. It was the hottest weather known in several years. I trust if you come my way again, you will call on me in Pasadena.

"I AM NOT ASHAMED TO FACE MY COMRADES."

DANIEL M. FOSTER, Sergt. Co. H, First Maine Cavalry, of Canaan, writes :

I have neglected my duty in regard to the BUGLE, but I always tried to do my duty as a soldier and I am not ashamed to face my comrades in regard to my soldier life; I was with that curtain of cavalry at Appomattox when it stood between the rebel army and our colored infantry. As I look back over that life it seems like a dream until I look in the glass of time, where I see myself and comrades verging upon old age, instead of the "boys of '61." But I take courage when I think and know that there is a life hid with Christ that never grows old.

NOTHING GIVES ME MORE PLEASURE.

WILLIAM H. KIMBALL, (Hist. p. 638) of Burnham, writes :

The BUGLE has always been a welcome visitor, still, owing to the pressure of other business I have thus far neglected to respond, but when I received your last earnest appeal which spoke in words not to be mistaken, I hastened to make amends for the past by remitting to January, 1894, and will try to be more prompt in the future. I would not have you or any of the old comrades of the First Maine Cavalry think for a moment that I have forgotten them or the dear old regiment, to swell whose numbers I was among the first to enroll my name. I enlisted in Co. A, First Maine Cavalry September 30th, 1861, afterwards transferred to Co. L. I cannot boast any very eminent army service. I remained with the regiment at Augusta during the fall and winter. About January I was taken with a bad cold and went to Winthrop Hospital, where I had a severe attack of pleurisy fever, but was able to leave Augusta with the boys; went to Washington, D. C., and went into hospital there, but not getting able to do duty I was discharged in May, 1862, after which I reenlisted in Co. E, Fourteenth Maine Infantry and served until the close of the war. But while in the dear old First Maine Cavalry I formed many pleasant acquaintances that will never be erased from memory. Soon we will listen to another roll call which will muster the last members of the First Maine into the army that shall never break up. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to read letters from old comrades.

WHO REMEMBERS?

RUFUS M. CLAYTON, Co. L, First Maine Cavalry, (Hist. p. 636) of LaMoure, North Dakota, writes :

Inclosed find P. O. order for five dollars for the BUGLE; arrears \$3.50, ahead \$1.50. You will please pardon my negligence and I will try to be more punctual in the future. I should like to ask through the BUGLE if it reaches any of the comrades of

Co. I, First Maine Cavalry who was at the battle of St. Mary's Church, June 24th, 1864, and remained with the company for a few days after, and who can tell me who was in command of Co. I. during those days. I had a sunstroke on the retreat about the 26th or 27th of June and my pension attorney asks me for the testimony of the commanding officer to substantiate the same. The regiment was very small at that time and Co. I. lost by capture Capt. Carson, Lieut. Gordon, my brother Edward B. Clayton, and Solomon H. Odell, and I am bewildered as to the name of the commander of the company after that, as I was soon detailed as brigade commissary. Also if this reaches any of the comrades that can substantiate my falling in the creek at Hatchers' Run on the morning of October 27th, 1864. I think Capt. Boyd was in command. If Samuel Pinkham was alive he could testify, as he was with me at that point. Now if my memory is right we broke camp the morning of October 27th, marched to Hatchers' Run, reached there about nine o'clock A. M. Then we dismounted and formed a heavy skirmish line and our orders were to forward and fire as fast as we could and you know that we could do that pretty rapidly with our sixteen shooters, and the captain said there was a creek ahead but not to halt but to wade in, and I think we did. When I struck Rowanty Creek it seems to me there was a bend in the creek and I struck for the centre and said who will follow me, and Sam Pinkham said he would and we plunged in about that time. I could see lots of our boys in the water waist high. There I fell, losing my sixteen-shooter, and in diving for it I got pretty well wet and re-crossed the stream and found my horse. I had a dry suit of clothes in my saddle bags for which I soon made an exchange, then mounted and joined my company. After that time Lieut. Lee was wounded and I helped him into an ambulance, then went on the skirmish line for the remainder of the day, and at night when the regiment was ordered out in hot haste in that cold rain, I was number four and stayed with the company horses. In that fight, the third of the day, George Shay was badly wounded. Somebody came back calling for Co. I. I answered and they told me one of our boys was down by a stump, wounded. I started in the direction he pointed, calling for Co. I. Soon Comrade Shay answered and I got him on my horse, but he begged me to take him off as he could not stand it any longer. I soon found an ambulance and got him into it. Now comrades, if this should reach any of you present on that day and night you will agree with me that that was a tough day and night. Now I am out here in this wild and wooly West. I don't know a Co. I. comrade in this State. I met Comrade R. R. Bangs of Wescot, Neb., in Washington at the National Encampment in 1892. No one knows the joy at such a time unless he has experienced the same. I should be glad to hear from any of the comrades of Co. I.

NOTE.—If Comrade Clayton will refer to pages 70 and 71 October BUGLE, 1892, he will find a most efficient commander of Co. I., who was present at St. Mary's Church, June 24th, 1864. During the rest of June no officer was with the company. Capt. Carson and Lieut. Gordon were captured. Lieut. Daggett was on duty at Dismounted Camp. The monthly report of June, '64, thus curtly reports the facts, "24th, engaged the enemy at St. Mary's Church; lost many valuable officers and men. 26th, moved to James River. 28th, crossed the river in ferry boats, landed at Fort Powhattan. 30th, moved to Prince George's Court House, and from there to a point in the left and rear of the army." I think Hiram M. Stevens, first sergeant, was in command of the company, who died December 29th, '64; or it may have been Sergt. William J. Crocker, afterwards promoted second lieutenant. As regards Rowanty Creek, Comrade Clayton is mistaken concerning the order "to fire as fast as we could." Instructions were personally given each company commander to husband their ammunition,

as the day was expected to be one of continued fighting. The colonel immediately after the forcing a passage asked each one of the companies engaged how many shots he had fired, and gave some emphatic instructions in relation to the magazine carbine then new in our regiment.—J. P. C.

CAPT. E. C. BIGELOW, commissary of First Maine Cavalry, of Newton, Mass., writes :

I am only too glad to send you the amount due for the BUGLE, and can no doubt aid you in a measure, by paying in advance. We all should be willing to remit one dollar on receipt of the first number in January, which would be paying in advance for three numbers.

COMPANY M COMRADE REMEMBERED.

F. J. SAVAGE, Co. M, First Maine Cavalry, of Fairfield, Me., writes :

I should have paid long ago and am very sorry that I did not. I have always thought that you were doing more than your part. I enclose check for four dollars. I see that my bill is one dollar; would like the balance sent to some deserving member of Co. M, and, dear comrade, if that is not enough let me know and I will try to pay more promptly in the future.

NOTE.—Two dollars were credited to Savage's account, one being for '94 Campaign, and the balance, two dollars, was credited to a worthy Co. M comrade whose writings have appeared in the BUGLE.

JUST THE THING.

BENJ. GOULD, Co. D, Eleventh Maine, of Lewiston, Me., writes :

I am glad to see that there is some one that has the will and ability to publish such a paper as the Maine BUGLE. It is just the thing for the old soldiers to preserve for coming generations, besides being interesting for us to peruse in our declining years. I will do all in my power to aid it.

WILL SEND SOMETHING FOR PUBLICATION.

HIRAM B. KING, Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, of Mechanic Falls, Me., writes :

I inclose P. O. order for two dollars and fifty cents on the BUGLE account. I beg you to excuse me for not having attended to this sooner. I will send money in future for BUGLES in season for each call as I do not feel like living without it. Will endeavor to send something for publication.

CORRECTION.

HIRAM C. JORDAN, Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, of 50 Union St., Portland, writes :

The report in the October BUGLE, page 71, that Chas. F. Dam and C. W. Skillings are the only surviving members of Co. F who enlisted from Portland, is not correct. I enlisted at Portland and was the fifth man on the roll, and I know of a number of others who enlisted from Portland and who are alive at the present time.

NOTE.—Who was the first man enlisting in Co. F?

WILL PAY FOR ITS MUSIC.

SIDNEY W. CLARK, of Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, of Masardis, writes :

I am a great sufferer from rheumatism and have but little money besides my pension. It is hard for me to hold my pen at present writing, but I wish you to know the cause of delay. I want to hear the BUGLE blow as long as I live, and will endeavor to pay for its music. I notice in the October BUGLE a letter from Redmond O'Connell of

Milwaukee, which reminds me of our skirmish at Raccoon ford where he was wounded and Col. Doughty sent me to the rear with him, an account of which I will write soon. I hope to hear the next BUGLE Call reinforced with an old First Maine Cavalry yell.

GEORGE W. GETCHELL, of Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, of Brewer, Me., writes:

I am well pleased with the BUGLE and will try to be more prompt in paying for it.

THE BUGLE I MUST HAVE.

WILLIAM H. LUCE, of Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, of Rice Lake, Wis., writes:

I am sorry I could not pay it before, but from this time on shall be able to keep it paid up. Having just received an increase in my pension so that I now draw seventeen dollars per month, I am in hopes to be able to send for a First Maine Cavalry badge and regimental history during the winter. The BUGLE I must have if I have to give up all other reading matter. Perhaps sometime during the winter I will write a description of my escape from Middletown and five days in the mountains following.

SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER.

COL. FREDERIC C. NEWHALL, of Gen. Sheridan's staff, and now resident of London, Eng., writes:

Your name at the end of your note of October 9th, and the First Maine BUGLE, of which you kindly sent me a copy, excite many recollections which are by no means dim with me, but which, owing to my residence abroad and the changes time brings, are not often revived. I think it very likely that I know the First Maine Cavalry a great deal better than I am known by them, for I was a young staff officer sent here and there among all the regiments. In many hard fights in which the First Maine took part, I will mention only one place, which I think I shall always remember: I was with your brigade along Chamberlain's bed, at the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, where you behaved so splendidly, and all that I wrote of your command in that fight I was an eye-witness of.

STILL LIVE IN HOPES.

CYRUS CASE, Co. C, First Maine Cavalry, of Malvern, Kan., writes:

I was disappointed in not seeing you at the National reunion; neither did I see any one from the dear old First Maine Cavalry. I have seen but two comrades of our famous regiment since coming to Kansas in '69, and as I have a great longing in that direction you can probably realize how I felt. Yet I still live in hope.

NEWS FROM CORP. SAMUEL HURD, JR. OF CO. F, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

MRS. HURD writes from Stetson:

My husband and myself attended the reunion at Pittsfield, where he joined the Association and paid his dues. We also attended at Dover and Bangor, each of which we enjoyed very much; since that time our circumstances have not permitted our attendance. Fourteen years ago my husband was taken sick with erysipelas, which went all over him; then sciatic rheumatism set in, and for more than a year he was able to work but very little, and it has troubled him more or less till within the last two years. Five years ago he went to Washington, hoping to improve his health and better himself financially. The climate agrees with him, his lameness does not trouble him any to speak of now, and for a year and a half he has been at work in a lumber camp, driving six horses. He took up a timber claim in the town of Buckley,

King County, got a deed of it last spring, but times are hard now and there is no sale for it at present. Our family consists of four girls, one a teacher, one a dress maker, and the other two at school. We are all working and if God spares our lives will pay our debt. I have never sent the BUGLE to my husband for he has no time to read. I have kept them that he may have them to enjoy when he comes home, which I hope is not very far distant. At the reunion at Bangor we bought one of the histories. Six years ago I think it was we sent by a comrade who went to the reunion and got another which we gave to a sister as a Christmas present.

LEGAL RIGHT TO BRAG.

WILLIAM GARDNER, Sec. First Rhode Island Cavalry Association, of Providence, R. I., writes:

I am waiting rather impatiently for the October number of the First Maine BUGLE. May I inquire of you why it has not made its very welcome appearance here? I am an old First Rhode Island Cavalryman, and next to being a First Maine Cavalryman I consider connection with the First Rhode Island as great an honor as an enlisted Union soldier has a legal right to brag of.

SORREL HORSE.

WELLINGTON P. BAKER, Co. II, Chief Bugler First Maine Cavalry, of Annawan, Ill., writes:

I am glad to get the BUGLE that I may keep a little track of the boys who were once members of the First Maine Cavalry, though it is now more than twenty one years since I have seen a face or grasped a hand of one of those men who once made up our noble regiment. Though time and distance has so long separated us my thoughts often go back to times when we stood shoulder to shoulder in many a conflict. My heart grows sad when I think of the many noble young men who fell from the ranks of our old regiment. It seems to me now more than it did in times of war that indeed it was a cruel war. In all of my remembrance of our old regiment, in all of its moves and marches, nothing comes to me clearer than the picture of Col. Cilley riding his little sorrel horse. I looked at you though small in stature as great in heart for the cause for which we were contending.

WORTHY OF SUPPORT.

LIEUT. JAMES E. SHEPHERD, Historian of the Ninth Maine Infantry, of Lawrence, Mass., writes:

Thank you for a copy of the BUGLE. It is an admirable production and more than worthy of support.

IF ONE-HALF WILL SUBSCRIBE.

WILBUR F. LANE, 251 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., President of the Eighth Maine Regiment Association, writes:

I regret that Colonel True has declined to contribute to the January number of the Maine BUGLE, and I am surprised at his lack of judgment in suggesting my name as a substitute. If Col. True should fire he would aim well and hit the mark, whereas I could not furnish stuff for priming. I never wrote but one letter in my life for publication. That one was written under pressure of great indignation and was more forcible than polite. However, your generous offer to put the job in "good form"

makes one feel very small to attempt to decline. I will therefore block out something for you to work on, if I can purloin the time to do it and you promise not to publish it unless you really think it possesses a fair average of merit. I ask this because I never did (and don't think I ever can) write an article or letter with any degree of satisfaction to myself. I assure you that I will do all in my power to aid your work on the BUGLE, but as for literary skill from me, don't expect any. I am not in it. To publish a regimental roster of the survivors of our regiment would interest "the boys" and probably induce many to subscribe. I do not know how many our Association numbers, but I think it is something over four hundred, and if one-half of that number would subscribe you would be in shape to go ahead. I herewith hand you one dollar for the BUGLE for 1894, which I trust you will blow to the entire satisfaction of all.

NOTE.—The letter referred to above as "more forcible than polite" started a feeling and enterprise in Boston that has been remarkable in its effects and success. President Lane is a good man to lead.—J. P. C.

AS LONG AS I STAY UPON EARTH.

CHARLES A. WENTWORTH, Co. M, First Maine Cavalry of Ontario, Iowa, writes:

I am sorry to have caused you any inconvenience. Will try and be more prompt in the future. I wish the BUGLE to blow quarterly as long as I stay upon earth.

ANYTHING THAT COMES FROM MAINE SOLDIERS I WISH TO READ.

REUEL THOMAS, Twentieth Maine of Cambridge, Mass., writes:

After I read your circular, it came to my mind that we had a neighbor, a member of the First Maine, by the name of Daniel W. Gage; to hear him talk one would think the First Maine Cavalry did all the fighting in the late war. Thinking he might have the BUGLE I called at his house, and found one. After reading the BUGLE I said to myself this Gage was not to blame for thinking the First Maine did all the fighting. Now Gen. Cilley we have a book in our library that reads like this: "That we, the Twentieth Maine Boys, did most of the fighting in the army of the Potomac." I well remember the morning of the fight at Aldie; you may remember something about a regiment coming to help you out—that was the Twentieth Maine. If I remember rightly; when we got to the woods that morning we came to a halt and beheld the Maine Cavalry slashing right and left among the rebel hosts. Now general I have come to the conclusion that if the Twentieth Maine and the First Maine had remained at home, the war would have lasted until now. You may send me a copy of the BUGLE, it makes no difference whether it is the First Maine or the Thirty-first Regiment; anything that comes from Maine soldiers I wish to read and tell our Massachusetts boys what kind of men Maine sent to war.

KEEP RIGHT ON.

A. F. LEWIS, (Hist. p. 474), of Orono, Me., writes:

Keep right on sending the BUGLE and I will try not to forget you so long next time.

THE HISTORY HAS BEEN MY SOLACE.

ZEBARD F. HYSON, Co. K, First Maine Cavalry of Cooper's Mills, Me., writes:

I read the history over and over every month, it seems so good to bring to memory the days that have passed, the hardships that we went through; and may God bless all of the dear Comrades that belong to that good regiment. I am confined to my house most of the time and the history has been my solace.

HIS HORSE BY THE TAIL.

GEORGE W. WHITE of Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, of 1229 Steiner St., San Francisco, Cal., writes:

I see the BUGLE states that William Maloon of Auburn was at the reunion. I remember him well as he was bugler on our company. I also remember the Deep Bottom fight; how our regiment was drawn up behind a little hill with the remnants of a cornfield in front of us; we were mounted and not firing a shot, but the bullets of the Johnnies were there wounding or killing some of our boys every once in a while. I saw a bullet strike a man in the company in front of Company G, which broke his arm. The poor man howled for the pain was so great and his captain turned to him and said sharply, "shut up." A bullet struck a comrade next to me and cut his jugular vein; he was just back from a furlough from Lewiston. Another bullet struck another one of Co. G's men; he clapped his hand where the bullet struck and said "I am shot in the leg," and one of the sergeants went with him to the rear. He returned again in a short time, for it was a spent ball. We were ordered to advance across a big field and were advancing when the Rebs came out of the woods too many for us. They broke our lines and we fell back in disorder. Our captain was swinging his saber shouting, "Right about and face the enemy," but I noticed he was glad to get towards the rear himself. I had my horse hit twice before he fell and pinned me to the ground. Had not Sergeant Drake came to my rescue my bones would be mingled with my horse's bones to-day. He dismounted, and as he said himself, he thought he lifted five hundred pounds to get me from under my horse. He took my carbine and saber and told me to get into the woods, as the Rebs were close to us. Then Sergt. George E. Jumper came along and threw his foot out of the stirrup and told me to take the stirrup and hang on. I did until I could not seem to get along very well as the trail was narrow and the trees thick, so I took his horse by the tail, but soon gave out. I never shall forget the kindness of George E. Jumper; he then sprang from his horse and helped me into the saddle; then he took the horse by the tail and said, "Use the spurs and get to the rear," as the bullets were coming as thick as hailstones. We soon got back to our battery and were safe. Only three days ago I saw George E. Jumper, hale and hearty; he holds his age well.

BOTH FEET FROZEN.

WILLIAM H. MCPHAUL, Co. C, First Maine Cavalry of Perry, writes:

I was enrolled in Co. F, First D. C. Cavalry, the 6th of January, 1864. I was in the fight at Nottaway river, Va., and the battle in front of Petersburg about the 14th of June, 1864, and battle of Ream's station and battle at Roanoke river, and all the others both great and small from the time the regiment went into service till the sixteenth of Sept. 1864, when I was taken prisoner near Sycamore church, Va. I was a prisoner until the 22d of Feb., 1865, at Florence, S. C. I lived on a pint of Indian meal for days. During that time I had swamp fever, and my feet frozen so that all the toes of both feet were amputated and my feet badly injured other ways by freezing. I have had hard work to walk all these years. I get a pension of seventeen dollars per month only on my feet being injured, which is not near what I should have on that claim. The swamp fever has caused heart and liver troubles for which I have been trying to obtain an increase the last eight years. So you see I am badly used up.

DOWN IN TENNESSEE.

JAMES B. WELSH, Co. A, First Maine Cavalry of Rockwood, Roane Co., Tenn., writes :

I am greatly delighted with the BUGLE and prize them very highly and wish you success. May the BUGLE blow until we are summoned to the final reunion above, in the presence of the great Commander. I am a son of Moses C. and Martha R. (Withey) Welsh. I was born April 22d, 1845, in Dead River Plantation, Me. Married Maggie E. Lacy of Villisca, Iowa, Aug. 17th, 1876. She was born in Rheat Co., Tenn., May 1st, 1852. Our children, Martha E., b. Oct. 12th, 1877. Frank L., b. Jan. 13th, 1880, died May 27th, 1890. Annie M., b. Dec. 28, 1881 and James B., Jr., b. Aug. 22d, 1887. I am a republican and belong to the Christian church, and am a carpenter.

ECHO, A BANK NOTE.

PATRICK F. SHEVLIN, Co. C, First Maine Cavalry of Boston, Mass., writes :

The last Call was a "Call down" and should cause the comrades to come to attention. Let the First Maine BUGLE blow on until the last man of Maine gives it to Gabriel, to sound "Taps." You must make some allowance, general, in time of peace for the slow response of cavalymen around turkey time. A "strong weakness" or a "fine frenzy" has overcome them and I don't think the Bird of Freedom on their own Battle Flag would appease them. After winter quarters are broken the boys will raise the dust off a hard road and respond to the BUGLE notes. The echoes will not answer "Where" but "Here" with a bank note that I hope will not be discordant to your ear.

IN THE MOUNTAINS THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS.

ASA F. HANSON, of Co. M, First Maine Cavalry, of Atkinson, Me., writes :

I can write quite a letter about that awful war from '61 to July, '65. I was in a good many hard scrapes with you, one at Middletown, Shenandoah Valley. They wrote home to my father that I was killed, and you were also reported killed, but neither of us is quite dead. I was in the mountains with fourteen comrades three days and nights. I was knocked senseless at the second battle of Bull Run. I was with Major Gen. Fitz John Porter when I was struck. Again at Malvern Hill the morning that Sergt. Bradman of my company was wounded I had my horse shot from under me and I mounted his horse.

ORO Y PLATA, FROM MONTANA.

ATTORNEY GENERAL H. J. HASKELL, late of Co. B, First Maine Cavalry, writes :

By to-day's mail I received Call 4, which will compare favorably with the others, and I extend to you thanks for the pleasures received from a careful reading of the same. I observe on page 63 of the Call that on motion of Major S. W. Thaxter, it was voted that the association cease its pecuniary responsibility for the publication of the First Maine BUGLE after this year. In other words, the major proposes that this publication, if continued, must depend upon the editor, proprietors or incorporators for its support. If satisfactory to you, you may charge me with five subscriptions to the Campaign of 94, and make such disposition of four of the subscriptions as to you may seem advisable. You may know of some old members who would be pleased to read it for two reasons: first, that it brings to memory the clear recollection of the engagements which their old regiment participated in; and, second, it is in greater

part the handiwork of your honorable self, who was so long a time regimental commander, and for which the old comrades owe a debt that cannot be repaid, except by written expressions as grateful recognitions for your time and labor employed in this work.

DELAYED PAYMENTS.

LIEUT. JEFF L. COBURN, late of Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, now of Coburn & Sons, Architects, 134 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me., writes :

Referring to your bill for the BUGLE will say that there is nothing for you to do but to call out the guard and have the whole lot of delayed payments "rounded up." I shall send you all dues about New Years time, also a contribution to the BUGLE relative to the battle of Dinwiddie Court House.

CHARGE THE SAME TO ME.

CALEB N. LANG, Co. K, First Maine Cavalry, of Portland, writes :

I am in hopes that the BUGLE will continue to blow in the future as bright and clear as it has in the past. I shall be glad to do all I can to help it along. Have you been sending the BUGLE to L. O. Merrill, whose address is 25 B street, San Bernardino, Cal.? If not, please send them to him, beginning with the January, '94, number, and charge the same to me.

NOTE.—Comrade Lang has supplied nine comrades with the BUGLE for 1894 — J. P. C.

THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

W. R. CARTER, First Tennessee Cavalry, of Knoxville, Tenn., writes :

I am now preparing a history of my regiment—the First Tennessee Cavalry—which demands all my time at present. I return thanks for the BUGLE and the encouraging words you send out. The cavalry arm of the service never has had full justice done it, and I hope we will do our best to properly put before the American people a very important arm of the service. I know in the West we did our part of the work in the great struggle in the Army of the Cumberland, in which I served for three years.

E. L. SHACKFORD, of Non-commissioned Staff of First Maine Cavalry, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes :

I receive the BUGLE regularly every quarter and enjoy reading it very much. May you be spared to us many years to come, and continue in the good work.

WILL WRITE A FEW THINGS.

PEARL G. INGALLS, Co. B, Eighth Maine, of Razorville, Me., writes :

Yours of the seventeenth instant is at hand and in reply will state that I would gladly comply with your request—not that I feel competent to fill the place of Col. True—if time and opportunity will permit. Like the colonel I fear that I cannot be depended upon at this period in my life. I find myself surrounded every day of my life with little cares, and I also think the four and one-half years I spent at the front tell upon my powers, both of body and mind. I shall be glad, however, if I can give the time, after the fall business gets a little slack, to write a few things about the campaign of 1864, as I have a diary from May 4th to October, 1864, kept by myself. I had a complete one for all the time of my service but it was burned with my buildings

fifteen years ago. When visiting a sister at Lawrence last fall I found she had an extract from that diary covering the period mentioned. In relation to my opinion about the roster of the Eighth Maine, I judge it would influence its members to subscribe for the BUGLE.

DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

ALVIN HUNTER, Hist. p. 570, of Flintville, Brown Co., Wis., writes:

I have just received the treasurer's report and have read it all. Inclosed please find one dollar which will pay for the BUGLE I believe up to and for January, 1894. I wish I could do more to help you out, but can not at present. Now, dear comrade, I wish you would tell me what offence the editor of the Clinton Advertiser could take to my letter of January 10th, 1893, that is printed in the April BUGLE. I can not see unless it is because he did not belong to the First Maine Cavalry and is ashamed to have them read of the big fights that he has done with his mouth while we did ours with the rifle. It can't be for lack of pay for I have kept him paid up pretty well and owe him nothing now, although he stopped my paper as soon as he saw the letter. And now, dear general, I do not know but the editor of the BUGLE is going to play me the same trick and not blow his BUGLE any more for me. But if he does not, he will see me down there with my rifle, and don't you forget it.

GLAD.

JOSHUA RAY, Co. H, First Maine Cavalry, of Hermon, Me., writes:

I am glad to belong to the First Maine Cavalry Association, and I appreciate the BUGLE and will try to write something for its pages as soon as I can.

WANTS A PASS.

ALONZO ANNIS, Co. D, First Maine Cavalry, of Charlotte, says:

You ask me to write something for the BUGLE. Now if you wanted a quarter of lamb or a fat chicken it would be all right; you would only have to give me a pass and I would see to the rest; but when it comes to writing for the BUGLE I am not at home.

MAINE MEN CAUSE A CHANGE OF CLIMATE.

CHARLES H. MERO, Co. E, Twentieth Maine, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

The First Maine BUGLE carries memory back to my own old comrades from the dear old State, and to the record made by her different regiments. I am proud of my own regiment, the Twentieth Maine. I also feel honored by having my name on the rolls of a State that sent the best regiment of cavalry to the front during the war, of whose record every Maine soldier is proud. They made a name second to none in the history of the war, a name that will be honored by Mainites for all future time. I think your new departure in throwing open the columns of the BUGLE to all Maine soldiers a good one, which should meet with a hearty response from all the Maine comrades, and be a medium through which the comrades can come together with their thoughts and experiences even though they are scattered all over this great Union they fought to save. The Maine soldiers are to be found in every State. Thousands of them have located in Minnesota. Six of my regiment are living in this city. Fourteen Maine comrades belong to my Post, while there are nearly as many in each of the other nine Posts of the city, besides having a fairly good representation in all of the other Posts in the State, as well as in Wisconsin. In fact there are so many

Maine people located in this part of the country that it has actually changed the climate, so that instead of having a nice cold and dry atmosphere, we have been having just such weather as you have in Maine. Everybody lays it to the large number of Maineites who are living here, but we are not ashamed of the State that gave us birth. Later on I will try to send you a roster of the Maine comrades in this city, and no doubt many of them will want the BUGLE, as through it they can hear from their own comrades. I will do all I can for the success of the BUGLE.

NOTE.—Comrade Mero sends a very interesting and bright poem recounting some of the war experiences of the Twentieth Maine, which will appear in the April issue.

GREAT WHITE LETTERS, MAINE.

MATHEW S. BERRY, of Brownville, Me., Co. H, writes:

The Eleventh Maine Volunteers arrived in Washington about one o'clock in the morning and went into the barracks near the capitol, called the "soldiers' rest," but we did not get much rest there. The place was run on contract for so much a head. The pork looked as though it had done duty for every regiment that had arrived for three months. We could not eat it so we tried to see if it would stick on the walls of the building by throwing it against them. We found it soft enough to stick every time. The old fraud that run the concern came just inside the door and began to threaten us, when a chunk of pork struck him square across the mouth and he turned and ran. I went out to explore the capitol as soon as it was light, and went all over the building, even climbing up among the timbers in the dome—it was not finished then. When I got back to the "rest" the boys had gone. I looked up my knapsack—we had no guns—and started down Pennsylvania avenue, enquiring for the regiment. I soon met an Irishman from some New York regiment, who said, "bejabbers" he had not seen any regiment, but if it was a squad of "greenies" I was looking for, with big bureaus on their backs marked with great white letters, Maine, they went up towards Meridian Hill, where I found them in camp.

PERSONALS.

Lieut. S. C. Smith, Co. I, First Maine Cavalry, of Winfield, Kansas, comes to the rescue of the cavalry men in the January 11th, 1894, issue of the National Tribune.

Capt. Joshua A. Fessenden, of the Fifth United States Artillery, stationed at Pasadena, Cal., has been placed on the retired list of the army for physical disability. Capt. Fessenden will be remembered as sergeant in Co. B, First Maine Cavalry.

BUGLE PATRONS HONORED.

Major Charles G. Davis, First Massachusetts Cavalry, has been appointed Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Commander-in-Chief, John G. B. Adams; Geo. Doughty, Geo. H. M. Barrett, Horatio S. Libby, all of the First Maine Cavalry, and Geo. B. Safford, Eleventh Maine Infantry, Aides-de-camp.

FIRST MASSACHUSETTS CAVALRY REUNION.

The First Massachusetts Cavalry Association, to the number of seventy-five veterans, gathered at the Lancers' armory on Bulmch street, October 25th, 1893, the occasion being the twenty-eighth annual reunion of the association. Maj. D. H. L.



EDWARD A. TRUE,
Lieutenant Colonel Eighth Maine Infantry,
Boston, Mass.

THE MAINE BUGLE.

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

CAMPAIGN I.

APRIL, 1894.

CALL 2.

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

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

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EDITORS, Committees from the Maine Regiments.

Published by the Maine Association.

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

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Reminiscences of Prison Life and Escape.

BY ERASTUS DOBLE.

The majority of the Eighth Maine Infantry, of which I was a member, re-enlisted in January of 1864 and arrived home on a thirty days furlough about the first of February. The most of us, excepting myself, got married, had a good time generally and went back to Virginia instead of Port Royal. At Port Royal, S. C., we performed more fatigue and pig and bee-hive service than fighting. Virginia was a decided change. We found the active duties of the campaign harder. The marching and counter marching in the hot sun or drenching showers contrasted strongly with the peaceful scenes at home. But the memories of home and the loved ones, and the extreme kindness manifested towards us on our way to Maine and back, buoyed us up, and we lived over and over again our furloughs; bright dreams of home strengthened and sustained us.

Our objective point under Butler was the rebel capitol, and towards it we moved on the fifteenth of May. Just at dusk our regiment received the Massachusetts brigade on the skirmish line. Our orders were to commence firing on the rebel works as soon in the morning as we could see. Our company, B, was under the command of First Lieut. Luther B. Rogers. Charles W. Moore of our company was not well and I asked him why he was not excused and at the rear. His reply was, "I'd rather die than ask to be excused before a battle." So he laid down for the night under a pine top. We were in a slashing; it was a thick forest and had just been cut down to obstruct our advance. How well we remember the morning of the sixteenth! Drizzly wet, with the landscape covered by a fog so dense we could see only a few rods. But oh, couldn't we hear! We commenced firing as soon as we could see and were answered by musketry and then artillery. The roaring of cannon, crack-

ling of musketry, whiz of cannon balls, zipping of the minnies and the shrieking of the shells combined to make the grandest and most terrible noise I ever heard or probably ever shall hear. Then came the rebel yell; they were charging on the right, with a shrill treble like a lot of school boys. I had not the least doubt of our ability to repulse them and experienced a sort of contempt for such effeminate cries, and my contempt was increased when I heard the answering shout of our boys in a deep bass. It sounded grand; there was such determination in its tone, and my feelings changed from contempt for the baby cry of the rebels to pride and exultation. But they turned our right flank and Lieut. Rogers shouted for us to fall back. As we started to obey I espied Charley Moore. I could not leave him; stories of sick and wounded being bayoneted by the rebels passed through my mind. I induced him to get up and let me help him along. Just then I saw Arthur Robinson and called him to help, and I got under Charley's arms and started. We saw three blue coated chaps coming from our right and I took it for granted that they were to relieve us as we had relieved the force the night before. These fellows called us to halt, but we did not though we made slow progress. They pointed their muskets and said emphatically, "Halt!" We did so. Said they, "What regiment do you belong to?" We answered, "Eighth Maine. What regiment do you belong to?" "Twenty-first North Carolina! Throw down your guns and take off your equipments. Keep your haversacks and canteens; you'll want all the grub you've got, I reckon, 'fore you'll get any more. About face. Come along;" and away we started for Richmond. Charley Moore remarked, "We're in for it during the war, I guess." Robinson was exactly as stical as ever. We were in a pretty hot nest. Stumps were being split and shivered to pieces all around us; dead and wounded were pretty thick, and the battle roared. Our captors took us out of range as soon as they could and we started for Richmond, but how different from the way we anticipated. On the way to the steamboat landing several attempts were made

to rob us but our captors proved to be good fellows and would not allow it.

We passed six lines of rebels and Robinson had a pretty sharp tilt of words with the rebel Gen. Gracie. Gracie demanded how large force we had and Robinson answered, "Keep on and you'll probably find out." Gracie presented a revolver and threatened to shoot, but finally his attention was attracted some other way, and we went on to the steam-boat landing where our North Carolina guards left us. These North Carolinians were just from Plymouth where they had captured their uniforms from our folks.

One of our men, Lorenzo Hacket, had been a prisoner of war for some time. I remembered hearing Hacket tell of the refined barbarity of the rebels, how one of the squad to which he belonged was shot by a guard from the street, the victim being in the second story of Libby Prison, for no other reason than that the poor fellow got near enough to the window for the sentinel to see him. I confess to you I did not believe him although I did not say so. Well, we landed and were immediately assailed by a crowd of dirty looking women who taunted us with the newspaper cry, "On to Richmond! now you've got here, you black-hearted Yanks, etc." We marched to the door of Libby Prison, when bang went a gun, and when we got in we found a man had been shot and probably mortally wounded through a window exactly as Hacket had told me!

I mentally begged Hacket's pardon there and then. Still I had no idea that Hacket was aware that I doubted his word till I told him of this event years afterwards, when he said, "You didn't believe me when I told you of just such a murder, did you?" We were soon searched and robbed of all they could find of value, except myself and a few others. I thought I would try to dodge the search, and succeeded by flanking! Just before we were searched an officer accompanied by a dapper little clerk with a great big book came in. The officer announced several times in a loud voice "that all prisoners possessing money or valuables would do well to turn them over

to him, have their name recorded with credit for whatever was thus turned over, the same to be returned strictly and honestly when we were paroled or exchanged, as it was necessary for them to take such things from us so we could not make use of them to assist us to escape." I suppose this officer was the notorious Dick Turner. Many of the boys took stock in that enterprise. I didn't; didn't have any money anyway and was obliged to miss that speculation. But Arthur had some cash (when did any of you know him not to have?) and he was considering how to save it, when a sail or formerly of the Cumberland till that vessel was sunk, said we could rip open the quarters of our army brogans and put in the greenbacks and then sew them up and rub dirt on them, then slash the shoes so no Johnnie would covet 'em, and we would be all right. Arthur distributed some five dollar bills among us and we tried it with complete success. Well, our names and the organization to which we belonged were all taken and then they let us alone for awhile; next was the search before spoken of. We were in the second story in the up-river end of Libby Prison. There was an old sign nailed on to the corner of the prison reading on the down-river side E. B. Libby & Son, Ship Chandlers and Grocers; on the upper side of the board was E. B. Libby & Sons, Ship Chandlers and Groceries. We had room enough but the room was dirty and hot. We had some of our rations left and did not get very hungry till the next day, but nothing came for us till about nine o'clock in the evening of the next day. Now what do you suppose the noble and chivalrous Southerners brought us! I'll tell you; it was a few tubs of dirty-looking swill, called bean soup. The men were half famished and gathered around the swill tub and squealed and swore and acted very much as real swine do, till finally poor John Maloney, an Irishman of a New York regiment, dove his hand into the hot stuff and began to eat, then there was a general rush and a few who had dippers or plates got what there was of the stuff. I did not get a taste, but the next morning got a biscuit of hard bread somehow and got along. After that

we had corn bread instead of swill. We staid in Libby Prison one or two weeks and then marched over to Manchester and took the cars for Andersonville. We went away around Petersburg because our folks were there, by way of Lynchburg. On the way we saw many evidences of war. At one station we saw the ruins of the depot and other buildings that were burned the day before by a raiding party of Yanks. Oh, how I did wish that party would come and recapture us, but it was not to be. We arrived at Danville, N. C., that night and I wrote a letter home which was received by my folks in Lincoln in just about eight months time. It just informed them that I was captured alive and well, instead of being probably killed as Lieut. Rogers supposed I was and reported to my father. Our next trip was from Danville to Charlotte, N. C., a distance of fifteen miles or so, but we were all day working the old locomotive along. We would go a piece and the old machine would give out. No event occurred till we arrived at Macon, Georgia, of any interest, except we were well fed with nice hard bread and bacon. There we were separated from our few officers who were captured with us. The next stopping place was Anderson station, and we got a glimpse from the cars of the prison. We were marched out onto a rise of ground where we could look into the stockade. My first mental ejaculation was "Do human beings live in there?" I soon found out. Our first introduction to the demon of Andersonville, Capt. Henry Wirz, was here. We were again counted and searched, and I flanked as before and escaped being searched, though what I did it for I can hardly tell for all the money I had was one of Comrade Robinson's V's in my shoe. While we were waiting I noticed a few of our men who were out on parole of honor, and among them was a boy. Some one asked him why he didn't stay at home with his father and mother, when he answered distinctly, "General Morgan killed my father." I now suppose him to be "Little Red Cap," Ransom T. Powell, whose story appeared in the *National Tribune* a year or so ago. "Attention Battalion!" screamed out old Wirtz, "Left Face! Column Forward,

March!" and we were soon filing into the south gate of the infamous prison. The prisoners inside were eager to meet us and learn what had transpired since their capture and to see if any of their respective comrades were among the unfortunates, and they pressed forward and made quite a crowd. "Fall back there," shouted the sentinel from his box by the gate. Old Wirz yelled to the guard in a rage, "Don't speak to 'em, shoot 'em." The sentinel did not fire on the prisoners then, but Wirz wanted one or more murders set down against his name there and then just the same. I will tell you how this prison was built and situated. It was built of hard pine logs sided with an ax and set in a trench four to six feet deep, the sided sides being placed together. The stockade stood about eighteen feet high. To hold them in place there were two tiers of poles trunnelled or spiked on to the outside, one near the ground, the other near the top. Then a little platform was put up with roofs and bushes over them high enough for sentry boxes, so the guards could shoot inside conveniently. Inside, sixteen feet from the stockade was a line of stakes about two and a half feet high, with board edgings nailed on top of them. This was the dead line. Sometimes if a prisoner touched the line with his hand bang would go a rebel bullet at him and often would wound or kill some one ten or fifteen feet away, while the one who touched the deadline was unhurt. However, it satisfied the rebels just as well. We found a few old acquaintances in the prison and they posted us up on the customs in vogue as well as they could, and cautioned us against "Mosby's Raiders." This was a gang of bounty jumpers and thieves and criminals of all sorts who had most of them deserted to the enemy and made so much trouble for him that they were finally put in with the prisoners of war. They lived well on what they robbed from the other prisoners, had whiskey and fights and enjoyed themselves generally in their way. The prison was situated on both sides of a small brook which flowed into the Flint river. As we went in we filed to the right down a narrow path and crossed the brook, then filed to the left, clear across

the stockade and stopped on a piece of marsh that had just been covered with dirt taken from the side hill. Now I must tell you about one of Col. Shaw's poor negro soldiers. You all remember Col. Shaw of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts. They were colored troops. Col. Shaw fell while assaulting Fort Wagner and was buried in the trench beneath the bodies of his own men who fell there. We found one of his wounded heroes lying up in the dirt close to the bank made by taking this dirt out to make dry land of the marsh. Some of the Massachusetts boys who were captured with us were acquainted with him and said he was a student in one of their colleges when he enlisted. It was very hot weather then, which must have been the first part of June, and we had a heavy thunder shower every afternoon. After a few days I thought of this poor fellow and wondered what shelter he had there from these showers, and that afternoon when the shower commenced I left our shelter and went over where we had seen him. There he was under that bank lying on his side, a muddy stream of water running over him from up on the hill. He was about half buried by the sand that had washed over him. A stream was running directly across his face and sand had washed into his mouth and eyes and he was just gasping his last breath; and while I stood looking at him, paralyzed by the horror of his situation, he was dead. Hasn't somebody suffered that we and our children and children's children might have a bright and pleasant and free country to live in?

We were divided into detachments of two hundred and seventy, sub-divided into three squads of ninety each, and they into messes of forty-five men each. We were in the second mess, called by the rebel roll-call sergeant, "45-2." The members of our regiment who staid together were Orderly Sergt. Wallace Smith, Co. C, Corp. Delance Young of Co. B, Arthur Robinson, myself, Henry L. Burnell, William H. Norris of Co. I. Then we took in Dennis Hagan of the Ninth Maine, one of Howe's comrades and two of the One Hundredth New York, Alexander McLain called "Sandy" for short, and Joe

Lynch, a simple but plucky true hearted Irishman. We afterwards added Alvah J. Rideout of Co. B, who was captured the twenty-ninth of June on Kautz' and Wilson's raid. I shall always remember when I first saw Rideout in prison. I was going down to the brook after water, and I saw him standing like a statue gazing at the prison and its scenery in a kind of mute horror and despair. I sung out cheerily as I could, "Hullo, Rideout; when did you come?" His answer was, "For God's sake, do men live here?" "Oh, yes, and quite well, too," I answered. "Where do you stop?" "I came in last night and have wandered around all night and I don't know what to do." I took him home with me and we soon learned the news as far as he was posted. The war was going on all right and the rebels were being driven towards that "last ditch" of theirs. He told us how he had volunteered to go with the raid and drive an ambulance; was captured and robbed of everything—wallet, money, jack-knife, testament, and even the picture of his wife and little children. He begged for them but was answered with coarse jokes and told that he and all the Yanks that were taken with him would be in hell in less than three hours. Presently they were placed in line, a shooting party detailed before their eyes and ordered to load and shoot the damned Yankees through their black hearts. The shooting party were in position and Rideout and his comrades were informed that they were to be shot for being plunderers and robbers, etc. The men supposed their time had come and nerved themselves to die like men and were waiting in—I can't tell you what frame of mind—when the order was changed and they were sent to a slower death in the hands of that refined torturer of Jeff Davis, Gen. John H. Winder, with such assistants as Henry Wirtz, the Dutch captain, and L. M. Williams, one of the Baltimore "Plug Uglies," who was in the Baltimore riot that assailed the Sixth Massachusetts.

I have been running along so fast that I have neglected to describe fully the prison. The rebels told us it contained forty acres, and in June it became so crowded that an addition was

put on of what they called fifteen acres. It has since been found to contain about fifteen acres all told. A brook, as I said before, ran through it, and on the bank of the brook was a cook house where bacon was boiled for us, also stock beans or "cow beans" as the rebels called them, and corn bread made of meal, ground cobs and all, was baked there. All the greasy water and filth was drained into the brook and came in through the chinks of the stockade for us to wash in and drink, and as meat was cooked for the large number of prisoners, there was considerable filth. Many of the men dug little wells near the brook and got pretty good water. But there was a very large number who had no other place to get water but the brook, and as the only place where water obtained from the brook could possibly be used was close to the dead line, there was always a crowd there getting water. The dead line, as I have told you was edgings or scantlings nailed on the top of stakes. In this place the stakes each side of the brook were on higher ground than where the prisoners stood dipping up water. The guard from his sentry box always watched sharp there and whenever he could see a man or part of a man by looking under the dead line he would fire at him. Many and many a poor fellow fell dead or mortally wounded there by the brook. I say mortally wounded, for if the skin was broken it was as bad as to have the throat cut from ear to ear. It seemed our blood was so poisoned that healing even the smallest wound, was impossible. I was going down to the brook one day when I heard a shot and then our boys yelling like angry demons. When I got to the brook I saw a party carrying a dead man off, and on the ground was a piece of his skull, blood and brains. We always yelled at the rebels and called them cowards and all the names men could think of, notwithstanding all the threats the rebels might make. I do not remember of their ever firing on us for it. At another time a man near my "shebang" put his hand on the dead line, when the bloodthirsty coward on guard fired and slightly wounded one man and killed another ten feet from the dead line. He was just as well satisfied as if he had hit the one aimed at. I

tell you we were crowded together about as thickly as we could be and all have a chance to lie down. So if any of the valiant Georgia militia chose to fire he was pretty sure to hit some one. As far as my experience goes the men who shirk danger think they are the bravest because the most savage. Now these regiments of Georgia militia were made up of rich men who wouldn't go to the front, and sickly and make believe sickly boys and men who would rather have the honor of killing Yankees when those Yankees were unarmed and defenseless. It was said that every one who shot a Yank got a furlough, but I do not know how true it was. We did find two good strong Union men among our guards but they were of the weak sort.

Here's another incident. Whenever new prisoners arrived these raiders or prison robbers would watch them and almost always get considerable plunder from them, although the older prisoners always warned them to look out for the robbers and keep money or watches out of sight. This time the new squad of prisoners were from Sherman's army and among them were two great swarthy, broad-shouldered Indians. The rebels would sing out to them as they were on their way to the prison, "What tribe do you Indians belong to?" Their answer was, "The Union tribe." Well, they came in and that night laid down by a well near our shanty. Along in the night two of the prison robbers came stealthily along, and as the poor Lo appeared to be very sound asleep they felt his pockets and haversacks and were making a general examination of them, when one of them who was lying on his back with his head resting on his arm, brought that arm out from under his head suddenly, the gleam of a knife was seen as he struck one of the thieves with it, and with a yell of pain and rage they both ran away.

Up to this time we had been allowed to go out under guard after wood. I can not give you even a faint idea how pleasant it was outside. The air seemed sweet, it was so nice to be out of the misery and filth and stench of the stockade even for a few minutes. But there was one hardship connected with the pleasure of going outside: that loathsome rebel flag we could see plainer than in prison.

I wish I could skip everything else now and tell you the wild ecstacy of delight I experienced when I saw what many of the boys called "God's flag," the good old stars and stripes, but words utterly fail to express the joy.

[*To be Continued.*]

From Petersburg to Appomattox Court House

BY REV. J. E. M. WRIGHT.

The office and duties of an army chaplain in the late war were unlike those of any other man. But to one who was consecrated to his work, and prompted by love of country and love to his men, a thousand nameless ways would present themselves by which he could become a helper in promoting patriotism, general morality, manliness and the best types of true religion. He was not in the line of promotion, and could not aspire to military honors. He was not a fighting man, and he had no occasion for the study or practice of military tactics. But he would shrink from no hardship and avoid no danger when these lay in the path of duty. His conduct must win the respect of every man in his regiment from the rank and file to the commanding officer. His work and his influence should tend to make all better men and better soldiers. Such is my ideal of an army chaplain. I do not claim to have attained to my own standard, but to come as near to this as possible was my constant aim. To accomplish this I strove to become personally acquainted with as many as possible, and in this way I came to know much of the inner life and private character of many who came to me with the story of their heart sorrows and joys and hopes as sons come to a father. I can truly say I never found nobler, truer men than I found in the Eighth Maine Infantry. I had summered and wintered with them before the spring campaign of 1865 opened, and I often found among them, hidden sometimes under a rough exterior, traits of the noblest Christian character.

Much of this hidden life and private personal history must remain unwritten as it is too sacred for the public gaze. These men, even the best of them, had their faults, but after the lapse of almost thirty years their virtues seem to me to far outshine their failings. I cannot write of campaigns and battles, of personal valor and military prowess. I must write from a chaplain's standpoint. Lieut. Col. E. A. True was in command on this last campaign, and having shared the same quarters, and partaken of the same army fare with him, and seen him in a great variety of circumstances, I am prepared to say he could not have been more appropriately named. He was a true man, a true soldier, and a true patriot.

I will not now speak of the campaign previous to that memorable Sabbath in the history of the war, April 2d, 1865. On that day I had witnessed the battering of the enemy's works, the capture of his forts and the breaking of his lines in front of Petersburg, the news of which reaching Jefferson Davis in church, interrupted his worship, and turned the city of Richmond into a scene of confusion and conflagration, and hastened the departure of the Confederate army, vainly seeking a place to make a successful stand against the Union forces. Blissfully ignorant of these scenes of terror and confusion in the rebellious city, we lay on our arms that night, and slept the sleep of the innocent. Our regiment had been in the midst of the fight that day and seemed to heed the command, "Stand fast, quit you like men, be strong!" Some had fallen, killed or wounded, we scarcely knew which. One orderly sergeant was wounded in the abdomen. He eagerly but calmly inquired as to the nature of his wound, and I told him as nearly as I could. His reply was, "Then of course I cannot live." Taking his diary and pocket book from his pocket he gave them to me, giving directions how to send them; he then dictated a tender, verbal message to his widowed mother. I arranged his blanket and placed his knap-sack for a pillow, and when all was ready he lay down, "calmly as to a night's repose." He thanked me with his accustomed politeness, and we bade each other good-

bye, expecting that a few hours at most would end his mortal life. But thanks to a pure and virtuous youth and early manhood, the skill and faithfulness of the army surgeons, and the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father, he still lives in comfortable health, I am told. Many such scenes I was compelled to witness, but very few with such happy results.

I had waked very early Monday morning, anticipating a renewal of the conflict, but feelings can better be imagined than described when we were officially informed that Richmond had been evacuated in the night and that no enemy lay in our front. A part of our corps with others entered Richmond that day, but our division were ordered to fall in and march out on the Lynchburg turnpike, with our faces towards the great unknown. As we halted for further orders the question, many times repeated, fell on my ear, "Where are we going, chaplain?" "To Richmond," was my brief reply, although our backs were turned upon that rebellious city, referring sportively to the familiar rallying cry "On to Richmond." But little did we think that we were to reach that point by so long and eventful a march, and that before we reached it we should participate in the most important event of the war. Orders came to march I think about 10 o'clock A. M. The men looked a little disappointed, but I heard not a word of complaint. I will not attempt to describe the particulars of that march, for it is impossible. It seemed to me that the men were taxed to their utmost capacity, marching, not by day only, but by night as well, and I cannot describe the inviting look the earth gave us when we halted late at night, to make it our bed for a few hours.

My readers will get some idea of the wearing effect of that march by an incident. A large bundle reached me when we halted for dinner the first day, from a ladies' benevolent society near Boston, (The Soldiers' Mission). Red tape would not allow it a place in an army wagon; so I placed it on the pommel of my saddle and carried it through to Appomattox Court House. On opening it I found it contained more than a hundred pairs of fine, hand knit woolen stockings. I felt paid for

my labor and inconvenience of carrying that cumbersome bundle so many miles when I saw those soft, clean stockings encasing worn and bleeding feet till every pair was gone. Could the donors have witnessed that scene, the sight would have been compensation enough for them. On Thursday, April 6th, we met the enemy near Rice's Station and our regiment was hotly engaged. Several were severely wounded, but I think that none from our regiment were killed. One, who was dangerously wounded, leaned upon my shoulder while the surgeon removed the ball, and there told me he was glad he enlisted though he might have to give up his life. Nineteen years later he called to see me and showed me that ball. The greatest loss was to the cavalry and among them Gen. Read of Ohio.

Near High Bridge the next morning I met a Farmville lawyer who told me that having received his collegiate education at Amherst College, Mass., and spent four years at the North he had a peculiar regard for northern people, that personally he was opposed to secession; but when Virginia voted itself out of the Union he felt compelled to go with his State. He told me he had volunteered to superintend the burial of the dead who fell the day before, both Union and Confederate, without distinction; that he placed boards at their heads marked with name, regiment and company, speaking with peculiar satisfaction of the care he had taken in the interment of Gen. Read's body. An hour or two later I saw that body disinterred under the direction of the medical directors, and there was not more than six or eight inches of earth over it and its only clothing was a flannel under shirt. It showed the haste in which the labor had been performed and the demoralizing effect of the need of clothing in the rebel army. I realized we were in an enemy's country who had little love for northern people, living or dead. Soon after meeting the lawyer I met a man who awakened both my curiosity and my pity. A tall, erect figure, dark complexion, black eyes, and hair sprinkled with white, features of a decidedly intellectual cast, face haggard and pale and thin, the picture of despair, and might have been a model



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Captain Co. G, 8th Me. Inf. President 8th Me. Vet. Asso.,
Boston, Mass.

for one of the characters in Peel's "Court of Death." He was dressed in a suit of fine black, shiny with age. His whole look and bearing, and his command of the choicest language indicated that he had been no ordinary man. His mind had evidently been unbalanced by the events of the war; and he would talk of nothing else. He declared that he alone was responsible for the war, that he alone had brought it upon the country; and he alone must be held accountable for all the loss of blood and treasure that had come upon the land. How this was he could not tell, but to his wrecked and shattered intellect, and morbidly sensitive conscience it was a reality. Who he was or what his history I could not learn. We passed on, and I saw him no more. But a picture of wretchedness and despair was left on my memory that the lapse of nearly thirty years has not been sufficient to efface.

April 9th, another Sabbath dawned upon us, calm and beautiful, and destined to be memorable not only in personal experience but in our country's history, when the great Confederate army in rebellion against the government of the United States surrendered to Gen. Grant and that great bubble of southern pride and arrogance, the Confederate States of America, collapsed to be seen no more.

My first recollection of that morning is that of finding myself in the midst of unmanageable cavalry horses carrying hatless and excited riders in all directions, the din of battle drowning our voices, and in this scene of confusion finding Colonel Hill of the Eleventh Maine disabled and lying helpless on the ground, a fragment of shell had struck his knee rendering it useless. He had previously given an arm for his country, and had but recently returned to duty with his regiment, I think. In the absence of stretchers we pressed a dilapidated confederate buggy into service and hurrying him carefully into it, we took him to the nearest house and placed him under the care of the surgeons. Our own regiment was in active service that day, but I think escaped any serious casualty. Company B under Capt. Walton, and Company F under Lt. Murray were deployed as

skirmishers, and were on the skirmish line at the time of the final surrender. I think the opinion has generally prevailed that there was not much fighting on the day of the surrender and as compared with many other days, this was true. There was no set battle, yet many noble lives were yielded up, and many were severely wounded. I remember riding along a short road where lay our dead in the joints of Virginia fence that lined the road, some with eyes wide open, still grasping their rifles, the muzzles of which were scarcely cold. But the vital spark within every bosom had been quenched forever.

Immediately after this scene I was stopped by the cry "Chaplain, Chaplain!" and on turning I was told that a soldier in a house close by, from the State of Maine, needed my services. Here I found lying on a feather bed on the floor one with the downy freshness of youth on his cheek and the film of death gathering in his eye. He had been cruelly mangled by the piece of shell that struck him. I told him who I was, and on inquiry learned from broken sentences that he belonged to the Eleventh Maine and was the grandson of one whom I had long and favorably known. He was greatly comforted when I told him this, and seeing that the time he had to live was only a question of minutes I told him I would not leave him. He at once clung to me as a child would cling to a mother, and I drew from him in those brief moments some of the noblest sentiments of patriotism I heard during the war; his expressions of christian resignation and trust made that dingy room appear a spot, "Privileged above the common walks of life quite on the verge of heaven." He sent a loving message to his mother, accepted the words of Jesus, "I go to prepare a place for you," and closed his eyes in death. I was surprised at the expressions of patriotism, faith and resignation from one so young. But when afterward I received a letter from his mother containing sentiments worthy of a Spartan mother, imbued with a true christian spirit, the mystery was solved, and I have often thought we made light estimate of the cost of the war when we computed it in gold, and added to this the sacrifice of ordinary

human lives. The sacrifice made by that noble mother and thousands of others like her, with that of wives and sisters and daughters swells the cost beyond human computation. Later in the day we laid his torn body in a quiet nook, a part of our drum corps having been detailed for this duty. I placed at his head a board with his name, regiment and letter of his company inscribed upon it. I also put the same upon a slip of paper and putting it in a glass bottle with a glass stopper I placed it in the grave. Just as words of prayer were about to be spoken two gentlemen in citizens clothes approached us. When the services were over, they introduced themselves as pastors of two churches in the city of Gardiner, Maine, delegates of the Christian Commission. I thought it quite a remarkable meeting, all representatives of the Pine Tree State. The young soldier in his earthy bed far away from home and kindred, the drum corps, the two pastors, and the chaplain officiating. Only a few rods away, in a house built of hewn timber, laid up loghouse fashion, we found a colored man and his wife. She was sick with fever and unable to be moved. As she lay upon her bed, a solid shot had passed through one wall of the house at just the right height to strike her arm, and then passed out through the opposite wall. Her arm was very large and fleshy and a concave wound was made corresponding to the size and shape of the ball. I hardly knew which the more to pity, the wife in her intense physical pain, or the husband in his helpless sympathy, both almost dead with fear. Dr. Williams, our assistant surgeon, came to their relief with as much care, skill and tenderness, as I had seen him display in dressing the wound of a major general commanding a corps, he dressed the wound of this poor unknown colored woman, and with encouraging, cheering, hopeful words we left them. We soon learned, beyond doubt that Gen. Lee had asked for terms of surrender of Gen. Grant. Rumors like this had floated along our lines for the last two or three days, but when we learned that it was an assured fact I called upon all near me to join in the tune of "Old Hundred" and sing "Praise God from whom all Blessings

Flow." And hundreds, perhaps thousands of glad hearts gave voice to that old doxology.

Sweet was the rest of that historic Sabbath and at the early dawn of Monday the very atmosphere seemed to breath forth peace, with this came the most intense longings for home, and desire to breath again the air of the dear old Pine Tree State. But every thing in the movements appeared to say "Not Yet."

Our rations were necessarily divided with the prisoners, leaving us a little short; but who murmured? the war was virtually over, these prisoners were no longer our foes and the most kindly feelings seemed to prevail towards them among the "Boys in Blue." Preparations were now made for delivering up the rebel arms, and as column after column marched in and stacked guns, now silent and harmless, we thought of the promised time when "swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks," and we were glad. But there came somewhat of a check to our joy when we saw that the officers were allowed to retain their side arms; and we did think that the terms of surrender, granted by our magnanimous commanding general, were unwarrantedly generous. Yet who shall say that the magnaninity that dwelt so richly in the heart of Gen. Grant did not infuse itself into the breasts of many of the ex-soldiers of the Union making them better men and better citizens.

I went down into the Confederate camp on Monday or Tuesday, and such a picture of wretchedness among men and suffering among beasts I have never seen. Meeting a little company of North Carolina soldiers, one of them declared, "I am glad this thing is over." "So am I," heartily responded every one. They tried to depict to me the sufferings they had endured from hunger, cold and fatigue on that forced march, from the 2d, to the 9th, of April they had had nothing to eat but dry corn on the cob, an ear to a man, morning and night, each day, except two rations of corncake when they first left Richmond. Their emaciated form clothed in rags told more than their words could. And from that moment the last spark of enmity in my

heart went out, quenched by the tears of pity, and I felt we can not afford to be otherwise than generous towards men who have suffered so much. On Tuesday after the surrender I rode with Lt. Col. True to the famous apple tree, and while I held his horse he chopped out a chip for himself and one for me which we brought away in our saddlebags.

I have a small piece of mine left after many divisions among friends. It still retains the marks of the army axe which will remind one of that passage in Eccl. "If the iron be blunt and he do not whet the edge then must he put to more strength." What though Gen. Lee did not actually surrender under that tree to Gen. Grant? yet the fall of that tree was to the minds of hundreds of soldiers' Union and Confederate, who carried away pieces of it typical of the fall of the most gigantic and unrighteous rebellion of modern times.

A Review of Aldie.

BY CAPT. GEORGE N. BLISS, FIRST RHODE-ISLAND CAVALRY.

The history of the First Maine Cavalry is, in my opinion, the best regimental history ever published, but the narrative of its gallant fighting at Aldie, Va., June 17th, 1863, leaves the impression that the rebel cavalry was forced from the pass by the Union troops in its front, and to correct this I send you my tale of a soldier.

Early in the morning of June 17th, 1863, the following order come to our regiment: "Col. A. N. Duffie, First R. I. Cavalry: You will proceed with your regiment from Manassas Junction by way of Thoroughfare Gap, to Middleburg; there you will camp for the night, and communicate with the headquarters of the Second Cavalry Brigade; from Middleburg you will proceed to Union; thence to Snickerville; from Snickerville to Percellville; thence to Wheatland, and, passing through Watertown, to Nolans Ferry, where you will join your brigade."

The bright June sunshine was flooding the fields and woods as our regiment, two hundred and eighty strong, moved out of camp to obey this remarkable order, to march through the center of the rebel cavalry. At Thoroughfare Gap we struck the rebel pickets, and by our sudden and rapid advance cleared the pass before the main body of the enemy could advance to support the picket line. After passing through the Gap we skirmished with the enemy, losing a few horses by rebel bullets and then took the road to Middleburg fifteen miles away, leaving behind us some twelve hundred of the enemy under Col. J. R. Chambliss. At 4 P. M. our troops struck pickets and charged them at once, driving Stuart and his staff out of Middleburg, who escaped capture because their fresh horses could run faster than ours, weary with the long days march. We were then only five miles from Aldie where for two hours the battle had been raging between Kilpatrick's troopers and Fitz Lee's brigade, and had we turned the head of our column in that direction we would have struck the rebel rear, hurling ruin and disaster on their battle lines and giving the First Maine an open road through the pass. The glorious opportunity for such a blow warms an old soldiers heart, even in these piping days of peace, but this is imagination, not history; the order was to camp at Middleburg for the night and communicate with the headquarters of the Second Cavalry Brigade.

Col. Duffie was a veteran French officer and went into camp in the center of this rebel hornets' nest as calmly as though surrounded by the Union Army, and the following report shows how he obeyed the second part of his order for that day.

CAMP FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY,
ALEXANDER, Va., June 22d, 1863.

COL. A. N. DUFFIE,

Sir:—I have the honor to report, that about five o'clock P. M., on the evening of the 17th inst. I was sent from Middleburg, where the regiment was then engaged with the enemy, to carry a despatch to General Kilpatrick at Aldie, accompanied by two

men. I first attempted to proceed by the main road, but was halted and fired upon by a body of the enemy who said they were the Fourth Virginia Cavalry. I then returned towards Middleburg, and leaving the road attempted to make my way across the country. I found the fields and woods in every direction full of bodies of the enemy; by exercising the greatest care, I succeeded in making my way through them to Little River. Here I encountered five of the enemy, and forced them to give me a passage. Following the river down, I struck the main road about one mile from Aldie, and on inquiry learned that our pickets were on that road. I reached Aldie and delivered my dispatch to Gen. Kilpatrick at 9 P. M. Gen. Kilpatrick informed me that his brigade was so worn out that he could not send any reinforcements to Middleburg, but that he would report the situation of our regiment to Gen. Gregg. Returning, he said that Gen. Gregg had gone to state the facts to Gen. Pleasanton, and directed me to remain at Aldie until he heard from Gen. Pleasanton. I remained but received no further orders.

Respectfully submitted,

FRANK ALLEN, Capt. 1st, R. I. Cav.

The rebels were gone from your front then, and an hour and a half march would have put the Union troops against Stuarts forces near Middleburg and saved many brave Rhode Island troopers from starving to death at Andersonville. Somebody blundered. The Generals are dead now and we shall never know why the First Rhode Island was left to its fate without help from brave comrades, who if they could have known the situation would have begged for the order to advance. The full story of the First Rhode Island Cavalry at Middleburg, Va., June 17th and 18th, 1863, is given in a paper read by me before the Rhode Island Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society and published by the Society, being Fourth series No. 4 and it is the purpose of this paper only to fully set forth the cause of the rebel retreat from Aldie on the night of June 17, 1863.

The battle of Bunker Hill was upon the 17th, and that of Waterloo on the 18th of June. It was the fortune of the First

Rhode Island Cavalry to be in action upon both anniversaries in the year 1863, and the history of the regiment for these two days is one of disaster, but not of dishonor. The good conduct of the regiment is praised by its enemies as will appear in the confederate documents here given.

LEXINGTON, Ky., July 1st, 1884.

CAPT. GEORGE N. BLISS, Providence, R. I.

My Dear Sir:—your favors of recent date are received. I think I can answer your questions satisfactorily, and you will find that the statements which I shall make are, in the main, verified by Gen. Stuart's report, to which you doubtless have access. On the morning of the 17th of June 1863, Stuart moved Fitz Lee's brigade, commanded by Col. T. T. Munford, from Piedmont to Aldie. Robertson's brigade was stationed at Rector's Cross Roads, and W. H. F. Lee's brigade, commanded by Col. Chambliss was left near Salem to picket Thoroughfare Gap, and to keep open communication with Hampton, who was still in the rear. Stuart detached from Fitz Lee's brigade two squadrons to accompany himself as body guard and for picket duty, and with these two squadrons took station at Middleburg as a central point of communication between his brigades. It was doubtless Stuart's intention to move Chambliss and Robertson towards Middleburg later in the day. When Col. Duffie reached Thoroughfare Gap there was no confederate force in his front but the picket from Chambliss command and this picket was no doubt instructed to report to the brigade headquarters, and was not instructed to report to Stuart at Middleburg. Hence Stuart was not aware of Duffie's advance until it encountered the picket thrown out by his body guard from Middleburg. The distance from Salem to Thoroughfare Gap is about eight miles, and from Salem to Middleburg perhaps twice as far; so you will readily see that unless the picket at the Gap had been instructed to report direct to Stuart, the news of Duffie's advance could not have reached Stuart in time to prepare him for it. Duffie's movement was certainly a

surprise, in the sense that Stuart had no notice of it, but the (for him) very unusual precaution which he had taken of attaching to himself a strong body guard, showed that he was prepared for unexpected developments, and although unable to dispute the road with Col. Duffie, he had sufficient time to notify Munford, at Aldie, of the danger in his rear, and then to retire in safety from Middleburg. There is no doubt whatever about the fact that Munford's withdrawal from Aldie Gap was caused by the order sent by Stuart, when he was driven out of Middleburg by Duffie. Munford could and would have held his position in spite of all his opponents could do. One of his best regiments had hardly fired a gun, and another had been but little hurt. His position was a strong, one and the fighting, while severe, had only served to warm up his men and give them confidence. But what else could Stuart do but order him to retire? Munford was now between two forces, and Stuart could not count upon the arrival of either Chambliss or Robertson in time to relieve him. Had Duffie been aware of the state of affairs at Aldie, and had he moved up in Munford instead of stopping at Middleburg, your regiment would have escaped the disaster which befell it, and have inflicted serious damage on Munford.

In my article reviewing the Comte de Paris, I have stated the loss in the First Rhode Island Regiment as given by Col. Duffie in his official report. This report justifies me in asserting the annihilation of the regiment, for Col. Duffie states the survivors to be "four officers and twenty-seven men." I find no subsequent report contradicting this, or in any way mitigating the disaster to the regiment. Duffie's report was, however, written on the same day on which he reached his brigade, and it seems reasonable that others, of whom he was not at that time aware, might have made their escape and rejoined their friends at a later day. I will be glad if you can give me any exact and authoritative information? Was it ever restored and did the regiment again come into the field? I am anxious, not only to make no error on this point, but also to do full justice to a gallant

body of men, who were overwhelmed by a disaster, which was in no sense the result of any fault of their own.

