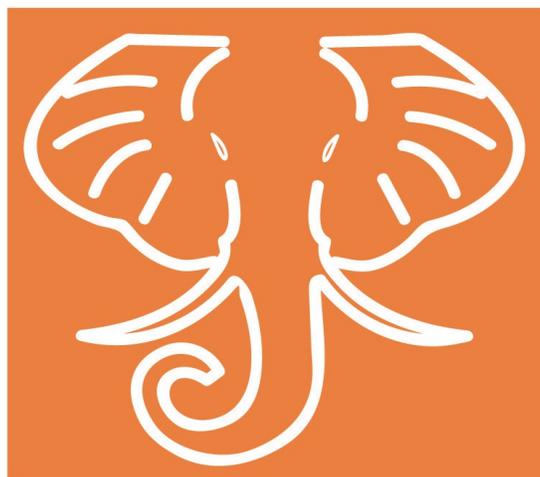


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# THE OLD GUARD.

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J. H. Ward*

PRINTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

GEO. H. WARD POST, NO. 10,

G. A. R.

January 1886, January 1887, February 1888 and February 1889.

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WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS.

1889.



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# The Old Guard.

Vol. I.

WORCESTER, JAN. 19, 1886.

No. 1.

## The Old Guard.

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### GETTYSBURG.

BY E. C. L.

Here on this "Rocky Ridge of Gettysburg,"  
Where stately mountains rim th' horizon round,  
Contending hosts have met; brothers, yet foes,  
Who filled the air with war's tumultuous sound.

Those awful sounds have long since died away;  
The yawning mouths of cannon now are dumb;  
The fields once ploughed by heavy shot and shell,  
Bear peaceful harvest 'neath the summer sun.

Where once were tread of horse and print of wheels,  
The modest daisy and the soft grass spring:  
No longer does the flower-besprinkled turf  
With "clattering hoofs and clinking sabres" ring;

But I do think, on many a quiet night,  
When the wan moon lights up the misty sky,  
These sleeping warriors rise, renew the fight,  
And wake the silence with their battle-cry.

Again the bugle sounds its clarion note—  
Again the impetuous charge in fierce array,  
And countless unnamed heroes fall in death;  
Some know them by the blue, some by the gray.

Then Reynolds leads his serried ranks once more,  
And filling down from Round Top's crested height,  
Come Weed, and Vincent, with heroic mien,  
Ready to die for Country and the Right.

Where lately peach-blossoms scented all the air,  
Black mouths of cannon hurl their sulphurous smell;  
And fearful is the struggle, breast to breast,  
While fiercer grows the shriek of shot and shell.

The shadowy hosts of Zook and Cross press on  
Amid the carnage and the deadly strife;  
Again the woodland rings with torturing cries,  
As each one yieldeth up a hero's life.

And cannon thundering along the heights,  
With dull reverberations shake the air,  
And heavy smoke-wreaths hide as with a pall,  
The summer beauty of the landscape fair.

The fatal charge of the advancing foe  
Is met with bravery equal to his own;  
While fiery batteries mow them down like grain,  
And all the bloody slope with dead is strewn.

And tossing standards wave defiantly,  
Meeting the rebel colors one by one;  
A fiercer struggle yet—the brave foe yields—  
Their battle-flags are ours; the day is won!

See! as the night yields to the glimmering dawn,  
The phantom hosts dissolve like mists away,  
Yet listening for the ghostly bugle call,  
Ready and eager to renew the fray.

But while these Pennsylvania hills remain,  
Here loyal men will turn their steps with pride,  
And, pointing to the hallowed soil, will say:  
"Here ebb'd the fortunes of Rebellion's tide."

### FIELD, PRISON AND ESCAPE.

#### A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

BY A MEMBER OF POST 10, G. A. R.

On the 17th of Sept., 1861, at the age of nineteen, I enlisted in Co. E, First Mass. Cavalry, and served three years and three months. Leaving the State in 1861, we spent the time until August, 1862, on the "Sunny Isles of the Sea" in the vicinity of Port Royal harbor, South Carolina. The regiment then joined the Army of the Potomac, in the battles of which we engaged and whose fortunes and fate we shared, being identified with its history from the first Maryland campaign until the close of the war. Late in November, 1863, Gen. Meade with the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan river and advanced as far as Mine Run. Finding the enemy strongly fortified, our army withdrew and no great battle was fought. At this time, Nov. 29, a part of our regiment was doing picket duty along the Orange plank road, near Parker's Store. Through the negligence of a picket, we were surprised by Gen. J. E. B. Stuart with a large cavalry force, and without the least warning they were at once in our midst. I was dozing by a small camp fire when I was suddenly aroused by a comrade vigorously shaking me and exclaiming: "Wake up, Charley! Wake up, Charley! They are right here! They are right here!" and the next sound that greeted my ears was—Ping! Ping! Zip! Zip! It seemed as if the thicket all around was full of whistling bullets. As we were under cover of wood we held the enemy at bay some moments, but soon they bore down upon us at a charge and we were swept along as by a storm. I was run down on the plank road by a Confederate officer, who eagerly demanded my surrender; and, as he held his revolver within a foot of my face and had a large force at his back, there was no alternative. He called me a Yankee, with a — prefix. I was obliged to dismount, and was marched away to a place where I found ten members of my company, and others, also prisoners. Next day we were marched to Orange Court House, placed on cars and sent to Richmond. We went on to Belle Isle at 10 o'clock at night, Dec. 1st, 1863. The island is in the James river nearly opposite Richmond, a little farther up the stream. At that time the prison enclosure comprised about three or four acres, surrounded by a ditch six feet wide and two and one-half feet deep, the earth from the ditch having been thrown outside and formed into an embankment, just beyond which sentinels were stationed. Our condition during the winter was deplorable beyond description; we

suffered the pangs of starvation. Men wasted from strong and robust condition until they were unable to rise, and died for lack of food. Our rations consisted chiefly of corn bread, issued only twice a day. For nineteen consecutive days only two pieces of this bread, about two and one-half cubic inches in size, were issued each day. The quality of the meal was coarse, believed by the prisoners to contain the cob; and some of the boys said they found corn stalks in their bread. This meal, simply wet and baked, was our food. Occasionally meat was issued in pieces the size of a silver dollar to each man. But the boys declared the Confederate cattle were so poor that it took two men to hold one up while another man knocked it down at time of slaughter. Cold added to our tortures; anchor ice floated in the river, and at times there was snow on the ground. No fires to warm ourselves by. The crowded tents could not cover all the men. With no sanitary regulations, we rolled in filth. Filth begets vermin, which swarmed throughout the place by thousands and millions. Above all was our mental suffering—the thought of home, of food, the ever present thought, “*You are actually starving to death.*” Dreams of banquets and festivals, all a delusion; and waking from such dreams only to find the demon Hunger, like a coal of fire, gnawing at the stomach and burning up vitality. Every day during that winter I could look upon the residence of Jefferson Davis, and see the Stars and Bars waving over the Confederate Capitol. I left Belle Isle, March 15, 1864, after three and one-half months’ stay. We were placed in box freight-cars, from seventy to eighty men in a car. After such a winter, in a half-starved condition, covered with filth and vermin, we were jammed into freight-cars without seats and jolted over the worst roads three days and two nights. We then spent one night on the ground in the woods, and then four days and three nights on the road. At about 4 o’clock in the afternoon of the 22d of March, 1864, the train stopped at a small station in southwestern Georgia, and we were removed from the cars and marched away under guard. I asked one of the guards the name of the place. “Camp Winder, where we wind up the Yankees at the rate of forty or fifty a day.” I suppose he thought he was witty, and there was truth in his grim pun. They did wind up the Yankees, sometimes at the rate of *one hundred and fifty* a day, at that place, which was *Andersonville*, sometimes called by the Confederates “Camp Winder,” because Capt. Winder, son of Gen. Winder, laid out the camp. We soon reached the stockade and were turned inside. What a picture is presented to my mind and soul as I write that word *Stockade!* Had I the mighty intellect and genius of Dante, or the wierd and fantastic imagination of Doré, I could not reproduce the picture. It never *can* be done. Andersonville will never be known nor understood except by those who were there. Thirty-one thousand men in a pen, on the bare earth, exposed to the fierce rays of the southern sun, the drenching showers, the cold night dews, covered with vermin and sores; hundreds unable to

rise, and many dying every hour of the day and night, and writhing in their death struggles until half buried like struggling animals in the sand.

These are tame words, and as I hasten on, give but a passing glance at the situation. As the question has been asked if the Andersonville horrors have not been exaggerated, I simply repeat—they cannot be described. I was getting very much reduced when, April 28th, it was discovered that I had the small-pox, and I was sent to the small-pox hospital. This was in a pleasant wood some distance from the prison, where we had room and air, and an opportunity to wash if we survived the disease. The wash for both clothing and person I prized, for I had worn every article of clothing eight months without change or washing. In July the small-pox hospital was abandoned, and on the 19th of that month I was sent to the general hospital as attendant, where I formed the acquaintance of Dr. Barrows of Amherst, Mass., and A. A. Crandall of Ulysses, Penn. We planned an escape. It required great caution, study and preparation. We were six weeks in perfecting the plan, during which time we were liable to be detected by spies, or perhaps betrayed by some one who might gain a knowledge of our plan.

The greatest secrecy had to be observed, for, had the fact become known to any it would have occasioned great excitement in camp, and we should at once have become objects of such interest as would have led to our discovery. We had one of Colton’s small outline-maps. We decided to go west to the Chattahoochee river, cross into Alabama, find the headwaters of the Choctawhatchee river and follow it south through Alabama and Western Florida to its mouth, where it empties into the Choctawhatchee bay, and where we expected to find the United-States gunboats.

We collected medicines, matches and food, the latter consisting of biscuits and bacon. The most important article of all was turpentine; for, with this applied to our shoes we could baffle the blood-hounds. Barrows had access to the medical supplies, and from time to time abstracted small quantities both of turpentine and medicines. These we must carry out of the hospital on our persons. This was attended with danger, for smuggling was carried on between the guard and the prisoners, though strictly forbidden by the Confederate authorities, and always punished when detected. We decided to go out in the day-time, when persons were going out and coming in at the main entrance to the hospital. It required nerve, but if it succeeded was safer than to attempt to go in the night, when no one was allowed to pass. Oct. 9th, 1864, was the day decided upon. Crandall took such supplies as he could well conceal and went out first. Dr. Barrows and I were to go out together. Barrows wore a Yankee soldier’s overcoat, underneath which were hidden many contraband goods. He also wore boots with pantaloon legs tucked in, the legs being filled with biscuits. I had neither overcoat nor boots—only a blouse and shoes. I filled my bosom with biscuit and placed a piece of bacon in the small

of my back, like a porous plaster, passing it under my suspenders and letting the ends rest on the top of my pantaloons, I had to take and maintain a perfectly upright position, else the biscuit would show in front, or the bacon at my back. With hands in my pockets, that the blouse might fall carelessly back over the bacon, in company with the doctor, at 2 o'clock, P. M., I passed out between two sentinels stationed at the main entrance of the General Hospital at Andersonville. We were not challenged, and passed the guard-house, where arms were stacked, where were the officers of the guard, and guards; went about a mile across a plain, open country, by the stockade and Capt. Wirz's headquarters, to the burying ground, where we met Crandall, and bidding good-bye to Andersonville, went into the wood, and started for the north by going west and south. In fifteen minutes after we entered the wood, we heard the sound of voices. We all fell to the ground at once. A party in a wagon passed along a road which crossed our path. At the South, many roads lead through woods and are not fenced in or indicated in any way, and are worn below the surface on either side, so that they would not be noticed by any one traveling at a right-angle with the road until close upon it. Fortunately, bushes concealed us from this party, and afterwards we were very much on the alert not to get caught in the same way. We soon came to the railroad, which we were obliged to cross almost within sight of the Andersonville station. Safely across, we arranged our baggage and started on our perilous and untried experiment.

It will be impossible in a newspaper article to do more than sketch a few of the more prominent features of our wild experience, but I hope at no distant day to be able to present the story more in detail and in larger form. I wish to say in passing that I realized on that afternoon the meaning of the words *freedom, liberty*. Though filled with nervous fear and apprehension, for we had not then tested the efficacy of the turpentine, and knew not at what moment we might hear the baying of the blood-hounds, yet nature has never appeared so beautiful to me before or since. It was a delightful southern October afternoon. The grass and the foilage on the trees seemed so bright and fresh, and green, the air so soft and filled with sweet odors (it must be remembered that the stench at the prison was so great that the planters for miles around thought they would be obliged to move away) and the music of birds, that I felt as if I could leave the earth and walk right up on the atmosphere. I thought of Paradise, and wondered if Adam and Eve were more happy,—even while sin was yet a stranger,—of Heaven, and wondered if it could afford more rapture. I felt that I would willingly be shot or torn by the dogs for the privilege of one hour of such enjoyment. This may seem extravagant language, but let no one criticise it who has not had the same experience. We traveled all night, walking very fast, sometimes running, taking the precaution to keep the soles of our shoes well wet with turpentine. During the first day out, we lay

hidden away under the top of a fallen tree, not rising to our feet once, living upon the food we had with us, but with nothing to drink. We estimated when we left the prison that in four days we would reach the Chattahoochee, which forms the state line between Georgia and Alabama. The fourth night we came to a stream of some size and importance, but could hardly satisfy ourselves that it was the Chattahoochee. We crossed on a carriage bridge and saw a house near by. Oh, if we could only go there and ask, not for food, though our own was exhausted, not for shelter and lodging, for we were willing to accept the earth as our bed, but simply where we were, whether in Georgia or Alabama. We dared not venture. After this our chief article of food was sweet-potatoes, which we dug from the fields at night, carried to some secluded place, built a fire and roasted them in the ashes. We also obtained dry corn, squashes, pumpkins, watermelons, persimmons, and in Alabama sugar-cane. We had no difficulty in keeping the points of compass, and going directly in our course. We used the seven stars, Pleiades, as our guide. Crandall was a deer hunter and woodsman at his home in Pennsylvania, and understood woodcraft perfectly. We could readily keep our direction, but not locality. How many miles we had traveled, where we were, and whether or not we had crossed the Chattahoochee, were questions we could not answer. On October 16th, eight nights from prison, these questions were still unanswered to our anxious minds. Usually the negroes at the South were, by instinct, friendly to the Union soldier, and many escaped prisoners were assisted by them, but as we had heard of one instance of betrayal, we determined to take no chances. We would rely wholly upon ourselves, except in great emergency, when we would cautiously seek help. The emergency was now upon us. We felt that we must get information in regard to our locality. We found a lone log hut in the wood, and peeping in between the logs where the mud chinking was out, we saw that the only occupant was an old lady. We knocked at the door and the old lady made her appearance. Only a dim light from the fire on the hearth revealed her to us. I inquired: "What State do you live in?" She replied; "I don't know." It was evident she was telling the truth, and did not know much of anything. In various ways I tried to find out where we were. "Where do you live? What town is this? What's the name of this place?" were questions put in quick succession. An answer came at length. "I live in Stewart." I knew she meant Stewart county. That was of no use to us. The counties were not on our map, and we did not then know whether Stewart county was in Georgia or Alabama. I was about to turn away in despair, when suddenly an idea flashed through my mind, and turning short, I exclaimed: "Don't you know whether you live in Georgia or Alabama?" "Oh," she replied, "we have to go to Florence to go to Alab-ä-m." My heart was in my mouth. I would not at that time have valued a bag of gold as I did those words. I knew we were in Georgia, that Florence

was not far away, and that we were near the borders of "Alab-ä-m."

We took our leave without gratifying a woman's curiosity, and that night found Florence, a small village in Georgia, on the banks of the Chattahoochee. We looked upon the river, a strong, majestic stream, and knew it must be the one we were so anxious to see. We could find no means of crossing that night. The next night, after a long search, behind an upturned stump on the river bank we found a nice skiff, borrowed it, and rowed across to "Alab-ä-m." Alabama is Indian for "*Here we rest!*" And here we did rest with a feeling of greater security, now that we knew that the Chattahoochee rolled between us and Andersonville, and that we were really in Alabama, for we expected to find that State less thickly settled than Georgia, and our path consequently less beset with danger. In this we were correct. In Georgia we used the utmost caution, walking only nights and keeping ourselves closely secreted during the day. We walked in Indian file, always on the alert for danger, and when it seemed to appear in any form the one who saw it first gave the signal, "Hist!" and we all fell to the ground. Many times persons came very near us as we lay quietly on the ground. We did not speak a word above a whisper during the nine days and nights we were in Georgia. We found some dwellers in Alabama. The second night after we left the prison we decided to walk in the road, when it led in the direction which we wished to go, for we could go more easily and faster, and, there being three of us, by a sharp lookout we could see danger and avoid it, and could observe any one approaching before he could see us. We adhered to this decision, but when the road diverged too much we left it and went into the forest or across the fields. One night we walked twenty miles on the Eufala turnpike, counting the mile-posts, and at least five miles in the fields. Oct. 19th we were walking along a road when, in a cornfield at a little distance, we saw a party with torches hunting coons. Soon after we came to a fork in the road. We followed the left, which proved to be a plantation road leading into a yard and up to a house. Before reaching the yard we heard some one coming toward us, and not wishing to meet him we stepped into the bushes and let him pass. As we went up to the yard and looked at the house all was still and dark. We thought it likely that the person we had just met had gone to join the coon hunters and left the house unoccupied. We resolved to make a search for food. I told my comrades that if they would remain by a large log, I would advance on the house. I did not propose to attack in front but by flank, going to the right, then tacking and approaching the house at the side. Just as I was about to turn the angle, "Bow-wow! bow-wow!" and out jumped two large house dogs. Well, thought I, I guess you didn't go to the coon hunt. Of course I did not pursue my researches further in that direction. I merely waited for the canines to subside, when I would join my comrades, and we would leave the place. But before I could act on my

resolve another appeared on the scene. A man came out of the house and urged on the dogs. Thus encouraged they started for me, and I for the wood. But I did not run; I knew it would be useless, as the dogs could run much faster than myself. I walked rapidly but coolly. The dogs came close to me just as I reached the wood. I thought they were about to seize me. The man closely followed his dogs. I looked over my shoulder and was about to say: "Call off your dogs; I surrender," when he fired at me with a pistol.

[CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

### "ADVANCE THE COLORS."

The battle of Gettysburg was the crisis battle of the war. The little group of trees on Cemetery Ridge marked the crisis point in the fortunes of the battle,—the pivot on which they turned. Near this group of trees was a stone wall, beyond which was a broad, open field, across which the rebel Gen. Pickett made his desperate charge. Those holding the stone wall at one time faltered and were about to give way. The 15th Massachusetts was ordered forward. As they came under the withering fire they quivered to a flight, but a Corporal called out, "*Advance the Colors!*" The regiment rallied about them, other regiments fell into line, and the tide of battle was turned back on the enemy. The Corporal's command, "*Advance the Colors,*" gave the watchword of victory that made Gettysburg famous forever in the annals of the war.

Many a time the impetuous valor of a single man has led a host. The leader is as important as the army. Manhood is power, not numbers; and such power is not subject to death. Judas Maccabæus, with his devoted eight hundred, slaughtered by the Syrian hosts, is a splendid memory living in the heart of every Jew who inherits the heroic temper of his race. The name of Leonidas will never die out of the history of Greece. Horatius still guards the bridge across the Tiber. The shade of Warren still haunts the slopes of Bunker Hill. Ellsworth is not yet forgotten, and his name is not only one of many written upon the roster of immortal fame in the lurid days of civil war. All such men had in them the spirit of the rallying cry, "*Advance the Colors,*" and so they won the victory of a deathless renown. J. F. L.

To-day there is no one gathering, in the whole round of the year, that the old soldier looks forward to with more expectation than to the annual reunion of his regiment. Men have been known to travel from the far west to meet old comrades for a single day in one of our Massachusetts towns.

In some of the middle states, reunions are had by inviting all the ex-soldiers from a congressional district to meet at some central point and then, for two and often three days, they revive old memories, mimic war, and occasionally indulge in play so rough that an uninitiated party would fail to discover the fun.

## GOING TO THE FRONT.

Our regiment, the 9th N. Y. Heavy Artillery, had been for many months one of those designated to defend Washington. Recruited to the maximum number of artillery regiments, the companies had assisted in erecting and garrisoning nearly all the fortifications on the east side of the Potomac. The line extended from Fort Foote, with its immense guns, on the extreme south to Fort Mansfield on the north. While learning the management of large guns, the men had, also, drilled on the mounted ones and, moreover, were armed and drilled as infantry. On the coming of Grant to the east a new policy was devised, it being determined to send these well-drilled and well-fed men to the front and to supply their places, if necessary, with new recruits and hundred-day men, though the probabilities are that Grant determined to keep Lee so busy that the latter would have little time to annoy Washington. That he was at fault in that scheme was evident when, in the following July, Early and his men appeared at the head of Seventh street, and were prevented entering the Capital only by the timely interposition of a part of the 6th Corps—the other portion having been offered as a sacrifice at Monocacy, holding in check there, the rebel forces, till this very change from the front of Petersburg to Washington could be effected. Not from that morning when affrighted men from Bull Run had driven the Capital nearly frantic had Washington been in such danger. The Departments were emptied of their clerks, and every man capable of carrying a gun had taken arms to drive back the foe. The coming of the veteran 6th enabled these temporary soldiers to return to their pens and drove the surprised Confederates back to their native South. Whether this one emergency is sufficient warrant in saying that veteran soldiers should have remained in the defences I am not prepared to say; but early in May, '64, it became evident that the fortification days of the "Ninth" were nearly over. It was about the middle of the month when our scattered companies were brought together and, crossing the eastern branch of the Potomac, we marched through Washington, passed over the Potomac and entered Fort Richardson, which had just been vacated by the 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery. Our stay here was brief, and in a day or two we packed our knapsacks and started for Alexandria—everybody, of course, blissfully ignorant of our destination save that we had an impression that we should sooner or later reach that very indefinite place, "The Front." As we trudged along, R— C—, 1st Lieut. of Co. —, was pleased to remark: "Ha! ha! you band-box pets!" and "You life-insurance fellows, keep your courage up!" and other equally sarcastic language, leading us inexperienced privates to think that an opportunity was all that lacked to make of Lieut. C— a first-class hero. Alas! the first fight we went into was his first and last. He lost his little finger—some said he shot it off himself—and we saw his valiant (?) form no more. So great a difference is there in talking and do-

ing! Alexandria is reached in time, and we stretch our weary legs on the deck of the transport, glad to get a brief respite from marching—a wholly new discipline. We steam down the beautiful Potomac, past forts on either hand, and finally leaving the whole cordon behind us we are reminded of Mt. Vernon by the tolling of the steamer's bell; we pass Aquia creek, notable in the early days of the war, and land at Belle Plain on the Potomac creek, a small inlet of the Potomac and twelve miles away from Fredericksburg. Here we pitch our tents for the first time and get a little touch of actual soldier life. Some of us who are about the landing are surprised to see our colonel and lieutenant-colonel go back on the very boat that brought us down; but as our regiment had three majors we didn't want for officers. That night the sound of cannonading on the other side of Fredericksburg told us that we were in the vicinity of actual warfare. The next day we had nothing to do but bathe, run over the surrounding hills and wonder what we were waiting for. I cooked a shad that afternoon upon a tin plate, and a better morsel in the fish line I never tasted. After two nights' delay we set forth for the Rappahannock. The day was very hot, the roads dusty, and we heavy laden. Every man, nearly, had his full equipment of arms and accoutrements. Our tents, rubber blankets, overcoats and woolen blankets were nicely folded or rolled and in or upon our knapsacks. Our haversacks were filled, and we set forth gaily. Alas! alas! soon came ejaculations more forcible than elegant. Blisters appeared; limps of all sorts and descriptions were developed. The superfluous clothing was voted a nuisance. At every halt there was a lessening of burdens: first, the woolen blanket would go; then the overcoat; while many in their weariness and pain would let go the whole affair. Some who had served in other regiments and were accounted old campaigners, took their fly-tents and rubber blankets, rolled them and, tying the ends together, slung the roll over the shoulder. As for myself, I speedily determined that a woolen blanket was not necessary to my comfort, and, stepping from the ranks for a moment, I contributed that to the "sacred soil of Virginia." Out of our two thousand men there were not a hundred who did not, on that forenoon's march, throw away something that in the morning they had considered absolutely essential to their comfort. Wagon loads of everything that could be imagined as borne by a soldier strewed the ground for miles. Luckily for me, I had expressed home from Washington sundry books that in my verdancy I had thought I could carry with me; but the march from Fort Baker to Fort Richardson had convinced me that a portable library was not desirable. Reaching F. we saw convincing evidence of the terrible fray two years before—railroad bridges destroyed, church steeples honeycombed, and houses presenting a very open appearance told of the intensity of the conflict. We crossed the river upon a pontoon-bridge, passed through the city and halted just in the outskirts. A severe thunder-storm coming up we pitched a few tents hurriedly,

and under two halves of a shelter-tent six of us tried to keep dry. Afterward we went on, and at a late hour halted to rest as we were: *i. e.*, not to put up our tents but to crawl under our rubbers. This again was a new experience. My chum and I put on the ground one blanket, rubber side down, and, lying on that, drew our shelters and remaining rubber blanket over us. We were as comfortable and warm as we could desire; but not so our friends who had thrown away their all. The dew was very heavy and the air grew extremely cold before morning, so much so that many a boy spent a good part of the night in running and jumping to keep warm. Rheumatic pains set in that night with some, and ambulances were called into use. Some, too, from illness contracted in this first night out, were sent back to the hospital, not to report for duty for many a week. The next day we were halted on the march, somewhere near Milford, Va., and the reason of the return of our two officers to Washington appeared. William H. Seward, Jr., who went away wearing the straps of a lieutenant-colonel, now rode before us glittering with an eagle on either shoulder. Our first colonel, who had enjoyed army life in the fortifications, decided that active campaigning was not his forte and so stepped down and out. The second son of the great Secretary of State was promoted, and proved himself in every way a brave and capable officer, leading us in all our engagements till he was promoted to a Brigadiership. On the 24th we neared the North Anna river, seeing on every hand traces of fighting. Dead bodies, imperfectly buried, were exposed to view, and in many cases had become exceedingly repulsive. A hack containing a general officer met us just as we neared the river, and we were told that the officer was General Burnside of the Ninth Corps—a man whom every soldier respected. We cross the river on a pontoon-bridge and are told that we have been assigned to the 6th Corps, General H. G. Wright; 3d Division, General Ricketts; 2d Brigade, General Keifer, since Speaker of the House of Representatives. Our joining was only a few days subsequent to the death of the Corps' former commander, the staunch old soldier, John Sedgewick, of whose greatness and goodness the 6th Corps boys never cease to tell. Sharing the fortunes of this corps, participating in all its battles—Cold Harbor, before Petersburg and in the Valley, then back to Petersburg again, thence to Appomattox—the regiment fully merited the title given to all those in the corps: "Sheridan's Foot Cavalry." It was in May, '65, that we were drawn up to hear General Keifer's farewell, when our connection with the corps ceased and we set our faces toward Washington and home. Our memories of the campaigns are pleasant, much more so in the retrospect than in passing. Few would care to repeat them. A. S. R.

That account of the 57th, promised so long ago, is yet delayed. The story alone of its loss at the Wilderness would rank the regiment as a fighting one. Hurry up the book! We want it.

### BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.

On the 7th day of December, 1862, an order was given to Company Commanders to have at all times three days' cooked rations in the haversacks. Such an order might indicate that a movement was on foot, but such orders were so often given when nothing came of it in the army, that we were reminded of the little liar in our early reading-books who cried "Wolf" so often that when a wolf really came no one would answer; but on the night of the 10th I heard a mounted orderly pass my tent in such haste there was no mistaking its meaning.

In a moment the Sergeant-Major put his head into the tent and said, "Captain, your Company must be ready to fall into line in twenty minutes in heavy marching order." In the rear of our quarters there slept Jim, a faithful and always ready sort of servant, quick-witted and sharp, who, in response to the call says, "Hea, Sah! I hear de order."

Space does not permit a description of a typical officer's servant, but only to say that Jim was probably like a thousand others whose names are not borne upon the rolls of the army, who did loyal and faithful service in places of responsibility and often of great danger. While the company is forming, let me tell you what "heavy marching order" is, so that the boys of to-day can see what it is to be a soldier in active service.

He puts on his uniform, and it being in winter, his overcoat, his cartridge box containing forty rounds of ammunition, and an extra twenty rounds in his pockets, buckles on his waist belt, on which is a cap box and bayonet, over that his haversack filled with a peck, dry-measure, of rations, his canteen filled with water, takes his piece of shelter-tent, wool blanket, and a shirt and a pair of stockings—if he is lucky enough to possess them—and rolls them all up in the rubber blanket, the ends tied together, making an immense horse-collar sort of thing, throws it over his shoulder and taking his musket he attempts to stand in line.

I sometimes think, when I see our nice City Guards or Infantry upon inspection, how little they know of those things that must come to them if they are to engage in actual warfare. The line is formed and we are marched in rear of a line of hills opposite Fredricksburg, and perhaps a half a mile from the river.

Gen. Sumner, our Corps Commander; Gen. O. O. Howard, Division Commander; Gen. Alf. Sully, an old Indian fighter, in command of brigade; Lieut.-Col. Chase Philbrick, of 15th Mass.; all under command of Gen. Burnside.

It was the expectation that the pontoon bridge would be laid across the Rappahannock early in the morning, but the rebels had made preparations to meet any who were to engage in the work, and placed a line of sharpshooters in the houses and cellars near the bank of the river, and pretty soon we could see the wounded of our brigade being brought back, and then began one of the most terrific

artillery fights of the war. Two hundred guns upon our side, with several upon the rebel line of works, continuing for four consecutive hours, made an ever-to-be-remembered scene.

Upon the anniversary of the departure of the 15th Regiment from Worcester, Aug. 12, 1862, as a newly-fledged 2nd Lieut., in common with all the commissioned officers of the regiment, partook of a dinner and concomitants given by Gen. Devens, upon which occasion another Gen., who shall be nameless here, made a speech, perhaps inspired by the presence of the distinguished company—and water without ice—declared, with his usual vehemence, that “Artillery was a humbug.” I was forcibly reminded of that fact at Fredericksburg or upon this particular day, but two days later, when artillery was directed upon massed troops, had reason to decide it was no humbug.

At last when the day was drawing to a close volunteers were called for, and crossing the river in boats the rebels were soon driven away and the bridge was quickly completed. Just at dark or perhaps at 6 o'clock the columns were put in motion, and my division was soon over, not without a severe shelling by the enemy. It was a long and anxious day, and twenty-two hours under arms is better than chloral to produce sleep, and soon except an occasional shell from the rebels all was quiet. The next day, the 12th, we were at our ease in town, although we had a little anxiety or curiosity to know where the next shell would strike. Many an amusing incident of the time is impressed upon my memory, all of which helped to bridge over the more serious aspects of “grim-visaged war.” If “the Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,” so also do the amenities of active service bring solace to the poor soldier-boy. The morning of the 13th was foggy, but upon the outskirts of the town the sharp crack of the skirmisher's rifle told what was before us. At ten o'clock the fog had lifted, and soon the order to fall in and—then what?

The question is often asked, How does one feel when going into battle? Differently at different times. If you tell us that some men are never scared, I don't believe it; often most so when in the safest places. Actual and vigorous onset is much easier to bear than upon the eve of battle when you think of the chances, ten-fold more intensified as you think of anxious friends at home. I have seen men who are accounted among the bravest, tremble with fear where there was very little danger. We passed over to the rear of the town under a sharp skirmish fire; we could hear the bullets “singing as they go,” but had no losses until, when the regiment was countermarched by flank, a shell, too well directed, burst just over our heads, killing the surgeon and killing or wounding several others; then Colonel Philbrick and Adjutant Hooper were wounded with several of the men, all very likely by sharpshooters, as we were not in actual engagement at that time. We were soon placed in a comparatively safe position but where we could see through the long day the horrors of a real battle-field, expecting every moment when our turn

would come. We saw many grandly equipped brigades go up St. Mary's Heights to return shattered and broken. It was in this battle that our own gallant Sergt. Plunkett immortalized himself and made a name in history that the people of Worcester will always revere. Just at dark we were ordered in. It seemed to us almost a forlorn hope. Only comrades can understand the feelings that will rise up in the mind. A kind word of remembrance, if the man escapes to tell the story. Only those who have touched elbows in a fight can understand such kinship. Up the road, encouraged by the officers who cheer us on: “Go in, Old Bay State. There goes the old 15th Mass. Plenty of work to do up there. Do your duty, boys!” Over the dead and wounded in line to the fore front; but in a moment the firing ceased, and there we stood, every minute expecting a volley, but none came. At eleven at night we were relieved by a regular regiment, and returned to the town to rest and sleep. If you desired to know something of the horrors of a battle-field you should have stood as we did for four hours and listen to the terrible groans and cries; but I forbear. Let us think only of those who suffered and the memory of him who died.

The next night we relieved the regular regiment near the same spot where we stood in the battle, with the outposts in rifle-pits; but in the forenoon of the next day (the 15th,) the enemy planted a battery on a bluff off at our right and began firing solid shot, experimenting to get the range, until soon a shot came, completely enfilading our line, and then at intervals until the sun went down repeating the dose with such a refinement of cruelty—as it seemed to us—as war is sure to bring. None but a soldier can tell what a feeling is produced when he sees the puff of smoke and watches the shot as it strikes, then bounds and rebounds until it has spent itself, perhaps in and among his comrades. At such times hours and minutes are not the proper measure of time. But at night we were quietly withdrawn from the field and were among the last to recross the river, and towards morning were back at the old camp and at rest.

The battle of Fredericksburg has been the theme of much speculation among military critics, and perhaps the writer ought not to intrude an opinion in a brief article for a Grand Army paper, but he desires to say just a word: What advantage could it have been if we had carried St. Mary's Heights? It would have been impossible to carry on a campaign against Richmond in winter, with Aquia Creek as a base of supplies. Even the much-abused McClellan boldly declared that Richmond would never be taken except with the James as a base. And it is a matter of history that 60,000 men were killed and wounded from the Rapidan to the James, with the great General Grant as commander. It has been charged that General Burnside had not the hearty support of his generals in the enterprise, yet the slain upon that field attest the fidelity of the rank and file. No more patriotic or brave commander ever lived than General Burnside. He accepted the position against

his better judgment and, like all his predecessors, was carried into difficulty by the cry, "On to Richmond!"

We are led to the conclusion that the taking of Richmond at any time before it actually was taken would only have been a truce and brought a compromise that would have been disastrous to the common country. E. J. R.

### The Works at Vicksburg the Day Before the Surrender.

Being stationed about four miles in the rear of Vicksburg, to protect Gen. Grant's rear, and having lain for weeks listening to the cannonading going on around the beleaguered city, which at times was one continual roar, I naturally became quite anxious to have a closer acquaintance with the place; and as discipline at that time was not very strict, I started with one of my comrades, on July 3d, for the city. The morning was very warm, and as we proceeded it grew warmer, and walking over the sandy road was not any too pleasant; so, meeting some of the colored population, who were mounted on mules, we proposed to them to change places with us, and as our word was at that time law with them, we were soon mounted on the mules, and the rest of our trip was a very pleasant excursion. Notwithstanding the fact that we had no saddles, the satisfaction at not having to walk was so great that we did not mind any such trivial thing as that. It was on our return trip that we realized the fact that riding a mule with a very sharp backbone, on a very hot day, was not wholly comfortable; in fact, we found that we got along more comfortably to walk the last mile and turn our mules adrift. As we neared the city we met many soldiers who were coming back from the works, where they had been on duty for twenty-four hours, their camps being located from one-half to a mile in the rear. We were soon on the top of one of the hills, which gave us a fine view of the city and surrounding works, and we halted a short time to take in the picture. The City was on the bank of the river, covering a large area along the water front, and extending back to the high hills in the rear; and such hills, it seemed to us to be nothing but hills; and these all covered with our works. Gen. Grant had been working up nearer and nearer, until the country for more than a mile in the rear of our front line was a series of earthworks and forts. The troops which composed his army were camped in every place which would hold a company. The country being so hilly, it was impossible to find space in very many cases large enough to encamp a whole regiment, so they would be divided into companies and squads, and their shelter-tents pitched without any regularity.

Leaving our mules some distance in the rear, having dismounted, we passed through numberless lines of works and tunnels to the extreme front, where we were then distant from the rebels about twelve feet, just the thickness of the breastwork. To one not accustomed to such things, it would seem rather a difficult task to get so close to the enemy, but after seeing how it was accomplished it seemed

simple enough; starting from our front line of works, a trench was started on an angle, sufficient to protect our flank. After proceeding as far as desired a turn would be made in the opposite direction, and so on, thus by a system of zigzag trenches we were enabled to get as close as desirable. Men were detailed to make baskets, which were filled with earth and placed on the top of the breastworks at all the exposed points, while at the extreme point nearest the enemy the boys on duty gave us an illustration of the manner in which they spent part of their time by throwing hand-grenades over the works. At this point the works were protected by a partial roof, which extended over them for several feet, and to be safe from the hand-grenades which were liable to come over at any moment, one was obliged to keep under this projection.

After looking over the works as long as we wished, we retraced our steps towards the rear. It was then I had my first view of that great soldier, Gen. Grant, as I passed by his headquarters; and I thought to myself,—can that man dressed so plainly, sitting on that stump and looking towards Vicksburg, be the man of whom we have heard so much? But his face grew familiar to me later on, and it was always that same plainly dressed man whom I first saw in front of Vicksburg.

Procuring our mules we started for our camp, much pleased with our trip to Vicksburg. And as the city surrendered on the next day, July 4th, we considered ourselves fortunate in having chosen the day we did for our excursion, as we were immediately ordered on to Jackson and after the evacuation of that place were ordered back into Kentucky, the point whence we started on our Mississippi campaign. D. B.,  
Co. E., 36th Mass. Vols.

Of all the literature produced and induced by the rebellion there is nothing, as yet, so valuable nor interesting as company and regimental histories. Personal narratives, too, are desirable, since from these multitudes of witnesses must the future comprehensive history be written.

The Antietam relics on the High-School table should challenge the attention of every one. The ornamental work is from the hands of present and past pupils of the school. The bullets are from the field itself. The canes have grown upon the field since the war. It was here that the 15th saw its hardest fighting.

No one questions the interest and value of Gen. Grant's book; but every reader must ask himself, "Is this book made chiefly to record Gen. Grant's life or to put money into the purse of his publishers?" Was it Campbell who said: "Let us pardon Napoleon some things, for you know he shot a publisher?" When we see matter that should have taken upon itself the shape of an ordinary 12mo., extended, leaded, margined, and padded till it swells into two portly octavos and is held at \$7 for the cheapest form, we can't help having just a little of Campbell's feeling.

# The Old Guard.

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## The Old Guard.

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### MY FIRST NIGHT AS A PRISONER.

Near the end of the battle of Ball's Bluff I found myself in close contact with a large number of the enemy. The sun had already set, and in the woods where we were it was dark enough so that I did not at once recognize them as enemies. I was surrounded, and escape was impossible. When they discovered that I was a "Yank," some of them cried, "Kill him," "Bayonet the d—d Yankee," and other greetings of that character, and one grasped my arm. I shook him off, and called for an officer. A grave looking man, tall and soldierly, stepped forward and courteously mentioned his name, Captain Singleton of the — Mississippi. I responded, giving my name and rank, and at the same time offered him my sword, which I held in my hand. He received it, and, calling two men from the ranks, directed them to take me to the rear. They were young fellows, one of them not more than sixteen years old, I should guess. We went back a few rods, and then I suggested that we should remain there and see the rest of the fight. It was in fact all over, though I did not know it. The firing, which continued for a few minutes longer, was done by the rebels firing upon our men at the foot of the bluff or crossing the river, and was not returned. "Oh, no," said my guards, "we must take you to Leesburg." And so we trudged across the fields, chatting amicably, and I must say that these young men were as courteous and friendly, as if we had been travellers met by chance, who had decided to journey together in mutual good will, instead of enemies just from the battlefield, where we had been trying all day to kill each other. Not far in the rear of the enemy's line we met a group of stragglers who inquired, "Who have you got there?" One of my captors answered: "It's a prisoner, a Yank—," and then turning to me, said: "I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't mean to say anything to hurt your feelings." To which I answered, laughing: "Never mind. You won't hurt my feelings by calling me a Yankee. I was born so." The stragglers proposed to despatch me then and there, but my guards warned them off, saying that they would protect me against any odds, and turning to me said, not in the precise words, but

in the spirit of Roderick Dhu to Fitz James: "Fear not, nay, that I need not say, but doubt not aught." I assured them that I was not at all disturbed by these fellows, and thought I had been in more danger some hours before than at that moment. So we went on through the gathering darkness, across large, open fields, my companions having no definite idea of the way, but hoping to come in sight of Leesburg before long. As we walked they spoke of being hungry, and, as I fortunately had several hard crackers in my haversack, I gave one to each of them, and we munched our hard tack as we tramped on. After walking something more than four miles, as nearly as I could judge, we came in sight of Leesburg, and my guards explained that as the town would doubtless be full of people elated by the victory, and not all of them sober, I might not be treated very civilly, and it would be best to go round the village to a guard-room on one of the lanes leading out of the village on the other side. We took that course, and met with no unpleasant incident. At the door we met an officer to whom my guards reported. He received me courteously, and noted my name, rank and regiment. The room was rather large, perhaps twenty feet square, and contained scarcely any furniture, except a small table and a chair or two. When we had reported, I said to the young gentlemen who had been my escort: "We are all hungry, and I think it likely that in the confusion the commissary won't find us to-night. If there is no objection you would oblige me very much by getting the best supper that can be procured in town to-night and sharing it with me. I shall be happy to pay for it." One of these friendly enemies answered: "We will get a supper for you, of course, if we can. I am glad you mentioned it. But we cannot allow you to be at any expense. You are our guest." They would accept no other view of our mutual relations, and I was forced to content myself with that. They went out to forage for a supper, and in the mean time two or three persons were admitted. One of them, a long, lanky Virginian, with a rifle not much shorter than himself, said he had been in the fight on his own hook, and the Yankees fought well. He asked me where my home was, and when I told him Worcester county, Massachusetts, his face brightened. "Why," said he, "I've been in Worcester county. I went there among the farmers to sell a patent bee-hive, and I know the county well. There are good people and good farmers in Worcester county." I assented of course, and added that I had some of them in my company, and I was afraid they had some of them in Leesburg that night. We talked of such matters for a few minutes, and then my Virginian said abruptly: "Do you

like honey?" "O yes," I answered. "Will you be here to-morrow?" was his next question. I told him I couldn't answer such questions for myself just now. "Well," said he, "I'll bring some here to-morrow anyway, and I reckon, if you're here, you'll allow it's as fine honey as you ever saw in Worcester county." Another man, apparently a Leesburger, came in about this time, and, with something of a flourish, asked to be introduced to the Yankee if he was a brave man. "O yes," said the officer in charge, "he's brave enough. The Yankees fought us like the devil." "I always like to shake hands with a brave man," said my new friend, and we shook. We talked pleasantly at first, until ugly words began to slip off the Virginian's tongue about Yankee Vandals, Hessians, and so forth. When I interrupted him by saying, "Please to remember that I can't just now resent such language as I should if I were at liberty. Do you think it is the part of a gentleman to take advantage of a prisoner in this way?" "No, I don't," said he promptly, "and I'm sorry," and then apologetically and with a half laugh: "It's just our way of talking down here." After some further conversation he said: "I should like to speak to you in private for a minute." "My opportunities for privacy," I answered, "are limited just now, but we can step into the corner if you like." So we went into the corner, and he said in a low voice: "Have you got any money?" "Oh yes," I answered, "all I shall need for the present." "Don't you want some more?" he asked. "They will take you down to Richmond, and there's no telling when you'll get away. You may want money pretty bad before that. I can let you have five hundred dollars if you say so. I'm not afraid but what you'll pay me when you can." I thanked him for his generous offer, but declined to accept it. He then said: "I'll tell you what we'll do. My name is So-and-so (I am ashamed to say that I have forgotten it), and I live here in Leesburg. Your people will take this place pretty soon, I reckon, and then I don't know where I'll be. But I have a partner in Lynchburg, I'll give you his address, and I'll write to him to-morrow, and tell him to pay any draft of yours. Your people won't take Lynchburg, and if you are in Richmond, or anywhere else in the South, you can get word to him. I am a secessionist and I'll fight the Yankees as long and as hard as anybody, but I hate to see a brave man and a gentleman suffer for want of money." Of course, I thanked my good friend warmly, and expressed as well as I could my sense of his generosity. He gave me the name of his Lynchburg partner, but I lost the memorandum I made of it and cannot recall it. I did not avail myself of his kindness, and have never heard of him or his partner since.

Soon after, my young friends from Mississippi came in from their foraging excursion with a large piece of cold roast beef, bread and butter, plates and knives and forks. "We are sorry," said one of them, "that we could not get something better, but the town is in confusion, nobody would attend to us, and we took these things from the tavern without leave."

The food was placed on the table, and I expected the young men to sit down with me, but they refused, saying: "We are private soldiers, and it is not the custom in our army for privates to mess with officers." I told them that such distinctions were out of place in our present circumstances, that there could be no question of rank between us and I hoped we might regard each other only as gentlemen. But they could not be persuaded, and I sat down alone to the bread and beef, which was very good. A few minutes later two ladies came in with coffee. They, too, were very kind, inquiring whether I was wounded, and whether they could do anything else for my comfort. I thanked them in the best words I could command, and one of them said: "The only return we ask is that if you should ever be in a position where you can show kindness to any of our people who may be prisoners in your hands, you will treat them as you have been treated here." I assured them that nothing that I could do should be lacking to alleviate the condition of any confederate prisoners, and after some further friendly words they retired. I had sent out for some cigars which I was allowed to pay for. They were distributed to the group in the guard room, and we were comfortably smoking when an order was received that I should be sent to Gen. Evans' headquarters. Up to this time I had seen in none of the persons I had met the least trace of rancor or personal ill will. Military and civil persons alike had treated me with delicate courtesy and real friendliness which I shall always gratefully remember.

But when we arrived at Gen. Evans' headquarters the scene changed somewhat. I found there about twenty other officers, five of our own regiment, who had been made prisoners, and nearly as many of the confederates. I was greeted warmly, of course, by our friends, and civilly though somewhat stiffly by the confederate officers. Gen. Evans sat at the head of a long table and seemed to be out of humor. The other officers were grouped promiscuously about the room, conversing amicably enough. A liquor said to be peach brandy was passed round. I did not find it seductive, but some of our party, as I judged from their conduct a little later, did not dislike it. After a time Gen. Evans offered us a parole which he had prepared, and with a peremptory manner insisted upon our signing it. Its precise terms I do not now remember, but its substance was that we engaged upon our honor not to bear arms against the confederate states or give aid and comfort to their enemies until duly exchanged, and to report in Richmond within a time fixed. The meaning of this was plain. Gen. Evans feared that he might be cut off from his connections by an advance of the right wing of our army, and wished to save his prisoners at all events. We refused to sign the paper, and Gen. Evans lost his temper completely. I am afraid it was never really amiable, but perhaps the peach brandy was in part responsible for his violence. Colonel Cogswell, of our party, who had known Evans well in the regular army, and who had also modified his naturally urbane temper by copious draughts of peach

brandy, answered the general with words as loud and angry as his own. In the midst of this bad language one of the rebel officers whispered to Gen. Evans, who thereupon ordered us out of doors, telling us that we must march under guard to Centerville. In the open field whence the start was made about midnight for our tedious march, we found several hundred prisoners, enlisted men. Gen. Hunton, then colonel of a Virginia regiment, and second in command to Gen. Evans, has since told me that he was ordered by Gen. Evans to tie the hands of all the officers behind them and compel them to march in that fashion, and that ropes were sent to him for that purpose; but he refused to obey the order, sending word to Evans that no gentleman would do such a thing. We knew nothing of this at the time, however. Then began our tedious, dreary march, through rain and mud and swollen streams. It ended late the next night at the stone house on the famous Bull Run battlefield. Of the incidents of that march I cannot write here. I will only say that our guard was commanded by Captain Singleton, the same officer to whom I had surrendered, now a member of Congress from Mississippi, who was throughout courteous and kindly, and as considerate of our comfort as his strict orders permitted him to be.

J. EVARTS GREENE,

Late Capt. 15th Mass. Vols.

#### FIELD, PRISON AND ESCAPE.

#### A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

BY A MEMBER OF POST 10, G. A. R.

[CONTINUED.]

The dogs did not touch me. The wood with growth of underbrush was close at hand, and I kept on, going into and among the bushes. The man did not follow, but with his dogs went back to the house. As I have not seen him since, I do not know why he did not follow me, but I surmise he might have been an ignorant, superstitious overseer in charge of things, and as his dogs did not touch me and the pistol shot took no effect, he thought I was not composed of flesh and blood but was some hobgoblin of the wood come up to haunt his place. The dogs had driven me directly away from my comrades, I made a circuit and went to the log where I left them, *and they were gone. I felt lonesome!* I did not care to shout, or call, or make much noise to have the dogs called out again on my account. I called and whistled faintly but gained no response, I knew from our former habit and method, that when my comrades had given up looking for me, they would go back to the main road and continue their journey along that. If I could get ahead of them, they would come up to me. I ran back to the fork and started out on the main road. Soon I came to where a little rivulet ran across the road and made a smooth, sandy beach, which also extended across the road. Stooping down, I examined critically to see if I could find the doctor's track, for he wore Yankee calf-skin boots, and I knew there was not an-

other such pair in the State of Alabama. There was no track. They had not been along. I went on a little farther up an incline, and lay down beside the road where I could get a view of it for a little distance in the direction from which I had come. By and by I saw two men approaching. They came on slowly until nearly opposite me, when they stopped and looked back as if they had left some one. I spoke out to them sharply at first. They started. I rose up to their view. They ran up to me, and clasped my hands and shook as if we had been separated years instead of hours. The tears rolled down the doctor's cheeks, and he said repeatedly, "This is the happiest hour of my life!" My comrades had heard the pistol shot and supposed I was captured or killed. The dogs came toward them after driving me away, and they were obliged to leave. If they had not met me, they did not intend to leave the vicinity until they had gone back and looked around the place by daylight. We decided then and there that in future our reconnoitering should be done in force and not by detail. October 24th, we came to a small stream which we thought might be the Choctawhatchee. The next day we followed it for we now ventured in wild country to travel in the daytime. In the afternoon we went into the country back from the river to see if we could get some clue as to its name. Just at nightfall we came to a clearing where was a plantation house and yard. Keeping under cover of the wood, we commenced to circle around the premises. We soon saw an old lady with apron full of pine knots which she had gathered to make the fire for the evening meal. Intercepted her and though she seemed a little agitated, we spoke in gentle and polite tones (I think I called her grandmother), which seemed to soothe and allay her fears. "What place is this?" I asked. "Mr. Len owns the plantation, my husband, Mr. White is the overseer. He is down to the river with the niggers repairing the bridge that was washed away by the 'fresh'," pointing, as she spoke, to the stream we had just left. "What river?" I asked. "Choctawhatchee river." Again my heart exulted. Again an old lady had given us just the information we wanted. From that day I have looked upon old ladies with great respect. I said, "you never saw us before?" She replied, "I never did." I told her she probably never would again, and after inquiring distances to places in all directions, we bade her good-by and started off in a direction directly opposite the one we pursued when we were well out of her sight. After getting fairly away, we applied the turpentine, a precaution we had often resorted to since leaving Andersonville. This we did by pouring a little in the hand and rubbing it on the soles of our shoes and on such portions of our clothing as would come in contact with the bushes, for the blood-hounds are very keen and will catch the scent of a man from the bushes, and sometimes will follow a track twenty-four hours after it is made. We were now very much elated, thinking we had found our river and had only to follow it by using boats, and thus reach the gunboats at the mouth of the river. One

bright afternoon we found a boat and waited for night that we might borrow it. We used six boats in our trip, all borrowed. After dark we started out in this one and for a time were in high spirits as we glided down with the current. But our enthusiasm and our clothing were eventually dampened, for twice we were swamped in the rapids, and the last time our boat filled and sunk and we were unable to raise it. We were only consoled by the thought that it would not dry up while the owner was looking for it, and if he continued the search long enough, he would find it in good condition. Some days later we found another boat. The stream was now larger and seemed to flow through a country not much inhabited. We ventured to take this boat in the afternoon. It was chained and locked to a tree. We wound the chain round a stout stick, and taking a pry across the bow, drew the staple from the boat. We took only what we actually needed, and I told my comrades the man would only have to make a new boat to his lock and chain. It was a delightful afternoon and we made a pleasant passage until just at nightfall we heard sounds below us that led us to believe that we were nearing a ferry. We waited along shore until after dark. Then starting out under cover of night we drifted down, and as we reached the place whence the sounds had come, we were near the right bank trying to extricate our boat from a snag, when a call came to us from the left shore. "Who's that over there?" No answer. "Who's that over there in that skiff?" We did not think it wise to give in a list of the passengers, but paddled hurriedly down the stream. We heard a chain thrown into the boat, the boat grate on the sandy beach, and soon the dip of oars in the water. I remarked that if the man was coming to capture us and had a better boat than ours, perhaps we would exchange with him. But we soon learned that was not his purpose, but could hear him crossing the river. We knew he was going for help. We were near the right shore towards which he was pulling and where he would probably rally help. But we dare not try to cross for as we only had paddles and could only propel our boat slowly, we feared he would go ashore and shoot us on the river. We must land on the right bank as soon as possible and take our chances with the crowd.

Our boat touched land, we ran up into the wood near at hand, and sat down to apply the turpentine. While doing this the man ran along the bank between us and the river, and I could distinctly see him in his shirt sleeves. In five minutes the neighborhood was in an uproar, and the night resounded with sounds of many voices, the blowing of horns, and the baying of blood hounds. The night was star-light, but dark in the wood. The dogs came on with a yell which made the hair rise on our heads, to the place where we left the river, and ran up to the spot where we had used the turpentine and—stopped. We knew by the howl that went up that they were baffled and confused. But they were savage for the chase and keen for the game. They ran through the woods in various directions, trying to catch the track, and one of them came so near that I could

hear him sniff the air. It was a time that required nerve and caution. We proceeded stealthily and slowly away from and up the river. After a time we came to an open field and saw the light of torches. We thought they were circling to find our track—that is, going to the point on the river bank above where we left it and describing a circle out into the country, sweeping around to a place on the river below where we left it. In this way they would hope to find our track if we had crossed the circle, and to find if we had used anything on our shoes that it had worn off. They were enclosing us in the circle. But as they came so near, we thought best to lie down. Nearer and nearer they came, two of them with a dog, and we overheard one say, "It was strange the dogs did not take the track, that they should come up to that place and go no farther." "Yes," replied the other, "I think they must have had something on their feet." We did not deem it advisable to satisfy their curiosity by any explanation. They passed on, and we crossed their track. They went to a house, then came back into the field where they found our tracks in the soft earth. Then they endeavored to make the dog follow our track. We had passed into the wood again, where we stopped and listened. They would run along our tracks towards us, urge on the dog, try to make him lead out, but he would only advance as they did. The Doctor was of reckless disposition, and stood and laughed and shook his sides, and said: "I would like to halloo, and ask that man, 'What's the matter with your dog?'" We now knew that turpentine was useful, and that we could defy the dogs. Leaving our pursuers to carry on the hunt as long as they chose, we kept on our way southward, through an extensive pine forest. We did not return to the river for two or three days, lest some one might be on the look-out for us. When next we saw the Choctawhatchee we were in Western Florida. More than twenty-five times we came very near being discovered. I have attempted to narrate only a few of the prominent adventures that marked our way. October 31st we came back to the river, and late in the afternoon saw on the opposite shore what we thought to be a boat. The stream was now broad, and objects were not readily discerned from one bank to the other. We decided to wait until night, when I would swim the river and bring the boat across. When it was quite dark, and I was about to cross we heard some one getting the boat ready to come to our side, and presently we heard the dip of the paddle, and the boat was brought to shore directly in front of us. A man stepped out, chained the boat to a stump, and walked off up a path along which we had come shortly before. We knew he must go some ways to reach a house, and we thought he was perhaps returning to his home from the work of the day. If so, how he went back in the morning I cannot say, for we at once slipped the chain, took the boat, and pushed out into the river. The stream was broad, the current swift and strong, but to our great consternation we found the snags were plenty. There was a steamboat channel in the river, and doubtless we might

have made good time by daylight. But the night was dark, and we were driven much at the mercy of the current. Our boat was a log dug-out, a very good piece of handiwork, but perilous for a novice to ride in. An Indian can handle a canoe, a lumberman can ride a log, but to navigate a dug-out and stay in, one ought to be a tight-rope dancer. But in all seriousness, I think the time we spent in that little boat was the most perilous part of our trip. Hitherto it had been starlight and moonlight nearly every evening, but now the nights were very dark. This was as we wished, for we would be less likely to be discovered if there were dwellers along the shores. In places the stream rolled and rushed like a mill-race between high cliffs, in others it would broaden out like a lake. But the snags and short bends gave us the most trouble. One would lie in the bow of the boat with ear intent to listen for the water rushing by a snag, another would sit in the middle to help propel the boat, while the third sat at the stern to guide it. The one at the bow would send back in a whisper, "To the right! To the left!" and the boat would be brought to obey the command. Sometimes the snag would be just under water, and no rippling signal would be heard until the boat would rush on it, and careen, and nearly pitch us out. We had at all times to keep the utmost presence of mind, and especially to take care to sit still and balance the boat. The first night we made rapid progress, but worked very hard, and at daylight were much exhausted. We went ashore and spent the day in a cypress swamp. Excitement prevented much sleep. The second night we started out tired, and filled with dread. Our experience of the first night was repeated, though the latter part of it we found the river deeper and broader. Second day not much sleep—too anxious to see the mouth of the river. Third night, started before dark. Before midnight it commenced to rain, and we were deluged by a southern thunder-shower. The rain came down in sheets. It was so dark that I could not see my hand held close to my eyes. Now and then a flash of lightning revealed the faces of my comrades as clearly as daylight. Towards morning we heard the roar of old ocean along the coast, and felt that we were nearing our journey's end. At daylight we came to where the river divided into three streams. Here, thought we, should be the gunboats, but they were not. We followed the left stream. I was now so exhausted that lying down in the boat I fell asleep. When I awoke we were a mile from land, in a broad bay, where we could see the mouth of the river in the distance behind us, and in the dim distance ten miles away the blue outline of the shore of the bay. I asked why we were there. Crandall said they saw something they hoped were gunboats, and though he thought it hardly safe to go so far in the dug-out, the Doctor thought it all right. I said very decidedly we had better go ashore. We paddled towards a clump of pines. The wind came up. Crandall said: "It's a pull for life this time boys!"

We ran the boat among the canes. We were just in time, for in a moment the white caps were on. I stepped

out, took the chain, dragged the boat up to a willow, tied it there and have not seen it since. We were at the mouth of the Choctawhatchee. Our plan was completed; our journey finished. When we left Andersonville, we expected to make the trip in twelve days, but obstacles and hinderances might extend it to sixteen days. We had been out twenty-five days, and what was now the situation? No gunboats. We could not go back up the river. It was impossible to go on the bay. The country appeared wild and uninhabited. It was raining. Our clothes were saturated with water. For forty-eight hours our only food had been two small cat-fish, caught with hook and line taken from a raft when we crossed Pea river, the line between Alabama and Western Florida. We were exhausted in body, and in spirit almost ready to despair. But we were Yankees still, and Yankee pluck and push must not fail. We examined our map and found the town of La Grange about ten miles west of us on the coast. Perhaps we had land forces there. Could we reach the place? We started back into the country and soon came in sight of buildings. In our desperate condition we would go to them whether occupied or not. They were vacant. One was a kitchen with single room and ample fire-place, table and chairs, also a few household utensils. While we were viewing the premises a guinea hen came near the kitchen. We opened the kitchen door, shelled some corn, scattered it on the ground in front of the door and along into the kitchen. The hen went into the snare and into the kitchen. Crandall followed, closed the door and the guinea was our bird. We also captured a goat and had steak and roast in plenty. But, alas, for greediness! the guinea and goat were almost too much for me, but the Doctor was fortunately on hand with his remedies.

Next day we went down to the bay and westerly along the shore, came to a bayou, and learned that to travel in that country we must go in the roads. The bayous set inland sometimes for miles. We went back to the house, ground corn in a coffee-mill, cooked johnny-cake and meat (we had preserved our matches from wet by enclosing them in a closely corked vial), and the next morning, having laid in a stock of provisions, we started towards La Grange. We found that place, but no troops and few people. We strolled about a day or two without much purpose, waiting for something to turn up. One morning we met a man on horseback. As he saw us as soon as we saw him we held conversation with him. He mistook us for Confederate soldiers,—stragglers and deserters. Among other things, he told us the Yankee gunboats were at East pass, which is a narrow channel connecting Choctawhatchee bay with the Gulf of Mexico, at the east end of Santa Rosa Island. The nearest land forces of the Union were at Pensacola, at least one hundred miles away. This we had studied out on our map. But we well knew that we had not strength to reach Pensacola. The man was going to his field to dig sweet-potatoes, and his son, a lad of fifteen, followed with cattle and cart.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## A KNIGHT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

We are greatly given to talking of the degeneracy of our age, but occasionally a character so noble, and a career so inspiring is revealed to us that it cannot be otherwise than profitable for us to consider them. Such were the character and the career of William Francis Bartlett, one of the bravest and most gallant soldiers that ever lived; a later Bayard, without fear and without reproach, a very knight in courage and purity and endurance.

A student in the Junior Class at Harvard when the war broke out, he speedily enlisted in the Fourth Battalion M. V. M. This battalion was sent to garrison Fort Independence, Boston Harbor. Bartlett went with it and remained there one month. The serious, faithful and intelligent manner in which he strove to do a soldier's duty there, attracted the attention of those who were able to give him an opportunity of entering the military service of his country with a high commission for so young a man. In July, 1861, he received a commission as Captain in the 20th Regiment M. V. I., and left for the front September 4th. He established a reputation for coolness and courage in the first engagement in which his regiment took part, that of Ball's Bluff. In his journal he wrote a few days after that disaster, in reference to some articles in the Boston and New York papers:

"They compliment me too highly, who did nothing more than my duty. My coolness was in me. I ought not to have the credit of it, but be grateful to God, who in his mercy has spared me, for granting me courage and self-possession."

By reason of the unusual number of casualties among the officers of the 20th, in the battle of Ball's Bluff, Capt. Bartlett became the second officer of the regiment and so continued during the whole of the period of his stay with the regiment in the field. During all this time, though scarcely twenty-one years of age, he proved himself fully equal to the onerous duties and responsibilities to which the fortune of war had called him. Always alert, always zealous, he kept cheerfully and successfully at work. He took great interest in tactics and made himself proficient in the school of the battalion. He drilled the regiment constantly and well. His height, fine carriage, good horsemanship and powerful voice, caused him to appear in such positions to the greatest advantage. It is characteristic of him that at this time he learned to play the bugle sufficiently well to sound the Infantry calls. Early in 1862 the regiment was transferred to the Peninsula, and it was there, while visiting the advanced posts before Yorktown, that he received a rifle shot in his left knee, destroying the knee joint and necessitating immediate amputation. He bore his fate with his own gallant spirit, and left his regiment amid the universal lament of officers and men. But this misfortune did not dampen his ardor, and in September, before the wound had healed, he was organizing the 49th regiment at Pittsfield, and at their head, with his crutch strapped to his back, did he go to the front, the regiment leaving Worcester, where it had been in camp for some

weeks, on the 28th of November. The march of the 49th up Broadway New York, was an interesting event. One of the New York papers of that day published an article headed "A Colonel with a Crutch," from which the following extracts are taken to show how Col. Bartlett impressed a spectator at that time:

"One chief object of interest was the Colonel in command, armed, as we above mentioned, with the very unaccustomed weapon of a crutch. The Colonel was mounted on a Vermont horse. The equipment, as well as the limbs of the rider were apparently complete, each long boot with its spur riding gracefully in its stump. Pistols and sword were in their places, at the horseman's back; however, poised like the long spear at the back of the lancer, swung the strange implement which told the story,—a long crutch with velvet handle, betraying the wooden leg for which it stood ready to do service. With the wounds of his amputation healed, the heroic soldier was now returning to active duty, leading his regiment to the field with an alacrity that was little like a cripple."