If there are any other points upon which I can give you information, please command me.

I am yours, very sincerely,

H. B. MCCLELLAN,
General. Stuart's Chief of Staff.

LEXINGTON, KY., 10th July 1884.

CAPT. GEO. N. BLISS, R. I.

My Dear Sir:—I thank you for your kind favor of the 5th inst. and for the History of the First Rhode Island Cavalry, which you present to me in the name of your Veteran Association. Please convey to the Association my thanks for this valuable and highly appreciated gift. I shall not fail now that the facts are before me, to correct some errors into which I have been led by the absence of full reports in the official records. The force which attacked the First Rhode Island Cavalry at Middleburg on the 17th day of June 1863, was Robertson's Brigade, which consisted of the Fifty-ninth North Carolina State troops (Fourth Cavalry) Col. D. D. Ferrebee; and the Sixty-third North Carolina State troops (Fifth Cavalry) Col. P. G. Evans. These two regiments were fresh from the camp of instruction, and on the 31st of May reported about 1000 aggregate present for duty. They were present, but not engaged at the battle of the 9th of June near Brandy Station. They probably had 900 men in the saddle on the 17th of June, but this was the first time they came under fire. They were armed with Enfield rifles and sabres; they were badly cut up in the fight of the 19th and 21st of June, but subsequently under Gordon and Barringer, become veteran regiments and did excellent service. Col. Evans was killed at Upperville, on the 21st of June. I regret that I cannot answer your question concerning the force engaged with your regiment on the 18th of July, 1863. Perhaps General Stuart's report on the Gettysburg Campaign may throw some light on that point, see Southern Historical Society papers vol. 7, page 428, at the bottom of the page. I am, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

H. B. MCCLELLAN.

The following extract is from the Campaign of Stuart's Cavalry, by Major H. B. McClellan, pages 303, 304 and 305.

Early in the morning Col. A. N. Duffie had crossed the Bull Run Mountain at Thoroughfare Gap. His orders directed him to encamp at Middleburg on the night of the 17th, and to proceed the next day towards Nolan's Ferry, extending his march to the west as far as Snickersville: These orders seem to have contemplated a somewhat extended scout by this regiment on the left flank of Gen. Gregg's division, a hazardous movement in the presence of an enterprising enemy. Col. Duffie reached Thoroughfare Gap at 9.30 A. M. and was somewhat delayed in crossing the mountain by the picket from Chambliss command. By eleven o'clock however he was fairly on his way towards Middleburg. At four o'clock P. M., he struck the pickets which Stuart had established for his own safety outside the town, and drove them so quickly that Stuart and his staff were compelled to make a retreat more rapid than was consistent with dignity and comfort. Having with him no force adequate to contest the ground with Duffie's regiment, Stuart retired towards Rectors' Cross Roads. Munford was notified of his danger and directed to withdraw from Aldie, and Robertson and Chambliss were ordered to move immediately upon Middleburg. The only hope for Duffie's regiment now lay in an immediate advance upon Aldie, where he might have created considerable commotion by attacking the rear of the First Virginia Cavalry on the Middleburg road. But he did not know this, and his orders were positive, requiring him to encamp for the night at Middleburg. He therefore made the best of the situation by dismounting one-half of his regiment behind stone walls and barricades, hoping he might be able to hold his position until reinforced from Aldie, whither he sent Capt. Frank Allen to make known his situation at brigade headquarters. Capt. Allen reached Aldie, after encountering many difficulties, at nine o'clock P. M. He says in his report: "Gen. Kilpatrick informed me that his brigade was so worn out that he could not send any reinforcements to Middleburg, but that he would report the sit-

uation of our regiment to General Gregg. Returning, he said that Gen. Gregg had gone to state the facts to Gen. Pleasanton, and directed me to remain at Aldie until he heard from Gen. Pleasanton, I remained but received no further orders." Thus Col. Duffie was left to meet his fate.

At seven o'clock in the evening he was attacked by Robertson's brigade. His men fought bravely, and repelled more than one charge before they were driven from the town, retiring by the same road upon which they had advanced. Unfortunately for Duffie this road was now closed by Chambliss brigade, which surrounded him during the night, and captured next morning the greater part of those who escaped from Robertson on the previous evening. Col. Duffie himself, escaped capture, and reached Centerville early in the afternoon with four of his officers and twenty-seven men. He reports the loss in his regiment at twenty officers and two hundred and forty-eight men. This however, was an exaggeration of the calamity, for other officers besides himself had taken to the woods, and succeeded in making their way back to the federal lines on the 18th and 19th. Major Farrington, who was separated from his regiment on the night of the 17th, in Middleburg, thus brought in two officers and twenty-three men; Lieut. Col. Thompson brought in eighteen men; Sergt. Palmer, twelve men; and Capt. George N. Bliss, six men; Col. Sergt. Robbins, who was wounded and captured, was left in Middleburg, and fell into the hands of his friends when Stuart retired from that place. This reduces the loss to two hundred. This regiment was composed of good materials, and it rapidly recuperated. On the 17th of August following it assembled three hundred men at Warrenton, and was attached to McIntosh's brigade, of Gregg's division.

THE MEADOWS IN ABINGTON, VA., April 26th, '84.

GEN. THOS. T. MUNFORD;

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours will state that the orders I carried you from Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, were delivered under diffi-

culties that vividly recall them. He and staff were very unceremoniously driven out of Middleburg by the sudden and unexpected approach of a large body of Federal Cavalry. Shortly afterwards Gen. Stuart called me and gave the following orders: "Go back and find Munford about Aldie, explain matters, and order him to fall back and immediately join me as best he can at Rector's Cross Roads tonight." Less than an hour afterwards these orders were given you at Aldie, and as I remember quite late in the evening. I found you sharply engaged, but recall no impression of the enemy's pressing or having anything to do with your falling back, which, of course, immediately followed my orders from Stuart,

Yours very truly,

FRANK S. ROBERTSON.

LYNCHBURG, VA., April 26th, 1884.

MAJOR GEO. N. BLISS:

Dear Sir:—I have your letter enclosing a copy of my letter to you fourth of March, 1882. I was in command of Fitz Lee's Brigade at Aldie, Va., June 17th, 1863. Gen. Fitz Lee had been kicked by a mule or horse in passing a wagon, and was compelled to take an ambulance until nearly at Gettysburg. My command was composed of the Second Virginia Cavalry, my own regiment, and the First and Third Virginia (Rosser had been sent off to the right, commanding his regiment, the Fifth Virginia and Wickham with the Fourth Virginia had been sent off, but both were sent to report to me at Aldie.) The First, Second and Third Virginia were feeding their horses at Carter's about a mile and a half from Aldie, when I was notified of the advance of the enemy. Rosser arrived just before my reserve regiments got up and had a short skirmish.

When I arrived I put the First Virginia on the Upperville Pike, with the sharpshooters dismounted behind the two stone walls. The triangle or V-shaped land between the two pikes rises to the west; at the apex was a meadow with some stacks of hay; my position was a very strong one. The enemy did not

try to go up the Upperville road but once; but they charged repeatedly up the Snicker's Gap road. The sharpshooters behind the stone wall with a stake fence on their right had a splendid position. The federals could not turn it; they would charge up the lane and receive a galling fire; my mounted regiments would counter charge and drive them back down the lane and they would get a second volley. This was done six or eight times by different squadrons and regiments, but they had not dislodged me. I never saw men show better spirit than the federals did, and they would have run over me if two or three regiments or a brigade had been thrown in at one time. I was ordered to retire by a staff officer from Gen. Stuart. I would have preferred to attempt to hold on, to leaving, as my men had gained confidence and we believed we could keep them off. I did retire upon the Snicker's Gap road, but was not pressed. I never saw so many dead and wounded men and horses in the same space before or after as we had before us. I made a report at the time, and sent in the report of all the colonels. We captured about one hundred and thirty men and officers. Rosser lost heavily. I was the ranking officer. Gen. Stuart had been held in check and kept out of Middleburg by a very inferior force compared to his command, and we never had the credit from our side for what was done by us. My command was, like the Rhode Island regiment fighting with five times its numbers. I believe Major McClellan, who was Gen. Stuart's adjutant, will write a fair account of that battle in his narrative of Stuart's Campaigns now in progress. I do not send this as a report and do not care to appear in print, but I am responsible for the truth of what is said, and I don't care how you use it. I hope you will excuse a hurriedly written letter and a very slight sketch of Aldie as I remember it.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

I have written this, hoping much of it might be new and interesting to those who fought so bravely in the ranks of the First Maine Cavalry at Aldie, Va., June 17th, 1863.

Some Recollections of Appomattox.

BY MAJOR H. C. HALL, LATE OF FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

On the eighth of April, Custer, with his Third Division of the Cavalry Corps had the advance and at Appomattox Station, early in the evening, intercepted and after a short but sharp fight, captured four rebel railroad trains loaded with supplies that had been sent up from Lynchburg for Lee's suffering army; It was late when our division, the Second, commanded by Gen. Crook arrived. The fighting was all over and some of the cars had been broken open and the men seemed to be helping themselves to whatever they could find that would be of use or service to them. They had been obliged to subsist for several days upon what could be picked up in a poor and impoverished country and their stomachs were thoroughly in need of support; their search, therefore for food was thorough and earnest.

Our halt was short and when we started out again our division took the advance; we marched until between eight and nine o'clock when we went into camp with a joyous prospect of a much needed nights rest. After the horses were picketed and were enjoying the fruits of the Virginia farmer's cornfields, I looked for my darkey to take my horse and prepare my supper, but no darkey could I find nor could I hear that he had been seen since we left the field of Custer's capture. I thought he had probably got left somewhere by accident, not an uncommon thing on the march in the night time, and that he would eventually come in. In about an hour he did come, but minus his mule. He rode one horse and led the mule on which was packed my blankets and spare clothing, provisions, cooking utensils and the forage for the three animals. The darkey was a big, black, faithful fellow and was feeling very badly. He said that while we were halted near the captured trains he left the mule in charge of another man and went up to the broken cars

to see what he could find in the line of food or forage and that when he returned the column had moved on and he had been unable to find the man or the mule. I saw it would be useless to tax the strength of wearied horses to make further search that night, and as he appeared to be feeling worse than myself, I tried to console him with the thought that he would undoubtedly recover his loss as soon as it was light in the morning. Well, the prospect for the comfort of life, even field and camp life, for the present and immediate future were not flattering, nor pleasant to contemplate for I thought then, I would be fortunate to recover even the mule. "But a good fire of hickory rails and a saddle for a pillow made a very acceptable substitute for a bed and I was soon forgetting my discomfort and the displeasing suggestions of my loss. So much sleepless and exciting labor, with the cares and anxieties incident to such service, seemed to have distended every nerve and fiber of my body, and when I got into a restful position the internal pressure began to subside and a pleasing and most delightful sensation came over me, which took away all thought or desire for sleep. While lying in this happy condition an order came, "Saddle up and be ready to move out immediately." The tired men were quickly aroused, the wearied horses once more under the saddle, and we were soon in column moving away again to the left. Only our brigade, the Third of the Second division, commanded by General C. H. Smith, Colonel of the First Maine, and one section of artillery had been ordered out. General Smith's orders were to seize the Lynchburg road, the only avenue of escape for Lee's army and to hold it. Soon after midnight we reached the road, turned to the right and moved forward to a little eminence a short distance west of Appomattox Court House, called Clover Hill, where we encountered the outposts of the enemy whom we quickly drove in; after a few moments surveying in the darkness, General Smith wisely determined to form his line and make his stand here.

Accordingly a portion of the command was dismounted and moved forward into line, the right of the First Maine resting on

the road and the left in the air, the Sixth Ohio on our right the balance of the brigade elsewhere. The section of artillery was in the road to the right of the First Maine. The night was dark, damp and cold, and as we could have no fires our only source of warmth and comfort was in vigorous exercise, and that our exercise might profit as well as warm and comfort, we set out to construct some kind of works that would be at least a little protection to us when the attack should be made, which we momentarily expected. Some time before daylight we had, on my part of the line at least, quite a formidable bullet-proof breastwork, made of fence rails, and such dirt as could be dug up with pointed sticks and sharp ended rails, and were impatiently waiting for darkness to disappear and speculating upon the probable events of the coming day. Just as the glimmer of the new day appeared in the eastern sky, the enemy was announced by the sharp crack of the carbines of our videts in front. The attacking force proved to be a strong reconnoitering party of the enemy, that had been sent out to ascertain what rude force had insulted their outposts in the darkness and had boldly planted itself squarely across their only remaining line of retreat. A few rounds from our carbines and a few quick successive shots from our artillery, gave them the information they sought and sent them flying back to their lines. The firing of our artillery was continued some minutes, firing into the darkness, into we knew not what. The sound of those guns echoing over the hills on that early morning air was inspiring, and it effected a two-fold advantage to our forces which I think has never been publicly reported nor fully appreciated. At that hour although unknown to us, Lee's whole army was in our front, a large part of it only a mile away resting on the hill slopes and in the valley before us, and the little hamlet of Appomattox Court House lay between us and his main force. The shells from our guns must have passed over the town and into his camps beyond. The sharp crack of our carbines and the quick successive shots from our artillery must have magnified our small force in his eyes and caused a more perfect and ex-

tended preparation for his contemplated advance, while it quickened the wearied pace of our brave boys of the Fifth, Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Corps; who had marched all the long night that they might be with us in the contest that would be inevitable in the morning. Indeed, General Chamberlain broke off his brigade from its division of the Fifth Corps and came three miles on the quick march while the Twenty-fourth and Birney colored boys of the Twenty-fifth Corps took the lively step of our artillery music and came timely into position, where they could be effectively used under the eye of General Sheridan. All this too, at this time, was unknown to us. We only knew that Sheridan was in command and that he never failed to afford us needed help.

Full daylight appears and our line is intact and undisturbed. The sun comes up over the wooded hills and soon begins to drink up the cold dew that sparkles in its morning rays, and yet quiet reigns along our lines! 7 o'clock comes and all is still! 7:30, silence! 7:40, ditto! 7:50! They come! See! On our left front! A force many times larger than we have to resist them! And such a force! As we look down on them from our position and see them moving slowly towards us, they appear an unorganized mass, no military formation of any character. More than an army, they resemble an armed mob of mad men; determined, desperate. When they came within range we opened on them with our carbines, but our fire produced no perceptible effect on them. Still on they come and hotter grows the fire from our carbines but it does not impede their progress nor turn them from their purpose. When they come so near as to threaten our capture we are ordered to fall back to our right and rear. They see us in retreat and still come howling after us. To us, weak and wearied as we were, the retreat was most sad and painful. Ordinarily, cavalymen on foot are but little better than loons on land, but I think after the first quarter of a mile we would willingly have exchanged our powers of locomotion for the comparative strength and facilities of the loon. We passed over perhaps half a mile of

open or cleared land, and a short distance to the rear of this point was a dense woods, to which we were directed and when we got there, a gladder sight never greeted waiting eyes than met ours. Concealed a few yards back from the front of the woods was a long line of troops, of colored troops, only waiting for us to retire behind their line that they might advance without bringing us between two fires. The sight was most cheering, it revolutionized our feelings and our hopes! We had no idea that there were any infantry within twenty miles of us, and we wondered why Sheridan did not attack with his whole cavalry force and not let us be driven from the field. The mystery was now solved, Sheridan proposed to end the war right there and then; and that with the least possible loss of life. The colored troops were in position; the Twenty-fourth Corps to their left and across the Lynchburg road, the Fifth Corps coming into position and the Cavalry massing on the right for a final charge. Just as we got in the rear of the colored troops, sergeant Foster of Co. H. who had charge of the lead horses of the third battalion, came to inform us where our horses were and to report for orders; I took his horse and gave him necessary instructions. I was so fascinated with that splendid line of troops extending in the woods to the right and left farther than I could see, I could not leave them and, besides, I had never seen colored troops under fire and had a great desire to witness their bearing in action. Here was my opportunity. The great strain our cavalry brigade had sustained especially in the last twelve hours, I knew had totally unfitted both men and horse for further service until they could rest and get refreshed, so that I should run little risk of censure for a short absence from my command. The line officers of the colored troops were all worthy young white men who, as non-commissioned officers as privates, had been tested in active service in other regiments, and had been recommended for promotion, and who, after having passed a rigid examination by a board of army officers, had been commissioned and assigned to duty where their services were most needed. I stood and watched them with increasing interest.

They seemed to be vying with each other to see who could infuse the most enthusiasm into their men; and the men were as eagerly imbibing the ardor and the spirit of their brave young officers, and each seemed to feel that he could whip twice his weight in angry Rebs.

The men had not yet seen the enemy who was diagonally approaching their line, but they had not long to wait, for in a few moments the welcome command was given and they sprung forward in the most perfect order I had ever seen troops move into action, and, as that long line of shining faces and bristling bayonets emerged from the thick woods into the open field, it presented a most gorgeous and thrilling spectacle;—a memorable sight,—the last line of troops I ever saw move into action. The exultant Reb's were still coming on and had already presented a flank to this line but when their eyes met this most unexpected sight they seemed for an instant paralyzed, and then as quickly recovering their senses turned on the run to the rear. I have thought a thousand times how I would value a photograph of that scene as I saw it then and as I remember it still:—a long line of armed men, for whose enslavement the war had begun and had been continued to that moment, with a background of deep dark wood a few paces in the rear, out of which they had just come, and bravely marching into the open fields towards the east in the early morning sunlight, while the great army of their once proud masters, reduced to a sad remnant, was fleeing before them. Just then a white flag appeared before Custer's line; a halt was ordered; hostilities ceased. THE WAR WAS OVER!

I returned to my regiment and found the men quietly resting. I looked for my darkey and he was missing again; presumably looking for the mule; presumably he is looking for the mule yet; presumably he will return when he finds the mule. I have waited patiently more than a quarter of a century for his return. During the day some of our men had permission to go over the ground of our morning conflict to gratify their curiosity and to pick up some trophies of value or interest from that memorable field.

I. C. Mosher of Co. H, while prosecuting his search, discovered by the side of a dead confederate, a living memento, a little pup no more than four or five weeks old, crying and moaning piteously. It was a custom quite common among the confederate soldiers, much more so than among the Union, to keep pets, cats, dogs, and smaller animals, and sometimes birds in rude cages, and to take them along on the march and even into action. This little dog had undoubtedly been brought all the long way from Richmond or Petersburg and had endured the hardships of that sad march and shared the scanty rations of his kind master, whose life had gone out on the field in that last battle. Mosher took the wee little rebel along to camp, fed him and in a little time he was thoroughly reconstructed except in name, Rebel, and as happy and playful as his little doggish nature could be. The little dog continued with his new master, growing finely until sometime in the summer when we were on duty at Chesterfield Court House, he was sold and taken to New York.

We remained in camp near by until the next morning, the 10th when our cavalry corps set out in the return march. But before we set out, at the suggestion of Grant, Smith, or Sheridan, we were permitted a farewell look upon the brave men and the representatives of other brave men, who had fought us in vain so hard and long. As we approached their shelterless camps, their little fires still smoking, and unarmed men lying idly about them, our regimental band struck up "Yankee Doodle" and played it in the liveliest manner possible. Our men were cautioned, if we rode among them to make no remarks that would irritate or in any way injure the sensitive feelings of those erring men, whose cause had expired there and whose political hopes were being buried on that field; but there was no need of such an order, for whatever of bitterness or of enmity we may heretofore have entertained towards them was now forgotten, and only worthier and kindlier feelings actuated us. Close down by their camp stood gallant "Little Phil," our cavalry idol, who had contributed so much genius, wisdom, and skill to the suc-

cess that had at last crowned our united efforts, and as our regiments came up to him they vied with each other in giving him the heartiest welcome. He acknowledged the generous greeting with a genial smile and with no sign or show of selfish pride, but with a look and expression more forcible than words, that spoke "God bless you boys! You have nobly performed your part in accomplishing the great result before us; I have done no more."

As we looked afar, on that great body of men whom we hoped, whom we expected to meet in arms no more forever, in all our joy and gladness we could not prevent a feeling of sadness as we realized their humiliating condition and thought of the sorrowful homes that would welcome them, of the desolation and destruction they had invited to that portion of our common country, and of the army of the dead that could not return with them.

We camped at night at Prospect Station where Gen. Grant joined us. In the morning of the 11th, our brigade was detailed and escorted Gen. Grant to Burkesville, where at 4 P. M. we drew rations and forage. At Burkesville, General Grant took train for Washington, and we saw him no more in the military service.

The Twentieth Maine in Rhyme.

BY CHARLES H. MERO, CO. E, TWENTIETH MAINE INFANTRY.

'Twas when I was a little lad,
 Just turned nineteen years old,
 I enlisted for a soldier boy,
 Because I was so bold;
 No better feeling chap, 'twas said,
 Had ever been enrolled;
 We thought to have a picnic time—
 In fact we were so told.

Our uncle Abe had sent out word
 Of trouble way down South,
 And wanted soldiers, brave and true,
 Who'd stand both rain and drouth.

And so for him we volunteered,
But felt down in the mouth
To leave our sweethearts here at home,
While we fought in the South.

We landed down in Washington
One bright September day,
Resolved that we would whip those rebs
As well as draw our pay,
Then with our knapsacks on our backs
We started for the fray—
The girls all flirted with us then,
Just as they do today.

No Johnnies had we seen as yet,
But hoped from day to day
To meet some of those graybacks who
Would dare to stop our way.
We wanted Uncle Abe to see
We'd fight as well as play,
And let those Southern nabobs know
They couldn't have their way.

We had not many days to wait
Before the fun begun;
We met them on Antietam fields,
And as they wouldn't run,
We opened fire upon them sharp
And pounded them like fun,
Until they did skedaddling go,
Before the set of sun.

At Fredericksburg again we met,
But it was different there;
They had those heights all fortified—
No weak place anywhere;
Their bullets, schrapnel, shot and shell
Completely filled the air,
So after fighting two long days,
We quit and left them there.

At Chancellorsville we met again—
What shall we say of that?
We thought old "Fighting Joseph" was
Just "talking through his hat;"
'Twas mystery to most of us
To know "where we were at"—
The Johnnies made us scamper like
A frightened Thomas cat.

At Gettysburg once more we met,
Both armies fresh and strong,
With open fields between us; ah!
The fight was fierce and long;
But when we gained those Round Tops from
That fierce and hungry throng,
And turned the tide against them there,
They sang a different song.

Down in the wilderness we met—
The brush was awful thick,
But the Johnny Rebs were thicker still,
And seemed inclined to stick;
We fought them and we flanked them, too,
And voted Grant a brick
At changing corps from right to left
Upon the double quick.

At Petersburg we settled down,
Resolved to stay right there,
While Sherman through old Georgia marched
And left the hen roosts bare;
We had to live beneath the ground
On common hard-tack fare
While Grant was entertaining Lee
So he could go nowhere,

And when at Appomattox, Lee
Surrendered all he had,
You can your bottom dollar bet
That we weren't feeling bad,
The Johnnies looked defiant, some,
And some were awful mad
Because Secession had gone bust,
But the Nation's heart was glad.

The war has long been over, and
We boys are bald and gray,
But closer now we'll keep our ranks
As we march on life's highway.
Although our steps are slower, we
Still claim the right of way,
For we, that dear old emblem, saved
That floats o'er all today.

Corrections and Additions

To the list of losses in the First Maine Heavy Artillery, as published in the January number of the *BUGLE* by Maj. Charles J. House, Historian First Maine Heavy Artillery.

LOSSES AT SPOTTSYLVANIA, MAY 19th, 1864.

Co. A—Killed—Add, Pvt. Bealy Runnels. Wounded—Add, Sgt. Luther Clay. Omit, Pvts. Benjamin Dow, Thomas H. Griffin, Bealy Runnels.

Co. B—Wounded—Add, Copls. Herbert Leadbetter, Isaiah B. Bolton, Willard B. Emery; Pvts. George Emerson, Alphonso Fletcher, John Frazer, Charles W. Johnson, William W. Pomroy. Omit, Pvt. Moses H. Stewart.

Co. C—Killed—Add, Wag. John Lynch. Wounded—Add, Pvts. William H. Stanley, Wellington Stratton, Ambrose H. Wasgatt.

Co. D—Wounded—Add, Copl. Lorenzo D. Hoyt; Pvt. Isaac Dunning. Omit, Pvt. David Ames.

Co. E—Wounded—Add, Pvts. Henry A. Evans, Aaron W. Jackson, James R. Orne, David O. Pollard, Henry W. Stearns.

Co. F—Killed—Omit, Pvt. Charles P. Wheeler. Wounded—Add, Pvts. Robert C. Dunaff, Selden Rogers, John W. Smith, Charles P. Wheeler. Omit, Pvt. Daniel P. Raymond.

Co. G—Wounded—Add, Pvts. Asa Batchelder, Henry W. Casey, Charles H. Frazier, Floriman D. Furbish, John McLaughlin, Thornton E. Peavey, Gilman Pike.

Co. H—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Geo. W. Low.

Co. I—Killed—Add, Pvt. Jerome Mitchell. Wounded—Add, Capt. Andrew J. Jaquith; Sgt. Adelbert F. Sproule; Pvts. Ephraim L. Brawn, Charles H. Hardy, Upham A. Hoyt, George H. Smith.

Co. K—Wounded—Add, Sgts. Robert Smith, Enoch L. Hanscomb, John T. Ward; Corp. Abijah Ayer; Pvts. David Page, William B. Kief, Walter Owen, Ephraim W. Stewart. Omit, Art. Geo. W. Howe.

Co. L—Killed—Add, Sgt. Charles C. Morse. Wounded—Add, Sgts. George E. Dodge, Joseph A. Burlingame; Art. John M. Hamlin; Pvts. George M. Brown, Virgil D. Bowley, Heman Case, Nelson W. Edwards, William King, Loomis T. Nickerson, Albert J. Osgood, John E. Potter.

Co. M—Wounded—Add, Copl. William C. Bridge; Pvts. Henry G. Barlow, Charles G. Herrin, Charles M. Staples, Virgil D. Sweetland, Josiah M. Whittier. Omit Pvts. Isaac P. Batchelder, Charles Green, Henry O. Keith, Franklin R. Knowlton, John A. Mitchell, Samuel W. Moore.

LOSSES AT MILFORD STATION, MAY 21st, 1864.

Co. D—Wounded—Add, Pvt. David Ames.

LOSSES AT NORTH ANNA, MAY 23d,-26th, 1864

Co. A—Killed—Add, Pvt. Thomas H. Griffin.

LOSSES AT TOTOPTOMY, MAY 30,-31st, 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Benjamin Dow.
 Co. C—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Bloomfield T. Richardson.
 Co. D—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Ebenezer D. Harlow.
 Co. K—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Hiram Farley.

LOSSES AT COLD HARBOR, JUNE 2d-12th, 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—Add, Pvts. Nathan C. Cole, Levi D. Curtis. Prisoners—For Addison C. Keene read Addison C. Keen.
 Co. D—Wounded—Add, Pvts. Roscoe G. Johnson, Nathan Knowlton, Edward K. Moulton, Theodore C. Stevens, Lorenzo Parks.
 Co. L—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Willard Page.
 Co. M—Wounded—Add, Pvts. Ferdinand Palmer, Frederick Stanhope.

LOSSES AT PETERSBURG, JUNE 16th, 1864.

Co. K—Killed—Add, Pvt. James Sears. Wounded—Copl. Jacob Henry.
 Co. L—Wounded—Omit, Pvt. Willard Page.
 Co. M—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Thomas Leighton.

LOSSES AT PETERSBURG, JUNE 17th, 1864.

Co. B—Wounded—Add, Wag. Charles W. Jones.
 Co. D—Killed—Omit Pvt. Frank W. Whittier.
 Co. K—Wounded—Omit Copl. Jacob Henry.
 Co. L—Killed—Add, Pvt. Charles E. Prescott.
 Co. M—Killed—Add, Pvt. Edwin G. Minot. Wounded—Add, Pvt. Charles Green.

LOSSES AT PETERSBURG, JUNE 18th, 1864.

Field and Staff—Wounded—Add, Maj. Russell B. Shepherd.
 Co. A—Wounded—Add, Lt. Charles Merrill. Omit, Pvt. Levi D. Curtis.
 Co. B—Killed—Add, Copl. Calvin R. Billington. For Daniel R. Mills read David R. Mills. Wounded—Add, Pvt. Moses H. Stewart. Omit, Copls. Calvin R. Billington, Isaiah B. Bolton.
 Co. C—Killed—Add, Pvt. Charles H. Long. Wounded—Add, Pvts. Henry A. Carter, Henry L. Lunt. Omit Pvts. Charles H. Long, Wm. H. Stanley.
 Co. D—Killed—Add, Pvt. Frank W. Whittier. Wounded—Add, Sgts. Jonathan C. Lane, Albert Haskell; Pvts. Albion K. P. Grant, Edward K. Moulton, Horace A. Smith. Omit, Pvt. Nathan Knowlton.
 Co. F—Wounded—Add, Pvts. Ephraim K. Drew, Daniel P. Raymond, John L. Robinson, Altheus O. Wing. Omit, Copl. Samuel E. Pray.
 Co. G—Wounded—Add, Pvts. George W. Joy, George W. Kenney, James W. Lunt.
 Co. I—Killed—Add, Pvt. Stillman Guppy. Omit, Pvt. Jerome Mitchell. Wounded—Omit, Pvts. Stillman Guppy.
 Co. K—Killed—Omit, Pvt. James Sears. Wounded—Omit, John Barrell, William B. Kief.

Co. L—Killed—Omit, Sgt. Charles C. Morse; Pvt. Charles E. Prescott. Wounded—Add, Pvt. James H. Stinson; Omit, Pvt. George M. Brown; for Nathan W. Pratt, read Nathan N. Pratt.

Co. M—Killed—Add, Copl. John C. Grover. Omit, Pvt. Edwin G. Minot. For Copl. Edward E. Jennison read Sgt. Edward E. Jennison. Wounded—Add, Pts. William F. Butter. Franklin R. Knowlton. Omit, Copl. John C. Grover; Pts. Ferdinand Palmer, Frederick Stanhope, Virgil D. Sweetland.

LOSSES ON JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD, JUNE 22d, 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—For Albert Spearing read Albert Spearn.

Co. C—Killed—Add, Pvt. Alanson Bennett.

Co. K—Wounded—Add, Pvt. John Barrell.

Co. M—Killed—Add, Pvt. Edward P. Clary.

LOSSES AT DEEP BOTTOM AUGUST 14th,—18th, 1864.

Co. F—Wounded—Add, Copl. John H. Kelley; Pvt. John Heard; For Pvt. Samuel E. Pray read Copl. Samuel E. Pray.

Co. M—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Mark P. Kelley.

LOSSES AT SQUIRREL LEVEL ROAD, OCTOBER 2d, 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—Omit, Pvt. Andrew Hooper.

Co. C—Killed—For Pvt. James H.— read James H. Grover.

Co. D—Wounded—Add, Pvt. John Potter.

Co. F—Wounded—Add, Copl. Fred A. Chamberlain.

Co. H—Wounded—Omit, Pvt. Converse Thomas.

LOSSES AT BOYDTON ROAD, OCTOBER, 27th, 1864.

Co. A—Killed and Prisoners—For Pvt. Roger Connelly read Pvt. Roger Connoley. Wounded—Add, Lt. Warren A. Huntress.

Co. B—Wounded—Add, Pvt. William H. Welch.

Co. H—Wounded—Add, Pts. Benjamin T. Genthner, Converse Thomas.

Co. M—Prisoner—Add, Pvt. Josiah M. Whittier.

The name of Hiram G. Bottom of Co. D is included in the official list of wounded in this action, but a neighbor of his has written me to the effect that he was not wounded, or if at all so slightly that he never mentioned it after returning from prison.

The wounding of Roger Connoley is also questioned. He died in prison soon after capture. If any one has any personal knowledge or positive information in regard to either case I would like to hear from them.

LOSSES IN FORT HELL AND VICINITY, SUMMER AND FALL OF 1864.

Co. A—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Andrew Hooper.

Co. B—Wounded—Omit, Wag. Charles W. Jones.

Co. K—Wounded—Add, Sgt. Fred O. Talbot; Pvt. John Corbet.

LOSSES AT HATCHEKS RUN, MARCH 25th, 1865.

Co. C—Wounded—Add, Pvt. William L. Eldridge.

Co. D—Wounded—Add Copl. Charles H. Calif.

Co. E—Wounded—Add, Pvt. John Saul.

Co. F—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Martin V. Tripp.

Co. L—Wounded—Add, Pvts. Charles R. Brown, Charles O. Cowan.

LOSSES NEAR FIVE FORKS, MARCH 31st, 1865.

Co. E—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Edward B. West.

LOSSES AT SAILORS CREEK, APRIL 6th, 1865.

Co. A—Wounded—Add, Copls. William Hermon, Frederick H. Tucker; Pvt. Benjamin G. Grover.

Co. B—Wounded—Add, Capt. Frederic C. Low; Pvt. Francis McKenna.

Co. E—Wounded—Omit, Pvt. John Saul.

Co. F—Wounded—Add, Sgt. James E. Wentworth.

Co. G—Wounded—Add, Pvt. John B. Craig.

Co. H—Wounded—Add, Pvts. James H. Brazzell, Arthur D. Bumps, Timothy Cunningham.

Co. I—Wounded—Add, Pvt. Michael Ryan.

Co. M—Wounded—Add, Lt. Arthur P. Budge; Pvt. John Noyes.

The above comprises all the additions and corrections I have thus far been able to make to my list which was printed in the January number of the *BUGLE*. The following members of the regiment are still unaccounted for, that is they were absent at the muster out of the regiment and no record has been found of their discharge or death. I give name, residence and cause of absence. Any person who can do so will confer a favor by writing me what information they may possess in regard to any of them.

Co. A—Pvts. Michael Boucher, Calais, sick; Walter K. Kelley, Dexter, sick.

Co. B—Pvt. Moses H. Stewart, Wellington, wounded.

Co. C—Pvt. Owen O'Neil, Cherryfield, paroled prisoner, wounded.

Co. D—Pvts. John H. Partridge, Hampden, sick. James A. Scullin, Bangor, sick.

Co. E—Pvt. Peter Pelkie, Brewer, (a French Canadian) paroled prisoner, wounded.

Co. F—Pvts. David W. Barrett, Hermon, wounded; Ambrose Nason, Bradley, wounded.

Co. G—Copl. Charles L. Shaw, Orneville, sick; Pvts. Kenney Depray, Bucksport, missing in action May 19th, 1864; James E. Fulton, New Brunswick, wounded.

Co. H—Pvts. Campbell A. Fickett, Columbia, sick; Franklin Foss, Machias, sick; Cyrus B. Millett, Winterport, sick; Seward W. Tucker, Webster Plantation, sick; Benjamin Weaver, Foxcroft, wounded; George M. Willey, Dixmont, wounded.

Co. I—Pvt. James F. Getchell, Orono, wounded.

Co. K—Pvt. Philander C. Brawn, Corinth, wounded.

Co. L—Copl. James P. Newell, Bath, prisoner; Pvts. Franklin Campbell, Calais, prisoner; James W. Hall, Bethel, wounded.

Co. M—Pvts. Hiram Batchelder, Montville, wounded; Philonas K. Martin, Lewiston, wounded; David M. Morgan, Greenwood, wounded; Charles D. Robbins, Harrington, wounded.

The Fifth New York Cavalry in the Valley.

BY F. S. DICKENSON, FIFTH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

Recruiting for the cavalry service was commenced as early as the twenty-first day of April 1861, in New York city, by Augustus P. Greene, who spent much time, and a large amount of his own money, in enlisting and caring for his men, and the necessary expenses attending his efforts to get the government to accept them. The government persistently declining men for this branch of the service until the twenty-sixth day of July of that year, when by the efforts of Senator Ira Harris of New York, his son-in-law, O. D. Forest was authorized by the War Department to raise a regiment of cavalry called the First Regiment, Ira Harris Guards, which proved the nucleus of a fine cavalry brigade. The first battalion of the Ira Harris Guards, was recruited principally in New York City. The Second, one company in each of the following counties; Alleghany, Wyoming, Tioga, and Essex. The Third, principally in Albany and Troy, New York. The first rendezvous was at Camp Herndon near Stapleton, Staten Island, then to Camp Scott, where the first lessons of the trooper dismounted, was diligently taught by competent drill masters. The first and second battalions received their horses and equipments during the month of October and the regiment moved to Baltimore on the eighteenth of November; during their stay of one week the Third battalion was mounted, and sabers were issued to all. On the twenty-fifth, the regiment made its first march mounted, from Baltimore to Annapolis, Maryland, and bivouacked in Saint Mary's College grounds. Moved from there to Camp about three miles from the city, and pitched our little A tents in a muddy cornfield covered with snow.

The government furnished one of these tents for each non-commissioned officer and five men, crowding six men into space

barely capable of accomodating three. But a few cornstalks placed in them for the double purpose of beds and floor made things quite comfortable. Our cooks were sadly deficient in the culinary art, yet our rations were much superior to those received on Staten Island. The snow soon disappeared and the sun came out bright and warm, drying the sandy field in which we were camped and making it an excellent place for a cavalry camp. Thus the winter of '61 and '62 found the First Regiment, Ira Harris Guards (Fifth New York Cavalry) in camp of instruction under competent drill masters, and the regiment soon became proficient in horsemanship, the sabre drill and the tactical evolutions of the trooper mounted, and the foundation was laid for a brilliant career in a gigantic rebellion, whose magnitude was not dreamed of at that date. Although the men were attentive to instruction and subordinate, they had increasing desire to escape from the monotony of drill and put in practice the lessons taught in Camp Harris, before the rebellion was put down by the infantry troops. Early in December, Sibley tents were received capable of accomodating fourteen men comfortably and placed on stockades in nicely arranged streets by companies with a corresponding row of stables for the horses.

At the head of each company street was the officers' wall tents, at the foot, the cook tent, occupied by a soldier detailed for that purpose. With a stove in each tent purchased by each tent squad, they were very comfortable and pleasant. On the first day of March orders were received to break camp. Much as we enjoyed our pleasant quarters these marching orders were received with cheers and rejoicing. The regiment moved to Annapolis and bivouacked in the navy yard. On the following month April first, we took cars for an unknown destination. But after a pleasant ride along the B. & O. R. R. on the tops of freight cars, we landed at Harper's Ferry in the evening in the midst of a heavy snow storm, and bivouacked in the ruins of the Government Arsenal, made famous as the place of refuge of John Brown and his party. On the following day we occupied government buildings on the plateau between the Potomac and

Shenandoah rivers. Revolvers were received and issued, and our saddles exchanged for the new McClelland saddle. The twentieth of April again set us in motion towards Winchester, through Halltown and Charlestown. While passing the latter place the boys sang "John Brown's body lies mouldering in the grave etc," much to the disgust of the citizen spectators, standing in front of that old Court House where John Brown received his death sentence on the second day of December, 1859. We arrived in Winchester in the evening in the midst of a cold rain, and bivouacked two days.

Resuming the march on the twenty-second, up the Shenandoah Valley, we passed the battle ground where Gen. Shields fought the battle of Kernstown, on the twenty-fifth of March, and on to Newtown, Middletown, and Strasburg, thence to Woodstock, Mt. Jackson and Newmarket, where a reconnoitering party in their hunt for game, captured four rebels, which was the first game of the kind caught by the regiment, and was considered quite a lucky thing. The remark was made, that it was not much of a day for rebels either. Gen. Banks forces being at Harrisburg, Co. A of the Fifth New York Cavalry (that is the number we go by now) made a reconnoissance in the direction of Fort Republic, running into a brief skirmish and losing one man captured. The first man lost in an engagement.

The regiment moved to Harrisburg on the third of May and back to Newmarket on the fifth. Colonel Ashby, a brilliant young officer of the rebel army, who had made himself famous by his frequent daring and generally successful raids on the pickets of our forces in the valley during the previous winter and early spring, was now reported at Harrisburg and advancing down the valley. Co. E and a portion of I and M were sent up to meet them under the command of Major Vought. When within five miles of Harrisburg the advance guard commanded by Adjutant Hasbrouck came upon the vidette outposts of the rebels, a charge was immediately ordered and continued the whole distance of five miles to Harrisburg. Up the pike like the wind flew this little band of eager cavalymen through the

thick blinding, stifling dust; the dust being so dense at times as to completely hide the heads of our horses; yet on and on we went at the highest speed of our horses, following close on the heels of those videttes, who were straining every nerve of their horses to carry the news in advance of the approaching Yanks, to their own comrades. Past their line of pickets, flew the pursued and pursurers and into their reserve who were found to be lying on the ground and a part of them unsaddled. Our boys made lively work for a few minutes with their sabres killing three, wounding five, capturing seven, and many good horses, while the Johnnies were making the liveliest kind of movements to get away from such society.

When the firing was heard in front, Major Vought ordered a halt, and excitedly rode up and down that little column enquiring for a fresh horse. "Who's got a fresh horse?" "Is there a bugler on the ground, sound the recall." While this scene was being enacted, the enemy's pickets were running past in the field on either side of us, and the advance, through lack of experience and a knowledge of what course to pursue under such exciting circumstances, came back to the column, having lost Adjutant Hasbruck their commander, and Sergeant Whitcomb, captured, Ashleal A. Spencer, killed, and William Mills wounded. Sergeant Whitcomb however was only retained a few minutes as a prisoner of war. His quick perception revealed an opportunity which he improved to escape almost as soon as captured, and he returned to the command in time to hear the Major enquire for a fresh horse and volunteered the information that a fresh codfish could be found as readily. The command immediately returned to camp at New Market, where they received the plaudits of their fellow soldiers and a grand serenade by Gen. Bank's headquarter band, and flattering eulogistic articles from the pens of the army correspondents, eager for crumbs of army news that one year later would not have been considered of sufficient magnitude to deserve a passing notice. But this little affair caused a great deal of talk in army circles, for the reason that little was expected of cavalry, because McClellan had said

cavalry was needed only for escort duty, but the truth dawned upon him a few weeks later, when the rebel cavalry, commanded by Stuart, marched all around him and broke his communications and burned his supplies at the White House landing. As has been said before, this little affair at Harrisburg, Va., on the sixth day of May 1862, small as it was, had a very important bearing on the future of the cavalry, superinduced by the army correspondents. Here is some of their "gush" quoted verbatim; "The brilliant charge of which you were informed by telegraph, has established beyond a cavil the reputation of the Ira Harris Guard. Hereafter the rebels will not forget that there is cavalry in this department, capable of driving back their mounted guerrillas in confusion and consternation, capable of using the sabre, the proper instrument of the trooper in close hand to hand conflict. This is the first time that we have heard from this body of New York Cavalry, and they have made a good report of themselves, and done honor to their state." (Correspondent New York World.)

Our pickets were constantly being annoyed by the bushwhacking guerrillas, who were hovering about on all sides of the army, watching for opportunities to kill or capture any small squad of men who chanced to stray a little distance from camp. A party of Co.'s I and L while bathing in the river near New Market were fired upon and two men of Co. I killed and one of Co. L captured. While the army was falling back, Ashby's cavalry followed closely on our rear, every movement of ours being faithfully reported to him by citizens within our lines whose property was being protected by our guards. They claimed to be good Union men, but clandestinely furnished information to our enemies. Thus the rebel chief was always ready to move nearly as soon as we were. At Woodstock on the twelfth he again made his appearance and attacked our rear guard, and again at Toms Brook. At the latter place, Gen. Hatch took one hundred and fifty men and sent the band fleeing up the valley several miles, killing and wounding several and capturing three, and returning without the loss of a man.

With this force driven away the army rested quietly at Strasburg until the twenty-third, when messengers arrived from Co.'s B and D who had the day before been sent to reinforce Col. Kenly at Front Royal, with information that Kenly had been attacked by an overwhelming force under Stonewall Jackson and urgently calling for reinforcements. Gen. Banks did not appear to think that the trouble at Front Royal serious; but gave immediate orders for the Second Massachusetts Infantry and some other troops, all he could spare from his already depleted army to go to his assistance. Pursuant to an order dated Washington, D. C., May 15th, 1862, Gen. Banks had sent Gen. Shield's division to report to Gen. McDowell then in command of the department of the Rappahannock, which left him only Gen. William's division and some cavalry, barely seven thousand men in all, nine hundred of which were at Front Royal. Banks was aware that Jackson was within striking distance of him, for he had learned that there had been an engagement between him and Gen. Milroy in the Bull Pasture mountains on the seventeenth. But Ashby's Cavalry kept Jackson's movements so well covered that he came down on the unsuspecting little garrison at Front Royal twenty thousand strong, with all the assuring confidence that great strength gives over the weak.

That little band under their gallant leader, Col. Kenly, made a brilliant and stubborn fight as did also Co.'s B and D of the Fifth New York Cavalry under their brave leader Capt. A. H. White, who subsequently became Col. of the regiment. As before stated Banks had been informed of the attack at Front Royal by messengers, one of whom, Sergeant Greenleaf of Co. D asked for a fresh horse of Gen. Banks and immediately set out to return to his company. Before reaching them he met some mounted soldiers standing by the roadside, who in answer to his inquiries, replied that they were a part of Gen. Jackson's staff. As they did not halt him, he rode a short distance beyond them and met another man with a musket on his shoulder who informed him that he belonged to the Eighth Louisiana regiment and that Jackson was advancing on that road twenty

thousand strong. Instantly wheeling his horse he made his escape and returned to Gen. Banks at Strasburg and gave him this information. Banks said "You have saved the army." The logical conclusion was that the force at Front Royal had been annihilated, or if not, had retreated towards Winchester, and Jackson was moving his main force to intercept Banks at Middletown or Newtown.

At this point a brief description of the principle topographical features of this region will the better enable the reader to more fully understand the critical position in which the Union army was placed, and the skill and promptness displayed by the commanding General in extricating it. The beautiful and fertile valley of the Shenandoah lies between the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah or North mountains, which are a branch of the Allegheny Ridge and is drained by the Shenandoah river and its tributaries, rising in Augusta County near Staunton, flowing northeasterly and debouching its waters, between the high bluff into the majestic Potomac at Harper's Ferry. Near the center of the valley, two ranges of high hills rise out of the nearly level valley, extending from Mount Jackson to Strasburg and terminating with the Massanutton mountains, which lie between the Shenandoah and the North Fork, which winds close around its bold and abrupt base to its confluence at Front Royal. Two great public macadamized roads extend from Staunton to Winchester, one along the east fork of the Shenandoah via Front Royal, and the other along the north fork via Strasburg. Each of these places are situated in their respective valleys where they open out into the broad open plain, traversed by good roads, which converge at Winchester twenty miles farther north. As Front Royal is almost due east from Strasburg and twelve miles away, it will be seen that to give up that position was to give the enemy the opportunity to place his army by an easy march between Banks' army and Winchester. Being thoroughly alive to the responsible situation, Colonel Kenly's only hope was to delay the enemy a sufficient length of time to enable Banks to retreat to Winchester. Hence the necessity of holding

the position, even at the sacrifice of his command, in that desperate, hopeless fight, that delay might save the army. It was nine hundred against twenty thousand, yet they succeeded in causing a delay of sufficient duration to enable Banks to get his baggage train through and nearly all of his troops. All honor to the gallant Kenly and the brave boys with him. Being overwhelmed by numbers and his command nearly surrounded, Kenly retreated across the north fork of the Shenandoah and attempted to burn the bridge, that it might delay the enemy still further, but they were so close upon him that they extinguished the fire before any damage was done. A few miles farther on he was overtaken by Ashby, with eight hundred cavalry, and defeated after a spirited resistance, losing his train and seven hundred men killed, wounded and missing.

Bell Boyd, the famous female rebel spy, undoubtedly had much to do in this campaign of Jackson in his efforts to destroy or capture Banks. Many years later she made this, the theme of an interesting lecture, telling her audience how information was gained and how she transmitted it. When Sergeant Greenleaf reported the enemy advancing on the Middletown road, Banks immediately recalled the troops sent to reinforce Kenly and set his whole army in rapid motion towards Winchester. The wagon train followed closely with the First Vermont and a part of the Fifth New York Cavalry as train guard. At Middletown the enemy's advance struck the train, and in spite of the gallant conduct of the guard succeeded in capturing and burning some of the wagons and dividing the train, thirty-two wagons escaping back to the rear guard, which was effectually cut off from the main column. Col. DeForest with only six companies of his regiment now finding himself encumbered with thirty-two heavily loaded wagons resolved to make the attempt to save them by taking the mountain road, the trend of which led through the little North mountain to the Potomac via Cherry Run. Co. E, being detached to cover the rear, became separated from the rest of the command in the darkness, and took a road that led to Winchester via the Moorfield Pike, where it ar-

rived and joined Banks before daylight on the 25th. After taking a short rest we, of Co. E, were again in the saddle and moved out in front of the Union Hotel, which was used as a storehouse for commissary supplies, and told to help ourselves to the extent of filling our haversacks with anything we wanted. While this was being done, the building was set on fire to destroy all supplies, and prevent them from falling into the enemy's hands, who were then planting a battery in that same street.

Our Infantry troops were retreating through the other streets in good order, although there was a great tumult from the groans and jeers of the citizens and the firing of guns from the windows, on our troops as they fell back from the yelling exultant, victorious foe, bent on the destruction of Banks' little army. Again we found ourselves in the rear, and we were face to face with that rebel battery in the street who were beginning to throw their shot and shell down the street. Being ordered to support one of our batteries, that was then taking position, we moved out of the uncomfortable position to one outside of the city and formed for the battery's support. As the enemy's shot and shell began to search for victims, one of Co. E's former lieutenants said "Boys if you want to stay here and be killed you can, I'm going;" and he went. The captain who proved to have lots of "sand" said "There goes your sabre, boys." That was a vital thrust, for that sabre was presented to that lieutenant by the company, partly as a token of esteem and admiration and partly as a slur on the captain, whom they despised. Can Co. E ever forget the expression of disappointment, shame and regret depicted on those faces as they were turned towards that departing sabre; or the exultant smile of that captain as he viewed the departing figure of the finest looking officer in the regiment, mounted, as he was, on that beautiful cream colored mare; or the glitter of that bright scabbard in the morning sun as it receded from view, in the direction of Harper's Ferry? Co. D joined E here and together supported the rear guard battery as it retired from point to point to repel the enemy's cavalry, who followed us as far as Bunker Hill. During the night

we reached the Potomac and crossed the following day near Williamsport, Md. Thus ended a very successful retreat, in that, the army succeeded in escaping from a superior force.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTE.—The encounter with the enemy on the dirt road to the Front Royal pike was the first real fight of the First Maine Cavalry, and a reference to some of the original reports will be of interest to members of that regiment. The return of a detachment of cavalry with two pieces of artillery is not mentioned in their history and it would be an interesting question to have the names of this cavalry and artillery known. The United States official records show that Jackson, all of Ashby's cavalry, and most of his own infantry advanced on this road to Middletown with Chew's battery and two rifled guns of Capt. Poague's battery. Had Jackson advanced towards Winchester on the Front Royal pike he would have caught Banks with his army ensnared with a wagon train; and had his cavalry in hand instead of near Middletown and Strasburg looting a few army wagons and thus useless to him. The following official reports will show the events, as viewed by the parties at the time.

REPORT OF LIEUT. COL. CALVIN S. DOUITY, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, OF OPERATIONS MAY 24—
(U. S. Official Reports, Vol. XII., p. 575.)

HQRS. FIRST BATTALION, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
WILLIAMSPORT, Md., May 27th, 1862.

GENERAL:—On Saturday morning last I proceeded to Middletown, and left my baggage there according to orders. A detachment of cavalry with two pieces of artillery had just returned from a reconnoissance on the road leading across to the Winchester and Front Royal turnpike. They had seen nothing of the enemy. I immediately started across, and struck what I at first took to be their pickets, but afterward proved to be their advance guard. Shots were exchanged, and the enemy fell back. This was about a mile and a half from the Front Royal pike. I here learned from a person who had just come up from that direction that the enemy was in force upon the road and moving across toward Middletown. I threw out skirmishers to the right and left and awaited their movements, at the same time sending back intelligence of what had happened to the signal officer at Middletown. Seeing no signs of the enemy, after waiting an hour I fell back toward Providence church, leaving vedettes along the road and small parties at a distance each side to look out for any flank movement of the enemy. My object in so doing was to conceal my force and delay the enemy, in order to save time for the baggage trains, knowing they had a large force of infantry, which would render opposition on my part ineffectual.

At Providence church I halted my command, expecting to be reinforced from Middletown. At about 12 o'clock, after waiting an hour or more, the most advanced vedettes came in and reported the enemy's cavalry and infantry advancing. Others coming in and confirming this statement I drew up my command in order of battle, to deceive the enemy and gain time. Their advance guard soon came in sight, and halted at a respectful distance. Their infantry soon came in sight, and also halted. I remained in position, determined to hold them in check as long as possible, at the same time sending intelligence of the condition of affairs to the signal officer, to be forwarded to General Banks.

After a delay of half an hour the enemy opened on us with artillery, throwing shell into my column. I drew off my force, and proceeded slowly to Middletown. I there learned that General Banks had gone on toward Winchester, and that you were coming up with your command. I determined to wait for your arrival. The enemy quickly appeared and commenced shelling the town. I was about giving the order to fall back toward Strasburg when I saw you approaching. I formed my command in column of fours in the main street, and awaited orders. Major Collins, of the First Vermont Cavalry, was attached to my command, and took place with his two companies at the head of the column. After the end of five or ten minutes I saw the head of the column in motion, as I supposed by your order. My position was then near the rear of the column, looking after Captain Cilley, of Company B, who had been severely wounded by a shell. I rode forward as fast as possible toward the head of the column, which was charging up the pike amid a shower of shell and bullets. The dust was so thick I could neither see nor tell any thing in particular, except close by me. I passed over the bodies of men and horses strewn along the road till I had come up to near the center of Company M, the third company from the rear, where I found the bodies of men and horses so piled up that it was impossible to proceed. I saw they were retreating, and heard the order for the same from ahead. I fell back, and reformed the remainder of my command in the street about the middle of the town. At the same time a company of rebel infantry, across the street at the upper end, opened fire on us. I saw that a second attempt to advance was useless and fell back a few rods, when I made a turn to the left and struck into the fields and proceeded toward Winchester, falling in with your command after marching about two miles.

Our loss is as follows: A, forty-four men missing; B, Captain Cilley wounded severely and left, and five men missing; E, Captain Putnam and forty-two men missing; H, one man missing; M, thirty-three men missing. It is impossible to tell how many of these were killed and wounded. Probably some may yet come in who have escaped. Companies A, E, and M lost nearly all their horses also.

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

C. S. DOUTY,

Lieutenant-Colonel, First Maine Cavalry.

Brig. Gen. John P. Hatch.

NOTE.—The actual loss of the First Maine Cavalry in this engagement was three killed or mortally wounded; twenty-one wounded; sixty-one prisoners, of whom six died.

REPORT OF CAPT. WILLIAM T. FOAGUE, VIRGINIA (ROCKBRIDGE) ARTILLERY, OF OPERATIONS MAY 23—JUNE 9.

(U. S. Rebellion Record, Vol. XII., p. 760.)

CAMP NEAR WINCHESTER, VA., May 27, 1862.

CAPTAIN:—I have the honor to report that on the twenty-third ultimo, at about 4 P.M., when distant five and one-half miles from Front Royal, I was ordered to report, with my two parrott pieces, to Major General Jackson, near Front Royal. I proceeded as rapidly as the jaded condition of my horses would permit, but was unable to get to the scene of action before the retreat of the enemy. I reached the Shenandoah river at dark, and finding the road blocked by artillery and infantry, and not being able to find General Jackson, I went into camp, and awaited the arrival of the brigade.

Following with the brigade the next day, I received orders to report, with my parrott guns, to Major-General Jackson, who directed me to report of Colonel Ashby, on the road leading to Middletown. I found the colonel about four miles from Middletown, driving the enemy's pickets before him. Following along with Captain Chew's battery, supported by a few companies of infantry, we came up with a train of the enemy's wagons escorted by a considerable body of cavalry, making its way toward Winchester. A few rounds drove their cavalry in great confusion down the road. Following on in the pursuit, and firing as often as I could get within range, I finally came up with a regiment of infantry about a mile from Newtown, which seemed disposed to make a stand, but was soon dispersed by a few well-directed shells.

Here I was ordered to halt until an infantry support should arrive. Proceeding with these, and when less than one mile from Newtown, three guns of the enemy opened fire upon our infantry and cavalry. This was about five P. M. I at once took a position on the left of the road and opened fire upon their battery. The firing was kept up on both sides until about dusk, when the enemy's guns withdrew. In this combat three of my men were wounded. Two of my horses were killed by a shell. I was then ordered by Major-General Jackson to proceed in advance. Afterward a company of infantry was placed on each side of the road, a little in advance of my pieces, and a company of cavalry in front. On arriving at Barton's Mill the enemy fired a volley into the cavalry, which immediately whirled and retreated in great confusion, running over and disabling two of my cannon-drivers. After this two of my pieces marched in rear of the brigade until dawn, when they were again ordered to the front. At this point commences my report of the operations of the battery on the twenty-fifth, which has been sent in.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WM. T. POAGUE,

Captain of Battery.

CAPTAIN J. F. O'BRIEN,

A. A. G., First Brigade, Valley District.

REPORT OF COL. OTTNEIL DE FOREST, FIFTH NEW YORK CAVALRY, OF OPERATIONS MAY 24-27.

(U. S. Rebellion Record, Vol. XII., p. 581).

Camp near Williamsport, Md., May 29, 1862.

I have the honor to make the following report of my movements from noon of Saturday, the twenty-fourth, until evening of Tuesday, the twenty-seventh:

Leaving camp at Tom's Brook somewhat after noon on Saturday, the twenty-fourth, and moving toward Strasburg, I received orders on the way to order forward Hampton's battery and the First Vermont Cavalry, and to bring up the rear with the six companies (A, C, E, G, K, M.) remaining with me, Companies B and D, under command of Major Vought, having gone to Front Royal to join Colonel Kenly on the twenty-third and companies F, H, I, and L having gone forward to Strasburg, under Major Gardner, according to previous instructions.

On the road I received instructions from yourself to destroy the Government stores in Strasburg. Halting my command at the south end of the village, I emptied the church of the ordnance stores and burned them, and then partly emptied the freight depot after loading a supply train of thirteen wagons with clothing; but being pressed

for time, I finally fired the depot, as well as a large outbuilding to the south, containing tents, and the various piles of tents, poles, etc., lying near together, with some half-dozen vacant wall and A tents that were pitched close by.

Moving now to the summit of the hill north of Strasburg, I found that my own command, as well as a portion of the First Vermont Cavalry, a portion of General Banks' body guard, and Hampton's battery, were cut off from the main body by the rebels. Infantry, cavalry and wagons were streaming back in wild confusion along the road and the fields on either side as far as the eye could reach. The battery having been at once ordered to the summit of the hill, I supported it with my cavalry, formed in line of battle in the field on either side. A few shells checked the small force of rebels who were pressing on us from Middletown. After a hasty consultation Colonel Tompkins, Captain Hampton, and myself decided to try and rejoin the main body by a mountain road on the west of the pike, Colonel Tompkins stating that he had a captain who could guide us. Colonel Tompkins, forming the advance with a portion of his regiment, was to move out the cross road a piece and halt until the column should be formed, the battery and my own command following. I ordered forward companies A and E to support the battery. I would earnestly call your attention to the fact that I have not since seen Colonel Tompkins and his command, and to the critical situation in which I was placed by his desertion, as he took with him the only guide we had, the Vermont captain. I have subsequently learned that Colonel Tompkins pushed on without the battery, and that companies A and E, of my regiment, entered Winchester about 1 A. M. on Sunday with the battery. Captain Hampton and his two battery wagons remained with me. I halted a few minutes for Captain Hampton to bring up these two battery wagons from the rear, and then moved rapidly on, but could not overtake the battery.

Before moving I ordered Capt. Foster, of Company M, to bring out of the village a loaded supply train of thirty-five wagons that remained there, which he did in the face of a large body of rebel cavalry who appeared to the south of the village. I also brought up a portion of General Bank's body guard, and some of the First Maine, First Michigan, First Maryland, First Virginia, Tenth Maine, and Fifth Connecticut, some telegraph operators, one of the signal corps, etc., who had been cut off near Middletown.

Now, about five P. M., I moved forward as rapidly as the battery wagons allowed, and without halting, along rough roads parallel with the pike, making inquiries at every step. Late in the evening we reached a grade running to Winchester and joining the Strasburg pike, say one and one half miles south of Winchester.

At one time, just before reaching this grade, we heard the beating of the enemy's drums, and I ascertained that they were not more than three-quarters of a mile from us. About eleven miles from Winchester I came upon a road running westerly again to Pughtown, fourteen miles, easterly six miles to Newtown. Learning that the grade I was on entered the Winchester and Strasburg pike, and thinking I might be compelled to take a more westerly road, I halted here, to be sure of a way of retreat, and throwing out pickets on the Newtown road, ordered forward Captain Hammond's company to reconnoiter as far as the pickets of General Banks', if possible, and send me report. While standing here signaling was going on from a height many miles in our rear for a long time, and two rockets, possibly in reply, were sent up from near Winchester.

Standing to horse some hours about daybreak two orderlies returned to me, reporting that Captain Hammond had forced the enemy's pickets and entered Winchester, but that they occupied the pike near the fork of the grade and the Winchester and Strasburg pike, rendering it extremely hazardous for us with our train to attempt to enter Winchester there. I concluded at once to enter the Pughtown road and seek a mountain road that would lead me into the west side of Winchester. I soon discovered a German Unionist, who conducted us through the woods a mile or so to a grade running direct and entering Winchester near Mason's house. Halting on the grade only long enough to bring my train on the rough road well up with the column I lost no time in approaching Winchester, spurred on by the hope of rejoining the main column, so as to assist in the battle I supposed to be raging, as from dawn we heard heavy firing.

At nine A. M. the head of the column was within a mile of Winchester, moving cautiously lest I might betray our presence to the enemy, whose picket was suspected to be on that road, as we took prisoner a private of Colonel Dudley's Twenty-sixth Kentucky Regiment, who said he had come from Winchester, and that there was a picket on that road, though he refused to tell what it was. Ascertaining through my vedettes that General Banks had nearly evacuated Winchester, closely followed by the enemy, I decided to search for a mountain road to Martinsburg. Counter-marching at once and striking over a bad road for some three miles, guided by a Union refugee, we struck the mountain road to Martinsburg, and running parallel with and about three miles from the Winchester and Martinsburg pike. Moving rapidly to within about four miles of Martinsburg and a mile north of Gerardstown, we halted about two hours to graze our horses which were much jaded, and meanwhile Pratt, the scout, went forward to within two miles of Martinsburg, and returned, reporting that the enemy were shelling the town. Cut off now the third time, I resolved to cross the mountain to the west and strike for McCoy's Ford on the Potomac, passing through Hedgesville. Counter-marching the column a mile, I passed through Gerardstown and to the west, crossed the mountain by the pass, and took the road to the ford, picking up some guides by the way.

Learning subsequently that a spy had gone to inform the enemy of our intention to cross at McCoy's Ford, I moved the column instead to Cherry Run Ford, arriving within a mile of it about two A. M. on Monday, the twenty-sixth. I have since learned that McCoy's Ford was occupied Sunday night by a force of the enemy's cavalry and infantry. Finding some hay here, we baited our horses while waiting for dawn, that we might reconnoitre the ford.

At daybreak I became satisfied, by a personal reconnoissance, that fording was impracticable, on account of the rise of the river. I then resolved to move on Hancock, with the view of crossing, there being some facility for ferrying there. While passing along the river with my command a man reported to me that he had that morning forded the river twice, though it was quite deep, and volunteered to ford it again in my presence. Convinced, on seeing him ford it, of the feasibility of fording, I ordered my cavalry to ford at once, the infantry to cross by the ferry, and the wagon train with Company K, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Johnstone, to move at once to Hancock and cross. The ford, though rapid and shoulder-deep to the ordinary sized horse, was, I am happy to report, made without a single casualty.

We marched from Strasburg Saturday, at five P. M. and moved before halting that night eighteen miles. From dawn on Sunday we moved, say, eleven miles, to Win-

chester, and thirty-seven to Cherry Run Ford, making on Sunday forty-eight miles. On Monday we marched to Clear Spring, seven miles; on Tuesday to Williamsport, eleven miles—in all eighty-four miles.

The number of men that came in with us was not ascertained, any further than that there were two hundred and fifty of the First Vermont Cavalry, sixty-five of General Bank's body guard, and some from the First Maine, First Virginia, First Maryland, First Michigan, and Eighth New York Cavalry, of the Fifth Connecticut and Tenth Maine Infantry, four companies of the Fifth New York Cavalry, some sutlers, telegraph operators, and wagons, one of the Signal Corps, and some of the First Maryland Artillery.

Three of the thirty-five wagons I was obliged to abandon on the road; the remaining thirty-two I brought in, with an unknown quantity of Government stores.

I have the honor to be, your most obedient servant,

O. DEFOREST,

Colonel Fifth New York Cavalry.

General Hatch.

Massachusetts Branch Association.

The First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts held its sixth annual reunion and banquet at the Hotel Bellevue Boston, March 27, 1894. A business meeting was first held at which the following officers were elected: President, Alfred Pierce of Arlington; first vice president, P. F. Shevlin of South Boston; second vice president, A. L. Ordway of Medford; treasurer, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater of Braintree; secretary, C. A. F. Emery of Medford; executive committee, G. N. Harris, P. F. Shevlin, Albert Edgecomb.

A social hour was much enjoyed by the ladies and gentlemen, followed by the banquet, the tables being arranged in an unusually attractive manner. At one end of the table sat Geo. F. Jewett, president of the association for the past year, and at the other end the genial secretary, C. A. F. Emery. Among those present were: Lieut. and Mrs. George F. Jewett, General J. P. Cilley, Lieut. Thaddeus Little, Major S. W. Thaxter, Lieut. E. P. Tobie, Alfred Pierce and lady, Col. A. C. Drinkwater, Mrs. A. C. Drinkwater, Horace Drinkwater and two Misses Drinkwater, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Gage, Miss Gage, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Thompson, Mrs. E. P. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ordway,

Stephen S. Goodhue, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Souther, Mr. and Mrs. U. R. Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Edgecomb, Miss Edgecomb, P. F. Shevlin and son, Russell B. Murray, Bradbury P. Doe. Horace Lunt of the Seventh Maine Regiment was present as a guest of the president. Short speeches were in order after the banquet.

President Jewett welcomed the comrades, and he complimented all on being present. He was especially pleased to see so many ladies. Gen. J. P. Cilley was thankful he could again testify how bountiful and constant had been the aid given by the Massachusetts Branch Association to every effort to renew the old time friendship or preserve the records of our army life. He reviewed many interesting points in the association's history. The happiest moments of the speaker's life have been spent in meeting his comrades. It is one reward of the soldier to meet his comrades after the war. The speaker interested the party with several stories of humorous war experiences. Maj. S. W. Thaxter declared that the reunion of war associations brought together faces that otherwise would be separated forever. It is a rare privilege to meet a veteran. A cavalry soldier is made, he is not born. It takes time, and no more pitiful sight could be imagined than a new armed soldier on a horse. He would be a laughable subject. The speaker revived several important battles in the war in which the cavalry took special prominence.