The 49th regiment, which formed a part of Banks's Expedition, proceeded to Louisiana, encamping at Baton Rouge, where it was stationed until the advance of the army on Port Hudson in May, 1863. In the meantime Col. Bartlett had brought his regiment into such condition that it not only appeared to advantage on parade, and at review, standing steadily and marching well, but also drilled to his satisfaction in charging and firing. The writer being in the same brigade, saw much of this brave officer and was greatly impressed by his wonderful power over his command. He was richly gifted by nature. His figure was tall, slender, and erect, his head small and well set, his eyes clear, his features finely cut and full of character, and his carriage was conspicuous by its grace and dignity. His voice was remarkably rich, full-toned and powerful. He was a born soldier and leader.

When the army advanced to the siege of Port Hudson, Col. Bartlett, who was then sick and unable to ride on horseback, determined, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his regimental surgeon, to go with the troops, and followed in a carriage.

On May 27th, Banks made his first disastrous assault on Port Hudson. On this day, Col. Bartlett, with his regiment was with its brigade in a wood, and he thus describes his position and experiences:

"The edge of the woods was a few rods to the front, and then there was open ground to the works, except the obstructions. Soon the order came to assault. I knew just what sort of a place there would be to go through. I had seen Rebel fortifications before. I knew it would be almost impossible to get through the fallen trees, etc., even if I was not shot at. I knew, being the only officer mounted, I should be much more conspicuous, I knew that my chances for life were very small, but I had to go on horseback or not at all. So prayed that life and limb might be spared, and went in. We had got two-thirds across the slaughter field, when, just as I was shouting to the men to keep closed on the colors, pop I went off my horse like a rocket. \* \* \* \* \* As for me, God had been very good. I was spared life, and most probably limb. The ball, a round one, likely, struck in the joint of my wrist, shattering the bones. The other wound [was slight, a buck-shot struck the outside of my right ankle, and glanced down, entering the flesh and passing through the sole of my foot."

The wound in the wrist was a painful and severe one, and nearly cost the Colonel his life. He preferred to risk

the chances of death rather than submit to the surgeons' alternative of amputation, and his judgment proved correct. The ball was cut from the wrist and the arm ultimately restored.

A day after this assault, one of our officers on being sent under a flag of truce to ask permission to bury our dead, met a number of Confederate officers who came out to meet him. After the formal preliminaries, some of them asked, "Who was that man on horseback? He was a gallant fellow; a brave man; the bravest and most daring thing we have seen done in the war," etc., etc. And after they had been told that it was Colonel Bartlett, etc., they said, "We thought him *too* brave a man to be killed, so we ordered our men not to fire at him." Our hero returned to Massachusetts to recruit, but early in '64 we find him again at the front, this time at the head of the 57th veteran regiment. A strange fatality attended his military career. He never went into battle but once without being wounded. In the battle of the Wilderness he was hit just above the right temple, and, falling, wrenched his stump so that he was disabled for some time. Having received promotion to the rank of Brigadier General for his gallantry and efficiency, General Bartlett on July 23d, '64, assumed command of the First Brigade of Ledlie's Division, ninth corps, then before Petersburg. On the 29th he led a desperate assault on the Confederate works, after the famous mine explosion, notwithstanding his crippled condition, getting up to the enemy's works about as soon as any one. The history of that assault is familiar. The Union forces held the crater for several hours without support and against dreadful odds, but were at length driven back by repeated charges. General Bartlett having been disabled by the fall of a boulder, which crushed to pieces his wooden leg, was captured. His sufferings at Danville and Libby during the periods of his imprisonment were acute, and at times he was very near death. Yet no word of murmuring or vain regrets came from his lips. On the contrary, there are frequent references in his journal to "God's mercy and loving kindness" to him. So always runs the record of his life. Patient, prayerful, cool and fearless in action, grateful when dangers were passed without injury, and when wounds came, grateful that they were no worse—in his letters home always tranquil and uncomplaining, scrupulously keeping to himself his worst sufferings, and writing down only the brightest and most hopeful things. No man in the army had more the respect of the enemy, and during his imprisonment he was treated with much consideration. Exchanged in September, he returned to his Massachusetts home, where he passed the winter of '64-65, much out of health and suffering constantly from diseases, contracted in the service and in prison. Surely he might now well have been content, had he entered the service of his country for ambitious ends. But he was satisfied with nothing short of doing his utmost for the nation. He made several applications for assignments to duty in the spring of '65. On the 1st of June he commanded the

military escort of the great procession which that day filled the streets of Boston upon the occasion of the ceremonies commemorative of the late President Lincoln; and those who saw him then are not likely to forget the striking appearance he presented as he rode, in full uniform, at the head of his column of many thousand men of the three arms. In the same month he took command of the First Division of the Ninth Corps, near Washington, and a few months later was mustered out of service, a Brevet Major General, at the age of twenty-five, the most conspicuous soldier of Massachusetts. July 21, 1865, was "Commemoration Day" at Cambridge, when Harvard College welcomed her sons who had served in the war. At the dinner which closed the celebration, the President, after many speeches had been made, introduced General Bartlett, by alluding to an ancient picture of a warrior maimed and deprived of limbs on which was the inscription, "The heart is left." The general rose to reply with evident diffidence, and said that he did not wish to detain the audience, and that if he had all the eloquence in the world he could not express his feelings. Then he seemed to hesitate, and Colonel Henry Lee, the Chief marshal of the day, rose and said: "As the Speaker of the House of Burgesses said to Washington, sit down, sir, your modesty is equal to your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess." Enthusiastic applause followed, and the soldier said no more. His career after the war closed was scarcely less noble than his military record. He bore his honors modestly; was always surprised and abashed by compliments; and entered with all the ardor of a nature unrestrained by physical infirmities into the pursuits of peace. On several occasions, notably on Commencement Day at Harvard, in '74, and at the Centennial Anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, in '76, he spoke in a strain of lofty eloquence that electrified his hearers. With soldierly magnanimity he was the foremost to counsel reconciliation with those whose arms had shattered the promise of his life. He raised his voice with no uncertain sound for "peace on earth, good will to men," His speeches produced a great effect. His words were caught up all over the land. He who had by common consent been regarded as the foremost soldier of Massachusetts was coming to be regarded as her foremost citizen. By one of the great parties he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor; by the managers of the other he was offered the chief magistracy of the Commonwealth. But his health had so far declined that the acceptance of any place of trust and dignity was out of the question. War had done its fell work, and the rest of his life was for him a period of constant suffering and declining health. Says his biographer, Colonel Palfrey, from whose work many of the above facts are taken;

"His wonderful rallying powers seemed to have deserted him. His decline was not without some periods of apparent improvement, but from time to time he fell away in a marked manner, and the rally which followed was never sufficient to bring him back to the point which he had left."

When laid upon his bed of sickness he bore unflinchingly the pain that racked his shattered frame. The powers of his mind remained unimpaired to the last, and he calmly yielded to the will of God.

A few days before his death, as with trembling hand he raised the sacramental cup to his lips, that inspiring voice which had rung out across so many fields of battle, still unbroken, sang with humble penitence the words:—

“Jesus, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,—  
\* \* \* \* \*  
All my trust on thee is stayed,  
All my hope from thee I bring.”

On Sunday, the 17th of December, 1876, he called his family and nearest friends around him, spoke words of comfort and encouragement and farewell to them all, and then passed peacefully away. So lived, and died one of the best beloved and noblest sons of Massachusetts.

“Good men and true she has not lacked,  
And brave men yet shall be;  
The perfect flower, the crowning fact,  
Of all her years was he.  
As Galahad pure, as Merlin sage,  
What worthier knight was found  
To grace in Arthur's golden age  
The fabled Table round?”

B.

#### A CHAPTER OF THE WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN.

At daybreak on the 4th of May, 1864, the 2nd Corps of the Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford. It was the advance of the army, that under Grant had now commenced the great campaign which, though checkered with many and terrible reverses, was to witness no defeat, and was to end in the complete triumph of the Union arms. The corps bivouaced on the evening of the 4th, on the field of Chancellorsville, with sad mementoes of the lost battle of the year before on every hand. By 5 o'clock the next morning it was again in motion along the Brock road, the road on which Stonewall Jackson made his last march, the famous flanking movement which resulted in the destruction of Hooker's right wing. The day was hot and the march rapid. It was the first hard work for many months, and as the sun got high, and the pace told on the men, they began to throw away the accumulations of the winter in quarters at Stevensburg. Goods in great variety, but mostly clothing, with not a few books, were scattered on the roadside for miles. Extra clothing did not seem necessary with the thermometer up towards the nineties, and books, though pleasant enough companions, for a soldier in camp, are but sources of misery when they serve to tighten the infernal grip of knapsack straps on his shoulders. In all the waste I noticed none of the sheet-iron vests which veterans of the peninsula will remember were thickly sown along all the roads from Yorktown to the Chickahominy. If our antiquarian friends of the Natural History Society should ever desire specimens of the Armor of the Nineteenth Century, they are advised

to dig in the mud of the Virginia Peninsula, for it all lies buried there. A copy of “Dombey & Son,” picked up on this march, furnished welcome diversion to one weary soldier in the pauses of the battle of the succeeding day. Whatever historians and biographers may say, the tangible evidence points to the conclusion that it was not Grant's design to fight in the Wilderness, but that he proposed, or at least hoped, to push past the right of Lee, and start with him on a race for Richmond. This, if accomplished, would have stood in history as one of the masterly movements of the war. But success and reputation in war depends largely on the character of the opposing force. Napoleon had no great successes after he had taught his opponents something of his art. At least twice in the brilliant career of Jackson, a little more skill and vigor on the Union side would have wrecked his combinations and defeated, if not destroyed his force. Grant was now dealing with an army and a commander of far different quality from those he had heretofore met. Lee moved promptly out of his intrenchments, and on the 5th fell like a thunderbolt on the Union army, then on the march through the Wilderness and stretched out for miles from beyond the Rapidan to the vicinity of Todd's Tavern. The rebel general never made a bolder or more skilful stroke, and it must be counted as partially successful. By it he potentially commanded instant halt to the southerly march of the 2nd Corps. There was imminent danger that the long thin Federal line would soon be like a serpent cut midway between head and tail. Safety lay only in immediate concentration, and the van of the army must hasten back to the assistance of their comrades engaged in the doubtful struggle for the possession of the roads through the Wilderness. The counter-marching tactics of Lew. Wallace at Shiloh were not imitated. The Corps about-faced, and marching on the double-quick, reached the junction of the Orange plank-road about 5 P. M. As we approached this point the storm of battle burst with fury from the woods. Like a strong wind it swayed our still-moving column many feet from the road. The roll of musketry reverberating in the forest was like the roar of a mighty cataract. At this moment, I saw on the rising ground, a little in rear of the line, a woman on horseback facing with perfect composure the storm of lead. Her bearing was erect and resolute. She seemed indeed to the astonished and worshipping eyes of the soldiers almost like a goddess to whom the din and destruction of war had no terrors. As she sat calmly overlooking the battlefield, like one there to command, she might have suggested Addison's picture of the great Marlborough, surveying “in peaceful thought the field of death.” In a moment the column had swept along and the vision was but a memory. I never heard who the brave woman was, nor how she came there. I have seen women in camp and in hospital, and as Sisters of Mercy in the prison pen; but this one, who in an earlier time might have been a Joan of Arc, lives in memory as the only woman I ever saw on the battlefield. T. J. H.

# The Old Guard.

Vol. I.

WORCESTER, JAN. 21, 1886.

No. 3.

## The Old Guard.

PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH THE

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A. B. R. SPRAGUE, ALFRED S. ROE, WM. H. BARTLETT.

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### THE FORLORN HOPE.

The petition for medals recently presented to Congress by sixty survivors of the storming party known as the "Forlorn Hope," organized June 15th, 1863, to lead in an assault on the Confederate works at Port Hudson, recalls a chapter in the history of the war which has not received that attention from historians to which its importance seems to entitle it. Most people probably have a tolerably clear idea of Grant's campaign against Vicksburg. It is doubtful if as much can be said concerning the operations against Port Hudson, the main reason being that we were making history in those days faster than all the pens could write it or the minds of the people take it in. Hence the campaign of Port Hudson which, if it had been an isolated event of the war, would have absorbed the attention of the country and the world, was overshadowed by the greater successes of Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

Port Hudson is situated on the Mississippi river about 300 miles below Vicksburg and 25 miles north of Baton Rouge. Its defences were exceptionally strong. On the river side the position was so fortified both by nature and art, that no number of gunboats could hope to capture it. On the land side the defences were scarcely less formidable. There it was protected by a series of works of remarkable strength, extending four or five miles, the parapets having an average thickness of 20 feet, and the depth of the ditch below the top of the parapet being not less than 15 feet. Along nearly the whole line in front of the works was formerly a heavy growth of timber. This had all been cut down, so that in every direction the fallen tops of trees interlaced, trunks blocked up every passage, and brambles were growing over the whole. Moreover the space where this forest had stood was cut up in every direction by gullies and ravines some fifty feet deep, and all containing more or less fallen timber. It was the fate of the 19th army corps to charge repeatedly across that valley of death in vain attempts to carry the frowning works on the other side. On the 25th of May, 1863, the investment of Port Hudson was completed, and on the 27th an assault was made along the entire line. Gen. Banks called for volun-

teers to form a storming column to consist of one field-officer, four captains, eight lieutenants and two hundred non-commissioned officers and men from each brigade, one-half the men to carry fascines with which to bridge the ditch, the other half to move in advance, rush over the bridged ditch and hold the vulnerable point in the rebel defenses until the main column should come up. Lieut. Col. O'Brien of the 48th Mass., the bravest of the brave, led one division of this storming party. On being asked what he thought of the prospect of success, "Ah!" said the gallant Irishman, "we shall take supper in Port Hudson and bathe in the Mississippi to-night. At all events here goes for an eagle or a star." Twenty minutes from that time he lay with his face to the foe, dead on the field of honor. That brave, impulsive, Irish heart had ceased to beat. The moment our troops emerged from their cover, a line of fire along the entire rebel works in our front showed that the enemy were on the alert. Almost at the first onset the gallant O'Brien fell as he turned to cheer on his men. Very soon the impracticable nature of the field was manifest. Fallen trees, stumps of trees, strong bushes and briars grown up among them, it would have been impossible to preserve any regimental formation even unmolested by the enemy. The fascine bearers, unable to carry their burdens over the obstacles, were obliged to drop them after going a short distance. The troops did all that men could do, advancing in the face of these obstacles, their numbers diminishing at every step, scores falling at every rod's advance, sorely smitten with the leaden tempest. It was soon plain that the assault was a failure. Killed, wounded, scattered, and dispersed, all had fallen to the ground, while the storm of grape and canister, and the fire of rattling, spiteful musketry swept over their heads. At nightfall the troops were withdrawn. The assault in general was unsuccessful, and it entailed a loss of 293 killed, 1545 wounded, and 157 missing, total 1995. The defenders lost probably less than 300. Some siege guns were then brought up and constant skirmishing ensued for several days, during which the Union troops slightly advanced their position and intrenched their line. This line was parallel to that of the Confederates and some seven or eight miles in length. There was a night assault on June 10th, and on June 13th Banks summoned the garrison to surrender, and this being refused, another assault was ordered. This assault like the former, was unsuccessful, although our lines were advanced from 50 to 200 yards, the troops intrenching themselves on the new ground and holding it. In this assault the loss was 203 killed, 1401 wounded, and 201 missing, total 1805. It will thus be

seen that nearly 4000 men were lost in the two assaults. Grant's losses in the two assaults on Vicksburg were 4075.

When it is considered that the forces at Port Hudson were scarcely more than one-third of the number engaged at Vicksburg, the proportional losses in the assaults on the former stronghold are seen to be much greater than those at Vicksburg. From this, some idea may be obtained of the character of the fighting at Port Hudson. After the assault of June 14th, the tune of skirmish fighting and sharpshooting was again taken up, and continued for twenty-four more days. Mining, trenching and sapping were renewed and continued until, in some places, our men were within twenty yards of the enemy; and on his right our mine had penetrated beneath the large bastion called the "Citadel," which was the strongest point of his works and really the key to the whole position. It was intended to blow this "sky high," in order that the next storming column might advance without encountering more substantial impediments than the bodies of the defenders. Meanwhile Banks had issued the following order:—

"The Commanding General congratulates the troops upon the steady advance made upon the enemy's works, and is confident of an immediate and triumphant issue of the contest. We are at all points upon the threshold of his fortifications. One more advance, and they are ours. For the last duty that victory imposes, the Commanding General summons the bold men of the corps to the organization of a thousand men to vindicate the flag of the Union and the memory of its fallen defenders. Let them come forward. Officers who lead the column of victory in this last assault may be assured of a just recognition of their services by promotion; and every officer and soldier who shares its perils and its glory shall receive a medal fit to commemorate the first grand success of the campaign of eighteen hundred and sixty-three for the freedom of the Mississippi. His name shall be placed in general orders upon the roll of honor. Division commanders will at once report the names of officers and men who will volunteer for this service, in order that the organization of the column may be completed without delay."

Notwithstanding the severe losses in the previous assaults there were not wanting in that decimated army, volunteers for what was the post of danger as well as of glory. A thousand men responded at once to the above order, men who had faced rifle-muzzles in the previous deadly assaults, but had all the heart in the world for another. It was rumored that the assault was to be made on the 20th, but that day passed, and another, and another, and fortunately the services of this "forlorn hope" were never needed. On the morning of July 7th, a steamer came down the river bearing the joyful tidings of the surrender of Vicksburg. The good news spread through the army with the rapidity of sound itself. It was greeted with shouts of exultation, of triumph and of relief, as though a great load of suspense were lifted from every heart. Shouting and cheering, repeated over and over again, until the very sky was full of it. The guns from the batteries and gun-boats shook the heavens with their tremendous salutes. Bands were sent into the trenches, and filled the air with the stirring notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." When Gen. Gardner, the Confederate commander, was assured of the surrender of Vicksburg, he at once surrendered. The rebels were proud

of their defense, and bragged not a little that they had outlasted Pemberton at Vicksburg. Gardner said that Vicksburg made a difference to him of only three days, as his provisions were exhausted and for several days the garrison had been living on mule meat, with the occasional luxury of a dish of rat. He had made up his mind that he could not repel another assault, and had decided, as soon as there were decisive indications of one, to surrender. Whatever credit, therefore, is due for the capture of Port Hudson, belongs to the Army of the Gulf and the 19th Army Corps. The storming party known as the "Forlorn Hope" was a spirited body of men, confident, brave, strong in the cause of right and justice, and hopeful for the result. Long years have passed away since they braced themselves to die, if need be, for their country; but the lapse of time cannot diminish their claims to the gratitude of a patriotic and loyal people. Happily, their services were not needed, but the fact that they stood ready, at a critical moment, to render an unusual service to the cause of the Union is none the less worthy of commemoration. Let us hope that Congress will speedily grant the petition of the survivors of that gallant band for the medals promised them in the order which preceded their organization. B.

### FIELD, PRISON AND ESCAPE.

#### A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

BY A MEMBER OF POST 10, G. A. R.

[CONCLUDED.]

The man went to his work and we held a council. We resolved to tell the man our story and appeal to him for help. Crandall went to him in the field, and after some conversation with him, said: "If I tell you our story, will you promise not to do us harm, if you do not choose to help us?" With some reluctance, he said, "yes." Crandall briefly told the story. The man considered it the most remarkable experience he had ever heard. That three men had come so far through such a country, been out so long, and all remained well and come through together, was almost beyond belief. He then told the main points of his own experience in the war. When the war broke out he owned ninety slaves, now not one. The Yankee blockaders had destroyed his sloop, worth \$1,500. Four of his sons had been killed in the Confederate army. Naturally, he would not be inclined to help the Yankees. But he had a heart, and for the sake of humanity, in our helpless condition he would aid us. He had a skiff secreted in one place, and oars in another, for the Yankees destroyed everything they could find that would float. These were produced, we were rowed across a bayou and set down by a path which we were told, if we would follow would lead us to the house of one Wright. The name of the man who rendered us this valuable aid was Thomas Reddick. I will only say: "*He was a man.*" We followed the path and found Mr. Wright at work in his yard.

We told him our story, informed him who had sent us, and that we understood he was a Union man.

Wright was very cool and non-committal. Said he knew nothing about us and could not help us. With much persuasion and entreaty we thawed him out. He was true to the Union, but, like all who lived on neutral ground where Yankees and Confederates were likely to appear in turn the same day, he had to be very discreet. His good wife had come out into the yard. She looked at us and said: "I have some good Yankee coffee in the house which my brother-in-law sent me from Pensacola. I'll make you some of that, and if you are rebels I hope it will kill every pesky one of you!" I had lain down on a pile of chips in the yard. I was ragged and haggard. Mrs. Wright urged me to come in and lie on the bed. My comrades advised me to go, and I did. It was the first time I had lain on a bed for three years. Mr. Wright was very nervous about our being at the house, and hurried his wife to get supper. Genuine Yankee coffee, bacon, new biscuit and sweet-potatoes were better than goat. After supper Wright provided us with bed-clothing, took us to a corn-crib at some distance from the house, and gave us a bed in the husks. He told us to go into the swamp near by and pass the days there, as he expected a sloop from the gunboat fleet to get produce for the officers, on the arrival of which he would summon us. But the sloop did not come. Three days, Nov. 8th, 9th and 10th, we spent in waiting, nights in the crib, days in wood and swamp. Wright brought us food. At length, on the night of the 10th, our new-found friend told us of a neighbor up in the woods, one Brown. He was rather secesh in sentiment and quite a desperado, always wearing belt with bowe-knife and revolver, and when he went abroad also carrying a rifle. He had passed through Wright's yard muttering, and Wright was afraid of him. A man named Thompson had formerly lived with Brown. The two had quarreled regarding their housekeeper, and Thompson had shot Brown and partially shattered his knee. This much to show the character of Brown. Brown owned a good boat, and was perfectly at home on the water. Wright loaned us a rifle and a musket, the latter loaded, as he said, with nine balls, and advised us to go up to Brown's and invite him to take us to the Pass. On the same night, at about midnight, we called on Brown. A log house in the forest, a fire on the hearth, after southern fashion, a blanket hung over the doorway. This we brushed aside, stepped in, and brought our guns to "order arms." Housekeeper and children scattered over the floor, and on a single cot in the corner reposed the veritable Brown. He came to a sitting posture at once, and seemed to regard us as a surprise party. The belt, the bowie and the revolver were all in their places around his waist, but our guns were one too many for him. I said to Mr. Brown: "We want you to go down to East Pass. We notice you have a nice boat down here on the bayou, and we thought you might like to go down with us and bring the boat back." He said: "It is a pretty rough night, and I have been sick for a day or

two. Couldn't you wait till morning?" I replied: "We have sympathy for the sick, but if you understood our business as well as we do ourselves you would see how important it is for us to go at once. Under the circumstances, we are obliged to ask you to HURRY UP." He responded promptly, and we were soon ready to start. It was necessary for him to gather a few things to carry on the voyage. We were greatly interested, and followed him about closely while he was collecting his goods. On the way to the boat we came upon an opossum, so suddenly that he played "possum" and feigned death, which we made real and carried him along with us. At the boat, Wright joined us. Brown stepped into the bushes and, bringing forth his rifle, placed it in the boat. I stepped in and sat down beside it, so that it might not fall into the water. Crandall delivered to Wright his guns and came aboard. Wright's theory was that if Brown carried us down, that would implicate him, and then he could complain of Wright because he appeared on the scene and took his guns. At the mouth of the bayou the Doctor joined us, and soon we were out on the broad surface of the bay. It was a rough night, and we did not venture a great distance from the shore. After going three or four miles we felt that we were safely away from the place where we had spent three days and nights and were beginning to fear that we might be detected and also expose Wright. So we told Brown he might run to shore. We drew the boat up on the beach, gathered wood and built a fire. Brown had brought an iron kettle and sweet-potatoes. He was an expert at dressing and cooking game, and soon the "possum" was roasting in the kettle and the potatoes in the ashes. We all partook heartily, and Brown especially so for an invalid. We told him as he had been disturbed he could sleep and we would watch. So he rolled himself in his blanket, and soon did not know whether he was on the beach or in his cot at home. This was our last halting place. Thirty-three days had elapsed since we left Andersonville. In all our tramping we had probably traveled four hundred miles. Can you imagine our emotions on this last night, when we knew that before the next noon, if everything was propitious, we should be on board the U. S. gunboats?

Here let us anticipate the close for a moment to narrate something that may be of interest in connection with this story. The Doctor rests in the cemetery at Amherst, Mass., and on each Memorial Day I have laid the flowers on his grave. Crandall lives at Friendship, Allegany Co., N. Y. Last winter I visited him and we met for the first time in twenty years. Since then he has succeeded in opening communication with our Floridian friends. Here are two letters:

EUCHEE ANNA, Fla. Aug. 16, 1885

MR. A. A. CRANDALL,

DEAR SIR. Your letter at hand. I am the man you seen when you were down here and I live eight miles north of where I lived when you seen me. George Brown is dead. He was trying to murder a young man and he knocked him off the boat

in the Gulf of Mexico and he drowned. Mr. Thomas Reddick is in Jackson Co., if he is still alive. I will inquire and see if I can find his Post Office. Please write me where the other two men are and how they are getting along. I would be glad to see you and then if you can come and see me I would be very glad. I am getting very old and have nearly lost my eyesight which makes it difficult for me to work. I will close

Yours Truly

ELI WRIGHT.

P. S. Brown has no children.  
My wife says write her a long letter for she wants to know how the young man got after he left the house.

POLLY WRIGHT

Send your letter in care of Walker Bowers.

The "young man" has got as far as Worcester.

LETTER NO. 2.

FREEPORT Oct 7, 1885

MR. A. A. CRANDALL

DEAR SIR, I seen a letter from you making inquiry of Reddick that seen 3 men here in 64. I can say to you that I set 3 men across alaquaw bayo the last of the war they said they had got out of prison and wanted to get home one of the was a doctor I carried 2 of them over and came after the other for my boat was small an I could not take them all at once they gave me six dollars in Greenbacks an one of them said he wanted to give me more but would remember me as long as they lived they told me that they kep their money in a ball of thread my Father was with me we was working in some potatoes on the bayo Father stayed on the beech with one while I carried 2 over Father told them how to get to old man Eli Wrights an he would direct them how to get to east pass where the Yankes was they wrot our names down wten I carried the last one over I was 15 years old then thats all I recollect about it now.

respectfully yours

GEORGE W. REDDICK

my post office Freeport Walton County Florida

At daylight, Nov. 11th, 1864, we boarded the boat again and went out on the bay. A stiff breeze was blowing, the waves ran high and the boat skimmed over them like a bird. The boat was about five feet broad amidships and had one large sail which Brown set to the wind and, taking his seat at the stern, held the boat on her course. He was a splendid boatman. On we went over the bay, and just before noon we came in sight of the fleet and soon ran alongside the flag-ship, and the red, white and blue waved over us once more. With indescribable emotions I looked upon the dear old flag. Its red never appeared so red, its white never so white, its blue never so blue, and its stars never shone with such a lustre to my eyes as on that eleventh day of November, 1864. I thought of the many times I had followed it as my leader on the march, of the many times I had rallied around it in battle to defend it, and I felt at that moment that I could go back and endure Andersonville and live all my experience over again rather than have that radiant banner dishonored or trailed in the dust. And if this story has the least interest for any, or shall awaken a thought in any breast in regard to what it cost to uphold the old flag in the trying days of '61-'65, I shall feel that I have not written in vain. Let us reverence the flag, let us ever be ready to defend it, and pass it on with all its bright glories unsullied and undimmed, to coming generations.

Fifty years ago the Young American in Paris, after hearing the lily, the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock extolled, responded:

"The lily shall fade and its leaves decay,  
The rose from its stem shall sever,  
The thistle and shamrock shall pass away,  
But the stars shall shine forever."

Worcester, Mass., Jan. 13, 1886.

### HOW A WORCESTER COUNTY SOLDIER KNOWS THAT HE SHOT AT LEAST ONE REBEL.

Soldiers who fought through the seven days battles around Richmond have a vivid recollection of their sufferings from thirst on the day of the battle of Glendale; or, White Oak Swamp, as it is sometimes called, June 30, 1862. In one of the pauses of this conflict, a soldier of Co. D, 15th Mass., left the ranks to find water. The search led him some distance from the line, and while returning he saw an unarmed Pennsylvania soldier run out of the thicket bordering the swamp, with a rebel in close pursuit. The race was soon ended, for the Federal stumbled and fell and lay at the mercy of his foe, begging lustily for his life. The rebel showed the quality of his mercy by placing the muzzle of a pistol at the head of his victim and pulling the trigger. The pistol missed fire, and on the instant the Fifteenth man had his musket in position and shot the rebel dead. The Pennsylvanian, freed from his deadly peril, jumped up and ran like a mouse escaped from the claws of a cat, neither stopping, nor looking behind to see to whom he was indebted for deliverance, and the soldier of the Fifteenth never knew whose life he saved, nor whose he took.

T. J. H.

Gen. Lincoln's "History of the 34th Regiment" should be owned by every member of the command and by every one who has the least interest in rebellion matters.

The 21st, too, has had its scribe, Charles F. Walcott, and he has performed his task in a most commendable manner. Sergeant Plunkett was of this regiment and his deathless deed, with those of his comrades, are here duly set forth.

No body of men in the service had a better record than the 15th, but its history is yet to be written. Who is the man to put together the facts so vividly recalled by the surviving members and give them to the public in book form? There are many anxious to get the diary.

Among the societies contributing matter to rebellion literature no one deserves a higher place than "The Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island." Its publications are considered very valuable, and one number was recently republished in the *Century* in connection with an account of the Monitor. This number described the loss of the famous vessel. Why can't Worcester maintain a similar society? There are men enough and reminiscences enough to make the meetings interesting.

## THE LAST VOYAGE OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

I wish first to apologize for the title of this short paper. It is so named at the suggestion of one of the committee on publication, and also for want of a better name. I read from my journal: "Sandy Hook, Friday, Jan. 28, '67, pleasant day. At 10 A. M., The U. S. Flag-ship, Franklin left the lower port for Europe; 5.15 all hands called to make sail. All sails, except royals, were set, and we are off on the port-tack, course E.  $\frac{1}{2}$  S." Further on in the journal I read: "At sea, Nov. 8, '68, we have a fair wind, the ship making nine knots an hour. If the wind continues as favorable as now we shall reach port to-morrow, and thus all hands will be made happy, from the Admiral down to the smallest boy in the ship. We have bent the bow cables." New York was reached in due time, and the ship put out of commission.

The Admiral retired into private life. Two years later he was called to that land where there is "no more sea," dying Aug. 15, 1870, at Portsmouth, N. H.

Between the two dates of the journal, June 28, '67, and Nov. 8, '68, the ship had made her memorable voyage, sailing many thousands of miles, visiting all the more important ports between Viborg, the northernmost naval port in Russia, to Constantinople, Turkey; the voyage was one of peace.