The newly elected president, Alfred Pierce was given a very cordial reception upon rising to his feet. "These reunions make a man feel as though he was growing old," said Mr. Pierce, "but we are all boys." The speaker spoke at some length of the good work of the First Maine Cavalry in the war. Among other speakers were Lieut. E. P. Tobie, Col. A. C. Drinkwater, G. N. Harris, P. F. Shevlin, and Thaddeus Little and others, all of whom gave evidence of the close bonds of friendship existing between the comrades of a regiment eminent for the number of its battles and also its losses in action. H. Lunt favored the company with a very interesting recitation from Mark Twain.—*Boston Globe.*



COL. FRANK C. KNIGHT,
Mayor of Rockland, Me.

Colonel Frank C. Knight.

The presentation on the pages of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE of the Sons of Veterans was welcomed by all its readers. In the present issue, the attractive effects of such portraits are once more presented for approval. The first picture is that of the Mayor of Rockland, who was Aide-de-Camp on the Staff of Governor Robie and is a member of Anderson Camp, Sons of Veterans. His father, Cyprian M. Knight, enlisted in Co. F, First D. C. Cavalry, transferred to Co C, First Maine Cavalry, and served until the final muster of the regiment. He was an esteemed citizen of Camden representing his town in the legislature and holding various offices, till his death some years ago.

His brother, Augustus H. Knight, enlisted at same date with his father and in the same company, was taken prisoner in 1864, suffered in Florence, S. C. and other rebel prisons and was discharged June 5th, 1865, for disability, having been transferred to Co. C, First Maine Cavalry. Was a merchant in Camden some years and now is a resident of Waltham, Mass.

The Rockland Tribune, thus appropriately, speaks of Colonel Knight, "It was a fitting recognition of the past year's municipal administration, that Frank C. Knight received an unanimous renomination by acclamation.

"Mr. Knight has most worthily filled the position of our city's chief executive. He has borne himself with the dignity that the office exacts, has given careful oversight to all the details of administration and manifested a conscientious regard for the welfare of our city. Mr. Knight brought to the office a year ago an excellent knowledge of its affairs, to which he has greatly added in the twelve months past. His able and business like administration of affairs has won the approval of all our citizens."

Banquet of the Somerset Branch.

The Somerset County Association of the First Maine Cavalry held its Fourth Annual meeting and banquet at Hotel Heselton Monday evening the 9th instant; the twenty-ninth anniversary of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, and of the practical close of the War of the Rebellion.

The officers of the association for the past year Captain Zenas Vaughan, president; F. J. Savage, vice president; J. H. Wyman, secretary; Llewellyn Goodwin, treasurer, were all present at the business meeting. Frank J. Savage of Fairfield was elected president for the ensuing year; A. F. Bickford, vice president; S. H. Wyman, Secretary; H. J. Varney, Treasurer. Mark Harville of Skowhegan, a veteran, was elected an honorary member of the association. It was voted that the ladies be invited to participate in the banquet to be held April 9th, 1895, which will mark the full thirty years since the close of the war. At nine o'clock, upon completion of the business of the association, the comrades repaired to the spacious dining room where "mine host" Heselton had the banquet spread in a style at once artistic and appetizing.

The personnel of the company was as follows: Members of the association, and veterans of the First Maine Cavalry; F. J. Savage, Fairfield; A. F. Bickford, J. H. Wyman, Geo. E. Goodwin, Zenas Vaughan, Sewall Smith, Dr. S. A. Patten, H. J. Varney, Charles Smith, Dennis Murphy, Llewellyn Goodwin, all of Skowhegan; honorary members of the association and veterans of other Maine regiments. Geo. B. Safford, F. R. Buck, Mark Harville, E. L. Walker, B. D. Savage, E. F. Fairbrother, J. O. Smith, all of Skowhegan; invited guests, A. G. Blunt, J. A. Dealey, C. A. Marston, R. T. Patten, Geo. D. Arnold, F. Cairns, C. J. Dow, C. D. Miller, James Lumsden, all of Skowhegan; C. T. Walker, Lewiston; Daniel W. Ames, Ambrose

Leighton, W. F. Campbell all of Portland and Wellington Sprague of Bath. After the feast President Savage gracefully discharged the duties of master of ceremonies, making his details for remarks and stories in such a manner that those called upon could not resist and the responses were general and happy. In his preliminary remarks the toastmaster alluded to the fact that but four of the First Cavalry present, happened to be at Appomattox on the eventful day, twenty-nine years ago. At a meeting at his own home within a few years eight men who participated in that event were present. These meetings of veterans are not without purpose and effect. They are enjoyable to the veteran himself and serve to instill in the minds of the young lessons of patriotism.

George E. Goodwin was detailed to tell the story of Appomattox. He said to do justice to the subject it would take him nine days, but, in as many minutes, he gave a graphic account of what he saw and experienced that eventful Sunday morning that was highly entertaining and differed in many particulars from book accounts. George B. Safford alluded to the sacrifices, hardships and dangers incident to the services of the boys in blue and to the generous treatment accorded to the captured army of General Lee by the great soldier, U. S. Grant. He said to the rebel soldier "take your horse home with you, you will need him." To the Union soldier the government in substance said you can take the horse you have become so strongly attached to, to your home by paying \$60, or the musket you have carried so long that it seems almost a part of you, by paying \$6.50. A. F. Bickford related his experience in making his way with twenty-five others from the hospital to the front and to the camp of the First Maine Cavalry, arriving too late for the final fight at Appomattox.

Dr. S. A. Patten was glad to be in the company of veterans of the First Maine Cavalry. It is good society. Their work was done upon earth but their deeds were recorded in Heaven. He alluded to the wonderful growth of our country, its almost boundless resources and immense population, for which he

thanked God and every Union soldier. He said he did not share the theory, advanced by some, that our people will ever permanently do injustice to veterans. The war was no ordinary event. Our citizenship is a far greater honor than was that of the Roman citizen of old. Sewall W. Smith related an instance of meeting a soldier of Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry in Washington at the meeting of the Grand Army there in 1892 and the story he told him of the ice business north, but not having Brooks Savage there to prove it by, the confederate did not get its full benefit. Captain Zenas Vaughan spoke with high appreciation of the rank and file of the First Maine Cavalry. They were men of character, intelligence and standing. He related an instance illustrating this among the first skirmishes the command engaged in, when a signal victory was gained largely, through the conduct of the men and without a casualty. Charles A. Marston spoke of his impressions while a boy on witnessing the Seventeenth Maine Volunteers on their way to the front. He referred to recent visits by him to some of the fortresses of the war and their great strength and admired the skill and the valor by which these citadels were stormed and carried. R. T. Patten was called upon to respond for Sons of Veterans. He said he always embraced every opportunity to hear from living lips the stories of the great war and could not think of occupying the time that veterans could so much better fill, himself. Col. A. G. Blunt related in a felicitious manner his remembrance of the war, he was too young to participate in. F. R. Buck in his usual pleasing way gave some of his experiences in the western army.

J. O. Smith spoke of the forced march made by the First division of the twenty-fourth Army Corps of which the Eleventh Maine was a part, in the twenty-four hours ending about eight o'clock the morning of the ninth of April, 1865, when this command arrived upon the scene of action, just in time to reinforce Sheridan's Cavalry and be in at the death. To do this they made, during that twenty-four hours, fully thirty-five miles over Virginia roads and through Virginia dust, from Farmville to

Appomattox. Charles Smith recalled certain personal experiences and events that were entertaining to the company. George D. Arnold answered his detail with an appropriate story. Conductor Sprague was only too glad to accept the invitation of the association. He had a deep interest in army affairs from a boy, when he frequented the camp of a Maine regiment that rendezvoused at Bath, and carried a peck basket full of doughnuts, his mother's weekly contribution, to the regiment. He lost a brother in the war. Dennis Murphy, who was one of the Appomattox veterans, contributed his share to the experiences already related.

Brooks D. Savage responded for the Infantry arm of the service. E. F. Fairbrother responded happily to the call of the chair, alluding to former banquets of the association. H. J. Varney exhibited and read a message sent across a river intervening between Rebel and Union pickets, on an extemporized float, in which the former indulged in friendly expressions couched in misspelled words. C. Davis Miller related a scene in front of Skowhegan post-office, when a citizen read from one of the few daily papers then received here, the account of the firing upon Fort Sumter, which so thoroughly stirred the people of the great north. The secretary read letters from D. C. Mosher, Mercer, Me.; D. N. Foster, Canaan Me.; George Doughty, Augusta, Me.; and H. C. Hall, Charlestown, Mass. Kendall's Orchestra enlivened the occasion by fitting and stirring music, well appreciated by the members and visitors. The occasion was one of the most enjoyable in the history of the association.—*Somerset Reporter*.

Walter V. Hanscom, M. D.

Dr. Hanscom well deserves a place among the Sons of Veterans. His father, Rev. Loring L. Hanscom, was a member of Co. F, First Maine Cavalry and served till discharged for disability. His uncle, Rev. Sylvanus L. Hanscom, enlisted February 13th, 1864, in the same company and regiment, was prisoner at Jeterville, April 5th, 1865, for a few hours, but escaped and was present at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865. Mustered out June 20th, 1865. Both his father and uncle, Sylvanus, occupy eminent positions as clergymen in the Methodist church.

His uncle, Lieut. William Harris, enlisted September 23d, 1861, in Co. F, First Maine Cavalry, was promoted to second and first lieutenant and now sleeps in a soldier's grave on the southern bank of the Chickahominy river near Jones bridge, where he was killed May 17th, 1864. Another uncle was Gen. Benjamin F. Harris, of the gallant Sixth Maine Infantry, who led his regiment in its successful assault on St. Marys' Heights in May, 1863, and its equally renowned assault on the works at Rappahannock Station, November 7th, 1863.

Dr. Hanscom was educated in the High School of Orono and the Methodist Seminary at Bucksport, and graduated at the head of his class in Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia, Pa., in 1890. He commenced the practice of medicine the same year and has risen so rapidly in his profession that he stands near its head in Rockland, both for skill and extent. In 1893 he organized the Surgical and Emergency Hospital and has made it one of the best in this part of the State. He is eminent also in medical circles and holds membership in the Maine Homeopathic Medical Society and the American Institute of Homeopathy, and other societies.



WALTER V. HANSCOM, M. D.,
Rockland, Maine.

Short History of Twelfth Maine Infantry.

BY A. H. CURTIS, BROOKS, ME.

The Twelfth Regiment Maine Infantry, Col. G. F. Shepley, was mustered into the service as a regiment November 16th, 1861, at Cape Elizabeth, Maine; left Portland for Lowell, Mass., November twenty-fourth. After being encamped at Camp Chase several weeks, they embarked at Boston on board the steamship Constitution January 2d, 1862, for Ship Island, constituting a portion of Gen. Butler's New England division, for the capture of New Orleans. On the twelfth disembarked at Fortress Monroe, and encamped on the beach, having been nearly three weeks on board the Constitution. On February fourth, proceeded on the voyage and arrived at Ship Island, the forenoon of the twelfth, and were assigned to Third Brigade, March twenty-second, Colonel and acting Brigadier General Shepley commanding. Embarked on board the steamer Tennessee for New Orleans, May fourth. Arrived May sixth; disembarked May seventh; quartered at Frerets Cotton Press, removed to United States Branch Mint, May twelfth. On the Fifteenth June, the regiment, under command of Lieut. Col. Kimball, made a reconnoissance to Pass Manchac, found a rebel force supported by two batteries; the attack was gallantly made, and the enemy completely routed. We captured six pieces of artillery, and one stand of colors; which flag was presented to the regiment by Gen. Butler for their gallantry. The expedition returned June twentieth. On the thirteenth of September an expedition of which companies C, D, and F, with volunteers from other companies of the regiment, under command of Major Strong, made a reconnoissance to Ponchatoula; found the rebels in force, supported by a full battery of light artillery; after a sharp engagement of half an hour, the enemy were driven from the field with heavy loss. The expedition returned the fifteenth.

On the twenty-first of October moved to Camp Parapet; November twentieth, marched sixty miles up the Mississippi River, arrived at College Point December ninth; embarked on board steamer *Laura Hill* for Baton Rouge, December nineteenth; arrived the twentieth, and were assigned to Brig. Gen. Grover's division. Left this point March 25th, 1863, with the remaining regiments of the division for Brashear City to participate in the Teche Campaign under command of Gen. Banks. The regiment was assigned March twenty-third, to the Second Brigade, Third division, Colonel Kimball commanding brigade; arrived at Brashear City after being encamped a few days, at Bayou Boeuf. April eighth, embarked with the Fourth Division, Gen. Grover commanding, on board the steamers *Clifton* and *Arizona*, April tenth, for Irish Bend. Met the enemy, ten thousand strong at this point early on the morning of the fourteenth, completely routing them after a heavy loss, and following up the retreating columns, arrived at Opelousas, April twenty-fourth. Here Gen. Banks issued his congratulatory order saying "in twenty days we had marched three hundred miles, fought five engagements, captured fifteen hundred prisoners with ten pieces of artillery, and pursued the enemy to Alexandria a distance of one hundred miles." Returned to Simmes Port on the *Atchafalaya* River, May seventeenth. Leaving Simmes Port the twenty-first, on steamer *St. Maurice* we landed at Bayou Sara same day, and moved from this point on Port Hudson, May twenty-fourth. During the siege of Port Hudson, which lasted forty-seven days, the regiment was constantly on duty and was one of the first regiments to enter the stronghold. For its gallantry the commanding general of the department ordered to be inscribed on its banner, "Pass Manchac, Ponchatoula, Irish Bend, Port Hudson."

NOTE.—The above is of much value, but the readers of the *BUGLE* realize that a succession of dates and names lacks life. It is a good strong skeleton but needs to be clothed with more meat. If the comrades of the Twelfth will write incidents that they saw at the many places and engagements mentioned, and reproduce the southern air and the Louisiana surrounding, the picturesque and peculiar quality of their service would make enjoyable reading. It is a singular fact, that no account or mention of the

above captain of artillery and colors is mentioned in the Adjutant General's reports of Maine. These reports have been relied on as so eminently full and correct that the doubt in relation to the above statements, requires reference to the official reports which fully show the occurrence and the estimate placed on it at the time.—J. P. C.

SKIRMISH AT PASS MANCHAC, LA., JUNE 17, 1862.

REPORT OF MAJ. GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U. S. ARMY, COMMANDING THE
DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.
(Official Records, Vol. XV, p. III.)

NEW ORLEANS, La., June, 19, 1862.

Sir:—Finding that the rebels were making some demonstrations to hold Manchac Pass, I sent Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball, with a portion of the Twelfth Maine Volunteers and a section of Manning's battery, in aid of the New London gunboat, to take and destroy the enemy's work there. The affair was very gallantly done, the enemy firing a few shots from their upper battery of two guns, thirty-two-pounders; ran from a charge upon their lower battery of four guns, thirty-two-pounders, one and three-fourths miles below, without firing a shot, leaving their guns loaded. The battery was taken by a charge. The enemy escaped in boats they had prepared for that purpose on the other side of the draw-bridge, which they drew up, burning bridge behind them. We took all their camp equipage, garrison stores, and a stand of colors, destroyed the bridge and works, demolished guns and carriages. The party then proceeded to Mandeville and Madisonville, dispersed a body of cavalry there, and took prisoner, Colonel Putnam, with five thousand dollars, recruiting funds upon his person. Not having any cavalry, it was impossible to pursue the runaways. In consideration of the gallant conduct of the men I have allowed the regiment to retain the stand of colors taken.

(SAME, p. 529.)

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 51.

NEW ORLEANS, July 24, 1862.

The commanding general of this department takes pleasure in publishing the following indorsement from Washington of what he has considered the useful services of Lieutenant-Colonel

Kimball, of the Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers, and the troops under his command :

The news of the brilliant achievement of Lieutenant-Colonel Kimball, of the Twelfth Maine Volunteers, and the brave men under his command, at Manchac Pass was very gratifying to the department, and it entirely approves your action in allowing the regiment to retain the colors which they had so gallantly taken from the enemy.

By command of Major-General Butler,

R. S. DAVIS,

Captain and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General.

(Idem, Vol. XV., p. 139.)

REPORT OF MAJ. GEORGE C. STRONG, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

NEW ORLEANS, La., Sept. 24, 1862.

General:—Pursuant to your orders of the thirteenth instant I embarked on the afternoon of that day on board steamer *Ceres*, at Lakeport, with three companies of the Twelfth Regiment Maine Volunteers, commanded by Captains Thornton, Harrington, and Winter, and one company (Captain Pickering's) of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts Regiment. I had previously sent one hundred men of the Thirteenth Connecticut Regiment on board the gunboat *New London*, whose commander, Captain Read, had kindly consented to co-operate with me. The object in view was to surprise the village of Ponchatoula, the headquarters of the rebel General Jeff. Thompson, forty-eight miles north of this city, on the line of the Jackson railroad. To that end the *New London* was to land her men at Manchac bridge, where at daybreak next morning they were to drive the enemy that might be found there northward to Ponchatoula, while the remainder of the force, having found our way fifteen miles up to Tangipahoa river in the night, should have landed, marched six miles westward, and captured Ponchatoula in season to secure those of the enemy who had been driven up from Pass Manchac. The attempt at surprise failed, for not only was the *New London* unable to get over the bar into Manchac Pass in the darkness, but the *Ceres*, too large for

the easy navigation of the narrow and winding Tangipahoa, failed in each of the succeeding nights to reach her destination on that river in season to admit of our gaining Ponchatoula before daylight. I resolved therefore to go with that steamer to Manchac bridge, and did so on the morning of the fifteenth. From that point Captain Winter was sent with his company southward, to make the destruction of the railroad on Manchac Island more complete, which duty he thoroughly performed. Captain Pickering's company was left to guard the steamer, and the companies of Captains Thornton and Farrington began a forced march of ten miles upon Ponchatoula. A locomotive one mile below the village gave notice of our approach, which could not be concealed, and ran northward, giving the alarm at the village, and thence to Camp Moore, for reinforcements. We met, on entering Ponchatoula a discharge of canister at seventy yards from a light battery, in charging which Captain Thornton fell severely wounded. His company, then under Lieutenant Hight, reinforced Captain Farrington's first platoon, that had gained a position on the enemy's right, to which Lieutenant Coan, with the second platoon of that company, took a position, under partial cover, on the left of the enemy's line. From these positions our men poured in so deliberate and destructive a fire that the enemy was driven from the field, the artillery galloping away, followed by the infantry, on a road through the forest, in a north-westerly direction. We then set fire to a train of upwards of twenty cars, laden with cotton, sugar, molasses, etc., took the papers from the post and telegraph offices (destroying the apparatus of the latter,) and General Jeff. Thompson's sword, spurs, bridle, etc., from his quarters in the hotel. The sword was presented to him by so-called "Memphis patriots."

A written document was obtained, which showed the rebel force at that point to consist of three hundred troops of the Tenth Arkansas Regiment, one company of Home Guards, and one company of artillery, with six pieces. I had, however, received reliable information that the enemy's force was a week previous only two hundred infantry and no artillery. The re-

inforcement had taken place at a subsequent date. Our force engaged amounted to but one hundred twelve men. We left, of killed, wounded, and missing (exclusive of those who have since come in, among these last the gallant Thornton), ten men at Ponchatoula. Surgeon Avery, Ninth Connecticut Volunteers, with his attendant, voluntarily remained with the wounded, but the former has since returned. We brought in eleven men more or less severely wounded. One fatal case of sunstroke occurred on board the steamer. Our return from Ponchatoula was necessarily along the railroad, through a swamp, and on which there is no cover for troops, and it was therefore impossible to bring off those of our men who were most severely wounded, as they would be exposed for a long distance to the fire of artillery, which, with horses attached, would be brought back upon the line of the road as soon as we should have left the village. It did so return at the signal of the inhabitants, but, though actively served, did us no harm. Surgeon Avery reports twenty of the enemy killed. Captains Thornton and Farrington and the officers and men of their respective commands, though nearly exhausted by the march, two miles of which was over an open trestle work, in the heat of the day, behaved nobly in the fight. Captains Pickering and Winter, after a very rapid march, for which they are entitled to much credit, came up after we had left the village, covered our rear, and assisted in bringing in the wounded. Lieutenants Martin, Allen and Finnegass, and Commander Buchanan, United States Navy, who accompanied the expedition, rendered important services, and their gallantry during the action deserves special mention.

Regimental Histories.

BY GEN. J. P. CILLEY, LATE OF FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The history of the First Maine Cavalry has received many encomiums. The reason of its excellency is due in a large degree to various articles and addresses concerning its service, which were prepared and read in the proceedings of the Annual Reunions. All the contributions and the discussions called forth by them, not only aroused interest and attention but awakened recollections, that reproduced the old life of the regiment accurately; and enabled the historian to give a variety and freshness to his work, which could be obtained in no other manner. Attention is called to the fact that only a few of our regiments have embodied their history and service in any permanent or presentable form. In comparison to Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Maine, with a military record second to no other state, has done little to preserve the records of her soldiers. During the period of the war her records and reports made up by Adjutant General Hodgdon, were the best of any state in the entire country. Since the close of the war, most of the northern states have, by special grants of money, aided regimental associations in publishing the histories of their respective regiments and in various other ways have perfected and published the records of their men, who served in the War of the Rebellion.

Maine has done comparatively nothing. There are some excellent results of her monumental work on the field of Gettysburg, but even there, where so many of her regiments served most effectually and proudly, her efforts lag behind some of her smaller sister states. But in those monuments, that shall endure when these granite shafts shall crumble, her pecuniary aid has been the nearest zero of any other state north of Mason and Dixons' line.

Is this indifference wise? It is the intention of the BUGLE to sound no uncertain note on this subject. The participants of the War of the Rebellion have passed the half century mark. If their record and their service are to be completed with their aid and their memory, it must be done now and before the few remaining years of life shall have closed their mouths and memory forever.

Instead of relying on the encouragement of aid from the State of Maine, slow to move and awkward in her efforts to do fair justice; it may be better for the men of Maine, who served that State and the Nation, at the peril of their lives on land and sea, to take the burden on their own shoulders and write their own histories and complete their own memorable record. To this end and for this object the pages of the BUGLE are open to all comrades.

List of regimental histories and publications pertaining to Maine regiments, which served in the War of the Rebellion.

First Maine Cavalry.—Campaigns of the First Maine and the First District of Columbia Cavalry, by Chaplain Samuel H. Merrill. 12 mo., pp., xv, 436, Portland, 1866. Contains three steel plate engravings.

First Maine Cavalry.—History of the first Maine Cavalry, 1861-1865 by Lieut. Edward P. Tobie. Royal 8vo., pp., xix, 735 (1). Boston, 1887. It contains 307 photo-gravure portraits and engraving of officers and men making its total of pages xix., 823.

First, Tenth, and Twenty-ninth Regiment, by Major John M. Gould, with history of the Tenth Maine Battalion, by Rev. Leonard G. Jordan. 8vo., pp. 709, Portland, 1871. Contains twenty-four pictures of officers and five maps with other cuts. Additions and corrections up to February 1893, by John M. Gould.

Fifth Maine Volunteers.—History of the Fifth Regiment from 1861-1864, by Rev. Geo. W. Bicknell, late First Lieutenant and Adjutant. 12 mo., pp., 404, Portland, 1871.

Eleventh Maine Infantry Volunteers.—Roster and statistical record of Co. D, with a sketch of its services in the War of the Rebellion, prepared by Albert Maxfield and Robert Brady, Jr., New York, 1890.

Fifteenth Maine Infantry.—The story of the Maine Fifteenth, being a brief narrative of the more important events in the history of the Fifteenth Maine Regiment, by Henry A. Shorey, Bridgton, Me., 1890. Contains photo-gravure portraits.

Sixteenth Maine Regiment in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1865, by Major Abner R. Small. Introduction by General Jas. A. Hall. 8vo., pp., iv., 323. Contains cuts and engravings. Portland, Maine, 1866.

Seventeenth Maine.—Campaigns of the Seventeenth Maine, by Edwin B. Houghton, 12 mo., pp., x (1), 333. Portland, 1866.

Nineteenth Maine Infantry.—Reunions of the Nineteenth Regiment Association First to Sixth, Svo., pp., 143. Major Charles E. Nash, Augusta, 1878.

Twentieth Maine Volunteers.—Reunions of the Twentieth Maine Regiment Association at Portland, with a sketch of its history. Svo., pp., 31. Waldoboro, Maine, 1881.

Twentieth Maine Volunteers.—Army life; A private's reminiscences of the Civil War, by Rev. Theodore Gerrish. 12mo., pp., 372. Portland, (1882.)

Maine in the war for the Union. A history of the part borne by Maine troops, by W. E. S. Whitman and C. H. True. Svo., pp., viii, 867. Lewiston, 1865.

Seventh Maine Battery, Light Artillery. A. S. Twitchell. Svo., pp., 248. Boston, 1892.

Eastern Maine in the Rebellion, R. H. Stanley, and Geo. O. Hall, twenty lithograph pictures of officers. Svo., Bangor, 1887, pp., 392.

Bowdoin in the War. College roll of honor. Svo., pp., 36, 1867.

Bates in the War. College roll of honor. Adjutant General report Vol. 1, 1864-1865. pp., 520-522.

Colby in the War. College roll of honor. Adjutant General Report Vol. 1, 1864-1865. pp., 522-525.

NOTE.—Corrections and additions earnestly desired.

REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

Records of the proceedings of the First Maine Reunion, held at Augusta, Sept. 26th, 1872. Svo., pp., 40, contains lists of members, also lists of deceased members of the regiment.

Second Annual Reunion, Bangor, September 18th, 1873. Svo., pp. 46.

Third and Fourth Annual Reunion, held at Portland, September 9th, 1874, at Rockland, September 15th, 1875. pp. 18, pp. 43.

Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Reunions at Portland, August 9th and 10th, 1876; Old Orchard Beach, August 8th, 1877; Augusta, August 7th, 1878. One pamphlet, pp. 77

Eighth and Ninth Reunion at Lewiston, September 2d, 1879, and at Pittsfield, August 25th, 1880. One pamphlet, pp. 108.

Tenth Reunion at Dover, August 31st, 1881, pp. 80.

Eleventh Reunion at Brunswick, 1882, pp. 52.

The above pamphlets constitute Campaign I. They contained many addresses and communications of permanent historical value. The proceedings of Reunions First and Second are out of print. Ten dollars have been paid for copies to complete sets for binding.

First Maine BUCLE, Campaign II, July 1890, Call 1, contains Twelfth Reunion at Auburn, September 12th, 1883. Photo-gravure portraits of nine comrades, letters from comrades, and other historical material. Svo., pp. 76.

Call II, October 1890, contains Thirteenth Reunion at Eastport, August 12th and 13th, 1884. Photo-gravure portraits of seven comrades, letters, etc. Svo., pp., 64.

Call III, January 1891, contains Fourteenth Reunion at Portland, June 24th, 1885. Roll call, letters, etc. pp., 64.

Call IV., April 1891, contains Fifteenth Reunion at Skowhegan, September 13th, 1886, contains Photo-gravure portraits of seven comrades, also letters, and historical address at the dedication at the Cavalry Shaft at Gettysburg. pp. 2-64.

Call V., July 1891, contains Sixteenth Reunion at Bangor, October 4th, 1887; Services at Dedication of the Shaft at Gettysburg; Letters from Comrades, and personal historical accounts. pp. 80.

Call VI., October 1891, contains Seventeenth Reunion at Bar Harbor, September 15th, 1888; contains letters and personal historical accounts. pp. 73.

Call VII., January 1892, contains Eighteenth Reunion at Boston, September Seventeenth, 1889, (banquet at Revere House); roll call; letters and historical narrations, eight photo-gravure portraits. pp. 96.

Call VIII., April, 1892, contains Nineteenth Reunion at Boston, August 11th, 1890, (banquet at Lancers Hall); eight photo-gravure portraits; letters and personal accounts; genealogy. pp. 90.

Call IX., July, 1892, contains Twentieth Reunion at Houlton, September 10th, 1891; two illustrations; Reunion of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States, held at Scranton, Pa., June 15th, 1892, with a list of members; letters from comrades; genealogical accounts and personal narrations. pp. 114.

Call X., October, 1892, contains Twenty-first Reunion at Washington, D. C., September 22d 1892; letters; genealogical and historical accounts; illustrations; and full index of contents of Campaign II. pp. 105.

Campaign III.—Call I., January, 1893, contains roll call, letters, historical narrations, map of Appomattox battlefield and picture of Court House, illustrations. pp. 104.

Call II., April, 1893, contains seven photo-gravure portraits, letters, genealogical matters, historical and other narrations.

Call III., July, 1893, contains seven photo-gravure portraits and other illustrations; the Reunion of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States, held at Boston, Mass., June 27th and 28th, 1893, with a list of members, also letters, historical and personal contributions. pp. 98.

Call IV., November, 1893, contains Twenty-second Reunion at Portland, August 23d, 1893; letters from comrades, historical and personal contributions, with illustrations and full index of contents of Campaign III. pp. 102.

Military Instructions in Our Schools.

The following resolutions should meet the hearty co-operation of every lover of good government and true patriotism :

Whereas, The Grand Army of the Republic has been foremost in the patriotic work of inculcating a spirit of loyalty and devotion to our flag and country; therefore, be it

Resolved, That this Twenty-seventh Annual National Encampment is of the opinion that the Grand Army of the Republic takes a deep interest in all efforts to provide for the future defense of the country, and that it recommends an organized effort to impress upon the various Municipal, State and National authorities the advisability of the adoption of a system by which scholars attending the public and private schools, as well as the high schools and colleges, shall receive instruction in military matters, and to impress upon the rising generation of the country the fact that, as American citizens, it is their duty to bring to the defense of their country, in its need, the education which they may have received in this particular in their youthful days.

Resolved, That it is the recommendation of this National Encampment that the Department Commanders give especial attention to the accomplishment of this object through a staff officer, and that the Posts in the various cities, towns, and villages, by committees, public meetings, and other means, give their earnest co-operation and support in securing necessary legislative, municipal, and school-board action, as well as to obtain, where required, national aid by provision of arms, equipments, and instructors.

Ex-President Harrison in further support of the proposed plan, in a communication to the *Century*, writes :

“A military drill develops the whole man, head, chest, arms, and legs, proportionately; and so promotes symmetry, and corrects the excesses of other forms of exercise. It teaches quickness of eye and ear, hand and foot; qualifies men to step and act in unison; teaches subordination; and, best of all, qualifies a man to serve his country. The flag now generally floats above the school house; and what more appropriate than that the boys should be instructed in the defense of it? It will not lower their grade-marks in their book recitations, I am sure. If rightly used, it will wake them up, make them more healthy, develop their pride, and promote school order. * * * If all the school boys of the North had, from 1830 on, been instructed in

the schools of the soldier and of the company, and in the manual of arms, how much precious time would have been saved in organizing the Union army in 1861. We were in a very low state, as a people, in a military knowledge and training when the great civil war broke out. * * * It will not be safe to allow war to come upon us again in that state, for war's pace has greatly quickened, and the arms of precision now in use call for a trained soldier. Under our system we will never have a large standing army, and our strength and safety are in a general dissemination of military knowledge and training among the people. What the man and citizen ought to know in order to the full discharge of his duty to his country should be imparted to the boy. Nothing will so much aid to enlarge our State militia, and to give it efficiency and character, as the plan proposed. The military taste and training acquired in the school will carry our best young men into the militia organizations and make those organizations reliable conservators of public order, and ready and competent defenders of the national honor."

Henry T. Bartlett, whom the readers of the BUGLE will remember from his contributions to its pages, writes: "Our post have made it their business to get as near as may be concerted thought and action on this subject throughout the country. Some thirty cities have adopted it. Recent efforts in Rochester have been successful, and there is a fair prospect of the instruction being introduced in that city at an early day. It is to be hoped that the legislature of each State will advise it and provide for it; that the veterans and G. A. R. men will assist so far as they are able, and where the instruction is adopted, in any city or town, to have a fatherly oversight and co-operation with the boards of education.

The census of 1880 gives a total of 12,682,577 pupils in the elementary and secondary public schools, and in private and parochial schools of the same class 1,301,623, a total of 13,984,200. The number of boys are slightly in excess of fifty per cent, which would give 7,000,000 boys attending school. Of this number forty per cent could be given calisthenics and

marching drill, and the balance full military instruction with arms. What a foundation for a volunteer army in case of emergency could these youths be brought under military drill? No matter where these boys might be in after life, if anything should arise to require the order to be given to 'Fall in' what magic effect would instantly take place."

The editor of the *BUGLE*, while Adjutant General of Maine during the years 1876-7-8, procured cadet guns from the United States and organized three cadet companies, one company each in Portland, Bath and Rockland, all of which were yearly inspected by officers detailed for that purpose, and they were given place and standing in the adjutant general's report. Subsequently they were withdrawn from the pages of the reports of that office and had no official care or standing; and all went out of existence except the Portland company. It has been the privilege of the writer to trace some of the effects of the cadet company in Rockland. That company furnished three commanding or high officers to the military company at the State College. It was the foundation of the military company at Rockland. One of its members is now in the Twenty-third New York National Guards of Brooklyn, and is the commanding officer of a company of seventy young men of the First Baptist Church of Brooklyn organized and drilled in military tactics to develop orderly lives and good service for the great commander. Another defied the insurgents in the Argentine Republic, took command of the seized train and run it to its destination. Another member of that cadet company as captain of the Roanoke Infantry of Roanoke, Va., faced the mob in that city, with a bravery and efficiency equal to any record made, north or south, in the War of the Rebellion. All of which prove that in the lives and characters of our boys, obedience and military drill will tend to true development of trustworthiness and manhood.

In the same line of patriotic education the *BUGLE* heartily commends the Patriotic Selections for Memorial Day, compiled by Misses Matthews and Rule, of Lynn Public Library, as a

book specially adapted for Memorial day and all patriotic occasions. This work has received the commendation of prominent educators and G. A. R. officials.

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC,
ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
LYNN, MASS., Jan. 18, 1894.

I have carefully examined "Patriotic Selections for Memorial Day," compiled by Miss Harriet L. Matthews and Miss Elizabeth E. Rule, and dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic. I heartily approve of the work and wish it could be placed in the hands of all the children in our public schools. In no way can future wars be averted better than by teaching our children patriotism. Impressions made upon their young minds by reading and recitation are lasting, and no better selections can be found than are contained in this volume.

JOHN G. B. ADAMS,
Commander in Chief.

HEADQUARTERS GEN. LANDER POST NO. 5, G. A. R.
LYNN, MASS., Jan. 20, 1894.

It gives me pleasure to say a word in commendation of your work in compiling the work entitled "Patriotic Selections." It was my good fortune to be present at the meeting of General Lander Post 5, G. A. R., at the time when they voted to recommend that the School Committee of Lynn adopt the book entitled "Memorial Day Patriotic Selections" as a book of selections for use in our public schools.

The above was adopted by the Post after a thorough discussion of the merits of the book.

Very respectfully yours,

A. J. HOLT, Commander.



TAPS.

All lights out.

Dr. William A. Banks, for many years a leading physician in Rockland, Me., died at his home on Middle street, Aug. 19, 1893, after a long illness. He was born in East Livermore in 1821, educated in the schools in that vicinity, and graduated at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. He began practice in Warren, and removed to Rockland in 1852, where he built up a large practice. When the Fourth Maine Regiment was organized, he received the appointment of surgeon. He was soon appointed to a position of higher rank, and served in that capacity with distinction. He had charge of a large hospital at Vicksburg, Miss., and afterward of another at Parkersburg, W. Va. He worked very hard, though himself suffering from illness that at one time came near proving fatal. He never entirely recovered from the effects of the exposure and overwork during his army life. On his return to Rockland he resumed practice, and at once took a high rank in his profession, which he held up to the time when increasing ill health compelled his retirement, some two years ago. He was well known throughout the state, and was often called in consultation in the most difficult cases. His judgment was wonderfully accurate, and his long experience and thorough training as a physician gave him a great advantage. He was seldom mistaken in a diagnosis, and in prescribing he was very conservative and careful. And, in addition to his professional skill, he was possessed of a benevolent, kindly nature and a genial disposition that has brought help and hope to many a sick-room. He always made his patients his friends, and there are many in the community, now enjoying life and health, who feel that to him they owe in a

large degree those blessings. In his long illness, he had the earnest sympathy of a host of friends, and his death called forth many tributes to his worth as a man and a physician. In addition to a very large practice, he was U. S. Marine Surgeon and member of the Pension Examining Board. He left a widow and two children—Mr. William T. Banks and Mrs. Wm. T. Cobb. He was a member of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., and was buried with the honors of the order.

JOHN B. DRAKE.

With a suddenness which shocked the fruit and produce trade of Boston and cast a pall of gloom over the Exchange, came the news July 18, 1893, of the death of Mr. John B. Drake, of John B. Drake & Co., commission and wholesale dealers in foreign and domestic fruit and country produce, 94 South Market street. For some months Mr. Drake had not been in the best of health, but no one suspected or even thought that the end was so near. He had gone to Scythville, N. H., for a brief rest, and passed suddenly away at that place Tuesday morning. Mr. Drake was about fifty years old, and had been around the Boston markets over thirty years and in business for himself almost twenty-five years. He had been in the present location of the firm, 94 South Market street, sixteen or eighteen years.

Mr. Drake was a man greatly respected and widely known. His most striking trait of character was sterling integrity and absolute reliability. Nothing on earth swerved him from the course in anything which he believed to be right. He was a popular member of the Boston Fruit and Produce exchange, and had served it in many capacities; and was an ardent worker for its welfare, and his ability and sound judgment rendered him a valuable counsellor. He was a member of the Beneficiary Association of the Exchange. He was also a member of the Chamber of Commerce. He served in the War of the Rebellion as sergeant, Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, three years till the expiration of his enlistment. See History of that regiment, pages 218, 257, 259 and 561 for the facts of his military career.

DR. JOHN P. SHEAHAN.

All the comrades present at Houlton in the reunion of Sept. 10th, 1891, will remember the robust and healthy appearance of Comrade Sheahan and recall his witty speech on that occasion. At Eastport and Auburn his presence added enjoyment to our gathering. He was a noble, whole hearted man and his sudden death is a personal loss to every member of the regimental association. He rendered efficient service in his company, K, First Maine Cavalry, till mustered out April 3d, 1864, to accept a commission as First Lieutenant in the Thirty-first Maine Infantry in which regiment he served till discharged with it July 15th, 1865.

After leaving the service he settled as a doctor in Dennysville, Maine, and filled many positions of trust and honor. The facts of his last sickness and some of the events of his life are so vividly presented in a letter from his eldest son, W. H. Sheahan, that a portion of the letter is here presented :

“February 17th, 1894, father started for Barbadoes; his health had failed him so that he did not think he could live the winter out; he left New York the 23d; the long journey upset him, and knowing he could not live but a few days he started back, as soon as possible, returning on the same steamer which took him there. When he arrived in New York, he was very weak indeed, and at Boston had to be lifted from the train; after alighting from the platform he took but one or two steps and fell forward, dead; his heart had failed him. This was in the New York and New England depot, Boston, Sunday evening, March 18th. I was telegraphed and started for Boston immediately, made all necessary arrangements, and then continued my journey to our home in Dennysville, Maine, where our mother, who died a year and a half ago, was buried. I had her remains taken up and started back with them to Boston; my brother John accompanied me to see father's body. I then took both bodies with me to Westminster, Md., for burial, arriving there Sunday, March 25th; the service took place immediately upon my arrival. Westminster was mother's old home, and it was

while my father was passing through that town on the march to Gettysburg, a few days before the battle, that he first met my mother. It was the wish of both to be buried in the old home."

GEORGE W. LEWIS.

Comrade Lewis was a member of Co. K, Fourth Maine Infantry. He enlisted at the organization of that company and remained on duty with it, till injured and disabled at Bull Run battle, for which injuries he was discharged in September, 1861. His character is so attractively pictured by his wife that we present extracts from her letter of March 12th, 1894.

"Perhaps you do not know that our home circle was broken Sept. 30th, 1892, by his removal from our midst to that higher circle beyond. He was a man who made many friends wherever he was fully known, but in no place were his virtues more prominent or more fully appreciated than in his own home, among the members of his immediate family, for here the great kindness of his heart was manifested by his ever pleasant words, his cheerfulness and sympathy which extended to his loved ones even to the last; and the bitterness of our great bereavement is softened by the many pleasant memories of his unselfish kindness.

WILBUR McCobb.

August 22, 1893, Wilbur McCobb died at his residence, at San Felipe, Cal., from consumption. Deceased was a native of Lincolnville, Maine, son of the late Andrew and Elmira McCobb, and came to California in 1867. In 1879 he married Hattie Orr, by whom he had two children, a boy and girl, aged nine and thirteen respectively. He had been a sufferer from the malady that carried him off for over six years, and was confined to his bed for the last three months. He was a member of Mound Lodge, I. O. O. F., also a charter member of Jesse L. Reno Post, G. A. R., having served two years, during the rebellion in Co. B, First Maine Cavalry. His funeral took place under the auspices of the above orders, and was attended by a large concourse of friends and acquaintances.—See Hist. p. 484.

BUGLE ECHOES.

Sound the dear old bugle, boys,
 Ring out the calls once more,
 Which thrilled our hearts and nerved our arms
 In hallowed days of yore.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

A MEMBER OF THE CAVALRY SOCIETY.

S. B. WILLIAMS, of Dayton, Ohio, writes:—

I really do not know how I come to subscribe for the BUGLE. I am not a Maine man, did not serve in any Maine Command. I was only a six months soldier and served in Co. B, 4th Independent Battalion O. V. C., however I find many interesting things in the BUGLE and the fact that it is the organ of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the U. S. (of which I am a member) and publishes its annual proceedings is an interesting feature to me.

NOTE:—The 4th Independent Battalion Ohio Vol. Cav. was transformed to the 13th Ohio Cav. which regiment and the First Maine Cav. marched and fought together in the winter and spring of 1865 and together resisted the final attack of Lee's Army April 9th, 1865.

A KENNEBECKER.

MAJOR A. P. DAVIS, 11th Me. Inf. of Pittsburg, Pa., writes:—

I have just received your February Circular regarding the MAINE BUGLE and hasten to respond. I inclose \$1.00 for your publication for 1894. I was born at Gardiner, Kennebec Co. I have served in the U. S. Navy (prior to the late War) as well as in the Army. I also commanded Co. F, Eleventh Maine and in the service was connected with the Third and Thirteenth Maine Infantry. I have lived here nearly twenty-five years and have been in the Fire Insurance business. Like many of us I am slipping down the decline of life.

NOTE:—Major Davis was the founder of the Sons of Veterans.

WE FEEL AS IF WE WERE ACQUAINTED.

KENDALL POLLARD, Co. K, 8th Me., of Swampscott, Mass., writes:—

The January number of the BUGLE came all right, and was gladly welcomed. It does any one good to read what each comrade has to say; it creates a brotherly feeling towards each other, we feel as if we were acquainted, whether we have seen them or not, for it brings back many things which have been partly forgotten; we relive the past as though it were but yesterday, and many comrades would pass from our memory forever, did we not see and hear them in the BUGLE. It should receive the support of all comrades, whether in the Cavalry or Infantry, and especially those now in other states, who

served in Maine regiments and look back to the northern state with pride for her noble sons, given in defense of the nation. The Maine soldier, wherever living, is proud of the record made by the Maine men. Keep sending the BUGLE and I will respond to its call.

SOUNDING TO-NIGHT CLEAR AND DISTINCT.

LUTHER TIBBETTS, Co. I, 1st Me. Cav. of Limerick, Me. writes:—

I have just received the January number of the BUGLE, which I prize very much, for it is very interesting. The First Maine Cavalry is very dear to me and I feel proud to think that I belonged to so good a regiment. Now, General, I suppose you well remember our roll call in winter quarters; early in the morning every member of the company as his name was called would sing out, "Here!" quite often some of our tent mates would be absent at roll call, so some of the company knowing where the absent one was would answer for him saying, "To the rear." Now I must answer the same for myself, I am to the rear and have been for a long while, but I am gaining on the column for I have been hearing the old First Maine bugle notes sounding tonight clear and distinct. Yes, I got so near that I have even heard your own voice calling on me to hurry up.

THE FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A RAW RECRUIT.

LUTHER TIBBETTS, Co. I, 1st Me. Cav. of Limerick, Me., writes:—

Agreeable to promise, I will give you my experience as a new recruit, while on the transport from Boston to City Point. I was thinking how I could go into battle and stand up as a deliberate object to be shot at. I thought it all over and at last decided on a good way out of the dilemma, viz: to keep as near the captain of the company as I could, believing he would not expose himself to danger. The next day after joining the regiment we met the enemy and soon I found out that I was following the wrong man to escape the thickest of the fight. I kept near him until he got his revolver knocked out of his hand, letting one of his fingers go with it, yet after he lost his finger he sang out "Close up there on the left! forward!" that cool order gave me to understand that the man I was following was bound to win or die in the attempt. This was the last I saw of our brave captain until the next morning. The fight during the day I called a savage one, our regiment losing over eighty men in killed, wounded and missing. Well, the next morning I met our wounded captain at or near the Weldon R. R. He came to me and asked me how I liked the fun the day before. My answer was, "I said before I left home I wanted to see one good fight, and I had seen one and I was all ready to go home." Imagine my feelings when Corp. Webber, hearing our conversation, stepped up and said that was not a fight, only a skirmish. "Well," I said, "if that is what you call a skirmish it was only a skirmish that I wanted to see. I have no hankering to see a fight." I thought it was rather rough on a raw recruit, putting him into such a skirmish, the next day after joining the regiment. The boys called the fight the "Bull Pen." It was rightly named, for it seemed to me we were in the pen and the Johnnies all around us. Our brave Capt. Chadbourne, or I should say major, has gone to join that grand army above. God bless him. Enclosed please find one dollar for the MAINE BUGLE. I will send you one dollar each quarter until I catch up with the column for I do not like to be at the rear. General, hold the fort for I am coming. Next month I will do what I can. I will also try to remember something of

my own experience in Old Virginia. One thing I feel proud of, that is, I was never to the rear or straggled while I was with the regiment.

ONLY AS AN OLD TROOPER CAN WAIT.

REUEL W. PORTER, Co. M, 1st Me. Cav., of Detroit, Me., writes:

I have waited as only an old trooper can wait for the BUGLE. It came at last; not with the crack of carbines and the clang of steel scabbards, but with the heavier roll of muskets and the crash of artillery, and the old gladness comes over me as it did at Sheppardstown when reinforcements came to the weary three hundred men who had fought Lee's rear guard and held the position that saved the day. You know very well what the sensation was as we looked back from the thin skirmish line, ammunition expended, and nothing left us but the oft ridiculed saber, and saw long bayonets like flashing blades of wheat. With feelings akin to those of old I have read and re-read the MAINE BUGLE, and a quotation from the Old Book forces itself upon me, "Well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." I shall wait as patiently as I can to hear from Col. Henry Boynton, who has been foremost in every fray where human rights were staked since the time of attempted border ruffian rule in Kansas.

FOUR BROTHERS IN THE SERVICE!

CORYDON O. STONE, Co. D, 1st D. C. Cav., and Co. F, 1st Me. Cav. of Charlestown, Mass., writes:—

As I was away during October I did not hear the last Call of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE; it was mislaid, and when the MAINE BUGLE came this month I made inquiry and found it, so will hasten to furnish a little ammunition in the shape of a check for \$3.00; \$2.50 the bill calls for, the other fifty cents is for the 1894 BUGLE. I shall attend the reunion at Skowhegan this fall if possible. Now as to writing for the BUGLE. I am not much of a writer, being in the army when I should have been in school. Enlisting at the age of sixteen in the First D. C. Cavalry, Co. D., Capt. Howes, and going through the whole campaign with them until the transfer, and from that time with the First Maine, until the morning of Lee's surrender, I was shot through the thigh. I think I was the last man wounded in the regiment. I was the youngest of four brothers in the army. Charles S. served three years in the Ninth Maine. Jesse and Joseph, twins by the way, in the Eleventh Maine, enlisted before they were seventeen, and both died in the service. Charles died the twenty-third day of December, 1893, of heart disease.

I WAS WITH HIM ON THE SKIRMISH LINE.

JOHN E. HART, Co. H, 1st Me. Cav., of Burnham, Me., writes:—

Please find one dollar for the BUGLE from January to October, 1894. I think the BUGLE is a most excellent publication for the boys. I want to shake hands through its columns with Wellington P. Baker, chief bugler. I used to be at headquarters with Billy McFarland a good deal. I did not know where he lived until I saw his letter in January, 1894, Call. We can find each other through the BUGLE; quite a number have made themselves known this way. I read Perley Lowe's letter with joy in

Call of January, 1893. I was with him on the skirmish line, next to him when he was struck in the left leg. There is only one member of the old First Maine in my town. A number of Co. H have made themselves known through the BUGLE. Dan Foster, Plumer Butler and Dave Whittier. I saw James Reynolds at our reunion at Peakes Island at Portland; had not met him since the war. I used to say to him when we were on the march, "Jim, drop your legs and give your horse a rest." He was a long legged fellow and the tallest man in the company. Plumer Butler, have you forgotten the time that Col. Cilley sent us to take down that old house to build winter quarters, and what a good time we had getting the ridge pole off, and how some one put cartridges down Ohlsen's chimney, knocking his frying pan over and coffee pot upside down; how he run for Capt. Hall's tent and said some one had killed him? We were all asleep in our tents at the time the shell exploded. I ask Ohlsen's forgiveness if he is living. I have not met him since the war. Now all you comrades of Co. H, I want you to write for the BUGLE.

HOPE THE FUTURE CALLS OF THE BUGLE WILL BE AS GOOD.

GEORGE L. DACY, Co. A, 8th Me., of 28 Ward St., So. Boston, writes:—

The first Call of the MAINE BUGLE I have heard, and I am both pleased and saddened by the memories its echoes awaken. I was very glad to learn that so many of the comrades of the old Eighth Regiment have promised to contribute to the BUGLE in the future, and I am sure their communications will be of interest, not only to the boys of the Eighth, but to other Maine soldiers as well, for we are all of the Pine Tree State. Did I wield the pen of a ready writer, I would gladly contribute something, for I was present with the regiment from August, '61, until January, '66, and remember somewhat of its formation and subsequent career, being of the first company, A, upon the grounds in front of the State House. I knew of its first attempts at soldiering; its ideas were very meagre, as Gen. Viele, commander of our first brigade, rightly says. But we learned a few things about discipline, drill, picket, provost and fighting, to say nothing about the use of the pick and spade, before the government relinquished its claim upon us in '66. I am glad to hear from the Eleventh Maine, for they, too, were along with us and shared in the fatigue and fights of the First Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, in the chase after Lee from Petersburg to Appomattox. Well, too, do I remember the First Maine Heavy Artillery as they came filing in through the works in front of Petersburg, and the question was asked, "Is there no end of ye?" there being more apparently in that regiment than in our whole brigade, for those were the days of small regiments, which continued to grow smaller as did the First Heavy Artillery, a few days later, while "fighting it out on that line." Was much pleased with Comrade Pollard's article on "Early Services of the Eighth Maine," but allow me to make one or two corrections. He says the Third New York was in our first brigade while it should have been the Third New Hampshire. The right wing of the regiment under command of Maj. Woodman was on Dawfuskie Island not Awfuskie as the BUGLE has it. The Mud island, the comrade refers to I presume was Jones Island, but there was mud enough I can assure you, as all who had anything to do with building the batteries on the Savannah river can testify. Those were days of death from disease, more than fighting, but we found the fighting later. Should think a roster of the Eighth Regiment would be interesting and take well among the boys, and shall want

one when published if not too expensive. Wishing you success, and hoping that future numbers of the BUGLE may be as good as number one.

NOTE.—The corrections above mentioned were duly made in the table of contents of January issue.

AUGUSTUS LORD, Co. A., 1st Me Cav. of Williamsport, Pa., writes:—

Enclosed please find money order for five dollars, after my indebtedness for the BUGLE is satisfied, place the balance to some Comrade of Co. A. Hope you will be able to blow the Bugle until the last Call comes from every man of the First Maine Cavalry, and that you won't be compelled to beat taps with the drum entirely but let it come, be it either bugle or drum. Have been reading an account of the famous ride of the First Maine Cavalry in the October number of the BUGLE from Sulphur Springs to little Washington and Sperryville and our return to a short distance east of Gaines' Cross Roads where we run into A. P. Hills Corps, and what I wish to state is, in reference to the guide who took us over to or near Orleans. Old Mr. Gaines was the guide who took us over that distance on a horse with only a halter on and no saddle, and that horse was led if my memory serves me right, and I was detailed to shoot the guide if he took us into ambush; after passing through the woods Mr. Gaines refused to go any further as he did not know what was beyond Orleans, and the column halted until Col. Smith came up and Col. Smith and Mr. Gaines had a short conversation and Col. Smith gave Mr. Gaines some money and the horse he rode on, also provided him with a saddle, a dismounted man had. The country from Orleans to Warrington and vicinity was as well known to most of the men in the regiment as any citizen, but the head of the regiment did start out on Amisville Road, but this was corrected before the regiment had gone far, and Co. A again took the lead, almost to Warrington. Most officers and men except Col. Smith thought the camp forces at Warrington were our own men, but when Col. Smith called for volunteers and several answered that call, Capt. Thaxter found out, Col. Smith was right in his ideas. The stone wall was torn down and the column passed into the field by fours and marched around Warrington; in making the detour we got in to a swamp; up to this time, Mr. Gaines was the only guide I saw at the head of the regiment. A colored guide led us around the swamp and took the regiment to the Fairfax road. Colonel Smith says when he met Gen. Warren that we had rested twenty-four hours, if this was correct I slept the shortest twenty-four hours that ever passed in my life. I have written this in a hurry and hope it will bring out replies from the officers and men, giving their recollections of this ride.

CYRUS C. CASE, 5th Me. Inf. of Los Angeles, Cal., writes:—

And may the BUGLE's martial strains thrill our hearts as they thrilled in the olden days, as long as any of us are left to hear. Not a note or cadence of the First Call (for '94) has escaped me. Glad to note that so many of the old Eighth respond. Capt. Drake of Co. I (earlier Sergeant of Co. D) lives in the neighboring city of Pasadena. Others of the Eighth are on this coast; and very many Maine veterans are living in the glorious climate of California. Several are like me members of Stanton Post of this city; and I am quite intimate with two or three old Vets of the First Maine Cavalry and First Maine Heavy Artillery. Many times I have taken occasion to speak proudly of the records of those regiments. If I ever get time I want to give a little Toot through the BUGLE.

NOTE:—Comrade Case wishes to know if Geo. Mitchell of Haverhill, Mass., who was Adjutant Eighth Maine last of 1864 is living.

A GRAND MOVE.

HENRY E. MORRILL, of Gardiner, Me. writes:—

I am very much pleased with the object of the BUGLE. It will be a grand move to awaken that dormant spirit in this little corner of our Union. It will remind us of the encroachments that are now being manufactured to destroy the beneficent intent of the pension legislation and to injure the best government on the face of the globe. We have done them up brown here.

THE HISTORY OF THE THIRD MAINE HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

C. T. WATSON, Third Maine Infantry of Atlanta, Ga. writes:—

Having been in Georgia ever since the close of the war with only an occasional visit to Maine, I have not kept very well posted as to the histories and meetings of our old Maine soldiers and expect to derive considerable information from your publication. The history of my old regiment, the Third Infantry, has been very much neglected, although it made a magnificent record during the war, and I trust you will be able to find some one of the survivors, who can write up its record for your publication.

ONLY GUARD DUTY.

JOHN HASELTON, Co. A, 25th Me., of Naples, Me., writes:—

I was one of the nine months men and you know they did not go into battle but were on guard duty all the time. We first went to Capitol Hill and did guard duty there, then to Arlington Heights, and then to Chantilla and remained until our time was out; perhaps some of the comrades could tell something more than I can.

THE COLORS OF THE 10TH AT CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

GEORGE S. AYRES, Co. A, 10th Me., of Saco, writes:—

The MAINE BUGLE fell into my hands this morning and I have looked it over and find no word from the Tenth Maine Infantry. I was in that regiment from October 4th 1861 and in active duty every day until August 9th, 1862, when I was wounded holding up the colors in full view of the Rebs at Cedar Mountain, Virginia, where I thought at the time it was pretty hot. We had marched from Culpepper in the afternoon before, and many of our comrades had not arrived from their fainting and falling out, but what there was of us commenced duty in the early morning, supporting, I think it was the Sixth Maine Battery or Fourth United States, which was out to the left hand side of the road leading towards the mountain; later we were relieved and marched back towards Culpepper some half to three-fourths of a mile and thence across the road and out to the right hand side of same, one-fourth of a mile, and up close to some woods, which covered us from the minnies. We staid there and I believe our regiment must have been forgotten as we laid there until I got asleep once or twice, but some how the "one big gun" on the mountain got our location and sent a terror direct for us cutting off several trees near us and going over our heads, killed both a cavalry-man and his horse, this I recollect and always shall as it was the first time I ever knew a cavalry-man to get hurt. Well, this started up the officers and they were anxious for a change, and

soon they had orders to make a change, by charging through the woods out into the wheat field or as it may be called the slaughter pen. In going through the woods I was acting color sergeant, as soon as we struck the open field, Sergeant Reuben Alexander was down and I took his place as color bearer and carried them to the front until halted by command of Col. Beal; as we were ordered to the rear or rather right about and soon another right about, and then firing by our boys commenced, many had fallen before the first shot was fired by our boys, and many fell very soon so we could not have done very great execution, the bullets or minnies came from the left and front, as well as from the right, and being under the colors, at which it seemed to me all the rebels in the whole south were firing. I got one in the right arm then laid down and held up the colors until I got a worse one in my left shoulder, which completed me and I was taken to the probing gang where the doctors tried to find the bullet, which made a hole to go in but none to go out; this they failed to find, but later I felt and located the bullet which was near my spine between rib joints seven and a half inches from where it made the hole to get in, so a new hole was cut and a round one ounce ball taken out so it was not a minnie that hit me, and many of my comrades, who were hit, can be assured that round balls and buck shot were used as late as August 9th, 1862.

THE ECHO OF MY NATIVE STATE.

ALONZO R. STUART, Co. I, 11th Me. Inf., of Arcata, Cal., writes:—

I hope the BUGLE will blow so hard it will wake the old veterans of the Eleventh Maine from California's golden shores to the pine clad hills of Maine. Yes, old comrades, let us rally to its support as we did in 1861 and '62 and followed its calls to '65. By so doing we will mingle in camp and battles as of yore, in mind if not in reality. I like to read the BUGLE for it is the echo of my native State, but oh how eagerly I look for and read the items from the Eleventh. I have taken the *National Tribune* for twelve years but see very little from my little regiment. Yes, I say old Eleventh, rally to the BUGLE'S call so we can have the pleasure of talking to each other through its notes. I took pleasure in reading Capt. Daggett's and Sergt. Holmes' articles, for I was with both of them in both places and recalled them well. Blow your BUGLE again Comrades Daggett and Holmes.

DISAPPOINTMENT ALL ROUND.

MAJOR HENRY C. HALL, 1st Me. Cav. of Chelsea, Mass., writes:—

I see by the Boston papers that the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts, held its annual reunion on Tuesday evening of this week. I received no notice of the meeting and was therefore absent. I desired very much to be present this year and am consequently disappointed in not seeing you as I had anticipated. I moved from Woburn here last week. I am engaged in the construction of an elevated highway and a vamp at Mystic wharf in Charlestown and shall probably be here during the balance of the year.

ALDERMAN FROM WARD ONE.

Charles F. Dam, Co. F, First Maine Cavalry has been elected alderman of Portland. He has had previous experience in this office and is well qualified, except in bodily configuration, for this position of responsibility in his city.

ALWAYS GLAD TO HEAR FROM THE MEN OF MAINE.

WILLIAM H. FINDAL, Co. D, Eleventh Maine of Clyde River, Shelburn Co., N. S. writes:—

I can assure you that the BUGLE receives an attentive perusal on its quarterly calls at my home. As I am always glad to hear from the brave men of Maine especially those of the Eleventh Maine Regiment with whom I regret to say my association was so short, though not through any fault of mine, I shall ever cherish the memory of my short association with those dear comrades I loved so well.

MELVIN TIBBETTS, Co. H, Fifteenth Maine of Seal Harbor, Maine, writes:—

I received a line from you a few days ago asking for a few words in regard to sketches from my army life. I was out long enough and saw enough, but to recall incidents of interest to outsiders perhaps will be useless, but will say, I was the first man who enlisted in Exeter, Maine. I was seventeen years old, enlisted the seventh of November, 1861, in the Fifteenth Maine Volunteers, Co. H, Colonel Dyer. Shipped on the ship *Great Republic* to Ship Island, Miss., then engaged in the capture of Fort Jackson and Philips and New Orleans, then went to Pensacola, Fla., where I volunteered on very many skirmishes up the Black River at Milton, Bagdad, Oakfield and other points. Then went to New Orleans and to Texas, landed at the Island Brazos Santago, at the mouth of the Rio Grande and captured the line of islands—Mustang with Fort Lemo, then St. Josephs Island, Matagorda, where we stayed—Fort Esperanza—then to De Crow's Point, then to New Orleans and fitted for the Red River campaign; took an active part in that campaign. Was in the battles of Mansfield, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill where I got hit, then was in the battle of Cane River Crossing, Wansura Plains and the crossing of the Atchafalaya River near the mouth of Red River. Went into camp at Morganzia Bend and soon ordered to the Shenandoah Valley where I was thrown in a hospital at Harper's Ferry, while our regiment went on to Frederick City, Md., where they got a veteran furlough to Maine, unknown to us. A comrade of my own company who was left in hospital at the same time and finding it full we were shown quarters under an oak tree, so we made our downy hospital bed on a rubber blanket on the wet ground; we both lay our aching bones down, and shook it out till early morning, when I proposed to forge a pass and I signed it Joseph Hooker, commander-in-chief. We packed our knapsacks and I discovered some one had stolen my gun from under my head in the night; however our pass proved good till the provost guard of the general stopped us, but we offered to step in and see the general, when they passed us on across the river to Pleasant Valley where we found the picket asleep by the fence, I without any ceremony marched up and took a gun that was leaning against the fence not six feet from the sleeper. It resembled mine in as much as it was made in the same manufactory and of course I took it to be the same one I lost, so on we went to the outer picket where we soon passed and were out of sight of them in to rebeldom. We took the woods for it, but were soon discovered by Moseby's men where we for hours played hide and seek with them in a deep ravine, but by being "yankees," we outwitted them at last and as darkness overtook us we saved them the trouble of taking us to Richmond. We gained courage as the darkness became more dense and ventured up to the road where we made several miles towards Frederick City; when daylight came we took to the woods again for rest but not

for food for we had not had a morsel since we stopped at the hospital at Harper's Ferry, so I told my chum to hold the fort, I was going after some grub. I went to two houses or in sight of them but as they did not look very inviting I went on till I come to a small house back from the road where, after a close examination, I ventured in and found a Union woman, who gave me a loaf of bread and a piece of meat. I stole back to my companion in the woods, and no two ever enjoyed a meal more. We spent the day in the woods and the next night brought up at daylight on one of our out-posts at Frederick. We were arrested and put in the soldiers' rest and informed our regiment had gone to Maine on a furlough. We were kept a week then sent to the front in the valley, just in time to take in Sheridan's ride, and I will not tell about its horrors. We got its full effects. When Sheridan rode his twenty miles from Winchester I was in the gang of retreating men. That fall and winter I was so used up as to be obliged to be sent home to save my life, and received my discharge January 30th, 1865.

LUTHER TIBBETTS, Co. I, First Maine Cavalry, of Limerick, Maine, writes:—

Sorry I could not send you the whole bill, but never mind I will be there as soon as possible, for I have received the money's worth. Some time I will tell you my experience at Dinwiddie, the proudest day of my life. I hope and trust when I receive the next BUGLE I shall hear the old First Maine blow "Boots and Saddle," with the rest of the Maine regiments.

WISH TO KEEP IN TOUCH.

A. F. EATON of Ludden, N. D., writes:—

I served in the Fourth Maine Battery as Lieutenant and wish to keep in touch with my old comrades.

THE ELEVENTH MAINE AT APPOMATTOX.

CAPT. HENRY C. ADAMS, No. 3 Union Square, New York City, who commanded the regiment after Colonel Hill was wounded, writes:—

As a member of the Eleventh Maine, I am much interested in anything concerning its history, especially when it comes from any of "the boys." The article written by Sergeant Holmes "The Eleventh Maine at Appomattox" and published in January number of the BUGLE is correct up to a certain point, but when he states that the "whole right had fallen back, even the right of our company had fallen back" he is mistaken. The cause of his, and some others having been separated from the regiment was, that they did not go forward with the regiment, but remained at point he mentions, while the regiment went on. While in an advanced position directly in front of a battery on Clover Hill, which was throwing grape and cannister at us very lively, the rebels sent a cavalry skirmish line and some infantry around our right and some of our men who had not kept in line were captured. Gen. Hill, who was wounded near the fence at the edge of the woods, was one of the captured. After a little the rebs put a section of artillery into position on the right of the regiment, which enfiladed our line very nicely; they also sent a cavalryskirmish line around our left and were putting another section of artillery into position in a peach orchard on the left. The Eleventh was ordered to move by the left flank, down the side of the hill, to get out of the range of the artillery on the right. When they rose many were killed and

wounded. After moving sufficient distance to the left they fell back to the edge of the woods. Then as the rebels were closing in towards us, we fell back quite a distance through the woods, until we found the rest of the brigade. The brigade commander, as well as the division commander, was surprised to learn that we had been so far in advance, as the rest of the troops had fallen back as soon as they received the fire of the battery. While we were lying in the advanced position the writer got where he could see, in a ravine between the regiment and the battery, a line of rebel infantry lying at rest. This was probably part of Gen. Gordon's command. The brigade advanced, after having re-formed, to the edge of the woods moving "left oblique" so it reached the open field at nearly the same place that the Eleventh had occupied after their retreat from the extreme front. At this time word came of the surrender. The Eleventh did not break nor fall back except under orders at this or any time. It lost that morning sixty men killed, wounded and captured. Some of the killed were men who had served through the war without injury, to die that morning, April 9th, 1865, after the surrender.

HIS COMRADES SHARE HIS ORO Y PLATA.

HON. HENRI J. HASKELL, Co. B, First Maine Cavalry, Attorney General of Montana, writes:—

We transmit to you herewith five dollars in accordance with a promise in January Call. If satisfactory to you, we would suggest the names of Lieut. Wm. P. Coleman, Alvin A. Carter, William Bradford and Albion P. Kimball, to whom the BUGLE he sent. We regret to hear that Lieut. Coleman is so badly disabled. He was, in my judgment, one of the best men we had; he was true not only to his company and his regiment but to his country in every particular. My recollection of him is that as a branch of the old Puritan stock, he was well endowed with those sturdy personal qualities which compel us at all times to admire, and accept as standards for our guidance, and make the word of such a man his bond; whose character is such that his declarations are received as true and whose acts comport so fully with his declarations, and his acquaintances and associates are convinced that his acts are prompted by motives which are neither selfish nor mercenary. As we look back over those scenes when, as a member of that regiment we were associated with him as one of the soldiers, we can see much in him to appreciate, not only as an officer but as a man among men. Please inform us where and when you hold your next reunion.