"Buried was the bloody hatchet;  
Buried was the dreadful war-club;  
Buried were all warlike weapons,  
And the war-cry was forgotten;  
Then was peace among the nations."

To all intents and purposes, the Franklin for the time being, was the Admiral's private yacht, and it was none too good for "Old Salamander,"—nothing that the government had was too good for that grand old sea-king. I have seen the royal yachts of England, Russia, France, Turkey, &c., they were *fine*, the Admiral's was *grand*. Let us look at the ship for a moment; the Franklin was a steam frigate of the first class, with a crew of about 700 men, everything about her was the best, and this being her first voyage, the paint-work, guns, &c., had that brightness, that cleanly look, which they would never have again. The men were proud of her and loved the Admiral, so that an *esprit de corps* was developed which helped much in making the work and drill all that it should be.

By special permission of the Navy Department, the Admiral and Captain were accompanied by their wives. No officer is, except in very rare cases, allowed to take his wife with him on a voyage in war-vessels.

The presence of Mrs. Farragut, and the Captain's wife, Mrs. Pennock, of course made the voyage very much more enjoyable than it otherwise would have been.

While the ship was at sea, the life on the Franklin was the same as that on any war-ship. The regular routine was gone through with, the Admiral generally never interfering with the drill or working of the ship. The writer remembers, however, on one occasion while at

broadsword drill, having for an opponent a man who did not handle his sword with much skill, being quite surprised to have the Admiral take the sword out of the man's hand, and putting himself on the defensive, said: "Now come on, hit me if you can, Strike! Strike!" but never a strike made I, being too frightened, and perhaps, remembering the result of Gil Blas, criticising the Bishop's sermon.

In port, the life on the Franklin was more exacting than on an ordinary war-ship. The Admiral was constantly being received as a guest by the different crowned heads, and in return they became his guests on the Franklin, and as naval etiquette required, there was the continual booming of guns in salutes, and manning of yards, &c. Then again there were balls and dinners, which meant for the guests a good time, while for us it meant hard work in cleaning and dressing the ship with flags, awnings, &c., another case of the boys stoning the frogs,—fun for them, anything but amusement for us. Perhaps if I quote a description of one of the grandest of the royal visits, it will show better than anything else what our inshore life was. I have to state, in all fairness, that all visits were not on par with this one:—

"Cherbourg, July 27, '67.

"At 2.45 a small steamer was seen in the distance which proved to be the royal yacht with the Empress on board. All the ships in the harbor were dressed with flags, from stem to stern, and from the truck to the water-line. As soon as the yacht was inside the breakwater all the yards were manned. The French ram Magenta opened the ball by a very rapid salute, which was taken up by all the ships and forts in the harbor. It was one continual roar of artillery. The French boats formed in line from one ship to the other. The crews standing with peaked oars, hat in hand. As the yacht passed the ships the cry, "Vive la Empress!" resounded through the harbor, and being taken up by the citizens on shore, it was echoed and re-echoed. The Empress went on board the Magenta, it being the flag-ship of the French. Now again commenced the salutes and the vivas. The Empress after staying on board for a little while, left the ship and came on board our ship. We had the yards manned and fired a salute of twenty-one guns. She came in her barge. It is a very handsome boat. Her flag was made of satin, covered all over with the golden bees of the Napoleon family, and in the centre was a crown. We greeted her with Yankee cheers. The Empress was plainly dressed in black silk, being in mourning for the late Emperor, Maximilian. She was accompanied by her son and mother. The Empress is a handsome woman. She visited all parts of the ship, and tasted some of our grub. As she left the ship we gave her three cheers and a national salute. In the evening all the ships in the harbor were illuminated, and there was a grand pyrotechnic display. I have never seen such a beautiful sight in my life."

The whole eighteen months were more or less enlivened by such scenes as that just described. Not so elaborate, nor pitched on so high a key, but for us of the crew, amounting to almost as much work.

The ship was followed generally by some of the vessels which made up the United States European Fleet. The Admiral had for his tender the United States Steamer Frolic,

an old blockade runner. Being smaller and of lighter draft than the Franklin, he was able to go to many places to which we were not able to go. The Admiral and his suite spent much of their time in her, going from place to place, while we would remain in some quiet port.

Thus quickly passed the year and a half of the last cruise of Admiral Farragut. All the international courtesies shown the Admiral could not add anything to the fame of that brave man. They, however, could show the honor in which he was held by all classes on the continent of Europe. And there is no doubt but that the later years of his life were made the happier by the knowledge he had, of the esteem which was made manifest in this, his last sea voyage. H.

### ARMY LIFE ON THE RIO GRANDE, AND THE SPANISH FANDANGO.

After the close of the war of the Rebellion, General Grant found an army of thirty thousand French troops on the Mexican border, under command of Marshal Bazaine, who since then has been court-martialed for treason to France in the Franco-Prussian war. The troops which Bazaine commanded were from the regular army of France, sent there by Napoleon III. to establish and maintain an imperial throne for Maximilian.

The army of the slaveholders' Rebellion having been retired, and the volunteer Union army being disbanded, there were left a corps of colored troops, commanded by General Godfrey Weitzel, who were sent to the Rio Grande, on the Texas border, to observe and perhaps intimidate Bazaine and his army of French regulars.

William H. Seward, acting in this conspiracy with General Grant and one Philip Sheridan, then commanding the Department of the Gulf, with headquarters at New Orleans, also brought to bear upon the then great French monarch, the weight of the office of the Secretary of State, and, when we were encamped upon the banks of the Rio Grande, demanded the removal of the French troops from American soil, as contrary to the doctrine of one Monroe.

As a result of this demand, and of the threatening evolutions of our ebony corps on the Texas side of the river, the French troops were all withdrawn early in 1866, or within six months after our arrival in Texas, which was in August, 1865.

The observation of an army of foreign troops, which we were thus enabled to witness, in their attacks upon the cities and towns over the river, was interesting to those of us who had just left the Army of the Potomac, where firing meant fighting, and where the pop-corn reveille was sounded at night. It was an experience never before felt, to stand upon the American shore and feel that there was no responsibility or anxiety, which the sound of arms used to call us to. The American troops had shown their valor upon so many fields upon the soil of the United States that they had only to go to the border of our sister republic and, through our Secretary of State, demand the withdrawal of

European troops from American soil, and it was done, without even crossing the river—though we did pontoon the Rio Grande in the spring of '66, to protect the city of Matamoros from being sacked by one wing of the liberal army under Ortaga. Having despatched the French troops from Mexico, a part of our army was also disbanded; but several regiments were left to hold the posts on the border, and help the revenue officers perform their duty at the numerous stations between Brazos de Santiago, the mouth of the Rio Grande, and Laredo, which was the place of Fort McIntosh, several hundred miles up the river; Brownsville, Fort Brown, Edinburg and Ringgold barracks being also held by our troops until the fall of 1867, when we were discharged (on our own recognizance), during the good behavior of all enemies of the United States only.

After the reduction of our forces to these small garrisons, the social life in Mexico and Texas was made more indispensable, as we had but little active military duty to perform, having retired the French army, who had left us for France in three installments of 10,000 men each. Social life in Mexico required a knowledge of the Spanish language, sufficient to speak and understand the Mexican Spanish, which bears about the same relation to the pure "Castilian" that the Canadian French does to the Parisian French.

The Spanish language being more easily acquired than the American, especially is it easier too for an American, with a Latin or Greek foundation for his language, to acquire the Spanish than it is for a Mexican to learn English; or, as some of the American merchants in Mexico would reply, when we would go over the the river to try our Spanish, after we had addressed them "*Buenos días Señor, como ha pasado el tiempo?*" "Why don't you talk United States? that's good enough for us."

The great social gathering of the Mexican peasants is the *Fandango*. The wealthier classes have their balls and dance by the harp and violin, but the *Fandango* includes all in its invitation, and is a New-England Fair and a Methodist Camp-meeting and Musical Festival combined.

The music, which consists of the drum and trombone, serves to announce to place, and to call together the assemblage, as well as to dance, when they are in the midst of the mazy whirl tripping the light fantastic brogan.

The *Fandango* sometimes last several days and is used to celebrate the feasts of the Church. St. John's day being a favorite time of the year, when the indolent Mexican takes a week from his avocation of cattle-stealing to attend the festival. Here the gambler brings his monte bank. The gamester his fighting cocks: the horse racer brings his mustang, the liquor dealer brings his *mexical* and *aguardiente*. The young ladies come with their chaperons and make cigarettes for the young gentlemen, and sit on the hair side of an ox hide and smoke between the dances and drink "*Chocolate*."

The Mexican or Spanish dances are unique, especially the *Danza*, which is danced by forming a ring and then,

after a few feints to the front and rear, the whole *corps* break into twos and waltz around until their place in the ring is reached, when the waltzing ceases and all clasp hands for another circle movement. The grounds are lighted by Chinese lanterns assisted usually by the moon, which in Mexico is more bright than in New England. It is a pleasing sight at night, in the bright light of a full moon in June, to witness the Fandango, talk Spanish with the pretty country *Señoritas*, always clad in white, and in the open out-door atmosphere of Mexico, contrast them with a genuine Continental Ball with two bands.

There are many features of Mexican life that are equally interesting, but for the space allotted me, for the present I must defer their rehearsal, and for the present say "Adios."

W. A. G.

### A ROUGH MARCH.

To an old campaigner it may seem puerile to spend time in writing the history of a march from Williamsburg to East New York, a distance of but nine miles, but to those who were there and took part in the march, it will always stand out as quite an event in the history of the regiment. The 42d Massachusetts regiment, after a few weeks encampment at Readville, had been ordered to report in New York and when there were ordered into camp at East New York.

We disembarked at twilight at Williamsburg and formed for a march to camp. No one seemed to know the distance we were to march. Each man had his knapsack well crammed with clothing, books, and a variety of articles both light and heavy, which seemed indispensable to the good soldier who owned and carried them. Guns had not been issued, but those knapsacks soon became heavy burdens to men unaccustomed to them, especially as we commenced our tramp over a pebble pavement made of stones about the size of a man's head and laid with sharp points uppermost. For some time the march was in silence, and perhaps a mile had been covered when a murmur commenced along the line: "I wonder how far it is?" As we met a team some one asked: "How far is it to Schnediker's hotel?" a place supposed to be our destination. The answer came in the most positive and certain terms: "About two miles and a half." This answer was received with varied acceptance or disapproval, judging from the remarks it elicited. The night had become cold and somewhat blustering, and added discomfort to the boys already grumbling under the weight of the knapsacks.

On we marched another mile or more and again an opportunity was offered of inquiring the distance to Schnediker's and the reply came: "Four miles."

Grumbling now broke into something more positive, although no one seemed to doubt the truth of the information given. Soon we left the pebble pavement behind and found ourselves on a rough and lonesome road. Those knapsacks and the treasures they contained began to cause strange and startling epithets, many of them quite disparaging considering the tenderness which had previously been bestowed

upon them. Again, after a mile or two had been covered, inquiry was made of a stray native as to the distance to Schnediker's. The answer came grave and apparently sincere: "Five miles." There arose on the cold night such a storm of invectives that our innocent informer must have thought us a train-gang of lunatics. For all the fury of the boys, now staggering under galling loads, foot sore, hungry and sleepy, and goaded by disappointment and uncertainty, broke upon that man's head, and had such a decided menacing feature, that he hastily left the road and put himself beyond the reach of any of our weary and tottering heroes.

Somewhat later on in our march, but after anger had given place to repentance on the part of some that they had been fools enough to enlist, while others had settled into heroic endurance for country, some one made a very meek inquiry of a lonely traveller as to the honest distance from Williamsburg to East New York.

The man seemed to take in our situation and feelings as if he had been a soldier himself. He said: "Well, boys, you are most there. It's nine miles from Williamsburg to your camp. You've made seven of it and those lights you see yonder are in the camp. Keep up your courage!"

True, he had struck us at the point of our true manhood. We were almost to camp and were not going to whimper for two miles.

For the present purpose it is sufficient to say that we reached our destination late that evening, completely dragged out, hungry and cold. The worst was to come. So great had been the influx of troops and so little preparation had been made, that our commander could find neither tent, nor barrack, house, barn, nor shed in which to shelter his command. I could never describe the expedients resorted to on that eventful cold Saturday midnight to furnish an abiding place for that regiment of men. Some few companies stood together for better or worse, others disbanded for the night, each man shifting for himself. Some men dropped almost in their tracks when the halt came, and could be found on piazzas, in door-ways, boxes, and in every nook or corner that could be found large enough to crawl into. Men took colds that night from which they never recovered. One practical advantage resulted from that march which was to be learned sooner or later, viz.: A light knapsack is the badge of a veteran.

A. F., 42d Mass.

Among all the names of women rendered famous by the civil war, none should be mentioned before those of Clara Barton and Dorothea Dix, both Worcester names.

Major Hodgkins has set forth the prowess and deeds of the 36th in a way to please the participators and to charm all others who peruse its papers. It ranks high among books of its class.

The very best-escort an ex-soldier can find when he visits a southern city is a man who wore the gray. "Fed." and "Confed." will blend beautifully, and no pains will be spared to make the interview one to be remembered.

**AN INCIDENT IN ARMY LIFE—CURIOSITY SATISFIED.**

The ninth corps was encamped on the right of the Union lines in front of Petersburg, in the year 1865. There are a great many uneventful days and weeks during every campaign when the men grow restless, and seek every kind of opportunity to vary the usual routine of camp life. Memory brings back one event that was so inexpressibly ludicrous that if I could only tell it just as it occurred, would surely cause the reader as hearty a laugh, as even now, the very thought of it brings the smile to my own lips, though so many years have elapsed since the occurrence.

The picket line of both armies was so irregular, that while along some portions of it the men were a good rifle-shot apart, yet in others, as in front of us, not more than forty feet separated the pickets of the contending armies.

The second Maine battery was stationed at Fort Stedman, and a Massachusetts regiment was on picket in front of us. Between the two picket lines a narrow ravine alone separated the men. For several days we observed that a rebel picket sheltered himself behind the trunk of a large tree; all that could be seen of him was a part of his hand grasping the barrel of his rifle, the butt resting on the ground. We had our little jokes about this rebel, one and another declaring that he was tall, others contending that he was short, some that he was a great, big dark man, others that he was small and fair. The discussion waxed warm, until at last, in what now seems to have been a spirit of recklessness, I said, "See here, boys, if you will manage it so I can pass our pickets, I will bring that Johnnie in, and then you will all see for yourselves." This proposition was received with shouts of laughter, and the arrangement was soon made. I then began a close study of the situation, and found that by following a zigzag course, I could readily approach the tree without much chance of being discovered. A companion joined me in the undertaking, and we started out, watched by pickets and battery boys. We literally crawled along our tortuous path until we found ourselves directly under the tree and within ten feet of it; and there was the arm, hand and rifle in full view. From this point I was to go alone. Inch by inch I crawled until my hand touched the tree, slowly gaining a perpendicular, my heart thumping in my throat like mad, firmly bracing my feet, I was at last within reaching distance. A spring, a sudden twist of the rifle left it in my possession. "Surrender, Johnnie!" "All right," was the quick response. "What are you going to do with me?" "Come with me, don't stop a moment, or I'll blow your brains out. Now rush!" And rush we did down the hill, straight across the ravine, and into our lines, amid the cheers of the boys. And there stood Johnnie, a short, chubby chap, no more like any description given of him than I am like you, reader.

Well, I was the hero of that evening, and ever after, if

a man told a story as being *true*, and he "knew it," all we had to do was to ask him for his description of the rebel who kept his picket behind the tree. T. N.

**LAST WORDS OF UNION SOLDIERS.**

"Tell them that I died fighting for the Stars and Stripes."—Lafayette Morrow, Co. I, 37th N. Y.

"I am proud to die for my country."—W. N. Bullard, 8th Ill.

"Captain, I must do something for my country. What shall I do?"—Chaplain Fuller, 16th Mass.

"I will lead you. Come on brave men!"—Gen. Nathaniel Lyon.

"My faith in my country has ever been firm."—Sergt. Stephen A. Rollins, 95th Ill.

"Webb, I will give them one more shot. Good-bye."—Cushing, Battery, U. S. Artillery, after being severely wounded at Gettysburg.

"Oh, that I might have died in battle, but not my will, but thine be done."—Sergt. Mouser, Co. H, 4th Ohio.

"Boys, don't mind me, but save the colors."—Col. Mulligan.

"I have done my duty, and have nothing to fear for myself after death."—Gen. Ransom.

Gen. Sherman says there would not be days enough in the year for him to attend all the fairs of the Grand Army to which he is invited.

Let no one leave the Hall before seeing the album of autographs of distinguished soldiers and sailors and that containing autographic selections of distinguished writers.

Worcester soldiers were among those who, stacking arms in the Capitol at Washington late at night, April 19th, '61, placed an inseparable obstacle to rebellion progress.

Capt. Denny has made, in his "Wearing the Blue," a book as entertaining as romance, and so thoroughly is the same appreciated by the "boys" of the 25th that, for a long time, a copy has not been purchasable for love nor money.

Worcester contributed a company to the first regiment that left Massachusetts for the seat of war, and, while those at home were dedicating the Bigelow monument on the Common, thus commemorating the prowess of the past, another generation was winning imperishable renown in the streets of Baltimore.

Should any reader visit New Orleans this winter, don't fail to go down the river on the "Aloin," and to make the acquaintance of Mate Hamilton. He is posted on all the points of interest and, as an ex-soldier from Ohio and a member of "Jos. A. Mown" Post, he will treat every G. A. R. man royally—and every other man, too, for that matter.

## NEW ORLEANS IN 1862.

The capture of New Orleans in the spring of 1862 by the combined naval and land forces of the Union army, which was at the time so important an achievement for the government, and signalized a new departure in naval warfare, remains one of the most striking and picturesque events of the Civil War. Strategically, its importance can hardly be overestimated; for it not only closed the great river as an outlet for the Confederacy, as no blockade of ships could do, but it wrested from it its chief commercial or moneyed metropolis, and necessarily dampened the spirits of its cause throughout the great south-west.

If it liberated Confederate soldiers from garrison duty and measurably strengthened armies in the field, it afforded a more than compensating advantage in a new and permanent basis for aggressive operations to the Union arms.

The writer commanded the right-flank company of a Massachusetts regiment, the Thirty-first, in the expedition under General Butler, which rendezvoused at Ship Island for co-operation with the fleet with which the dauntless Farragut had undertaken the conquest of the Crescent City. It was our fortune to have experienced with the commanding general the thirty days of storm, shipwreck, and consequent delay, which were consumed between Boston and the rendezvous; and, after some weeks of heavy drilling on that dreary sand bank, we were rewarded by assignment, in company with the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, to his ship, in the subsequent movement up the river. As a consequence, we were privileged to anchor just below the fleet at the bombardment and passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip; and from the rigging of our vessel we witnessed the fiery splendor of that grand battle when the wooden fleet, led by the lion-hearted admiral, ran by the forts against the force of the swift torrent of the river.

When the forts were passed, we steamed out of the river to the bay in rear of St. Philip, and had landed the Twenty-sixth at Quarantine, four miles above the forts. As we were disembarking for the same destination, the news of the surrender of the fort, at Farragut's demand, reached us; and we steamed back into the river, took the general on board at Quarantine, and led the fleet of transports to the city. The novelty of the whole scene as we passed up the swollen river attracted us Northern men greatly. The occasional sight of an alligator; the changing, whirling eddies of the deep, muddy waters; the twisting course of the channel, defying the compass; the elevation of the vessel above the full levees, so that we sailed higher than the roofs of the houses that were scattered along the shores; and many other things to which our eyes were unused,—told of a country of strange and, to us, new characteristics.

But, as my purpose is to relate some of the incidents of the occupation of the city, we must not tarry too long by the way.

As we approached New Orleans, all eyes were strained and all attention absorbed by the new, strange sights. Our progress developed the city gradually, until soon we were passing its broad levees, thronged with a dense mass of watching and hostile people. So far as the eye could reach over the flat spaces before us, thousands of men, women, and children stretched beyond the thousands we had seen before. The French Cathedral, the quaint old Court House, the Jackson square and statue, the French Market, the Mint, the Custom House, the broad avenues of Esplanade, and Canal street, the dome of the St. Charles, the numerous spires, the lines of moored river boats which had not escaped nor been burned, and the dark hulls of our war-ships, in which we took such pride and which insured our safety,—all passed our eyes, till, at last, we, too, made a wharf at the levee off St. Joseph street, and made fast to disembark. A river steamer, which had been early secured by us, took the gallant Fourth Wisconsin regiment, and moored at the wharf next above us.

A naval officer from the admiral's ship visited us, as we supposed, for conference with the general; and soon came the order to disembark the regiment.

The right company was ordered ashore to clear a sufficient space to form the column of companies; and down the stairs the officers marched, followed by the men in single file. The task of moving back the great mass of people was a slow and by no means easy one. Judicious orders had been given the officers to speak kindly, but firmly to all, and neither to precipitate nor be provoked into any quarrels. No one spoke except the officers; and slowly and sullenly, but unresistingly, the crowd fell back, so far as the masses behind permitted, and the company was deployed about three sides of a large square, of which the ship formed the fourth side. Meantime, the Fourth Wisconsin had been landing at the wharf above, and all was made ready to march. This formation probably took over an hour, and seemed to take two or three times as long. Nor was it devoid of interest to the participants, aside from the sense of great responsibility,—not intensified by great danger, to be sure, but accompanied by a vague anticipation of street broils, if not a mob.

The New Orleans crowds, to do them justice, were remarkably sensible and circumspect. Doubtless, this restraint in people of fiery tempers and usually unbridled impulses was traceable to the great guns of the men-of-war, which, charged with shot and shell, frowned their menace over the whole city. Still, the crowd was hostile, and meant to be known as such. As usual, it was literally sprinkled with the female demi-monde, who had no bridle on their tongues. The soldiers were dubbed "Yanks," "wooden nutmegs," "invaders," "hirelings," "abolitionists," and coarser and more vulgar names continually.

There was almost no answering back; but there was an occasional rejoinder like this from a soldierly sergeant, who never moved a muscle, as a woman said (the profanity is unnecessary), "I say, Yank, do you know what we've got

for you here?" "No." "Yellow jack." He rejoined, "Do you know what we've got for you here?" "No." With his hands on his cartridge pouch, "Forty rounds." That conversation was dropped.

The pleasant and kind way in which the people were addressed bore fruits in this wise: A villanous-looking cabman kept his vehicle in a spot to block the crowd in its efforts to fall back, his face wearing an expression of hunger and thirst for blood. An officer stepped into the crowd, and said, "Excuse me, I must ask you to drive off." No response and no motion. "You see we must have room to land this regiment, and I must trouble you to let these people fall back." No motion and no response. "Really," said the officer, "you see you are inconveniencing your friends; and you will make my duty much easier, if you will move." The eyes turned away, the hands picked up the reins, the face assumed an expression of disgusted discomfiture, and the gruff voice said, as the man drove off, "I can't help it, you are so d—d polite."

The Thirty-first marched in column into the street, and the Fourth Wisconsin came in their rear. Two field-pieces were with each regiment. The companies which were deployed were called in and marched as flankers to the colors. The general and his staff passed to the head of the column. A message was sent to the band of the Fourth Wisconsin; and the column moved, and made its march along the levees, and through Julia, St. Charles, and Canal streets, to the Custom House, which it surrounded and took for barracks; and, from that time to the end, the city of New Orleans was in the occupation of the Union army. One historian or biographer, possibly misled by newspaper inaccuracy, says the troops marched through the streets of New Orleans to the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner," which is as far from the truth as the "Star-Spangled Banner" is from a march.

As the result of the general's message to the Wisconsin band, the "Yanks" kept step to the lively strains of the old negro melody,—

"Picayune Butler's coming, coming;  
Picayune Butler's come to town."

Whether this characteristic pleasantry was ever recorded before or not, it will never be doubted by any one who knows the general.

The Custom House was a kind of fortress that night,—a gun at each corner of the square, which it entirely covers, and a strong force on guard, while the troops inside were sleeping on their arms. The morning drove the officers to great searches for breakfast. One good Teuton, near by, toward the levee, who vowed he had always been a strong Union man, initiated many of them into the mysteries of potato salad, and soon exhausted his stock of ham and eggs. At many restaurants, for a day or two, food was refused Union officers; but, under the vigorous government inaugurated, this soon passed by, and the best restaurants in the world were open for our wants.

The early days of the occupation were enlivened by the constant singing of the "Bonny Blue Flag" and other rebel songs by the street gamins; the detective work, some of it very daring, by which sundry "Thugs" were arrested and sent to the forts; the mob-like gathering of crowds, such as greeted Butler at the St. Charles Hotel; and the constant insults from the women who showed themselves on the streets. One very swell and handsome quartermaster played a practical joke on a lady thus: She left the car at the Clay statue, as he entered it. At the next corner, he stepped out and took the next car, in which he found her seated, and which she left at once. He repeated the operation at varying distances twice more, when she hailed a carriage and drove home, unpolluted by Yankee presence.

But these things were not of long duration; and, soon, the city assumed its wonted appearance, barring the grass in Carondelet street. And the Yankees had their market and their theatres, their shell-road drives, their balls, their churches, their gambling-houses, and all other things, good and bad, in common with the Creole, despite the discouraging omens of their inhospitable reception. UNION.

### I. O. K. P.

BY PAST CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF J. F. LOVERING.

I. O. K. P. are cabalistic letters. Those who first used them may have forgotten what they meant. They stand in my memory associated with the humor of camp-life in the winter of 1863-'64. We had been ordered to leave comfortable quarters that we had taken pride in building,—a camp so well arranged and neatly policed that it was not only commended in general orders from division headquarters, but another regiment, much to its disgust, ordered to reconstruct its camp, taking ours as a pattern. We moved into quarters that had been vacated by an Ohio regiment, who had not done any house-cleaning before they left. They left a great many relics of their past—some so instinct with life, so affecting to our sensibilities, that not only were we prepared to see the stockade walls disappear with a "hop, skip and a jump"—but we wished they would. The Ohio boys must have been all farmers, and deserved to take the premium for raising live stock. There could be no question as to their bravery on the battlefield; but in that camp we were sensitively assured that they knew how to "flea"—while, notwithstanding the notoriously strict prohibitory principles they advocated, it was touchingly evident that they had a multitudinous amount of "lice-sense."

We learned to do a good deal of skirmishing in that camp. We learned how easy it was to make the foe flea, and yet wish to flea from the foe. We learned how true it is that it may not always be a friend who insists upon backing you up, or traveling on your back. We learned how one active foe may seem to be a dozen—and one dozen a host. It is not necessary to go to Egypt to pity Pharaoh and the Egyptians!

While we were exercising our skill in taming the wild Ohioan cattle, certain of the officers got so restless that they formed the I. O. K. P. The main purpose of the organization was to initiate members. This was always done unexpectedly. The candidates did not apply to the Order. The Order applied for the candidates. It was always done at midnight. Major M. was G. F., *i. e.*, Grand Fossil; Captain P. was T. T., *i. e.*, tea-totaler—he never drank any—any *tea*. Captain H. was the chorus—he sang so sweetly and so many at a time.

The symbols of the I. O. K. P. were an eye on the forehead of a skull—a poker and blacking-brush crossed below. The eye was an eye-opener, which revealed within the skull no brain—but which had often before taken the place of brain—commissary whiskey. The poker was suggestive of an innocent game which was indulged in at a neighboring hd—rs. The blacking-brush, judging from the artistic appearance of the initiated candidates, appeared to be used for tattooing. Anyway, it was always used after *tattoo* with a considerable number of *taps*.

I cannot describe the ceremonies—I never joined. I was chosen an honorary and honorable member. It was a tribute to my genius. The surgeon had been initiated—mildly. He was death with pills and they knew it. The assistant surgeon was initiated—with firm and tender impartiality. They were firm—and he was tender—for about a week or ten days. It was intimated that I was to be voted for at the next meeting. I was discreetly glad. I didn't let them know how glad for fear lest I might be blackballed—with the blacking-brush. I wrote a "*pome*." One of the initiated saw it. I was obliged to read it. It was so affecting—brought such tears of manly sympathy to heroic eyes, that I was voted in—on the spot—without initiation. Let me repeat that—*without initiation!*

This was the poem :—

A LEGEND.

DEDICATED TO THE I. O. K. P.

I.

In the weird hour of midnight  
When owls flit about,  
And, with musical screeches  
All mice put to rout,  
An odorous spell, born of fine-cut and rum,  
Struck even the birds of Minerva quite dumb.

II.

Then out from a conclave,  
How gathered none knew,  
Nor what was their purpose,  
There issued a crew  
Not even the fiends from below dare assail—  
What wonder if all upon earth then should quail.

III.

In left-hand advanced,  
The chief of the "hull,"  
Bore the badge of the Order—  
A dead darkey's skull,  
While companion to that (as segar to a smoker),  
In right hand he brandished a well-blackened poker.

IV.

In silence most awful  
There came in the rear,  
Those sworn, in great terror,  
To run only through fear.  
A horrible wink had contorted each face,  
Each must be a cyclops by nature or grace,  
(How else is the tale of their badge to be traced?)

V.

To add to the terror  
Their presence should bring,  
Each bore what had made  
E'en the darkey's skull grin—  
The friend of his lifetime on earth—oh, hush!  
'Twas the horrible, polishing, blacking-brush.

VI.

A rap with the poker  
The empty skull rings,  
In discord discordant!  
The "Grand Fossil" sings.  
All take up the burden in singing, and thus,  
Whatever its meaning, gets this as *cho-rus*:  
"So say we all of us,  
So say we all;  
So say we all of us,  
So say we all."

VII.

Nature shivers with fright,  
The winds blow like mad,  
And the black clouds in which  
The heavens are clad  
Are tore into shreds,  
While all sleepers awake,  
Sit up in their tent-bunks,  
Rub their eyelids and quake—  
Lest when they can see clearly and well,  
They find themselves just on the confines—  
of the rebellion.

VIII.

Oh, horrible! horrible!  
This be our prayer,  
To spirits of earth  
And spirits of air,  
Deliver and save us (and I am no croaker)  
From empty-skulled, blacking-brushed  
"Knights of the Poker."

THE RESPONSE IN 1861.

BY CAPT. GEO. W. CREASEY, P. D. C.—G. A. R.

[From his Manuscript History of Newburyport in the Rebellion.]

After the election of President Lincoln, in November, 1861, it became manifest from the speeches and actions of the leading men of the South, that they not only seriously contemplated, but had fully determined to secede from the National government. The course pursued by the representative politicians of that section confirmed the belief that they were secretly preparing to contend by force of arms for the establishment of a separate government, under the protection of which they could enjoy and extend their cherished and beloved institution—slavery. Massachusetts, true to the teachings of her sires, true to herself, and to the patriotism of her sons, did not hesitate or falter. But few days elapsed after the inauguration of Gov. Andrew before active measures were taken to put the volunteer militia, then numbering 5,593 men, and organized into nine regiments and three battalions of infantry; three battalions and eight unattached companies of riflemen; one battalion and five unattached companies of cavalry, in active condition and ready for the field.

As Massachusetts was foremost in preparing to support and sustain the Union, so South Carolina was foremost in attempts to destroy it.

The demand made upon Maj. Anderson for the surrender of Fort Sumter, April 11th, 1861, by the Confederate authorities through Gen. Beauregard, and his noble and patriotic reply;—"It is a demand with which I regret that my sense

of honor, and my obligations to my government, prevents my compliance;"—the opening fire on the fort by all the rebel batteries on the morning of the 12th; the spirit and bravery with which the little garrison responded; the ineffectual attempt of the "Star of the West" to render assistance; the renewal of the bombardment on the the 13th; the firing of hot shot by the rebels, the burning of the barracks and magazine of the fort, and finally the evacuation by Maj. Anderson and his heroic command, on the afternoon of Sunday, April 14th, created the most intense feeling among the people of the North and as the intelligence was announced by telegraph, there arose one common sentiment of indignation against those who had commenced the conflict, and a determination in the hearts of the loyal North to maintain the unity and authority of the National government. On the 15th day of April, but twenty-four hours after the surrender of Fort Sumter, and the day of the issuing of the proclamation of President Lincoln, calling for 75,000 volunteers, the active participation of Massachusetts in the rebellion began.

On that day the field and staff officers of the various regiments of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, in the vicinity of Boston, met in council at the Governor's room in the State House. After discussing the condition and efficiency of the militia, the Governor proposed to the representatives of each regiment this question:—

"How much time does your regiment require to be ready for active service?"

The reply given by most of them was: "From three to eight days;" but, Gen. Hinks, who, at that time was Adjutant of the 8th regiment, and its representative in the council, answered: "The 8th regiment will report in Boston to-morrow morning, if ordered." To which the Governor replied: "That is what we desire, you may order them to report at Faneuil Hall." At 4.30 o'clock on the afternoon of the 15th, Capt. Albert W. Bartlett, of the Cushing Guard, Company A, of Newburyport, while at his store on State street, received the following:—

LYNN, April 15th, 1861.

CAPT. ALBERT W. BARTLETT,

*Commanding Co. A.*

The Eighth Regiment is ordered to march to the defence of the Capital. Will rendezvous in Faneuil Hall to-morrow. How many men will you muster?

EDWARD A. HINKS,  
*Adjutant.*

Ordering a carriage, Capt. Bartlett notified in person the members of the company, and summoned them to appear at the armory ready for duty the following morning. The news that the company had been called for, created the most intense excitement in the city. The call was the call of the country, and those who were to respond to it had but little time to arrange business affairs and be ready for the cars at the appointed time. During the evening, State street was crowded with people, and at the armory all was life and activity. Most of the members of the company were merchants; many had families dependent upon their labor for support, to leave behind. The call was sudden. The question

between duty to their country and duty to their wives and children was presented. With some it was answered promptly, and, if others hesitated for the moment, it was only to be assured that those they left behind should not become paupers upon the city. The City Government was in session on that evening. Capt. Bartlett and Lieut. Creasey waited upon the Mayor, stated the conditions under which many of the members were placed, and asked that such action be taken as would enable the company to maintain its ancient reputation, and the city to preserve its honor. Most nobly did the City Council respond. With but one dissenting voice, this vote was passed:

"As many of our citizens have been called into the military service of the United States; that one thousand dollars be appropriated for such support as their respective families may need during their absence."

After the adoption of the order, the Mayor and Aldermen visited the armory, made known the fact, and assured the company that when that was expended more would be appropriated.

It was the purpose of Capt. Bartlett to leave Newburyport on the 8 o'clock train for Boston; but, as many of the men required more time to arrange their business affairs, 12 o'clock was the time appointed. There would have been no difficulty in filling the company with recruits at any time after the receipt of the order calling them into active service. Many were willing and anxious to go; but, Capt. Bartlett considering General Order No. 4, issued Jan. 16, to apply only to those who had been enrolled and returned as members of the company, telegraphed the Adjutant General for permission to fill his company with volunteers. The answer came:—

"Come with what you have."

At a few minutes before twelve, in the midst of a cold and cheerless storm, the small company of patriots,—for such their promptness and determination had proved them to be,—left the armory for the depot.

The rain and sleet were falling fast, but bravely and firmly they marched to the music of the drum and fife. But few cheers were given, and hardly a word was spoken by the hundreds who had gathered to witness their departure. All were impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. Others followed during the day, and joined the company at Faneuil Hall. The history of the campaign then opened is a familiar one.

The Eighth regiment arrived in Washington April 27th, after much hardship and privation. It had the honor of taking the old frigate Constitution out of the dock at Annapolis and placing her out of reach of the Secessionists. That regiment and the New-York Seventh, laid railroad tracks, built bridges, run steam-engines, and thus opened railroad communication for the troops which thereafter passed that way. Most of the men of Company A re-enlisted after their brief three months' service, some of them becoming officers in régiments raised later in the war.

Capt. Bartlett subsequently recruited a company for three years, and was assigned to the 35th. He was killed while bravely leading his men at Antietam.

# THE OLD GUARD.

Vol. II.

WORCESTER, JAN. 18, 1887.

No. 1.

## The Old Guard

PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH THE  
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In presenting the second volume of *THE OLD GUARD*, the committee congratulate themselves and their readers that they are able to offer, as the leading article to run through the four numbers, a narrative of Rebel Prison Life and Escape, quite as interesting and thrilling as that which contributed so much to the success of Vol. 1. The narrative in question is "The Sole Survivor," written by a member of Post 10.

### THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

It is not the purpose of the writer to give a complete history of his military experiences. If so, it would necessarily embrace a period of time extending from May 17, 1861, to June 29, 1865. It would include active service in the Fourth Maine regiment, army of the Potomac, from the date of enlistment to July 2, 1863; the battle of Bull Run, in which the first shell that struck the regiment killed three of the writer's company; McClellan's Peninsula campaign with its bloody battles; Pope's campaign, including the second battle of Bull Run: Fredericksburg and Gettysburg, in all of which the writer participated.

To include these experiences, however interesting, would be foreign to the object of this narrative, which is to relate the uncommon experience of the writer as an inmate for twenty months, of six rebel prisons, his futile and successful efforts to escape, his wanderings in the forests, thickets and swamps of the Confederacy; his varied adventures among rich and poor, black and white; his narrow escapes from recapture by Confederate soldiers, and his finally successful efforts to gain the Union lines, he being the only one of the ten men of his company who were captured with him who ever again reached "God's country."

On the second day of July, 1863, the brigade to which my regiment was attached was holding a rocky depression on the historic field of Gettysburg, known as the Devil's Den. At about 3.30 P. M. the rebels commenced a movement against our position by sending an assaulting force from Hood's division formed in two lines. The engagement was furious. It would seem that a rocky cavern like that in which we were would afford some shelter.

But far otherwise. The shot of the enemy would spitefully strike the granite bowlders of the den, shivering them into pieces, which fell among our men with terrible effect, killing and wounding many. Our brigade fought bravely against the rebel brigades of Benning and Anderson, driving back two attacks of the latter, but our line was long and weak, and the enemy overlapped it by the front of nearly a brigade. Soon a heavy force of Confederates was on our flank, and nothing was left us but to retire. At this moment I was struck in the heel by a nearly spent ball, which partially severed the heel cords, and striking a bone, remained imbedded in the flesh. Turning to fly as best I might, I found myself confronted by a host of Confederates who were swarming upon us from the rear. Escape was now impossible, and thirty-seven men and five officers of my regiment were forced to surrender.

But before we could be taken to the rear, the Fortieth N. Y., which had been sent by Gen. Birney to re-enforce our brigade, had arrived too late to perform the duty assigned them, but not too late to make a gallant charge on the rebel advance.

"They're coming back on us! We must get out of this," shouted the rebs, and we hurried to the rear, a crushing volley accelerating the pace of captors and captives alike. We fell back into the rebel lines, and were taken to a point in the rear of the village of Gettysburg, where prisoners from other parts of the line were accumulating during that and the succeeding day. I had had hardly time until now to think of my wound and its degree of severity. Only those of our men who were helplessly wounded received any care from the enemy. Therefore I was obliged to act as my own surgeon, and sitting upon the ground and bracing myself against a tree, I extracted the bullet with a jack knife and dressed the wound as best I could, using my handkerchief as a bandage. Early on the morning of the 4th we formed in column with a double row of guards on each side, and the march southward began. We were guarded by the remnants of the brigade we had been fighting the day before. Some of the guards, notably the North Carolina men, were pleasant and gentlemanly, but most of them were stern and cruel in the extreme. I vividly remember a dispute which I had with one of the latter class as to which side had whipped in the battle. He was a lank, long-haired, ignorant cracker of the Louisiana tiger type, ready to use knife or gun on the least provocation. Our dispute grew hot, one word brought on another, and at length with a shower of fiery curses he came at me with the bayonet and would doubtless have run me through,

had not an officer interfered at the critical moment and thus saved my life.

We marched rapidly all that day and the succeeding night. As usual after great battles a heavy rain fell, which made traveling even under the best of other conditions, most disagreeable. What a contrast was my position now to that of a few hours before. Then among friends, under the starry flag, fighting the foes of the Union, hoping for glorious victory that might bring peace to our country. Now weak and wounded, painfully toiling southward amid the rain and mud and darkness to an unknown destination, the horrors of rebel prisons looming before me, closely guarded by foes, the calm and silence of the dreary night broken only by the sounds of the dull tramp, and the occasional stern commands of the Confederate officers. Some of our boys escaped during the night, and others were wounded in making the attempt. The plan of the successful escapes was somewhat as follows; when we were on a portion of the road which ran along the edge of a ravine, a prisoner would fall down in the ranks, allowing his comrades to trample upon him until a favorable moment arrived, when he would roll down into the ravine and make for the adjacent woods. Alas! there was no such lucky chance for me. My wound was so painful that walking was well nigh impossible, but if I showed any signs of halting or lagging from exhaustion, a prodding with the bayonet or an admonition accompanied by an oath, that if I didn't keep up I would get a bullet through me, impelled me to accept the ungracious alternative.

Our rations on this march consisted of raw flour, which we baked on the rocks. Our bread being cooked in this primitive way, was as may be supposed, rather heavy. Those fortunate enough to have cups, made gruel. We reached the Potomac at Williamsport on the morning of the 6th. The heavy rains had so swollen the river that it was too deep for fording, and we were taken across on a scow, which was moved to and fro by pulling on a rope. After crossing we took the road to Staunton, reaching there on the 9th. There we were packed closely in old dilapidated box cars, like cattle being shipped to market, and jolted along slowly to the rebel capital, where the prisoners were disposed of in several prisons. It was my fortune to be sent to the Hotel de Libby, and after a few days' detention there I was transferred to Belle Isle, opposite Richmond, in the James River.

What a revolting picture comes before my vision as I think of that dreadful place! Over the entrance to it might have been appropriately placed the inscription which Dante saw over the gate of hell: "He who enters here leaves hope behind." The island comprised a few acres, a part of which was a grassy bluff covered with trees, and the rest a low, treeless, sandy barren a few feet above the surface of the river. That barren spot of not more than five acres in area, was surrounded with earthworks about three feet in height, with a ditch on both sides. Along the outer ditch guards were stationed about

forty feet apart, and kept watch night and day. The prisoners were without shelter from scorching sun or biting frost. At first there were a few Sibley tents, but these soon disappeared. There was absolutely no humane provision for the comfort of the prisoners. At one time there were 11,000 prisoners on that bleak space of five acres. No blankets or overcoats, often hatless and shoeless, in ragged clothing, we were obliged to take the weather as it came. Winter came, and one of the coldest ever known in the South. At times the James river was full of floating ice. Still no shelter. We resorted to all kinds of expedients to keep from perishing. We lay in heaps in the ditches at night, and often when morning dawned were seen the outstretched and rigid forms of some who were sleeping their last sleep, *frozen to death!*

All this in full view of the Confederate capital, with the flag of the Confederacy flying over it. The horrors of starvation were added to those of extreme cold. The rations furnished were scarcely sufficient to sustain life even under the most favorable conditions. Hunger showed its inevitable effect on all. Our main diet was bean soup of ridiculous thinness. It consisted of a few dirty beans boiled in the wretched muddy water of the James, served once a day, a pint at a time. Salt was scarce, and meat was rarely furnished. Day by day the strength of the victims of this regime diminished. Sometimes no rations were issued for several days. I was corporal of a squad of thirty men, for whom it was my business to draw the rations and to see that they were equitably distributed. This was an ungracious task, as the least appearance of partiality to one, even to the extent of a bean more than to the rest, would subject me to the imprecations of the other twenty-nine. A piece of bone with meat attached was an especially desirable morsel. The recipient of this, after swallowing the meat, would break the bone into fragments, which he would chew for hours for the nourishment it contained. There was but one hospital tent on Belle Isle, the sick for the most part lying in the open air on dirty straw.

Occasionally a detachment of the weakest would be sent to the hospitals in Richmond. At one time I carried out on my back three sick comrades of my company, but the ferry boat being crowded, only two of them were taken aboard. The other was left on the bank, where the bitter cold of the night ended all for him. In the morning his body lay stiff and stark on the frozen earth, but his spirit had fled, let us trust, to that bright land where

"Sickness, sorrow, pain and death  
Are felt and feared no more."

About the last of January that hope which springs eternal in the human breast was fanned into new life by the joyful news that we were about to be exchanged. With what joy I heard my name called as one of the first detachment of one thousand to leave the place. With what alacrity we fell into the ranks! How we sang, and laughed, and joked! And why should we not? Soon we should be again beneath the starry flag, and the expe-

rience of the past six months would be but as a hideous dream. Not even the crowded condition of the box cars into which we were packed at Richmond for transportation, as we supposed, to City Point, could suppress our feelings or lessen our exultation. But at Petersburg, when the train that bore us took the road that ran southward, a change came over the spirit of our dream. Men lost heart there. Some jumped from the cars and got away, others were shot in the act of escaping, and some, weak and disheartened, died in the cars. For 48 hours we had not a mouthful of food. At the end of that time we were taken out and put into an open field, where we remained six or eight hours, when we were told there were rations in the cars for us. A rush for the cars and a scramble for the food ensued, the strong in their eagerness trampling upon the weak. The "rations" proved to be simply dry corn thrown at random into the several cars. Being more nimble than many, I succeeded in filling my pockets with the corn, which I devoured voraciously.

After a further ride of six days, the horrors of which are indescribable, we arrived more like dead than living beings at Andersonville, the most extensive, as it was the most infamous of all the prison pens into which Union captives were gathered. There in an area of 27 acres were confined 35,000 men reeking with generators of disease and death, without shelter, sometimes scorched by the blazing sun, at others drenched by driving rains, killed by brutal guards in wanton sport if they approached the dead-line, beaten, bruised and cursed, starved into skeletons, driven to madness, idiocy and death until the number of deaths had reached 14,000—Great God! Who can give the faintest idea of the misery and privation that reigned in that hell on earth?

There being now no prospect of exchange, I bent all my energies towards devising means of escape.

With five other comrades, including Tom Snowdeal and Andrew Pottle, of my company, I began the construction of a tunnel. Starting about two rods from the dead-line, we dug a hole some five feet deep and thence laterally toward the stockade. Our implements for digging consisted of a case knife and half a canteen. The soil being a light sandy loam, such as is common in that region, was quite easy to dig. As the earth was taken from the tunnel it was carried to the swamp some distance away, and there deposited. We worked diligently each night, and during the day-time we covered the hole with sticks and over them we threw our blanket which was jealously guarded until night-fall enabled us to resume our digging. In about two weeks our tunnel was finished and extended about a rod beyond the stockade. It only remained now to open it, that is to break through the earth on the outside of the prison. Our plan was to enter the tunnel successively, each man taking hold of the foot of his predecessor thus establishing a line of communication between the front and rear of the column. The leader when the tunnel had been successfully opened and the

coast found clear, was to convey the information to his successor by a slight kick, when the second man would signal the third in like manner and so on until all had been signalled. Unfortunately our tunnel came up beneath a stump which made its opening a long and difficult operation. We were two hours in getting through and as I was the third man I thought my chances of suffocation were quite as good as those of escape. At length the momentous signal was given and we emerged in turn and successfully eluding the vigilance of the guards, leaped into the thicket and were free. We had decided to travel together which was against my judgment as it seemed to me that the chances of successful escape would be better if we separated into three parties. We had heard that Sherman was at Atlanta and we headed as we supposed in that direction taking for our guide the railroad which we knew led to Macon. We lost much time hunting for brooks and streams, as we hoped by following them to be able to throw the blood-hounds with which prisoners were hunted off our trail. This proved a disadvantage, for we afterward learned that when the hounds once found the scent of an escaped Yankee, the master of the hounds sent the dogs circling around and thus was pretty sure of bagging the game. We traveled all the night, and in the day-time hid in secluded places in the swamps, one standing guard while the others slept. We had a little meal which we were obliged to eat uncooked as we dared not make a fire. This, with roots, berries, fresh leaves and pine sprouts was our food. The third day out, at about 4 P. M., the others were sleeping and I was on guard when, hark! What's that? Hounds, as sure as we're alive! yelping and howling in the distance. I roused the boys and told them I guessed it was all up with us. Nearer and nearer came the dismal howls penetrating through the forest, re-echoing like a dismal wail and making the blood run cold. I told my comrades they could do as they pleased, but as for me I would climb a tree, as I preferred being shot on the limbs to being chewed up on the ground, and suiting the action to the word I swung myself into the branches of a sturdy oak and climbed as near the top as I could get. The rest followed my example.

[To be continued in No 2.]

#### MY FIRST FORAGING EXPERIENCE.

My regiment, attached to the army of the Potomac, had been encamped at Pleasant Valley, Md., getting ready for the campaign into Virginia. The orders for a start finally came, and we packed our knapsacks, struck our tents, and took up our line of march for the enemies' country; we had not felt while in Maryland, that we really were in a truly rebel state, but when we crossed the Potomac at Point of Rocks, the whole thing seemed changed, and we all felt that we were now on different soil, and that we were going to find a rebel at every step. It was a very disagreeable day, when we crossed the river, the rain had been pouring all day long, the roads were very muddy,

the boys wet to their skin, hungry and tired, and our first impressions of the state of Virginia were anything but pleasant. That night we encamped at Lovetsville, and such a place to camp! we were turned into a plowed field, with strict orders to take no rails and no foraging; such orders may have been for the good of the army, but to boys in the condition we were in they were not accepted with that feeling of submission which perhaps we should have shown. At any rate, before dark the long line of rail fences had somehow melted away and the tents were pitched in the adjoining field instead of the muddy plowed ground. The rails made a much better fire than green wood, besides being much easier to get, and the grass was certainly a better bed than the muddy ground; during the night the rain ceased falling and the sun came out bright and warm in the morning. The change had a good effect on the spirits of the boys and they quickly forgot the discomforts of the preceding day. After a good pot of coffee, our hard tack and salt horse, the younger boys were ready for anything which might turn up, willing to take for rations what they could get, but always looking for anything extra. In the army, as at home, boys who were growing were always hungry and anything which promised something different from the regular fare of a soldier was eagerly sought for. About 11 o'clock as we were quietly lounging around our camp, one of my tent mates suddenly started to his feet, and with the exclamation, "Chain lightning; just look at that flock of turkeys!" Sure enough, only a short distance from the regiment was a flock of turkeys. Old soldiers can imagine that with such a sight as that, orders against foraging would be forgotten. In less time than it takes to tell it, a score of boys were in the corn field and so intent were they on the capture of a turkey that they did not notice a guard from Headquarters coming up in their rear. If my memory serves me right there were not many of those turkeys left, and about one-half of the boys who had been successful in capturing a turkey were taken by the guard and marched to Brigade Headquarters. We had not been long in the army and a more sorry looking lot of fellows than we were it would be hard to find. We thought we might be hung, certainly could not expect to get off with a less punishment than to be sent to Dry Tortugas. The guard reported our captain to Gen'l Welch who commanded the Brigade, and after several hours the General put in an appearance. "Oh" but didn't we shake when we saw him, of course we could not deny our guilt for at the feet of each man was his turkey; well, the General gave us a severe talking to; told us of the orders against foraging, of a soldier's duty regarding orders, and closed by saying why in—did you want to drive those turkeys up in front of my headquarters, you might have known you would have been arrested. I suppose something in our looks pleased the old man, as a smile stole over his face, and after telling us never to get caught again, he ordered us to take our turkeys and go to our quarters. That was more than we expected, to be allowed to go and then take with

us our turkeys, was almost too much. However, we did as we were ordered; we had a turkey dinner, and I am certain not one of that squad will ever forget Gen. Welch.  
D. B.

#### GEN. O. O. HOWARD.

I have read that a true test of man's character is manifest in the way he treats those who are officially his inferiors; or who are wholly dependent upon him.

I have every reason to believe that a man's real character is seen more clearly in the smaller matters of every day life, rather than in the larger and more public affairs.

A striking illustration of the above proposition I am about to give you in my personal experience with the good General Howard; whose name is never mentioned by a soldier, except in terms of affectionate respect.

Gen. Howard and I were school boys, way up in the rural town of Leeds, Maine. We were good friends as boys often are without any special warmth to warrant any lasting thought as the years went by.

After he had grown up to manhood and had graduated at West Point I met and talked with him on those rare occasions when he visited the old home. The war broke out and I entered the army and served to the end in the 2d Maine Battery. I was a private and did my duty to the best of my ability in my humble way. Gen. Howard reached high rank but during the whole war it had never been my good fortune to meet him or even see him at a distance.

There came a day however when the war was over and we were ordered to Washington to take part in the grand review of the Armies of the Union. We went into camp on the Virginia side of Long Bridge, and while there the incident I am to record transpired.

Old soldiers know without telling, the great gulf that separates the private soldier from even the Captain of his Company, growing deeper and broader all along the up grade to Colonel, Brigadier and Major General. It was not at all unusual for a Captain, chosen by his own men and with whom he associated for years, to build a wall so high between himself and his companions, that they approach him with bated breath, and often, with fear and trembling. With this fact fairly in view, the full force of this little incident will be seen and will more clearly show the character of citizen Howard than all the pages recording his great achievements that may be or have already been written.

As I said before our battery was stationed on the Virginia side of Long Bridge. I was on guard duty one bright day, slowly pacing up and down my regular line, when I saw a General officer with his staff riding towards me. As they came near I saw that it was General Howard and I can almost feel to-day as I write, the same thrill of pleasure that came to me then as I recognized the face of my old schoolmate friend.

You may be sure that I straightened myself up to my full soldier height, I forgot the pain of the ugly bayonet

wound in my leg, and I saluted the General, as I guess I never saluted an officer before; my very heart was in the act, I had no thought that he would recognize me, or that if he did he would in any way show it in the presence of his proud military staff. The General evidently noted my performance, looked at me hard for a moment, spurred his horse out from the group, up to my side, called me by name, held out his hand, grasped mine in a way that fairly electrified me, and then for five minutes or more leaning over his horse's neck, and in the most kindly manner, inquired as to my health, and of many of the boys we used to know in the old days, and then as time pressed, he took my hand again, congratulated me upon passing through the war with life, to see that most glorious day in the nation's history, when the grand army of the Union were about to return to their homes, their work done, the Union preserved, and with a fervent "God bless you," he passed on his way.

The greatness of our republican form of life was then and there fitly exemplified in this simple act of the great soldier towards the private, and the greatness of the man in the fact, that for the time he forgot his own high position the honors that he had fairly won, and that he leaped the great gulf that separated us, or rather ignored it altogether, and there by the side of that Virginia road was a simple citizen talking in the abandon of old memories to one who had simply been a part of his early life.

Did he by this act, in the least lessen his own glory or dignity? Surely no, but rather did he not by this simple act of kindly recognition show, the true nobleness of the real man?

T. N.

### PRISON PICTURES.

#### NO. 1. KITTY WELLS.

The prison was located in Danville, Pittsylvania Co., Va. This county being in the southern tier, we were very near the North Carolina line. It is the southern terminus of the Richmond and Danville Railroad and was a place of much importance, in Rebellion days, as the seat of an arsenal or manufactory of cannon and cannon balls. Coal and iron are found in the vicinity. It was, towards the collapse, the seat of the Rebel Government, for a few days, and here, April 5, 1865, Jefferson Davis issued his last proclamation.

There were several tobacco warehouses, devoted to the retention of captured men, and some of these were ranged on three sides of a square, the one to which I was assigned facing the inclosure on the west side, and was, in prison nomenclature, No. 1. Here we stifled in summer and froze in winter. When the Dan River, plainly in sight, was affording ice several inches in thickness, as we could see when it was drawn by for the ice houses, we were making the best of our situation with little artificial heat and no extra covering. But it is of a hot summer night that I wish to write first. We were always glad, in the hot weather, to see the sun disappear, since it somewhat

lessened our torments and, besides, we knew it brought nearer the day of our delivery. When the daylight ended and twilight had deepened into darkness, there often arose a babel throughout the building which, had the Rebels not been used to it, would have led them to think they were guarding a lunatic asylum rather than a prison full of soldiers. Imitations, good and bad, of all the denizens of the farm, trees and water were attempted by, it would seem, almost all. What else were we to do? We could not sleep all the time. The floor was very hard and we had nothing to read and could not have had lights, had we ever so much literature. So, from the deep bass imitation of an overgrown frog, through the milder notes of the turkey gobbler and chanticleer to the liveliest chattering of a red squirrel, our walls echoed and re-echoed. He was, indeed, a public benefactor who could contribute anything as a pastime in this period of general tribulation. Could the animals, thus mimicked, have looked in upon us, I think they would have been more terrified than ever before, though, perhaps, as in the case of Alexander Selkirk they would have been so much surprised at what they saw that they would have failed to recognize us as men, for of clothing we wore very little, and our efforts to transform ourselves into beasts, in voice at least, must have seemed to them quite superfluous. There were, however, good singers in our number, though I am not thinking now so much of Jimmy Smith, and his warbling of "A Frog; he would a wooing go," and the delicious brogue into which he rendered "Keemar, Kimar, Keemar Ko" as of certain men who, one night, sang "Kitty Wells."

It was in August, 1864, the day had been unusually hot and trying. Night had brought relief from the sun's direct rays, but still it was hot. Could one side of the building have fallen away, there might have been seen, a la pictures of Macullar, Parker & William's store, several hundred men closely lying upon the four floors of the warehouse. On the first, or entrance floor, were a score or more of wounded men. One or two had lost legs and had been treated in Rebel hospitals; others had lost arms or had been in some way injured; all were awaiting the first opportunity to be sent North. On the other floors, with no special attempt at order, the other prisoners were lying side by side around the whole building, and with many living lines down the center of the house, there being left between the feet of those thus lying just room enough for a person to walk. I suppose the day had faded into night just as it had done many a time before and that the barnyard babble had gradually tired itself out. At any rate, to one of the sleepers on the third floor, there came a dream that was not all a dream. Of the hour he had no notion, but instead of the darkness and misery about him there seemed to be most glorious light and beauty. His closing eyes had looked upon bare hideous walls, naked comrades, whom hunger had caused to grow wan and wasted; his ears had heard the silly clamor of time-killing men, or the whispered word of some neighbor, "Oh, if I only had some of the food that at home is thrown away."

To him, now, none of these horrors appear—even the half hourly call of the Rebel sentry is no longer heard. To crown all, there falls upon his ear the most delightful sounds that he has ever heard. It is an old song and tune, but to him it is entirely new—surely these be no mortal voices. That place, whose wonders had been pictured at his mothers's knee, is reached, and this is Heaven. It is real, actual,—nothing can equal the beauty of the surroundings and the music,—it transcends all that fancy ever imagined. Again and again the refrain rang through the air—

“While the birds were singing in the morning,  
And the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom,  
And the sun on the hills was a dawning,  
It was then we laid her in the tomb.”

“Not much,” many may say; but to the dreamer's ear, this chorus to the old song “Kitty Wells,” was sweeter far than the tunes of his childhood. If this be Heaven, thought the sleeper, then may it never end. Surely these are angel voices, and he sought to see the forms of those whose words gave such delight. Alas! The music ceased. The light grew dim, his eyes opened, and hunger and nakedness and woe were on every hand. “Didn't you hear the music?” said I, to my nearest comrade, awakening him. “No, don't bother me,” is the sleepy rejoinder. I could never have dreamed those words and those sounds. Whence came they! No one about me knows. In the morning, pursuing my inquiries, I found that some of the wounded men on the first floor, with whom time dragged even more heavily than with us, had wiled away some of the night watches by singing, and one voice, sweeter than the rest, had sung “Kitty Wells.” I could have blessed him for his song, but while I only dreamed of Heaven, there were those of our number who, even, while the singer sang, had actually passed within the veil, and to whom, in this life, there was to be no waking.

A. S. R.

#### A CLOSE CALL.

On the 19th day of August, 1864, the 9th Army Corps, then in the Army of the Potomac at Petersburg Va., was ordered to re-enforce the 5th Army Corps at the Weldon Railroad. A part of the Corps had complied with the order and the remainder, the 2d Division, under the command of Gen. Robert B. Potter was on its way, and the officer of whom this is written, was then occupying the position of Assistant Inspector General of one of the brigades of his division. We had arrived at a point where we could hear the sound of battle when we were met by a staff officer and ordered to the right, and to move into position connecting the left of the second division with the right of the first division which was then engaged with the enemy. A heavy wooded tract of considerable area was in our immediate front and it was in this woods that we were to form our line. As the head of the column approached the woods it was halted and General Potter was seen to look hastily around, evidently for his staff. They were not in

sight, having probably been sent off with orders and had not returned. Noticing the look of the General, the officer whom we will call Captain R—, rode up and said “General, can I be of service?” “Yes, Captain, I wish you would ride to the front and find the right of the first division and return and lead us to it.” Subsequent events made the Captain feel that possibly his peace and comfort might have been increased if he had not been so ready to volunteer his services. However, calling to his orderly, the Captain made to the front and into the woods. It soon became apparent to him, that to continue his ride in that direction would take him to the rebel lines, and hearing the rattle of musketry on his left, the Captain concluded to take a cart path running in that direction. At this point his stirrup leather broke from his saddle and from this time he made the remainder of his journey with only one stirrup. Proceeding about half a mile, he entered a large clearing and found the troops he was in search of, formed in line of battle and just ready to make a charge upon the enemy. In order to ascertain where the right of this division would rest, the Captain joined in the charge, which was successful in driving the enemy some distance, in fact, a much greater distance than he realized, for when he returned to take the path by which he came, by mistake of distance he took a path considerably in advance of the one he should have taken. He had proceeded but a short distance, when he was startled by hearing the command, “halt,” and bending low in the saddle to see, under the branches of the trees, who it was that made such a peremptory demand, he discovered, not to his great joy, three rebels within two rods of him with their guns leveled and every indication that they proposed to make themselves as obnoxious and disagreeable as possible. Calling upon his orderly to follow, the Captain put spurs to his horse and midst the whistle of the bullets, dashed rapidly along the path. He soon discovered that he was riding in a parallel line with the rebel skirmish line which appeared to be within a rod or two of the path, and as he passed, every man on the line took a shot at him. Another awkward feature was, that the enemy was between him and the Union troops. Soon he came to a small clearing in the wood where the reserve force of the rebels, as he judged, numbering 35 or 40 men was posted. The Captain with his orderly was quickly surrounded and brought to bay. As he sat upon his horse looking down upon the crowd of not particularly pleasant faces and heard the shouts of “Get off your horse, Yank,” and other remarks not entirely suitable to be placed in Sunday School text books, and saw the crowd rapidly increasing by the hurried approach of men from the line, most of whom felt called upon to take a shot at him as they came up and joined the charmed circle, he thought that never before had he seen any thing to which *distance* would have added so much enchantment. Hands reached for his bridle rein, but he managed to keep it clear, when finally one of the rebels placed the muzzle of his rifle at the head of the orderly who

sat on his horse near the captain, and fired. The orderly reeled, and fell from his saddle, dead; his frightened horse reared and plunged forward, and the startled enemy, to avoid the rush of the animal, broke the circle and the orderly's horse followed by the captain and his horse made a break for liberty. Into the thick woods they went closely pursued by the angry rebels, who could travel on foot in the woods quite as rapidly as the captain could on horseback. Reaching a cart path and without knowing which way to go, he turned to the right. The horse of the orderly although riderless placed himself beside the captain and they moved at a rapid pace along the path, a sharp turn in the path and the captain saw a body of men far ahead, evidently prepared to dispute his passage; whether they were friends or foes he could not tell, but rapidly he bore down upon them hoping if they were foes that he should be able to ride them down, but when nearly up to them he heard a voice from among their number shout "don't shoot, it is R—" (a motion which the captain would readily have seconded), and in a moment he was in the arms of Col. Gregg who, with his brave boys of the 45th Penn. Vol. rescued the fleeing captain. Col. Gregg afterwards explained that hearing the clatter of the horses he thought it was a charge of rebel cavalry, which he prepared to receive. Several of the pursuing enemy were captured, minus cap and sword, which he left with the enemy, the captain reported to Gen. Potter, and while he was able to tell in which direction the first division was, he was not certain that he could lead Gen. Potter to that division. The writer may be pardoned, if he adds the final, which if not as interesting reading, it was certainly as disagreeable to the captain. Disturbed in mind and tired in body, that evening he retired to his couch of mother earth under the trees, surrounded by the prostrate forms of the General and his staff; presently an order came to the General to connect his lines. Perhaps from pity the General does not at first call upon the captain but other members of his staff, each as his name was called promptly *failed* to answer, pretending sleep to a man, and so R— was called with the remark, "Come, get up and take the 51st New York Reg. and connect the lines, you need not pretend to be asleep." The captain starts on his mission and with the regiment mentioned, he travels on through the woods as nearly over the same ground of the afternoon as he can, expecting every moment to receive the fire of the enemy which he had encountered so recently. What his feelings were at that time I leave the reader to imagine. The task was accomplished without meeting the enemy, they having retreated.