LIEUTENANT JEFFERSON L. COBURN, Co. A, First Maine Cavalry of Lewiston, Maine, writes:—

I have just returned from Virginia. March thirty-first, last, I met by invitation members of the old Army of Northern Virginia, representing the Seventh, Ninth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Thirty-second, and Fifty-third Virginia Regiment of Infantry; of Stuarts and Hamptons Brigades, Picketts Division and Ninth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry and Fifth, North Carolina (Col. McNeil killed at Dinwiddie Court House.) Cavalry of Barringers Brigade, W. H. H. Lee's Cavalry Division, all of whom were engaged in the battle of March thirty-first, 1865, at Dinwiddie Court House. I met these soldiers at the Court House at twelve o'clock noon and we went down to Chamberlain Bed, where we had quite a jolly time, and took supper at the hotel at the Court House at five p. m. I gathered some very interesting information

during my stay at Petersburg and vicinity, and am writing an account of my trip for the BUGLE. I could fill one BUGLE with interesting matter and then not half try. While at Petersburg I was invited by the commander of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans to visit them at a meeting of the Camp, which I did, and received one of the greatest surprises of my life, receiving a general reception and introduction to all the members present (forty-eight), and then a general introduction to the Camp, with a request to talk to the Camp. As a speech was out of the question so far as oratorical display was concerned, it took me quite aback, but I managed a half hour talk, which seems to have been favorably received, according to the Petersburg Press. Nothing could have been more cordial than my reception everywhere in Virginia, Petersburg, Dinwiddie Court House, Beams Station, Richmond, and Fredericksburg. Mrs. Coburn accompanied me and was also delighted with her entertainment by the ladies of Virginia.

THEY STILL LIVE.

There were present at the State Encampment G. A. R. held at Bangor last February, fifty-one members of the First Maine Cavalry as delegates and attendants.

MAXIMS FOR TRAINING HORSES.

J. Y. Mason Blunt, Lieutenant Fifth United States Cavalry, has written an admirable work on training remount horses for military purposes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 1894. Price 50 cents.

ADDRESS ON PHELPS SHERIDAN.

Lieutenant E. P. Tobie has delivered an address before a large audience in Pawtucket containing personal reminiscences, under that great cavalry commander, from the Wilderness till Lee's surrender.

LIEUTENANT JAMES MCGUIRE.

Lieutenant James McGuire, Co. F, First District Columbia Cavalry and Co. H, First, Maine Cavalry, who was wounded at Petersburg, Va., June 1864, and a short time later taken prisoner while on the Wilson's Raid, it has just been learned, died in Texas some twenty years ago and left a widow and one daughter, who are now living at 506 W. 13th street, Austin, Texas.

THE PLACE OF THE NEXT ENCAMPMENT.

MINNESOTA under the Earl of John D. Sniyer Department Commander and a Maine man, marshalls her forces in favor of St. Paul. Major C. T. Watson of Atlanta, Ga. Department Commander of the G. A. R. in Georgia, also a Maine man, is backed by all the Posts of his state in his efforts to have the Encampment held at Atlanta. The BUGLE awaits information from Maine men, who are commanders in the departments of other states, concerning their efforts to secure the Encampment; for it is certain that the movement to locate the Encampment, headed by some Maine soldier, must succeed. Maine, while in love with grand old Georgia, has so many blood relatives in Minnesota, that she wants to visit them at St. Paul.

THOMAS SOMERS.

Thomas Somers of Co. I, First District Columbia Cavalry and Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, who was wounded on picket in January, 1864, in his left arm, and has been a stranger to his comrades during all the years since his discharge in the summer of 1865, is now living in Lockhart, Texas. It is wonderful how the calls of the BUGLE wake echoes from the distant states of our Union. Numerous comrades have written that it was worth many times its cost in searching out forgotten comrades, and reinstating them in memory and fellowship.

THE DELAY OF THE APRIL ISSUE.

The printers of the BUGLE have had too much prosperity. To their regular work of printing two weekly newspapers of their own and several for the towns near by, in addition to the BUGLE, they have added the publication of a daily paper. As the daily paper was named the Sun, it is obliged to rise every morning at six o'clock, consequently the progress on the BUGLE was knocked into a pie—not a nice New England pie, but a sutler's pie—expensive, and a most unpleasant disappointment. We are obliged to carry over to the July issue a small regiment of echoes and articles which were offered for the April Call. We name a few of these contributors:—

John F. Perry, Lieut. Co. G, Twenty-eighth Maine, Minneapolis, Minn.; Matthew S. Berry, Eleventh Maine, Brownville, Maine; Gen. Egbert L. Viele, New York City; Pearl G. Ingalls, Co. B, Eighth Maine, Razorville, Maine; Maj. H. W. Clark, One Hundred Eighty-fifth New York Infantry, and others. Who was he? An unknown Cavalryman. The last soldier killed at Appomattox. William Gardner, Sec. First Rhode Island Cavalry Association. An important correction; Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, Co. C, First Maine Cavalry, Melrose, Mass.; Albert H. Harris, Co. L, First Maine Cavalry, So. Merrimac, N. H.; Major Henry C. Hall, Co. I, First Maine Cavalry, Chelsea, Mass.; Dr. Freeman H. Chase, Co. F, Twelfth Maine, Bangor, Maine; John D. Smith, Co. F, Nineteenth Maine Department, Com. G. A. R., Minneapolis; Henry E. Sellers, First Maine Heavy Artillery, Bangor, Maine; S. F. Harris, Co. M, First Maine Cavalry, Medford, Mass.; G. E. Dillingham, Co. C, Seventeenth Maine Infantry and First Maine Heavy Artillery, Hesper, Iowa; J. B. Parsons, First Maine Heavy Artillery, Dwight, Ill.; C. P. Stevens, Co. E, Fifth Maine Infantry, Beloit, Kansas; Capt. Monroe Daggett, First Maine Cavalry, and Eleventh Maine Infantry, St. Mari's, Idaho; Reuel Thomas, Twentieth Maine Infantry, Cambridge, Mass.; Wellington C. Frost, First Maine Battery, Light Artillery, Perry, Maine; Lieut. George M. Bragg, Co. F, Fourth Maine Infantry who was killed at Gettysburg, letters written in the field giving the environments and atmosphere of a soldier as seen by him at the time. The necrology as given by Chaplain Southard of the Maine Department G. A. R. for 1893-'94 with many additions has also been crowded out, also a pleasant memorial poem to the memory of Comrade George W. Lewis.

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With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.

BY COL. FRED C. NEWELL.

The last campaign against Lee may be said to have been inaugurated when General Sheridan started with his cavalry from Winchester, Virginia, on the 27th of February, 1865, with a sort of *carte blanche* of destruction as to the enemy's supply depots and communications. The general's instructions looked to his crossing the James River above Richmond, and his possible junction with the command of General Sherman somewhere in North Carolina; but the swollen condition of the James and the destruction of the bridges prevented his crossing, and thus were thrown in his way opportunities for distinction which could scarcely have been waiting for him on the other side of Lee's army. It is not worth while though to speculate as to whether the last campaign of the Army of the Potomac would have proved so sharp, short, and decisive without the cavalry in advance and General Sheridan for a pioneer, and so it is useless to imagine in what way he and his cavalry could have won glory with Sherman. The events as we find them are so satisfactory that it is needless to resort to the solace of dissatisfaction—speculations as to what might have been.

General Sheridan's command on this expedition consisted of the first cavalry division, under Brevet Major-General Wesley Merritt, and the third cavalry division, under Brevet Major-General George A. Custer, to whose division was added one brigade of the cavalry of the old army of West Virginia, under Colonel Capehart. The story of their successful raid is not important here, except to follow their trail and see where they join the Army of the Potomac. They left Winchester on a damp, disagreeable morning, all the roads but the turnpike being almost impassable; the huge blocks with which patrician wisdom had paved the old Virginia town were glib as glass, and

one of the staff got a very bad fall with his horse, his own leg being broken and badly crushed against the enormous paving stones in front of the headquarters. This drizzly promise of the morning was fulfilled, and rain fell heavily with the evening, drenching the command, swelling the streams, deepening the roads, etc., according to the manner of rains in Virginia. But the spirits of the bold dragoons were not dampened, and they felt lively enough to push on to Waynesborough to the camp of General Jubal Early, late of the Confederacy, upon whom the brilliant Custer fell with his division, and soon had his guns, and men, and *materiel*, and would have had him but that he had sufficient presence of mind to absent his person when he found how things were going. This was Early's last appearance in public life, and it seems that he did not cease to fly until he had crossed the ocean on wings of panic, and now takes heart of distance and tries to prove that he fought the campaign of the Shenandoah Valley, from first to last, with a few thousand less men than got into the hands of our provost marshal during some slight casualties that befell General Early in those days.

Early's command at Waynesborough being now dispersed or captured, and the prisoners having been sent off to Winchester in charge of a trusty officer (Colonel Thompson of the First New Hampshire Cavalry) and a guard of some five hundred men, General Sheridan proceeded to occupy Charlottesville. The mayor brought out the keys and politely offered him the freedom of the city, which was accepted, and then a halt was called to await the transportation, for the rains had continued and the floods had come, but the wagons had not. Then on again toward Lynchburg and the James River; rapid detours being made in every direction by small parties striking at supplies and communications, and returning to the main column again in a boomerang sort of a way that was as confusing to the inhabitants and to the enemy as it was destructive of property. When it was found impossible to cross the James River, attention was for a while directed to the demolition of the James River and the Kanawha Canal, which Washington is said to

have projected for the benefit of his native State. Here State interest had to give way for the common cause of the Union, and a modern patriot had to undo the work which the patriot of the olden time had proposed, because the State which the latter would have benefited had failed to follow some other good advice of his, more important to its prosperity than the James River Canal. In a patriotic way, then, this line of supply was completely interrupted, and its bed was so upturned that it hardly yet can lie there as of old. The River James, swollen with the high tide of rebellion and hurrying proudly down to its capital, was turned aside in mid-career and made an unwilling agent in destroying its innocent offspring, and then escaping as quickly as possible from this compulsory infanticide it dashed over the canal's red banks again, bearing on its bosom the stains which told the inhabitants of Richmond of the dark deeds enacting about them, and giving them warning of coming events.

When the ingenious destruction corps could devise no further damage here, the command turned off to try its hand upon a railroad or two. All the time the rains had descended—the flood-gates of the clouds were up and the water kept pouring through; the roads became dreadful, horses sank almost to their bellies, and wagon-wheels revolved upon the hubs. Although nothing short of a flotilla seemed likely to ride out the storm, the cavalry rode on hopefully, and came safely to harbor at the White House, on the Pamunkey, where supplies were furnished them, and where the March winds blew them dry again. But so much mud had been bad for the horses, and more than three thousand had fallen by the roadside, or, barely reaching camp, had to be turned over to the fostering care of the quartermaster's department, on account of that dreadful scalding which swells their legs as the elephantiasis sometimes does the limbs of human beings.

Immediately upon his arrival at this depot, General Sheridan reported to General Grant, at City Point, for orders. The lieutenant-general must have been pleased to receive this dispatch from his enterprising coadjutor, for had General Sheridan

turned back from the impassable James and retraced his steps to Winchester, he could not have been blamed, and indeed it would probably have occurred to nobody to blame him, as nothing was then foreseen of what was to happen a little later. His meandering march, terminating at the White House, was the child of his own fertile imagination, not the offspring perhaps of a very clear idea in regard to what precisely would result from this "friendly move," but certainly the birth of a keen appreciation of the military status and a praiseworthy desire to place his command where it would be most available for the purposes for which he commanded it. By choosing this course he voluntarily forsook his large department of the Middle Military Division and put himself in the field at the head of two cavalry divisions, headquarters in the saddle, and, applying for a new situation, made no stipulations for himself, and no objection to going into the country. It was quite patriotic, to say the least of it, this eagerness to crush the unholy rebellion.

When the cavalry had rested and refitted, and was ready to move, General Sheridan, leaving General Merritt to conduct the column from the White House to the James River, rode across the Peninsula and visited General Grant at City Point, where also he found President Lincoln, who had gone to be near the army in the last great effort for which all were preparing, and for an opportunity of "communing with his captains of the war." The President was established on the beautiful little steamer "Mary Martin," which had been tender (and no wonder) to a delightful party under charge of General Meade, whose pleasant visit had been cut short by a rude attack upon our lines. On the morning that the cavalry reached the James, Mr. Lincoln sailed up the river, in company with General Sheridan and the lieutenant-general, to see our command cross at the bridge below the Dutch Gap Canal. Looking from the window of the steamer's cabin, the President appeared like a man whose heart was sick with hope deferred, and full of anxiety for the coming campaign. Everybody felt afraid that Lee would steal away, for every hour must have been full of appre-

hension for his line of retreat, while every moment he must have dreaded an overwhelming attack upon his front. Behind him Sherman, whom nothing could stop, was closing in; in front, Sheridan had been able to roam over Virginia and join the armies on the James, and nothing could be spared to hinder him; but, hoping against hope, like sleepy flies Lee's army saw the encircling web, and still stayed on to be entrapped. Seeing the troubles besetting Lee, all were alarmed lest he should pocket his pride, abandon the capital, postpone his evil day, and perhaps achieve some temporary advantage by rapidly joining Johnston in North Carolina, with whom his communications were still intact.

It was the hope of the army, as well as of the President, that Lee's evil day should not be thus postponed, but that then and there, in Virginia, where the struggle had been begun and been most fiercely maintained, it should be terminated, so far as the Army of the Potomac and her allies on the James were concerned. The troops demanded this in the name of poetical justice, and all patriots desired it with intense craving. So long as Lee could be kept at Petersburg by stratagem or force, or by his own fool-hardiness, so long the people and the army could hope for a decisive and brilliant campaign, and hope would keep alive the enthusiasm which the chances of success inspired; but if he should decamp, enthusiasm would give place to lassitude; again the desponding would see lions in the path; Lee would find hosts of believers in the bragging assertion that if Richmond were captured he could wage war in the mountains for twenty years; and it would seem so much like the old, old story, that the stoutest would despair in contemplating the campaign that would ensue,—transports required to ship troops here, railroads to be repaired to supply them there, long marches, long halts, bad climate, bad roads, hard fighting, and hard luck; then more men and more money. On the other hand, there really seemed a prospect that Lee would be "bagged" for positively the last time, if he should remain until we could get ready to move against him. Victory was almost within our grasp, and "victory's daughter"—Peace.

“Longing for her, our spirits wilt
Like shipwrecked men’s, on rafts, for water.”

And so we almost trembled as the rumbling of the hoofs and the clanging of the sabers on the bridge were echoed by the up-river hills, for we feared the reverberation might reach the ears of Lee and wake him from his trance, and start him up crying for his horse. He slept well through it all though, and we camped that night on the windy south bank of the James.

Next morning, March 27th, we were off bright and early for the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, where we found our old friends of Gregg’s cavalry division from whom we had parted when ordered to the Shenandoah Valley with the other two divisions of the corps; but we missed the golden beard of the imperturbable General Gregg, who had so admirably commanded this superb division, and who, for some pressing private reasons, had now resigned from the army. On the day of our arrival, General Crook assumed command of the division, and reported to General Sheridan, thus reuniting the old cavalry corps under its most famous commander.

Before starting again on the war-path, it may not be amiss to say a few words in regard to the cavalry as it stood at this time in the estimation of the army and of the country, and of the steps by which it was brought into favor, if only as a poor tribute to the memory of a gallant few, who, ardently seeking to distinguish their arm of the service, lost their lives before it had gained its best repute.

It was quite the thing early in the war to sneer at mounted troops. A distinguished major-general is said to have asked, after an engagement, if anybody had seen a dead cavalryman; and very likely nobody had, for in those primitive days the major-generals themselves had not the least idea of how to go to work to get cavalry killed, and when any did fall they fell through a laudable desire to do something for the country and for their own reputation, and not because they had been ordered to do anything hazardous. For a long while they had no united organization; on the Peninsula, under McClellan, nobody in

particular commanded the cavalry: General Stoneman had some, General P. St. George Cook had considerable, General Averell had a little, and the corps commanders had each a supply; and thus it happened that we were all confused and helpless when General Stuart made his raid with the muscular Prussian who wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine*, and a few other troops taken for the purpose of admiring the Prussian's prowess; we presented the lamentable spectacle in *our* command of grazing our horses in the finest clover, in an open country, in broad daylight, while Stuart rode by within a mile or two, the Prussian brandishing his thirsty blade, to which, by all accounts, Excalibur was a poor affair. After they had put many miles between us, one brigade went tumbling after them as far as Tunstall's Station, and thence one regiment was sent in pursuit, with orders to inflict such damage upon the enemy, when overtaken, as should warn him against attempting a second time to circumvent the Army of the Potomac. If this lone regiment had overtaken the raiders, it is horrible to dwell upon the certain results; and it is some compensation for our disgraceful performances as a body, that, as individuals, we escaped from the Prussian, for he would have broken us in pieces as his ancestors the Kaisers broke horseshoes with their fists, as witness the shattered fragments in the Green Vaults at Dresden; but we escaped that fate, and went slowly back to camp, and still struggled on in the unequal conflict.

In the great engagements of the seven days the cavalry did nothing of signal service. One regiment charged gallantly at the battle of Gaines's Mills, only to be scattered and broken against the solid lines of the enemy's infantry, who no more regarded this feeble onset than the rocks give way before the washing of the surf; General Stoneman, with a portion of the cavalry, was cut off from the main body of the army, and was ordered by Fitz John Porter, from Gaines's Mills, to make his way to Yorktown, and thence rejoin the army as circumstances should permit. And this movement incidentally was of service in leading astray the enemy under Jackson, whose infantry

followed Stoneman's column as far as the hills overlooking the White House, whence they retraced their steps to pursue McClellan across the Chickahominy; but the credit to the cavalry would have been greater if this result had been designed.

In the Maryland campaign General Pleasonton had a couple of good brigades, and was energetic and successful in pushing after the enemy toward the Antietam; but during the great battle nothing aggressive was attempted by his cavalry, unless it was the gallop across the bridge on the Sharpsburg Pike, under a galling artillery fire, and driving away the enemy's guns. After that was done, the troopers went into position along the creek, and sat upon their horses, under shelter of some rising ground, until the sun went down, all kinds of missiles humming over them all day almost harmlessly.

After the battle, the scattering process was again resorted to, and Stuart was again tempted to try a raid round our army. It is true that he accomplished very little besides the ruin of his own horses. He was like the wind on a frolic, which did great damage to "old women's bonnets and ginger-bread stalls," but he did not much affect the prospects of the war, and did not drive the Northern army from the field. The ignominy, however, was none the less on this account when we discovered that no cavalry could be concentrated to intercept him.

On the whole, though, the mounted troops must have raised themselves a peg in this campaign, for we find General McClellan unable to move across the Potomac for want of them; and it is a fact that they were in a very bad way just then, by reason of a terrible disease of the hoof, which affected the horses—a disease brought about by bad feed, turnpike dust, overheating, and many other causes, perhaps guessed at by everybody; but the malady was remedied by none until it had run its course.

After crossing the Potomac, the cavalry, under Generals Pleasonton and Averell, took the advance very creditably, always encountering the enemy's cavalry successfully, and never calling upon our infantry for support.

At Fredericksburg there was no use for horsemen, and very few crossed the Rappahannock during the engagement. General Bayard made a reconnoissance with his brigade on the plains where Franklin was, on the left, but he could do no good where the enemy could see his every movement and he could see no enemy; and, after this gallant young general was killed, the brigade was withdrawn to the north bank of the river.

After Fredericksburg, General Hooker lifted the cavalry over the stile by consolidating it. A cavalry corps was formed, and General Stoneman was assigned to the command; and then for the first time it was realized what a capital mounted force there was. Superb regiments seemed to creep out of every defile within the lines of the army. Three divisions were organized under Generals Pleasonton, Averell, and Gregg, and General Buford commanded the brigade of regulars. When President Lincoln came down to the army for a grand review, nobody was more astonished than the troops themselves when they saw the face of the country swarm with cavalry, and apparently an endless stream of horsemen pouring from every avenue leading to the parade-ground. The enemy, regarding the magnificent mass from the heights of St. Marie across the river, must have felt a slight reaction from the victorious glow of Fredericksburg, seeing that the Yankees were not all dead yet.

Averell's division made a very handsome dash across Kelly's Ford on St. Patrick's day, and then came Stoneman's raid, and Chancellorsville. Success at the great battle was necessary to Stoneman's success; failure at the battle rendered Stoneman's best efforts futile; for he was dispatched to the rear of Lee to annoy him as he retreated, to destroy his communications, to block up the roads, to get between the beaten enemy and his capital, and, in the words of the orders given General Stoneman, to "fight, fight, fight." Cutting loose from the army, he followed his instructions as well as he could; but the other programme as laid down was not entirely executed, owing to unforeseen circumstances, and in a week or more General Stoneman

found himself many miles from his friends, and could get no tidings of the defeated enemy. Then he had to get back the best way he could, in the most drenching weather, and over the most frightful roads. On his safe return, patriotic efforts were made to cheer up the desponding people with glowing stories of his achievements; the illustrated papers had him depicted on a fiery charger, with his scabbard on the wrong side, pointing with his sword at miles of railroad bridges wrapped in flame, and correspondents exhausted imagination in describing the ruin he had scattered broadcast. Shrewd Mr. Lincoln, however, saw that the raid was not a crushing blow to the rebellion, and had his little joke over it, sadly enough, no doubt, though it is probable that he did not fully comprehend how fatal to the success of Stoneman had been the failure at Chancellorsville.

After Chancellorsville, there was a good deal of bad blood in military quarters; great promise had been followed by but small fulfillment, and scapegoats were needed on whom to fasten blunders. Generals Stoneman and Averell figured in that capacity, and General Pleasanton succeeded to the command of the corps. At this time it was known that Stuart was getting ready his cavalry for a great raid into Pennsylvania, and his camp near Brandy Station was busy with preparation; so General Pleasanton, on the 9th of June, 1863, went across the Rappahannock to look for a fight in which to cripple the enemy's horse and send them into hospital for repairs. This was successfully accomplished; from daylight to sunset the championship was hotly contested by the rival troopers, and our men won the belt, and held it against all comers from that time. The seeker for disabled cavalymen could have found one thousand one hundred killed and wounded of ours on that stricken plain,—

"And the steed with broken rein ran free."

Stuart staggered under the shock, and thereby failed in his whole campaign; for he was so late in starting that we got across his path at Aldie, when he was bound for the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, ten days later, and General Pleasanton pressed him back

to Middleburg, and drove him through Upperville to Ashby's Gap—a glorious series of engagements for our cavalry—and we bottled him up in the valley until we had no object in keeping him there longer. When he got out he was much too late to do any harm, as we had got over the Potomac first; and General Lee's report of the Gettysburg campaign proves how useless to him was his mounted force.

At Frederick City a new division joined the corps, and was put under General Kilpatrick, with Farnsworth and Custer for brigade commanders. This division ran foul of Stuart in Hanover town, Pennsylvania, and had a handsome little fight, while General Buford with his command, in advance of General Reynolds' corps, opened the ball at Gettysburg, and is entitled to the highest praise for his very distinguished services on that occasion. During the great battle of the two succeeding days the cavalry on both flanks fought hard, Gregg on the right repulsing Stuart's fierce assault, made with the hope of reaching our rear, and Kilpatrick and Merritt on the left charging the enemy's infantry, and keeping a large force busy there. After the battle, there were raids on wagon trains and dashes at the rebel rear-guard.

The cavalry was now an acknowledged element, and there never was any trouble in finding enough for it to do; and the mounted men were beginning to earn their rations, and enjoy a night's rest when they could get it. They could hold up their heads among their fellow-soldiers of the other arms of the service, for they now swept the roads clear for the infantry march and only drew off to the flanks when general engagements were to the fore, and then kept their three-inch rifled guns and their carbines rattling away against the ribs of the enemy's lines, getting their own saddles emptied, and filling the fields with dead and wounded enough to satisfy anybody.

It is not necessary to follow them through the brilliant encounters of this fall in Culpepper County, in the retreat to Centreville, and back again to the Rapidan and Mine Run, or through the hard picketing of the cold, wet winter, when they

did an amount of work that nobody can appreciate by a home fireside.

In the spring General Pleasanton was relieved of command, together with other generals of the Army of the Potomac who were supposed not to pull kindly with General Meade, and General Sheridan assumed command of the cavalry corps. Kilpatrick, who had made a hard and unsuccessful raid during the winter, went to the West at this time and was succeeded by General Wilson. The brave and brilliant General Buford had died in the fall, and, among many others, those gallant officers Colonel B. F. (Grimes) Davis and General Farnsworth had given up their lives in hand-to-hand encounters at the head of their brigades. General Torbert now commanded the first division, and General Gregg still retained the second. General Sheridan immediately brought the cavalry into still greater favor by his engagements in the Wilderness and fighting raid to the James River, in which General Stuart was killed at Yellow Tavern. Some of the best-contested cavalry battles of the war followed his return, Gregg at Hawes's Shop, and Torbert at Cold Harbor, winning the admiration of the army.

Then came the long ride to Trevilian Station and back, and the sharp fighting there.

Wilson's raid toward Danville was a failure in some respects, but General Grant says the damage inflicted upon the enemy's railroads compensated for his own losses.

At Deep Bottom, on the James, we achieved a great success, fighting infantry as at Cold Harbor; and all this time most of the engagements had been fought dismounted. "Prepare to fight on foot!" was the usual order after a little skirmishing had developed the enemy, and the horses hardly knew anything of the battles, while their riders were following the flag through swamps and brakes and virgin forest,—not legitimate work for mounted troops, perhaps, but a good nursery for soldiers; it inured them to hardships, and taught them that their duty was to fight the enemy wherever found; that if the rebellion was not to be ridden down, it must be trampled under foot; and

the cavalry, with patience, gallantry, and devotion, followed this teaching, and rendered themselves capable of profiting by the glorious opportunities which later campaigns afforded.

We now found that Gregg's excellent division — although envying the good fortune of their old comrades who had been plucking laurels on horseback in the battles of the Shenandoah Valley—had increased the reputation of the cavalry in some desperate engagements, dismounted, in the woods at Deep Bottom and on the Boydton Plank Road; and so, when the old corps was reunited, its blended honors were not surpassed in any corps of the army.

Now the troops were spoken of always with respect, often with admiration. They had shown themselves the peers of the best of the infantry side by side with them on hard-fought fields, and artillery asked no better support. They had been tried in every phase of warfare, and never been found wanting. Their depleted ranks had been filled with the best of volunteers—drafted men and substitutes being seldom put into cavalry—and the new men quickly fell into the old men's ways and boldly followed their file-leaders into battle. The whole corps was animated by the best spirit, anxious for victory and willing to go through anything to secure it; self-reliant, and believing in their commanders, they expected success, and would not be denied wherever it was possible.



Reminiscences of Prison Life and Escape.

[Continued.]

BY ERASTUS DOBLE, CO. B, EIGHTH MAINE.

One day as I was going out after wood, a man came to the North gate and called "Sergeant of the Gate! Sergeant of the Gate!" We had just got outside but looked around and saw the man as the rebel opened the little gate. He was covered with blood, his clothes were nearly torn off from him, and blood was running out of his shoes. The sergeant of the gate cried out, "For God's sake, what's the matter with you? Come out here."

The man came and his story was this. His shebang was near where the robbers lived but he had always intimidated them and kept them off by threats of his sheath knife, being a man of powerful frame. Today he took a little nap in broad daylight, thinking the thieves would not dare to trouble him, but was awakened by them just in time to catch them in the act of taking his shelter tent and cooking tools and all he possessed. He up and at 'em, thinking he could rescue his property, but they closed around him and stabbed him several times and finally one of them knocked him on the head with a club. When he regained consciousness he was lying on the ground, his property was gone, and it was all quiet around him. He got up, reeled along to the gate and there we saw him.

The rebel said in answer to him, "You're all fools to let a few men rob you and butcher you so! Why don't you kill 'em at once? we won't interfere with you! Here you men in there, turn out and hunt the robbers down! Kill 'em jes as fast as ye come to 'em!"

Just then our guards called to us, "Come if ye want wood," and that is the last I ever saw or heard of the wounded man who made the complaint. We got our wood, and as we came

back there was a wild commotion in the prison. Our guards stopped with us and we looked on. We had a good view and could see a squad of men, undoubtedly Sergeant Kocoy at the head, rush up to a suspected shanty and in a minute it would be torn to pieces, a fight would ensue, then the inmates would be marched to a place near the North gate, passed out and taken in charge by the rebels. When we got in we found a band of regulators had been organized, and I think they arrested twenty-six men. These twenty-six were taken outside of the gate and every one who had been robbed had a chance to go out and identify the robbers if they could. Six were charged with murdering their fellow prisoners. The remaining twenty were undoubtedly guilty of stealing and helping the robbers generally, but we could not act very nice or exact. The sergeant of the gate opened his little door through the gate and shouted, "The scamps are going to be let in, and you are fools if you don't knock 'em down and kill 'em right now! They're go'n ter be let in, one at a time; now form along there wi' yer clubs 'n give it to them! Here goes one! Guard, put the bayonet right through him if he don't go in!"

Many men are brutal naturally. In this case we had been entirely without law; might was all the right known. The men were enraged at the robbers and murderers; many had been brutally pounded by them; and so you see there was very little sympathy for them. The rebels drove them in with their bayonets, one at a time, and I tell you, they did run till they were hit; then such yells of rage, such curses from both sides. It was a horrid sight. Several were knocked down and pounded all out of shape of humanity, others escaped with broken arms or shoulders and bruised heads. It was horrible, but we felt they were greater villains than common criminals, and I confess I did not experience any pity for them. The six who were kept, we were told, had a regular trial for murder before a court selected from among the prisoners—judge, jury and lawyers, with witnesses.

Near or under the tents where these men camped before arrested three or four mutilated corpses were dug up. They

were found guilty and sentenced to be hung in, I think, four weeks, which was the 11th day of July, 1864. The time rolled around and the morning of the execution arrived. The roll call sergeant said that morning, "De cap'n says you fellers are to hang dem scamps ter day, 'n he says if you try to make a break he goin' ter open de batteries on yer, 'n he says he'll shell yer jes 's long der 's a lim kickin'." Immediately after roll call some paroled men came in and erected a gallows. It was exactly like the frame you often see over a gateway. A platform was put up for the doomed men to stand on with props to kick out for a trap or fall. Soon we saw over on the hill a small squad of men moving towards the North gate so slowly it was difficult to tell whether they moved at all or not. These, the guards told us, were the doomed murderers and the rebel guard escorting them. They were so manacled and chained together they could only move about two inches at a step.

Sergeant McElroy has given you a correct account of the hanging. Captain Wirtz rode through the gate with the prisoners' prisoners, had the fetters removed from them and delivered them to a squad of "regulators" under command of Limber Jim. Then the rebels all withdrew to the outside of the gate and it was left for our vigilance committee to perform the closing scene in the drama. The rebel forces were all under arms and the batteries were manned and quite a lot of spectators were outside to see the "Yanks hang the Yanks."

As the policemen formed around the murderers, one of them leaped out of the crowd like a tiger, and ran through the crowd and over tents down to the brook and across, but there was an angry merciless crowd ready with clubs to receive him. I shall never forget the despairing shriek he uttered as he tore off his old jacket while in the water ankle deep. He yelled, "O! my mother!" and gave himself up to a party who seized him and bound his hands behind him, and marched him back to the gallows. On the way back I heard such expressions as these: "You'll never kill anybody again!" "You'll be in hell in a few minutes now!" "Thought you could do just as you was a

mind to here, didn't ye?" "Hit him, hit him!" "You've got to be HUNG! d'ye know it?" "Justice at last ole feller! You've got ter come in the ring bolt now!"

Taking the whole scene together, the miserable prison, the ragged, hungry looking crowd, their faces grim and stern—many of them forgetting that it is not brave to strike a man when he is down—the angry taunts showered on the miserable wretches, one can imagine how horrible the death awaiting the wretches seemed to them. They were driven up the scaffold, their arms and legs were tied tight, the cords nearly cut through the skin, caps made of meal sacks were drawn over their heads, prayer by the catholic priest, then "Limber Jim" kicked away the prop and they fell! One big, burly fellow's rope broke and he fell on the ground. The cap was snatched from his head and he gazed at the five dangling, whirling, wriggling wretches and saw them die, and then a shout went up from some of his friends in the crowd, "Let him go, he is innocent; that rope wouldn't a broke if he hadn't been." Limber Jim's voice rang out clear above the din, "No, he shall swing with the rest! get up!" and they drove him up and hung him over again. They were cut down and carried out, and in a few days the gallows was taken down and piled up near the North gate just over the dead line, and everything went on as before except we kept our vigilance committee and maintained a sort of law and order organization.

The street running into the prison from the South gate was by common consent our market street. It was there one could exchange his raw corn meal for a small piece of corn bread or trade any small bit of jewelry for bread or bacon. It was there we sold taffy, or anything exchangeable. You would hear such cries as these drawled out in a discouraged sing-song tone, "Who will buy my taffy?" "Who'll buy the corn dodger, ten cents a cut?" "Who'll give a drink of water for a chew of tobacco?" This was just as important a market to us as any city market to its citizens.

Did I say anything about being lousy? Well, I will. We were very lousy. Perhaps some of you think you know what

that means, but I must tell you YOU DON'T! I am not able with my limited knowledge of the English language to tell you so you will understand it; I will say I have seen them on the ground anywhere in the prison almost as thick as the grains of sand, and they were, oh, so hungry. We killed them with our thumb nails until the aforesaid nails were too slippery, then we scoured our nails off with sand and at 'em again.

Our rations were various; sometimes we would get bread and a little piece of bacon about enough for a light lunch for a hungry man, and that was a day's rations. Sometimes it would be a little raw meal and boiled beef fresh, and sometimes it would be raw beef; sometimes a teaspoonful of salt would be given us to go with the beef. Salt was scarce always and would bring a dollar per tablespoonful. Sometimes we would get a little sorghum syrup. That was greedily bought up by the taffy makers and boiled down, made into sticks, and sold on the street. Occasionally I used to indulge my taste for huxtering by baking my ration of meal into bread and peddling it on the street. At such times I used to get sometimes a gutta percha ring and sometimes a brass one, and sometimes one thing and sometimes another, for a piece of bread, and then would come the fun of selling the guards. Polish up the brass ring and it would readily sell to the green Johnnies for gold and bring a good price too. Our mess had many a lunch bought in that way.

There was no time that camp rumor did not have a day set when we were all to be exchanged or paroled, and I think that kept a good many men alive, for when hope was dead the breath did not stay much longer. I always had strong notions of trying to escape and to that end prepared myself with a pocket compass which I found a fellow prisoner had. Then I went for tunnels. I was soon known to many of the prisoners as the man who had a compass and was most always invited to join the tunnel enterprises.

One day two men came to me and said they were going out through a tunnel the next morning and invited me to help

finish their tunnel. I agreed; I always believed in trying all such enterprises because they kept my mind employed and afforded some hope. They showed me into their tent, down close by the brook, and pointing to a hole which was full of water told me this was their tunnel. They then proceeded to bail it out and one of them crawled into it to work. He was armed with an old knife and a half canteen and drew an old leather sack in with him to put dirt in. We kept dipping the water out continually and it was cold as spring water. This tunnel was not over two and a half feet below the surface. Their idea was to dig till they struck the stockade then go under them and break out the other side, close to them. They said if we waited to dig deep and go too far we should be discovered and we would work quick and get through before we were suspected. I soon took my turn in the miserable mud hole. I worked with a will for it was so cold it nearly chilled one to death. I soon came plump against a pitch pine's stump roots and that ended that enterprise, but for misery and discomfort it was the worst I ever tried.

Next I was invited to join a party who had been digging a big deep well. I did so and found they dug well by daylight and tunnel by night. They had dug their well about forty feet deep and at a depth of about twenty-five feet struck a tunnel or "gopher hole." I worked in that by taking turns with several others for nearly a week and one night after we had dug forty-seven feet towards liberty we dug upwards and that night we got up six feet, I think. The next day it was discovered and a trench dug from the surface down to the gopher hole, and that finished it.

It may be interesting to you to know how men could dig deep wells without tools. We were mostly Yankees and could find a way somehow. We would make strings of bootlegs and everything else we could make strings of, tie them together and lower a man down by it to the bottom of the well; then he would attach that to an old haversack or something like it and fill it with dirt dug up with pointed sticks or a knife and scooped

up with his hands; this would be drawn up and emptied and lowered again. You know we had plenty of time and if it was slow work we kept at it; 'twas better than sitting or lying gnawing at our own heartstrings.

Bye and bye an order came for several detachments to be ready to go out in the morning to be exchanged! What an excitement! we could almost taste the good hard-tack we used to have in God's country, we could almost smell the coffee. We sat round our tents and told what good things we would be enjoying a week hence till late in the night, and then slept and dreamed of fried hard bread and coffee and big rations of everything. In the morning my friend Rideout went to his detachment and I bade him good-bye and sent lots of words to my folks at home. Poor fellow, he had a despondent nature and when he found it was all a heartless rebel lie about exchange and that he must stay yet a little longer in rebel prisons, his health failed and he died in Florence Prison where his detachment was sent. The prisoners were taken out as fast as transportation could be furnished to carry them, for a week, and that thinned out the prison considerably. Our detachment camped near the North gate to await our turn. There I was taken sick and for four days I could not rest in any position. It rained and was cold. October had set in, and I was wet and chilled to my marrow. We got the old gallows out and split it up and burned it and got some warmth from that. I have seen advertisement several times of parties who offered to sell pieces of that gallows to any one who would send so much money, but I, having helped to burn the machine, did not invest.

We were soon taken out and loaded a train with ourselves, sixty men in a common freight car, and started towards Macon. It was dark when we went aboard. We started at a fearful rate of speed and soon our car began to jolt and in a minute broke in two and tipped up sidewise and stopped. Then there was excitement. Our engine had left the track while in a cut and running against the bank stopped, and the cars smashed up behind it. None of our eight were injured but as

I stepped through the bottom of our car I heard my name called from under the car next in rear of us. On examination we found Sergeant McFarland and Corporal Joe Downes of Co. G, of our regiment, under that car. I called the boys and enough of us took hold of the car to lift that end of it so we pulled the poor fellows out and carried them out of the way of the wreck, gave them some water and went back to try to recover our property, such as old black tin dippers, ragged blankets, wooden spoons and troughs we had made to eat out of. Two rebels who were on top of our car were killed instantly, flattened right out. Sandy McL. got their hats and wore one and gave the other to Hagan of the Ninth Maine. McFarland soon became delirious and called me and I went to him and found the rebels had tied his hands behind his back and tied his feet together, and he was frothing at the mouth and raving crazy. I sternly told him to be still and I would untie him. He gave up right off, and I cut the strings, and gave him water and staid with him till some wagons came down from the station to carry off the killed and wounded. He seemed quite easy then only he suffered with the cold. I helped put him into a wagon and gave him all the blanket I had and the rebels carried him back to the Andersonville hospital. I have never been able to hear from him since, although I got roundly cussed for letting my only blanket go by the rest of my mess. As soon as possible after the train ran off Dave Cheeks and Jim Turner with their hounds came down to help the rebels guard us.

In the accident the fireman, a big negro, fell off the tender and was caught and held under it; a part of the tender, resting on his stomach with the track under him, held him. He was in awful agony and screamed and cried for help, but no one could help him. The tender was heavy and could not be moved without some strong purchase like jackscrews or levers. It was dark and no pry was at hand. One rebel said "that nigger would have to go for it, and he was worth thirteen or fourteen hundred dollars too, but then he's probably hurt so he ain't

worth savin'." He lived till nearly morning, alternately praying and groaning. I tell you it was slavery that made the people of the South so barbarous. And do we not feel a thrill of exultation when we remember that we, who wore the blue, helped to destroy it? I do. After daylight we were marched back into the same old stockade where we waited about two weeks, as near as I can remember, and then were taken out and sent to Savannah. We got there just after dark and were marched through the streets to a board stockade close to the old Spanish jail. On our way we heard a little girl some eight years old sing "The Bonny Blue Flag." How pretty her voice, how we thought of home and thought we'd soon be there. How little we knew what was in store for us and that many long weary months of starvation lay between us and God's country.

During our stay here, which was I think four or six weeks, our rations were good for rebel rations. We had rice meal, salt, fresh beef from the city market and good water. We could hear the sunrise and sunset guns at Fort Pulaski and Hilton Head, fired under the old flag, "God's flag," a good many of the boys called it. Oh, how I wanted to escape while we were there. It seemed as if I could only get out in the night I could almost swim down to Fort Pulaski, about fifteen miles, or I might get a dugout. But there was no opportunity whatever. We were carried back to Millen Junction and put into a large new stockade with plenty of wood and large clear brook of good water running through it. But our rations grew smaller and smaller till it seemed as though we should starve to death. I was hungry as only a prisoner can understand.

Now I must go back a little. When you see our beautiful flag's bright folds waving over us the Fourth of July I sometimes wonder if anybody but one of us, can think how good and how beautiful it looks. The Fourth of July, 1864, I was obliged to look on the rebel flag and it did seem hard to have the day pass and not see the Flag of our Country at all. I tell you it made my heart ache. It was the bluest day I saw during my imprisonment. O how we hated that emblem of slavery;

and right here I'll say we learned anew how to hate rebel treatment; and above all we did hate and despise the Northern Copperhead, and to tell the truth I don't think our love for them has gained much in all these years down to 1894. We've sugarcoated them and greased them but they won't go down and it's no use. An open enemy, squarely fighting for what he thinks is right and putting himself in range of your bullet, may be forgiven, but the rule won't work worth a cent when you try to apply it to one who is too cowardly to go and fight on either side but gives aid and comfort to the enemy by discouraging enlistments and helping deserters. We were generally in a first-class mood for hating, anyway.

Sergeant McElroy has told you the death rate at Andersonville was from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five per day. A great many people ask me if it really was as bad as McElroy says. I answer, the English language will have to be improved a good deal before it is capable of conveying to your minds more than a faint idea of the suffering that was endured in the rebel prisons for the sake of the flag and country. There was an opportunity to go out and work for the rebels or enlist in their ranks almost every day and thus get enough to eat and save our lives. But very few would do it. I have no unkind words or thoughts for those who did so. Most of us could not possibly make up our minds to do it. It would have seemed like assassinating our own mothers. And then we hated them so, the idea of taking an oath of allegiance to that rebel government, it was too revolting. If Jeff Davis had been captured by an old Andersonville prisoner he would not have been speaking and writing about the "Lost Cause." He would probably have got a taste of the mercy he showed us when he turned us over to the care of John A. Winder and Henry Wirtz.

We staid in the Millen Junction prison a short time, suffering greatly from cold. The hospital was near the prison gate. Its roof was the sky and its cots and floor were the ground. The sick, who had no friends to take care of them, were carried

over there, and I think a rebel doctor used to go and see them sometimes, though I never saw one there. One time we had a severe cold rain of several days duration. We had all we could do to keep alive in our "shebang," as a dwelling place was called in prison language. When the storm cleared off I started off to walk around and get warm. Happening to think of the hospital I walked over to see what care the rebels had taken of our sick; I had no doubt they had been taken to some building or shelter. I crossed the bridge over the brook and walked into the hospital. Imagine how the blood froze in my veins when I saw the poor fellows. I should think there were fifty or more, all motionless. Some were sitting or leaning against trees and stumps, some lying head down hill on the banks of the brook, some stretched out on the wet, cold ground; one in particular lay on his side near a stump with one leg and one arm sticking up straight. All dead, stiff and cold. I did not see one alive among them. Their eyes were wide open and glassy. They were lying and sitting in every position imaginable. There could be no possible excuse for leaving those men to die like an old worn out horse or useless dog, only faring much worse, for these sick men were shut into this prison and had positively no chance to get help or shelter or food from any source. I turned away. The sight was too awful; a sickening sensation came over me and I am afraid I mentally hurled some strong maledictions on the rebel authorities. I am quite confident I did, and I have never forgiven them and never shall. I saw several poor fellows insane while in Andersonville: one was entirely naked and was wallowing around in the mud and filth of the prison near the stockade, where the brook flowed out, where the water was about half up to his knees and almost thick with filth. The poor fellow was wasted nearly to a skeleton, his eyes were only half open, and he appeared to be hunting for something in the slime and filth. He would creep along and often fall down, putting his head, face first, into the water, struggle up and go on again. Several of us went and got him out and washed him as well as we could, but I heard that he crossed the dead line and was shot soon after.

One night while we were at Camp Lawton, the Millen prison, we were called up by the rebels, to come right out, for a cartel of exchange had been effected for all prisoners that they could deliver at Fort Jackson, below Savannah, before dark the next day, and if we hurried we would all get exchanged or paroled; that all they (the rebels) wanted, was to get rid of us at any price. Well, most of us swallowed that bait quick and rushed out and aboard their old leaky freight cars and were soon on the way to Savannah. It rained hard all day and we got thoroughly drenched through, but we were packed like sardines in a box and were warm enough. Arrived at Savannah a little before sunset. The cars stopped, and a mounted guard formed each side of the cars. They saluted us with expressions like these: "You'll be in your own lines in two hours, boys," "We've seen quite a number of you fellers off for home to-day, boys," "We've just come up from Fort Jackson where we took a lot of your fellers down and saw them aboard one of your steamers." Well, didn't we feel good. I rather guess we did. It would be hard conveying to your mind how well we did feel. I doubt if a believer ever experienced more ecstatic joy when he knew he was about to be released from a bed of pain to enter the rest, peace and joy of heaven than we poor wretches experienced then. But why don't we start? What means this delay? Time seemed long, we were so eager to go to God's country and see God's flag again, as many earnestly expressed it. An hour passed. The mounted guards were relieved by infantry, and a train of platform cars ran alongside of us on another siding.

By and by the guards called to us, "Every man get a stick of that cord wood and get on this train of flats." What did it mean? What did we want of that wood down at Fort Jackson? Some of the prisoners yelled "Another bull pen," "No exchange this time," "More rebel lies." Our hearts sunk like lead. All the bright visions of liberty were gone in an instant. But hope that can "hang men on an archer's arrow though it drop deep poison" whispered to us that they must be having more trouble with the Yankee army than they would admit. May be we will

be captured from them soon. The war must be pretty near over, boys. They are pretty hard up, you can see that, and they are dodging us around to keep us from being recaptured. So we consoled ourselves as well as we could. The sun set clear and the night was cold. We sped along as fast as they could drive till daylight the next morning. I curled down on the bottom of the car and three or four men lay across me. It hurt some but I soon got used to it, and if I had not lain under those men I guess I should have died of cold, and many were unable to get off without help when we dismounted at Blackshear Station. A great many men had only one garment, without, hat, cap or shoes, only a pair of old cotton flannel drawers. Can you imagine that they suffered? Faintly, I think. If we had not been drenched and roasted in the box cars it would not have been half so bad.

We marched out into a pine barren and camped. I believe we got fair rations; certainly we had good water, and sweet, fresh air to breathe. As near as I can recollect we stayed at Blackshear Station about a week. The second day of our stay some prisoners were paroled and sent into our lines. Sergeant McElroy of the Sixteenth Connecticut was among the number. We were told that we were all to be paroled there, but this we found to be another lie to keep us from trying to escape. I give you an incident or two which happened there :

One day some uneasy Yanks saw a rebel officer outside the guard line and hailed him, and he called them out to see what they wanted. They told him with a great air of secrecy that they had discovered a tree containing a swarm of bees, and asked his permission to go out and cut it down and get the honey. Now the idea of a taste of honey was pretty rich after living on the dry rations even the best Confederates could furnish, and this officer was a mean one, so he got the boys to show him the tree to prove they were not planning to escape and then he told them peremptorily that they could not have it and ordered them back into the prison camp. Then he summoned his friends and a negro with an axe and they went at

that big tree, two feet and a half through, and after working hard nearly half a day, cut it down. They were a sweaty, tired lot when the tree fell. They made a rush for the top and hunted for the bees. At the same time they looked enquiringly into the camp among us as an enormous shout of derision went up from us of "How sweet! how sweet!" "Don't for God's sake let any of them Yankee bees sting ye!" "It'll be sure death to ye if ye do!" "Hooray for the bee tree!" "Sold again!" "Nice honey, ain't it?" They found no bees, not even a hollow in the tree of any kind, and a more sneaking, ashamed looking set of rebel officers, I guess, was not seen again until old Jeff himself was taken in petticoats. The rebel soldiers enjoyed the joke as well as we did and ever after when the sentinels passed the watch cry, we would often hear some humorous Johnny sing out at midnight or some small hour of the night, "Here's your bee tree!" instead of "All's well!"

Another time a fellow, who was I think a counterfeiter by trade, came to me to get a couple of New Orleans bills. One was fifty cents and the other eighty cents. I sold them to him for their face in our money and felt quite financially proud as I took them for "Confed" as we call rebel currency. "Confed" was then worth twenty cents on the dollar. Well, this fellow, who said he was a hospital steward in the Marine Artillery, fixed the two bills, fifty and eighty cents each, so they were quite passable fifty dollar and eighty dollar bills respectively, and passed them to a rebel officer or sutler. He bought a bushel or two of sweet potatoes and got his change in good Yankee greenbacks. He came to me and told me what he had done and said he should have to figure fine to keep that rebel from shooting him, when he found out the sell. I helped him a trifle about disguising himself, but he did not give me any of his money though he showed it to me. He hid his sweet potatoes under a large wood pile then changed his quarters and laid down and covered up, intending to keep quiet several days during all the daylight. The rebel came back into camp blustering and swearing, with a revolver in each hand, saying he was going

to make a dead Yank sure before he left camp. My counterfeiter kept dark and thought he was all right, but a comrade gave him away either through fear or in hope of reward. Then there were hot times for a few minutes. The rebel freed his mind to the counterfeiter— I did not learn his name—all the time pointing his cocked pistol at the man and cursing and telling him his time was up and he would have six bullets through him, and then be kicked and stamped enough after he was dead to kill a regiment more just like him. He made so much noise and such a crowd jammed around that he attracted the attention of a rebel officer, and the counterfeiter yelled to him to come in and prevent murder. The officer came as quick as possible and drove the fellow off, telling him it was against the law to trade with prisoners anyway, and if he had lost his money the officer was glad of it. My bold steward of Marine Artillery was pretty scared but said he had had nearly as narrow escapes before. When he sold the other bill it was when we were on move and he got off all right.

[*To be Continued.*]

To a War-worn Bugle.

BY W. D. DOWLING, KENTON, O.

Bugle Horn! Bugle Horn! sing me a song,

Sing of the troopers valiant and strong;

Sing as you sang on the battle's wild day—

Sing as you sang in the midst of the fray.

Oh, how the sabers flashed bright at your call!

Onward the long line went, firm as a wall;

Now they are mingling, the foemen and foe—

Flashes the saber with blow after blow!

This is a sight for a soldier to see!

Bugle, oh, Bugle! sing loud in your glee!

Sing of the valiant who victory win,

Sing of the heroes who died 'mid the din

These have won glory and lasting renown,

These, fallen heir to a hero's bright crown.

Bugle, oh, Bugle! sing honor and praise

To those who were brave through those sad, darkened days.

A Ride in Battle.

BY COL. M. T. V. BOWMAN, LATE FIRST LIEUTENANT AND COMMISSARY 1ST ME. CAV.

On the afternoon of the third day of July, 1863, after nearly three days hard fighting at Gettysburg, the two great armies met in deadly conflict for victory or defeat. General Pickett's terrible charge and General Stuart's cavalry charge on our right flank were nearly simultaneous. The rebel artillery all along their line of battle belched forth their challenge, while ours from Little Round Top down the line answered back with deafening roar. On came Pickett across the wheat field with his infantry. On came Stuart with his cavalry. I was with our regiment of cavalry, with another sent out under command of Col. Smith to meet an advancing column of the enemy in the attack on the right flank. It was some four miles from where Pickett made his charge to where our cavalry was engaged with Stuart. I had become greatly excited, as doubtless the great majority of my comrades were on that eventful afternoon, and when the roar of cannon on our side seemed to abate for a short time and the rebels poured in more furiously their shot and shell, I had such a desire to know more of the battle that I started with my man Rogers for Little Round Top—I call him Comrade Rogers for in my mind now his name was Rogers—so many years have elapsed since then that I really have forgotten his name—on we spurred our horses through field and woods, all the while close to the line of battle. On coming near the crest of the hill that extends from Little and Big Round Top around to Wolf's hill, we went through an opening in the woods through which a country road passed, and as we came near the top of the hill we halted, and I said to Rogers, "When we return we will go through that strip of woods at the right of us, for by so doing we will save a mile's travel." As we reached the crest of the hill we saw below us hundreds of men firing and falling back. I supposed

at the time they were our men, but later on it proved that they were rebels. We continued on, and the farther we went, our apprehension was awakened in the belief that we were in very dangerous quarters. Picket had reached the stone wall, or what is termed now the bloody angle. In the great confusion that seemed all around us, we thought it best to turn back, and as we reached the road—where I said to Rogers, "We will go through that piece of woods to our right and save a mile's travel on our return"—we saw at a glance that during our absence the rail fence on either side of the road had been taken down and thrown crosswise into the road in such a manner as to prevent artillery from coming up this road. The road up the hill was very irregular, being for the most part of the way comprised of slate rock which was quite rough. Rogers said to me as we crossed the road: "There is a nice blanket on the other side"—some one had stolen my blanket off my pack mule the night before—and as I supposed the battle would soon be over and we return to our camping ground, I rode back, reached down from my horse, picked up the blanket and rode across the road to where Rogers was awaiting me. My horse had just come abreast with his when from the woods to our left and not five hundred yards away came a volley of bullets. A company of rebels were behind an old fence in the woods, and they emptied their guns at us—the bullets came thick. My horse at the time seemed to have more good sense than I, for instantly he wheeled and started on a dead run down the road. Just then another shower of bullets came. I threw myself lengthwise on my horse, my right arm over my horse's neck while he plunged down that ledgy road over those rails. We were under fire of the rebels, who seeing that the first volley did not stop us continued to pour into us. The distance of that opening in the woods was about an eighth of a mile, that we had to ride. My horse was running with all his might while the bullets went under and over him—I expected every moment he or I would be shot and equally did I expect every moment that he would be tangled in the fence rails and thrown. We had covered about

one-half the distance in the opening when I heard Rogers' hello behind me and I expected he was shot. Looking back over my horse's main I saw his horse coming with all his might and Rogers clinging to him. I felt if he could only hang on to his horse he would bring him through. My horse was going at such speed down that ledgy road and over those rails it would have been an impossibility for me to have stopped him. He seemed maddened by the zip, zip of the bullets as they came under and over us. I think the road had not been traveled much; it seemed more of a wood road, seldom used. At any rate there was a big cottonwood tree just in the edge of the woods, about three feet in diameter, and located, it seemed to me, right in the middle of the road. My horse was going at such speed it seemed to me that he surely must dash his brains out against the tree, but as we reached it he veered a little to one side. I threw my right leg on top of his back and his side just grazed it as we went on. On reaching the cover of the woods my horse seemed to understand and slackened his speed. I threw myself into the saddle and reined him in. I saw in the woods a number of our infantry sitting down by the trees eating hard-tack. I sung out to them, "Boys, get out of here! The Johnnies are right onto you!" and you ought to have seen those boys get up and get. Just then we came through the woods, where I met an officer with a squad of men. He called as I came out of the woods and asked, "What is the meaning of all this firing?" I replied to him that the Johnnies were right onto us. He said, "Why, I have orders to take a dispatch to the left; can I get through?" I said no, unless you want to get killed or captured. He replied, "I dare not go back; I must obey orders." I told him to send one of his men with me and that I would take him to Col. Smith for orders.

But now comes the curious part of this fearful ride—a ride which I shall never forget as long as life lasts, and a ride the like of which I would not take again for all the inducements man could offer. I attribute the saving of my life to my stopping to pick up that blanket. Had I not stopped for that we should

have rode directly into the enemy's lines, for they, as I learned after, occupied the woods through which I had intended to pass; and further, when the ride was over and I raised into my saddle I found the blanket was in my right hand, and that I had held on to it through all that desperate ride. I then threw it down. On reaching our cavalry I saw the Johnnies come out of the woods and plant their colors in the open field. Just then Gen. Gregg opened his batteries on them and they disappeared under cover of the woods.

NOTE.—If "Rogers" is yet living and this should come under his eye, I shall be glad to hear from him.—M. F. V. B.

Life in Libby.

BY C. O. FERNALD, FOURTH MAINE INFANTRY.

While engaged in the first battle of Bull Run, on the twenty-first day of July, 1861, my fighting was stopped by a cannon ball, which took the clothes clear to my breast, taking my right arm off just above the elbow, taking it all off but a little skin; then passing through the rear rank it struck a man by the name of Fletcher, just the same as it struck me. After I was hit I got up, looked at my arm and then started for the rear, when I was soon overtaken by two comrades, George Spaulding and Fred Conley, who corded my arm and stopped the flow of blood, after which I walked for nearly half a mile when I again fell from loss of blood, the cord on my arm having become loose. I had not lain more than twenty minutes, when one of our ambulances came along with Fletcher in it and took me up, carrying us back to an old house just across the stone bridge. We were laid under some apple trees, the house being already full of wounded.

After taking us out, they tightened the cord on my arm and then went back on the field after more wounded. While waiting for the surgeon to dress my wound I cut the skin that held the arm on and buried it by means of an old bayonet, under the tree.

Just before dark the rebs passed us in pursuit of our troops which had passed a few minutes before. They did not stop even to place a guard around us then, but kept on in pursuit of our retreating forces. As it was growing dusk our regimental surgeon, Dr. Seth C. Hutchins, came to me, and they laid me on a temporary table, ready to take off my arm, when who should appear on the ground but a squad of Johnnies, who at once placed a guard around us. An officer rode up to our surgeon, who with his assistant was dressing my arm, and placing a revolver close to his head, ordered him to leave me and attend to their wounded; but he refused, saying if they shot him he could do nothing for them, but if they let him finish dressing my arm he would go with them.

When they found that they could not move him they stayed by until he got done with me, and then he went with them. This was the last that I saw of the surgeon. He had dressed Fletcher's arm just before mine, so when my arm was dressed they laid me beside him under the apple tree, where I lay for some days and nights with nothing to eat but a small piece of raw beef and one cake of hard-bread. The agony of that first night will never be forgotten, for we were all suffering with thirst and our tongues were swelling out of our mouths. It was enough to touch a heart of stone to hear the poor fellows begging for water; but it was not enough to touch the hearts of our captors, for although there was plenty of water only a few rods away they would not leave their work of pillaging the dead and wounded to bring us any, neither would they allow those that could crawl around to pass the guard for water.

But God had not forsaken us. About half-past ten that night it commenced to rain, and it never rained harder, so all that we had to do was to open our mouths and they were filled. All who were out of doors had plenty to drink that night, but it was different with the poor fellows in the house, whom we could hear begging for water all through the night, amid the groans of the wounded and dying.

On the eleventh day after the battle, we were carted to Manassas Junction, loaded in cattle cars and started for Rich-

mond, which took one day and night. During the ride the rebs would reverse the engine every few miles, which piled us up in the cars, one on top of the other, causing us intense suffering. We had nothing to eat or drink on the road, being treated by the citizens on the way like so many beasts of prey that they would like to kill. After arriving in Richmond we were escorted to "Hotel de Libby," with the name of Libby & Son over the door. When we arrived the building was nearly empty, containing only a few political prisoners and a few officers and men who had preceded us. They crowded twenty-seven hundred of us into the building, which in addition to what was already there, filled it to the brim.

About six hours after arriving they issued to us some soft baker's bread and water from the James river. We began to think that we should not fare so very bad after all; but how soon that delusion was dispelled you will see. I was placed in the second story, and the boards on which I lay were by the second rear window, with a tobacco press for a pillow. I was without blanket, shirt or blouse, having lost my blanket in the fight and having my shirt and blouse taken nearly off by the shot that took my arm.

Just before dark one of the Fourteenth Brooklyn boys approached the window by which I was lying, the windows all being protected with iron bars. When he got within about two feet of the window the report of a gun was heard, and he fell dead, with only a groan, for he had been shot through the left breast. The blood from his body spurted in my face. The news spread through the building and the boys kept back from the windows. After dark the officers came into the building to inspect us and to take our names and regiments. We complained to them of the shooting and they told us to keep four feet from the windows and we would not be shot. We then asked for some supper, and were told that we would probably get some sometime the next day; which we did, about ten o'clock.

Our wounds were not dressed nor cared for (only what our own boys could do, those who were not so badly wounded as

the rest of us) until we had been in Libby twelve days, and then Dr. Stewart of the Second Minnesota got permission to come in and see us, he being a Free Mason. He spent the day with us and amputated my arm again, which had become maggoty on the field and had sloughed open. I had got the maggots about all out with a bottle of hartshorn which I picked up on the field. After that everything went on as usual in the building, our rations in the meantime consisting of one cake of hard-bread and one pint of James river water per day to a man—unless we could buy some or steal some from the guards, which we frequently did.

On the fifteenth of August three rebel surgeons entered the room I was in and came to a man whose name and regiment I do not know. He had a flesh wound in the calf of the leg and the gangrene had got into it. The leg could have been saved with proper care, but they cut it off square without any flap just "for an experiment." The man lingered and died in about fifteen days.

We found out about the first of August that the basement or cellar of Libby was filled with tobacco, so we contrived to get into it, and then we began to live a little better, for we could trade tobacco with the guards and darkeys for something to eat. The Johnnies did not find out our reserve store until about the middle of September, and then finding that they could not keep us out of it they hauled the tobacco away.

In the meantime our death rate had been from six to ten per day in our room, from wounds and lack of food. At times some poor fellow would get homesick and then his days were numbered. I never knew a man in Libby to live more than fifteen days after he became homesick. After this our death rate increased, often towards the last numbering as many as twenty per day.

I had got so that I could walk around the building. One day while down stairs watching the guard and trying to get a breath of fresh air, I discovered that he had a loaf of corn bread and a big piece of liver which he was eating. He had not eaten

much when an officer came along and the guard had to lay the food down on a box behind him to salute the officer. That was my chance, and grabbing the bread, and liver I went up stairs, and didn't I have a treat!

The last of September our boys began to tunnel out from the cellar where the rebs had taken out the tobacco. A large number got away through the tunnel. How many escaped or how many were recaptured I do not know, for not one that went out through the tunnel was brought back into the building while I was there. This escape so enraged the rebs that they cut our scant rations off for five days, which finished many a poor fellow who was nearly dead before. The fifth day an officer came into our room with a fine fat blood hound. When the dog was near me I petted him and managed to detain him there until the officer went up stairs. I spoke to a Fourteenth Brooklyn boy who had a knife. I took the dog by the top of his head and yanked it up while the Fourteenth boy cut his throat. When the officer came down the dog was eaten up and there was not so much as a blood spot to show what had become of him. The boys had caught the blood in their cups and drank it as fast as it flowed. The officer raved awhile but soon left without bidding us good-bye.

Matters continued thus until the tenth of October, as I recall it, when looking from the window, standing at the proper distance, I thought I saw a man that I used to go to school with when a boy but who had been in the south for some years. I called to him from the window to attract his attention. He looked up, recognized me, called me by name and at the same time drew his revolver and fired six shots at me through the window, two of which cut the hair on my head, which convinced me that he was not shooting for a sham, but to hit.

I think it was the twenty-seventh of October, a day never to be forgotten by me, when in the afternoon an officer came into the building, called the names of some fifty of us, whom they did not think would live, and told us to pick up our traps and be ready to go down the James river by 4 P. M. as we were to be

paroled. I was the tenth on the list. At three they formed us and marched us to the office outside, where we signed the parole as best we could and then were carried to the boat that was waiting for us. There were only a few of us who could walk that distance. Before leaving the building we divided our effects with the boys who were left. And so we bade good-bye to old Libby Prison forever.

Recollections of General Berry.

BY H. S., CO. K, 17TH ME. VOLS.

The rendezvous at Portland, from which the Seventeenth Maine Regiment started to the front August 18th, 1862, was called Camp Berry. The writer at that time did not know for whom it was named, but subsequently he became aware it was in honor of one of the bravest and ablest generals who had gone from the old Pine Tree State. Coincidentally, General Hiram G. Berry was the first officer who commanded the brigade to which the Seventeenth Maine belonged, after its arrival at Falmouth, Va., its last camp before it participated in the battle of Fredericksburg. The recollection of most of the events associated with the general during his brief official connection with the regiment are shadowy in the memory of the writer, after so many intervening years, but there are two or three that stand out in sharp relief, which will perhaps bear relating.

On the thirteenth of December, '62, the regiment was astir as the pallid light broke over the smoky hills. A signal gun had been fired, the "pack up" had been sounded from regimental headquarters, and we were soon in line. Birney, the division general, rode by with his staff, and then came the sturdy General Berry at the head of the column in which we were to join as soon as certain regiments had passed. As he looked at us, standing there, from beneath his slouched hat, he seemed like a father to us all, and we felt that he was saying to us,

though he had not spoken the words aloud: "Now, my fine sons of Maine, you are about to receive the baptism of fire. Behave nobly. I am proud of you. We shall soon know what stuff you are made of."

We did not march far before we were ordered to mass in the woods, near the river, where we were forced all day to inhale the breath of our batteries, which were trying to convince Lee's soldiers of their inhospitality. In the twilight we again took up our beds and walked two or three miles up the river, where we halted for the night, and made ourselves as comfortable as the fortunes of war would allow. Next morning "peas on a trencher" was only in name; a dish of coffee and some hard-tack constituted our morning meal, and then we "fell in" to form a part of the column which was to operate on the left. Almost before we were aware of being so near the Confederate front, it was plunging shells in our line. How they did sing their devilish songs; how they tore up the earth before us and flung it in our very faces. It was like stirring up a gigantic hornet's nest, and the air seemed full of huge infuriated insects. General Berry now rode rapidly along the line, and seeing that the regiment, which had not yet been ordered to advance, was unnecessarily exposed by its gaping with wonder at the strange sights and sounds, cried out in a loud stern voice, such as an anxious parent would to his imprudent boys, "Lie down, every one of you, or I'll skin you alive." This order we had never seen in the manual of tactics, but it struck us forcibly as a good thing to do, and down we went to the ground.

Though the general afterward must have, often, been seen and felt and heard, he does not again appear in the writer's memory till the next spring, 1863. He had received the appointment of major general, and been assigned to the command of the second division of the Third Corps. Much enthusiasm then prevailed throughout the army for General Hooker, and General Berry evidently was one of his most sanguine adherents. On a beautiful Sunday afternoon he visited the regimental camp, and the boys were turned out to receive

him, informally, as now remembered. In front of the colonel's tent, his hat removed and his noble forehead glistening in the sunshine, amidst the laurel scented air, he stood and greeted us with a short speech, filled with earnest devotion to the Union and pride for the State from which we came. In conclusion, he swung his hat and proposed "three cheers for Joe Hooker and the next fight," which, of course, was given with a will. It was a scene, one of many, in the soldier's life worthy of the artist's brush, but alas, how different from that in which General Berry was the central figure, as he lay dying on the battle-field of Chancellorsville on Sunday afternoon, nearly at the same hour, a fortnight later.

Fifth New York Cavalry at Culpeper.

BY F. S. DICKINSON, FIFTH NEW YORK CAVALRY.