The next day the body of the orderly was found where he fell, stripped of his weapons and a portion of his clothing, and later, the captain's cap was brought to him and is the only article of clothing of his old uniform now in his possession.

E. T. R.,  
36th Mass. Regt.

#### OUTPOST DUTY AT DEEP GULLY.

There are many men whose hearts will be stirred at the heading of this article, for they have done picket duty many a time and oft at that unwholesome fracture in the limestone rock of the Old North State, and have crossed and re-crossed under every variety of circumstances, the little dun-colored branch that flowed northward into the Trent River of tide-water North Carolina.

In the days of turmoil and battle, the planks had been wrested from the bridge on the Trent road, so that nothing but stringers remained, across which some adventurous spirits, carefully felt their way, but the majority of travelers jumped or forded the stream farther down. Here near the bridge crossing stood beeches and oaks, from whose boughs the pendant folds of Spanish moss swayed to and fro in weird, uncanny silence, there interlopers grew and flourished in the deep green of the pine forest that flanked the ancient channel on either side. It was a sleepier hollow than had ever yet been invested with legends, while following the little creek down towards the Trent river it grew still more dark and mysterious in the cypress swamp, where from the noisesome depths of ooze, symmetrical trees stiff and thin sought the upper air, while from their sides, slender, skeleton arms upheld the gray drapery of moss that hung ragged and disheveled like the threadbare garments of the cornfield scarecrow. Dotting the surface of mud and water like boxes of untanned leather, were the cypress knees, the gnarled and unique vegetable knuckles and joints, and the only line of curvature in this child of marsh and water.

Here dwells the ever present mosquito, the dull and rusty moccasin winds about over the green moss up a fallen tree, now and then a dead top crashes through the canopy of foliage and moss into the dead waters, and stirs the sluggish depths for a moment, and all is still. It is dull and monotonous but not without interest after all.

But to return to the ford at the "big road." One April morning in "sixty-two," two horsemen rode down into and reined up in the dark waters of the branch and while their beasts stretching down their heads sniffed the water, and finally drank, the riders carefully looked up and down the "Gully" with the quiet caution of soldiers, for such they were, and the red facings indicated the Artillery branch of the service. Hardly any but liked to linger here, and so did our troopers until the impatient champing of bits, dripping water, snorts and head shaking, waked them to duty, and they guided their horses without spur or word out of the water up and out to the other side, Here the road runs straight away westerly, a half mile of white sand. They halt, there is a rustle in the low pines, a whinney of a horse, and another horseman rides into the road. This is the outpost of the Coast Division. After a few words, this last man exchanging places with one of the two, rides back with his corporal, while the solitary man spurs his horse across the roadside ditch to the well

worn hollow made by the horses, who stamp off the flies in the inactivity of the watch. This outpost duty was no part of the "Rules and Regulations" for the Artillery arm of the Division, but was forced upon them as the only mounted men in the Department. Their not infrequent encounters had been well-nigh fatal in many instances, while the men who had been spirited away to prison by being cut off, were enough in number to demoralize the best battery in the service. Neither was it any wonder, for their revolvers were like pop guns as against the enemy's shot guns, and their artillery sabres utterly worthless—but this last fact was not so fully brought out, as they seldom waited to cross blades with their enemies; they either sensibly surrendered, or if the opportunity was still left open, made the best time possible in flight to the reserve. But the tables were turned one bright May morning near Trenton, when the harum scarum John Mix and his troopers of the Third N. Y. Cavalry, having bade good-bye to Turner Ashby in the Shenandoah Valley, appeared on the Trent road. These estimable men were quietly leading the advance of an expedition towards the county seat of "Ole Jones," as Jones county, N. C., is better known in that region, when they caught a shot gun fusilade from the pines surrounding a country church. They were stopped, of course, but they whipped out their sabres, and before the astonished enemy had a chance at their other implements, had charged into their midst, and plying their keen blades soon had more empty rebel saddles than had been seen in the Old North State within the memory of the Union man. For a scant five minutes most of the business transacted was done at a white heat, and riderless horses enough gathered in to almost furnish the squadrons with a re-mount. Those who were unhurt and mounted fled to Trenton and burned the bridge behind them. The next time our spurred and booted comrades sought an interview they went a half dozen miles beyond to the Seventeen Mile Forks.

We have to do this April day with our vidette who is now alone; he looks to his arms, and rests his pistol across the pommel of his saddle. He is not free from anxiety, for two days before the enemy run a comrade into the picket camp at the jump. The rising wind sweeps gently through the pine tops with those sharp, keen sighs that defy description, and add to the solitude. At Scott's house just beyond the trees a dog barks furiously, but it is a familiar sound, and does not add to his thoughts. The moments go by—he yawns uneasy of the monotony. "Ah!" he starts, his heart bounds, he bends forward, shades his eyes with his hand, clutches his revolver, Yes, there they are! A half dozen men in rebel gray have turned the bend in the road, and are coming cautiously towards him. It is not difficult to see why Scott's dog barked. Yesterday our man laughed at the idea of doing anything with his pistol, now he doesn't laugh but has no more confidence in the weapon. As he gives the alarm, he whirls his horse into the road amid a scattering fire of buck and ball that rattles like hail around him. The

rebels give chase, our man plunges into the gully, crosses the branch at a bound and is up and out before they reach the other side. He has a good horse but it is a mile to the reserve, and there are unhappy possibilities among a half dozen horses that bode no good to the lone horseman. It is a hot chase, but five are quickly left behind. A well-mounted fellow however forges ahead and gains with a painful persistency. He rides every inch the cavalier he is. He has ridden to hounds in the ante-bellum days, owns his horse probably, and quite likely his arms and equipments as well. Not a few of these healthy young fellows were then in the ranks of the rebel cavalry full of spirit and fight.

Nearly a mile away, as noticed, at the "Great Pine" is the Infantry picket in the fence corner, for they heard the shots, and abandoning camp kettle and coffee pot rushed to the rail fence.

There is an awful intensity about these scenes which stream once or twice across the life of almost every one who is identified with outpost duty, like a blinding glare of light that waits a moment, suspended, tense, painful, and is gone. One is brought so nearly to a mental standstill, that it seems as if it is a touch of the *point* when time shall be no more. But there is also much that is homely and commonplace as men, begrimed with the smoke of fat pine fires, wet with the dew of the night, fagged out with watching, bestir themselves, overturning the morning's coffee, dropping half cooked meat into the fire, scattering the hard tack to the winds in the excitement of the moment. It is startling and rather chaotic in the beginning, but it clears up and the situation is quickly comprehended by all, and the thought of all emphasized by the sergeant who excitedly shouts "*That's a rebel behind!*" Now the head of the rebel's horse almost touches the flank of the Artillery horse. Our battery man fired away every shot a moment ago, but as we see in vain and now in the agony of despair cries "*shoot him!*" *shoot him!*"

There is no time for answer. "Ready!" Clicks of gunlocks—"Fire!" and all in a breath, commands, puffs, powder flame, and snapping, crackling gun barrels rasp the ear, and stir the eye in a strange strained medley of sights and sounds. There are scorched brier bushes, dead tops of golden rod snuffed off. But when that rebel riding alongside the helpless Artillery man attempted to give the fatal downward cut with his sabre, his hand fell and the dead cavalryman went backward, down into the dust of the road, as his frightened horse shied into the old field. The Artilleryman almost reeling from his saddle slides off his horse under the Great Pine and leans against his panting beast stupefied with the reaction.

The traveler of to-day on the Trent road glean little of our story, indeed, nothing but the end, as parting the dead grass around a weather beaten head-board of a grave by the road side, he deciphers the almost obliterated pencil tracing.

REID

OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CAVALRY,  
Shot by the U. S. Pickets,  
April 17th, 1862.

ED. F. W.

# THE OLD GUARD.

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### THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

[CONTINUED.]

It was not long before the hounds came bursting through the woods in full cry. There were the famous Spot and Bruno and Hero and others who had tasted Yankee blood and were eager for more, and following closely behind them came a rebel sergeant with a squad of soldiers. The sergeant was a humorous fellow, and the sight of his captives up a tree seemed to him immensely funny. He was seized with a fit of immoderate laughter, and at intervals, between his boisterous guffaws, he shouted to his men, "Look up thar! Look up thar!" and to us, "Come down, Yanks! come down." This we declined to do, as we were sure that the howling brutes, now almost frantic, would tear us in pieces as soon as we reached the ground. At length one of the men dismounted and drove back the hounds, and, yielding to the inevitable, we descended. We were taken out on the road and driven like cattle back towards Andersonville, our captors occasionally cracking a long whip in close proximity to our lacerated limbs. We had probably got about fifty miles from the prison, and our captors harrowed our feelings by informing us that another day and night would have brought us to the Union lines. But they were not wholly unkind. One of them, moved by pity, gave me a horse-back ride of five miles.

The next night at 7 o'clock, foot-sore and weary, and miserable beyond conception, we were thrust into the guard-house at Andersonville and the next morning were ushered into the presence of Capt. Wirz. "Ah! You Yanks!" exclaimed that worthy, with many an imprecation and curse, "you run away, vill you? I vill fix you so you not run." He put a twenty pound ball with three-inch chain on each of us, and said, "Now, let us see you

run!" The balls, he claimed, were thrown by the Yankees at Bull Run. We carried the balls and chains for six weeks, during which time our rations consisted of a piece of corn bread three inches square and weighing about half a pound, issued every other day. Not long after our abortive attempt to escape, my comrade Pottle became moon-blind and soon after sickened and died. Just before his death he said to me, in those hollow, far-away tones so often heard in Andersonville: "Al, you will live to get home. Tell my mother of my death, and carry to my home these pictures of my mother and sister. Good bye." I accepted the solemn trust, and for some time preserved the pictures with jealous care, but one night they were stolen from under my head when I was soundly sleeping.

Tom Snowdeal was the next of my company to go. His sufferings were almost beyond belief. He was a fine soldier. He had been wounded at Chantilly, and yet carried the bullet in his limb. In spite of the remonstrances of the surgeon he insisted on staying with the regiment, and his capture and death seemed due to his persistency. Scourvy attacked him as it did hundreds of others. For some time he bore up bravely, but in vain. Soon he also died.

Andersonville, at this time, was a community wholly destitute of a government. Anarchy reigned supreme. The rebels established no police regulations. There were villains of the deepest dye among the prisoners. Thieves and roughs and bounty-jumpers from the slums of the great cities. They were known as the Raiders. They were distinguished for utter heartlessness and cold-blooded inhumanity. They plundered the weak with impunity. It was said that some of these villains even slept without fear or remorse in tents beneath which reposed the skeletons of those they had plundered and killed. Despairing of help from the Confederate authorities, the prisoners who were in favor of law and order organized a force of Regulators. On the 3d and 4th of July the leading Raiders were arrested after a fierce contest with clubs, a court-martial was organized which lasted several days and concluded with sentencing some to run the gauntlet, and others to wear the very balls and chains that had been worn by myself and comrades as a punishment for trying to escape. Six of the worst were sentenced to be hanged, and on the 11th, a rude scaffold was erected and the sentence carried into execution. As one of the guard detailed by the Regulators to prevent a rescue of the condemned by their friends, armed with a club I stood in the ranks immediately in front of the scaffold during the ceremony. After the execution, a police force, of which I had the

honor to be a member, was organized and thereafter the prison was as quiet and orderly as the best ordered community.

As the summer progressed the prison became more crowded, the rations became poorer, and sickness increased alarmingly. The much dreaded scurvy attacked me. My limbs became distorted and almost useless, and I can only attribute the preservation of my life to the natural buoyancy of my nature and the persistency with which I crawled to the creek that flowed through the prison, many times each day and night, and bathed the affected parts.

Early in September, on a pretext of exchange at Savannah, a detachment of which I was one was taken from the prison, thrust into box cars which thumped along at the rate of six or eight miles an hour to Savannah, more than two hundred miles distant. There we learned what I had more than half believed, (for I had come to regard the rebels as unconscionable liars), that the idea of exchange was a delusion, and that we were only exchanging one prison for another. The people of Savannah were amazed at our appearance, and well they might be, for such a thoroughly wretched looking set of human beings had never appeared in their midst. We were placed in a field in the suburbs, enclosed by a high barricade of pine planks. Savannah was a great improvement on Andersonville. The air was not so laden with pestilential germs, and soon the symptoms of scurvy began to abate and finally disappeared. But our stay there was brief. In a few weeks, we were again on the move, this time for Camp Lawton, at Millen. There we found a stockade built of logs after the style of the pen at Andersonville, and resembling it so much as to lead one of our boys to exclaim: "Good God! What a country to stand logs on end!" Here, died the last of my company, Thomas Kelley, leaving me the sole survivor. As I looked on his pale face and attenuated form, I thought of the day that we left Rockland, Me., for the seat of war. As he marched in the ranks by my side, he remarked with tearful emotion: "I shall never see Rockland again." I laughed at his fears and tried to cheer him up, but in vain. The presentiment that he should never return, had fastened itself on his mind, and he could not shake it off. I fell heir to his blanket, which was indeed a luxury. Appleton Townsend of my regiment, now became my chum, and together we shared, for a time, the discomforts of prison life. It was at Millen that the Confederates formally proposed to us to desert to them.

We were offered good clothes, rations and bounty, and at the close of the war, a land warrant for a nice farm. A few of the raiders may have accepted the offer, but by the vast majority it was indignantly and scornfully rejected. We held an election at Millen on the day of the Presidential election, 1864. It resulted in a vote of more than seven thousand for Lincoln and not half as many hundred for McClellan. I know of no event that occurred in prison that more enraged and disgusted the rebels than the result of the election.

My chum became a victim to scurvy. He became despondent and gradually wasted away. His strength grew fainter and more feeble until it was apparent that his end was near. One night he awoke me, saying: "Al, I have had a dream. We are all going to be inside our lines tomorrow. Light the old pipe and let me have one more smoke before we leave this place." I did so, and as he smoked, he spoke cheerfully of the morrow and the prospect of release. We again lay down and shortly after I was awakened by the death rattle in his throat. He too, had been "mustered out."

Charlie Babbitt of the 7th Michigan Cavalry now became the sharer of my blankets. He and I were constantly discussing plans of escape. We agreed that if either ever reached the Union lines he would communicate with the friends of the other. One dismal, rainy morning in November, at about 3 o'clock, we were aroused and ordered to fall in as we were to move at once. We were placed on open flat cars. The flood gates of the skies seemed opened, and the rain fell in torrents. The rain was succeeded by a cold wind which threatened to freeze our scanty clothing. At Savannah the train was stopped long enough to remove the bodies of those who had died on the trip, and again we went Southward by the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad towards Florida. After several days on this road, traveling at a snail's pace, we halted at Blackshear, eighty miles south of Savannah. Here more dead were removed, and the living marched off into a clearing among the pines by the side of a small stream. Guards were stationed around us and a few pieces of artillery placed so as to command the camp. On our arrival here I made diligent search for Babbitt but he had disappeared. I afterward learned that he leaped from the cars *en route* and made good his escape. At Blackshear we met the first evidences that all the whites of the South were not rebels, and that that nobility of soul which can rise above surrounding prejudices and circumstances was not wholly wanting in the Southern character. Not far from the camp dwelt a benevolent gentleman by the name of Judge Harper. This generous man, who was doubtless at heart a Unionist, often came to us accompanied by his negro John, bringing nourishing food. Though the Judge, doubtless from motives of policy, seldom spoke to us, his looks manifested interest and sympathy in our behalf, and I am sure it was a pleasure to the boys to find a white face into which they could look without fear and trembling. Our stay at Blackshear was brief. In a few weeks we were sent to Thomasville, one hundred miles southwest of Blackshear, near the line between Georgia and Florida. The main concern of the Confederates at this time was to keep us out of the path of the advancing armies. Hence the frequent removals. After a detention of three weeks at Thomasville, we were again ordered to fall in, and after marching thirty miles to Albany, the cattle cars were again brought into requisition and we were transported to Andersonville, thus having made the circuit of all the rebel prisons in Georgia. How my heart

sunk within me as the heavy gates of the stockade closed upon us! How bitterly I reproached myself that I had not jumped from the cars at the risk of being shot rather than to suffer myself to be again incarcerated in that pen. The thought of the boys who were captured with me at Gettysburg who now lay in unmarked but not dishonored graves at Richmond and Belle Isle and Millen and Andersonville; of the friends at home who were looking and longing for my return; of the lingering death that seemed awaiting me,—these and kindred thoughts were too much for my fortitude and I nearly gave way to despair. Yet I resolved to brace myself to endure patiently whatever might be before me, and in the meantime to make a desperate effort for life. About a week after our return to Andersonville, Michael Kelsiher, a German, and myself planned and made our escape. Each day a squad of twenty men from each detachment of prisoners was taken out under guard to procure wood. When it came our turn (February 11, 1865), to be detailed for this purpose, it was our good fortune to go out about dusk. Wood was scarce and this furnished us an excuse for getting some distance from the guard who was not over vigilant. The golden opportunity had come, and at a given signal, quick as a flash we sprang into the woods and began our flight for life.

[To be continued in No. 3.]

#### GEN. POPE'S OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

At the seige of Corinth, Miss., in June, 1863, Gen. Pope, who was in command of the left of the Union army, had a tall tree trimmed, and a lookout from the top, from which position he could watch the movements of the rebel army in Corinth. Day after day he would report to Gen. Halleck that they were preparing to evacuate, and begged Halleck to allow him to move upon the town, and capture the whole of Beauregard's army. No doubt he could have accomplished it, but Gen. Halleck, who was always like a "dog in the manger," would not give the order until the magazine was blown up, and the army had left. Gen. Pope followed the fleeing army, and exasperated in the failure to capture the whole force, sent back a despatch that he had taken ten thousand prisoners and fifteen thousand stand of arms, when in fact he had taken neither men nor arms. This was one of Pope's lying despatches. After the occupation of Corinth there were many sick in the general hospital, and one soldier on his dying bed was visited by the Chaplain, who to console him in his last moments, and at the dying soldier's request, read to him a chapter from the Bible. It happened to be the 15th chapter of Judges, where is given the account of Samson slaying a thousand men with a jawbone of an ass. When the Chaplain had finished, the soldier opened his eyes, and requested the Chaplain to read the chapter again, which he did, and when finished, said, "Chaplain, won't you look at the bottom of that chapter and see if Maj. Gen. John Pope's name is not signed to it."

J. E. C.

#### THAT SHELL.

Though I heard many shells during my term of service, I do not remember that I saw but one. That one I *did* see. In imagination I can see it now. It was on the afternoon of September 14th, 1863, near Rapidan Station on the Rapidan River south of Culpepper C. H., Va. The enemy was in force and fortified on the side of the Rapidan opposite our position. They also had some artillery and infantry on the same side with us. We had no equality of force to match that of the Confederates. We simply spent the time in maneuvering and making feints in a large open field in sight of the enemy, to draw his fire and cause him to develop to us his strength. Col. Horace Binney Sargent, was then our Colonel and under the most trying and galling fire where we seemed to be used simply as a target, he displayed such coolness and undaunted courage as was characteristic of him on all occasions. Once the enemy's advance charged upon a portion of our regiment and the detachment to which I belonged rushed to the support of the others. As we charged the enemy opened upon our squadron a most terrific fire from a battery. The charging Confederates fell back. We made a short halt, the battery took exact range and I *saw* a shell. Looking up in the air at my left I saw a small black speck surrounded by a circle of light. It was a fuse shell from a rifled gun. I thought it was aimed to strike me in mid saddle, just at my thighs. My thoughts were rapid, but clear. I thought, I am to be left without legs or stumps. But men have so lived and are now living. What will the folks at home think? For thoughts of home and friends flashed through my mind much more quickly than I am writing or you, reader, can read this sentence. I presume it was a three or four second fuse and went from the gun to its destination in that time. I thought I must spur my horse and jump him out of range, but before my brain could telegraph my heels, I heard a thud, a tearing sound, and my horse suddenly fell. The shell had cut the right arm from Henry Allen, my playmate in the town where we enlisted, and had struck my horse on the point of the hip bone, coming out on the opposite side just back of the saddle and leaving a hole about the size of soldier's cap. It went a short distance further and exploded. Two questions occurred to me then and have since.

First, Had it been a percussion shell, would it have exploded when it struck the hip bone of my horse and with what result?

Second, Had the burning fuse ignited the powder when it was inside the horse, where would horse and rider have been found?

I walked a little way to the rear and in a short time a comrade was brought back, two other comrades leading his horse and holding him on. A shell had passed through a man in front of him and torn away this comrade's side. He was taken from his horse and soon died. I mounted his horse and was soon again in the ranks. This is but

one episode of army life and experience. The soldier in time of war, has experiences, the thought of which, in the calm and quiet time of peace, quicken the pulse a trifle. Like thousands of others, I had a somewhat varied and eventful career during the three years and more of my term of service, but I think nothing in my army life made a more vivid impression upon me than the nearness of *that shell*.

C. M. S.,  
1st. Mass. Cavalry.

#### THE VOYAGE OF THE CONSTELLATION.

About the first of January, 1863, the 48th Regiment, M. V. M., raised in Essex county, and commanded by Col. Eben F. Stone, embarked on board the old ship Constellation, of 2,000 tons burden, bound for the Gulf as a part of the Banks Expedition.

The Constellation rides at her anchor in the harbor of New York as we go on board late in the afternoon. The blue-peter, the signal for sailing, is floating at the fore peak. The boys are arranging their bunks, selecting their bunk mates, and preparing to spend their first night on shipboard. After the quarrelings, bickerings and jealousy incident to crowding over a thousand men on board a vessel illy prepared for their accommodation, we crawl into our bunks to await the morning, the pilot and the crew. We are up early the next morning and find the deck covered with snow which, added to a chilling wind from the north, reconciles us to an immediate departure for the Sunny South and rebeldom.

Not far from nine o'clock an officer of the ship tells us the crew are coming aboard, and we see a few boats pushing off from the wharf and making towards us. In a few minutes thirty or forty negroes, nearly all of them drunk, either tumble or are dragged aboard and immediately commence to settle the question of supremacy between themselves and their differences with the officers of the ship and boys of the regiment. For a few minutes a free fight rages upon the deck, and bloody noses and heads attest the severity of the conflict. At this juncture the mate of the ship, a burly, athletic Englishman of over two hundred pounds weight, puts in an appearance and rushing into the fight like a mad bull knocks a few of them to the deck with a belaying-pin and kicks them till they yell for mercy; a few more he drags to the scuttle and tumbles them into the fore-castle, others he trices up to the main-stays, and two or three of the ringleaders soon find themselves in irons and dragged below bleeding and subdued.

Jack is vanquished in an incredible short space of time, and our burly mate swaggers along the deck as conscious of his greatness as though he had subdued the southern rebellion or conquered a kingdom.

The writer well remembers his reflections upon this riot occurring at the very threshold of our voyage. I thought to myself is this old ship with its thousand precious lives on board, to be sent out on the treacherous sea for a voy-

age of nearly two thousand miles in the care and keeping of this drunken, villainous, fighting crew? But subsequent events demonstrated the fact that Jack in port and Jack at sea are two different characters; for when we reached the swell of the broad Atlantic, and rum had spent its force, our colored crew sprang to their duty like true sailors, and during our voyage of over a month, through storm, tempest and danger, through bleak days and dark nights, they were ever found at the post of duty, ready to do and suffer without complaint or murmur.

At last the pilot and captain come on board and preparations are made to get under weigh, but the few remaining sober men of the crew are unable to hoist the anchor and man the yards. Quite a number of our men had followed the sea, and are perfectly at home on board ship, and so they volunteer to assist the crew.

The mate orders one of the crew to reeve the halyards through the block at the main peak for the purpose of hoisting our flag; the man ascends the rigging and attempts to climb the topmast, but it is slippery with ice, and he fails to reach the peak. A second and a third man attempt it with like result, when out jumps a wiry little fellow of my company, named Bob. Lawry, who says he can do it, and without waiting for orders or permission, runs up the rigging like a cat, reaches the topmast, and without stopping to breathe, shins up the icy pole to the peak, runs the halyards through the block, and then sliding to the cross-trees he springs to the backstay and comes down hand over hand to the mizzen-top, and then to the deck, amid the shouts and cheers of the boys. With the assistance of the boys in blue, the anchor is finally hove up, the yards manned, sail spread, and we slowly move down the harbor, past the forts, out of the bay on to the broad Atlantic, bound for New Orleans.

In consequence of head winds, heavy seas, and frequent snow-squalls, we make but slow progress toward our southern destination. The crowded condition of the ship, and the many cases of sea-sickness combine to make our quarters unwholesome, and cause us to wish that we were on land, marching to New Orleans, instead of beating around, cooped up in our old hulk of a vessel. I cannot describe sea-sickness, never having experienced it, but it always seemed to me that those afflicted with it did not enjoy themselves very well.

At last we reach the vicinity of that stormy cape dreaded by all sailors, where so many noble ships and valuable lives have gone down. We inwardly hope to pass unobserved and unnoticed by the Storm King. But it is not to be. The increasing velocity of the wind, the darkened sky, the occasional flashes of lightning, the anxious faces of the officers, and the hurrying movements of the crew as they spring into the rigging to reef sail, all tell us a storm is upon us, and that Cape Hatteras proposes to take due notice of us as we attempt to pass her stormy borders. Soon the storm is upon us in constantly increasing force, and under close reefed sail we are being driven by the gale off our course in an easterly direction.

Nearly all descriptive scenes are overdrawn, but I have often thought that a description of a storm at sea has rarely, if ever been exaggerated. The screeching and screaming of the wind as it rushes through the ship's rigging, the creaking and groaning of the ship's timbers as though the old vessel were in her dying agony can only be understood by those who have heard it. The seething, angry waves, apparently mountains high must be seen to be fully appreciated.

A few sailors are on the yard-arm trying to secure a portion of a loose sail the force of the wind is too great for the sheet to sustain, it breaks from its fastenings, a sharp cry, a slight splash, and the cry, "man overboard!" tells us that one of our crew has been swept from the rigging and gone down in the mighty deep to be seen and heard no more.

No attempt is made to save him for in the darkness and raging waves it would be madness to launch a boat.

The darkness of night comes on and the weight and magnitude of the waves make the situation of the ship perilous. Lifted helpless one moment to the summit of a sea, which breaking under her would bury her nearly to the deck channels in its froth, down she would rush into an abyss that looked immeasurable in its pitchy blackness, her masts slanting hard into the shrieking gale, as if with her yard-arms she would stave off the monstrous impending wave whose walls seemed about to tumble over upon and engulf us in a sea of huge billows.

A few of us remained on deck during this scene. We were mere boys, knowing nothing and fearing nothing, and I doubt if we would have realized there was any danger until we had found ourselves sinking into the ocean itself. We were unable to stand on the deck, but clinging to a rope on the windward side of the vessel, our faces turned from the gale, we watched the struggle the gallant old ship made for life, wondering as she went down into the abysses if she would lift in time to escape the shattering tons of water which seemed to be running right over us.

In a few hours the increased laboring of the ship, and volume of waves which seemed about to engulf us, convinced the captain that it was impossible to run before the gale any longer, and all hands were called on deck to heave the ship to. After much labor, amidst the unintelligible bellowing and yelling of officers and crew, the ship is brought round head to the wind, and with only a small strip of sail to steady her, apparently no larger than a pocket handkerchief, she rides out the gale in safety.

But storms at sea, like everything else, come to an end. About noon of the next day the wind and sea had so far abated that the captain was able to get some sail upon the ship and once more point her prow in the direction of the Gulf of Mexico. And now follow days of fair winds, bright skies and genial temperature. Sea-sickness and other discomforts have in a measure left us, and we were on deck or in the rigging enjoying our ocean voyage to the utmost.

Nothing further occurred to mar the pleasure of the voyage until we reach the latitude of the Florida Keys, when death entered our ranks casting gloom and sadness over us all. A comrade goes up the rigging to the maintop to enjoy the morning sunshine and his pipe. In a short time faintness and sickness comes upon him and he attempts to descend to the deck. When about half way down he calls for assistance, a man of the crew springs into the rigging and assists him to descend, he is immediately carried to the hospital and the surgeon summoned. Before the set of the sun our comrade is dead, his whole body turning to a deep purple shortly before death. The surgeon pronounces the disease spotted fever, technically called *perpura*. Measures are immediately taken to ward off the disease by fumigating the ship, and by the use of disinfectants, but during the next four days five more men die about as suddenly as the first. Men apparently well in the morning would receive a sailor's burial at sunset. We look into each other's faces and mentally ask, who will be the next?

An incident at this time illustrates the force of imagination and superstition upon the mind and body. A comrade of my company crept into his bunk telling those about him that the fever was upon him, and that he should surely die before night.

The surgeon was called and after a full examination told him he could discover no symptoms of the disease, that it was all his imagination, and that if he would go on deck he would be all right. His comrades laughed at him, called him "baby," and tried to bring him out of his peculiar state of mind, but it was all in vain. He said his father died at sea years before and was buried in just about the then position of our ship, and that he had had a presentment the first night on board, in New York harbor, that he should die and be buried at sea. He made a nuncupative will, left messages for his friends, and continued to insist that he was dying and before another day would be at the bottom of the ocean. But that day and the next following, passed, and the soldier still lived, and finally his superstition left him. He afterwards faced the bullets of the foe on many battle fields, and is still living in Essex County, able to tell a family of children how he did not die on the Constellation.

There is scarcely any ceremony more impressive than a burial at sea! perhaps because nowhere does man feel his littleness more than when the mighty ocean surrounds him. The graves of the dead on shore in a measure localize their inmates, but a burial at sea is the launching of the dead into infinity. The sense of his extinction is absolute. He is swallowed up and annihilated by the universe of water, which also seems to overwhelm his very memory.

The body, sewed up in canvas with a weight attached to the feet, lies extended upon a grating, one end resting on the bulwarks of the ship, the other upon the shoulders of two comrades. The helm of the ship is put down, the vessel comes up into the wind, pausing for a moment to do homage to the dead, her sails shivering in the breeze.

The chaplain reads the accustomed sea burial service, and when he comes to the passage "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the captain motions with his hand, the grating is tilted by the two comrades and its burden goes like a flash from the bulwarks into the mighty deep. The command—"put the helm over; man the main braces," is given and the sails again fill, and the old ship, obedient to the master's will, is again upon her course.

But we are nearing the end of our ocean voyage. The yellow tinge of the water produced by the outflow of the Mississippi River assures us that we soon shall see land. The last burial at sea has taken place, and hope and life revives in the sick soldier's heart as he sees the near prospect of being transferred from the infected ship to the healthful breezes of the shore. Before we can discern the land to which every eye is strained, a powerful tug comes out, and soon in her tow we are heading for the Southwest Pass of the river, which we reach in a few hours. It seems that our ship draws more water than covers the bar at this pass, for, in attempting to enter the mouth of the river, we suddenly come to a stand-still—grounded in the mud, from which we find it impossible to extricate the ship for nearly two days. Finally, with the assistance of two more tugs, upon which the soldiers take temporary passage, thereby lightening the ship, we are enabled to get out of the mud, over the bar, and start on our course up the river whose banks and shores constantly greet us with fine plantations, beautiful orange groves, and that delicious smell of the land so welcome to the tired, fevered and sea-sick voyager.