[*Continued.*]

Near Williamsport we rested a few days and recruited our horses in luxurious clover fields until the thirty-first day of May, when an advance was made across the Potomac to ascertain what was in our front. We surprised and drove the enemy's pickets through Martinsburg, capturing some plunder and a few of our men lost at Front Royal, and returned to camp on the north side of the Potomac, where we quietly remained until the fourth of June, when Banks and his whole army advanced to Winchester, the scene of its disaster and the insulting jeers of the inhabitants only a few weeks previous. The troops marched in with colors flying and bands playing National airs. The streets were deserted; not a solitary person appeared in sight, but hundreds of unfriendly eyes were peering through all manner of crevices, expecting momentarily to see the torch applied to all places whence shots had been fired and hot water thrown on the morning of the twenty-fifth day of May. It was known that there was quite a large number of good loyal people who would rejoice at the return of the old flag to their city if they

dared. This knowledge accounts in a certain measure for the respect shown property. Gradually the nerve tension of the guilty relaxed and they began to show themselves. It was rather ludicrous to look at some of those trying-to-be-calm persons as they carried around that wish-I-hadn't looking face. The tables were turned. The Yanks were there and the Confederate army had left them to their fate.

For a time the camp of the Fifth New York Cavalry was in an oak grove just to the left of the pike at Milltown, and comrades will remember that old mill-race just back of camp where we used to go down to wash our clothes, but oftener to pull the shirt off over the head and search for that frolicsome grey-back, and with what fiendish delight we listened to that musical snap as a victim came in contact with two thumb nails.

From this camp many long tedious reconnoissances were made on all the roads converging at Winchester. Romney, Moorfield, White Sulphur Springs, Strasburg, Luray Valley and Loudon Valley came in for their share of attention by the cavalry regiments belonging to Banks' command. The enemy's cavalry were often met scouting the country to annoy the Yankee pickets, capture small parties who chanced to venture outside of our videttes and to get information from their friends on the inside of our lines. At this stage of war citizens were at their homes, apparently conducting their own business as in times of peace, and were allowed to remain unmolested, guards being furnished to protect their persons and property from the lawless soldiers not imbued with the belief that conciliatory measures were the best to adopt towards a rebellious people who, while under the protecting folds of the National flag, were aiding the enemy as far as possible by furnishing information. The enemy's cavalry were often met but nothing of a very serious nature occurred. Bushwackers being troublesome, efforts were made to catch them by sending out parties at night, who searched their homes or localities where they were harbored, but these expeditions were unsuccessful through the watchfulness of the numerous dogs at every farmhouse barking the

alarm in time for them to escape. The negro slaves who left their masters seemed to know instinctively that the war was eventually to result in their freedom, and were always our trusted friends. Many arrests were made, but the secession element soon learned to put on a bold face and report their loyal neighbors at headquarters as being connected with guerilla parties and thus getting them arrested, so the whole thing was soon in a muddle, and about all the satisfaction derived by us was the pleasure of feasting on the luscious cherries near the houses which we surrounded. This fruit was very abundant.

Early in the morning of the eighth day of July Banks' little army began to move out from their camps around Winchester in the direction of Front Royal, the Fifth being rear guard. The long line of troops in advance of us was all that indicated war. The appearance of the country on all sides indicated peace and prosperity. Well fenced farms and great fields of wheat ready for the sickle and the workmen in the fields harvesting the crops; stalwart colored men leisurely swinging the old hand cradle, and the colored girls and boys taking up the grain; all stopping frequently to admire the pomp and pageantry, and reply to the jests and friendly badinage of the passing troopers.

This day was intensely hot, and several cases of sunstroke were reported, but nothing of an exciting nature occurred until the advance struck Front Royal, when quite a lively skirmish occurred, but the enemy was soon driven out in great haste and confusion, the Vermonters firing a few bullets at them as gentle persuaders to run faster, the infantry column leisurely following. When we of the rear guard came along the inhabitants had come out of their safe retreats where they had taken refuge to escape from the flying missiles, and the ladies were indulging freely in expletives and indignantly expressing their opinions. We asked if the First Vermont Cavalry had been there and what they did. One of them answered, with a sniff, that they "kept shooting at our soldiers when they were running just as hard as they could to get away." It was ever thus with the First Vermont Cavalry. They would shoot to induce the enemy to run and then shoot them for running.

The column moved steadily along up the beautiful valley and over the Blue Ridge to Gaines's Cross Roads, and bivouacked. The cavalry picketed front and rear, and was so small that every able-bodied man was required to complete a cordon around the infantry. No attack, however, was made by the enemy, but a little scare was occasioned by the accidental discharge of a gun which caused the writer to think as he sat drowsing on his horse that he had been fired upon by a bushwhacker. The result was a thorough rousing of the pickets.

As foraging in those days was strictly forbidden, we, to obey orders and please the officers, had laid in a supply of fac-simile confederate money. By this means we were enabled to purchase corn for our horses and warm meals for ourselves, as opportunity presented itself.

On the twelfth the march was resumed in the direction of Culpeper Court House where the Fifth had a skirmish. They charged and drove the enemy through the town, capturing fifteen men and a small amount of supplies left at the railroad depot. They succeeded in getting the train off by a margin of about two minutes. Among other things captured was the Confederate mail which had just arrived from Richmond. This was secured by W. G. Peckham, one of the foremost men in the charge, who subsequently earned and received a first lieutenant's commission for meritorious service and bravery. Among other Confederate property captured at the depot was a barrel of whiskey. All this property, including the whiskey, was stored in the Court House and a guard placed over it, the provost marshal's office also being in the same room with the barrel of whiskey. Some of the duty performed by the provost guard was to search the house and other buildings for arms, rebel soldiers and contraband articles. They were successful in a small way in bringing to light a few small arms and a few soldiers.

While we were on this duty, McClellan was retreating from before Richmond, and in a short time Lee would be ready to give his attention to the army around Culpeper. In the mail

captured was a letter found directed to a young lady of Culpeper written at Richmond, stating that he, the writer, would be there that evening (July 12th), giving the hour he would arrive and the road he would come in on. As the young lady did not get the letter, she was not prepared to meet him on the road and warn him of the presence of the Yankees in Culpeper, but another party was there ready to receive him. He was at once taken to the provost marshal who learned from him that he had been in the battles before Richmond and followed McClellan's retreating army to Harrison's landing. He proved to be a scout sent from Richmond and had ridden from there on that day—about seventy-five miles. Evidently he rode a good horse, and was thus considered by C. W. Minor of the Fifth, who rode him through several battles and skirmishes till the horse attracted the attention of an officer of a Massachusetts regiment about to go home, when a trade was made which transferred to the Bay State the racer named "Old Secesh" by the boys. Culpeper being the home of this gentlemanly scout he requested to be allowed to visit his friends before being sent away as a prisoner of war. This request was granted, and the writer of this article was detailed as guard to escort him around among his friends, who were all jubilant over the success of their army on the peninsula and all sounded the praise of McClellan. One young lady so far forgot herself as to say in my hearing that McClellan was worth 30,000 men to them.

But I am digressing from the general trend of operations in and around Culpeper. I will return to the provost marshal, who as before stated had a barrel of whiskey under guard in his office. Now we had a few boys who loved that beverage above mentioned too dearly for anything and would drink it without the slightest provocation, and withal were exceedingly shrewd in devising means to obtain it; particularly one little Irishman—to avoid his right name we will call him Mike Maloney—whose fertile brain soon discovered the means and the way of access to the same in spite of the guard placed over the precious stuff. Some of his pals raided the town for a gimlet or bit,

while he made an accurate survey of the exact location of that barrel. A hole was made through the wall on the outside of the building and measurements taken on the underside of the floor of the Court House and a hole bored up through the floor and into the barrel. This incident would end here with the success of the thirsty soldiers but for the fact that that whiskey when once started through the hole in the floor could not be stopped. A plug in the floor would only divert the stream to the upper surface of the floor where it would cause immediate detection, so every canteen and camp kettle that could be secured was soon filled. Still the stuff kept running. Therefore a large quantity had to be drunk by those who loved it, while others, pressed into the service, could not well refuse to help save the luxury. I will now leave the reader to imagine the natural results and the look of astonishment and indignation on the face of that provost marshal when he came out of his office in the morning. He didn't swear, but he looked as though he only restrained himself for fear of lessening his chances of getting to heaven. It was generally thought among the boys that his disappointment in not getting a drink that morning, was only equalled by his astonishment at the condition of his company. The boys had their fun, if such proceedings can be classed in that category, and the provost marshal and his guard lost their "soft snap" and were sent back to the regiment, to meditate on the pleasures of water during the march on the 16th to Rapidan Ford in a drenching rain, where we remained over night and resumed the march to Orange Court House on the following day.

We had quite a lively skirmish with the enemy there, driving him from the place in the midst of a terrific thunder shower in which the left flanking party, under Orderly Sergeant (W. P. Dye) Dye, were so blinded by the lightning flashes and sheets of water driven by the fierce gale directly in their faces while making a gallant charge, that their horses ran into a quicksand hole, throwing and injuring their riders to such an extent that some of them fell into the enemy's hands. The rest got away

and thus escaped a worse fate, for had not that impetuous charge been thus checked, they would have been cut off from support. The rain still fell in torrents while returning to Orange Court House, where the regiment was reunited and details made for picket duty. Company A was sent to Barnett's and Company E to take possession of and hold a bridge a few miles above, which spanned the Rapidan. As the writer belonged to the latter company we will follow them. It was already dark when we began our march. The sky was overcast with heavy clouds of an approaching storm, and the darkness was so dense and black that the road could only be distinguished during the frequent flashes of lightning. Silently we moved along towards our destination. When we had gained a point near where it was expected to find the bridge we were to protect, a sudden flash of lightning of more than usual brilliancy revealed to us a camp on either side of the road. Sergt. Trowbridge was sent to ascertain who they were. The sergeant did not return. The captain still being in doubt as to the true state of affairs sent Sergt. Sortore to find out who they were and report back immediately. Sortore also failed to return.

Our suspicions were now pretty thoroughly aroused as to the true situation. In the little time occupied in waiting for Sortore to return we could faintly hear commands given in hoarse whispers to "Fall in," "Right face," "Forward march," "File left," and we could dimly see the line forming as each lightning flash illuminated the scene. It began to dawn upon our minds that perhaps Company E was in a bag, the open end of which was going to close. In a moment an order came to "Countermarch by the left flank," which we did as silently as possible, and stole away just in time, as subsequent information showed. When our two sergeants returned from rebel prison they explained to us that the enemy, when they found that a company of cavalry had entered their camp, conceived the idea of bagging the whole lot, and proceeded to act in accordance with that idea, and had, as they thought, troops placed across our line of retreat and the bag closed; but the prize had escaped in the darkness, being just outside the bag.

My comrades will remember that in the early part of the war a live Yankee was considered by the Southern army as a very valuable thing to possess, and all new rebel organizations just from their homes were anxious to get some to exhibit to friends and relatives. All of our returned prisoners in the first year of the war reported that they were looked upon with as much curiosity as some rare wild beast, and the people flocked from the country for miles around to get a look at a real live "Yankee" of whom they had heard so many blood-curdling tales of barbarities and hideous appearance, and all expressed surprise at the good looks and absence of the much-dreaded horns. Well, we breathed more freely when we found ourselves a good distance from the camp, although we mourned the loss of the two sergeants.

At daylight in the morning we learned that nearly all of Company A had been captured during the night at Barnett's Ford and that we were in close proximity to a large force of the enemy's infantry, and that we were on the wrong side of an angry turbulent river, whose banks were overflowing from the effects of the recent heavy rains, but with the help of a native guide a crossing was made at a ford farther down the stream with great difficulty; the enemy was flanked and the march made back to Culpeper. The results of this reconnoissance was against us in losses but the gain was the knowledge of the approach of Lee's advance and his desire to get possession of the fords.

During the remainder of July the regiment was almost constantly on the move, making reconnoissances in all directions, to Sperryville, Woodville and to Culpeper Court House, thence to James City, Wolfstown, and into the Luray Valley by way of Swift Run Gap to Luray and Woodville, then back to Culpeper Court House, near which the camp was located in a pleasant oak grove. While here Gen. Hatch was removed from the command of the cavalry in this department, Gen. John Buford succeeding him.

On the first day of August the regiment marched to Raccoon Ford where they were joined by the First Vermont Cavalry and

the First Michigan Cavalry. On the following day Gen. Crawford gave this force of cavalry their marching orders; they moved away in the direction of Orange Court House to reconnoiter the force and position of the enemy supposed to be there.

On approaching the town we could see in the distance on a gentle rise of ground, which partially obstructed the view of the little town on the road, two videttes of the enemy's outposts, who turned their horses and moved back as we approached, and were soon out of sight in the little depression beyond. As we gained this height, an unobstructed view of the single street running through the village, and the green fields on either side of the road, was had, but not a living thing was in sight. We saw, as we entered the narrow street, that the doors and blinds were closed and curtains drawn. All was a deathlike stillness. At this point a strong flanking party was detailed consisting of Companies G and H under command of Capt. John Hammond, who dashed away with their accustomed gallant spirit to the left towards the Gordonsville road while the main column, headed by Company E of the Fifth New York, moved steadily along the main street. When near the end or its junction with the Gordonsville road the stillness was suddenly broken by a spirited attack by the secreted enemy, who appeared before us and opened a sudden fusilade of small-arms, accompanied by the rebel yell. The advance stood firm until their ammunition was exhausted; then the whole column broke and retreated down the street, followed by the enemy.

Now our flanking party got at their work in fine style. The main column rallied at the suburbs of the village, dashed back, and a spirited conflict with revolvers and carbines followed, while Companies G and H were having their hand-to-hand-set-to with sabres around the depot. A terrific fusilade was kept up in the main street—shots flew in every direction, killing men and horses to some extent though much the larger portion of the bullets went far above our heads, owing to the higher ground occupied by the enemy. Just as the enemy's front

began to waver, Capt. Hammond with his usual perception saw the opportune moment to inflict a telling blow on the partially demoralized foe. He gave command for a charge which subsequently became famous in the regiment. As he and his brave boys flew forward in the grand charge he cried in a clear, commanding voice, "Give them your hardware, boys!" The order was executed in the spirit in which it was given, and exhibited a skill that reflected credit upon their instructors and their own bravery. The enemy fled before these "hardware" dealers in confusion leaving their dead and badly wounded in our hands and fifty prisoners, including a major, captain and two lieutenants, who informed us that they were a part of Col. Ashby's old command. Owing to the near proximity of a large force coming from Gordonsville, it was not considered judicious to remain long at this point. The object of the expedition had been gained which was information as to the movement of Lee's troops North. The cost of this encounter to the Fifth New York Cavalry was the loss of John Quinn, Company G, and Conrad Bohrer, Company I, killed. The wounded were Corp. Charles A. Morris, Company E; Sergt. W. T. P. Low, Company G, and Q. M. Sergt. Archibald Fraser, Company L.

Our cavalry now fell back across the Rapidan where we rested until the fourth, and then made a reconnoissance from Culpeper to Madison Court House, and back to the Robertson river by way of Wolfstown and Stanards without meeting the enemy in force. On the seventh, formed a line of pickets along the Robertson river, Gen. Buford's division doing this duty above or west of Barnett's Ford to Robertson Ford, while Bayard picketed as far below as Raccoon Ford on the Rapidan. Each of these cavalry generals had reported the enemy advancing from Orange Court House, where they had been concentrating for several days past. On the evening of the eighth the advance commenced crossing at Barnett's Ford led by Ewell's division. At 9.45 A. M. on the ninth, Gen. Banks received orders from Gen. Pope, then present in person, with headquarters at Culpeper, to move his division to the front and

immediately assume command of all forces, attack immediately and be reinforced from here (Culpeper). These orders were promptly executed. During the afternoon we could distinctly hear the heavy artillery firing with occasional intervals of quiet, between which the roar and rattle of musketry was terrific, indicating that the battle was on and that Banks' little division of seventy-five hundred men was hard pressed by Jackson's twenty-five thousand.

[*To be Continued.*]

The Sixth Maine Battery before Petersburg.

BY JAMES E. RHODES.

In the siege of Petersburg from June 16th, 1864, to the final capture, April 3d, 1865, the Sixth Maine Battery took a very active part, having been in some part of the line nearly all of the time, but mainly in two positions. The afternoon and night of June 16th we were engaged in advancing the line to near the O'Hare house, and the eighteenth took position just in front of the house and near some outbuildings in the oak grove partly surrounding the house. We occupied this position about 9 A. M. with no support except a skirmish line of the First United States Sharpshooters, and none of them in front of our guns. We were just to the left of the Prince George Court House road where the First Maine Heavies formed for the charge in the afternoon. The sharpshooters, with our aid, kept the enemy well down, behind their works and they did not develop the strength of their line until compelled to. We had several men killed and wounded during the day, as it was a very exposed position, and with our losses the sixteenth, and previously during the campaign, we were considerably short handed to man our four guns. However, we kept the enemy in mind that a twelve-pound battery was in position there by giving them a round of canister and shell now and then.

They had but one piece of artillery on that line that I am aware of, notwithstanding the published accounts that their line

“bristled with cannon every fifteen to twenty feet.” This piece they did not fire but a very few times, and not once in our direction during the infantry charge, but fired canister at us afterwards.

At 4 P. M. the Third Division, Second Corps, formed in our rear and on our right in three lines of battle, to charge the lines in our front. They commenced their cheer when they started and before they came in sight of the enemy, who stood up in their works and showed themselves to us in very heavy ranks. When our infantry got in line with our guns the enemy gave them a terrible volley which killed and wounded many of them. This seemed to stagger them and it was hard work to get them to advance in front of our position. Some of them did attempt it, but the most of them swarmed around our guns like a regular mob. In the meantime the First Maine Heavy was attempting to get across the cornfield on our right, but as they had no support they could not carry the line alone and were obliged to return the best they could, leaving about three-quarters of their number in killed and wounded. The infantry in our front made several attempts to advance and would make a very good start, but the leaders would soon find that their following was small and then they would run back. This continued for perhaps ten minutes and then they all made a bolt for the rear, leaving us all alone. As soon as the infantry got well out of the way the First United States Sharpshooters came up again and took their old positions and opened fire rapidly, and we opened also, which kept the rebels down, and they did not make any attempts to countercharge as we feared they would.

We lost this day in killed Ord. Sergt. James A. Pray, who was acting second lieutenant and whose commission as such came the next day, and private Reuel W. Annis. Bugler Wm. G. Brown, who was assisting at the guns, was mortally wounded and several others seriously wounded and lost to the battery. E. E. Brown carries a bullet in his shoulder to this day that he got there.

After our charge was repulsed about six in the afternoon four Cohorn mortars were brought in, to relieve us, and opened fire,

which must have been new business to the rebels as the shells (twenty-four pounders) would drop behind their works and burst, throwing the pieces in all directions and making them yell terribly. Their works were a good protection against a direct fire but not against mortar shells which were fired at an elevation of forty-five degrees and distance regulated by amount of powder used. After the mortar battery got the range all right, we withdrew our guns by hand for some distance and then went to the rear for a much needed rest, as we had been "in it" in some form about every day since our first shot of the campaign in the Wilderness, May 6th. Our rest was very short, however, as the twenty-second we were sent in to help re-establish the line on the Jerusalem Plank Road, where the enemy had got in between the Second and Sixth Corps, capturing a lot of the former. We worked all night and threw up three sets of breastworks as we advanced, the last position being about one hundred yards in front of where Fort Davis was afterwards built.

As this article is in regard to our operations around Petersburg I will skip our second expedition to Deep Bottom in front of Richmond with the Second Corps, and take it up on our entrance to Fort Davis about August 22d. This fort was on the Jerusalem Plank Road and the next to the left of Fort Sedgwick (called Fort Hell). We thought this a daisy place and it certainly was until the night of September 20th, when two regiments were taken out of Davis and with other infantry in line succeeded in capturing the rebel picket line in front of Forts Hell and Davis. There had been no picket firing on that line and they had become very careless, consequently the line was easily captured, but many men were killed and wounded in turning and holding it, and from that time out Fort Davis or any other part of that line were disagreeable places, as the picket firing was continued both day and night, and we were obliged to open fire from Davis very often, and then Fort Mahone would open on us, which would get up quite an artillery duel.

A signal station was in a tall tree inside of the fort, and the operators were driven out of it twice while we were there by shots from the picket lines. They fortified the tree as well as possible, but even then it was too warm for them at times. A new negro regiment, moving down the lines, marched into the Jerusalem Road a short distance to the rear of Fort Hell and in front of Davis. As they came in sight of Fort Mahone it opened on them with shell, wounding a few of them. They were quickly demoralized and made a run for the rear, throwing away guns and knapsacks, which were quickly gathered in by the infantry and our boys. One of the negroes, who was slightly wounded in the ankle by a piece of shell was making a great fuss over it when one of the re-enlisted veterans of a Jersey regiment said, "Oh, shut up; I'd give a hundred dollars for that in a minute."

We moved from this place October 22d, and went around to the right, two guns going into Fort McGilvery and two into Battery No. 9. Fort McGilvery was about a half-mile from the Appomattox river, the extreme right of our lines fronting Petersburg. This fort was named for our former captain, who, at the time of his death was chief of artillery in the Tenth Corps. I was not stationed in Fort McGilvery but visited there often. They received no infantry fire but a plenty of mortar and other artillery fire and it was rather a disagreeable place at times as they had no bomb proofs. Battery No. 9 was about two hundred yards to the left of Fort McGilvery and about five hundred to the right of Fort Steadman. It was in an angle of the line and projected beyond the main line, so that the picket lines on each side of it did not connect in front except by videttes on very dark nights. It was feared that the enemy would mine this battery, and a countermine was sunk running under it in which an infantry guard was kept all of the time, a ramrod was driven into the ground and one of them would put his ear to it occasionally, while another had a small hole filled with water, which he would measure. No attempt however was ever made to mine it, to my knowledge, although we had

rumors often that it was mined and would be blown up at a certain hour.

Our men and officers all lived in bomb proofs and I cannot better describe it than quote from "Maine in the War." "Battery No. 9, where was stationed the left section, an irregular work thrown up or rather burrowed from the inside, resembling a prairie-dog house, was situated in a hollow between Forts McGilvery and Steadman and only about seventy-five yards from the enemy's line. It directly faced the Spring Hill Battery and with this contended almost daily until it fairly mastered it or, at least, the enemy did not open fire under the strongest provocation. It was on this part of the line that the enemy's sharpshooters (admirably posted and sheltered) did a great deal of mischief, and no man could in the least expose himself to their sight without imminent danger to his life. This section had one man killed and one wounded by sharpshooters during their stay here. Being almost buried under the bomb proofs, the men suffered great inconveniences from the caving in of the earth and the filling in of water, and were occasionally obliged to expose themselves in making needed repairs. This section also won great praise, and rebel deserters and prisoners testified to its effective work."

We belonged to the Second Army Corps but when they were relieved from that part of the line we remained with the Ninth Corps who took their place. The Twentieth Michigan Infantry was in the battery with us, the Sixtieth Ohio on the right and Second Michigan Sharpshooters on the left. Two eight-inch mortars manned by men of the First Connecticut Heavy Artillery was also in the battery. The lines being very near together the picket firing was kept up about all of the time. One of our guns was loaded with canister every night, and the man on guard kept the lanyard with friction primer attached in his hand ready to alarm the line if a charge was attempted. We had some terrible artillery duels during the winter; sometimes they would last well into the night, and the sight must have been grand to those out of the reach of the missiles. Both

lines were well studded with mortars and the shells with burning fuse looked like sky rockets. Battery No. 5 down on the river usually started the ball and then we, farther up the line, would get the benefit.

Goose Neck and Chesterfield rebel batteries of twenty and thirty-two pounders across the river had a complete flank fire on our line up to Fort Steadman, and when they opened we usually had to hunt our holes unless we were obliged to open on our front, but we were not supposed to open unless Colquits Salient opposite Fort Steadman, which we called at the time Spring Hill, opened on our lines.

In the ravine of Harrison's Creek in rear of No. 9 was a large number of cooks for the various regiments in the line and also some sutlers who were doing a thriving business, skinning the boys, whose appetites for their goods was appeased only to the extent of their cash and credit for checks issued by them. One night a furious cannonade took place on the line and about all of the missiles, which passed over the front line, would find their way to this ravine. One of them got rattled and scooted for the rear. He buried some of his canned goods, etc., in the bank, but left his tent and balance of goods to the tender mercies of the cooks quartered there. He returned the next day to find everything gone but his tent. He rolled that up and said he would send a team after it that night. The team came but in the meantime the cooks had stolen the tent also.

We remained in this place four months and twenty-three days and were relieved the night of March 15th, 1865, by two guns of the Nineteenth New York Battery, but Batteries C and I of the United States Artillery were there the morning of the twenty-fifth, when the enemy broke through between No. 9 and Fort Steadman and came near gaining quite a victory, but were driven back with a loss of about twenty-five hundred men in prisoners, etc., and the lines re-established by nine o'clock in the forenoon. At this time we were near the tall frame signal station, some seven to eight miles to the left of Petersburg, where we expected to join our corps, but as it happened we never saw the Second Corps again until the grand review in Washington.

We were put into the line at Fort Welch to support a charge of the Sixth Corps on the south side of the railroad the morning of April 2nd, which was successful, and it compelled the evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond. After the line was broken we were ordered back to Petersburg to assist the Ninth Corps, who were trying to capture the entrenchments in front of Fort Hell. We were too late to be of any assistance as the city was captured before we got there. Our men and horses were ordered into the captured lines to get the ammunition out of the magazines and we hauled out ten of the abandoned guns. None of the rebel dead had been buried; they were scattered around in all directions, and every one of them had their pockets turned wrong side out, showing that someone had given them attention.

This ended our active service as we did not follow the army to Appomattox, but went into camp on the City Point road, where we remained until we started for home May 3d, arrived in Augusta June 7th, and discharged the 17th.

NOTE.—Comrade Rhodes visited the localities described in this article in the fall of 1892, and will, in a future issue, give the present appearance of these historic grounds.—ED.

The Battle of the Pines.

- * Come all ye gallant heroes who now are under arms,
Who wore the robe of battle, the Union uniform,
Come listen to my ditty while I sing you a few lines
In praise of Casey's heroes at the Battle of the Pines.

It was on the 31st of May, about the hour of one,
The rebel force from Richmond came proudly marching on
With overwhelming numbers; 'twas plainly their design
To crush the gallant Casey and penetrate our line.

The hilltops and the valleys with rebels seemed to swarm,
And dashing down upon our camps scarce giving us time to form;
But round the banner of the Free we rallied with three cheers,
And with blow for blow we met the foe like Yankee volunteers.

The venerable old Casey seemed in his prime again:
With sword in hand he faced the foe and cheered his gallant men.

"Stand firm, my boys," the veteran cries, "although they're six to one
We'll show them that the Yankee boys from danger never run."

This gallant force was soon exposed to front and flanking fire,
And when overwhelmed by numbers reluctantly retired,
And with the greatest valor fought desperately their ground,
While shot and shell around them, fast dealing death and wounds.

In praise of Casey's heroes too much cannot be said
Although it was reported that they so badly fled;
For full four hours they fought the foe, till half their men were slain
And held the rebel force in check till re-enforcements came.

Long live his brave artillery; their work was nobly done,
They neither fled nor faltered, but nobly worked their guns;
Upon the rebel column their iron hail they poured,
Plowing furrows through their ranks and mowing them down in scores.

All honor to brave Casey, all honor to his men
Who against a far superior force so nobly did contend;
They bore the brunt of battle, they won for us the day,
And million voices shout the praise of Casey's gallant men.

A Rebuttal to Captain Bliss' Review of Aldie.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. HALL, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The article of Capt. Bliss in the April number of the *BUGLE* in relation to the cavalry action at Aldie, June 17th, 1863, seems to call for a reply from some member of the First Maine Cavalry, who was present on that memorable field and had a part in that severe cavalry contest. Capt. Bliss begins by saying: "The history of the First Maine Cavalry leaves the impression that the rebel cavalry was forced from the pass (at Aldie) by the Union troops, and to correct this I send my tale of a soldier."

In order to "correct" an impression or a statement it is quite important to be able to show, conclusively, that the impression or statement is wrong or false. Capt. Bliss has no personal knowledge of the matter he seeks to "correct" nor does he claim or intimate that he has a particle of evidence or information from any Union source whatever to prove his claim or to

support his corrected impressions. What then is the basis of his article? what the premises by which he reaches his strange conclusions? Why, Confederate statements made from recollection nearly a quarter of a century after the incidents to which they relate were enacted.

Now it seems to me that if Capt. Bliss had designed and desired to write accurate and reliable history he would have given, at least, equal space and equal prominence to official Union reports of that action with Confederate statements made from memory so many years afterward, and then, if he found apparent differences or disagreements, he would have tried to harmonize them, and if unable to do so to have stated the points of difference or disagreements clearly, as he is evidently able to do, and let his readers decide the questions of fact. And yet I am unwilling to believe that so brave and accomplished an officer as Capt. Bliss is reputed to have been would willfully or designedly write and publish an article, that reflects so much discredit upon the honor and integrity of the officers who wrote the reports of that action on the Union side without some honorable and worthy motive, but I confess I am unable to divine his purpose, unless it be to provoke discussion whereby all the facts and incidents of that important action may be laid bare in the interest of truth and impartial history. I will assume, for the purposes of this article, that I have guessed his purpose and that it is as I have indicated.

Now he has put in his side of the case and rested, I will begin by calling a few witnesses. I will call Gen. D. McM. Gregg, who commanded the Second Cavalry Division on the day in question. Gen. Gregg says in his report of that action, "Moving to the front I found the Second Brigade engaged with a superior force. The necessity for re-enforcements being apparent, the First Maine Regiment was ordered to report to Gen. Kilpatrick. This regiment moved to the front, charged the enemy at the critical moment, and in connection with the regiments of the Second Brigade which had been charging the enemy and receiving his charges, *drove the enemy from the field*

(italics mine) inflicting upon him severe loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. The enemy, strongly posted and in superior force to Kilpatrick's brigade, seemed determined to repossess himself of the town, but the gallant charges of the Second and Fourth New York, the First Massachusetts, Sixth Ohio and First Maine and the well directed fire of Randol's Battery were more than enough to make him fail in this and *compel his flight* to the hills beyond.

Gen. J. Irving Gregg, commanding Second Brigade, Second Division, says, "About six o'clock I sent the First Maine."

Gen. Charles H. Smith, then lieutenant-colonel of the First Maine, in his report says, "A portion of this regiment led by Col. Douty, charged, turned the enemy and *drove him from the hill and his stronghold* among the stone walls. The regiment gained the position, secured our wounded, collected the trophies of the field, and were burying the dead when relieved, just before dark."

James Canwell, of Company H, First Maine Cavalry, a modest but brave and reliable soldier, was carried into the Confederate ranks on our charge by his strong-headed horse, which he was unable to control, and he consequently became a prisoner. After his exchange and return to his company he related to me the circumstances of his capture and voluntarily stated in relation to the mounted force whom the First Maine charged that "they ran more than two miles from where we struck them," and "I never saw men so badly frightened as they appeared to be."

It seems unnecessary for me to take the stand or to add anything to the foregoing reports and statements of men of unquestioned honor and integrity, who were present on that field and had a part in the action which they shortly after reported to their superior officers. I will state, however, that I was in my place that day and yet retain a very vivid recollection of what transpired there. I wrote the article in our history on the First Maine at Aldie, attributed to me, in the winter following the close of the war, entirely from memory, and now, after so many

years in which I have had recourse to official reports and documents, I have no desire to alter or amend that article in any important particular. I will also add that when we struck the victorious enemy, they were driving Kilpatrick's men in confusion from the field but our blow was so bold, so sudden and apparently so unexpected that even those brave men in the van, whom we first met, hesitated but an instant and then turned on the run to their rear. The point where we struck them was on the Snicker's Gap Road a short distance from its intersection with the Middleburg Pike, and we pursued them on the gallop to those fatal walls where so many of our brave men had already fallen. Gen. Smith, who has been over the field within a few years, assures me that the distance from the point where we struck them to those walls is "a good mile."

I am sure that no mounted Confederate was seen again that day after our charge on our side, the Aldie side, of those walls, and I am equally sure that the dismounted Confederates, behind the walls and fences from which they had emptied so many Union saddles during the engagement, held their position with a courage and tenacity worthy of men engaged in a better cause and were not routed until Major Boothby, reinforced by the battalion under Lieut.-Col. Smith, succeeded in getting on their left flank and rear when they suddenly left the field.

I might adduce other testimony to the same effect as the above, but, as it would be only cumulative, I desist. I desire to very briefly review the evidence Capt. Bliss presents to "correct the impression that the rebel cavalry was forced from the pass by the Union troops." He first presents Major McClellan who wasn't there and is, therefore, personally as ignorant of the subject matter of which he writes as Capt. Bliss himself. Indeed, at that very time he was being chased out of Middleburg, miles away, by Capt. Bliss and his gallant Rhode Islanders. He says Gen. Stuart sent an order to Gen. Mumford to withdraw, and from that fact, which no one disputes, he argues that Mumford, victorious, voluntarily or in pursuance of such order, retired from the field—a purely presumptive piece of evidence which

would have no weight nor place in a court of law, not even in a police court, but we will admit it and let the jury, the many readers of the BUGLE, determine its relevancy and value.

He next calls Capt. Robertson who carried the order from Gen. Stuart to Gen. Mumford. It will be remembered that Capt. Bliss states in his account of the action of his regiment at Middleburg that "At four P. M. our troops struck pickets and charged them at once, driving Stuart and his staff out of Middleburg." Capt. Robertson says, "Shortly afterwards (after Stuart had been driven out of Middleburg) Gen. Stuart called me and gave me the following order to Mumford." And further on he says, "Less than an hour afterward (after he had received the order) these orders were given you (Mumford) at Aldie and, as I remember, quite late in the evening. I found you (Mumford) sharply engaged but recall no impression of the enemy's pressing or having anything to do with your falling back, which of course immediately followed my order from Stuart." Now, at four P. M. Stuart was driven out of Middleburg and "shortly afterwards" Capt. Robertson started with the order to Mumford which, he says, he delivered in "less than an hour." "Less than an hour" added to "shortly afterwards"—after four P. M.—would make the time about 5 P. M. when Mumford received the order at Aldie and, "of course, immediately" retired from the field. Gen. J. Irving Gregg says, "About six P. M. I sent the First Maine." I should state the time when we charged as late as six-thirty P. M. When Gen. J. Irving Gregg says "about six P. M. I sent the First Maine" he undoubtedly means to be understood that "about" that time he gave the order. When we received the order we were halted and alone east of Aldie and Little River. After we received the order we moved leisurely across the stone arch bridge, through Aldie and were some little distance up the left bank of the river when we were ordered "Fours right about" in haste and moved back across the Middleburg Pike and up over the hill where two guns of Randol's battery were posted and engaged. We formed in column of squadrons to the left and

front of Randol's guns from which point we charged. Now I feel safe in stating that fully thirty minutes elapsed from the time we left our position east of Aldie to the time we set out on the charge which would bring the latter time to six-thirty P. M. But Capt. Bliss and Capt. Robertson, as we have seen, make the time when Gen. Mumford "of course, immediately" left the field, at about five P. M.

Now if Capt. Bliss and Capt. Robertson are even approximately correct as to the time Mumford retired he must have been gone at least an hour when the First Maine arrived on the field and that, consequently, the First Maine had no part in the fight and we have been laboring under a delusion all these years. But Capt. Robertson also states, "These orders were given you (Mumford) *at Aldie* and, as I remember, quite late in the evening." If "quite late in the evening" means about sunset, later than seven P. M., the time when Mumford's dismounted men were forced from their stronghold of walls and fences, the order could not have been delivered *at Aldie*, for there had not been a mounted Confederate seen within a mile of Aldie on the Snicker's Gap road by which Gen. Mumford says he retired, from the time they retired in haste before the First Maine to and beyond those fatal walls which Gen. Smith says were "a good mile" from where we struck them and from where James Canwell says "they ran more than two miles." I think Capt. Bliss should inform the readers of the BUGLE at what time Gen. Mumford really received Gen. Stuart's orders and "of course, immediately" retired from the field. I am unable to determine from his article. Was it about five P. M., when, according to his and Capt. Robertson's statements, Stuart's orders were delivered to Mumford at Aldie, and more than an hour before the First Maine reached the field? Was it at about six-thirty P. M. when Mumford's whole mounted force, in my estimation two regiments, retired in haste for "a good mile," and as Canwell who involuntarily went with them says, "more than two miles," and were not seen again that day? Or, was it "quite late in the evening," when Maj. Boothby,

reinforced by Lieut.-Col. Smith's battalion and also by a portion of the First Massachusetts that had rallied and returned to the fight, got in on the left flank and rear of Mumford's dismounted men and threatened their capture? If he received Stuart's order at Aldie, he did not "of course, immediately" retire for we found him there in force within a few yards of the muzzles of Randol's guns as late as six-thirty P. M. If he received the order at six-thirty P. M. he only withdrew his mounted men, and them somewhat hastily, as we have seen, for we were engaged with his dismounted men among the walls until after seven P. M. when they too, retired in haste.

Now, a word as to the statements of Gen. Mumford, the doughty old commander of the Confederates that day. He says, "I was ordered to retire by a staff officer from Gen. Stuart." "I would have preferred to attempt to hold on, to leaving, as my men had gained confidence and we believed we could keep them off." "I did retire upon the Snicker's Gap road but was not pressed." And this is all he says about retiring. He does not tell Capt. Bliss, in his letter quoted, the time he received the order nor when he retired. He does not say that he retired from Aldie, nor from a point "a good mile" from Aldie, but that he "retired upon the Snicker's Gap road but was not pressed." I have a very distinct recollection that he was "pressed" at Aldie and also at a point "a good mile" from Aldie on the Snicker's Gap Road. Must it not have been, then, as Capt. Robertson says "quite late in the evening" and from a point James Canwell speaks of "more than two miles" from Aldie? With this view of the time and place all the reports harmonize. Gen. Mumford's statements are correct, and the history of the First Maine Cavalry is correct. All are correct who have written on the subject except those who were not there.

Soldiers from Lee, Penobscot County.

IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY MAJOR C. J. HOUSE, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

The following is a complete list of Lee men who served in the late war. It includes no residents of other towns who may have gone to fill that town's quota but does include all who were actual residents of Lee at the time of their enlistment, whether going for Lee or some other town. Keith and Moody were Province men who were making their home there as laborers. The fact that King was a resident of Lee has been questioned, but I have positive proof that he was living there with his family six months at least before he enlisted and the further fact that he was enrolled there as he was drafted from that town a few months after enlistment. All the others were well known old residents. The name, highest rank attained and the organization or organizations in which they served are given, and the casualties, such as killed, wounded, died, prisoner or died in prison are all noted. This list has been made with the utmost care, not only by getting all the information possible from the records at Augusta but by personal interviews in most cases either with the soldier or his relatives and friends. I have been personally acquainted with every man on the list excepting Hanscomb, Keith, Moody and Whitney.

NOTE.—It may be well to add, the population of Lee in 1860 was 937, the number of polls was 231. The number in above list is 109. Members of the First Maine Cavalry in the above list have their full record in the pages of their history as given. The history is in error concerning Wm. H. Thurlow; he died in Danville prison, Oct. 13, 1864—grave No. 1102.—E.D.

Annis, Jotham S., Corpl. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf.; wounded.

Averill, Nathan, Sgt. Co. B, 11th Me. Inf.

Barnes, Ira, Pvt. Co. I, 16th Me. Inf.

Barnes, James A., Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; wounded; later killed.

Bartlett, Bartimus, Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf.; died.

Bartlett, Emerson, Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; killed.

- Bartlett, William, Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf. and Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Art.; wounded.
- Blanchard, David D., Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 532.
- Bowler, Joseph S., 1st Lieut. Co. E, 22d Me. Inf. and Co. E, 11th Me. Inf.
- Bradford, Ira, U. S. Navy.
- Burke, Charles H., Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf. and Co. D, 8th Me. Inf.; wounded.
- Burke, Joseph W., 1st Lieut. 6th Me. Battery; wounded.
- Carver, Monzo, Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf.; wounded.
- Cleveland, Charles A., Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Cav.; died in prison. Hist. p. 471.
- Cleveland, Elisha B., Sergt. Co. A, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 468.
- Cleveland, William H., Corp. Co. A, 1st Me. Cav.; twice prisoner; wounded. Hist. p. 469.
- Clifford, Benjamin A., Pvt. Co. D, 2d U. S. Sharpshooters; transferred to Co. A, 17th Me. Inf.
- Clifford, Daniel, Pvt. Co. E, 22d Me. Inf. and Co. C, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.
- Clifford, Robert, Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.
- Cobb, Leonard, Pvt. Co. F, 6th Me. Inf.
- Cobb, Philip, Pvt. Co. B, 11th Me. Inf.
- Collins, Josiah C., Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf. and Co. I, 16th Me. Inf.
- Crandlemire, William, Pvt. Co. K, 2d Me. Inf. also *alias* William Fifield same Co.
- Damels, John E., Pvt. Co. K, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 620.
- Delano, Daniel S., Pvt. Co. C, 15th Me. Inf.
- Doble, William, Pvt. Co. I, 11th Me. Inf.
- Donnell, Roland B., Pvt. Co. H, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; died.
- Douglass, Charles A., Pvt. 6th Me. Battery.
- Dunham, Bartimus, Pvt. Co. B, 11th Me. Inf.
- Estes, Orrin C., Pvt. Co. M, 2d Me. Cav.; died.
- Field, Bohan, 1st Sgt. Co. E, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 528.
- Field, Frank, Pvt. Co. H, 19th Me. Inf.
- Field, George E., Sgt. Co. G, 2d Me. Inf. and Co. I, 2d Me. Cav.
- Foss, Benjamin R., Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Cav.; prisoner.
- Foss, Charles M., Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf., also *alias* William Morrill Co. D, 16th Me. Inf.
- Foss, Silas S., Pvt. Co. —, 1st D. C. Cav.; transferred to Co. E, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 534.
- Gatchell, Charles A., Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.
- Gatchell, Ludovic O., Corp. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; died.
- Gifford, Thomas B., Sgt. Co. A, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; wounded and prisoner.
- Gilman, Joseph R. M., Unassigned Recruit for 12th Me. Inf.
- Green, Nathan, Pvt. Co. F, 6th Me. Inf. and Co. —, — Minn. Inf.
- Green, William, Pvt. Co. H, 11th Me. Inf.; wounded.
- Hanscomb, Abner, Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Sharpshooters; transferred to Co. A, 20th Me. Inf.
- Hanson, Cyrus A., Pvt. Co. G, 2d Me. Inf. and Unassigned Recruit for 12th Me. Inf.
- Hanson, Horace E., Sgt. Co. G, 2d Me. Inf.
- Harding, Frank W., Pvt. Co. H, 3d Me. Inf.; killed.
- Harding, Joseph, Pvt. Co. I, 11th Me. Inf.
- Harmon, Ira C., Pvt. Co. F, 11th Me. Inf.
- Hayes, Michael, Pvt. Co. H, 1st D. C. Cav. and Co. K, 1st Me. Cav.; died in prison. Hist. p. 622.

- House, Charles J., 1st Lieut. Cos. E, C and G, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; twice wounded.
- House, George W., Pvt. Co. I, 6th Me. Inf. and Co. D, 8th U. S. Veteran Inf.; wounded.
- House, Matthew P., Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf. and Co. I, 5th U. S. Veteran Inf.; prisoner.
- Inman, Horatio W., Pvt. Co. D, 16th Me. Inf.
- Jackson, William G., Pvt. Co. H, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; killed.
- Johnson, Charles K., Pvt. Co. B, 8th Me. Inf.
- Johnson, Stephen M., Pvt. 19th Co. Unassigned Me. Inf.
- Jordan, Thomas M., Pvt. Co. I, 11th Me. Inf.
- Keith, George, Pvt. Co. K, 8th Me. Inf.
- King, Sylvester, Pvt. Co. I, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.
- Kneeland, Charles H., Pvt. Co. D, 16th Me. Inf.
- Knights, Willard, Corpl. Co. A, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty. and Co. M, 31st Me. Inf.
- Launcester, Benjamin, Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Sharpshooters; wounded.
- Lowell, Horace H., Corpl. Co. A, 1st Me. Cav.; twice prisoner. Hist. p. 469.
- Ludden, John E., Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Sharpshooters; transferred to Co. A, 20th Me. Inf.
- Mallett, Howard, Pvt. Co. D, 16th Me. Inf.; died.
- Mallett, Samuel T., Pvt. Co. G, 2d Me. Inf.; transferred to Co. C, 20th Me. Inf.
- Merrill, Charles H., Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf.
- Moody, John J., Pvt. Co. —, 17th U. S. Inf.
- Morton, Hosea Q., Sgt. Co. D, 6th Me. Inf. transferred to Co. E, 1st Me. Vet. Inf.
- Murphy, James A., Copl. Co. K, 2d Me. Inf. and Co. H, 1st D. C. Cav.; transferred to Co. K, 1st Me. Cav.; died in prison. Hist. p. 615.
- Nealey, Charles H., Pvt. 19th Co. Unassigned Me. Inf.
- Norton, Simon L., Pvt. Co. D, 4th Me. Inf.; transferred to Co. D, 19th Me. Inf.; wounded.
- Patterson, John A., Pvt. Co. H, new organization, 12th Me. Inf.
- Patterson, Rufus K., Pvt. Co. H, new organization, 12th Me. Inf.
- Peacock, Jesse J., Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; died.
- Poole, Thomas J., Pvt. Co. F, 12th Me. Inf.
- Potter, Charles A., Pvt. Co. F, 9th Me. Inf.
- Randall, Henry F., 1st Sgt. Co. B, 11th Me. Inf.
- Reed, John B., Wagoner Co. E, 11th Me. Inf.; died.
- Reed, Levi M., Pvt. Co. H, 19th Me. Inf.; transferred to Co. H, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; wounded.
- Ricker, Brainard A., Pvt. Co. E, 11th Me. Inf.
- Ricker, Joseph G., Com. Sgt. 11th Me. Inf. (formerly wagoner in Co. K.)
- Ricker, Moses, Pvt. Co. E, 22d Me. Inf.; died.
- Riggs, Seth H., Pvt. Co. B, 11th Me. Inf.; wounded.
- Robinson, George S., Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf.; died.
- Rollins, Benjamin W., Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; wounded.
- Rollins, Richard M., Pvt. 6th Me. Battery; also *alias* John Hook, Co. B, 12th Me. Inf.; died.
- Royal, Joseph C., Pvt. Co. I, 7th Me. Inf.
- Salter, Seth T., Corpl. Co. B, 11th Me. Inf. and Co. E, 15th Me. Inf.
- Sprague, William, Sgt. Co. A, 1st Me. Sharpshooters; transferred to Co. A, 20th Me. Inf.
- Staples, Holman, Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; killed.

- Staples, Wentworth, Pvt. Co. D, 11th Me. Inf. and Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; wounded.
- Thomas, Converse, Pvt. Co. H, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; twice wounded.
- Thomas, James A., Pvt. Co. C, 7th Me. Inf.; killed.
- Thomas, Oscar, Pvt. Co. K, 2d Me. Inf.; transferred to Co. I, 20th Me. Inf.; prisoner.
- Thomas, Samuel A., Pvt. Co. H, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; wounded.
- Thompson, Charles D., Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Cav.; died in prison. Hist. p. 477.
- Thompson, Samuel A., Pvt. Co. A, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 477.
- Thurlow, Charles, Pvt. Co. E, 1st Me. Hvy. Arty.; died.
- Thurlow, Henry J., Corpl. Co. E, 22d Me. Inf. and Co. —, 1st D. C. Cav.; transferred to Co. M, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 649.
- Thurlow, Jonas C., Pvt. Co. G, 8th Me. Inf.
- Thurlow, William H., Pvt. Co. —, 1st D. C. Cav.; transferred to Co. M, 1st Me. Cav.; died in prison. Hist. p. 655.
- Tobin, Samuel L., Pvt. Co. G, 8th Me. Inf.
- Tuck, Charles H., Pvt. Co. K, 1st Me. Cav.; Hist. p. 627; and Co. F, 17th Me. Inf.; wounded.
- Tuck, Enoch L., Pvt. Co. F, 12th Me. Inf.; prisoner, exchanged, died.
- Tucker, George M., Pvt. Co. F, 16th Me. Inf.; died in prison.
- Tucker, George P., Pvt. Co. K, 1st Me. Cav. Hist. p. 627.
- Tucker, Philemon, Pvt. Co. E, 22d Me. Inf.
- Whitney, Charles B., Pvt. Co. H, 19th Me. Inf.; killed.

Reunion of the Thirteenth Maine Association

The reunion of Gen. Dow's old Thirteenth Maine Regiment Association in Bethel July 11th, 1894, was the largest gathering of the regiment since its muster out in 1865. Eighty-nine tickets were sold in the Portland office alone. Many of the boys took along their wives to enjoy the occasion. Judge Enoch Foster met the association at the depot and escorted the crowd to the square where ranks were broken, the ladies stopping at the Bethel House, and the boys congregating in squads on the grass telling stories that brought up old associations. The transportation bills were paid by Captain Robbins B. Grover, a very generous act for "Rob" to do, and the boys fully appreciated it.

At about one o'clock all fell in line and proceeded to Odeon Hall, where tables were set to accommodate the number present, one hundred and seventy-nine. It is enough to say that G. D. Robinson of Portland was the caterer. The menu was printed on a common manilla tag. On one side was the following:

DINNER CALL.

Rub-a-dub dub
 Fall in for grub,
 We are the people!
 Don't you wish you was us?

This tag entitles you to full rations.

Sic Semper Fidelis Paregoric Allegator.

Reunion Thirteenth Maine Regiment Association, Bethel, July 11th, 1894.

On the other side was the following:

MENU.

	Baked Beans.		Brown Bread.
Ham.		Turkey.	Tongue.
	Lobster Salad	Chicken Salad.	Salmon Salad.
Cucumbers.	Pickles.	Radishes.	Olives.
		Cake.	
Bananas.	Strawberries and Cream.		Oranges.
Strawberry Ice Cream.	Vanilla Ice Cream.		Chocolate Ice Cream.
	Raspberry Sherbet.	Orange Sherbet.	
Tea.			Coffee.

Judge Foster footed the bills for the bountiful dinner, to which the boys did full justice. After all had satisfied the inner man, President Grover introduced Judge Foster to make an after-dinner speech, which he did in his own happy way, setting the boys into roars of laughter. He welcomed the association to Bethel and offered the freedom of the beautiful village to them during their stay. Capt. Grover then made some very interesting remarks, and was interrupted often by applause.

Then followed others as they were called upon by the president. Dr. S. C. Gordon told a good story, which was one on "Rob." About this time a dispatch was sent to President Cleveland, offering the sympathy and aid, if need be, of the old Thirteenth Maine Regiment Association in this hour of great need of good judgment, etc. Then followed Col. Fred N. Dow, who said he was there to represent an older and better man, who sent his congratulations to the old Thirteenth. Three rousing cheers were given for the old veteran Gen. Neal Dow. Short speeches followed from Capt. Goodwin, Col. Nelson Howard, Capt. S. S. Andrews, M. G. Frye, Capt. Randall, Capt. Jordan, Comrade Ladd, Comrade Foster, Capt. Archer and others. Speeches being over, the business meeting was called.

Secretary Gribben read the records of the last meeting and they were accepted. The treasurer's report was read and accepted, showing a balance in the treasury of \$11.67. The customary collection was taken up. Capt. S. S. Andrews was then elected president for the ensuing year. Judge Enoch Foster was elected first vice president and Capt. Isaiah Randall second vice president. Watson R. Gribben was re-elected secretary and treasurer. The executive committee for the ensuing year was elected as follows: George F. Mariner, W. R. Gribben, Henry Thrasher, Eben Burns, Winslow Lawton, W. G. Merrill and Thomas H. Flariety were elected honorary members of the association. Rounds and rounds of cheers and a tiger were given to Judge Foster and Capt. R. B. Grover for their very generous entertainment, also votes of thanks to both gentlemen. A round of cheers and a tiger was also given for Maj. Abernethy Grover.

The number of members present by company was A, 5 men; B, 15 men; C, 8 men; D, 4 men; E, 19 men; F, 9 men; G, 14 men; H, 12 men; I, 8 men; K, 9 men; Field and Staff, 1 man. Company E being the banner company, the names of members of Company E present are here given: Nelson Howard, George F. Mariner, I. F. Quinby, N. A. Swett, Rollins H. Swett, Joseph Hall, Edward Hall, P. T. Griffin, S. A. Ross, Edw. S. Pennell, Frank Perry, Clinton Webster, W. R. Gribben, A. B. Macomber, A. B. Coffin, James H. Banks, John F. Lamont, C. "Foxie" Wood, David Tripp. Lunch was served before starting for home at 7 o'clock. It will be remembered that the Bethel dinner was the best banquet ever set before the association. Thanks to Judge Foster. The association will meet next year on the second Tuesday in August at Peak Island.

Ivory R. Allen.

It has been the editor's good fortune to meet many members of the Chelsea G. A. R. Post this summer and all these comrades have a good word for Ivory R. Allen, Company I, First Maine Cavalry a member of that Post and an Alderman of the city of Chelsea.

Who Was He?

AN UNKNOWN CAVALRY MAN KILLED AT APPOMATTOX.

Major H. W. Clarke, of Syracuse, N. Y., secretary of One Hundred Eighty-Fifth New York Association in a letter to the *National Tribune* of May 15th, 1890, incidentally mentioned that Lieut. Hiram Clark of his regiment was the last man killed at Appomattox. He soon after received a letter from Rev. R. E. McBride of Seneca, Kan., who was a member of the One Hundred Ninetieth Pennsylvania, claiming the sad distinction for an unknown cavalry man who fell in with his regiment, and was killed near the village after the white flag had appeared. Mr. McBride's letter has led to a very interesting correspondence. "Who was he?" Mr. McBride in one of his letters says: "The man belonged to a cavalry force which we found fighting and relieved. His comrades moved toward the right, but for some reason he remained with us, witnessed our attack, —in fact, joined in it. Col. Pattee (commanding the One Hundred and Ninetieth) informed me a few years since by letter. "I did not notice him until just before he was shot, nor did I note the regiment to which he belonged." In a subsequent letter Mr. McBride writes: "In order to fix the location of the occurrence I will quote from the letter written me by Col. Pattee: 'I gained the presence of the enemy and relieved the cavalry (a few of whom remained with us till the close of the battle) before the troops on my flanks were got into position. I could not hesitate without giving the enemy a dangerous advantage, so we pushed forward and kept the lead to the close. We drove the infantry back upon their artillery, which lined the crest of the long ridge over which the Lynchburg road runs. When my line approached the sloping ground, which stretched a long way up to the battery, where the enemy were endeavoring to form their infantry in line, I thinned my exposed center, placing them on my left in the heavy timber, and pushed that flank of the enemy's artillery which, however, kept its position until

their commander was killed and their horses so shot down that they were obliged to turn back their guns by hand. They were soon mixed pell-mell with my charging skirmish line, when the flag of truce came forward from the village. This was a grand affair, and some of the rebel officers with whom I conversed spoke in the highest terms of the splendid and reckless manner in which this line of skirmishers fairly rushed upon the masses of the enemy, composed of both artillery and infantry. The last man killed in our army was a cavalry man who had followed me through all this fight. He sat on his horse only a few feet from me, and was shot from the village after we had ceased firing, and just after the flag of truce passed through our line. Poor fellow! it seemed hard to die so, after the war was really closed. The ball struck the artery of the thigh; so I suppose he died soon after I saw him last."

After speaking of the appearance of the white flag, Mr. McBride continues: "We ceased firing, when a few minutes later some men to the left of the village (our left) fired at us, and we replied and advanced toward them. Then followed the occurrence as narrated in my former letter. The shot was not fired from the village, but from the left of it. The man died in a few minutes, though it seems that Col. Pattee did not witness his death." Major Clarke further writes: "Upon a diagram of the field which Mr. McBride subsequently sent me, it appears that the cavalry referred to were relieved (I refer now to the War Department map of Appomattox Court House) at a point near Plain Run, and a little northeast of the Trent house. The man was killed just north of the Lynchburg road, in the west edge of the village, about opposite the road leading north from the J. Sears house. The One Hundred and Ninetieth Pennsylvania was in the Third Brigade, Second Division, Fifth Corps. Edgar Clements, of the Second New York Mounted Rifles, claimed that a man of his regiment was killed under circumstances similar to those described above, but further investigation establishes the fact that the man was wounded but not killed and is living at the present time. The question is still unanswered in regard to the name and regiment of the unknown cavalryman.



GENERAL W. W. AVERELL.

THE
CAVALRY SOCIETY

OF THE
ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

CONSTITUTION, BY-LAWS,

AND

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS

OF THE

MEETING HELD AT CONCORD, N. H.,

June 21 and 22, 1894.

Constitution,

I.—The name of this Association shall be "THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES."

II.—Any honorably discharged officer or soldier, who at any time has served in the Cavalry Corps in the said Armies, shall be entitled to membership in the Society.

III.—The object of the Society shall be the promotion of kindly feeling, the revival of old associations, and the collection and preservation of records of the services rendered by this Corps during the "War of the Rebellion."

IV.—The officers of the Society shall consist of a President, seven Vice-presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, and Historian, who shall be, with the exception of the Historian, elected at each meeting of the Society.

V.—The duties of the President shall be to preside at the annual meetings, to call extraordinary meetings of the Society in case of necessity, and to issue such orders as may be necessary for the good government and control of the Society.

VI.—The Vice-president shall exercise the powers of the President in case of the absence of that officer.

VII.—The Secretary shall keep a Record of the Minutes of the Society, a Roll of Members, and perform all duties usually pertaining to an office of such character.

VIII.—The Treasurer shall have control of all funds, to be expended only on approval of the President, and shall render an account of all disbursements at the annual meeting of the Society.

IX.—The Historian shall prepare for the use of the Secretary a History of the Cavalry Corps, and of all matters connected therewith of interest to the Society.

X.—There shall be a Standard Bearer, who shall be an officer of the Society, and who shall be appointed at each annual meeting, by the President. The duties of the Standard Bearer shall be to have charge and custody of the Flag of the Society, and carry it on all occasions of ceremony when the Society shall be present.

XI.—There shall be elected annually an Assistant Secretary, who shall perform the duties of the Secretary at the annual meetings of the Society, in case of the absence of that officer, and who shall perform such other services as pertain to the office of Secretary as may be required of him by that officer.

XII.—There shall be elected annually an Adjutant-General, whose duty shall be to assist the President in all cases where the Society is formed for parade, and to act as an aide to the President and perform such services as that officer may direct.

By-Laws.

I.—The Entrance Fee of the Society shall be One Dollar.

II.—The Annual Dues shall be One Dollar.

III.—The President shall determine the time and place of each annual meeting, being governed in his selection thereof as far as practicable by the time and place of the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Potomac.

Officers of the Society for the Year 1894-'95.

President :

GEN. JONATHAN P. CILLEY.

Vice Presidents :

MAJOR CHARLES G. DAVIS,
 CAPTAIN ALLAN G. P. BROWN,
 COL. F. C. LOVELAND,
 SURGEON P. O'MEARA EDSON.

Vice President of the Society in the Army of the Potomac :

GEN. SAMUEL E. CHAMBERLAIN.

Treasurer :

MAJOR GERRARD IRVINE WHITEHEAD.

Secretary :

GEN. LLEWELLYN G. ESTES.

Assistant Secretary :

MAJOR WILLIAM H. TURNER.

Adjutant General :

MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

Standard Bearer :

CAPT. P. M. BOEHN.

Bugler :

HENRY T. BARTLETT.

Historian :

CAPT. E. A. PAUL.

Report of the Cavalry Reunion.

The meeting of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States, at Concord, N. H., was without Bugle, Banner, Secretary, Treasurer and President, through an unfortunate combination of circumstances occurring within a day or two of time of meeting. Had it not been for the timely presence and efficient sword (pen) of Vice President Major Charles G. Davis the cavalry would have only been distinguished from the "dough boys" by the "blue cotton umbrella" under their arms, after the manner of the picture of Daniel in the lion's den.

Col. John C. Linchan, in memory of Montreal and other happy soldierly occasions, had thrown open the offices occupied by him as insurance commissioner of New Hampshire to the full use and occupation of the wearers of yellow ribbons, and thus the cavalry quarters in Concord were all that could be desired, and in return Col. Linchan ought to be mounted on one of our best horses, that is, if we have any horses remaining in the corral. As far as the weather was concerned "the smile of the Great Spirit" rested on Concord and the countenances of the veteran members of the Army of the Potomac, as well as on New Hampshire's lake of lakes. The citizen soldiery of the State, the youthful cadets of the city, marched proudly in review before the gray-haired veterans of the rebellion, while from far and near the youthful men and maidens of the Granite State, which breeds men as the best production of its soil, gathered in beauty and magnitude, to applaud both the war men of 1861 and 1894.

To punish the officers of the cavalry for their untimely but unavoidable absence the entire board were re-elected, and the society adjourned with a determination to rally at New London, Conn., next year with Bugle and Banner, and "crossed sabres on sunburst" borne on many a breast.



GENERAL JONATHAN P. CILLEY.

The proposition to have our banner in the custody of the cavalry post of Philadelphia for safe keeping, with the proviso that such post detail or have some member present with the cavalry banner at each meeting of the society, was discussed and will be acted upon at the New London reunion.

The following is the report of the Treasurer for the year 1893-'94:

GERRARD IRVINE WHITEHEAD, *Treasurer*

In account with THE CAVALRY SOCIETY OF THE ARMIES OF THE U. S.

DR.

1894.

June 20.	To Balance of cash in hand on account audited June 20,	
	1893, at Boston,	\$283 89
	" Cash rec'd dues and entrance fees, see receipt stubs	
	543 to 561 inclusive,	16 00
		<hr/>

\$329 89

CR.

1893.

June 27.	Expressage on flag to New York,	\$ 65
	Printing hand bills, voucher No. 1,	7 00
	Room at American House, Boston, for Society Head-	
	quarters, voucher No. 2,	10 00
	Cash for ribbon for badges,	1 05
July 27.	Expressage on Secretary books,	30
Aug 17.	Printing Proceedings in Maine Bugle, mailing same, etc.;	
	voucher No. 3,	60 00

1894.

June 20.	Cash on hand,	250 89
		<hr/>

\$329 89

The following officers were duly elected for the ensuing year :

President—Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley.

Vice Presidents—Major Charles G. Davis.

Capt. Allan G. P. Brown.

Col. F. C. Loveland.

Surgeon P. O'Meara Edson.

Vice President of the Society in the Army of the Potomac—
Gen. Samuel E. Chamberlain.

Treasurer—Major Gerrard Irvine Whitehead.

Secretary—Gen. Llewellyn G. Estes.

Assistant Secretary—Major William H. Turner.

Adjutant General—Major Henry C. Hall.

Standard Bearer—Capt. Peter M. Boehm.

Bugler—Henry T. Bartlett.

Historian—E. A. Paul.

It was also unanimously voted that the Cavalry Society present the name of Gen. David McM Gregg to the Society of the Army of the Potomac as its candidate for president of the society for the ensuing year.

Gen. Samuel E. Chamberlain spoke at length on the matter of aiding in the erection of a monument to Gen. John Buford, which met with most favorable response but no definite action was taken by the society except to commend the enterprise and aid the same as far as possible.

Minor Incidents of the Reunion.

ONE OF THE YOUNGEST.

George W. States, sergeant-major of the Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, is one of the youngest members of the Army of the Potomac present this year. He entered the service with his piccolo at the age of twelve years and five months.

LOANS OF NIGHTSHIRTS.

Eight minutes before the train left the Lowell depot in Boston June 20th, General R. A. Alger strolled into Colonel Ben Lovell's store. "Let's go to Concord, Ben," said he. "But I haven't any clothes," said the colonel. "No more have I," replied the general, and off the two vets posted. At night Landlord Pelren loaned General Alger one of his nightshirts and Colonel Lovell borrowed one of Edson Eastman's. Next morning the general bought a fresh collar and with the remark that a flowing necktie covers a multitude of sins started back again.

COL. LINEHAN.

Insurance Commissioner Linehan decorated his office for the meeting of the cavalry corps with placards bearing the names of the cavalry commanders and other leading generals.

OUR GENERALS.

One of the jolliest, brightest, and best speeches of the evening came from General John Gibbon, who thus commented upon the theme, "Our Generals."

"Max O'Rell opens his first chapter in his book on America with these words: 'The population of America is sixty million—mostly colonels.'

Where Mr. O'Rell got his statistics I do not know, but he has not done us justice. Armies are noted generally for giving nick-names, and I would suggest that we dub this writer *Maximum*, with the accent on the 'mum.'

Our census bureau never has, I think, been in the habit of enumerating our colonels, but I am measurably well satisfied that this maximum estimate might be incorrect, if to the number of colonels existing in the country in 1861, a proper consideration was given to the number of regiments which took the field during the four years of our great civil war, and counting the colonels on the staff who had no regiments at all.

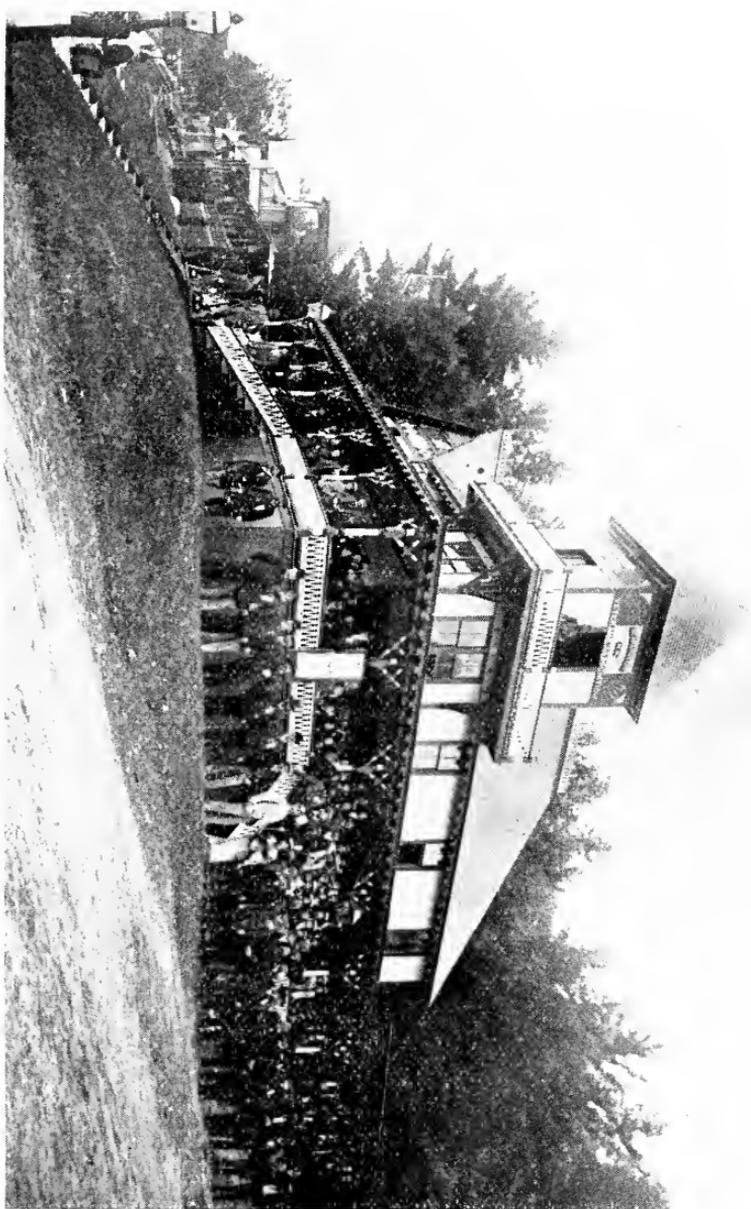
That great storehouse of information, the rebellion record office, discloses the fact that the regiments in the United States service alone numbered some two thousand forty-nine. Now, when we consider that originally each of these regiments had a colonel and a lieutenant-colonel, and that at the start, when the popular idea was that the war was going to be a picnic and that some of the colonels of the newly raised regiments discovered the fact that the state of their health would not permit them to undergo the hardships of the slush and mud and battles of actual war, and that the state of their military knowledge was not sufficient to enable them to drill a squad, is it any wonder that they should hasten to choose the halls of Congress in preference to the heads of regiments, unmindful of the answer of that quick-witted private, who, being posted as a sentinel over the ladies' car in the Washington depot, refused to let a member of Congress go in because he had no lady with him. 'But,' exclaimed the indignant gentleman, 'I am a member of Congress.' 'I don't care if you are,' replied the sentinel, 'if I let

you go in there they will put me in the guard-house, and that's a d——d sight worse than being in Congress.'