Frequently the channel takes us in near to the shore and the opportunity is improved to bandy words with the native secesh. One old fellow hellos out, "What regiment be ye?" Some one answers, "the 250th Massachusetts." The reply comes, "You uns have come a long way to find your graves." Then again we pass near the bank where oranges are hanging in profusion on the trees. Some one on board calls out to a seedy specimen of humanity engaged in picking them to "throw some aboard." The seedy specimen yells out in reply, "You uns will get all the oranges you want, in the shape of bullets, afore you get into Port Hudson."

Another incident illustrates the intuitive loyalty of the colored people. We are passing a fine residence where we see a number of negroes and a few whites scattered about the premises. They stare at us in silence, but soon we perceive a colored woman saluting us with her apron in pantomimic but emphatic ardor. She is standing behind a smoke-house near the bank of the river, apparently shielded from the observation of everybody but the soldiers on board, whom she salutes. A soldier siezes a loaf of bread and throws it to the shore near her feet. This act, with a faint cheer from our boys, attracts the attention of a brutal master or overseer, who, rushing down to the bank and coming around to the side of the smoke-house where the woman is trying to secure the loaf of bread, fells her to the ground with a blow from his fist. We cannot stop to

avenge the injury, and can only vent our wrath in strong English, and in the ineffectual discharge of a pistol which happened to be in the possession of one of the boys on deck.

Upon a chilly, foggy morning in February, we drop anchor off New Orleans, and the voyage of the old Constellation is at an end.

Without touching the land we are transferred to a small steamer and continue our voyage up the river. In ten days we reach Baton Rouge, and shouldering guns and knapsacks we hasten ashore and take up our march for camp, glad enough to bid adieu to the crowded quarters of shipboard, and stretch our limbs on *terra firma*.

We afterwards passed through the conflict of battle and experienced the vicissitudes common to a soldier's life, but the shock of battle and strife of contending armies always seemed to the writer insignificant when compared to the crash and war of nature's elements on the great ocean.

The dead and dying, the rude grave and hasty burial of the fallen never impressed the mind with that awe and solemnity which was inspired by the launching of the dead into the waste of waters.

W. B. H.

#### ANDERSONVILLE.

In the morning I saw a sight I never shall forget. There was a father and son who had been prisoners for some time together; the son had been complaining during the day, and that night died while under the same blanket with his father. The morning dawned, and the unhappy parent found his son lifeless by his side. Smitten with grief the father sat by his dead boy, who had shared with him the perils of the battle-field and the miseries of the prison pen, and his agony was terrible to witness. Some of the prisoners went to the officer of the guard, and requested permission to bury the body, but this poor boon was refused. They then asked that the father might see him buried. This was also denied. Their ears were deaf to the father's pleading, their eyes blind to his tearful sorrow. He spread the remnant of his handkerchief lovingly over the face of his dead son, folded the hands tenderly, and with a heart bursting with grief, turned and left him forever, not daring to cast a backward glance, lest he should behold cruel hands ruthlessly stripping the body. From Amos E. Stearns' account of Prison Life. For sale by Putnam, Davis & Co. Price 50 cts.

There are many gentlemen, veterans and others, who have made a specialty of collecting literature pertaining to the Rebellion. Among these may be named Wm. H. Hodgkins, of Boston, formerly captain in the 36th; captain J. M. Adderman, Providence, now secretary of state in Rhode Island, and Mr. John S. Pierson of 150 Nassau St., New York city. The latter has made two very extensive collections, one for Princeton college, the other for West Point. To these collections he is constantly adding.

## PRISON PICTURES.

## NO. 2. THE BOWERY ROUGH.

Readers must not think, because a large number of men were captured and confined in narrow quarters, that they thereby became the best of friends. Six hundred men, nominally Yankees, but really made up of all races and creeds, would naturally develop differences that might be pleasant or quite the reverse. There were men confined in No. 1, who seldom were hungry, for, after eating their own rations, they would manage to steal the reserve that some careful prisoner had laid away, for the afternoon or evening. There was C.— of Co. C of my own regiment, I have heard of his saying, after his return to his company, that he didn't fare badly. No wonder! He was one of the worst thieves out of limbo. There were not a half dozen raids while he was in prison, that he didn't have a hand in. If he has had his deserts, he has ere this, spent many years in penal prisons and I am not sure that a life sentence would be any too much for his depravity. Perhaps the above word "raid" ought to be explained. Sometimes in the dead of night, when the floor was as still as its living occupants ever allowed it to be, when, apparently, all were asleep, there would arise a most horrid din, shouting, cursing and sometimes groans of pain from a blow given by attacking parties. All this for a little property, a ration of bread, a few pinches of salt or some other article that the owner had carefully put away under his head for safe keeping. The raiders or thieves who had in the day laid out their plans, would wait till the most convenient moment, when the floor was darkest and then by concerted action, would pounce upon what they wanted and drag it away. They were prepared to pound the possessor if he held on too closely, but he, in these unexpected attacks, seldom realized what was going on till it was too late. The robbers after getting their plunder, would dart away and fall in among their own party, and no investigation ever resulted in the finding any one of the depredators. We were very certain as to who certain of the fellows were, but we could never prove anything. In Andersonville, they would, naturally, have associated themselves with the gang whom their fellow prisoners finally hanged. Three or four times a week, we would be aroused by the cry of "stop thief," but all to no purpose, till we found that there was absolutely no safety for our valuables, such as they were, save in our pockets or stomachs.

Among those who thus conspired to make prison life more irksome, even than the rebels had designed, there was no one more conspicuous than Q——, a great overgrown fellow, belonging to a New York city regiment. He was reported to have come from that classic precinct called the Bowery, and to all well disposed men and boys in the prison he was known as "That Bowery Rough." When other men were sickening and dying through thoughts of home and hunger, he seemed, if possible, to grow stronger and happier; his step lost not a particle of vigor; it seemed rather to grow more firm, and well it

might. He cared nothing for home, no loved one was sighing for his return, no one could love him, and, as for hunger, he managed by some occult means to always have his stomach well filled. To all well disposed men he was a perfect terror. He was the king pin in a set of worthless fellows, who were located on the north side of our floor. Not a scheme of wickedness or villainy but what was in progress in this precious quarter constantly. The most of us would no sooner be caught conferring with that lot than we would have entered a lazaretto. We gave the Bowery blossom and his set a wide berth.

One day, in the fall, the doors of the prison open and some new prisoners enter; they are from the West. There is a small boy, only twelve years old, who became a prisoner because he lied. He declared he was a soldier, when he was not. The rebels declared that if he was a soldier, he must take soldier's fare and so hurried him into rebeldom. He told me that he thought his lying considerably less brave now than it was at first and that, were he to have another chance he would tell the truth. But the most conspicuous figure among our accessions, is a tall, well formed soldier from Tennessee, upon whose arms are three chevrons and we soon dub him the Tennessee sergeant. He is a character. He is always in good spirits, and in his stories there is just enough of the brag to make him listened to by all, for we are always anxious to know what he will say next. In his rounds of the building, for his place is not on our floor, he once met the Bowery Boy—Q——. We had all along thought it possible that these men would meet. Both partook of the braggadocio, but we liked him from the West and despised the New Yorker. However, in an encounter, we had no doubt that the representative from the Bowery would quickly demolish the sergeant. Stopping near this Botany Bay, before described, the Tennesseean is airing some of his reminiscences of field and forest when he is interrupted with a loud "That's a lie and I can back it up." Quicker than a cat ever sprang upon her prey the sergeant is upon the Rough; he bears him to the floor and, in a breath, the fellow is gagging and begging pitiously. The thumb of the sergeant is jammed well in behind his opponent's eye and that member is ready to pop out upon its owner's check. Nothing but the interposition of the by-standers saved it from destruction. It was enough; like a whipped cur, as he was, he slunk back among his kind and we scarcely heard from him during the remaining weeks of our stay in Danville. His chums stole for him, but he was quiet. "Tennessee" reigned the hero of the hour. We thence forward believed all he said, no matter how wild it might seem, at any rate no one disputed him.

A. S. R.

General Banks pronounces the bust of General Grant, presented to the High school by Mr. E. A. Goodnow, one of the best representations of the great commander that he has ever seen. Worcester is fortunate in possessing such an artist as Mr. O'Connor and the school is doubly happy in having one of the best evidences of his genius.

### WHAT CONSTITUTES A REGIMENT OF INFANTRY AND WHAT BECOMES OF IT.

A regiment is composed of ten companies; each company has three commissioned officers, viz., captain, 1st and 2nd lieutenants; thirteen non-commissioned officers, viz., five sergeants, eight corporals and two musicians; one wagoner and eighty-two privates, one hundred and one men in all. The regimental officers are three field officers, colonel, lieut.-colonel and major; five staff officers,—adjutant, quartermaster, surgeon, asst. surgeon and chaplain, and a non-commissioned staff consisting of a sergeant major, quarter-master sergeant, commissary sergeant, hospital steward and two principal musicians.

Thus the total number of officers and men in a regiment is seen to amount to 1024.

Of this number 39 are regarded as non-combatants. The most of these are employed during battle in carrying the wounded from the field, this work being quite as arduous as that of an active soldier. Thus, a full regiment has in battle, 35 swords and 950 muskets. The purpose of this article is to show how many of this number really "get there." Most of the three years' regiments were in the service six months before they saw a battle.

The first morning after a camp is organized, some one reports at the surgeon's call sick, and as the number increases daily a hospital is established. This state of things is unavoidable, owing to climatic changes, mode of living, and other things incidental to camp life. Then come the necessary details of men for various purposes. Each company must have at least two cooks. The captain has a clerk; the regimental headquarters, one or two clerks; the quarter-master wants two or three men to assist him in issuing supplies; the surgeon must have nurses for the sick; brigade and division ward-quarters want men for clerks, orderlies and other legitimate purposes. Then come the illegitimate details which in our army were constantly being made, a very pernicious practice, and one which depleted our ranks materially. Every officer is supposed to have a servant, but that servant is supposed to be a citizen and to be paid by the officer. If a soldier is so employed, the amount of his pay, rations and clothing must be taken from the pay of the officer whom he serves. The custom was to detail soldiers, and some fifty men in each regiment would be used in this way, besides details for the same purpose at general headquarters. Then comes the dread monster, death, who claims his share. The regiment in which the writer served, lost 80 men from disease alone during the first seven months of its term of service, and at the end of that time more than one hundred were in the hospital, unfit for duty. Officers would resign and men were frequently discharged on account of disability, so that out of 1,000 men, mustered into the service, not more than 650 could be taken into the first battle. After two years service, at the battle of the Wilderness, a regiment was very fortunate if it could muster 250 out of its original number.

In the campaign of 1864, in Virginia, the army of the Potomac, under Gen. Grant, lost 90,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners,—that is more than 60 per cent. of the whole number engaged. An average three year's regiment took not more than 65 per cent. of its original number into the first battle, and from that time its losses averaged about 130 killed in battle or died of wounds, 200 died of disease, and 250 discharged for disability or other honorable causes, leaving only a small fraction of the original number to be discharged at the expiration of the term of service. It must be remembered that quite a large percentage of the men enlisted were physically unable to perform the duties of a soldier and to endure the hardships incident to army life. J.

#### JOHN A. LOGAN.

The notable figure of the soldier's staunch friend will no longer appear at our National Encampment. No man more ready than he to grasp a comrade's hand. There was no hollow heartedness in his manner. In 1883 at Denver, how the Western soldiers shouted themselves hoarse whenever "Black Jack" appeared. His greeting throughout that long march in the City of the Plains, was something to remember. His reception in San Francisco in '86 was one of the features of the occasion. He divided the honors with Sherman. On our way home by the Northern Pacific, at almost every station, we would find some one asking, "Is Logan aboard?" It was pathetic to see the veteran in his G. A. R. uniform or, wearing some scrap of his army blue, eagerly looking for the man who had led with all the dash of Murat and the fury of Kleber. He wore not the white plumes of Navarre, but where his raven locks appeared there was the battle hottest. From Maine to California, from Erie to the Gulf, every man who followed the flag, bows his head in grief and "weeps for Logan."

The soldiers of the Peninsula, of whatever school of politics, always have a tender place in their memories for "Little Mac" and, looking through the clouds of political disfavor, they see the hero of South Mountain and Antietam. They recall the wonderful bursts of enthusiasm that always greeted his appearance on parade, or the march, and regard with aversion, any other than respectful reference to McClellan.

Since the printing of Mr. Abbott's list of histories of Massachusetts Regiments, Worcester has furnished two, viz., that of Company A 25th Infantry, by Samuel H. Putnam, and that of Company C 51st, by Charles F. Pierce.

The Library of Post 10 has become quite a depository of books pertaining to the Rebellion, but there is room upon the shelves for many more volumes. Who will send them in?

George Maurice Abbott, of Philadelphia, has issued a very elaborate list of regimental histories up to May, 1886.

# THE OLD GUARD.

Vol. II.

WORCESTER, JAN. 20, 1887.

No. 3.

## The Old Guard.

PUBLISHED IN CONNECTION WITH THE  
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A few copies of No. 3, 1st Vol. of the "Old Guard," may be had at the store of Putnam, Davis & Co.

The "Old Guard" will be found for sale at Putnam, Davis & Co.'s, Sanford & Co.'s, at Easton's Post Office News Room, and at Bragg's, corner of Main and Walnut Streets.

### THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

[CONTINUED.]

This time we did not stop for brooks to ripple or grass to grow beneath our feet. On, on we sped the whole live-long night; no halting, no resting, no lagging. On, on, despite raw and bleeding feet. We had previously decided that we would strike out for the Gulf and try to reach the Federal gunboats stationed there. The next morning we reached the Flint river, the bank of which we followed till we found a boat. This we took and soon were gliding down the current happy in the thought, that if the bloodhounds took our scent they would lose it at the river. The rising sun, the river sparkling in its rays, and the pleasant scenery along the banks, formed a pleasing contrast to the hated prison we had left so far behind us. Everything seemed as if this world were a kind of heaven, but I had not much time for such reflections. It suddenly occurred to me that the river was probably picketed, and that if the hounds tracked us to the river, messengers would probably be sent to those below to head us off. In view of these considerations we decided to abandon the boat and return to the overland route. This we did a few miles below the point where we had taken the boat and on the opposite shore of the river.

We traveled some in the woods in the day time, but for the most part, we crept into secluded sunny places and slept the day away.

The third night out in the midst of a blinding rain, we were walking with as rapid strides as our tired condition allowed, along a good road. There was no earthly sound save the falling rain and our own occasional whisperings, when sudden as a shock, was heard the clatter of hoofs, the clanking of sabres and the sound of human voices just

behind us. We dropped into the edge of the woods and allowed a squadron of about forty cavalry to pass us without challenge. We had no inclination to interfere with them. A few rods ahead of us we heard the order of the leader, "File left!" as the detachment entered a field near by. Creeping cautiously forward we saw the fires and tents of a rebel camp. Circling around the camp we again struck the road some miles ahead and resumed our journey. For food and other indispensable assistance, we depended on the negroes. We trusted them and our confidence was not misplaced. Whenever we reached a plantation in the early morning we would wait until the negroes came out, when we would make ourselves known to them. They would furnish us a secure hiding place for the day, bringing us food from their own scanty store, and after dark some faithful negro would come to us and say: "Now, Massa, to-night I'll go along wid you." He would pilot us for miles, selecting the safest roads, and would give us directions where and to whom to apply for help farther on. Many a time were we thus assisted by colored men, who would travel with us half the night, allowing only time for themselves to get back in season for work the next morning. They were indeed true friends whose expressions of sympathy and loyalty were touching.

One Sunday we were resting as usual in the woods near a rude church where service was being held. We heard preaching and singing, which we supposed were by negroes. The congregation proved, however, to be whites, who came out in considerable numbers when the meeting was dismissed. Among them were two Confederate soldiers with their sweethearts, who, instead of taking the road with the rest, started for the woods in a direction which would bring them in close proximity to us. Too late to run without exciting suspicion. They approach us. Sudden exclamation by one of the girls: "See them men!" One of the rebels nods and says, "Howdy?" "Howdy?" I reply. "Where do you live?" he continued. "At Blackshear." "You've got a right smart distance to go," said his companion. "To what army do you belong?" "Hood's." My ready responses doubtless allayed their suspicions, if they had any, and without further questions they left, when we jumped to our feet and ran until we found a more concealed position. At night we again resumed our weary tramp.

The next morning we sought refuge in a swamp, but when night again came on and we attempted to leave the swamp, we found we had lost our bearings. Agitated and bewildered, we wandered hither and thither through the morass. For forty-eight hours without rest and without food, we struggled through the dense foliage, along the

slimy, muddy banks of stagnant ponds and through almost impenetrable brier patches, which mercilessly lacerated our already torn and bleeding limbs, as if they too had partaken of the Southern hatred of Yankees. The solemn stillness of the forest was appalling. The great live-oaks spread out their giant branches, laden with funereal moss above us as if to pronounce our doom. Oh! had we but escaped the prison to die in the forest? No! we would not yield without determined resistance the lives we had suffered and risked so much to preserve. On, on we fly, tearing through briars, stumbling against logs, butting against saplings, watching for sights, listening for sounds, cold, wet, stiff, sore and down-hearted. Mike pleaded for "rest, rest." "I can't stand this, my feet have given out!" But there is no rest. We must wear ourselves out, if necessary to reach "terra firma." Every moment is precious. Our chances are desperate. At length, at early dawn of the third morning we emerged from the swamp, and two tired, jaded, sore-footed, but thoroughly grateful tramps, we threw ourselves upon the earth, which was indeed to us a blessed couch of sleep and rest. How long we slept I know not, but we were awakened by the sound of "Hoff! Hoff! Hoff!" and looking around we found ourselves surrounded by a drove of hogs. Here, thought I, is food and plenty of it, if we have but the strategy to secure it. I had an old haversack which was somewhat greasy. This I threw toward the nearest "razor back," taking care not to let go of the string. He approached it. I pulled it slowly towards me, the unwary animal following, and at the propitious moment I seized him by the hind leg and directed Mike, who had in the meantime secured a club, to beat out his brains. But he was not equal to the task. The harder he thumped the louder the porker squealed. At length I told Mike to seize the hind legs and I soon stilled the outcry, by sawing through the animal's jugular with my case knife. We quartered the animal and stowed the pork about our persons. We were not far from a plantation and soon found a negro whom we made acquainted with our situation. He took the pork, boiled it and brought it to us. He also stowed us away in a store-house where we remained two days, when we felt sufficiently rested to proceed. We were now near the Atlantic and Gulf R. R., and hearing that Sherman had taken Savannah, we revised our plan and decided to follow the railroad track northward, hoping to reach the Union lines at Savannah. We traveled on the track nights, circling around the stations, at each of which were Confederate guards. I pass over many incidents of our journey along this road, which would be of interest if the space accorded this narrative permitted their being recorded.

One night we passed a log cabin in which we heard music and dancing. Creeping stealthily to the window and peeping in, we saw several Confederate soldiers in full uniform, with belts and revolvers, tripping the light fantastic with the belles of the neighborhood. As we had not been invited to the ball and our presence might be thought an intrusion we did not linger there long. The

next morning at about sunrise we left the track and went up a hillside toward what seemed to be a good place of refuge for the day. Just over the brow of the hill we came upon a road, along which were marching a squad of soldiers, doubtless the relief guard. A moment earlier and we should have come plump upon them in the road. We turned abruptly and bounded down the hillside into a swamp, not, however, until we had discovered that just across the road was a rebel camp. A day or two after this event we came to the Satilla river which, as there was no bridge or boat near, we decided to cross on a rude raft which we constructed of rails bound together with withes. As Mike could not swim, he sat on the frail support while I acted as propeller, steadying the raft with one hand and using my feet and disengaged hand as means of propulsion. When near the middle of the stream Mike changed his position slightly, when presto! up went one side and down went the other, submerging Mike who, when he came to the surface seized me as the first object that met his view, by the throat. Fearful for his life he clung to me with desperation, and it was only after a protracted struggle and many threats and entreaties that I could persuade him to transfer his attention from me to the raft. At last, after much floundering we reached the farther side and made a successful landing.

Mike and I did not always agree as to ways and means. Both of us were somewhat obstinate and neither had full confidence in the judgment of the other. I remember that once we came to a fork in the roads, and a dispute arose as to which road to take. We could not agree and after discussing the matter for some time, in a moment of impatience I told Mike to do as he pleased I should go on by the road I had selected. I left him and went on for several miles. I was lonesome beyond expression. The thought that I had parted from the only white man whom I could call a friend in all that country, was more than I could bear. Yielding at length to that yearning for companionship which the solemn stillness of the night and the solitude of the forest, as well as my pitiable condition, were calculated to inspire, I retraced my steps with a determination, if possible to find Mike. I had gone probably half the distance that I had come, when I discerned a form rapidly approaching from the opposite direction. It was Mike, running as fast as he could, and wringing his hands and sobbing and crying like a child as he ran. It is needless to say that when I rose up to his view from behind the shrubbery by the road-side, our reconciliation was immediate and complete. From that moment I do not think that either of us ever entertained for an instant the thought of separation.

A tramp of a few miles from the Satilla river brought us to the familiar Blackshear. Recalling to mind the attentions of Judge Harper and his slave John to our boys during our detention there, and feeling pretty hungry, I said to Mike, "Let's go down to John's cabin." We found the humble abode of John, and were kindly received. We had been there but a few moments when a negro

came in bringing word from Mrs. Harper, who had seen us from the window of her mansion, that whether we were Rebs or Yanks, to come to the house for something to eat. She was a large-hearted woman, of generous impulses, to whom the color of a uniform mattered not if it covered a suffering human creature. We hailed with joy such an exhibition of kindness and sympathy and were prompt to avail ourselves of it. "Ah!" said she in tones of tenderness as we entered the house, "I believe you are some of those poor Yanks that were here."

"How softly on the bruised heart  
A word of kindness falls,  
And to the dry and parched soul  
The moistening tear-drop calls."

She manifested great interest in us, and I believe was a true Unionist. She gave us the first square meal we had had for nearly two years. Sweet bacon, warm biscuit, potatoes, etc., to which we did entire justice. She also gave us enough food to last several days. After supper we held a "council of war," and decided that it would be unsafe to follow the railroad farther, as the Confederate troops were too plentiful in that direction. Moreover, the bridge over the Altamaha was closely guarded. To reach Savannah it would be necessary to go sixty miles out of the direct course to the forks of the big and Little Altamaha rivers. The bridges there were said to be destroyed but we thought that with our late experience as a guide we might get safely across on rails. So bidding our kind hostess a reluctant good-by, we resumed our journey, accompanied for some distance by the faithful John who put us on a road, which if followed, would lead us to our destination. A rainy season now set in, raging torrents and tempests of rain which continued for days, swelling the streams, filling ravines and roads and rendering traveling most disagreeable.

One night we came to a deep ravine across which was a foot-bridge which was wholly submerged. Not caring to peril our lives by attempting to cross in the darkness, we retreated to a house near by and cautiously approaching and looking in at the window we found the occupants to be a harmless old couple. We knocked at the door. Old man came to the door. We asked for lodging. He kindly invited us in, saying we were welcome to such accommodations as he could furnish. We found them to be kind hearted, unsophisticated people whose talk indicated that they were at heart, Unionists. We made ourselves known to them as Union soldiers, when the old lady, who had been silent till that moment, suddenly broke out with, "Where's Willie?" It appeared that her son had been conscripted into the Confederate service and news had reached them that he had been captured. She seemed to have the impression, that since we were soldiers, we must know each individual in both armies. We told her we were very sorry not to be able to give her any information concerning "Willie," but, that if he were in a Union prison, his chances of a safe return home, were good.

They gave us plenty of hoe cake and sweet potatoes, and after we had appeased our appetites, drawing around the open fire blazing on the hearth, we conversed with the old gentleman concerning the war and kindred subjects. While thus engaged, I heard a sudden sound, which froze my blood and struck terror to my soul. Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! Clank! Clank! Clank! Chink! Chink! Chink!—sabre, spurs, a military tread coming up the walk—then a firm knock at the door. A manly voice, "I reckon I'll come in," and in strode a fine looking fellow of about thirty, of most pronounced Southern type, in full Confederate uniform, but without insignia of rank, fully armed and equipped, belt, sabre and revolvers all in their places. Removing his slouch hat, with a profound bow and a polite "good evening" he accepted a seat.

*[To be continued in No. 4.]*

### SAN FRANCISCO.

The high water mark in entertaining the National Encampment of G. A. R., was reached last summer in California. There were thousands of visitors to be received, and the City of the Golden Gate was ready to greet them. One might have doubted, before the display, that so much bunting was in existence. The line of march was an unceasing ovation. Every inch of room whence the procession could be seen, was utilized, and oftentimes at fabulous prices. New York's battle-marked flags were all but worshipped. Massachusetts bore the palm in the number of visiting comrades, but those flags from the Empire State presented to the dwellers on the Pacific slope, a picture such as their eyes had ne'er seen before. From Bull Run to Five Forks, those banners gave inspiring suggestions. Some of the men bearing the flags, said it seemed at times, as though those shouting were almost frenzied. It was no uncommon sight to see people weeping, while their voices were loud in acclamation. That trip of the G. A. R. to California, firmly riveted the states of the Pacific slope to the fabric of the union.

"Were you a Soldier," said a small boy at Crocker's, twenty-five miles west of the Yosemite, as he curiously inspected my G. A. R. badge. "Yes, my boy. Didn't you ever see a badge like this before?" This boy, ten or twelve years old had spent his life afar from any settlement, seeing aside from his own family only those going to and from the great valley. The rebellion was much further away from him than from our boys and girls for they see daily those who participated in it. His school history, or his father had told him something about it and the Encampment at San Francisco had made him especially anxious to see a man who had been a soldier. My badge was the first one he had seen, and I straightway was invested in his mind, and with more importance than all the others in our party, combined. A survivor of Waterloo would seem hardly more interesting to us than the soldier of the rebellion did to this lad in the Sierras.

## GUARDING "JOHNNIES."

Much has been told and written of the horrors of Andersonville, Libby, Bell Isle and other prisons of the South and of the cruel and revolting treatment which those who were so unfortunate as to be prisoners-of-war received at the hands of the secessionist. No tongue is so eloquent, or writer so gifted, that the whole story can be given in such a way, that the present generation can comprehend its terrible wickedness. It is a blot which entirely covers the escutcheon.

Little has been said on the other side, and the better to contrast the North and South in this matter is my desire, in what I shall write. It was my fortune during a part of 1864-5, to be stationed at Fort Warren. The battallion of which I was a member, was engaged in a double duty. We were both Heavy Artillery and Infantry, and were a garrison to man the Fort and protect Boston from any rebel cruiser that might come along, and a guard over the prisoners there confined.

The Post was under command of Major Cabot of the Volunteer first, and later by Major Allen and Gibson of the regulars, and both "West Pointers."

The regular garrison consisted of four companies of the First Massachusetts battallion heavy artillery, with occasionally an unattached company for a short time. Fort Warren is situated on an island, a little more than six miles from Boston and more than a mile from the nearest main land, which is the town of Hull. It is near the entrance to the harbor and commands both the Deep channel and Nantasket roads, by one of which all vessels of any size must pass to reach Boston. It is a five bastion fortification, built of stone, with about three-fourths of the circumference protected by earth works, making a deep moat about twenty-five feet wide around most of the Fort.

The casemates were nearly around the Fort, and were made by the stone walls forming the exterior and interior, and by high brick arches for the sides and roof over which was placed earth to the depth of many feet, and over the road so formed, were drawn the immense guns, mounted behind the parapet. The main entrance, or sally-port, was on what would be the back side as you enter the harbor, and opened directly into the moat. Postern Gate, a small gate, only three feet wide, was at the southwest angle. These were the only passages through these immense walls which were so long that it took a sentry fifteen minutes to patrol the parapet. At the outside of the Fort were barracks in which were quartered companies E and F. The remainder of the garrison was inside the walls. Commencing at the sally-port and passing to the left, the interior arrangement was as follows: Between the sally-port and the first bastion, were the officer's quarters, and the bakery. Beyond this the cook rooms for the prisoners and joining this, and filling five casematses were the prisoner's quarters or "Richmond" as the soldiers named the place; then one company of troops in the next casemates. Next, the second bastion, which was used as a guard

room for the interior guard. Then more casemates which were divided into two rooms, in each the outer having Parrot guns, mounted and commanding the harbor approach, and the inner for quarters for the remaining company. Beyond were the third bastion which the postern gate, then rifle pits, another bastion, then more rifle pits to the west bastion, in which were the hospital and cook rooms for the inside companies. Beyond this to the sally-port were the headquarters and more officer's rooms. Under the officer's quarters were rooms where some of the more notable prisoners were kept. Prominent among them were Alexander H. Stevens, vice-president of the Confederacy, Gens. Ewell, Marmaduke and Trimble. There were also some commanders of captured blockade runners. In "Richmond" were every sort of men, from the high officer to the common cracker, or the fastidious Major Harry Gilmore of guerrilla notoriety, to the cut-throat crew of the privateer Florida, scarcely one of whom could speak a word of English, being mostly Portugese and a more villianous appearing crowd never could be found outside or inside any prison. When a lot of "Johnnies" arrived they were turned over to the lieutenant who had the prisoners in charge and a roll made out to which they answered twice a day. All money and valuables were taken from them and deposited in a place of safety and credited to their respective owners. On each day all who had money so deposited and wished to make purchases of the sutler by giving orders to a clerk sent among them for that purpose and the goods were paid for from their funds. Those who cared could take papers from Boston and the subscription list of the "Courier" which was their favorite paper, was increased considerably. The union victories, which culminated in the fall of Richmond and capture of Lee, were not spoken of in so jubilant a manner in this as in some journals. The readers were mostly officers. The rank and file were not much interested in papers. The prisoners were confined in five casemates, which were fitted with three tier bunks on each side, with a door in front and barred loop-holes in the rear opening in the moat, about fifteen feet from the ground. In front was a space extending the entire distance opposite their quarter, and twenty feet wide, the ends of which were enclosed by a high fence and a guard of four sentries kept their monotonous tramp to complete their enclosure, in which during the day the prisoners took what exercise they chose. In the moat at the rear was a chain of sentries which extended to the guard house near the wharf. In the night the prisoners were shut in and the doors locked, and the sutler moved near the wall, so that any disturbance might be noted. In this manner many hundred men were confined with no work to do or no exercise that was enforced. Their time was their own and they whiled it away as best they could. In weather fair or foul, they filled the yard in their rough play and were never interfered with except they became too noisy or in danger of injuring one another.

Sometimes as many men as could stand around a blanket

would toss a man as high as the inner wall of the Fort. Then there would be running, wrestling or jumping matches and such games as could be played. The man who owned a pack of cards was rich and courted by many. There was no pining or sickness of any account. They came there poor, broken wretches, looking as though they were starved out of all spirits, and in a short time, in the bracing salt air and good care of Uncle Sam, with rations as good as their captors or guards had, soon were strong, healthy men, with more muscle and brawn than they had known for many a day.

When they were given southern hominy in place of some other article of food, they were happy. This occurred quite often, and when any were ailing, the same hospital was used for them as for the union soldiers. The same doctors dealt out castor oil to Fed. and Confed. Watchers were taken from among their own number to care for them. I remember one case where a prisoner was sick, and in the hospital with no money with which to procure delicacies or friends to give; sick, discouraged, and worst of all, homesick, and as he thought, among enemies to himself and people, it did not appear that he would long be a care to any one. One night a member of my company while watching with a sick comrade, entered into conversation with the southerner, and soon found him to be a Free Mason, as was the watcher. There were several of the order in the garrison, and they forgot that the man was a rebel, and only knew him as a brother in distress, and by their fraternal ministrations, wrought a complete cure. When that man was released he could carry south the knowledge that as kind hearts beat under blue coats as could anywhere be found.