Many of these colonels, it must be admitted, however, preferred the glories of the field to talking in Congress, and finding after a short experience that it was difficult to drill a regiment before going into action, and dangerous to lead it into battle, got Mr. Lincoln to make them brigadier-generals so they could remain in the rear of the line of battle, the tactical place for generals. It was this sort of thing which added so much to the General population of Washington city, and gave point to Artemus Ward's wicked joke about shying a stick at a stray dog and hitting a general.

But after a while the politicians disappeared and the fighting colonels came to the front in all senses of the word. As a rule, however, they did not stay there long, for a gallant colonel who desires to show his men how to fight, is very apt to pay the penalty and get knocked over. Many fell never to rise again. Many others were maimed for life, and had to retire from active service, or be promoted for gallantry, giving place to other brave fellows who had in the meantime shown not only their ability but their eagerness to lead American soldiers in battle. These vacancies continued to be made during the war, the places being filled by the brave and the meritorious, so that our two thousand and odd regiments which started with two colonels apiece had had by the close of the war six, eight and ten colonels each. Now recalling the fact that this statement refers to one side only in our great contest, and remembering that the same process was going on all the time on the other side (for on that side they were Americans, and knew how to lead brave men as well as we did), the wonder is not that we have so many colonels in this country, but that we have so few.

If Max O'Rell had waited a few years, studied up the records of our great civil war, and realized how it is that the number of colonels in this country is so great, the population of America would have been a few millions greater, and don't you think he might then have given the mass of our population increased



HEADQUARTERS BUILDING, THE WEIRS.

rank and called them generally generals. For we might remind him that those of the first grist of colonels who escaped Congress and the guard-house were all made generals, and if any of their successors failed to gain the stars it was by the merest accident in the world, and resulted generally in so much disgust of the party omitted, that he sometimes resigned and testified his preference for the walks of civil life to any longer participating in the glories of the field.

Several mistakes of this kind were made, and the number of our generals in consequence very considerably decreased, whereas if the disappointed ones had only possessed foresight equal to their hind-sight they might have known, if they had only held on and lived, they would have been generals, too, in memory of their gallantry on that bloody thirteenth of March, 1865, when, peace having come, most everybody except the privates in the ranks were made generals, somewhat on the same plan said to prevail with certain crowned heads, who on occasions of great national rejoicings, are accustomed to open their prison doors and let loose on society all the state criminals.

Mr. O'Rell should have loaded with more powder and called us all generals. Then instead of being disgusted with him we would have patted him on the back and told him he was right, that we *are* a nation of generals, every one of us able (in his own opinion) to lead an army against anybody disposed to resist the advance of the rights of man, and the rights of women, too, as now understood by this great reunited Yankee nation of ours. No, no! Mr. O'Rell, give us our rights, our true rank, and call us all generals, and if you can find a larger or more varied assortment anywhere in the world let us know it. Moreover, if you succeed in finding any higher standard than ours we will admit it anywhere and everywhere but here."

AN INSPIRING SCENE.

"There are many scenes in the struggles of the Army of the Potomac, upon which every contemplative mind loves to dwell. My own cherishes with the greatest interest one of the least

bloody, but the most important of its high achievements. On the morning of April 9th, 1865, when the van of Lee's command rushed, with courage and spirit momentarily revived, upon the dismounted cavalry of Sheridan, whose terrific energy in those last days was never excelled in military conflicts, and his forces first checked the morning attack and then withdrew to the right, and the rebel advance saw the infantry of Ord and Gibbon and Griffin, whose night's march, a terrible and almost an impossible one, had placed them in solid column directly across the rebel pathway; instantly the captains of that advance realized that the end had come; they gave their last rebel yell, and then up went the white flag, and the rebellion went down forever. The whole Confederate army of northern Virginia surrendered to the Union Army of the Potomac."—*Senator Chandler's letter.*

In Memoriam.

CHARLES TREICHEL.

Charles Treichel was born in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, in 1841, his father being a very prominent physician and thorough student. Deep sympathy with the ills of his kind was a well-known family trait handed down from father to son.

In the summer of 1861, not yet 20 years of age, Charles Treichel went into the service as second lieutenant of cavalry, attached to Gen. Fremont's body-guard. His first engagement was at the battle of Springfield, in the fall of that year. The cavalry charge in which he then took part is known as "Zagonyi's ride to death." The enemy numbered five to one. At the word "Forward," however, the body-guard was off on a charge that proved irresistible; the shock was terrific, but the field was won by the gallant three hundred. In this charge three men won national fame for extraordinary bravery—Maj. Zagonyi, Lieut. Newhall and Lieut. Treichel. He was discharged November 30, 1861, and again entered service as

first lieutenant, Third Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, January 24th, 1862, commanded at the time by Col. (afterward brigadier-general) W. W. Averill, and was identified with the magnificent record of that renowned regiment. With that organization Treichel led the advance of the Army of the Potomac in the advance to Manassas, and thereafter in the Peninsular campaign was engaged in the siege of Yorktown, the battle of Williamsburg and the seven days' fight before Richmond.

On the eve of Malvern Hill Treichel and Newhall were selected by General McClellan from a number of volunteers for special and hazardous duty in carrying dispatches through the Confederate forces, and acquitted themselves of this dangerous task to the satisfaction of their chief and the admiration of the army. On September 1st, 1862, Treichel was promoted captain, and as such in March, 1863, took a brilliant part in the battle of Kelly's Ford, where his former colonel, Averill, then division commander, won the first real cavalry battle of the war. In this engagement a shell passed through the body of Captain Treichel's horse, killing the animal of course, and severely wounding himself. His indomitable spirit hastened his convalescence and brought him back to the regiment in time for the Gettysburg campaign. In the crisis of the celebrated cavalry fight on the right flank on the third day of Gettysburg he won immortal laurels by the charge he led, side by side again with Captain Newhall, then brigade adjutant general, with but sixteen men and three other officers, on the flank of Wade Hampton's and Fitz Hugh Lee's brigades. In this charge Treichel's horse was killed, and he received a severe wound, which crippled his sabre arm for years. Every officer and nearly every man taking part in the charge was wounded, and Treichel, while disabled, was taken prisoner, but fortunately soon effected his escape. In October, 1863, upon his recovery, he rejoined his regiment and was actively engaged in all the operations of that fall and winter.

In February, 1864, he was appointed provost marshal of the Second Cavalry Division of the Army of the Potomac, com-

manded by Gen. D. McM. Gregg. He continued to serve in this position, and subsequently as commissary of muster on the division staff, until after the termination of the war, through all the arduous campaigning and bloody fighting which that command experienced as part of the cavalry corps. It is impossible, however, to rehearse in this brief compass the many gallant deeds which won him the universal admiration of his comrades in arms, who looked on him as the very type of what an officer of horse should be, not only as the beau sabreur, but the ideal officer as well, as wise in judgment, as skilled in preparation, as in the charge he was impetuous and irresistible. He was promoted major December, 1864, and brevetted lieutenant-colonel for gallant services March 13th, 1865, and was honorably mustered out with his regiment at Richmond, August 7th, 1865, having been transferred to the Fifth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

A few years later he found a field of usefulness in New York, and in the twenty years of his life there won a host of friends. He was appointed auditor of the collector's office in the United States Custom House, port of New York. He performed the duties of that office with rare skill and fidelity until the failure of his health compelled him to seek the milder climate of southern California.

When the act authorizing the establishment on the Pacific slope of a branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers was passed by Congress, Colonel Treichel was designated for its first governor, and assumed command of the home at Santa Monica, January 29th, 1888, which he organized and of which he superintended the building. It was there he ended his days, March 28th, 1894, far from the comrades and friends of his youth and of his middle age.

He has left behind him a beautiful memory and example of the life of a Christian soldier. Unswerving in the performance of duty, his heart was softer than a girl's to every touch of affection or compassion. A typical cavalryman, dashing, reckless of danger and bold as a lion; with all the energy, frankness and directness which belong to the character of a

trooper, yet with none of its roughness, his nature was as tender as it was true, and nowhere could be found one more absolutely and simply true as a friend and as a man than Colonel Charles Treichel.

His remains were followed to the grave by many of his old friends and fellow-soldiers. The pall-bearers were Generals D. McM. Gregg, Martin T. McMahon and Charles L. Leiper; Messrs. S. M. Blatchford, Joseph Treloar and Dr. Morris J. Asch, of New York; Colonel Francis Wister, Lieutenant-Colonels George Meade and William Brooke Rawle, Majors Richard Lewis Ashhurst and J. Edward Carpenter, Captain William Franklin Potter, Lieutenant Harrison L. Newhall and Mr. J. Alfred Kay. The services of the interment closed with the bugle call "Taps," the trooper's requiem.

CHARLES G. OTIS.

Colonel Charles G. Otis, formerly of Yonkers, died at his residence, 131 Pacific street, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday, Aug. 7, 1893. He had been confined to the house since last December.

Colonel Otis was born 62 years ago, in Troy. When the war broke out, he organized a regiment of cavalry there and became its colonel, serving throughout the war. He was once captured and spent several months in Libby prison before being released by exchange. History mentions that he and his troops entered a small town down South, and he registered at the hotel as "the first Yank in town."

After the war, Colonel Otis joined his cousins, Charles R. and Norton P. Otis, in the manufacture of elevators, and was an agent of the Elevator Company at the time of his death. He had been in Canada during much of the last two years, attending to contracts for elevators, and several years previous he spent in Buenos Ayres.

His wife died about three years ago. Two sons and four daughters survive him. Two of the daughters are married, being the wives of Cecil R. Lawrence of Yonkers, and Francis R. Thomas of Brooklyn.

FLOYD CLARKSON.

At his home in New York City, from paralysis of the heart, Colonel Floyd Clarkson died, in the 63d year of his age. He was a gallant soldier, and his grandfather was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was first a private in the Seventh Regiment, and in 1861 went to the front as a thirty-days' volunteer. After the expiration of his term of enlistment he was commissioned the army as major in the Sixth New York Cavalry. He resigned on Sept. 5th, 1862. In the following April he again enlisted as major in the Twelfth New York Cavalry, with which command he remained until the close of the war. For faithful and meritorious services he was made a brevet lieutenant-colonel on April 22d, 1865. After the war he went into the real estate business, in which he continued until his death. He was a member of Lafayette Post, G. A. R., and was commander of the New York Department, G. A. R., during the years 1887-'88, and vice president of the Cavalry Society of the Armies of the United States at date of his death.

Badge of the Society.

The Badge of the Society is a pair of crossed sabres, accurately copied from the Regulation Cavalry Sabre, and finely finished in gold, upon a boldly worked "sunburst" of silver. It is attached to the coat or the ribbon of the Society by means of a brooch-pin at the back.

PRICE \$5.00. Send money with order to Maj. G. Irvine Whitehead, Treasurer, 206 Broadway, New York.

Next Meeting.

Place of meeting next year, as fixed by Society of the Army of the Potomac, is New London, Conn., date not named.

Cavalry Headquarters.

The Committee on Reunion, has designated Room No. 1, Common Pleas Court, Pittsburgh, Pa., for the exclusive use of the Cavalry of the Army of the Potomac as its headquarters during the G. A. R. National Encampment.

BUGLE ECHOES.

This is a sight for a soldier to see!
 Bugle, oh, Bugle! sing loud in your glee!
 Sing of the valiant who victory win,
 Sing of the heroes who died 'mid the din.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

IDAHO'S SOLDIERS' HOME.

CAPT. MONROE DAGGETT, 1st Me. Cav. and 11th Me. Inf. of Saint Maries, Idaho, writes:

On the 2d inst. I received Call I of the MAINE BUGLE. Allow me to congratulate you. You have struck the key note at last. The MAINE BUGLE is eminently correct. Give all the old lads a chance, and you will soon learn that it is a very mistaken idea that the world has, that the First Maine Cavalry put down the rebellion and saved the Union, all by itself, single handed and alone. You will find in a very short space of time that there were about thirty-two infantry regiments and seven batteries of light artillery had a hand in that job, to say nothing of the heavy artillery, the sharpshooters, second cavalry, and other organizations. Come to the front now, you all day boys, and tell what we all did. The First Cavalry has been holding the fort long enough. While at the National Encampment last September at Indianapolis I met a few of the old First Maine Cavalry boys and many more of other Maine regiments, but I noticed that there were no other comrades so universally introduced as members of the regiment that suppressed the Rebellion as the First Maine Cavalry. We were all honored with that recognition. As hinted above, my dear General, you will find that we did not do it alone. No, the infantry and artillery helped, and did their part in right royal A1 style. Now you have placed the BUGLE on a firm financial foundation. I wish to make a correction in my article in the January BUGLE, "A Cavalry Man in the Eleventh Maine Infantry." On page 72, lines 26 and 27, the printer makes me say that I did not sleep for four days while on picket; such are not the facts, for I did sleep, but only a little, and not more than an hour or so at a time. There are one or two other slight mistakes, but not worthy of note. I wish to have the Idaho Soldiers' Home noticed by the BUGLE. The G. A. R. of this Department have thought that we were doing a very commendable act in establishing a Soldiers' Home in this State, and particularly so when we consider the fact that Idaho was not then a State and had but a few hundred people at the time of the war, and those few were men who had not lost any war, consequently were not hunting for war. We have thought that we deserved at least a passing notice, inasmuch as our little State started us out with \$250,000 worth of land and \$25,000 in cash. We are constructing a Home of brick with stone trimmings, large enough to accommodate one hundred

persons. We did not get it completed last fall owing to the fearful crisis in the money market, but shall complete it early this year.

NOTE.—The act securing the above appropriation was secured almost alone by Comrade Daggett, and under his supervision is the home being built and governed.

WAS A FIGHTING MAN FROM THE WORD GO.

REUEL THOMAS, 20th Me., of Cambridge, Mass., writes:

The BUGLE has arrived; was much pleased to see our old Col. Ames's face. They may say what they please about Ames, he was a fighting man from the word go. Now let the BUGLE blow, so that the echoes may be heard from Maine to the Rio Grande. My last BUGLE the boys have at the Engine House. They may want it at the City Hall next. Would not be surprised if Gov. Greenhalgh should send for it at the State House. General, this publication is going to take in the whole of the United States before five years. So blow, BUGLE, blow.

NOTE.—Comrade Thomas's joke is largely a fact. The issues of the BUGLE are in the Harvard University library and in the State Library at the State House.

DID COL. CHAPLIN OFFER HIS SWORD?

HENRY E. SELLERS, 1st Me. Hvy. Art., of Bangor, Me., writes:

In Comrade F. C. Lowe's communication to you of December 22d, relative to the First Maine Heavy Artillery I think he gives the impression that the order to charge January 18th, 1864, came from Gen. Mott direct (see Walker's History Second Corps). It came from Gen. Mead direct, transmitted in regular order to Col. Chaplin and delivered to him by Major J. W. Starbird on Gen. Mott's staff. I was present and heard the order, viz.: as given to Majors Sheppard and Crossman and Capt. Clark commanding battalions: "We have orders to charge those works immediately. Go in in light marching order, with bayonets fixed." I did not see Generals Birney or Mott during the day. I do not think Comrade Low saw them. In his letter in the Echoes of January 4th, he says he had seen Joel Brown of Co. I, who corroborates the story that Col. Chaplin offered his sword to Gen. Birney (now says to Gen. Mott). Now, Brown's memory, as he states himself, is hazy. Comrade Low was not present, he tells me, when Col. Chaplin tendered his sword to Gen. Mott; did not see it; never saw a man, a member of the regiment that did. I believe that facts only should be stated, that correct history may be developed.

OUR FIRST TASTE OF MILITARY SERVICE IN VIRGINIA.

PEARL G. INGALLS, Co. B, 8th Me., of Razorville, Me., writes!

The campaign of 1864 to participants was so full of striking incidents and varied scenes from beginning to end that it will remain vivid and fresh in memory through life. This campaign, with the Eighth Maine, virtually commenced on the fourth day of May, when we embarked on board the steamer Hero at Gloucester Point and steamed down the Pamunky, and the next morning found us at Fortress Monroe, whence after a few hours of anxious speculation as to our destination we commenced enjoying the beautiful scenery up the James river, and the conviction became settled that "On to Richmond" was our objective point. At 7 o'clock P. M. we reached Bermuda Hundred, where under cover of the gunboats we disembarked and bivouacked in an open field for the night. At an early hour on the morning of the

6th, we were ordered to pack up and be in readiness to march. This order was promptly obeyed and when in line we were addressed by Lieutenant Colonel Boynton, then commanding the regiment, and given timely counsel as to our conduct in meeting the enemy. We supposed, from the tenor of the advice we were on the verge of a deadly conflict with the rebels, but after marching in this direction, then in that, all that very sultry day, through woods and swamps, night overtook us about three and one-half miles from our starting point, not having seen a reb—most of the boys minus overcoats and blankets. Some had abandoned knapsacks and rubber blankets and everything they had in the clothing line except what they wore, the heat being so excessive. In Company B was a soldier by the name of Gerry, tall, erect and of soldierly bearing, who I always thought must have given his age as forty-five without telling how long he had held that period of years, who lost his patience, with countermarching in the heat, and when our marching indicated that we had at last struck the right road, then the old man's voice rang out loud and strong, "Now we have got her agoing and let us keep her agoing," which sentiment was heartily indorsed by the company. From this time on to the battle of Drury's Bluff, May 16th, I forbear now to write least I occupy more space than belongs to me. We remained in the vicinity of Bermuda Hundred having a few slight skirmishes with the enemy and making several advances to the Richmond and Petersburg R. R. tearing up the track and giving them other annoyances. The night of May 12th will be remembered by our regiment as one of suffering on account of a cold rain with high wind, our position being in an open field facing the wind and storm, in light marching order, many of the boys being destitute of rubber blankets and shelter tents which were thrown away in our first march under a Virginia sun. Our previous service had been on the Sea Islands of South Carolina and Georgia, with one expedition up the St. Johns River to Jacksonville, Fla. Although we had done good service and suffered much from exposure and sickness, we had had little experience with marches or field service or even fighting, except the lice and flees we encountered at Hilton Head, Tybee Island and the Sunken Islands between Fort Pulaski and Savannah City; and considering that nearly half of our number were fresh from a veteran furlough, leaving behind wife and other kindred ties—is it a wonder that our first experiences on the James and in the vicinity of the rebel citadel under all these conditions should give us such a sweat? The conditions of the Virginia May, now proclaiming summer had come and then reverting to March weather, caused us to boil in sweat and then freeze without a shelter.

TIME WILL RECTIFY OUR WRONGS.

C. P. STEVENS, Co. E, 5th Me. Inf., of the law firm of Stevens & Stevens, of Beloit, Kansas, writes:

The issue of the MAINE BUGLE is a step in the right direction. In a struggle of the magnitude of our war there are thousands of incidents valuable to history, that were known only to the few who were in position to know, from observation or otherwise, and to round out and preserve these for those who shall come after us is, I understand, your object. It was my good fortune to enter the service on the twelfth day of May, 1861, and remain until discharged for wounds February 17th, 1865, and during this period there were many brave deeds performed by men who were unconscious of an heroic act. I regret that in these latter days the sacrifices and privations endured

and the heroism displayed by our boys in blue is becoming less and less appreciated, and this, too, while these men who were then only boys, are nearing the end, a premature grave. "Thieves, robbers, frauds and dishonor" are some of the epithets now applied to such men and are used even in the great Congress of these United States, and we may be led to exclaim, "Must I endure all this?" and the reply seems to come back, "Yea, more; go fret till your proud heart break." Patriotism pure and strong must now take possession of our hearts as never before, and as we glide down the hill of life ever keep in mind that time alone will rectify all our wrongs, and that there is a Ruler who will recognize the value of our services. Have you the addresses of Lt. John Summersides and John Robinson?

DONALDSONVILLE TO BE HEARD FROM.

JOHN F. PERRY, Lieut. Co. G, 28th Me. Inf., of Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

I have delayed writing for the reason that I thought I might write you something for publication. There are probably members of the regiment and of Co. G who could treat the subject much better than myself if they would. However, if no one writes on the subject in the future I may make the attempt.

BATTLE OF THE PINES.

M. S. BERRY, 14th Me., of Brownville, writes:

In relation to the verses on the Battle of the Pines, I will say that the copy I sent you was written while I was stopping at Gloucester Point, Va., in the winter of '63 or '64. I was a member of the Eleventh Maine on detached service in the Eighth New York Battery at that time. I afterwards re-enlisted in the battery under a special order from the Secretary of War and was discharged in July, 1865, at New York City. I joined the battery at Harrison's Landing, Va., in July, 1862, as a volunteer. I don't expect to get up a reputation as a writer. I went through college in 1862. It was the old William and Mary, of Virginia. I went in through a window and out through the door. Therefore I did not graduate with very high honors.

THE FIRST GREAT SUCCESS OF THE WAR.

GEN. EGBERT L. VIELE, of New York City, in a letter to Kendall Pollard, writes:

I would gladly oblige you with the information you ask for in relation to the Port Royal expedition if I knew just what you wanted. I am leaving for a short visit to Europe on Saturday and can not get your reply in time to answer you before I leave. Our expedition was the first great success of the war, after many defeats, and served to cheer the hearts of the people of the North as they had not been cheered before. My brigade was the first of three, and by far the most efficient. The victory of Port Royal was followed by the capture of Fort Pulaski. Thus after capturing the first harbor we captured the first fortress. It was to army and navy a proud and complete success. My brigade was the Third New Hampshire, Eighth Maine, Forty-sixth New York, Forty-seventh New York, and Forty-eighth New York—five thousand earnest patriots and good soldiers—all honor to each and every one of them. They and their descendants may well be proud of the work they did in maintaining the Union. I will always be glad to meet my old comrades wherever and whenever it is possible to do so.

NOTE.—In Comrade Pollard's article in the January Call of '94, he named the Third New York and Second Connecticut as belonging to the brigade. It should have read the Third New Hampshire and Forty-seventh New York.

I LOVE HER HILLS.

G. E. DILLINGHAM, Co. C, 17th Me. and 1st Me. Hy. Art., of Hesper, Winneshiek Co., Iowa, writes:

I like to read history of Maine and her people, especially her soldiers. I was a member of Co. C, Seventeenth Maine Volunteer Infantry until some time in June, 1865, then was transferred to the First Maine Heavy Artillery, headquarters at Fort Baker, Md. I was hospital steward of that regiment from July 1st, 1865, until mustered out in the autumn at Bangor, 1865. I came to Iowa in December, 1865. I have spent the larger part of the time since in the West, yet my love for Maine and her people never chills. I was born in hilly, rocky St. Albans, Somerset County, in 1844. I love her hills, her rocks, her rills, her mountains, her lakes, her valleys, her trees, her sunshine and shadows, and most of all her people.

AN IMPORTANT CORRECTION.

WILLIAM GARDNER, secretary 1st R. I. Cav., of Providence, R. I., writes:

It has been with mingled pleasure and regret that I have read and re-read the story of the brilliant cavalry engagement at Kelly's Ford, Va., March 17th, 1863, by Major Frank W. Hess, United States Army, formerly of Third Pennsylvania Cavalry (Gen. W. W. Averill's old and gallant regiment). With pleasure, because in the main the major's description is graphic, and an excellent word picture of a notable event in which I, as a unit, was permitted to act my little part in that interesting scene in the drama of civil war which from 1861 to 1865 interested all the peoples of the civilized world. With regret, because the major, (unintentionally, I am sure) on page 11, Call 4, Campaign III, gives to the Fifth Regulars, Sixth Ohio, and Reno the credit and honor of the magnificent repulse, (for nothing in the annals of warfare was ever more glorious) of the last charge of the Confederates upon the left of our line by First not Second, and Fourth Virginia accompanied, if not led by Stuart himself. The Fifth Regulars and Reno were not on the left of the wagon road. The force consisted of two hundred of the First Rhode Island, about the same number of the Sixth Ohio, and two guns of the Sixth New York Independent Horse Battery. If the major had read Lieut. Jacob B. Cook's story of the engagement, "No. 19, third series, Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island" he would not have committed an error by which deserving veterans are robbed of honors most gallantly earned. This error of the gallant major does not nullify his effort as a historian, nor spoil the picture he has so beautifully drawn with his pen, but has produced such heart pangings that I have been impelled to "ope my mouth and bark a little."

INTERESTING PASTIME.

LIEUT. HORATIO S. LIBBY, Co. C, 1st Maine Cav. of Melrose, Mass., writes:

It is to me an interesting pastime to look over the roster of the dear old regiment. Of the many times it has been my pleasure to do so, I have never before noticed, until recently, the sad frequency of the remark opposite the name of such a large number of comrades "Died at Andersonville," "Died in Southern prisons," etc. How pathetic. On counting them up I find that one hundred and sixty-three had there died—several more than were killed in battle! I have just been reading again some old and interesting letters that I received from our loved and honored Gen. Smith, in one of which

he writes that he and Thaxter had been over the old battlefields at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville. In writing of the charge at Aldie he says that the distance we covered was a full mile. His letter has recalled to my memory a little episode in connection with this fight. C company charged out into the open field on our right and up the hill until we came to an orchard enclosed by a rail fence. An opening was quickly made, and as we passed through we were greeted with a heavy volley, but it was ineffectual, every shot went over our heads. We rushed on and reached a stone wall at the further side of the orchard, when we quickly dismounted. We had not been long here before the enemy made the mounted charge to dislodge us but without success. They met with such a reception from the contents of our carbines that they did not make a second attempt. I wondered why they gave up the position, a fine one, so readily. It was from this position they gave us the volley spoken of and then retired. Afterwards they thought to regain it, but it was too late. Company C was there to stay! I remember that, just before we reached the orchard spoken of I observed Gen. Kilpatrick across the field on our right flank coming through an opening in the fence. He did not appear to have any force with him. I also noticed in this direction, beyond Kilpatrick, on the distant hill tops, that these points were active with mounted men. I wonder if it was our forces so far in that direction. We were relieved by K company. As the columns passed each other, I distinctly recall the kindly greeting of good old Sgt. Reuel B. Stinson—I had known him many years before the war—who said to me, ‘Brother Libby, I am glad to see you are safe.’ I have been in the clutches of the grip for a fortnight. I am strangely weak when I attempt to move about. I hope to get out very soon.

NOTE.—Fox’s Regimental Losses, p. 124, report: That one hundred and forty-five of our regiment died in Southern prisons—excluding evidently some of the First District of Columbia Cavalry that died before transfer. This same authority reports our killed and died of wounds as fifteen officers and one hundred and fifty-nine men—a total of one hundred and seventy-four. This account is more reliable as I have found some mistakes in our roster.—J. P. C.

I HAVE READ THE BUGLE.

ALBERT H. HARRIS, Co. L, First Maine Cav., of So. Merrimack, N. H., writes:

Please forward the History at earliest date. I have read the BUGLES you have so kindly sent me with great interest, and trust no obstacle will intrude itself in the way of its continued publication. I cherish an unflagging love for the old organization though I have never been able to attend any of the annual meetings, and seldom meet one of the old comrades.

ONE MAN ONLY LOST ON PICKET.

MAJOR HENRY C. HALL, 1st Me. Cav., of Woburn, Mass., writes:

At our regimental reunion at Eastport I think General Smith, in recounting the military virtues of the First Maine Cavalry, stated that we had never lost a man on picket. I thought then that had I been personally charged with that crime I should have been compelled to plead guilty, but not until to-day, while looking over some old letters I wrote home during the war and which my mother carefully preserved, could I recall the fact and circumstances. I find that I wrote from Light House Point, Va., July 18th, 1864: “We went on picket beyond the Gurley House on Monday, the 11th inst. and were on duty four days and four nights. I had command of the outposts, which

comprised about half of the regiment. The first day we picketed against infantry, but at evening they were relieved by cavalry, and in the morning we found in our front the Fifth and Ninth Virginia and the Fifth and Sixteenth North Carolina Cavalry. The infantry annoyed us the first day by firing on our pickets, also the Sixteenth North Carolina on the second day. The other regiments behaved like soldiers. They were very eager for news from Washington as they expected that Early on his daring raid would capture that city, and they were very willing to exchange papers with us, and in other ways made themselves social and friendly. Towards evening of the second day a Confederate came out towards our lines waving a paper and handed to one of our men sent out to meet him a note, of which the following is a copy:

Dear Sir—I understood that one of our infantry fired on your pickets yesterday. Finally, it is positively against our orders to step up and shoot a picket, and no gentleman will do it. I hope I shall not hear of the case again, especially among brothers of the South. So mote it be. Amen.

(Signed)

H. A. BLAND, 5th N. C. Cav., Co. E.

The next day a captain of the Sixteenth North Carolina came out to the pickets of the Pennsylvania regiment on our right and requested them to say to the officer in command of the Maine Cavalry that three of his men who fired on mine the day before were under arrest for so doing. We had no more trouble from them until Friday, the 15th, at daylight, when about twenty men of the Sixteenth North Carolina Cavalry made a dash on our line and captured one man of Co. G, Private James Burns, and shot the horse of another man. Later in the morning we were relieved by the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry and returned to our Division, which, in our absence, had moved to Warwick Swamps, but at evening we were all relieved by the First Division and returned to this place where we are encamped in a nice, clean grove of pines." Poor Jimmy Burns, our only lost picket, made an unwilling tour of the Confederacy, but he finally effected his escape and joined Sherman's army on its march to the sea. He returned to the regiment the latter part of January, '65, filled with feelings of resentment towards the heartless Confederates for the inhuman treatment he had received at their hands, but the brave boy was unable to be wholly avenged for the sufferings he endured during his incarceration and escape, for he was mortally wounded at Dinwiddie.

ONLY ONE OF THE SERGEANTS LEFT OF COMPANY F, 12th ME. INFANTRY.

DR. FREEMAN H. CHASE, of Bangor, Me., writes:

Company F, Twelfth Maine, was raised in the town of Orono, the town voting money for that purpose and all uniting in the effort. It left Orono for Portland in the fall of 1861, a full company of 100 men. The officers had been commissioned by Benjamin F. Butler by special authority of the President, for special duty, the taking of New Orleans, as was also one regiment from each New England State. We left Bangor on the old well remembered steamer, which was bought by the United States Government, the City of Richmond. We were organized and mustered in at Portland. Our captain, Seth Farrington, was six feet four, handsome, and a fine officer, so fine that he was generally detailed. The first lieutenant, Coan, a braver or better officer never drew sword than he. The second lieutenant proved wanting, and left the service. I was elected first sergeant of the company and appointed by the captain, as were the rest of the sergeants. While we were drilling in Lowell, Camp Chase, under General

Butler, a phrenologist came into camp to examine bumps, etc., especially of the sergeants to pronounce on their bravery in battle. A certain captain was full of faith in the matter, and through his influence we were examined, perhaps more for fun than otherwise. The first four sergeants of our company passed favorably, while the fifth sergeant, who proved in the end the bravest of the brave, was set aside, but retained his place until he lost his life pierced to the earth by a rebel bayonet because he would not surrender. So much for the science or nonsense of phrenology. What became of these officers and sergeants of Company F, Twelfth Maine, will be related further on, for many of the boys of Maine regiments live in this vicinity and will read this with interest. It was a great fad in the army to nickname each other, even more so in the western regiments. Hardly a man was called by his best mates by his own name. As a reminder to the old comrades I will give the names of the officers and sergeants of Company F, Twelfth Maine, to which this article is particularly devoted. Our captain was called "Gog." Our first lieutenant was called "Ma Gog." All who are familiar with Holy Writ know what those names meant. The first sergeant, "Hur up," because he was in the habit of singing out, "hurry up." The second sergeant, "Paws," for in trying to catch a prisoner he exclaimed: "If I get my paws on you." The third sergeant was called "Entrails," for he ate up the orderly's turnips, who made the remark, "I hope, Ches, that you will sometime get yourself full." The fourth sergeant was "Yardstick," for he was a handsome fellow and came from a dry goods store, while the fifth sergeant was called "Mohawk" from his resemblance to a Mohawk Indian. Second Lieutenant Wilson, whom I omitted, was called "Billy Boy." Now, where are the three officers and five sergeants of old Company F, Twelfth Maine, who enlisted for three years? Only one is living, and he is the writer of this army tale. And they served their country well and faithfully. Capt. Farrington's bones are under foreign soil, place unknown. First Lieutenant Coan died from fever and was attended by Gen. Banks in his last hours, and rests under the green grass of Louisiana. Second Lieutenant Wilson came home to Orono and died from fever contracted in New Orleans. First Sergeant Chase, afterwards an officer, is in Bangor, a physician. Second Sergeant Straw came home to Bangor and died from injuries. Third Sergeant Chesley came home a lieutenant and died of his wounds. Fourth sergeant, made captain of a company in a regiment of negroes, was shot through the body, and after lying in the United States hospital six months, died. Fifth Sergeant Greenlaw was found dead after the battle of Winchester with a rebel bayonet pinning him to the ground. He as he always said would not become a prisoner. This is a short history badly told of one company from Maine. Did the war cost us anything? Let the comrades living who read this call back those old days. Remember, where there was a line of gray there was a line of blue.

DEPARTMENT COMMANDER OF MINNESOTA.

JOHN DAY SMITH, of Minneapolis, writes:

Through G. A. R. headquarters of this department your prospectus of the BUGLE as the organ of "Men of Maine" has fallen into my hands. I had the honor of serving as a member of Company F, Nineteenth Maine Volunteers, and take great pleasure in becoming a subscriber to the BUGLE. I see among the contributors for the year are to be Edgar Burpee and William H. Fogler, both officers of my regiment. I have already procured a copy of the History of the First Maine Cavalry, by Lieut. Tobie. I regard

it as one of the best regimental histories I have ever read. But then he had one of the best regiments of the army to write about.

HAVE READ THEM OVER AND OVER.

JAMES K. REYNOLDS, Co. D, 1st Me. Cav., of Hallowell, Me., writes:

I enclose three dollars; if any more is due, will send the balance next time. Please excuse me for not answering before this date. Have enjoyed the BUGLES very much; have read them over and over. It does a comrade good to recall those instances of by-gone days. Who would not feel proud to have been one of that vast number who went forth to save our country in its days of peril.

NOTHING I PRIZE MORE HIGHLY.

ALBERT J. SMALL, Co. H, 1st Me. Cav., of Woodburn, Ind., writes:

I will answer to Roll Call and will say there is nothing I prize more highly than the MAINE BUGLE. I should like to take it all my life. My health is very poor and I am not able to work much and do not draw a pension.

"WHO BROUGHT ME MY OVERCOAT."

S. F. HARRIS, Co. M, 1st Me. Cav., of Medford, Wis., writes:

In a letter received to day you wish me to write concerning my part and wound, October 27th, '64, at Hatcher's Run, Va. I would gladly do so in a way to make it interesting but do not think I can remember enough. One thing I do know, I was there, and so was the First Maine Cavalry, and we formed a skirmish line not very late in the day, crossed over a small stream and went in through some timber, with mouths closed and fingers resting lightly but firmly on the hammers, by left oblique. In a short time we were unloaded of all our anxiety by the friendly Johnnies themselves inviting us to their ball which had been well prepared for us—a good line of earth-works—from which, however, they had come half a mile or so in advance to escort us into, but I must say that excepting their stand at the old log house, when they had good shelter for a few minutes, until we, by some unknown blunder, did something to frighten them away and became ungentlemanly enough to appropriate to our own use, they had kept so far from us that we were loth to acknowledge their good intentions. But when we came nearer and they had moved safely into their warehouse, we acknowledged them as good company and accepted their invitation to enter, but unfortunately, just before stepping in the door, I got hit by some fool of a Johnny, who, I think, did not try to handle his gun carefully. There were also two other boys, one on either side of me, also hurt so badly they could not walk. Finding my right arm useless by my side, with a musket ball thrust through the elbow joint, lodging under my shoulder blade, I took a walk to the rear. Now I want to learn the name of the officer who came from behind an old brush heap and ordered me to the front, but on seeing the blood running from my coat sleeve, countermanded the order. I don't think he was a First Maine Man, but whoever he was he gave me an idea that if I should ever again be found stepping to the tune of Yankee Doodle I would ask to be assigned to that post of honor. It might let me out at the close of the war with two whole arms. But I am making this too long; I will hasten on across the brook where the lack of strength prevented me from getting down to drink. A big chestnut tree a

few rods ahead tempted me to it, and I let myself rest against its trunk. The ambulance train was in sight and soon the doctor was probing the wound, a bandage was put on the arm wet with cold water, and I was crowded between two comrades who were suffering intensely. By consent of the driver I took a seat with him, and thus made more room for my comrades. This seat gave me, boys, the first real view of a grand contest—three bayonet charges in an open field and a contest occupying about two hours of time. The last charge came near dark. I was thinking I might have to stay there, but God was on our side and that night we were taken from what the boys called the bull pen. Oh, how well do I remember the groans of those two comrades inside as we were driven over those rough roads all night. I want to thank the comrade who came to me during the afternoon, while in the ambulance, with my overcoat. I cannot recall his name, but if he is alive and sees this letter let him accept my hearty thanks. It did me so much good that chilly night, when the cold winds blew with painful sensation on my body, weakened by the loss of so much warm blood. The morning of the twenty-eighth found us in a long open field, where I waited my turn through the whole day to have, as I desired then, my arm amputated. Help among doctors was not plenty and they did not reach me that day. The next day we were loaded on an old freight train and forwarded to the hospital. Comrades of the army, you all well know about what that meant to me when I tell you I was there eight long months before I was considered able to go home! I want to close this letter by saying that many of us who are now living can but think that it is due largely to the will of God, who may have some little work yet for the old gray-haired veterans to do, if nothing more than speaking a kind word by way of cheer to those more unfortunate than ourselves.

EDWARD TRENCHARD, of New York, writes:

In the issue of the MAINE BUGLE of January, 1894, appears a poem entitled "An Old Blue Cap," by Kendall Pollard of Company K. Now this poem, the true title being "Company K" was written during the early part of the rebellion, 1862 or '63, by Mrs. E. L. Beers; the well known poetess, Ethel Lynn, being her nom de plume. At that time the boys in blue of Maine were too busy in the field of reality to indulge in poetic fancy, and I am sure you and your gallant comrades will in justice to one of the fair sex, (departed this life) be pleased to make this correction in your valuable journal. The original and only is to be found on page twenty in the volume "All Quiet Along the Pot-mac" and other poems, by Ethel Lynn Beers, Porter & Coates, Publishers, Philadelphia.

NOTE.—The correction is made with the consent of Kendall Pollard. It was a misunderstanding on the part of the editor in giving Pollard's name as the author.



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With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.

(Continued.)

At the head of a most magnificent command of cavalry and possessing the entire confidence of every man who followed, General Sheridan rode out from his camp on the morning of the 29th of March, 1865, bound for Dinwiddie Court House, on the Boydton Plank Road, and bound to crush the rebellion, so far as one man by precept and example could effect that desired consummation. He was under the immediate orders of Lieutenant-General Grant, and commanded the cavalry as a separate army, as General Meade commanded the Army of the Potomac and General Ord the Army of the James. His subordinate commanders were General Merritt, commanding the first and third cavalry divisions from the Shenandoah Valley—General Devin commanding the former, and General Custer the latter—and General Crook, commanding the second division (Gregg's old). In the first division the brigades were commanded by General Gibbs, Colonel Stagg, and Colonel Fitzhugh; in the second division, by Generals Davies, Irvine Gregg, and Smith; and in the third division, by Colonels Pennington, Wells, and Capehart.

General Sheridan had been ordered to get out toward Dinwiddie Court House, and the enemy's left and rear, as best he could. General Grant wrote: "Move your cavalry at as early an hour as you can, and without being confined to any particular road or roads." The avowed object of the movement of the armies was to get the enemy out of his intrenched works, where he could be attacked with some chance of success. If the enemy should come out, General Sheridan was to "go in," and was assured that he would be properly supported; if the enemy should not come out, the general was to go on a raid, and cry havoc along the enemy's Southside and Danville Rail-

roads. It was a Micawber-like move at first, partly to help along the cavalry, partly in expectation that something would turn up. The Confederacy was upturned shortly, but just on this particular morning nobody had a very clear idea of what was going to happen, and General Grant himself apparently did not come to a realizing sense of the possibilities within reach, and did not feel grasping, until he got well out into the country that night, when he was seized with a desire of "ending the matter."

Meanwhile, General Sheridan, keeping to himself his reflections and hopes, whatever they might be, was carrying out his original orders in a literal manner; and getting up *very* early in the morning (as early as he can being a good deal earlier than anybody else wants to), had crossed the Jerusalem Plank Road, and was exercising his topographical genius in finding roads in general and not particular, leading in the direction in which his face was set.

Whoever has traveled the highways of Dinwiddie County, Virginia, in the melting days of spring, has probably recollections of black soil appearing here and there, islands in ponds of black water fringed with green; whoever has left the highways for a short-cut will remember how his horse broke through the upper crust and found apparently nothing below but space. We all drew sanguine auguries from this, and wished that the soil might be emblematical of the cause, since in Virginia the soil and the cause were almost synonymous; and so we labored on hopefully, every man for himself and his horse, across the Weldon Railroad at Reims's Station, where twisted rails and strong lines of earthworks told of the old moves and the old hard fights. But somehow this place is unpleasant, for it reminds us all of how our present expedition may be nothing more than the old story of flanks extended, attacked, defended, and intrenched; something gained of course, a pawn moved up into a good place, shutting up a little of the scope the adversary had, but not a checkmate, which we are after *this* time, and are therefore rather easier in our minds when we have

passed out beyond the old lines, sent out our advance-guard, and got into the undiscovered country.

At Rowanty Creek, or Run, as Virginians commonly call their little streams, we found the bridge down, and it was necessary to rebuild it. Experience teaches, and our command had had much experience in bridge-building. The First Maine Cavalry, lumbermen and rail-splitters, could knock up a bridge over an ordinary stream while the horses were being watered, and plenty of other regiments could swing an awful axe, and we soon had this bridge up and were crossing the Rowanty by fours. The field-report of effective strength was verified here by actual count, and the command was found to number—General Merritt's command 5700; Crook's 3300; total—9000 effective men and horses.

On the other side of the Rowanty our advance caught sight of a small picket-force of the enemy's cavalry, and, giving chase rapidly, captured a few of them; and meanwhile our scout were out after information in all directions, and we were constantly getting news of the enemy's movements.

These scouts were a fine body of some sixty men selected from the whole cavalry corps, and commanded by Major H. H. Young, of the Second Rhode Island Infantry, an excellent officer, fond of adventure, brave, and a good disciplinarian; he had attracted the attention of General Sheridan by his gallantry in the Shenandoah Valley, and was assigned to duty on his staff, and ordered to organize his present command. As a general thing, scouts are perfectly worthless. They are usually plausible fellows who go out to the picket-line and lie on the ground all night under a tree, and come back to headquarters in the morning and lie there, giving wonderful reports about the enemy, fearing no contradiction. They swagger frightfully when small towns are occupied and there are any natives to astonish; then they turn out in the full uniform of the enemy, being surrounded by friends, and, with two pistols in the belt and one in each boot, these walking arsenals walk into everything that does not belong to them and help themselves.

Young's men were differently managed, and were of great service. They were much more afraid of the general and of the major than they were of the enemy, for the general has a way of cross-examining that is fatal to a lie, and as Young was constantly off in the enemy's country himself, his men never knew but that he had been following their trail, so there was no use trying to shut up his eye, as a scout would say. These men had been with the major on several successful expeditions and in some desperate fights. They had taken Harry Gilmor out of his bed and confiscated the pistols on his pillow, without disturbing his command; in the Shenandoah Valley they had swept the picket-line of the enemy and cut their way through the reserves, losing several killed and wounded in the attempt. They knew the major and each other, and Young knew them, and they had that mutual confidence which is vital to a party of this sort. They were like what romance tells us of Marion's men; but after the experience of the late war an impression steals over the mind that Marion's men were *really* bushwhackers—hard names to call revolutionary heroes, but their Southern compatriots throw suspicion upon them by an aptitude that must have been "bred in the bone." Young's men dressed in the Confederate uniform habitually; mingled with the people, told them the news and got the news of them in return; cursed the Yankees, and drank stirrup-cups of apple-jack to their discomfort; warned the host against their coming, and then rode away, while one of their number quickly slipped back through unfrequented paths and communicated the latest from the front to the general commanding. At night, while the troops rested, Young and his men would be miles away in every direction, and during the day we would pick them up at every cross-road with the best intelligence from right and left. The men were well paid for this hazardous work, and often received a bonus for special acts of daring and good service; and the major was compensated by his chances of distinction and the general's good opinion. He came to be well known in the sections where we campaigned, and those people who would acknowledge to a

curiosity to see anything in the shape of a Yankee would ask to have Young pointed out.

At the Rowanty we learned from the prisoners and the scouts that a considerable body of the enemy's cavalry was marching on roads parallel with us on the other side of Stony Creek, pushing apparently for Dinwiddie Court House, to intercept us; so we moved on rapidly and gained that point, and the rebellious column let us alone when the uncaptured portion of their pickets galloped away from the court-house, and, dashing across the Stony Creek by the Boydton Plank Road bridge, informed their friends on the other side that Sheridan's cavalry was there. A party of our men quickly secured the bridge, tore up the planks, and made other arrangements for disputing the passage; but no attempt to cross was made by the enemy, who accepted the situation and hurried on to secure their connection with their own army, and to get between us and the Southside Railroad. Meanwhile we peacefully occupied Dinwiddie Court House, and went into camp in that vicinity.

In Virginia court-houses mean towns, and the towns are principally court-houses; here, however, there was a hotel thrown in, and a couple of cottages by way of outskirts. Perhaps there were three; there is no intention to be unjust to Dinwiddie, and it is more than a year since we were there. Yes, there were three. There was the long, low mansion with a leaky piazza, in the hollow on the right; the little house on the hill, where we all took breakfast, for which the man took a dollar a head; and the brick house by the temple of justice, which looked like a school house, but probably was not. We established ourselves at the Dinwiddie Hotel,—hotel no longer except in name and in legend, for nobody ever passed by now but straggling cavalymen, and cooking for them was reported to be not remunerative. Some of the pickets had slept there, though, for all the beds in the unoccupied rooms of the house were topsy-turvy,—and such beds! the feelings of the Northern matron would have been too great for utterance in contemplating them, and as for sleeping in them—even we were not

reduced to that extremity: so we wrapped ourselves up in our martial cloaks and lay down, supperless, upon the floor, with chairs for pillows; supperless, because far away toward the Weldon Railroad our wagons were toiling painfully through the mud, getting out of one hole only to find another, while the quartermasters and Custer's division manfully endeavored to bring them on by putting the shoulder to the wheel, by calling on Jupiter, and by corduroying.

During the evening, to help matters along and give affairs a cheerful aspect, it began to rain: first a Scotch mist, then unsteady showers, and then a pour, as if the equinox, hurrying through the elements, had kicked over the water-buckets.

About this time General Grant was seized with the desire "to end the matter before going back." His illogical mind failed to be affected by the logic of events, failed to perceive that things were looking about as badly as they could for accomplishing anything, and so he sent a dispatch to General Sheridan countermanding his conditional orders in regard to the raid upon the Southside and Danville Railroads, and directing him to find the enemy's right and rear as soon as possible. Wishing to have a perfectly clear idea of General Grant's proposed plan of ending the matter, General Sheridan, soon after daylight on the 30th, mounted his gray pacer (captured from Breckenridge's adjutant-general at Missionary Ridge), and paced rapidly over to the headquarters of the lieutenant-general, taking two or three staff officers, with a dozen men for an escort. This little party raised an immense commotion on the picket-line of the army, and only after such persevering dumb-show as the friendly Friday made to Robinson Crusoe was it permitted to approach. Once inside, the pacer was let out again, and rein was drawn only when the horses slumped to their bellies in the quicksand-field where General Grant had pitched his tent, from which he regarded the tempest with derision.

About this time things certainly looked rather blue to a superficial observer; the troops, just out of comfortable winter

quarters, covered under their scant shelters, or dragged themselves slowly along to their place in line, clogged with mud and weighed down with the drenching rain. In every by-way and in every field wagons were hopelessly imbedded in the glutinous soil. Drivers and mules had given it up, and the former smoked their pipes calmly under the wagons, while the latter turned tail to the storm and clustered around the feed-box, where they had put their heads together from habit, for there was nothing in the box to eat, and they *must* have been asses if they hoped the forage-wagons would get to the front that day. General Sheridan, water dripping from every angle of his face and clothes, was ushered into the presence and councils of the lieutenant-general, and between them they soon settled that, as it was within the limits of horse possibility for cavalry to move, they would move a little and see what came of it, if only to pass the time, for on a day like this the most ardent man must find employment or he will begin to think that he is a helpless party to a fiasco, which it must be acknowledged we all appeared to be just then. The only thing probably that could have amused the company on that inauspicious morning would have been an excited horseman straining through the treacherous soil, waving his hat, and crying out that Lee would surrender to Grant one hundred miles from there in ten days from date. That would have been extremely amusing, and the toughest veteran would have smiled grimly.

Very hopeful, but somewhat incredulous, were the veterans, and it was rather their fashion to scoff in the last year of the war. There were precedents for all sorts of campaigns except "the last," and the old troops were somewhat skeptical when that was predicted. They had something of the feeling of the man in "Used Up," who has been everywhere and seen everything—been up Mount Vesuvius, looked down the crater and found nothing in it. Lee had escaped them by only so much as Tam O'Shanter's mare escaped at the bridge, and possibly for the reason that armies like witches are balked by streams, as the Potomac and Rappahannock would seem to testify.

They had been in Burnside's "mud movement," and looking on this picture and on that they discovered the counterfeit presentation of two brothers, so far as it was given to them to see; but the lieutenant-general and General Sheridan had not been in the other mud movement, and they are not men of routine to care for precedent, so the latter got into his wet saddle again, said good morning to the lieutenant-general as chirpily as if the elements were smiling, and sent off a staff officer by a short-cut to find General Merritt, on the road from Dinwiddie to Five Forks, and tell him to move out a little farther and stir up the animals.

The enemy's cavalry, which had been marching parallel with us the day before, had kept along the right bank of Stony Creek until they had passed beyond the Boydton Plank Road, and then had crossed over to the White Oak Road by the nearest route, in order to place themselves between us and the Southside Railroad, to which there is a direct road leading from Dinwiddie Court House through Five Forks and across Hatcher's Run. The White Oak Road was the prolongation of the right flank of the enemy's line protecting Petersburg, and was important to be guarded by them on that account also.

On this morning, as stated, General Merritt was posted on the Five Forks Road, and was about midway between that point and Dinwiddie Court House; General Gibbes, with the reserve brigade, had the advance, and was immediately moved out in obedience to General Sheridan's order. The leading regiments, Sixth Pennsylvania and Second Massachusetts Cavalry, had hardly passed through their picket-line when they became engaged with the enemy's cavalry, and a sharp skirmish ensued, in which Colonel Leiper, Sixth Pennsylvania Cavalry, commanding these two regiments, drove the enemy handsomely nearly to Five Forks, carrying a line of temporary breastworks, and developed a heavy force too strong for his command.

This reconnoissance was deemed satisfactory, as demonstrating the intention of the enemy to hold the White Oak Road, and a general engagement being impracticable and useless,

owing to the condition of the weather and roads rendering co-operation by the infantry impossible, General Gibbes's brigade was slowly withdrawn to its original position, and the enemy, satisfied to be let alone, remained quiet for the rest of the day.

At dark we all sought the shelter of the Dinwiddie Hotel again, and the wagons still being reported far off in the slough, betook our hungry selves to music to while away the dreary hours. For the hotel had a piano, a relic of better days, rather unstrung, and a little off in tone perhaps, but good enough to sound chords for a chorus, for voices are full when other things are empty. Lovely ladies assisted too—ladies who had fled from Charleston to Petersburg, and from Petersburg to Dinwiddie, to keep out of harm's way, and who now particularly requested us not to fight a battle near the Coat House, as they called it. Their gentlemen who had been on picket there had promised them not to fight where they could see the carnage, and had kept their word; our gentlemen ought to do the same.

Virginians always speak of their soldiers and of ours (when within our lines) as gentlemen. We say men, sometimes in the country regiments "boys," and it has a curious effect to hear a lady say, "That gentleman has killed one of my sheep"; the property claim makes the title paradoxical. When we were not near, in the freedom of the social circle we were commonly called "Yanks," and the smallest children have confessed that their infant tongues were taught to prefix naughty words to that contemptuous title. But on this occasion circumstances had made us gentlemen *pro tem.*, so we gave our knightly words of honor not to bring red war to the door-step of the Dinwiddie Hotel, and then betook ourselves to merry song, and harmony ruled the hour.

During the night the rain gave out, doubtless fatigued with constant falling, and very early on the thirty-first we were in the saddle, riding along the lines to learn if the enemy was making any demonstration, and to send out reconnoissances if all was quiet.

Notwithstanding the fact that Dinwiddie Court House was not a paying locality for a hotel, and of no great account as a

town, it was of considerable importance in a military point of view. It is a hub from which no end of roads diverge. The Boydton Plank Road passes by on the way to Petersburg, and led to the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, which stretched across it trying to reach the White Oak Road; then there is the Five Forks Road, with its ramifications, and a smaller road to the left of that which crosses Chamberlaine's Bed or Run, and runs on in the direction of the White Oak Road. On the other hand, there are as many avenues leading away toward the James River, which we were compelled to cover and protect. The suddenness of our first move had given us possession of Dinwiddie Court House, and now the enemy, appreciating the importance of the position, evidently proposed to secure the advantages which we were enjoying there; that is the military advantages—not the piano and the ladies. We have done with them for the present. But—

“If our voices come back, and we don't get shot,
We'll come back with them—otherwise not.”

It soon became evident that the enemy was restless, from the pattering shot dropping here and there on the dull, damp air of the morning, and we had not long to wait before he determined as to our weak point, and came down upon it like a battering-ram, according to his headlong habit.

Beyond Dinwiddie Court House, looking north, the ground is high, and tolerably clear and level for a hundred yards or more, and then slopes down toward Chamberlaine's Bed, which is curtained with woods. The road that crosses the bed was held by Smith's brigade, of Crook's division, on the extreme left of our line, and here the enemy made their first assault, about ten o'clock in the morning. They came on fiercely, and some of them got on to our side of the water, but the brigade met them with a very determined resistance, and they were slowly driven back across the run, our men halting only when they had reached the bank. Meanwhile our bands played on the hill, and entertained the combatants with gay and patriotic airs.

To the right of Smith General Irvine Gregg was posted, in the low ground along the bed, and on his right was General Davies's brigade, with his right flank joining the left of the first division, which had already moved out as far as Five Forks, but, encountering a strong body of infantry, had been forced to retire, and now circled across the Five Forks Road toward the Boydton Plank. Somewhere in this line the enemy's cavalry hoped to find a gap or make one; and after wasting the better half of the morning in the vain assault on Smith, and in ill-tempered firing across the bed after their repulse, they moved slowly up the run, looked in upon Irvine Gregg, whose fine brigade, protected by a marsh, could laugh at them, and passing him, found both a better piece of country for their designs, and prospect of success, in front of General Davies. Heavily reinforced by infantry from the White Oak Road, they attacked him fiercely, and elbowed him out of his place in line, and crowded him back upon the two brigades of the first division under Devin, upon his right. Mounted and dismounted, as the ground permitted, these troops then together contested every grove and every knoll, and fell back slowly toward the Boydton Plank Road before the overpowering force of the enemy.

If this has been clearly understood, it will be seen that our line was now broken in two, all on the right of the Five Forks Road (looking toward that point) having been swept off in the direction of the Army of the Potomac, with the enemy between them and our troops on the left of that road; and now, in following the retiring lines of Davies and Devin, the enemy bore to the right, with the double object of entirely cutting off all communication between the divided sections of our command, and thus, while gaining possession of the Boydton Plank Road, force the troops on the left of our line to abandon Dinwiddie Court House.

Fortunately General Gibbes, with the reserve brigade which had been held in hand for emergencies, was standing to horse where the Five Forks Road is intersected by a dirt road that runs off to the Boydton Plank, about a mile above Dinwiddie.

As the marching flank of the enemy in pursuit of Davies and Devin, wheeling toward the Plank Road, came crashing through the woods, General Gibbes was ordered to attack, and his gallant brigade had hardly started before they struck the enemy in flank and rear. Almost simultaneously with General Gibbes's assault, General Irvine Gregg was ordered to leave his position on Chamberlaine's Run, move rapidly by his right flank, mounted, and taking a wood-path leading over to the Five Forks Road, fall upon the enemy's rear on the left of General Gibbes. This order was promptly executed, and the sudden and combined attack thus made by these brigades caused the enemy to face about by the rear rank and look to his own defense. Davies and Devin were thus at once relieved of the pressure of the enemy's pursuit, and the trouble was averted that must have resulted from the appearance of this force in rear of the left flank of the Army of the Potomac, toward which they had been retreating.

The result of the movements just described having been anticipated, General Davies had been already instructed, through General Merritt, to bring his command, with Devin's division, to Dinwiddie Court House, by way of the Boydton Plank Road, which had not yet fallen into possession of the enemy.

It would have been possible at this time, as the enemy turned to meet the attack of Gibbes and Irvine Gregg, for Davies and Devin to have complicated his affairs somewhat by advancing upon his line as soon as he ceased to follow them; but it is easy to imagine that their commands were in rather an unavailable shape for offensive purposes after the severe retreating fight in which they had borne themselves so gallantly. Owing to the woody nature of the country, too, it was impossible for them to comprehend the exact position of the enemy in relation to our troops upon the left, and they could not therefore, perhaps, have been expected to do more than get together their men and horses and march to Dinwiddie Court House as rapidly as possible. This they did, but only rejoined the command

after the fighting was over for the day. No disaster resulted from want of their troops, however, as our men upon the left proved equal to the emergency which they were compelled to meet, when the enemy, quickly recovering from the shock of the unexpected attack in rear, assumed the offensive in that direction, and, with their largely superior force, pressed back the brigades of Gibbes and Gregg toward Dinwiddie Court House.

It was evident now that we had a difficult matter in hand, requiring the most careful attention and delicate management if we proposed to quarter in the Dinwiddie Hotel that evening. General Sheridan did so propose; and while throwing into the conflict in front all his energies, roused now to the highest pitch by the enemy's success, he sent off rapid riders to General Custer, in rear, who had been laboring all this time with the wagons and had not reached Dinwiddie, and ordered him to bring two of his brigades quickly to the front. Custer never required more than simple orders on such an occasion, for he had in himself the vim which insured a prompt response to the wishes of the commanding general; and so, forsaking the uncongenial task to which he had been a martyr, he hurried forward at the head of these brigades, and reported to General Sheridan at a critical moment when this excellent reinforcement was sorely needed.

The enemy, in attacking Gibbes and Gregg, had not only reversed their ranks, but, in order to protect themselves from troops that we might have on the left of Gregg, had necessarily changed the direction of their march, and now the fight gradually crept along toward Chamberlaine's Bed, on which they sought to rest their right flank, to secure themselves from further surprise. This backward movement delayed them somewhat, of course, and favored us also, in the fact that, by swinging round in that direction they relieved both Gibbes and Gregg, who had been hard pushed, and found fresh opponents in the fine brigade of General Smith, which now disputed warmly their approach along the bed. It was just as the car-

bines of Smith began to rattle in the woods below that the head of Custer's column reached the high ground in front of Dinwiddie Court House.

On the right of this open ridge the brigades of Gibbes and Gregg were seen slowly retiring and forming in line again, covering the Boydton Plank Road. Along the edge of the woods in their front, the gray uniforms of the rebel infantry could be distinguished moving off toward Smith, and evidently bent upon ousting him from his position on the bed before they attempted anything further. Seeing this, Gibbes's brigade, on our extreme right, moved forward again with spirit, and kept the enemy in its front diverted, while Smith continued his splendid effort against the large force now attacking him. General Sheridan instructed General Smith that when compelled to retire, as every one saw he must do, he should fall back to the high, open ground in rear, and go into position on the extreme left of the line, which we were now preparing to defend to the last. The first brigade of Custer's division was dismounted on the hill, and immediately set to work with a will to throw up a breast-work of rails, and the neighboring fences were rapidly sacrificed for the purpose.

Now, for almost the first time during this hard day's fight, could artillery be used, and the horse batteries went quickly into position and awaited the coming enemy. Smith held on to the bed with tight-clinched hands, and only let go his hold when he had hardly a round of ammunition left; then, abandoning the road on which he had been fighting, he took to the woods in front of our left, and trudged up the hill toward Dinwiddie, followed by the enemy, unmolested.

At this moment the enemy's cavalry appeared on the stage in one short act. Apparently they had been formed on the west bank of the bed, and now, as Smith abandoned the road, these fiery cavaliers dashed over the bed, and galloped wildly up the slope to cut off Smith, to get possession of the Court House, to salute the ladies, and be patted on the back; and as a staff officer, who had just left General Smith, was telling

General Sheridan that he was taking to the woods on our left and front, the enemy's cavalry rode suddenly into the open ground below us. But by this time Irvine Gregg and Custer's brigade were snugly fortified on the crest, calmly awaiting the progress of events. It seemed impossible that the enemy should have so soon gained the road from which the smoke of Smith's carbines had not yet cleared away, and for a moment our troops hesitated to fire, but only for an instant, and then they poured in a scathing volley upon the astonished column, which had staggered with surprise when it first emerged from the woods, and had halted in a mass, huddled together by the weight of its own impetus. The hot fire that burst out now from our breastworks seemed to wither this rash cavalry, for it vanished from sight, and was seen no more that day.

The sun was nearly down now, but one more effort of the enemy was yet to be made to get possession of Dinwiddie Court House, and win some fruits of the hard day's work, which, so far, had borne but barren honor. The thundering salute to their cavalry had hardly ceased to echo through the woods when the long line of their infantry slowly debouched on the plain—infantry that was hard to beat. We used to think that living was such a poor life with them that they did not much care to continue it. They had an air of *abandon*, a sort of devil-may-care swing in their long stride as they advanced over a field, that was rather disheartening to men that did not want to get shot. And these were some of their best—parts or all of Pickett's and Johnson's divisions of Anderson's corps. While they were still deploying, Pennington's brigade of Custer's division reached the field, and was immediately ordered to the right, to the support of Gibbes. Catching sight of the enemy, Pennington's men burst into a glorious cheer as they splashed through the miry road behind the rails, and from left to right the shout was passed along, while General Sheridan, cap in hand, galloped up the line with some of his staff and Generals Merritt and Custer, who were with him at the moment, and drew the first fire of the now advancing enemy. Mud and bul-

lets flew, and an enthusiastic reporter of the *New York Herald*, who was carried away by his feelings at this juncture, was shot in the shoulder following the general. Our artillery now opened, and at such short range could not fail to be destructive, and a moment later the carbines of five brigades were blazing in the twilight, the repeating Spencers puffing out their cartridges like Roman candles. The heavy fire from both sides continued for a few minutes, and, meanwhile, darkness settled down upon us. Gradually the fire from the enemy became fitful and irregular, and soon ceased altogether, for, as they advanced across the open ground, they seemed to count the cost of carrying our line, and weigh the advantages of holding the Court House by such uncertain tenure as theirs would be, separated by miles from their own army, and liable to be annihilated before they could rejoin it. Acting on the conclusion of this sober second thought, they contented themselves with such glory as the day had brought, and, wrapping themselves up in it, lay down in their tracks to rest as soon as the slacking of our fire permitted.

Thus closed one of the severest and best of our cavalry fights; one that tested to the extreme the endurance and the spirit of the command, and proved again its gallantry and steadfastness. The fight did not close with a grand *feu-de-joie* or a blaze of glory. It flickered, and then went out, because the enemy, who might have made it dramatic, decided to have it commonplace, and we appreciated his motives too well to attempt to have it otherwise, for we would, unquestionably, have been roughly handled had we mistaken his hesitancy and sallied out of our breast-works to attack him. We felt entitled to some glory, too, at nightfall, for if the enemy's object was to gain possession of Dinwiddie Court House, we had foiled him in that; if he had intended to cripple our cavalry and prevent our acting against his right and rear, he had failed in that, as he discovered next morning; and if his only object was a fight, he had got a Roland for his Oliver, and he had captured no prisoners and no material of war. It was hard to see wherein he had bettered himself, or disproportionately damaged us, so

we did not feel downhearted; though we had lost some ground we still held the key that opened the way to the enemy's right and rear, and our own communications were all intact, and we still kept the Dinwiddie Hotel.

In his official report General Grant says that in this battle of Dinwiddie Court House General Sheridan displayed great generalship, and the lieutenant-general is good authority. It is hoped that the reader has been able to see how the general displayed generalship: in extricating his command from the complications in which it was involved by the difficult nature of the country and the superior strength of the enemy; in keeping employed this formidable force, which might have caused infinite annoyance to the left flank of the Army of the Potomac; and at the same time retaining his hold of the strategic point from which new efforts could best be made, and where his presence was a standing threat to the enemy's communications.

When it became evident that the enemy had no intention of making any further demonstration, General Sheridan retired to a small house in rear of our lines, and sent off a dispatch to the lieutenant-general briefly narrating the events of the day, and adding, for his information, that the force of the enemy was too strong for us, left him to take such action as he might deem proper, while assuring him that our command would not leave Dinwiddie until compelled to do so. The dispatch reads as follows:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,
DINWIDDIE COURT HOUSE,
March 31st, 1865.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT,

Commanding Armies of the United States:

The enemy's cavalry attacked me about ten o'clock to-day, on the road coming in from the west, and a little north of Dinwiddie Court House. This attack was handsomely repulsed by General Smith's brigade, of Crook's division, and the enemy was driven across Chamberlaine's Creek. Shortly afterward the enemy's infantry attacked on the same creek in heavy force, and

drove in General Davies's brigade, and advancing rapidly, gained the forks of the road at J. Boisseau's. This forced Devin, who was in advance, and Davies to cross to the Boydton Road. General Gregg's brigade and General Gibbes's brigade, which had been toward Dinwiddie, then attacked the enemy in the rear very handsomely. This stopped the march toward the left of our infantry, and finally caused them to turn toward Dinwiddie and attack us in heavy force. The enemy then again attacked at Chamberlaine's Creek, and forced Smith's position. At this time Capehart's and Pennington's brigades, of Custer's division, came up, and a very handsome fight occurred. The enemy have gained some ground, but we still hold in front of Dinwiddie, and Davies and Devin are coming down the Boydton Road to join us. The opposing force was Pickett's division: Wise's independent brigade of infantry, and Fitzhugh Lee's, Rosser's, and W. H. Lee's cavalry commands. The men behaved splendidly. Our loss in killed and wounded will probably number four hundred and fifty men; very few were lost as prisoners. We have of the enemy a number of prisoners. This force is too strong for us. I will hold out at Dinwiddie Court House until I am compelled to leave. Our fighting to-day was all dismounted.

(Signed)

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General.

The house where this was written was a poor frame affair, inhabited by a woman and a half-dozen little children, who were living on Heaven knows what in that desert land; their house filled with wounded, and a fear of having it riddled with shot in the morning. It was a relief to get away from it and put Davies's and Devin's troops into camp behind Dinwiddie Court House as they marched into our lines by way of the Boydton Plank Road. By midnight every preparation for the morning was completed: ammunition was brought up and distributed; wagons were parked at the point they had reached, some three or four miles still short of Dinwiddie; the wounded were all

cared for and moved to the rear; and then we betook ourselves again to the hotel, where we fell down on the softest board that offered, and were asleep.

Meanwhile the lieutenant-general seems to have been awake, as we find that he immediately acted upon General Sheridan's report of the fight at Dinwiddie by ordering to his support MacKenzie's division of cavalry from the Army of the James, and first one division and then the whole of the Fifth Corps. General Grant evidently deemed it important that General Sheridan should not be foiled in his effort to break through the enemy's right flank, and therefore sent to him a force sufficient to accomplish that end—a judicious reinforcement, that led to the best results.

Unfortunately, however, there is associated with the brilliant operations which followed an unpleasant personal matter, which ought perhaps to be noticed here. Everybody will remember that at the battle of Five Forks, on April 1st, Major-General Warren was relieved from the command of the Fifth Army Corps by General Sheridan, and ordered to report to General Grant, and as we are on the eve of that engagement, it seems proper to speak of this incident now, because General Sheridan was undoubtedly influenced to his action in regard to General Warren partially by events preceding the battle. At the time much interest was felt in the community to learn the real causes of General Warren's removal, for he was an officer of prominence in the Army of the Potomac, and his record and reputation were such that it is a question whether this personal affair did not cause as much discussion in the North as the important battle of which it was an incident. This interest has been kept alive by supporters of the two officers concerned; and lately, if the circumstance was in danger of being forgotten, attention has again been called to it by the pamphlet of General Warren, giving his version of the difficulty, interwoven with a sketch of the operations of his corps. In view of these circumstances it would be idle to ignore this subject in a narrative purporting to follow General Sheridan through this campaign, and as the

steps by which he finally reached his determination to relieve General Warren lead through the whole of this day's operations, the reader will doubtless prefer to take them in turn, as thus he will be better able to decide whether General Sheridan was justified in this summary action toward a fellow-officer at the close of a successful day. In discussing this question a sincere endeavor will be made to treat it fairly and impartially; because, in the first place, General Sheridan does not need to have his reputation upheld at the expense of any other officer, and because good taste and truth would alike condemn a blind panegyric which facts do not support. No reader can fail to appreciate General Warren's delicate position; but in General Sheridan's behalf it is needful to discuss some portions of General Warren's pamphlet, and the reader is only asked to draw his own conclusions from the records from which we quote. Some influential newspapers have decided this case already in favor of General Warren without hearing the other side, looking at the controversy from his stand-point; but it is believed that the facts can be shown to sustain General Sheridan, looking at the matter from neutral ground. It may be well to add, that if this sketch here and there smacks of defense, it is only because in some points at issue General Sheridan cannot well make himself heard, and therefore it seems simple justice to lay before the reader what can with propriety be advanced in his behalf; and as the events which we are describing will some day be studied by the historian, whose task is an unenviable one at best, the testimony of eye-witnesses will always be valuable provided it be true.

We have seen that General Grant acted at once upon General Sheridan's dispatch from Dinwiddie, and then he wrote a note to him as follows:

DABNEY MILLS,

March 31st, 1865, 10.05 P. M.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN:

The Fifth Corps has been ordered to your support. Two divisions will go by J. Boisseau's and one down the Boydton Road. In addition to this I have sent MacKenzie's cavalry,

which will reach you by the Vaughan Road. All these forces, except the cavalry, should reach you by twelve o'clock to-night. You will assume command of the whole force sent to operate with you, and use it to the best of your ability to destroy the force which your command has fought so gallantly to-day.

(Signed)

U. S. GRANT,

Lieutenant-General.

This is all that passed on the subject between General Sheridan and the lieutenant-general. It is short and to the point on both sides, especially that part regarding reinforcements—quite a model of military correspondence; and the action of the lieutenant-general, unquestioning and uncomplaining, evinces a confidence that must have been gratifying to his lieutenant at Dinwiddie. General Grant says, speaking of the Fifth Corps, "Two divisions will go by J. Boisseau's and one down the Boydton Road, and should reach you by twelve o'clock to-night." Here begins the association of General Warren with General Sheridan, and so, with the reader's permission, we will now change the scene to the camp of the Fifth Corps, on the left of the Army of the Potomac.

[*To be continued.*]

Reminiscences of Prison Life and Escape.

[*Continued.*]

One day my own prison family got a chance to go outside the guard line and get a pine tree for wood and to build us a house. We got a good tree and got it cut, split and lugged into camp and our house just completed. One of our boys, A. T. Robinson, of my company and regiment, fell forward on to a stick of wood, hurting him so as to cause a rupture for the rest of his life. Our house was completed and we were proud enough of it. It was made of flat stakes or stockades driven into the ground as closely as possible, and a roof made of the

same materials only split thinner and battened and held in place by poles tied on to the top. Just as we were cutting our tree down one of the guards shot one of our men in the bowels, cutting across the abdomen so as to let his entrails run out in two places. The man in going after water had stepped across a corner of the sentry beat. The man lived two or three hours in great agony.

Another man was killed by a tree falling on him. A number of men cut a tree down inside of our camp, felling it directly into a crowd of men, and seemed as reckless and indifferent as the rebels themselves. We were huddled together as closely as possible, and our whole camp was a solid crowd. This man's leg bones stuck through the flesh several inches and I believe he was killed almost instantly. Well, we had finished our house and were about to move into it when we got order to "Fall in," and march to the station. We left our house just as we built it and marched aboard the cars and went down to Thomasville instead of towards Savannah. We got off the cars at Thomasville and were marched through the streets of the town and down back of the town, and went into camp near the edge of a pine forest. On our way through the town the people came out of their houses and stood on their verandas and reviled us, and they got as good as they sent. We had in our crowd a large number of graduates from schools of profanity and bad language and they let their tongues loose on the inhabitants of Thomasville in defiance of the guards, and in fact the guards didn't seem only half-hearted in their orders to our fellows to "shut up." One honorable exception: an old lady came out and looked at the line of haggard, starving skeletons a few minutes, then raised her hands and said in a loud distinct voice, "I'm sorry for ye, boys; it's a shame, a disgrace to our people to use ye so." The rebel guards and officers yelled, "Shut up, old woman. Go in your house, God damn ye!" Then our boys yelled back to the rebs, "Shut up yourselves, you yallar-bellied corn-crackers! You don't know anything. That's the only white woman in the whole South!" Then went up a

cheer for the old lady. We drowned the voices of the guards and amid cheers and expressions of gratitude to the good woman and jawing with the guards we had a little pandemonium. She kept up her expressions of sympathy till we were out of hearing. I should think she must have been sixty years old and is probably not living now. How many times I have thought of her since. Her courage to stand alone in that crowded rebel town and amid threats, jeers and insults of her neighbors, offer to us all that was in her power to offer—her sympathy for us, and express her sorrow for our misery.

We passed on through the town, down to the edge of a pine forest perhaps a mile from the city of Thomasville. I recollect of seeing a white negro child in the edge of the town, an albino, I suppose. A child perhaps ten years old, with full African features but as white as chalk. We went into camp as I said before by the side of a pine forest, and in a few days the rebels began a deep trench around us to set up stockades in, but we were not destined to stay there long enough to have prison walls erected around us. It was evident to us that our forces were troubling the rebels considerably for we were ordered to march to the Blue Springs, on the Flint River, a distance of sixty-three miles by the guide board at a cross road we passed.

During my stay in Andersonville I obtained a copy of one of Lloyds maps of the State of Georgia from an artist comrade of the One Hundredth New York named James Hoffman. I always meant to try to escape, and for that reason I studied the map a good deal, and so when we were ordered to march to the Flint River I remembered that it was near Albany and that Albany was either on the Georgia Central Railroad or a branch of it, on which that dread old prison, Andersonville, was situated. I suspected then that we were to be sent back to Andersonville. I got it out of one of the more intelligent guards one day on the march by careful questioning that Andersonville was our destination. Then I determined to try to escape right off. But the day we started two men with six or more hounds came along and marched behind us, and before long we heard the

baying of the hounds after some poor fellow who tried to escape, and shortly after he was captured and brought in. I had to give up my plans for immediate escape then thinking I would try it if I could when we got to the Flint River; then I might float down the river and the hounds could not track me. I think we were three days on this march, and considering our reduced condition I think it was done quickly.

To illustrate how thin we were, I will tell you that my average weight before being in rebel prisons was about one hundred and fifty pounds and I was pretty plump. Well, I was so reduced that I could easily count every bone in my body, and the two cartilages which form my nose with the skin and bone were all I had for a nose. There was a deep crease in the end of my nose, and I do not think I weighed more than fifty pounds. The most of my comrades were as poor as I, and you can understand why we were not strong. About the second day we had accomplished our day's march and were building our fire and preparing to rest for the night when an order came to move across a brook on to a little hill. We dragged ourselves across the brook, getting all wet, and had to fix up for the night again. This was in the first of December, and although it was not a cold climate we had a little snow and quite a hard frost the night before. However, that night we had a cold rain storm. I do not expect you to imagine our sufferings, but when one of our cold, raw October or November rain storms mixed with snow are prevailing, and the cattle and sheep come to the barn or stand in the fence corners shivering, then imagine if you can how you would like to camp out on some cold hillside without the ghost of a shelter, in the scantiest of summer suits, and you may get some idea of how we fared that night. Several graves or whitened skeletons, I do not know which, are there to mark the spot. True we got a few fires started but we had no axes to cut wood and the rain soon put out our fires and all we could do was to lay down on the wet ground with the pitiless storm beating upon us, and huddle together as closely as we could and wait for morning. I walked around trying to keep

warm until tired out, then I lay down beside some men more fortunate than myself and one of them said to me, "Lay up close to me; God knows you won't be any too warm then." I did so and he put his blanket over me and I slept and rested some that night, thanks to the kindness of a stranger. I shall never forget him though I never knew his name or face. Some of our prisoners had blankets but the most of us were entirely destitute. That was one night of suffering out of very many we experienced while in captivity.

I will mention one more incident of our march. Heretofore our guards had been Georgia Militia. For some unknown reason there were some old rebel soldiers who had been to the front, guarded us at least part of the way on this march and their treatment of us was kind and manly. One day we passed a house in front of which was a field of peanuts not all harvested and I with several others was allowed to go in and dig one, and we pawed the sand lively. The planter came out and ordered the guards to take us out of his garden or he would shoot some of us. The guard told him to "go back into his house." "I might fall into you 'uns hands some time and I don't believe you would refuse me a few ground peas." I always noticed that those who were brave enough to fight were generally manly in their treatment of prisoners. Well, we arrived at Blue Springs, though I did not see them, and bivouacked beside the Flint River. There we were organized into twenty-fives, fifties, hundreds and thousands. I do not know how many thousands there were of us. Commissary Sergeant Whittlesy of one of our Western regiments was in command of the hundred and thousand to which I belonged, a bright manly young man he was. I think we staid there several days. We had little fires of pitch pine wood to cook our scanty rations and also to warm us and the smoke soon begrimed our faces so we looked as black as any of the negroes. We had no soap so it was impossible to wash the soot off. One morning a rebel officer came and called all the sergeants of thousands to him and said he wanted one thousand to go aboard

the cars that evening to go somewhere to be exchanged. That was what they always told us when they wanted to move us. He said the sergeants could draw lots to see whose squad should go first if they wished. Well, we got the second or third chance and when our turn came marched across the river and went aboard the cars. I had noticed that a train went up towards Andersonville at about four o'clock every morning and I was perfectly sure in my own mind that was where we were going. I was just beginning to have the scurvy and I was well satisfied that if I went back to Andersonville to spend the winter I should die there. I did not mean to go. Well, they drove us into those freight cars, one hundred in a car, as though we were sheep or swine, and packed us as closely. Then the guards were posted around us and we had the night before us, "packed like sardines in a box." The guards built some fires so they could see the doors of our movable prison and made themselves ready for the night. Our door was about half-way open. We had a garrulous old fellow named Joe Hammer, who had amused himself by telling the rebels stories about that mythical country called the North—stories that rivaled the Arabian Nights for marvelousness—and they wanted him to come out of the car and tell them some more stories. Joe went out and soon the two rebels set to guard our door were listening to him with mouths wide open utterly oblivious to everything on earth except the wonderful story. I came to the door of the car and took in the situation and determined then and there to try to escape. Bidding one of our family a hasty good by I dropped down on to the ground and scrambled along under the edge of the car, past the tender and locomotive, then dodged behind the corner of the depot or freight house and I was clear from the rebels. Recollect, this was at night, the train would not start until morning and the engineer and firemen were not on the engines. Another thing favored me: it was dark as Egypt and a cold drizzling rain was falling.

It didn't cost the Southern Confederacy anything to guard or feed me any more after that night, the twenty-fourth of Decem-

ber, 1864. Then commenced my experience life as a fugitive slave for I lived with them and fared the same as they did. When I found myself clear from the rebels and was satisfied they had not missed me, I thought I would take a westward course as near as I could tell or guess, and did so. The first I brought up against was a picket fence. I stopped a minute and discovered a light away in the distance which I took for a light in a negro hut outside of the city. Then I decided to climb every obstacle, fence or what not, and go straight to that light; accordingly I climbed the picket fence and walked eight or ten feet and came to another picket fence at about right angles with the first. I climbed that also and soon found myself in a "wood pasture" as it was called in Southern dialect. Four months later I came back and saw the city of Albany, Ga., under the old flag and looked up my escape route and found I had climbed over the corner of a man's front yard when by deviating a little from my course I might have gone around it in half the time it took me to do the climbing, but I still think I did right in keeping my course. I soon found myself outside of the city and could hear the roosters crowing and another sound that I paid more attention to, the yelping of hounds! I struggled along as fast as my feeble condition would allow till I came to a fence. I followed the fence till I found a tree I thought I could climb and then sat down on the fence and waited for the hounds and hunters, for I certainly thought they were after me. After a short time I concluded they were only the dogs in the city having a concert, and as the sounds did not come nearer to me I started on towards the light. After I got over the fence I found myself in a newly ploughed field, and it was muddy and oh, so hard for me to make any progress, and yet I was cold all through. I did not have enough blood to keep me warm. What little clothing I had was all drenched through. For clothing I had an unlined blouse of blue flannel for a shirt with a big hole on each shoulder and a similar outlet for the elbows; the wrists of the sleeves were worn and ragged half way to the elbows too, with only one button left, but I

pinned it together with slivers of wood. My pants were those I had on when captured, only some the worse for wear. I had mended them all I could but the holes in the knees would grow larger and the seams around the bottoms of the legs were worn off and the holes in the knees had torn downward but I pinned or sewed the bottoms together and got along that way. I mended the holes over the pockets by sewing the pocket to the cloth where the cloth would reach, and where it would not I had to leave a hole. I had quite a decent pair of stockings which I had bought in prison, but my shoes I had to mend to keep them on my feet. How do you suppose we could mend shoes in a rebel prison? I will tell you. I cut strings off the tops of the quarters and bored holes through the soles and uppers and tied the soles on in that way, and as fast as the strings wore out put in new ones; by that means some of us had exceedingly low quartered shoes. I had an old regulation hat or a skeleton of one and this hat completed my entire stock of clothing. I was cold that night—chilled as I hope never to be again.

After a long time I arrived near the light and found it was a fire out door instead of in a negro hut. Now when I got away from the guards I had no idea that it would be possible for me to elude the hounds if once they got after me and I did not doubt they would, for every morning they used to circle around our camp and if anyone had escaped they would take his track as quickly as though he was a wild beast and soon run him down. I hoped to stay out long enough to get all I wanted to eat once more and get some other simple necessaries, such as possibly an old rug or piece of a quilt or some rags I could patch my clothes with, a spoon, dipper or knife of some kind. I had traded while in Andersonville or Millen for what, I think, was a cavalryman's saddlebag and I had made some preparation to escape by trading for and obtaining some extra rations. I had one and a half large round hard tack and a piece of boiled beef and a wooden spoon in this haversack or saddlebag. Well, I wanted to know what this fire was. It would flash up brightly for a minute and then die down. I watched it, looking all the

time to see if there wasn't a rebel picket guard near it, and one time I thought I saw a stack of muskets, but creeping nearer I found there was no one near and that it was a pitch pine stump burning out. Then I went up to it and sat down on the ground and began to get warm. The ground was quite hot around it. I thought I would eat what I had and then sleep and rest and then I should have as much strength as I could hope to muster for a march of as far as I could possibly get from rebels or prisons. I curled around that fire and slept very comfortably and woke up just as day was breaking. I started, as my compass said, westward, and in about twenty rods came to a turnpike and followed it a mile, I guess; came to a swamp with a causeway across and over it. I went around a bend and came to a big plantation with cornfields on each side of the road. I went over the high "zigzag" or "Virginia" fence and found a few ears of corn that had been overlooked in harvesting. This was just what I wanted, and I gathered them greedily.

While in the cornfield I heard a sound that startled me, a horse galloping. I instantly dropped down and tried to hide but it was too late. I saw approaching at a good gallop a nigger on a big yellow mule and he was looking right at me. I went up to the fence and motioned him to stop, which he did, jumped off his mule and respectfully pulled off his hat and raised his hand to his head, saluted, bowed and dragged one big foot backwards as obsequiously as if I had been his master. Then a short talk something like this: "Hello, where are you going?" Another bow and salute with a rolling up of his eyes, "I's gwine to Albany to get some dram, dis Christmas morning, sah, and we has a holiday, sah, 'n' I hopes to see ol' Mis' and she'll gib me drink of whiskey, sah." "Do you know who I am?" I asked him, looking sharply at him. "Yes, sah, tinks I does, sah; I s'pose you is a Yankee," said he, dropping his voice almost to a whisper. "Who will you tell first that you have seen a Yankee?" "Won't tell noboddy sah, never, sah." "Why?" "Cos," said he, "Bruh Benjerman, he been work on de forts fur de gubment up to Ansonville and he say wen you'ns

all comes," dropping his voice and looking around cautiously, "we's be free!"

That was enough, I thought I could trust him. I showed him my pocket compass and told him if he could hide me two months that it should be his. He said he could and would, and would ask me "nuffin." Then he declared he had seen me before and knew me. Said he, "I'se seen you in de 'circus' las' yeah." I told him no, never. "What, wan't you been in de circus? Thought I'd seen yer. Well, come right way; I'll hide yer wher no buddy won't nebber find yer, ober in de back lots. I's de hog minder 'n' I's logging of some new lan' ol' Mis' a clearin' an' ye can keep all de fire ye want an' no buddy'll eber find ye." I went over the fence again and he directed me to the fodder stacks, saying he didn't want no dram and would go round and come in by the gate. Just as I landed on the other side of the fence he told me to lie down. I heard another hoof beat and down I went. Another nig rode up and they talked a minute, when I heard a loud laugh and then nig number two rode on and was soon out of sight. I went up to the fodder stacks and waited a few minutes when my new friend came with about half a dozen of his dusky friends of both sexes, each bearing me a Christmas present. One gave me a big piece of corn bread, another a big wad of molasses candy made of sorghum syrup with pork fat in it for flavoring. Still others gave me a piece of tobacco, none of them neglecting to wish me a merry Christmas. I took their presents and told them I felt very thankful to them. I haven't got over feeling thankful to them yet, and don't ever expect to. No Christmas ever goes by without my thinking of those simple-minded people and their kindly gifts. I do not know what saved my life for I ate everything they gave me but the tobacco right there and then. Then a committee of "cullud pussuns," Brer Matt, Brer Benjamin, Prince, Abe, John and William took me into a house and brought soft soap and warm water and stripped my (clothes?) rags off and scrubbed me white. I thought they would scour the skin off, part of the time. Then they each contributed a

part and got me up a nice suit of clothes, consisting of a hat made of bulrushes, cotton shirt and an old frock coat, but I was still minus pants. Two or three went out and skirmished around for a pair for me and came back reporting a complete failure. It began to look as though I should have to do without that part of the outfit when Brer Benjamin got up, and swelling up in a very important manner, strutted around the room and delivered himself thusly: "Once when de Lord was here on dis yer erth, he wuz 'er trabbilin' erlong, un He got hongry 'n' he wer orful hongry 'n' He coll on der rich man 'n' de rich man he woodn' gib 'im nuffin' ter eat; 'n' der He call on der pore widder woman 'n' He ax her ter gib 'im sumfin' 'n' she only had flour nuff ter make one little hoe cake er bread, but she make dat up 'n' set it afore Him 'n' He sat down 'n' eat, 'n' when He got up der was er plenty left!" I could not think what the poor nig was driving at. He went out and brought me in his new breeches, his next year's ration of pants, as it were, and remarking that the Lord would probably "gib him nudder pair," gave them to me. Then I ate another large lunch and my first acquaintance, Matt, conducted me out into the back lots and left me in a thicket for the day. I ate till I positively could not hold any more roasted sweet potatoes, fresh pork, and corn bread. Then I slept, sitting before my little fire and leaning back against a gum tree.

The rain storm had not cleared off and towards night it began to pour pretty hard and I began to feel chilly and so I went into the quarters. There was no white man there owing to a scarcity of that article, and the plantation was managed by an overseer on another plantation some five miles distant. So I was comparatively safe going in before dark. They took me into an unoccupied tenement, built me a good fire and I took solid comfort resting that night. Then Prince and Abe told me I could have their house all to myself, as they did not use it, their wives being owned on another plantation. I staid in this house alone about a week, when one day one of the negroes brought in another escaped prisoner, Livingston Saylor, of a Pennsylvania

regiment, who was my companion during my stay with the negroes. The door of our house was kept locked and we kept very still and were quite safe till one day Mrs. Davis Pace, the owner of the plantation, came out from town (Albany) where she lived, to give the slaves their yearly allowance of clothing. I was not aware that she was there and came out of my house as coolly and leisurely as if I was the owner. Then the darkies were frightened, but their quick wit saved me and them. A lot of the women huddled around their mistress and one of the "boys," "Tweedie" by name, came towards me saying in a terrified stage whisper, "Go down in 'e pond!" meaning a little swamp near by. "Quick I tell yer! Quick get down in de pond! Outen sight! Go! Go!" and I went and staid till Ole Mis' was gone.

They did not dare to let us stay any longer in the house, so we went into the gin house and staid till sometime in February. This gin house was about forty feet square with no posts inside of the sills or under the center, and no boards on the lower eight feet. Above this eight feet was a floor for the raw or seed cotton, as brought from the fields. This floor rested on immense pine timbers to keep the floor from sagging any or springing. The object in having no inside posts below, was to admit a team to travel round with a sweep to carry the cotton gin. There was a stairway outside, up to the second story and the seed cotton was about four or five feet deep on the floor except the corner where the gin was. On the north side was a room about twelve feet wide extending across the end of the building from the eaves to the ground, this was the "lint room" where the "lint" or cleaned cotton was thrown from the gin. This was also boarded overhead and a large lot of cotton seed was heaped up on top of this lint room. The gable end was boarded like many of our barns with wide cracks between the boards. Well, we climbed up on to this pile of cotton seed and made us a bed by digging a hole down into the seed so we could be all out of sight anytime we wanted to hide, and there we staid day after day waiting, waiting, waiting, for what we

hardly knew. Some days the monotony was broken by an old gray-headed slave named Nelson with three or four boys, who came and ran the cotton gin. The mill was carried by four mules hitched to the sweeps below. Over the horses and below the floor, was a large wooden horizontal face wheel with cogs which mashed into a vertical cog wheel on a shaft, extending from the center of the room to the side of it, and near the wall on this shaft was a wheel carrying a belt to the machine. This machine, cotton-gin, consisted of twenty-four little steel saws. A steel plate with slots large enough to let the saws run through but not leaving room enough for cotton seed to go through was placed over the saws. The fiber was drawn through the slots by the saw teeth and taken off by a large cylindrical brush which ran very much faster than the saws. The cotton seed fell to the floor and was shoveled out of a window where it rotted and was used to manure the gardens. Comrade Saylor and I used to feed the machine sometimes for amusement, while old Nelson looked on and showed us how. One day while in this gin house we were startled by hearing shots near by, but they proved to be only a rebel soldier on furlough out bird shooting. We kept still and he soon went away.

One night it was suggested that we go hog hunting with Brer Prince and Abe, so about ten o'clock that night we started. The darkies had pitch pine torches when we should need them, butcher knives, a hatchet and a Scotch bull dog, named Juno. We went into the woods and found some hogs, when Abe sang out to his dog, "Whoop Juno, catch 'em!" The dog neither barked nor growled but sprang forward like a panther and we knew she had her prey by the squeal. Abe rushed forward and seized the dog while the rest of us tackled the swine and held it. Abe choked the dog off and thumped the hog on the head and all was still, then we built a fire, singed off the bristles and dressed the hog. It was done very quickly and was dressed as nicely as though scalded. Then we took another porker the same way and went home. There was a supply of

sweet potatoes in pits near by and we helped ourselves to them whenever we wanted them. When I first escaped from the rebels at Albany, I do not think I weighed more than forty pounds, I could easily count every bone in my body. I was just a skeleton with the skin drawn very tightly over the bones. On this diet of fresh pork and sweet potatoes I soon fattened up and when I reported to Gen. McCook at Albany the following April I looked as well as ever.

Sundays we used to teach the negroes to read, they had Methodist hymn books and the Bible for books. The "preachers" were most anxious to learn to read "coz" they said "we has all dese pore souls on our hans an' we's 'sponsible for 'em." One preacher, the leading hog stealer, couldn't stop to learn the letters, he must learn quicker. So I used to point out the words of a certain chapter in Revelation till he knew all the words whenever he saw them but he didn't know a letter. Then he would try another chapter till he came to a word he had not learned. I would tell him what it was, and so on. Others were anxious to begin with the letters and learn "de whole ting." Their singing was very good. I used to try to prepare them for their freedom by telling them how they would have to be saving and prudent with their earnings and not drink whiskey.

When I was about ten years old I read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" "Inside of Slavery," "Carry Moore," and some other works exposing the barbarity of the slavery days. It did not seem possible for such tales to be true, but being with the slaves who were then serving their masters and hearing them speak of the time Mars Culbreath "wipped ole Pomp to deff" and other such incidents soon convinced me that Mrs. Stowe did not color her story of "Uncle Tom" any too black. I heard the negroes speak one day of the time "when ole Aunty Jane's baby was killed." I inquired about it and they told me of a very smart boy that was too young to work in the field but could trap birds. "He was a orful cruel buoy;" used to torture the birds to death in different ways. As he grew older the

driver used to make him take care of the field women's babies; they would be carried to the field and all left together under a tree where they would have a fire to cook their dinners. One day old Aunty heard her baby scream and broke away from the field work and ran to see what was the matter. She arrived to see this boy put a shovel of hot embers into the child's face, eyes and mouth. She went at the boy with a wild yell; he ran away and she caught the child up but it was too late to save it. It died sometime in the night in horrible agony. The boy laughed about it. He had to be sold and sent away or the infuriated mother would surely have killed him. So much for the result of the "Divine Institution." I heard many such stories of barbarity but this is enough. According to the negroes' stories and the subsequent Ku Klux atrocities it seems that the white people were about as barbarous as it is possible for humans to be, and their savage cruelty was of every day occurrence and caused no great excitement, it was so common.

One night while we were in a swamp called the "Colawakee" one of our colored friends came to us and said: "Dey say dis yere Confederacy is done bust up 'n' ole Mis' has had all de bacon 'n' all de corn hauled out in de woods 'n' hid, 'n' dey say de Yankees'll be here right off." We doubted it but thought something had happened. We were staying with a runaway slave who had been "runaway" about two years. He said his father was an Indian. His hair stood out straight from his head about eight inches, and he was a wild looking specimen of humanity. He and I went out that night after a pig and he said there was corn under a persimon tree in a four hundred acre field called the old ocean. We went to the tree and found corn as he said all scattered around. Then I realized that our time in prisons or swamps was about over. We took corn and caught our porker and went into camp. My comrade Saylor and I held a consultation right off and decided to go to Albany and find out what was up. We started the next night and arrived at the Pace plantation within two or three miles of the city. We camped in a swamp in the back lots during the fol-

lowing day, and at night went in to the city, found the Yankees were there, and reported to Gen. McCook. I can not describe the thrill I experienced when I saw the old flag and a sentinel in blue on duty for the first time. We were happy. The Rebellion was crushed. Our homes were almost in sight. We stayed with some loyal white people Saylor had become acquainted with when he escaped; had a good time talking with the general's staff officers about the wind-up of the war. Then we went to Macon; Saylor found some friends in a Pennsylvania regiment and left me. I soon got transportation North and started for home.

Reunions of the Regiments from Maine.

Never during the War of the Rebellion were the Maine regiments ever paraded together, neither did they meet on the same field; nor since that memorable struggle have they ever met together as regimental associations except once at Portland in 1876, though again at Portland, during the G. A. R. Encampment of 1885, the Eastern Promenade was white with the tents of the survivors of the war; but such survivors assembled as G. A. R. Posts and not as representatives of the army organizations.

It may happen that never, or until the survivors of each regiment shall have been reduced to a mere fragment, will the veterans of Maine assemble at one place and at one time. One other truth should be stated, that at the annual reunions of the various regiments from Maine, all of which are most happy and entirely enjoyable, most of the survivors are unable to attend on account of business and work, or from the disabilities of their service in the field or from financial considerations. Now to obviate these hardships and to provide a field where all the men of Maine who participated in that great struggle can in spirit assemble and enjoy what was said and enacted at each of the various reunions, the pages of the MAINE BUGLE will present as

full accounts as could be obtained from all the regimental and other organizations who assembled in reunion during the year 1894. It is hoped that this endeavor to preserve the records of such meetings, and to make the joy of those who were able to attend the enjoyment of all who may read these accounts, will meet a suitable response from all the old comrades in arms. Finally the strategic point to which all the gatherings of these regimental reunions tend, is the securing of a full and accurate compilation of the life and service of each regiment which went forth to war from the good old State of Maine. Will you give both your financial aid and literary endeavor to secure this most desirable object?

Twenty-third Reunion of the First Maine Cavalry

AT SKOWHEGAN, AUGUST 9TH, 1894.

The day was by no means an ideal one for a reunion of veterans. It was decidedly moist—wet—but veterans of the First Maine Cavalry do not mind the wet. They enjoy meeting comrades, grasping their hands and recounting the incidents and scenes through which they passed in the eventful days of 1861-5 which tested the patriotism and endurance of the people of this great country.

General J. P. Cilley and four others arrived Wednesday evening, and a dozen or more on the 7 A. M. train, Thursday morning, but the greater number arrived on the 10.38 A. M. train, Thursday, and members residing in surrounding towns arrived by private conveyance or by stage during the early part of the day notwithstanding the heavy rain of the morning. Headquarters were established at Hotel Heselton and the business meeting of the association was held there at 11 o'clock A. M. The officers were: Geo. E. Goodwin, Skowhegan, president; Albert Edgecomb, Boston, vice president; C. A. F. Emery, Boston, secretary; Orin S. Haskell, Pittsfield, corresponding secretary; J. P. Cilley, Rockland, treasurer. The session was

a short one presided over by Dr. S. A. Patten, by request of President George E. Goodwin, who was busy with the local committee in looking out for arrivals and providing for their comfort while there. C. A. F. Emery of Boston, the secretary of the association, not being present Capt. O. S. Haskell of Pittsfield, the corresponding secretary, officiated in his stead. Gen. J. P. Cilley who had been treasurer of the association for many years reported and his report was accepted. A committee raised at the last annual meeting, consisting of Sidney W. Thaxter, C. W. Skillings and Charles F. Dam, reported that they had made arrangements with Gen. J. P. Cilley whereby he takes the property and accounts of the Regimental History and the BUGLE and assumes therefor the balance of liabilities of the association on their account. This report was unanimously accepted. Comrades Monson, Tobie, Savage, Cilley, Drinkwater and Tilton were chosen a committee to name to the association a place of meeting for 1895. This committee reported invitations received from Augusta, Castine and Newport, and the association voted in favor of holding the reunion at Camp Benson, Newport, Me. A committee consisting of Col. S. H. Allen for the field and staff and one from each company was raised to nominate officers for the ensuing year. This committee subsequently reported, for president, Orin S. Haskell, Pittsfield; vice president, Henry F. Tilton, Newport; secretary, Milton F. Ricker, Auburn; treasurer, Charles F. Dam, Portland; corresponding secretary, O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield. These gentlemen were unanimously elected in accordance with the report.

On motion of M. F. Ricker, eloquently seconded by Col. Drinkwater, the hearty thanks of the association were unanimously voted to Gen. Cilley, the retiring treasurer, for the faithful and efficient manner in which he performed the duties of that office during his long service. A vote of thanks was also tendered the other retiring officers, after which the business meeting dissolved and the members gathered in groups in the hotel offices, upon the hotel piazzas or strolled or rode about town, enjoying themselves as only veterans can.

The banquet in Hotel Heselton in the evening, tendered to the association by the Somerset County organization of the First Cavalry, was an occasion of rare enjoyment. Tables had been laid for one hundred and fifty visitors and citizens but it was found that one hundred and seventy-five tickets had been disposed of, which necessitated re-arranging tables, causing unavoidable delay so that it was nearly ten o'clock before the large company filed into the artistically arranged and decorated dining hall of "Mine Host" Heselton.

President Goodwin called the guests to order and after Divine blessing was invoked by Comrade G. W. Nash, Chaplain of Russell Post, G. A. R., two hours were devoted to discussion of the following:

MENU.

	Mock Bisque Soup			
	Fried Brook Trout			
Lettuce	Celery	Olives	Cucumbers	
Transparent Fritters—	Suet Sauce	Compote of Rice with Cherries		
	Young Turkey with Dressing			
String Beans		Mashed Potatoes		
	Celery Salad			
	Blanc Mange and Cream			
	Vanilla Ice Cream			
	Sliced Pineapple			
Fruit	Nuts	Dates	Figs	
	Assorted Cake			
Cantelope		Watermelon		
	Bent's Water Crackers			
	Coffee			

During the repast and earlier in the evening Kendall's orchestra at intervals discoursed sweet music, and Miss Agnes Safford sang the patriotic song "Glory, Glory Hallelujah" and, in response to a vigorous encore, sang "Marching Through Georgia," the "boys" coming in on the chorus with old-time fervor. Mrs. W. H. Emery accompanied the singing on the piano.

After the menu had been satisfactorily discussed, Dr. S. A. Patten, for the local branch and the citizens of Skowhegan, greeted his visiting comrades and their wives and daughters with warm words of welcome and patriotic remarks.

George B. Safford of the Eleventh Maine Infantry Association was detailed by President Goodwin as toastmaster and officiated as such gracefully with well chosen words.

Gen. J. P. Cilley responded to the sentiment "The First Maine Cavalry" with his usual pleasing earnestness. The First Maine, he said, lost more men during the war than any other cavalry regiment in the service and was in more fights than any other regiment. The love of members of the association was strong. They have expended \$5,500 in the publication of the regimental history and were proud of that history. No other regiment has its history so grandly written. The annual reunions are of great interest and enjoyment.

Charles W. Skillings of Company F entertained the audience in a disquisition upon the "Grand Army Button" and its significance. John A. Logan said, "one button for all, regardless of position or rank."

Hon. C. A. Marston of Skowhegan responded ably to the "Sons of Maine as Soldiers and Civilians." He knew, he said, nothing by actual experience of Sons of Maine as soldiers but their record is made up and it is a bright one. He spoke of meeting three thousand sons and daughters of Maine in one grand meeting in California at the annual meeting of the Maine association, and alluded to Maine's crop of brainy men.

A. C. Drinkwater of Braintree, Mass., graphically related an incident in the military career of Gen. B. F. Butler, indicating his methods of punishing traitors and his later efforts, while a congressman, to alleviate the effect of that punishment upon the wife and children of the traitor executed in the interest of law and order in New Orleans.

Letters of regret were read from Governor Cleaves, Senators Hale and Frye, Congressman Milliken, Gen. C. H. Smith of Eastport, Major H. C. Hall of Chelsea, Mass. These letters were filled with patriotic sentiments, appreciative of the work of the veteran soldier and of the First Maine Cavalry.

At the close of the banquet M. F. Ricker moved a vote of thanks to the local branch of the cavalry association and to cit-

izens of Skowhegan for their very effective efforts for the good of the association while there. This motion was seconded by Gen. Cilley and enthusiastically passed. Thus closed an occasion which appeared to be much enjoyed by the veterans. Their entertainment certainly was an event attended with satisfaction to the people.

Names of members of the First Maine Cavalry Association present during the reunion, with residences, follow, viz.:

Col. S. H. Allen, Thomaston; Thara S. Adams, Solon; Lewis Anderson, Skowhegan, (honorary); Perry Arnold, Bangor; A. F. Bickford, Skowhegan; M. M. Branch, Waterville; Plummer H. Butler, Norridgewock; Capt. J. P. Carson, Mt. Vernon; Gen. J. P. Cilley, Rockland; A. H. Clement, Waterville; William W. Cole, Fairfield; L. Copeland, Corinna; M. B. Cook, Friendship; Capt. L. H. Daggett, Boston, Mass.; Chas. F. Dam, Portland; R. M. Daniels, Pittsfield; A. C. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.; Albert Edgecomb, Boston, Mass.; N. S. Emery, Waterville; John Emery, Jr., Hampden; Frank B. Foss, Harmony; Volney H. Foss, Bangor; Chas. H. Foster, Canaan; Daniel M. Foster, Canaan; D. W. Gage, Cambridge, Mass.; Geo. W. Gatchell, Brewer; Elijah Gay, Ctr. Montville; Charles B. Gilman, Solon; L. Goodwin, Skowhegan; George E. Goodwin, Skowhegan; G. N. Harris, Melrose, Mass.; John E. Hart, Burnham; Ira B. Harvey, Lewiston; Lieut. Orin S. Haskell, Pittsfield; S. C. Hastings, Sidney; Albert H. Higgins, Readfield; S. A. Holway, Solon; E. B. Humphrey, Canaan; Sylvanus Judkins, Athens; A. J. Kimball, Hermon; Seth Knight, So. Waterboro; Caleb N. Lang, Portland; Silas Leach, N. Castine; Frank Lewis, Orono; A. O. Libby, Waterville; Frank B. Lowe, Waterville; L. Manson, Houlton; Chas. H. Miller, Lincoln; B. C. Mosher, Mercer; Dennis Murphy, Skowhegan; S. B. Newbegin, Oldtown; Chas. F. Nichols, Augusta; Asst. Surgeon A. M. Parker, M. D., Deering; Asst. Surg. S. A. Patten, M. D., Skowhegan; Alfred Pierce, Arlington, Mass.; A. A. Richardson, E. Vassalboro; S. R. Richards, Belfast; Milton T. Ricker, Auburn; F. J. Savage, Fairfield; G. A. Savage, Fairfield; Chas. W. Skillings, Portland; Sewell W. Smith, Skowhegan; Asa M. Stevens, Fxeter; C. O. Stone, Boston; Leonard Stone, Monson; Geo. B. Safford, Skowhegan (honorary); C. A. Thoms, Augusta; Henry F. Tilton, Newport; Leroy H. Tobie, Portland; H. J. Varney, Skowhegan; Capt. Zenas Vaughan, Skowhegan; Converse L. Webb, Skowhegan; Lieut. John R. Webb, Skowhegan; Chas. H. Whitney, Mercer; Fred A. Wilson, Augusta; J. H. Wyman, Skowhegan.

The wives and daughters of members who were present were:

Mrs. Elijah Gay, Center Montville, Me.; Mrs. Frank Lowe, Waterville; Mrs. N. S. Emery, Waterville; Mrs. O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield; Mrs. L. Monson, Houlton; Mrs. J. C. Edwards, Chelsea, Mass.; Mrs. P. H. Butler, So. Norridgewock; Miss Edith Savage, Fairfield; Mrs. John E. Hart, Burnham; Miss Winnifred Foss, Bangor; Miss Gertrude Foss, Bangor; Mrs. A. F. Lewis, Orono; Mrs. A. O. Libby, Waterville; Mrs. V. H. Foss, Bangor; Mrs. T. Foss, Harmony; Mrs. A. H. Clement, Waterville;

Mrs. E. B. Humphrey, Canaan; Mrs. F. A. Wilson, Augusta; Mrs. Llewellyn Cope-land, Corinna; Mrs. Richard M. Daniels, Pittsfield; Mrs. A. C. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.; Mrs. C. N. Lang, Portland; Mrs. C. B. Gilman, Bingham; Miss Lizzie F. Gilman, Bingham; Miss Marguerite Libby, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Llewellyn Goodwin, Mrs. A. F. Bickford, Mrs. Zenas Vaughan, Mrs. M. J. Allen, Mrs. John R. Webb, Mrs. Sewall Smith, Mrs. C. L. Webb, Mrs. James Herrin, Mrs. Geo. E. Goodwin, Mrs. J. H. Wyman, Misses Gertrude Goodwin, Lillian Smith and Bessie Allen, all of Skowhegan.

About fifty of the Skowhegan ladies and gentlemen, aside from those enumerated above, and among whom were a number of veterans of other Maine regiments, participated in the banquet and greatly enjoyed the occasion.

The following comrades answered on reply postal cards and expressed their inability to attend: John Ames, Searsport; Hosea P. Bump, Farmington; R. R. Bangs, Wescott, Neb.; Major G. M. Brown, Bangor, writes: "Expect to leave last of August for a voyage to the Azores for my health, sail from Boston. Wish I could see the boys every year, but I am in rather poor shape to go about." Henry S. Barker, Oak Hill, Fla., writes: "Nothing would please me more than to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry and see some of the boys I love so well." G. W. Bryant, West Paris, writes: "It would give me great pleasure to meet the comrades at your place on the Twenty-third Annual Reunion did I have the health and means to enable me to do so." Levi G. Brown, Farmington; A. J. Burbank, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have never forgotten a remark to me of President Lincoln in October, 1864, 'Honor enough to any man to have belonged to the First Maine Cavalry.'" S. M. Clark, Masardis, writes: "Let my dream be the answer. Last night I was with you and I saw your old faces in dreamland again. There was Thaxter and Estes, Beede and Burrill and others, as natural as ever. I saw them again at our picket fire out on the old Rappahannock." J. L. Colcord, Boston, Mass.; E. A. Clifford, Bangor; E. H. Colman, Searsport; M. G. Chapman, Galion, Ohio, writes: "I would have the pleasure of meeting many comrades that I have not seen in a long time but I am superintendent of Galion Water Works Company and

my services are very much needed here at present." Cyrus Case, Melvern, Kan., writes: "As I can not be with you in the body I certainly shall be in spirit—in the loyal spirit of '61-'65. Wishing you a royal good time, as I know you will have, I shall await anxiously the report in the BUGLE." E. F. Cornell, Port Alleghany, Pa., writes: "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to meet my comrades in arms, as I never have been able to meet them since '65." Isaac Chamberlain, Plainview, Neb., writes: "I want to see the old regiment once more; it would be the greatest treat I could have. I think of them often and wish I could meet with them." J. F. Drake, Topeka, Kan., writes: "Nothing would afford me greater pleasure than to meet with the boys of the old First Maine on my forty-ninth birthday. I have long looked forward to the time when I could be in Maine at time of reunion. May the day be one of glad reunion, and the last song 'When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.'" William H. Daniels, Exeter Mills, writes: "I have lost the use of my right hand and arm and am not able to ride so far." E. A. Doe, Bridgeton, writes: "Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to be with you at the reunion of the old regiment but the distance and the state of my health forbid." J. C. Decker, North Waterford; Fred S. Dawes, Hudson, Mass.; William Elliot, Indianapolis, Ind., writes: "I was sorry you did not send me notice of the reunion by the first of last month; I might have made arrangements to have met you and my old comrades, God bless them, but my partner has gone to California so I cannot leave. Give my best wishes to those brave companions of my youth. God bless you all." E. M. Esterbrooke, Elizabeth, N. J.; Edwin T. Edgecomb, Kezar Falls; T. S. Esterbrooke, Houlton; J. D. Eaton, Wells, writes: "Best wishes for a grand reunion; my love to all; hope we may all meet next year." C. A. F. Emery, Boston, Mass., writes: "Hope you will have a glorious reunion, as I know the boys in Skowhegan can make it so." M. W. Farr, Lewiston, writes: "I am a letter-carrier and can not get away." Wellington Frost, Pembroke; C. H. Fergusen, Boston, Mass.;

Albert P. Friend, Brooksville; E. C. Fuller, North Livermore; Arad E. Gilbert, Leeds; S. E. Griffin, West Pembroke; S. Garvin, Mapleton, Minn., writes: "Nothing would give me more pleasure, but this is a very busy time, therefore I shall have to decline. I sincerely hope you will have a good time." Orrin L. Garrett, Carmel; W. W. Gilbert, Vassalboro; Harrison Goding, Newport, Vt.; William H. Harriman, Brockton, Mass.; J. A. Hutchins, Eustes, Fla., writes: "Would like very much to see all the boys." G. E. Hunton, Abilene, Kan.; Hanson Hutchings, Etna; James W. Harriman, Neecedah, Wis., writes: "God bless you all; I hope you will have a good time. Remember me to the dear old boys of Company E." Frank G. Haynes, New Haven, Conn., writes: "I long to meet the old boys especially B Company of '61 and '62, but am obliged to wait for more energetic time in the industrial world." James F. Howard, Hallowell, writes: "No one would enjoy meeting the comrades more than myself but sickness prevents." S. B. Jones, West Auburn; D. W. Lowell, Astabula, Lake Co., Fla.; Lyman P. Leighton, 5 Bloomfield street, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. A. E. Littlefield of East Brownfield, writes: "My husband, Jonathan Littlefield, died September 16th, 1891, after years of suffering from injuries received in the service, but never regretting that he answered his country's call, and always proud that he was a member of the First Maine Cavalry. He always held the memory of his comrades with the warmest emotions of respect and affection. Is there a regimental association of which I, as a comrade's widow, can become a member?"

S. C. Lovejoy, Washington, D. C.; H. H. Lowell, Penfield, Pa., writes: "I hope to see many of your dear faces at the next encampment at Pittsburg next month. Should any of you come on the Alleghany Valley Railroad don't forget to drop off at Penfield; my latch string hangs out for you." Henry Little, Dearborn Sta., Chicago, Ill., writes: "Though absent in the body I shall be with you in spirit. I hope when another year rolls around and I am alive and well to meet with the comrades of the dear old regiment. I regret very much missing this

reunion for it's been my misfortune not to be able to be with them at former reunions held in Skowhegan. I desire very much to participate in your hospitality, for we all know Skowhegan 'takes the cake.' Kindly remember me to all the 'old boys.' The date reminds me of thirty-two years ago, our maiden battle with the whole regiment." A. Lord, Jr., Williamsport, Pa., writes: "Hope you will have a large attendance and the boys will have a glorious good time." J. S. Mansur, Houlton, writes: "My best wishes to each and every one." Charles H. Marston, Portland; A. D. McGuire, Freland, Mich., writes: "You can hardly imagine what pleasure it would give me to be with you and the boys on the twenty-third, as I have not seen one of them since 1866, but it is not possible for me to go, so please accept my sincere regrets. I belong to the Stephen Munger Post of Freland and our relief corps presented us with a splendid flag last evening. There are but a very few of us old soldiers here but we are comrades in every sense of the word." George J. Northrop, Marquette, Mich.; Robert Nutter, Port Caledonia, C. B. Canada, writes: "I assure you if I am absent in person I shall be there in heart. William A. Osborn, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., writes: "It has been twenty-three years since I saw a man that belonged to the First Maine Cavalry but I am glad to know that the boys get together." George E. Perkins, Parsonsfield, writes: "I would be very much pleased to be with the 'old boys' and shall remember them that day." John M. Perkins, editor *Grand Army Record*, 31 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., writes: "I am exceedingly busy. I have never yet attended a reunion in Maine." A. B. Paterson, Dexter; J. B. Perry, Northampton, Mass.; George Prince, Boston, Mass., writes: "My spirit and kind wishes will be with you all the day long and at your banquet in the evening, and listen to all the bright words and kind sentiments that will be spoken there." Almon N. Ricker, Belleville, New Jersey; George S. Royal, Freeport; A. P. Rogers, M. D., Canon City, Col., writes: "Although many years have passed since then my heart has remains true to the old flag for which we then fought. During

the late demonstration of anarchy had the call been made I would gladly have marched again to the tune of the fife and drum. Please let the boys of Company E know that I am still above ground and although I am away out here in this land of sage brush and cactus yet in spirit I shall be with them on this occasion." Isaiah O. Richardson, West Ellsworth; J. W. Russell, St. John, N. B.; S. K. Stetson, Houlton.

S. C. Smith, Winfield, Kan., writes: "Nothing would afford me more pleasure than to meet 'the boys' once more, but I am too far away to do so now. In these times of faltering patriotism in high places it is well for those who defended the nation's life and honor in times of peril to stand by each other now, determined that what we saved shall not now be lost." T. J. Sanford, Marlboro, Mass., writes: "I should enjoy it right royally. Remember me to the boys." Theodore M. Southard, Vassalboro; F. E. Saunders, Lowell, Mass.; Luther Tibbetts, Newfield, writes: "It would give me pleasure to meet with the old 'boys' of the grand old regiment once more. My thoughts and good wishes will be with you but myself must be at home." John F. Tolman, Six Mile Falls; J. P. Thompson, Duluth, Minn.; Cyrus W. Twitchell, So. Paris; Major S. W. Thaxter, Portland; Francis L. Town, East Dover; Francis E. Towle, 6 Lincoln Square, Worcester, Mass.; C. E. York, The Forks; W. A. Vinal, West Upton, Mass.; J. B. Welch, Rockwood, Tenn.; L. W. Wheeler, Paw Paw, Ill., writes: "I can not grasp the hand and recall the stirring days of '62 once more with the 'boys' of the old First Maine Regiment but remember I am with you in spirit." T. M. Williams, Milltown, N. B.; Richard Webb, Brunswick; Capt. T. C. Webber, Boston, Mass.; J. M. Warren, Northampton, Mass., writes: "The nearest I can come to attending is to have my son, who is visiting his uncle Charles G. Tilton of your town, try to make the acquaintance of the old regiment. He is but six years old but he will be glad to see men who were comrades of his 'papa' in the war of '61." D. J. Wells, Greenville; R. E. Whiteley, Bradford, Pa.

The Second Maine Cavalry Reunion.

SOME OF THE BOYS WHO WERE PRESENT AT ROLL CALL.

Wednesday, September nineteenth, the Second Maine Cavalry Association held its annual reunion at G. A. R. hall, Gardiner. About one hundred and fifty survivors of those who went to the front during the winter of '63 and '64 were present. Among them Charles E. Wilson, attorney for the Central Pacific Railroad, San Francisco, Cal.; Henry D. Moore and wife, Philadelphia; S. C. Small, furniture manufacturer in Boston; G. F. Tyler and wife, G. R. Smith, register of deeds, and wife, of Augusta; Capt. C. S. Paine, New Sharon. Among the enlistments from Gardiner and Pittston, who served with the regiment, were John Edgecomb, M. S. Hutchinson, C. O. Knox, Frank Gilbert, Joseph M. Fuller, Arthur B. Andrews, Daniel Black, Calvin Brown, Gideon Bowley, Reuel M. Dunlap, Thomas Douglass, J. H. Goodwin, F. E. Gowell, Rufus C. Geary, Chas. E. Hutchinson, David Haines, Loring Mariner, J. H. Morang, John F. Merrill, Amasa Meader, Luther Oliver, W. S. Peacock, W. E. Stackpole, T. A. Brann, Ellis W. Ayer, S. W. Dana, G. W. Cross, J. C. Dill, J. R. Dill, Augustus Dudley, Charles F. Gray, Charles F. Lawrence, B. A. Newell, C. D. Meader, A. L. Meader, Edward Peacock, Eugene Smith, Emerson Turner, Chester Whitney, Thomas B. Whitney and James S. Jeck. The local committee was composed of G. W. Cross, J. S. Jeck and Reuel Dunlap. The hall was decorated with numerous flags, and over the entrance was the word "Welcome." The meeting was called to order by S. C. Small of Boston, president of the association, who, in a few short and pleasing remarks, introduced Mayor Clason, who extended a warm greeting and welcomed the comrades to the city, to which President Small responded in an appropriate manner. The first business was the election of officers, which resulted as follows: S. C. Small, Boston,

president; Henry D. Moore, Philadelphia, first vice president; S. J. Crockett, Winterport, second vice president; Charles E. Wilson, San Francisco, third vice president; L. R. Litchfield, Litchfield, fourth vice president; G. R. Smith, Augusta, secretary and treasurer. A very harmonious meeting followed. Hon. O. B. Clason of Gardiner was made an honorary member of the association. It was voted to hold the next reunion at Camp Benson, Newport, after which the meeting adjourned for dinner.

At 1.30 P. M. a large number of the members went to the National Home at Togus. At 6.30 P. M. the members of the association and invited guests sat down at the banquet in G. A. R. Hall. An hour later President Small called the crowded assemblage to order. Letters of regret were read from Gen. Spurling, Elgin, Ill.; Comrade Moses D. Freeman, Utah; Lieut. Gillespie, Boston, and Comrade A. J. Woodman, Maryland.

President Small, in a neat little speech, introduced Capt. French of Solon, who was followed by Hon. O. B. Clason of Gardiner, and Comrade Daniel W. Robinson. An original poem, entitled, "Memories of the War," by Comrade Henry D. Moore of Philadelphia, was followed by a neat little speech. He was followed by Major J. W. Berry of Gardiner. Sergeant Billings then called the roll of Company B, and only five answered to their names.

The vote to hold the next reunion at Newport was rescinded and it was voted to hold the reunion of the association at Lewiston at the time of the State Fair. Short addresses were made by Rev. E. B. Barber of Gardiner, Comrade C. S. Wilson, San Francisco, Cal., and Hon. J. M. Larrabee. At the close all sung "Auld Lang Syne." A vote of thanks was extended to Heath Post.

At this reunion the strength of the affection and interest of those who stood shoulder to shoulder in the days of the rebellion have for each other was fully illustrated. Think of a man traveling from San Francisco to far off Maine to meet the surviving comrades who were near and dear to him thirty years

ago. Yet this is what Charles E. Wilson, a prominent lawyer of San Francisco, did, and he said he was amply repaid.

It was quite a notable gathering: H. D. Moore of Philadelphia, whose business interests represent over \$3,000,000; S. C. Small of Boston, manufacturer and dealer in church and lodge room furniture; Geo. F. Tyler, another prominent furniture manufacturer of Cambridge, Mass.; Capt. Moses French, one of Maine's most successful farmers, tilling about six hundred acres, and others of equal note. And do you know, those men were just as glad, apparently, to meet the writer, who is rich only in memories of the past, as they were to meet those who are wealthy in this world's goods.

1863—September 19—1894.

BY JULIA S. WARDEN.

The following beautiful poem was read at the reunion of the Second Maine Cavalry, at Gardiner:

Comrades, list to the music ringing,
 An echo from the voice of Time,
 Call back the days of sixty-three,
 But excuse my halting rhyme.
 Strong the memories throng upon us,
 As the years come back agam,
 Crowded full of wide experience,
 Some of joy and some of pain.
 Afar in the misty distance,
 Like a mirage from the sea,
 Come scenes that glow and fade,
 Come the days of sixty-three.
 'Tis thirty years, my comrades,
 Since the note of War's alarm,
 Roused every patriot soldier,
 To raise his strong right arm,
 To defend our blessed Country,
 To keep Old Glory and her Stars,
 To crush the great Rebellion,
 To do battle under Mars—

For war with wild confusion,
 Prevailed on every hand,
 And Cavalry and Infantry
 Were mustering through the land.
 We draw the veil of Memory
 O'er the wrecks of war to-day,
 For thrilled with recollections,
 We haven't a word to say.
 The changes that Time has brought us,
 The joys, the sorrows, as well,
 We've gathered to-day to share them,
 Under Memory's magic spell.
 Hand in hand, once more united,
 Comrades of sixty-three,
 Friendship's vow anew is plighted,
 As we think of our Country, free—
 Sing it high, sing it loud,
 Sing it out very strong—
 Hurrah! hurrah! a *three times three*,
 A chorus of glad song!
 The cheering changes to sighing,
 Our hearts grow tender then,
 The tented field, the bivouac lone,
 Our brave true-hearted men!
 Of the boys in blue who went to the war,
 To fight for liberty,
 Some gave their lives to overthrow
 The cause of Slavery.
 We can live in blest communion
 With our loved ones at our will,
 We can listen for their voices,
 And believe them with us still.
 Now Peace with folded pinion,
 Broods over the land and sea,
 And 'neath her wings, we cherish
 Our glorious Country, free!
 Hopes, fears, ambitions, all are laid aside,
 And in this quiet hour,
 'Neath the sweet influence of this day,
 Faith blossoms into flower—
 And the years pass like cloud shadows,
 That float o'er the mountain glen,
 And we part, with a pledge, God willing,
 Sometime to meet again.

Fourth Maine Infantry and Second Maine Battery

AT THEIR REUNION IN ROCKLAND.

The annual reunion of the Fourth Maine Regiment and Second Maine Battery Association took place in Rockland, September eighteenth. Since the war the members of this association have become somewhat widely scattered, some living even beyond the borders of the State.

The members of Edwin Libby Post, G. A. R., were early at their hall which was thrown open to the members of the association. An excursion to Crescent Beach having been laid down as a part of the program, the members of the post under the lead of Commander William H. Simmons met such of the visiting comrades as came by rail on the arrival of the morning train and together proceeded in an informal manner to Tillson's wharf where they took the steamer *Silver Star* for the beach. The hour of departure was 11.30. The fog was thick, but the steamer made good time and landed her passengers about noon. Covers had been laid by Fred Smith for one hundred and fifty, and every seat was occupied. It goes without saying that the dinner was a good one and was greatly enjoyed by the guests, especially by those from the interior, who seldom get a chance at a regular shore dinner.

After dinner as many as wished partook of an old fashioned clam bake on the pebbled beach. The bake, however, didn't suffer much, as nearly all present had fully satisfied themselves at the tables. The majority enjoyed a good stroll and an after-dinner cigar a great deal better.

This over, a business meeting of the association was held in the pavilion. Gen. Davis Tillson presided, and E. G. F. Ingraham of West Rockport was chosen secretary. By suggestion of the chairman, Robert Anderson, secretary for last year, read the records of the last meeting, which was in Atlantic hall,



CAPT. W. N. ULMER.

Hurricane, on September 16th, 1893. The election of officers for the ensuing year was next in order, and the following is the list of those who were chosen: President, John H. Thomas of South Union; vice presidents, Col. Elijah Walker of Somerville, Mass., for the Fourth Maine Regiment, and Gen. Davis Tillson of Rockland, for the Second Maine Battery. The temporary secretary was elected for the year. He is also treasurer. Secretaries were then chosen for the Second Maine Battery, and for each company of the Fourth Maine Regiment as follows: Second Maine Battery, John Turner; Company A, Fourth Maine, Fred D. Alders, Camden; Company B, J. W. Packard, Rockland; Company C, O. J. Conant, Rockland; Company D, Edward Hall, Rockland; Company E, John E. Mears, Thomaston; Company F, John O. Johnson, Brooks; Company G, Zela B. Young, Owl's Head; Company H, Jesse Drake, South Union; Company I, Clifton Witham; Company K, A. B. Chase, Belfast. Upon motion it was voted that the officers select the date for the next annual meeting.

A report of the financial standing of the association was read and it was disclosed that Robert Anderson, the faithful secretary and treasurer, had expended for the association several dollars more than he had received. A collection was subsequently taken on the boat which made Mr. Anderson whole. The collection amounted to \$9.25. John H. Thomas said he was authorized to extend an invitation to the association to hold its next annual meeting at Union Common. It was unanimously voted to accept the invitation.

The business having been disposed of, General Tillson called upon Rev. W. O. Holman, who was present as the guest of the association, to make some remarks. Mr. Holman said that though taken by surprise he was glad to be present and would cheerfully respond. At the outbreak of the war he had just begun his first pastorate at Poughkeepsic on the Hudson. He never should forget Abraham Lincoln's passage through the city on his way to be inaugurated president. It was his privilege to stand near the platform of the train when Mr. Lincoln appeared to bow his acknowledgments to the thousands who had thronged about the train to extend their greeting. It was impossible then to anticipate the long and dreadful civil war that was to follow. He described the excitement awakened by the firing on the old Massachusetts Sixth as it forced its way through the streets of Baltimore, and other events of the subsequent war. From '61 to the close of the struggle in the spring of '65 he was pastor of a church in Ballston Spa, where more than half of the male members of his parish were opposed to the war, and where he had to fight for it in the rear as hard as the soldiers fought for it at the front, though perhaps with less danger. He facetiously alluded to the scare and flight to Canada of many of his parishioners on the approach of the first draft when several who had not liked his preaching came to him for letters of introduction to friends in Montreal. They returned after the draft but made no further opposition to his Union sentiments. He reminded the older ones of his coming to Rockland in the spring of '65, and his Lincoln Memorial Sermon, and appealed to them that he had always been in sympathy with the veterans of the war.

Commander Simmons was next called upon. He said: "Of all the days of the year I look forward with anticipation to this the day of our annual reunion. I look forward to it with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness—with feelings of pleasure at the thought of greeting once more so many of my old comrades, with feelings of sadness at the thought of 'faces I shall see no more.' I am also deeply affected as I look round

upon you here and note the furrows time is making on your brows and as I think how soon we shall all be gone. However we may have differed in the past, it is time we laid aside our differences. The cords that bind us to each other should and



COL. ELIJAH WALKER.

do strengthen with each passing year. I am glad to see so many of you here to-day, though I miss many who have been wont to meet with us. I hope to live to meet you many times in the near future, though conscious that you will be fewer still in number every time we come together. And now good bye till we meet again."

It was expected that there would be other speakers, but at this point the whistle of the Silver Star warned all present that the time had come to leave, and the meeting adjourned.

The campfire in the G. A. R. hall was well attended; Col. L. D. Carver presided. He was glad to be present. He felt that some words from comrades on their army experience would be desirable. "We have been together in many tight places. It is pleasant to take each other by the hand under more favorable circumstances. The fraternity learned in the army is with us still." He called on Dr. Benj. Williams, assistant surgeon of the Eighth Maine, who said he didn't belong to the Fourth Maine or Second Maine Battery, but gave a few of his army experiences, especially with poor, worn, discouraged stragglers in the rear who were by no means cowards, but sometimes needed a little whiskey and oftener a word of cheer. Col. Carver feelingly said, "We are growing old and soon shall pass away, but we shall leave behind us an ocean-bound American Republic without a serf or slave, with one flag and a

great destiny, a destiny we helped to make by our sufferings and our sacrifices.”

Comrade Greenhalgh said he regretted his army experience was somewhat limited. It seemed a dream that so many were yet left. The memories of camp life and the field were precious



MONUMENT TO THE FOURTH MAINE AT GETTYSBURG IN THE DEVIL'S DEN.

to him. We are indeed growing old. Let us enjoy these relations while we may, and, when we are through here may we be mustered together above.

Col. Walker was greeted with applause. He had not come to speak, but he had been flattered by the reception he had met from those who had served so long and faithfully under his

command. He had been made sad by the memory of those they left to moulder on the soil of Virginia, and those who had passed away since, eleven from his own company, Capt. Barker among the rest. He was pleased that all who served under him were now his friends, though they may sometimes have thought him hard. He related several incidents in the history of the Fourth Maine that illustrated their unflinching courage and their devotion to the cause they fought for, and he recalled their sufferings when, barefooted, scantily clothed, poorly fed and often without shelter they marched weary marches, fought terrific battles, hungry, cold and often without sleep for days and nights together, and yet without murmuring. In over forty engagements the Fourth Maine never faltered, was commonly sent to protect the rear in retreat and always sent to the front in the hottest engagements. Long as he was able he should come to meet his old comrades.

The monument to the Fourth Maine was designed by Colonel Elijah Walker and cut in Knox County granite, by the Hurricane Granite Company, under the supervision of Gen. Tillson. It is unique and handsome, and differs from all others in being five sided, with an inscription on every side. It stands in what has always been known as "The Devil's Den," from its rockiness and roughness, on the lowest land of the field of Gettysburg. Here the Fourth Maine suffered its worst decimation.

Knox and Lincoln Veterans.

WARRIORS-OF-OLD ENTERTAINED IN ROCKLAND.

The Knox and Lincoln Veteran Association held its annual reunion in Rockland, September nineteenth. This association was organized seven years ago. The membership consists chiefly of soldiers of the Fourth Maine Regiment and Second Maine Battery although it includes all veterans of the army and navy living within the limits of the two counties. The object

of the association is purely fraternal. The reunions have hitherto been held by permission on the Nobleboro camp ground but last year it was deemed best to have a change and Rockland was selected for this year's meeting.

The members of Edwin Libby Post, the Ladies' Relief Corps and the Sons of Veterans were invited to participate. Oakland was chosen by the committee of arrangements for the morning gathering and the clam bake. As early as nine o'clock the cars began to be crowded with passengers, but the great body of guests left on extras provided by the electric railroad company about half-past eleven.

At Oakland the large dance hall was thrown open, with tables for all that the hall would accommodate well provided with dishes. The pavilion was also opened with tables laid in the dining room. Tables were also spread in the open air. While the bake was preparing Meservey's Quintet discoursed stirring music to all who chose to listen to it, and large numbers went strolling along the shore and over the spacious and beautiful grounds. About one o'clock the bake was opened and for about an hour, clams, green corn, lobsters, pilot bread and tea and coffee occupied the attention of those present. Had the day been pleasant the attendance would have been something surprising. As it was there could not have been less than one thousand to twelve hundred on the grounds. The service was largely voluntary, the gentlemen generally attending to the wants of the ladies. Judge Haskell, members of the Knox County bar and some of the clergy of the city were served in the pavilion dining room.



COL. L. D. CARVER.

After the clam bake there was more music and an hour of social converse, and many were the stories told, the reminiscences rehearsed and the jokes cracked, but the heavy mist and at length the gently falling rain caused an early breaking up of the company. There was, however, a business meeting of the association, which occupied a few minutes. Col. Carver called the meeting to order and the following committee on resolutions was appointed: S. L. Miller, Waldoboro; J. H. H. Hewett, Thomaston, and Col. William H. Fogler, Rockland, to report at the evening camp fire. A committee on nominations to report at the same time was also appointed, consisting of the following: S. J. Treat, Camden; W. F. Gay, Thomaston, and A. L. Hilton, Waldoboro. A financial statement was made by the secretary and treasurer, showing a balance of cash on hand of \$4.33. Adjourned till 6.30 P. M.

At 6.30 there was the usual camp fire. It was held in Farwell opera house. Considering the weather there was a large attendance. Col. L. D. Carver presided. He called on Rev. C. W. Bradlee to offer prayer. He then said the association was deeply indebted to the citizens of Rockland for their generous hospitality. In their behalf he could say that it was hearty. "We are glad you came. Come again. You will always be welcome." He added a few remarks to the association which were really impressive and eloquent. He then introduced Department Commander Gilman.

Mr. Gilman said he was glad to come to this city by the sea. He said a generation ago you were holding meetings under different auspices. Sumter had fallen and the war was on. Then came the first Bull Run. It was a disaster in name only. In fact it was the greatest blessing that could have happened at that time to our country. It taught us a lesson that we needed to learn. Col. Carver here called upon the Rockland quartet for a song, which was given. The quartet consists of Mrs. F. R. Spear, Miss Julia Spear, George Torrey and W. F. Tibbetts. They were loudly applauded.

H. R. Closson of Munroe, was the next speaker. He said there were those who seemed to forget the services of the boys

in blue, who called them thieves, pension looters and other opprobrious epithets. The boys in blue were not indebted to the nation, the nation was indebted to them. It owed them a debt it would never be able to pay. In 1861 the nation was bankrupt. An order was issued to pay those who volunteered to save it, in greenbacks, always to be as good as gold. In 1862 gold went to \$1.42, then to \$1.84 and so on up, till in '64 it was worth \$2.02. At last it took \$2.85 in greenbacks to buy one gold dollar, and the soldiers were paid not in gold but greenbacks, and the difference before the war was over to the soldiers was \$2,400,000,000. The nation really owed this to the soldiers, or would to redeem its promise, enough to pay all reasonable pensions for a generation to come. It would take thirty-eight years to pay it. Again during the war those at home could earn from two dollars to six dollars a day. Those who fought and suffered at the front got thirteen dollars a month. The difference in wages, counting the number of our soldiers would be something enormous. That difference was really the soldier's due. We took the country in its throes, and in 1864 a party plank declared the war a failure; while another party plank declared that it must be fought to a successful issue. We voted for the latter plank thirteen to one, and we fought it to that successful issue. Patriotism is above everything. Our boys should be taught to admire heroism, not the heroism of antiquity or foreign soldiers, but of Grant and Sherman, Sheridan and Farragut.

Gen. Davis Tillson was next introduced. He followed the fortunes of the Second Maine Battery and pronounced it the best in his belief in the army. He first trained it to shoot with precision and was always proud of it. It turned the tide of battle at Cedar Mountain and saved our army. It was equally effective at Fredericksburg, at least in sharp and exact shooting, and again at Gettysburg. He went into the army in command of one hundred and fifty men and came out in command of fifteen thousand, but nothing he did was ever of more value than his organization and training of the Second Maine Battery.

Rev. J. H. Parshley was next called upon as a man who did not belong to the Grand Army, but possessed a great, noble Grand Army heart. As well follow a whirlwind as report his impetuous, brainy and matchless speech. It was eloquence on fire. He named three classes—those who saw actual service, those who had youthful memories of the war, and those who knew it only from history. He belonged to the middle class. We had not yet come to an appreciation of the results of the civil war or even of its true significance. No man can measure the services of our citizen soldiery in that war to a saved republic. Even the soldiers themselves can't measure the value of their services.

Col. Elijah Walker was called upon to close. He gave a simple, stirring, but superb description of the awful struggles, the matchless bravery and the conspicuous services of the Fourth Maine Regiment, especially at Gettysburg. Gen. Davis Tillson paid a high but merited compliment to the military record of Col. Walker, and the seventh reunion of the Knox and Lincoln Veteran Association ended.

Col. Carver made a most admirable presiding officer. Dignified without being stiff, genial and witty without frivolity, happy in introducing his speakers without being fulsome, and sensible in never obtruding himself to weariness upon the audience. The following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we, the veteran soldiers and sailors of Knox and Lincoln counties, reaffirm our loyalty to the principles for which we fought, and renew our devotion to the flag as the emblem of the union of the States of the American Republic; that while we revere the memory of our comrades dead, we will loyally stand up for the interest of our comrades living.

Resolved, That the Knox and Lincoln Veteran Association condemns the course of the national government which has confined its reduction of expenditures to the department of the interior, thus depriving the needy and destitute survivors of the war of pensions to the amount of nearly \$20,000,000; that we indorse the action of the commander-in-chief and the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic in the matter of pensions.

Resolved, That we recall with gratitude the untiring efforts of the senators and representatives of Maine in behalf of the soldiers of the republic and for their faithful and able services we tender to each of them the hearty thanks of this association.

Resolved, That the thanks of the association are due and are heartily extended to Edwin Libby Post and the citizens of Rockland for their cordial reception and for the hospitality afforded us at this reunion.

Resolved, That we fully appreciate the efforts of the officers of this association and especially the president for the past year and pledge the incoming board our cordial support.

Reunion of the Fifth Maine Infantry.

The meeting of the association was held at their magnificent memorial building, Peaks' Island, Portland harbor, August eighth, and the following officers were elected:

President—N. R. Lougee, Nashua, N. H.

Vice Presidents—Capt. H. T. Bucknam, Mechanic Falls; Frank F. Goss, Auburn; James H. Taylor, Pleasantdale.

Secretary and Treasurer—Capt. George E. Brown, Portland.

Chaplain—Rev. George Bicknell, Cambridge, Mass.

Committee of Arrangements—H. T. Bucknam, James G. Sanborn, George E. Brown, H. R. Millett, John C. Summersides.

After the business meeting the members sat down to an excellent dinner at the Peaks' Island house.

A delightful camp fire was held in the evening; Gen. Cilley, Col. Millett and Adjutant Bicknell spoke; Mrs. Pike, Misses Titcomb and Harmon gave recitations and Capt. Bucknam's choir rendered fine music. Mrs. Capt. Goodwin of Buxton, presented a handsome camp flag and staff, the flag of white with a red Sixth Corps cross in the centre, with Camp Goodwin above and the Fifth Maine Regiment below in blue letters. The staff is thirty feet high and surmounted by a gilt ball.

Gen. M. C. Wentworth of Wentworth hall fame, paid all the expenses of the camp fire, and Mr. T. R. Harris of New York sent his annual contribution of two barrels of hard bread.

Reunion of Sixth and Ninth Maine Associations

In accordance with the announcement previously made, the reunion of the Sixth and Ninth Regimental Associations was held at Machias, August twenty-second and twenty-third. The weather was fine, and a comparatively large number was present from the above organizations. There were sixty-six members of the Sixth Maine and thirty-five from the Ninth who were present and joined in the festivities of the occasion. We regret to say that a few were deprived of the pleasures at the banquet by having failed to make connections, and barely arrived in season to join their comrades in the clam bake at Roque Bluffs. The visiting comrades were the guests of Bradbury Post No. 15, G. A. R. At five o'clock A. M., the command to "fall in" was given by Post Commander A. M. Longfellow. The order was obeyed by about fifty members of the post, who led the march, "band in front," to Libby hall, which was elaborately and tastily decorated with flags, bunting, etc. Opposite the entrance to the hall large flags were draped on the wall, beneath which was a portrait of Gen. Strong, who commanded the storming brigade on Fort Wagner, and was killed in the engagement, and the following motto, "Welcome veterans Ninth Maine in the front line at Fort Wagner."

The decorations of the Sixth Maine, placed upon the wall over the stage, consisted of the old battle flags which were given to this company by the ladies of this section and were carried from the battle of St. Mary's Height to the close of the war, arranged artistically with a large portrait of Colonel Hiram Bridgman in the center, and surmounted by the badge of the Light Division.

Upon the stage was pitched a tent, such as was used in the war, furnished with all the accoutrements of war, and scattered about suitably were muskets, swords, canteens, etc., all of which

gave a very lifelike and appropriate appearance. Among these relics was a box of souvenirs containing a pair of spurs of the late Major C. F. Stone of this place, also several swords used in the war, a pair of spurs taken from a dead artillery man of the Fifth Maine Battery, at Chancellorsville, a Bible carried through the war and stained with blood at Spottsylvania, a Confederate officer's sword and a carbine picked up at Gettysburg, and a flintlock musket carried through the Mexican war. About the hall were arranged badges representing the twenty-four army corps.

The Ladies' Relief Corps were found stationed behind tables in the hall in position to serve the bountiful repast which had been furnished by a loyal populace. Grace was invoked by Rev. T. J. Wright, after which, a lively manipulation of knives and forks, while the band discoursed sweet music, was the principal feature of the occasion for the time being.

After the "inner man" had been satiated, order was called by the toast master, A. M. Longfellow. H. R. Taylor, Esq., was introduced and gave an address of welcome to the associations.

The vocal selection which followed consisted of solo and chorus, and was greatly enjoyed. The solo was by Miss Addie M. Pennell, who sang with her accustomed volume and sweetness. The toast, "Sixth Maine Veteran Association," was responded to by Wainwright Cushing of Foxcroft, who gave a condensed account of the Sixth Maine in its movements and fights during the war. Mr. Cushing also told a story highly illustrative of the outward makeup of that noble old hero, Colonel Burnham, who commanded the Sixth until he received a higher rank, and entered a larger field for usefulness to his country. Mr. C. spoke as follows: "In due time after arriving at the front, a brigade drill was ordered by the general in command. Colonel Burnham, who as yet was ignorant of the movement of large organizations, and the necessary commands to execute them, marched his regiment upon the drill ground and took position in the line. The preparatory command for

the first movement was as follows: '*Movement by battalion, in eschelon 20 paces.*' A puzzled look overspread the countenance of the colonel. He scratched his head, moved uneasily in his saddle, and slowly repeated the order, 'Movement by battalion, in eschelon twenty paces.' What in h—— does he mean?"

A poem was read by Master Hector McLean. Dr. H. H. Smith responded for the "Ninth Maine." His statement of the charge on Fort Wagner, Morris Island, by this regiment was highly complimentary to that organization and very descriptive of the event. He also gave an account of the part taken, and losses sustained by the regiment in subsequent engagements. The doctor stated that by reason of excessive claims of other organizations, in the past, the boys of the Ninth had almost been made to believe that they had not fought at all. Be that as it may, when the doctor was through with them, the applause which he received was indicative that his eloquence had convinced them that they really had been "in it" after all.

A reading by Miss Nellie Reynolds, entitled, "I marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea," was very pathetic, and touched every heart. At its close there were many damp eyes, especially among the old soldiers. Miss Reynolds was encored until she returned and responded by reciting "We have drunk from the same canteen."

The next toast, "The Grand Army of the Republic," was responded to by Post Department Commander J. Wesley Gilman of Oakland, who gave a description of the organization from its inception to the present time, and thought the country could ill afford to part with its influence, which was always cast for patriotism, right and justice.

Mrs. Helen DeCamp, an army nurse, gave an interesting description of transpiring events during the war period, and the sacrifices made by the mothers of that time, and declared that if necessary they were as ready now to offer their husbands and sons for the salvation of the country as they then were. Comrade L. A. Albee, being called upon, made talk in advocacy of the service of the Ninth Maine, and discoursed upon various

subjects in connection with the service. He was followed by E. W. Brown, Esq., of Lubec, who feelingly spoke to add interest to the occasion. Rev. T. J. Wright of Machias, and Rev. Mr. Leonard of Malden, Mass., were vociferously applauded by citizens and soldiers as they boldly spoke of abuses, and eloquently pointed the way to a better use of the franchise, by voting for principle rather than party. Space will not allow of a full description of the many happy events observed during this reunion, but, suffice it to say that the old soldiers met and grasped the hands of comrades, and they departed with a feeling that the program arranged for their entertainment had been more than a success; and the youth, who listened to the story of patriotism and valor, learned a lesson in loyalty which will be remembered, and whose influence will be felt throughout the coming ages. The exercises closed with singing "Marching through Georgia."

The second day the veterans and citizens of Machias participated in a very enjoyable picnic at Roque Bluffs, where a fish chowder, prepared by skillful hands, together with a large supply of cakes, pies, and other delicacies that go to make up a bounteous repast, was served to about six hundred people. The weather was all that could be desired, and the afternoon was very enjoyably spent in strolling along the beach or listening to the music furnished by the band. The party returned in the latter part of the afternoon, greatly pleased with the day's entertainment.

During the forenoon of the first day the association met at their respective quarters and transacted their usual annual business, of which we give a brief outline: The meeting of the Ninth was held at the Grand Jury room. Reports of the different officers were read and accepted. The officers elected for the ensuing year are as follows:

President—Harry R. Hopkins, Augusta.

Vice President—E. H. Bryant, Machias.

Secretary—J. E. Shepard, Lawrence, Mass.

Treasurer—John H. Lowell, Hallowell.

Executive Committee—Edward Boyd, Somerville, Mass.; E. H. Bryant, Machias; Volney A. Gray, Dover.

The next place of meeting is to be at Peaks' Island, Portland Harbor; the place and date to be determined by the executive committee. A vote of thanks was extended to E. H. Bryant, Bradbury Post, G. A. R., P. H. Longfellow, Esq., and the citizens of Machias for favors and hospitality shown the association during their reunion. A telegram of greeting from Col. Geo. B. Dyer of Boston, Mass., was received; also a letter from Adjutant Jas. E. Shepard of Lawrence, Mass. Following is a list of the members of the association who were present:

Company A—W. A. Babcock, Holyoke, Mass.; Edward Boyd, East Somerville, Mass.; Henry H. Ellis, Cooper; John Harper, Lewiston; Samuel C. Howe, Calais; H. R. Hopkins, Augusta; Joseph Kidder, Princeton; Thomas McCleod, St. Stephen, N. B.; Stephen E. Phipps, Epping; D. A. Smith, East Machias; John H. Whitman, Lewiston. Company B—Asa Alexander, Brunswick; D. E. Coombs, Brunswick; Roswell Dunton, Lewiston. Company E—V. A. Gray, Dover. Company G—Geo. W. Harris, Orono; Edward W. Smith, Northfield. Company H—Thomas Black, Whiting; E. H. Bryant, Machias; John W. Clark, West Pembroke; John W. Foss, Machias; I. P. Foss, Machias; Geo. H. Kenniston, Machias; William A. Kilton, Machias; Isaac W. Leighton, Machias; James E. Lyon, Dennysville; James McCabe, Machias; Henry O. Morse, Cherryfield; Warren T. Noyes, Jonesboro; W. F. Pike, Princeton; Abial E. Preble, Machias; S. G. Spooner, Princeton. Company I—John A. Chadwick, Rockland; W. E. Jordan, Corinth; John H. Lowell, Hallowell, Q. M.

MEDALS OF HONOR.

On August 23d, 1863, Gen. Q. A. Gilmore presented one man in each company of the brigade which formed the storming party on Fort Wagner, Morris Island, with a bronze medal for meritorious conduct on that occasion. We have seen one of those medals and it bears the name of E. H. Bryant, Company H, Ninth Maine Infantry Volunteers, together with a picture of Fort Sumter as it appeared on the above date. Mr. Bryant, who is very modest, has never before exhibited this memento of the past, which speaks so loudly of valiant deeds never to be forgotten.

MONUMENT TO GEO. W. TUPPER.

Mrs. John Kennedy and Miss Macale, of Providence, R. I., came on Thursday's boat. Mrs. K. is a former resident of Jonesboro and the only remaining member of the family of the

late George W. Tupper of Company H, Twenty-eighth Maine, who served the country during the late rebellion, was honorably discharged, but died while on his way home. Much credit is due to Mrs. K. for the monumental stone which she had erected to the memory of her parents and sister.

WHITE WINGS.

N. C. Wallace and wife and Chas. W. Hopkins and wife have been camping out on Ray's Point, a most lovely local resort readily accessible by carriage. Mr. Wallace made a trip to Machias to attend the reunion of the Sixth Maine Regiment, with which he fought in the war for the Union. He went in his yacht "White Wings."

Reunion of the Seventh Maine Infantry,

AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS IN PORTLAND HARBOR.

August twenty-second, the white cross flag of the Sixth Army Corps and the flag of the association showed to old soldiers that the veterans of the Seventh Maine Regimental Association were in session. There are but few of the veterans of that association left, but they gathered fairly well, considering the circumstances, and when Secretary W. D. Hatch called the roll at the business meeting, over which President Waterhouse presided, the following answered to their names:

George F. Hunt of Westbrook; W. D. Hatch, Portland; C. H. Waterhouse, Cape Elizabeth; John Oakes, Portland; Eben True, East Deering; George R. Boyer, Somerville, Mass.; J. E. Foster, Portland; William Pool, U. S. N., Lynn, Mass.; Melvin Curtis, Whitman, Mass.; F. L. Oakes, Portland; John Curtis, Whitman, Mass.; Lieutenant William H. Motley, Deering; James S. Connor, Fairfield; Nathaniel Young, West Paris; Charles W. Jones, Barre, Vt.; James H. Goss, Brookline, Mass.; William J. Rowe, Vassalboro; James Williams, South Paris; Hiram Elliott, South Portland; Dr. S. C. Norcross, Lewiston; John Mullen, Portland; Jabez Eveleth, Portland; Lieutenant John H. Fogg, Portland; A. A. Stevens, Deering; Robert A. Downing, Brunswick; Dr. J. H. Syphers, Cape Elizabeth; Samuel Morrison, Mount Pleasant, Mich.; Lieutenant George B. Knight, Portland; Frank Haynes, Passadumkeag; L. L. Thurston, Portland.

The thanks of the association were returned to Mrs. A. H. Lindsey of Portland for a copy of the large engraving, "Sherman's March to the Sea," now in the hall of the association. Remarks were then made by Dr. Norcross of Lewiston, and Charles W. Jones of Vermont, and John H. Fogg, Esq., of Portland, talked in an interesting way of war times and referred feelingly to the comrades who will no more answer to their names. Letters were then read from several members of the association who were unable to be present. Brevet Brigadier General Edwin C. Mason, colonel of the Third Infantry, U. S. A., with headquarters at Fort Snelling, Minn., regretted that he was unable to visit Maine this year and expressed his continued interest in the association and in all the members of the old regiment. General Mason was formerly colonel of the Seventh Maine. Dr. H. P. Fernald wrote from Chelesten, England, where he is now in business as a dentist, and John R. Anthoine of New York, sent a pleasant note of regret at being unable to be present at the annual meeting. The following were then elected officers of the association:

President—Dr. S. C. Norcross, Lewiston.

Vice Presidents—George R. Boyer, Somerville, Mass.; John H. Fogg, Portland.

Secretary and Treasurer—W. D. Hatch, Portland.

Quartermaster—George F. Hunt, Westbrook.

Chaplain—A. A. Nickerson, Portland.

Surgeon—Dr. J. H. Syphers, Cape Elizabeth.

Poet and Historian—W. D. Hatch, Portland.

President Waterhouse then gracefully returned thanks to the association for the manner in which he had been supported while discharging the duties of his office, and asked for the same cordial support for his successor, Dr. Norcross. A meeting of the building association, having in charge the building and other property of the association, was then held, and the following officers were elected:

Treasurer—A. A. Stevens.

Secretary—Hiram Ellis.

Directors—W. D. Hatch, Eben True, John Oakes and George F. Hunt.

A president of the association will be chosen by the directors. The real camp fire of the reunion was held August twenty-third. The ladies were present in force, and the after-dinner speeches were most bright and enjoyable. The poet of the association, Mr. Woodbury D. Hatch, had written, and all present united in singing the annual hymn, a never omitted feature of the reunion.

The Eighth Maine Infantry Reunion.

The annual reunion of the Eighth Maine Regimental Association was held August twenty-ninth at their headquarters at Peaks' Island, a building provided for the association by Gen. W. M. McArthur. Among the comrades present were:

Gen. Henry Boynton, Augusta; Capt. W. S. Lane, Boston; Lieut.-Col. E. A. True, Boston; Capt. Hillman Smith, Auburn; Capt. L. B. Rogers, Patten; Lieut. H. B. Sawyer, Auburn; George F. Dodge, North Berwick; O. P. Richardson, Waterville; E. P. Woodward, Lisbon; Wallace Smith, Auburn; W. C. Taylor, Alfred; George Perry, Portland; O. B. Canwell, Boston; Lieut. S. D. Shurtle, South Livermore; T. F. Ingraham, Roxbury, Mass.; O. L. Richardson, Waterville; H. Dennis Adams, Jay; J. C. Cotton, Boston; Miles Rhoades, North Berwick; John Treadwell, Kennebunk; W. B. Goodwin, Brunswick; Maj. J. H. H. Hewett, Thomaston; Jethro Swett, Kittery; W. C. Cross, Natick, Mass.; J. C. Littlefield, Boston; David S. Austin, North Berwick; G. W. Lord, Natick, Mass.; E. C. Spearin, Auburn; George L. Dacy, Boston; T. S. Brown, Belmont; W. E. Jones, Salem, Mass.; C. W. Bracy, Alfred; C. H. Burke, East Winn; F. D. Larrabee, New Gloucester; Edward Hanson, Biddeford; Gideon L. Littlefield, Wells; J. A. Littlefield, Wells.

Dinner was served at twelve o'clock, and the business meeting was held immediately after the comrades adjourned from the tables. Capt. W. S. Lane, president of the association, presided. Reference was made by the treasurer to a balance due for repairs and improvements made on the headquarters during the year, and the comrades present promptly and generously responded to the suggestion that it might be well to wipe out that debt.

W. G. Soule of Portland, was introduced by President Lane and gave some bright recollections of the time when

the Eighth Maine was taken to Port Royal. Mr. Soule was purser aboard the transport that took them out, and by mistake was once ordered under arrest by Gen. Boynton. This brought Gen. Boynton to his feet, and he told how the arrest came to be made. He was looking for another man, and his general resemblance to Mr. Soule, led to the arrest, and prompt discharge of that gentleman.

Rev. H. A. Philbrook of Watertown, Mass., chaplain of the regiment, moved the appointment of a committee of three to bring to the attention of the members of the next Maine legislature the matter of assisting in the publication of histories of the different Maine regiments. He suggested that it might be well to ask the State to buy a certain number of copies to be placed in public libraries, and otherwise distributed through the State. Mr. Philbrook said that in his opinion this was the only way by which there could be saved to the State much valuable historical material. He would have the histories largely the work of the comrades themselves, and to render the work of the editorial committee just what the term would imply. He thought that one great fault common to many of the regimental histories should be avoided. There would seem to be no necessity for the giving of a long preliminary sketch of the causes that led up to the war. Mr. Philbrook also referred to the MAINE BUGLE as a most appropriate organ, showing the actual life of the soldier, and remarked that the articles in the BUGLE from Chaplain Wright and the story of Erastus Doble's capture, prison life and escape were worth many times the subscription price of that magazine.

Gen. Boynton said that was his idea exactly. He would make the histories to be written just what a regimental history should be, a sketch of what the different members saw of the war and the part they took in it. There would occur to every man present special acts of bravery on the part of comrades living and dead that should find a place in such a history. Don't make it too formal. Gen. Boynton said there was no doubt that the State ought to assist in the work. It had been

done in Massachusetts and in some of the other States, and should be done in Maine.

Capt. Sawyer spoke earnestly in the same line. It seemed to him that a letter from every member of a regiment would have weight with some member of the legislature. He would have it understood that nothing would be asked for on the part of the Eighth Maine that would prejudice the interest of any other Maine regiment. Mr. Philbrook said that it would be well to have it generally understood by members of the regiment that the editorial committee would like every possible incident to be recalled. "Of course some legends will work in," he said, "but that is to be expected. Give all you can. Give incidents comic and pathetic. Tell about scrapes you got in and out of. Let us have the story of the real life of the regiment."

Gen. J. P. Cilley, a guest of the association, was invited to speak, and made a bright address, dwelling largely on regimental history writing at this late day. One book only leads to a desire to revise and rewrite it, so much new matter comes to light. He was warmly in favor of asking for State aid in the publication of historical matter connected with the great war, and the part played therein by the soldiers from Maine. Col. E. A. True of Boston, Mass., Pearl G. Ingalls of Washington, and Capt. H. B. Sawyer of Auburn, were appointed to act as a committee to bring the matter to the attention of the legislature. The following officers were then elected:

President—Gen. Henry Boynton, Augusta.

Vice Presidents—A. R. Millett, P. G. Ingalls and G. L. Dacy.

Secretary and Treasurer—Hon. Hillman Smith, Auburn.

Executive Committee—Fred Larrabee, New Gloucester; G. S. Dutch, North Berwick; P. R. Woodward, Lisbon Falls.

Gen. Boynton declined to serve as president of the association because he expects to be in Europe next year, but he was not excused, the general sentiment of the association being voiced by a comrade who said, "And then we shall be pleased to be represented in Europe by our president, Gen. Boynton. It will carry the name of the Eighth Regiment so much farther."

The thanks of the association were then returned to the retiring president, Hon. Hillman Smith. The secretary asked that if any comrade heard of the death of a member of the regiment, or of the association, that he would notify him.

A Ladies' Auxiliary was organized with twenty-five members, the following being chosen officers :

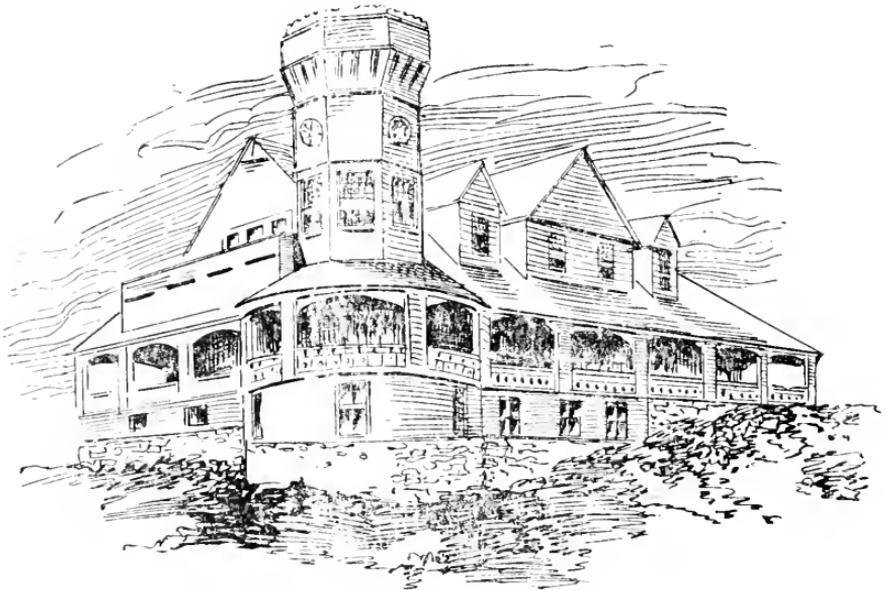
President—Mrs. Maria Rhodes, Berwick.

Vice President—Mrs. Sarah L. Larrabee, New Gloucester.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. Vina Richardson, Waterville.

Executive Committee—Mrs. Hillman Smith, Auburn; Mrs. H. B. Sawyer, Auburn; Mrs. E. C. Spearin, Auburn.

In the evening the comrades of the Eighth Maine gathered around a fire kindled in the big fire place and told stories and sung old army songs until a late, or rather early hour.



EIGHTH MAINE MEMORIAL BUILDING.

No description of the reunion would be complete without calling attention to the beautiful and spacious structure which the "vets" of the old Eighth call their summer home, and the man to whom they are indebted for it, Gen. William M.

McArthur, of Limington, who gave this beautiful structure to the association at a personal cost of \$8,000. The association will long revere the name of Gen. McArthur.

The Eighth Maine was a credit to this State. It was recruited from nearly all parts of the State. Some came from Ellsworth and vicinity, others from Aroostook, Kennebec and York counties. The regiment went out in 1861 and was not mustered out of the service until 1866. From 1861 to 1864 they served in the department of the South, after that mostly in Virginia, first under Butler and then under Grant. The Eighth Maine saw a great deal of hard service, being in many of the most important battles of the war. They were under fire before Petersburg for a hundred days. Their record is most honorable and the veterans are reasonably proud of what they went through and what they accomplished.

After so long and so valuable service, it is eminently proper that the regiment should have a fitting regimental home, where the members can gather and talk over their campaigns and the hardships and triumphs incident thereto. Such a home has been provided for them by General McArthur. The structure is of noble proportions, built in cottage style, with a slightly tower on the easterly corner. It stands in the most picturesque spot on Peaks' Island, directly opposite White Head. From the easterly verandas one can look far out to sea and inhale the "salt breezes in all their freshness." The first story is a large assembly hall, with a fine hard wood floor, the walls finished in cottage style. In the basement, in the seaward end, are dining room and kitchen. On the second floor are sleeping rooms, arranged on either side of a broad corridor, at the end of which is a veranda, from which rare views of old ocean delight the veterans, as they gather there by moonlight, before retiring to rest. It is intended, before long, to have a collection of relics of the war, which shall equal in interest any in the State.

First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine Regiments

HAVE THEIR ANNUAL REUNION.

The survivors of the First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine Volunteers wound up their annual outing in their attractive association building at Long Island, Portland Harbor, August eighth and ninth, with their annual business meeting and a review of personal war experiences. Hardly a man in that building but was wounded in some form by the rebels in our late war. The struggles of the color guard in some of the battles to keep the colors flying at the front laid many a Maine boy low and sent many another to the hospital. The names of those who so fell, as well as others, were once more recalled by their former comrades in arms. Dr. D. W. Bland of Pottsville, Penn., who went to the front with the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, and whose position under various general officers brought him in close contact with Maine regiments, where he made many friends, was by invitation of this regiment present at their annual dinner.

Maj.-Gen. Schuyler Hamilton of New York, was another notable guest of this organization. Among other officers present were Gen. George L. Beale of Norway, Gen. George H. Nye of Natick, Mass., George W. West of Washington, D. C., Dr. H. N. Howard of Washington, D. C., Capt. E. M. Shaw of Nashua, N. H., Maj. John M. Gould and Maj. W. P. Jordan of Portland, Maj. Alpheus Green of Providence, R. I., Adj. Chas. W. Roberts of Portland, Captains C. C. Graham and Hebron Mayhew of Westbrook, E. Nelson Greeley and Herbert R. Spencer of Portland, Harry R. Willett of Boston, Charles H. Pettingill of New York City, Lieuts. Harry McKeen of South Paris, and Benj. F. Whitney of Gorham. The following other members of the association were also present:

George E. Andrews, Portland; George S. Ayer, Saco; Frank J. Bradbury, Norway; Frank G. Boody, Portland; John J. Bagley, Lowell, Mass.; Lucius I. Bartlett, Norway; Gilman Brackett, Peaks' Island; Merritt W. Bickford, Malden, Mass.; Gladden Bonney, Boston; Houghton Bond, Auburn; George H. Bailey, Woodfords; John W. Chase, Portland; Joe C. Colesworthy, Woodfords; Henry R. Colesworthy, Portland; Wm. C. Cole, Norway; Zimri Carleton, Campello, Mass.; James Donovan, Lewiston; Edmund W. Dyer, South Portland; Daniel Davis, Portland; Jere S. Douglass, Portland; George B. Day, Gorham; Charles S. Emerson, Auburn; Stillman H. Emerson, Biddeford; Ezekiah Elwell, Westbrook; Charles H. Frost, Portland; Freeman Farrar, West Sumner; Albert R. Fogg, Cumberland Mills; Hartwell S. French, Lynn, Mass.; David P. Field, Auburn; John M. Gould, Portland; Ed. Nelson Greeley, Portland; Renslear Greeley, Portland; George H. Gill, Portland; Charles C. Graham, Westbrook; Lewis E. Goodridge, Cumberland Mills; Levi Alonzo Guptill, Belgrade; George Guptill, Readfield; Sylvanus W. Giles, Readfield; Joshua Bailey Goodwin, Auburn; Alpheus L. Greene, Providence, R. I.; Frederick Greene, Saco; Frederick S. Greene, Portland; Charles R. Greene, Portland; Henry H. Greene, Woodfords; Almon L. Goss, Auburn; Ezekiel H. Hanson, Deering; Edward K. Hanson, East Hiram; George W. Harradon, Auburn; Charles Harris, Saco; Mahlon S. Hodgdon, Portland; Ithamar Houston, Westbrook; Alfred C. Hicks, Boston; Charles W. Heney, Oakland; Horatio H. Howard, Washington; William A. Huff, Saco; Hebron S. Mayhew, Westbrook; Henry R. Millett, Boston; Amos G. Merrill, New Gloucester; John E. Mountfort, Knightville; Ben C. Miles, James Milligan, Matthias Moulton, Portland; Thomas Marriner, West Baldwin; Harry H. McKeen, South Paris; Alonzo Morrill, Auburn; George H. Nye, Natick; Lanty O'Neil, Malden, Mass.; Charles H. Pettingill, New York; Aretas Penney, Auburn; Tobias Pillsbury, Willard; Samuel T. Quint, West Buxton; Roland W. Randall, Auburn; J. Frank Raynes, Auburn; Joseph Raynes, Yarmouthville; John S. Richardson, Deering Center; Charles F. Roberts, Portland; Benjamin M. Redlon, Herbert R. Sargent, Albert S. Spaulding, James M. Safford, Peter Willis Stoneham, Wm. N. Sewell, Charles W. Stevens, Francis Skillings, Portland; George W. Smith, Chesterville; Edgar W. Small, Woodfords; Edward H. Sawyer, Auburn; Josiah Smith, Saco; Charles H. Smith, Porter; Elijah M. Shaw, Nashua, N. H.; Moses Simpson, New Castle; Dexter D. Skinner, Mechanic Falls; John F. Totman, Leroy H. Tobie, Portland; Ira Frank Tibbetts, Deering Centre; Daniel L. Verrill, Auburn; William Waddell, Edwin C. Webb, Portland; George W. West, New York City; Marcus Wight, Lowell, Mass.; John C. Willey, Wakefield, Mass.; Benj. F. Whitney, Gorham; Azra B. Webber, West Auburn; Murray B. Watson, Auburn; George W. Warren, Freeport.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

President—Major A. L. Greene, Providence, R. I.

Vice Presidents—Daniel P. Field, Auburn; Charles C. Graham, Westbrook; S. H. Emerson, Biddeford; Lucius I. Bartlett, Norway.

Secretary and Treasurer—Major John M. Gould, Portland.

Surgeon—Dr. Horatio N. Howard, Washington, D. C.

Chaplain—Rev. Frelon Starbird, East Dixfield.

Commissary—R. L. Greeley, Portland.

Executive Committee—B. M. Ridlon, Charles H. Frost, and Charles R. Berry, Portland.

It was voted to allow the ladies to build a hall, and the date of the next reunion was fixed. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth held a meeting Wednesday afternoon, August eighth, and elected for officers:

President—Mrs. C. H. Frost, Portland.

Vice President—Mrs. A. S. Spaulding, Portland.

Secretary—Mrs. M. R. Weeman, Portland.

Treasurer—Miss Mamie Annie Colesworthy, Portland.

The ladies turned out in large numbers, and crowded the large banquet hall to overflowing, and after finishing their routine business they discussed the question of building a hall of their own. It was voted that a hall suitable for the purpose be erected near the association building.

TWO WAR STORIES.

The air of Portland harbor has been fairly teeming with the tales of the great rebellion from the reminiscent lips of the old veterans who have gathered at their annual reunions in their regimental club houses. What a pity that all these stories as they issue forth in select circles of old comrades and pass out into the surrounding atmosphere in ever diminishing waves of sound couldn't be somehow preserved in some great phonograph of nature to be given forth hereafter for the benefit and amusement of posterity. In one circle of story telling veterans were General George L. Beal of Norway, state treasurer, Dr. D. W. Bland of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, General Schuyler Hamilton of New York, and others. They were talking about the intense hostility displayed by the southern women towards the federal troops, and General Hamilton told the following story:

It was when he was in command in Mississippi that he saw this singular instance of the feminine hatred for a northern man. He was invited to call at a wealthy southern home, and noticed that the daughter of the house was a singularly beautiful girl of about eighteen years of age. He was accompanied by a young man, one of his staff, who was soon talking with the young girl. Later the young man came to the general and whispered, "That

girl has a ring on her finger that she says was made from the thigh bone of a Yankee killed at Bull Run. The ring is certainly made of bone," he added. General Hamilton called the girl's mother immediately and told her to shut that girl up or get her out of the way quick, for if she was inclined to talk about that ring and if his soldiers knew that she was wearing such a ring they wouldn't leave one stone of the house standing upon another. Later General Hamilton asked the girl's mother to send a servant to get him a drink of water. The woman looked at him and said: "I cannot understand how a federal officer can ask a southern woman to get him a drink of water and not expect it to be poisoned." Again she made this remarkable statement, and she meant it. The general replied: "Madam, if you were to get the water for me I might not expect to drink it with impunity; but no woman of that race (pointing to the colored servant) will ever do harm to a federal officer." The southern woman was silenced.

But how did it happen that General Schuyler Hamilton of New York was at Long Island? He had been stopping at Old Orchard and the veterans learned of it and went out and brought him over. He is a grandson of Alexander Hamilton, is a retired officer of the regular army, and served through the war with a distinguished record, rising to the rank of major general. He was born in New York city in 1822, graduated at West Point in 1841, was on duty on the western plains, served with honor in the Mexican war, being brevetted for gallantry at Monterey, as aide-de-camp to General Winfield Scott from '47 to '54, volunteered as a private in the Seventh New York at the beginning of the civil war, and was made a major general in September, 1862.

Dr. D. W. Bland was at Long Island because he had been stopping at the Ottawa House for a week previous. He was a famous army surgeon through the war, and his Pennsylvania regiment was brigaded with the Fifth Maine. He became acquainted with many Maine officers. He told the following anecdote of Colonel Jackson of the Fifth Maine. The colonel was a very rough, loud-spoken and profane man. In fact he

was so profane that he was somewhat notorious, and the chaplain of the regiment and others desired to do something to combat the influence of his profanity and call his attention to the undesirability of it. But no one dared approach him on the subject. At last the chaplain of the Sixteenth New York undertook the fearsome task. He went to the colonel's tent and scratched on the canvas. He heard a stentorian voice exclaim, "Who the h—l is there now?" The orderly replied that it was a stranger who wanted to see him. "Show him in," roared the colonel. The chaplain entered, and noting his dress the colonel said, "D—d glad to see you, chaplain; sit down." The chaplain sat down, cleared his throat, and said that the chaplains of the regiments were trying to push forward a movement for the moral uplifting of the soldiers, and wanted to know if there was any objection to their laboring among those of the Fifth Maine. "Well, I don't know as there is," said the colonel, "preach as much as you d—n please." The chaplain continued that they had been very successful and had already baptised five soldiers of the Sixteenth New York. "Corporal," roared the colonel so loudly and suddenly that the chaplain jumped, "Detail twenty-seven men to be baptised as quick as God will let yer. I'll be d—d if any New York regiment gets ahead of the Fifth Maine."

The delay in the issue of the October BUGLE has been caused by a sad act of Providence. A number of articles have been carried over to the January issue. The continued history of the Fifth New York Cavalry must go over. The reunions of the Maine regimental associations have only been given in part and reference must be had to the January BUGLE for the remainder. Lieut. Jefferson L. Coburn has a very interesting account of the battle of Dinwiddie Court House verified by a visit to the location in company with Confederate soldiers who participated in that contest. He will also present letters from the opposing side, which will add new light to that comparatively unwritten but important battle. The BUGLE for 1895 will be better than ever.

In Memoriam.

ALEXANDER BENNER.

At Liberty, Maine, November 19th, 1893, Alexander Benner, Company B, First Maine Cavalry, died, aged fifty-two years, four months, sixteen days. He also served one year in the navy. He was a member of the Bradstreet Post, and was a man of good standing and highly respected by all who knew him. He was a pensioner, and died of disease contracted while in the service. He left surviving a widow and three sons.

GERSHOM F. BURGESS.

Hon. Gershom F. Burgess of Rockport, died September 1st, 1894. He was born at Hartland, Me., sixty-five years ago, and was educated at Kent's Hill and Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville, where he was a classmate of C. F. Richards of Rockport, and Nelson Dingley, besides other notable men. After graduating he came to Rockland and taught school several years, also at Rockport and other towns in Knox county.

For a time he was engaged in the stable business at Rockland and studied law, where he met and married his first wife, Mrs. John White. After her death he went to Rockport and associated himself in business with David Talbot. In a few years he married Mrs. Christiana Young and assumed the management of the lime business of her late husband. In 1883 Mrs. Burgess died leaving two children, Gershom L. and Ardella C. Several years later Mr. Burgess married Miss Lotta Gould who died at the end of about two years. In 1890 Miss Julia Knight of Camden, became his wife and now survives him.

Mr. Burgess all through his life has been prominent in business and social circles. He served in the late war as first lieutenant of Co. I, Nineteenth Maine Infantry, under Capt. Edward A. Snow. In that regiment it will be remembered were such

men as George D. Smith, Edgar A. Burpee of Rockland, Rev. George R. Palmer of Saco, Lafayette Carver of Vinalhaven, and Col. W. H. Fogler of Rockland. The regiment occupied at Bristoe Station the most advantageous position and did effective service in repelling the enemy's attack at that place. At Gettysburg the regiment's position was near that now designated as the high water mark of the rebellion, one of the proudest positions on the field.

As a public spirited man Mr. Burgess will long be remembered. He always took an interested and active part in town affairs. For a number of years he held the office of town treasurer for Rockport. In the years of '90-'91 he represented the county in the state senate, acquitting himself with honor. He was a generous man, as many of his friends can testify, and the G. F. Burgess Engine Company will stand as a living evidence. High up in Masonry, he belonged to the Blue Lodge, Chapter, and Commandery. At the time of his death he held the position of school supervisor for Rockport and was stockholder and director in two of the woolen mills at Camden.

The funeral was held September fourth, at the Burgess homestead. Rev. W. W. Ogier officiated and paid a fitting tribute to his memory. He spoke of his generosity, public spiritedness, his kindness to his employees, and told of the important positions he has always held in town and state affairs. The house and grounds were filled with friends. The procession to the cemetery was composed of a delegation of Sir Knights, followed by the G. F. Burgess Fire Company in uniform, the Fred A. Norwood Post, and a long line of Master Masons from Camden and Rockport.

HARRISON B. BOWLEY.

Harrison B. Bowley of West Rockport, died at his home August thirtieth. He was corporal of Co. I, Nineteenth Maine Regiment, which was the same to which G. F. Burgess belonged. He was buried by the George S. Cobb Post, of which he was a member.

JONATHAN P. CILLEY, JR.

Jonathan Prince Cilley, Jr., seemed endowed with the qualities of manhood that proceed from noble ancestry and the culture of modern educational processes to achieve a name and place among the great men of this generation. Why he should die within the very doorway of his opportunities is one of the mysteries before which the inquiring mind stands, unanswered.

His great-great-grandfather, Joseph Cilley, colonel of the First New Hampshire Line in the Revolutionary War; Jonathan Cilley, his grandfather, the statesman who was stricken down by the bullet of the Southerner Graves; Jonathan Prince Cilley, his father, whose record in the civil war is among the brightest on the nation's roll of soldiers; contributed to young Jonathan through the processes of heredity a combination of manly and heroic qualities such as we rarely find a young man endowed with. He was born in 1868, his mother dying three years later, leaving the child, together with a sister, Grace, a year older, to the care of Miss Fanny Lazell, Mrs. Cilley's sister. The sister, now Mrs. Walter G. Tibbetts, is with her husband en route from San Jose, Guatemala, to Port Townsend, leaving San Jose before a cablegram announcing her brother's death could reach her.

Young Cilley grew up in Rockland and graduated in 1887 from our public schools, entering directly upon a collegiate course at Bowdoin. He was a marked man from the beginning of his four years there, was president of his class in the Freshman year, commodore of the college "eight" when they made their gallant fight with Harvard, one of the crew that rowed in the Charles river and also in the race with Cornell at Ithaca in 1890, an athlete in the gymnasium, a member of the tug of war teams in the victories over Colby and Bates, president of the college Y. M. C. A., and intensely loved and honored by faculty and collegemates. It was said by President Hyde that young Cilley was the finest endowed young man, mentally, physically and morally, who had been in Bowdoin during his presidency. At the conclusion of his collegiate course he was one of the

foremost spirits in the famous Bowdoin College expedition to Labrador, and his published account thereof indicated something of the high literary qualities of the young man. A bicycle tour over a portion of Europe made two years later afforded another opportunity to exhibit his taste as a writer. There is every reason to believe that had young Cilley lived he would have won high places in the fields of literature.

From Bowdoin, Cilley took the three years' course at the Harvard Law School in two years' time, and then began his work as a lawyer with the leading law firm of Butler, Stillman & Hubbard, New York. He instantly commanded attention by the thoroughness of his methods, his intense devotion to the matter in hand and a quick grasp of all its salient features. In his new home in Brooklyn he made friends as usual and was a marked man. Always keenly interested in military affairs, he became a member of Co. I, Twenty-third New York National Guards. Last year he won a gold medal as a sharpshooter.

Important law cases were early entrusted to him, and it was while looking after an admiralty case of considerable magnitude at Savannah, Ga., last June, that he fell sick. Returning to Brooklyn he underwent a hospital operation for appendicitis, and in July returned to his Rockland home for recuperation. He had always been a boy and man of extraordinary good health and powerful physique; and it was in an over-estimation of strength that he started to resume his work in September. Reaching Boston he fell sick of typhoid fever, and five weeks later he died, at the home of his cousin, George E. Cilley, October nineteenth.

Gen. Cilley proceeded to Boston and was with his son during his sickness. Miss Fanny Lazell was summoned at his son's early request from her present home in Saxton's River, Vt., and her devotion was ceaseless through the closing weeks. But there was no help for the sufferer.

The funeral was held in the First Baptist church, Rockland, of which young Cilley was an honored member. The choir of the church sang two selections. The house was filled with mourning

friends. The Y. M. C. A. to which deceased belonged was present in a body, and marched at the head of the funeral procession as far as Park street. Rev. J. H. Parshley, pastor of the church, delivered a most just and eloquent eulogy of the young man, drawing many high and noble lessons from his character and career. The casket, which rested in front of the pulpit platform, was covered with flowers and floral pieces, there being a wreath of yellow roses and white pinks from the Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday school, beautiful star of white pinks, roses and smilax from the Rockland Y. M. C. A., cluster of cream roses from F. J. Simonton, Jr., and a lovely pillow, yellow roses and white pinks, from his cousins in Brooklyn, also flowers from Mrs. H. C. Clapp of Boston, Miss C. S. Lazell of Saxton's River, Miss Jennie Burleigh of Epping, N. H., Mrs. H. W. Wight and daughter Martha, and others. After the services the remains were taken to Thomaston and interred beside the ashes of his lamented grandfather, Jonathan. The pall bearers were F. J. Simonton, Jr., A. L. Torrey, M. A. Rice, John Bird, E. B. McAlister, S. T. Kimball, W. O. Fuller, Jr., and A. W. Butler. Among those present at the funeral were Mrs. Julia D. Lazell, an aunt who came on from her home in Roanoke, Va., and was in Boston with her nephew some weeks previous to his decease, James D. Lazell, also of Roanoke, Lewis Lazell, an uncle, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

We cannot designate the equal of Jonathan Prince Cilley, Jr., as an "all around" young man, who from inherited qualities of head and heart, from a remarkable physique, a trained mind, a wholesome, elevated Christian character, a personality that charmed and won him powerful friends, a heart devoid of guile, ideals that stopped nowhere short of the farthest heights attainable, seemed destined to win renown such as men strive after but few attain.

One of the members of the law firm writes Gen. Cilley regarding his son a letter from which we are permitted to make the following extract: "During your son's association with my firm he endeared himself to all of us by his kindness, courtesy,

industry and amiable temper—and, beyond that, his clear mind and remarkable insight into legal principles and questions caused us to consider him as one of the most promising young men of our acquaintance. Personally, I found it a pleasure to have him undertake any work for me. Whenever it came within his province to examine for me any question of law, or any matters of fact, he invariably went to the bottom of anything, not contenting himself with a merely superficial investigation—and always going about it in the right way, something altogether unusual in young lawyers of his age and experience. This opinion of him was not mine alone—it was shared by all in the office.”—*W. O. Fuller, Jr., in the Rockland Tribune.*

The announcement of the death of Jonathan P. Cilley, Jr., which occurred in Boston, Friday night, October nineteenth, was everywhere received with profound regret. He was a brilliant and accomplished young man, and his strong, noble and manly character inspired respect and esteem in the minds of all who knew him. And the sympathy of every heart went out to the father and sister, and to those who were privileged to call him kinsman or friend. His death, at the outset of a career that promised to be brilliant, honorable and useful, is a loss to this community and to humanity; to those who were bound to him by ties of relationship and personal friendship, those whose hope, inspiration and loved one he was, the blow must be terrible indeed. * * * —*Oliver Otis in the Rockland Opinion.*



BUGLE ECHOES.

“There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
 Fetters of Friendship and ties of flowers,
 And true lovers’ knots I ween;
 The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss,
 But there’s never a bond like this,
We drank from the same canteen.”

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

DINWIDDIE COURT HOUSE.

GEO. S. BERNARD of Petersburg, Va., writes :

Thanks for the kind words expressed in your last letter concerning the old Confederate soldiers, and I further thank you for the extra copy of the BUGLE you sent me. I find myself much interested in reading the pages of this magazine. It is an excellent idea that it has been made the organ of all the ex-soldiers of your State. A member of the First Maine Cavalry, Mr. Jeff L. Coburn, of Lewiston, Me., made a visit to our city and to Chamberlin’s Run, near Dinwiddie Court House, on the thirty-first of March last, the twenty-ninth anniversary of the action at that place on the thirty-first of March, 1865, in which his command participated, and while in our city attended the meeting of A. P. Hill Camp of Confederate Veterans. Being introduced to the camp and called upon to make a speech, he read a paper which created much enthusiasm. He was warmly greeted by the old soldiers present. His appearance in the camp was a pleasant incident.

MILITARY PAMPHLETS AND PAPERS FOR THE LIBRARY OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT AT
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

GEN. A. W. GREELY, Chief Signal Officer, U. S. A., in behalf of library of the War Department at Washington, writes :

This library is making an earnest effort to bring to its shelves the most valuable literature pertaining to the late Civil War—that contained in pamphlets written by the participants in the war for the Union. In this connection an order was made for the MAINE BUGLE, which, as received, I presume, contains all the numbers at your disposal. The pamphlets received include the third and eleventh reunions of the First Maine Cavalry. The FIRST MAINE BUGLE was also received from July, 1890, to include April, 1894. There was also received the Battle Order of the Army of the Potomac. Is it not possible to obtain the first and second reunions in some manner? I hope so, for I am sure the First Maine Cavalry Association deserves to be represented on the shelves of the library of the War Department, towards which historical students are turning more and more for military literature. I should be under obligations to you if

in the next reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, and indeed at any other reunions, you would ask whether there was not some member who would donate these pamphlets to the library. I should further be very much gratified if you would blow a blast on your BUGLE inviting attention to the fact that this library will be greatly pleased if the author of any military pamphlet will send a copy here, where it will be gladly received, promptly acknowledged, and put on our card catalogue, so that its existence will be known and its contents available to every student. On receipt of a postal card from any individual having military literature to donate, a penalty frank will be forwarded so as to save expense of postage. Among Maine war papers in this library not mentioned in your list are "East Maine Conference Seminary, War Record; pp. 54, Boston, 1877" : and "Portland Soldiers and Sailors; pp. 56. Portland, 1884."

MORE TO FOLLOW. EXPECT A BIG TIME AND A GOOD FIGHT.

SIDNEY W. CLARK, Sergt. Co. A, First Maine Cavalry, of Masardis, Me., writes :

I forward you to-day a sketch of my early service during the rebellion. I will soon send something more, in regard to the Racoon Ford affair, also the first guide which took us from Gaines' Cross Roads to Kee's Mills, seven miles, which has not been correctly represented. I secured the first guide myself, by order of Lieut.-Col. Boothby, and know the facts on that particular point. Comrade Augustus Lord, in the April Call, 1894, gives the impression that old man Gaines was our first guide, but it was a colored man, as I will fully state in my next communication, which I will furnish soon, as I wish to give in proper sequence what I write in regard to Company A. I am very busy at present, as I am with my other work drilling a company of comrades for the sham battle at our G. A. R. reunion at Ashland, the last of August. We expect a big time and a good fight.

MILITARY INSTRUCTION IN OUR SCHOOLS.

HENRY T. BARTLETT, First Mass. Cav., of New York City, writes :

Like yourself I was prevented at the last moment from attending Concord reunion, but not on account of sickness. Bugler C. F. Dam of Portland, Me., informs me that he has succeeded in getting an appropriation to equip one hundred and fifty High School boys, to begin with, and I learned last evening that the city of Bennington, Vt., had adopted military instruction in her school. My friends in Scranton, Pa., are about to petition the "Board of Education" to the same purpose.

ALWAYS GOT THERE.

LUTHER TIBBETTS, Co. I, First Me. Cav., of Limerick, Me., writes :

I thought that the last BUGLE was never coming, but it got here at last—just the same as the old regiment, for you well know that the First Maine always did "get there" when it started out. So did the BUGLE. I accepted its apology for being late.

THE AIR OF MAINE WOODS.

REV. JAMES F. SMITH, of Co. K, Ninth Maine, of Lowell, Ind., writes :

To-day I am almost longing for a breath of the air of Maine woods. But as I can not get that I enclose a money order to pay for the MAINE BUGLE for 1894 and the back numbers of the BUGLE for 1893.

DEATH IN ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

F. E. JEWETT, of 6700 Glades Ave., St. Louis, Mo., Co. K, First Me. Cav., writes :

On page one hundred and forty-six of the April number of the BUGLE I notice among others unaccounted for the name of James P. Newell. I met Newell in Andersonville in June or July, 1864, and for a short time he and I camped together, he having part of a blanket which we used for a shelter, I furnishing the stakes and pole for the tent (?). He afterwards met a friend who had a tent, and they consolidated, leaving me out. I saw him several times after that, and some time during the summer I learned that he had died. I don't know the date, but think it was in September. Since looking over my old diary I think that Newell died in August, 1864, as I have a memoranda that J. Dyer of Company E, First Maine Cavalry, died August eighteenth, and B. F. Fogg of same regiment died August twenty-sixth. My recollection is that Newell died before they did. If you will kindly convey this information to Col. House of the First Maine Heavy Artillery, it may be of some interest to him.

UNION ARMY BEATEN AT ALL POINTS.

SILAS LEACH, Co. D, First Maine Cavalry, of Castine, Me., writes :

In June, 1864, about the time we returned from the raid with Sheridan, towards Trevellian Station, I was calling on the natives, seeking something to devour. Coming to a large plantation with fine buildings I interviewed an intelligent contraband, a house servant, who told me that a rebel colonel, a friend of his master, had taken dinner and spent most of the day there a short time before. Hearing their conversation the darkey got the impression that the Union army had been badly beaten at all points since the campaign opened. Later, finding the colonel alone, he proceeded to question him as follows : " Whar you say you find Massa Grant's company in the spring ? " " Up in the Wilderness," was the answer. " An' you beat him thar ? " " Yes, we beat him there." " Whar you find him next ? " " At Spottsylvania." " An' you beat him thar ? " " Yes, we beat him there." " An' Cold Harbor, you drove him thar, too ? " " Yes, we drove him there." " Whar is Massa Grant's company now ? " " Over in front of Petersburg." " Then I axed him," continued the old darkey, " whar he was trying to drive Massa Grant's company to ! "

AN INCIDENT.

ALBERT P. FRIEND of Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, Brooksville, Me., writes :

I will tell a little incident that happened to me and Madison Libby, while doing picket duty in Virginia. I am not good at remembering places and dates, so I will pass them by. The post that we were guarding was rather a dangerous one, being a public road, and we were ordered to keep a sharp lookout. About fifty yards from our post, the road turned short to the left. In the corner of this road was a small growth of wood, which cut off the view of the main road. It was about seven o'clock in the morning, and we were sitting on our horses eating some corn that we had roasted the night before, enjoying ourselves as best we could, when suddenly we heard the clatter of horses' feet on the left hand road. We dropped our corn, got our carbines ready for use and awaited further developments. We had not long to wait. They soon showed themselves around the corner of the road, about fifty yards away—four mounted rebels. I instantly shouted " Halt ! " My challenge took them a little

by surprise, as probably they were not looking for Yankee pickets just then. They halted and the two foremost raised their guns and fired. I tried to return the compliment but my carbine misfired, owing to the charge being wet. I tried my revolver with the same result, while Libby got a little nervous or lost control of his horse, went for the picket reserve, which was but a short distance in our rear; but the Johnnies left full as quick as they came. In a very few moments Libby came back and with him came a party of the boys from the reserve. They went outside and searched awhile for Johnnies, but not finding any they returned, and we were relieved and went to camp and drew a fresh stock of dry cartridges and went back to our post again. Madison Libby was transferred from Company I, First District Columbia Cavalry to Company G, First Maine Cavalry, and in the end showed himself a brave man. He was killed at Boynton Plank Road facing the enemy. I was beside him when he was shot.

THE DAY-AND-NIGHT RIDE.

ALFRED D. MCGUIRE, Co. B, First Maine Cav., of Freeland, Mich., writes:

I am very glad to hear from the "boys," especially those of the First Maine Cavalry. Having just read Augustus Lord's letter of our ride from Sulphur Springs to Little Washington, it brings that day-and-night ride very vividly to mind, and how Major Thaxter rode into the camp as cool as if he were on dress parade. I thought it about as nery as any man could do. I had to walk, as my horse was so tired, I led him the rest of the way. I think there never was another regiment blessed with a better set of officers than the old First Maine Cavalry. Smith was a brave man with the best of judgment. I well remember when he was wounded in the hip at St. Mary's church I was one of the men who let down his stirrup so his leg could hang down. Although very pale he sat on his horse and gave orders just the same as though we were at play, and when he saw the regiment was getting a little out of line, called to Capt. Tucker, saying, "Can you about face and give them a volley?" Tucker's answer was, "Yes, I can about face my men anywhere, colonel, on earth;" and it was about face and fire from that time until we were across a field into some timber, where we made a stand. Will some of the comrades tell me what was the name of this action, as I have forgotten.

NOTE.—The name of the action was St. Mary's church, June 24, 1864.

OLD BOB.

ARTHUR S. PALMER, First Lieut. of Co. C, First Va. Cav., of Reno, Ind., writes:

Have received the numbers of the BUGLE; will not be so far behind in the future. Let her blow; she is A No. 1. I shall never forget a headquarters bugler in the war. I knew him first when a boy. His name was Detreitch. He was a German; had been a bugler in German wars, and was a townsman of mine; some sixty years of age when the war commenced. He enlisted as bugler and took three sons as soldiers. I have often listened at night to Detreitch. He would wait until all of the regimental buglers would finish blowing "Put out the lights," when over the hills far away, he would fairly make his bugle talk. I could hear the words as well as the melody. It would be a delight to again hear Detreitch blow, but he died long ago. Peace to his ashes and long life to his sons. A great many things I could write concerning him,

but space forbids. Julius D. Rhodes, in a late letter in the *BUGLE*, speaks very highly of the First West Virginia Cavalry. He can not think better of my regiment than I do of the Fifth New York Cavalry. Great big double-fisted fellows, like Rhodes, could and did go in and knock down and drag out, and win commissions for gallant conduct, as also did your humble servant. I read in the *BUGLE* a piece of poetry by Edward P. Tobie, "To His Old Army Horse," that just hit me. I rode some of the best, and not less than fifteen horses. I do not see how one could stand Tobie all the way through. I will tell you of one old horse of mine for which I traded a much finer looking horse. The boys called him Bob Ridley or old Bob. He was a dark brown, and rather heavy for a cavalry horse, and had broad feet, but he was a trotter and no mistake. You should see him go. General, you remember Chantilly, on the pike leading to Aldie? Well, I was on picket with twenty-five men in a grove on the right, in front of Chantilly mansion, three hundred yards, in a meadow, in the spring of 1863, in February, I believe. My boys had all been in the army from 1861 and we looked hard, and some new recruits, who came to the First Vermont Cavalry, were sent to my post to relieve me. I was dressed rough and my horse looked bad with a common cavalry saddle on him. I wore a blouse with no shoulder straps and was making coffee in a black quart cup when the relief was seen coming over the meadow, and soon up dashed a new lieutenant on a fine bright sorrel horse with yellow trimmings and fine saddle, with his new recruits mounted on fat horses and dressed in new uniforms, with feathers in their hats. The lieutenant brought them "front into line" and came up within forty feet of the grove where I had just boiled the coffee. He enquired for the officer in command. I was forthcoming but still held on to my quart cup of coffee, which was too hot to drink in a hurry. General, you have tried to drink hot coffee quick and you know how it is yourself. Well, I came armed with the black quart cup and introduced myself to the new lieutenant. I told one of the boys to give my horse an ear of corn while the new lieutenant and I drank the coffee. One or two of the soldiers in line snickered and laughed as they beheld old Bob, and one said, "What a poor horse that lieutenant rides." Thinks I to myself, "I'll take the conceit out of you fellows." I told the lieutenant I would go the rounds with him and he could leave his men two on each post and I would bring nine in to the reserve picket. It was a bare pasture field and three hundred yards or more to the pike. We started, the lieutenant and I, at the head of the column. We rode at a slow trot and the lieutenant's horse broke into a gallop in the first seventy-five yards. He remarked to me, "You have a good trotter." I told him he was not trotting, but as soon as we got to the pike I would let him out. So I stood up in the stirrups and old Bob trotted. By the time we got to the pike I had the lieutenant's horse and the whole party on the run attempting to keep up with old Bob. "Now," says I, "if you will send a sergeant to the rear to keep the men closed up I will show you a trotter." We went about one and one-half miles out on the pike and they all acknowledged old Bob was a daisy. They never laughed at my horse afterwards. The First Vermont was a good regiment. Did you see where Col. H. C. Parsons of the First Vermont, was assassinated at Natural Bridge, Va., where he has lived ever since the war in the hotel business? As Tobie says, if there is a Heaven for horses I will ride old Bob, for I do think all good, valiant soldiers will get to Heaven, sure. I have ridden old Bob one hundred miles in twenty-four hours, and no man but a cavalryman knows just what a good sound horse can stand. The boys

told me they could always tell when there was going to be a fight, they would see Lieut. Palmer skipping around here, there and everywhere, and laughing and in good humor. That is about the truth. I did not put on much style but I showed the boys who the officer was as soon as the fighting commenced—always in front!

ROYAL VOLUNTEERS.

H. M. WILLIAMS, Capt. First Bucks R. V., The Square, Wolverton, Bucks, Eng., writes:

In the copy of the MAINE BUGLE just received, to which I have the honor of being a subscriber, I found the enclosed coupon. I am very much interested in the BUGLE and should like to become a subscriber to the Pictorial History of the War. I enclosed Post Office Order 13 S, (\$2.92), and shall be glad if you will kindly send me the six parts already issued, and the remainder as published. I send you by the same post a copy of the calendar issued by the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, to which regiment the volunteer battalion to which I belong is linked. I thought this might be of interest to you, and beg that you will please accept it from me. The representative group of Bucks Volunteers consists of members of my company.

CAMP PENOBSCOT.

C. P. CLAYTON, of Taopi, Mower Co., Minn., Co. L, First Maine Cav., writes:

I enclose two dollars to pay for the BUGLE what I am in arrears, and the balance in advance. I would like to have met with the comrades at their annual reunion, but I am a great distance off. Tell any of the members of the old regiment that I often recall them and the times we had in Camp Penobscot when we were raw soldiers, and if any of them think I did not jump the fence around the old camp as many times that winter as any other man in the First Maine, let them ask Capt. Vaughan, as he was in our company.

THE PRIDE OF MY HEART.

ISAAC SHIELDS, of Hodgdon, Me., Co. E, First Maine Cav., writes:

I wish to say to you that the BUGLE is the pride of my heart and I hope to receive them just as often as I can, and I will pay for them. I am broken down and can do but little work

ALL RIGHT.

LIEUT. H. B. SAWYER, Auburn, Me., Co. K., and G, Eighth Me. Inf., writes:

The BUGLES come along all right; am very much pleased with them. Please find enclosed one dollar for payment of same.

FIRST UNDER FIRE.

M. S. BERRY, of Co. H, Eleventh Maine Inf., of Brownville, Me. writes:

I claim Company H was the first company of the Eleventh Maine to be under fire from rebel guns. It was while on picket at McIntosh's Landing, James River, in April, 1862. It was a pretty warm day, and the tide being out most of the boys were out on the flats digging shell fish. The writer was back a few rods from the river trying to replenish his commissary department by getting a "cullord lady" to bake him some biscuits, while Lieut. S., in command of the company, was lying in the shade

trying to keep cool, minus his cap, coat and sword, when down came a rebel gunboat opposite our position on a bluff near the landing. Some of the boys, thinking to have some fun, double-shotted their rifles and commenced firing at her. They soon had more fun than they wanted, for the gunboat swung around and opened fire on us from her big guns. The first notice I received was from a shell that came screaming over the house, making me think they were firing steam whistles. I ran out to see what the rumpus meant—saw the lieutenant standing on the bluff, bareheaded and coatless, swinging his arms and crying out to the boys, "Gee hornet!"—his favorite cuss word—"boys, come up out of that or you will get hurt." He thought more of the safety of his men than he did of the rebel shells or his military appearance. I have to laugh now as I think how the boys looked as they scrambled up that sand bank and made for the woods. I did not stop to see who came in ahead, but think the lieutenant led his company. As the darkey population had all taken to the woods at the first shot, and of course the biscuit had to be looked after, the hottest time I had was in transferring them to my haversack. I then executed a flank movement, came in on the rear and joined the company in good order, baggage all safe. I found some of the boys without caps who claimed the wind from the shells blew them away as they came over the bank.

COUNT ON ME.

E. W. SCHUTTE, 437 East 22d street, New York City, writes:

I find each and every number of very deep interest to me as an old soldier. You can count on me to follow the *BUGLE* through all the calls and right up to the time when the publisher sounds "Taps," which I hope is a long time away still.

A CORRECTION.

CAPT. FRANCIS HAVILAND, of National Military Home, Ohio, writes:

I wish to correct the statement of Col. Fred C. Newhall on the cavalry charge over the stone bridge at Antietam. It was made by the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, our Colonel James M. Childs was our brigade commander that day. We got the battery over the bridge under the enemy's fire. Col. Childs was killed by a cannon ball. We got our horses down in a ravine out of the range of the enemy's guns. We repulsed the enemy three times. We were dismounted all day.

SOLID COMFORT.

PRESTON L. BENNETT, Co. D, First D. C. Cav., transferred to Co. F, First Me. Cav., of Newport, Me., writes:

Enclosed you will please find five dollars to pay for the *BUGLE*. I am not going to make any excuses for not paying before, for in time of war there was no excuse for a soldier, but one thing I must say, and that is, I take solid comfort reading the *BUGLE*. May it always blow.

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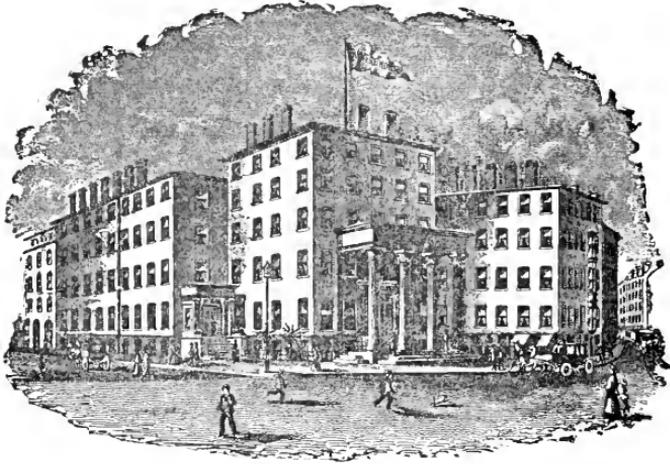
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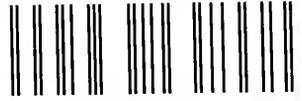
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