The most bitter railers and scolds among the whole lot were some English sailors who were taken from blockade runners. For vituperation and vulgarity they could not be equalled. In such a place, to escape is the great idea. The plans laid and plots formed are without number. One was developed and very nearly executed which would have been a very serious matter had not the secret been divulged. The description I gave of the arrangement of the fort was for the purpose of making the plot plain. The plan was this: to overpower the guards in front of Richmond, capture enough arms to fight the few men in the guard-room, close the sally-port and postern gate, and Fort Warren would be theirs. The detail was as follows: the attack to be made at noon when Companies E and F were at their quarters outside the Fort for dinner. One relief, also, of the guard would be at dinner. The Company whose quarters were next the prisoners, and were separated only by a fence, would be at dinner in their cook-room at the opposite side of the parade. Their guns and equipments were in racks at the foot of their bunks, and each cartridge-box was full. Their men were selected to rush upon the four sentries in front and wrench their guns from them, then as quickly as possible pass around the fence and seize the guns and equipments in their places, then divide and those assigned to the duty of capturing the guard

were to do it. Others were to close the gates against the outside companies and at the same time place a guard at the door of the inside cook-room where the men were at dinner. With two hundred stands of arms in their hands and the garrison shut in the casemate,—except those who were on the outside—the tables would be turned and the captives would be captors. This scheme, without doubt, would have been carried out to the letter but for the fact that a man among them who was in reality a Union soldier, but by the rebels was supposed to be a rebel, was in the plot and made it known to the commander. The first knowledge the Johnnies had of their secret being revealed was the doubling the guard and the marching of the outside company into the fort and taking quarters there. Their opportunity was lost, and soon after the cause for which they had fought was also lost.

This was in the fall of 1864. The varying fortunes of war were soon to be unvarying Union victories, and the fall of Richmond and the surrender at Appomattox showed the war nearly ended. Soon after this the only harsh order I ever knew being given was issued to the guards over the prisoners. There was nothing equivocal in them, and not a man but who would have obeyed with a relish. I was standing guard at that time, and I heard a shout and cheer in "Richmond" that meant more than I knew. In a moment a reb. came from the inside to the yard and shouted, "Lincoln is killed!" This was the first knowledge I had of the death of the President. When the boat from Boston reached the wharf word was passed from sentry to sentry through the moat, and the prisoners heard and cheered as recorded. Soon the officer came and gave this order in the hearing of the Johnnies: "If any prisoner expresses in your hearing pleasure at the death of the President, or in any manner shows his sympathy with the assassin, shoot him without warning." There was no occasion to shoot, for they saw the bluecoats only wanted an excuse. Soon after this the war closed and the graybacks were sent south, and on the third day of July, 1865, our duty as soldiers ended. We were mustered out of the great army of the Union into that greater army of civilians with them once more to tread the paths of peace.

T. S. J.

It was conduct worthy of loyal sons that prompted the Sons of Veterans to add their part towards the paying for Lieutenant Grout's Bust. The inscription reads:

Presented by his  
Comrades in Arms  
and  
Their Sons.

Few Posts have better rooms or halls in which to hold their meetings than Post 10. In addition to the war etchings, the faces of General Devens and Lieutenant Grout, the room has within the year past been enhanced in interest by a beautiful crayon portrait of Gen. Arthur A. Goodell, after whom our local Camp of Sons of Veterans is named.

## PRISON PICTURES.

## NO. 3. DIVERSIONS.

"What did you do? How did you busy yourselves?" are questions that I have been asked scores of times. Reading, the universal habit of the day, was not possible with us, for we had nothing to read, save now and then a miserable little rebel paper, purchased from a guard for a dollar or two in his dirty Confederate money. The probabilities are that had our opportunities been ever so good the empty condition of our stomachs would have prevented any serious endeavor to fill our minds. The days were long and the nights longer, no matter what the season of the year.

"Did you play cards?" No, I couldn't if I had wished for there was only one pack of cards in the prison and that was owned by a man on the second floor, and when he was not using the same himself, he rented them out to others for compensation of some sort, usually some part of a day's rations. Before we left Danville, these cards became objects of curiosity. Dirty hands had used them till almost every distinguishing mark upon the backs had disappeared, while constant shuffling had worn the corners till, at the best, the pasteboards were scarcely more than ovals. In some cases, as where there were many spots on the cards, the corner marks had been worn off and all had to agree to call the card what it ought to be. To-day in a G. A. R. fair, that pack of cards would be a prize.

Daily, unless it was too cold, every garment must be searched for traces of that insect, that in war times, became well known to the soldier. Unhappy were the days when excessive cold rendered such inspection impossible. The prisoner who grew careless in this regard was doomed. No more certain indication of waning strength could be found than a man's allowing himself to become the headquarters of a numerous colony of —. There was C—f—d; of the 9th N. Y. He was active enough when he was taken prisoner, but he soon became indifferent and his garments became sights to behold. No amount of urging nor scoffing on the part of his comrades could induce him to be more cleanly. His friends moved away from him and his attendants, till finally he was carried to the hospital to die in a few days. His blouse, left behind him, was so crowded with vermin that a finger could not be laid on it without touching at least one "crowlin ferlie," and it was borne gently to the sink and dropped in. I saw F. K. of company H, 9th N. Y., lying in the yard one day, with flies covering his face and hands. "Why don't you brush them away," I asked. "Oh what's the use. They'll come again." This boy, reared on the farm did well enough till hungry, discouraged and forlorn he gave up and soon found his grave in Virginian soil.

The man who sits down by himself and thinks too much is lost. He must call on his neighbor across the room and discuss what he will order for his first meal when he gets home. This kind of confab kept many a

poor fellow alive, till he was able to see that home and realize his expectations. I have heard the momentous question of how a mince pie should be made discussed by the hour by a group of interested men and boys. Sometimes unable to agree, the matter would be left out to the decision of alleged competent judges. I did my best to decide such debates several times. The trouble was, there was no way of proving ourselves right or wrong.

There was R-I-D of the 10th Vermont, who sat by his window, and day after day, fashioned his beautiful ornaments from bone. All through the hot month of August and during the pleasant fall, he might be seen whittling and filing, making sleeve and collar buttons, shirt studs, chessmen and a great variety of articles which found ready sale among the rebels. They sold him from time to time the small kit of tools he possessed. Some of these objects were purchased by his fellow prisoners and now must be treasured as most precious souvenirs. But the maker's face grows paler, and his form thinner, till he too was taken away to the hospital and thence to that burial place for Federal dead just south of Danville. How many times I have wondered whether that distant home among the Green Mountains ever received any trace from the quiet, ingenious boy who wore his life away in the dismal prison. W—l—n of company M, of my own regiment, lay very near me on the east side, and having obtained several peach pits he had fashioned from them a toy tea set. There were several cups and saucers, a sugar bowl and creamer; even a tea-pot and spoon holder. How many times I have seen him take these from a calico reticule that his little sisters had made for him when he went away from home and he would tell to any one who would listen, about the dear little girls at home and how he was going to take all these trinkets to them to gladden their childish hearts, and to let them know how much he thought about them when he was a prisoner. But hope deferred maketh the heart sick. He went away, one dreary day, but not to his home in the Empire State, but to the hospital for just a little while and then to his long rest in the burial ground. When, some weeks later, I was myself taken to the hospital, as I grew convalescent I remembered my friend and his toys and I set about finding them. From ward to ward, I searched until my patience was rewarded, and reticule and all, I had then in my possession. During the remaining weeks of our stay in Danville, while in parole camp at Annapolis, when on furlough at my home, across the state of Virginia to rejoin my regiment at Danville in April '65. I kept them. In his own company, I found a friend who sent them for me to those sisters, so often talked about. This was twenty-one years ago. I wonder if money would buy from those sisters in Western New York these little trinkets made by loving hands, the last fond gift from their loving brother.

A. S. R.

The most complete catalogue of Rebellion Literature, kept on sale, is that of Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati. In their latest catalogue, may be found no less than eight hundred titles.

## STATE RIGHTS.

This is a very familiar term, much used in political discussions—in former years more than at present. From the days of Washington, Hamilton, and Jefferson, in the Halls of our National Council, on the forum, in the lyceum, on the street, in the social circle, this doctrine of State Rights has been the subject of debate, and the most vexed and distracting problem, perhaps, in our whole political history. And when the crisis finally came, in 1860-61, and the leaders who had maintained that the state was sovereign and supreme, with rights independent of the general government, took decided action, then followed the natural sequence—secession, and we found states in open rebellion against the government of the land. It is hardly possible for the people of the North to realize how universally and tenaciously the dwellers at the south held to this faith, until, in fact, it was part of their religion and a matter of conscience. Not only did the strong leaders at the south go with their state, but the women, with all the depth and intensity of woman's nature, held allegiance to the same.

One day in November, 1863, we were away from our supply trains, and it was necessary to rely upon the country for forage for our horses. A detachment, under command of our quartermaster, went out in search, and found, near a house, three stacks of very nice hay. On going to the house, found no men, but the lady of the premises. The quartermaster explained to her, politely, that it was a military necessity for us to take the hay; but, if she would take the oath of allegiance to the United States government, he would give her a quartermaster's receipt, on presenting which to the proper authorities she could get fair compensation for the hay. Clinching her fists, and bringing her arms energetically to her sides, her eyes snapping like an enraged tiger's she exclaimed: "No, Sir! I was born in Virginia, brought up in Virginia, and, sink or swim, live or die, I'll stick to Virginia!" I admired her pluck, and though I believed her mistaken in principle, I thought her devotion was well worthy of imitation. I could discern why we had such a stubborn foe to contend with, and I wondered if equal loyalty could always be found in our ranks and in our northern land. I almost felt that she ought to be allowed to keep the hay. But military necessity holds stern sway, and hunger on the part of man or beast is inexorable, if provision can be found. The stacks came down, were tied in bundles and borne away on the backs of Uncle's Sam's horses.

C. M. S.

Hancock the superb! Who that saw him so glorious on that memorable day, when Grant was laid to rest, thought that ere a year had past, he too would be mustered on the other side. Yielding to none but the all-conquering Death, he has joined those leaders, who like him, battled for Right and Union. In death, all differences disappear, and of Hancock, the incomparable leader of the Trefoil corps, we remember only his matchless bravery, and his unswerving loyalty.

## COURTS MARTIAL IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

In the month of Oct., A. D. 1864, having been discharged from duty in the Banks Campaign in Louisiana, and having regained the health required to again enter the service we arrived at City Point, Va., and were assigned to Gen. Benham's Engineer Corps, then stationed at that place. The 18th N. H. V., to which the writer belonged, and the 61st Mass. were engaged in constructing a new line of fortifications covering the arc of the outer circle from the Appomattox to the James, within which was the headquarters of Gen. Grant, the Hospitals of the Army of the Potomac and James, and the commissary departments and quartermasters' stores for supplying the great armies then confronting Lee with arms, ammunition, clothes, food, shelter-tents, equipments, medical stores, and all that goes to make up the necessary equipments of the great and active army then and there commanded by Gen. Grant, and which was then sub-commanded by Gen. Meade, for what was known as the Army of the Potomac, and for what was known as the Army of the James, commanded by Gen. Butler the latter army being stationed on the opposite side of the Appomattox from our Army of the Potomac, and its front lines also describing the arc of a circle running from the Appomattox to the James north of the Appomattox, while those that were constructed by us to protect our "*base of supplies*" were on the south side of the Appomattox in the angle of the James and Appomattox, giving access to City Point by boat from Washington and Baltimore, from whence our supplies, re-enforcements, &c., &c., were shipped, and upon the wharf of which river were landed recruits, drafted men, conscripts, prisoners of war, and all grades of military men. Here too was the noted "Bull Pen" in which were confined deserters from our own army, with prisoners from the Rebel Army.

In the summer of 1864, Gen. Lee having found it difficult to capture Gen. Grant's forces, concluded to induce deserters from our drafted and conscript re-enforcements. Many of our best fighting regiments like Col. Cross's 2d New Hampshire had been so thinned by death in battle and from wounds received in their severe and deadly engagements in the Wilderness campaign, that these best regiments had to be filled with raw recruits or with drafted men and conscripts, and to these men, when they went upon the picket line, Lee's invitation to desert was easily made known, as the Johnnies and first-class Yanks usually exchanged papers, the picket lines of the two great armies then being in many places only a few rods apart. The temptation to those who had no previous attachment to our government or country and who in many cases went into the army for the bounty, to desert and then go into the army from another State and get another large bounty was great, especially as Lee had printed in French and German as well as English, that he would send our deserters safely through Cumberland Pound Gap. This inducement took many men from our lines of this class. There was one stampede of sixty men from

the army of the James, and the fact that a Cavalry Corporal prisoner happened to be put into the same place with the deserters, led to their conviction before our Court which was afterwards convened, in October 1864, as the General Court-Martial of the Army of the Potomac, having jurisdiction of the armies operating against Lee, which included the Army of the James. Gen. Charles H. T. Corliss, of the Pennsylvania Zouaves was President, and Capt. Paul Whitehead of New York, was Judge-Advocate. The trials before that Court lasted from October 1864, to the breaking of the lines of Lee, in April 1865, when the Court adjourned of its own motion and took a hand in the last assault at Petersburg, Fort Steadman and the upper lines of the contending armies.

There were many capital cases tried, the first two of that class which came before our court being a pair of professional bounty jumpers who had taken fifteen bounties and deserted fourteen times. They were tried and when we came to vote on the death penalty, which the Court by the rules of war fixes, I was glad that the Lieutenant, who was the junior on the Court, had to vote before I did as every twinge of pain, every thought of the tears of relatives and friends was experienced by me as a member of the Court, in passing judgment of death by hanging. The Court having made the liberal distinction of hanging only those who had not a record as a soldier, those who were ever in actual service for any length of time, and had performed valuable service and then deserted, were let off with *simply being shot*. But there were cases of desertion where we found that the bounty brokers were the most to blame. For instance, a foreigner who had just landed on our shores, in New York, was put into the service on the promise that he was to have \$300 bounty, and with the understanding that he was enlisting for only one year. He found when he had been mustered in that he was in for three years, and \$100 bounty. Supposing that the bounty broker was the government officer, instead of being an irresponsible go-between, he took the wrong to be that of the government, and deserted. In such a case, having been satisfied that fraud was practiced upon him, such as would vitiate his enlistment, we always discharged the accused.

We had occasionally some cases of less grave character, which were sent to us with the expectation that we would convict. In the capital cases, the reviewing officer of our court in the 150 capital cases tried, never sought or intimated any desire, nor was any influence brought to bear upon the court to secure conviction, though 45 out of the 150 charged with desertion were convicted and hanged or shot in the presence of the Union armies, from which they had deserted.

A captain of the commissary department had been exchanging hay for dry wood in the great department at City Point, the killing of cattle to supply the army being so large that wood was needed to boil out the oil from the killed cattle's feet, and as the army only had green wood, the captain engaged in the army at City Point in making neatsfoot oil, took the liberty to exchange good hay for

dry wood with some local planter. It being reported to Gen. Grant and the facts not being fully known, he was sent before our court, evidently for conviction, for trading government property. We, being innocent of the fact that he should have been convicted, acquitted him, under the extenuating circumstances that he was an honest officer and used the wood in the government service. But Gen. Parks, who was the court reviewing officer, proceeded to approve our acquittal in this language.

"The ignorance and stupidity of the Court is only "equalled by the criminality of the accused, and the "proceeds of the Court are therefore approved."

There was one other case of minor offence of insubordination, from the 10th Colored Regiment, then stationed at City Point, doing provost duty, and being from the same regiment that made Gen. Grant take his cigar from his mouth while not in uniform, when he was smoking on the wharf in the midst of ammunition.

The scene at the trial of the colored soldier who was being tried by evidence of other colored witnesses, on the charge of insubordination, was as follows:

CAPT. PAUL WHITEHEAD. Question to the Colored Witness. Do you know the prisoner?

COLORED WITNESS. Who you mean by de prisoner?

CAPT. W. That man sitting near you.

COL. WIT. Know him, Lord bless you, yes.

CAPT. W. Go on and tell the Court what you know of his insubordination.

COL. WIT. His what? What dat you try to fool with this nigger with, now?

CAPT. W. I mean that you should tell whether you saw or heard him refuse to do duty at any time.

COL. WIT. "Well, sir, to tell you de trufe ob de caze," "he was detailed by the 1st Sergeant of the Company to "go on guard, and he went up to the guard house, tore "his *scritriments* off, threw them down and *dared* every "man for to touch him."

This was considered rank insubordination, and the colored soldier was duly convicted and properly punished in the presence of the command, which, however, on the whole, was a regiment of excellent discipline, but Gen. Ingraham the Provost-Marshal at City Point, in 1864-5, was a great disciplinarian.

With the fall of Lee, the Court did not come together again, and Gen. Corliss, who went into the last assault before Fort Hill, drenched his new red Zouave uniform for the last time in Virginia mud, and since then he has been city solicitor of Philadelphia, and afterwards and now a successful stock-broker in New York city.

W. A. G.

The Patriot School Boy, as shown by Mr. O'Connor's figure of Willie Grout, in the High school corridor, is one of the most inspiring works of art in Worcester. As the marble form stands there it fitly memorializes the young soldier and does credit alike to him who made and to those who presented it.

# THE OLD GUARD.

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### THE SOLE SURVIVOR.

[CONCLUDED.]

He asked us to what force we belonged, and other questions, to all of which we gave evasive answers. He listened for awhile and, then regarding me with a peculiar smile, said, "You cannot deceive me. You're a regular Yank," I knew you were in this vicinity. Hours ago I had reports that your were on this road. No one can elude the vigilance of my men. But fear not. Not a hair of your head shall be harmed by me. I am not, as you think, a Confederate soldier. I hate the North and I hate the South. I have been robbed not only by the Yankees but by my own people. I have served faithfully in the Confederate army, but with my friends and neighbors I have now returned home and have organized a force for the protection of our homes and firesides from all assailants. We are here to look out for ourselves. We are ready to meet Peter Lynch's men or any others that would despoil us of our property. Gentlemen, call at my plantation as you pass in the morning and I will prove to you the truth of my assertions." So startled were we by the sudden and unexpected turn events had taken that we could hardly find tongue to stammer our thanks for his kind invitation, ere he had bidden us "Good evening" and had withdrawn.

In the morning we called at the plantation of our new found friend, yet foe. He introduced us to his family who were seated on the piazza of his mansion, and ordered his servants to serve us some beer. He then took us some distance down the road, where his men were drawn up in line and a more splendid body of cavalry I never beheld. They were well mounted, and each man was armed with carbine, and sabre, with revolver in belt and others

protruding from the boot-leg. The leader was evidently proud of his men, as well he might be. Mike became enthusiastic to join them, but my desire to reach our lines was so great that I failed to enthuse and as he could not bear the thought of parting with me, he decided to link his fortunes with mine to the end. We were warned by these ex-Confederates to keep off the roads, as they were constantly patrolled by companies and squads of Confederates on the watch for Yankees and deserters. We thanked this band of gallant men for their unlooked for interest and kindness, and parting from them with regrets, turned to face unknown dangers.

We took up our line of march, avoiding the roads and speeding across fields and toiling through swamps, occasionally visiting the cabins of the friendly blacks to secure a supply of food and to obtain directions as to our course and to whom to apply for help further on. We thus passed over many miles in safety by the underground railroad. A colored friend took us across the Big Altamaha in a skiff, and we crossed the Little Altamaha on a raft of rails of our own construction. Many negroes offered their services and company to our lines, but from prudential reasons we felt obliged to decline with thanks. At one plantation they told us of two brothers by the name of Johnson, one Rebel and the other a Unionist. They advised us to call on the Union Johnson, as we would be most hospitably received. We should know his place they said because the mansion had an oak grove by its side, and the cabins of the blacks were in a single row near the road. We got up to the place in the early morning, and cautiously approached one of the cabins, and interviewed the colored folks. "Massa," said they, "is a good Union man and good to his slaves. He has offered us all our liberty, but we love him and would not leave him." This testimonial strengthened our confidence, and we walked boldly toward the house. Mr. Johnson came to the front gate to receive us, greeting us with the utmost cordiality; and led the way into the house. We had a long talk with him, in the course of which he told us of his Rebel brother and of his own trials as a Union man throughout the war. He requested us to take papers to the General, commanding at Savannah, so that in case of raids his property might be respected. This we gladly consented to do. He then called his servants and gave us a good breakfast. He advised us not to try to reach Savannah by land, but to go to the Ogeechee river and follow it down until we should meet one of our gunboats which made a weekly trip up the river. His negroes piloted us for miles through the swamps and directed us to the plantation of one Baggs, some thirty miles from Savannah. They told us that two

of Baggs's negroes, Cæsar and Sam, would conduct us to Savannah as they had frequently been there and were acquainted with the roads. Near the close of the afternoon of the next day we were passing through a field near a house in an isolated spot, when we heard a gruff voice; "Whoa!" Carefully creeping toward the fence opposite the house and peeping through the shrubbery, we saw dismounting a lank, long haired individual, with thin, sharp features, slouch hat, butternut suit, armed with rifle, regular bushwhacker type. We did not stop to ask him any questions as we felt no desire to make his acquaintance. A mile further on we came to Baggs's plantation and soon found Cæsar and Sam. When we told them our latest experience, Cæsar shook like a leaf. "My Lord, Massa," said he, "You doan know how nigh you come to your death. Dat Jake Sloane, one of de bery worst rebels in dis country. When Mr. Kilpatrick's cavalry company was out yere, he fust rate Union man. Now he make his brags dat when dey left, he crep froo de woods and killed Yankee lieutenant ob de rear guard." I afterwards had the exceeding pleasure of reporting this atrocious act of Mr. Sloane at the Union headquarters in Savannah, and I imagine that when Mr. Kilpatrick's company went that way again he received his deserts. Baggs's negroes hailed me as their Moses. They had been waiting for a favorable opportunity of leaving, and a large number insisted on accompanying us as far as the contraband camp on the Ogeeche. At first we demurred, as we knew that if taken in company with runaway negroes a sure and sudden death awaited us, yet as their importunities were so pressing, and we were so near our lines we decided to take the risk. They required a few days in which to make preparations. Meantime Cæsar took us to the house of Joel Hodges, a miller, about half a mile distant. There we were most hospitably entertained. The family consisted of Mr. Hodges and wife and three interesting daughters just blossoming into womanhood. They were very inquisitive and never tired of hearing of the Yankee army. They gave us the best of care. We had three square meals a day and actually slept on a bed. We remained with them three days. On the evening of the third day Cæsar and Sam came to inform us that all was ready for the journey. Leaving our kind friends with genuine regrets, I proceeded to assume command of my forces, which had assembled at a convenient point on the road to Savannah. It was indeed a strange and motley gathering. There were old men with gray heads and stooping forms, stout stalwart men in the prime of life, with brawny muscles and limbs strong for labor, young men and boys and tottling babes, girls, young women and matrons and old withered crones of more than three score years and ten. There was every hue from lightest mulatto to jettiest black; all these had gathered up all their earthly possessions. Cooking utensils they had in abundance, pots, skillets, gridirons, kettles and other articles almost without number, all of which were to be "toted" on their heads. Enraptured with the idea of freedom, it was im-

possible to restrain their enthusiasm from breaking out into bursts of laughter, song and tears. Old aunt Dinah, who seemed old enough to be the great-grandmother of all, was actually crazed with excitement. Tossing her scrawny arms aloft, she would shout, "Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! My Lord's a coming! I'm gwine to glory!" It took me some time to still the raging tumult, and to impress upon these people that quiet was essential to our safety and success, and notwithstanding my utmost endeavors, at intervals throughout our nocturnal march a shout of "Glory! Hallelujah!" from Aunt Dinah would ring out on the night air, awaking the echoes of the adjacent woods and startling the birds from their coverts. The negroes brought me an old rusty revolver, loaded with seven balls, one double and four single barreled guns. I gave the double-barreled gun to Mike and retaining the revolver, I gave two of the other guns to Cæsar and Sam, whom I ordered to march half a mile in advance of the column, and the remaining guns I placed in the hands of two whom I thought I could trust, with the instruction to keep at least a half mile in the rear. The advance and the rear guard were to give timely notice of the approach of any with hostile designs, that if necessary the rest might take to the woods. The others had brought forks and such other implements as they conceived might be useful as weapons in an encounter. It being now near midnight, I gave the order to advance, and we started for the "happy land of Canaan." We moved as quickly and as noiselessly through the forest roads as our various incumbrances would allow and in the early morning reached the vicinity of the residence of an old inhabitant who was said to be a very active secessionist, and withal, a very early riser. Not caring to meet him lest he might alarm the country and raise a force sufficient to intercept us and frustrate our designs, we forsook the road not far from the house and entering the woods, sought a refuge in a swamp where we established headquarters for the day. Leaving the rest in care of Mike, with Cæsar and Sam I attempted a reconnoissance. We went to within a few rods of the road and took a concealed position, where, screened by foliage we might observe the movements of Mr. Secesh. About sunrise the old man came out and strolled up the road until he came to our track at the point where we had left the road for the woods. There he halted, stooped to examine the tracks, stood in a listening attitude for some time, scratched his head, and muttered something as if deliberating what course to pursue. Once he made a movement as if he would enter the woods, when Cæsar and Sam, levelling their guns, said, "Now Massa, we're gwine to shoot him." I had to use all the authority I could summon to restrain them and to convince them that nothing was to be gained by killing him. We might easily have captured him, but I did not want to be troubled with a prisoner, especially as I knew not what vengeance the blacks might take upon their old enemy for the wrongs their race had suffered at his hands, if he were once in their power. At length he retraced his steps and

re-entered the house. We watched the place narrowly throughout the day, in order that if he made any suspicious movements we might seize him. All was quiet about the premises, the old man evidently not caring or not daring to investigate further the signs of an exodus in the road. The next night we made excellent time and shortly after midnight Cæsar announced that we were near our journey's end. "I will fire two shots," said he "to call out de reserves." The reserves proved to be a squad of colored men who were acting as pickets of the contraband camp. They had pickets out on all the roads leading into the country, to alarm the camp in case of a Confederate raid, and to welcome those who, like us, had come "out of bondage and great tribulation."

The camp on the Ogeechee contained hundreds of freedmen who were living "like white folks" in the mansions of their former masters. They were holding such a jubilee as can only be held by a demonstrative people, released from a remorseless and unsparing tyranny. Here we bade farewell to our colored compatriots amid a shower of "God bless you; de Lord be wid you," and crossing the river, spent the night in a similar camp on the opposite shore. The next morning we went into Savannah. About five miles from the city we came to the Union lines. I fired my revolver to announce our coming; that being the first shot I had fired since that memorable day at Gettysburg. The sentry was on the alert and as we approached, greeted us with, "Well, Johnnies, you got enough of it, didn't you, and thought you'd come in?" "Yes," I replied, "give us some coffee." Ah! what a satisfying draught was that! How the delightful perfumes of that beverage, which was an unknown quantity in the Confederacy, filled the air and intoxicated the sense. The Lincoln coffee and soft tack was a more enjoyable feast than I shall ever again partake of. Having eaten and drunk all that we could swallow, I told the boys of the reserve that we were not Rebs. as they supposed, and I gave them an outline of our story.

They listened with the deepest interest and sympathy. Their generous hearts warmed towards us as they heard our tale of hardship, and crowding around with proffers of service, they lavished unstinted kindness upon us. All they had was at our service. An officer accompanied us to the head-quarters of the General commanding at Savannah. That officer began to question me concerning the prisons and the country outside the Union lines. I attempted replies, but the words stuck in my throat. The sense of responsibility, which, until that time had buoyed me up, was wanting to me. The thought of all the horrors of my twenty-months imprisonment, rushed upon my mind like a flood. I was dazed. The tender chord of memory gave way; even reason seemed to forsake me, and I sank in a partial swoon into the nearest chair.

We were taken to a hospital, where, under the management of skilful surgeons, and gentle nurses we soon began to recruit our wasted energies. Our feet and limbs, which were not only torn and lacerated, but swollen to nearly twice

their natural size, from contact with poisonous plants of the swamps, resumed their normal condition; our diet was judiciously regulated; and nothing was neglected by the hospital authorities that would add to our comfort. We also received the kindest and most generous attention from the agents of the Sanitary Commission. How happy were those days compared with the hateful past! At the expiration of a month, leaving the hospital with appreciative, thankful hearts, we were allowed to go northward, I to my home and Mike to his regiment at Moorfield City, N. C., as his term of service had not expired. We went together as far as Hilton Head. There we parted, he taking the steamer Gen. Lyon, which was to bear him to his destination. He was full of plans for the future. I was to accompany him to Germany where his friends were in good circumstances, and he was never weary of telling of the good times we would have in the Fatherland. But man proposes and God disposes. The Gen. Lyon never reached her destination. She was burned to the water's edge and sixty of her victims found a watery grave. Among them was Michael Kelsiher.

My story is done. The space devoted to it has enabled me to give but an outline of my experiences within the borders of the Southern Confederacy. Of the ten men of my company who entered prison with me, I am the sole survivor. My dead comrades were noble hearted boys, deserving a better fate. They did their duty as soldiers in the ranks and they met death under the most dreadful conditions without repining or murmuring and with calm and unflinching heroism. Every one of their hallowed graves, is henceforth and forever, a teacher of manliness, honor and patriotism. The immediate responsibility for the cruelties and indignities which they received at the hands of their captors, belongs to the leaders of the great rebellion. Winder and Wirz at Andersonville and Barrett at Millen, were but the brutal servants of men higher in position and power, who themselves richly deserved the disgraceful doom of the wretched Wirz. But more than to any man or set of men, the responsibility for all the wretchedness born of the war, must be laid at the door of Slavery. That Upas tree spread its poisonous branches not only over Southern communities and homes, but over the hearts of the people of that section. All that were born or reared under its blighting influence, were infected by the malaria of an atmosphere, reeking with the slave-lash and bowie-knife. Association did it all. The system of slavery brutalized its subjects, perverting otherwise noble natures and transforming men into fiends. Thank God, that that system in which was concentrated all the elements of barbaric power, lies in its dishonored grave, and that wherever floats the dear flag of our country, her children may fondly gaze upon it as the true emblem of *Union and Liberty*. Then

"Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,  
Spread the fair emblem from mountain to shore;  
And through the sounding sky,  
Loud let the nation cry,  
*Union and Liberty* one evermore."

Worcester, Jan. 21, 1887.

### A RECONNOISSANCE.

At daylight, on the morning of March 14th, 1863, two regiments of infantry, including that of the writer, and two companies of cavalry embarked on a steamer at Baton Rouge and sailed slowly up the Mississippi. We had started on a reconnoissance. The object of a reconnoissance is to discover the enemy's whereabouts, drive in his pickets, and determine his exact position without bringing on an engagement. To this end cavalry are usually sent out followed by infantry, and sometimes artillery. On this occasion we were convoyed by the famous gunboat Essex, which kept at least half a mile ahead of us and occasionally threw a shell into the thick woods along the shore. We disembarked a few miles below Port Hudson, twenty-five miles above Baton Rouge, under cover of the guns of the Essex. The road leading to the bluff, a distance of half a mile from the river, was wholly submerged by the spring freshets. Wading through this, in some places up to the waists of the men, the order of march was formed on the bluff. The cavalry went ahead, filling the road and also stretching out over the fields on either side, every man carrying his carbine at full cock, ready, on the instant, to meet a concealed foe. We approached within four miles of Port Hudson, drove in the pickets, who left their posts so rapidly as to leave their cooking utensils lying near the smouldering embers of the fire where they had prepared their morning meal. Presently we came upon a company of guerrillas who fled to the woods after giving us a harmless volley—all but one unlucky young fellow who, as his horse was not so fleet as the others, was captured. After a rapid march, at about noon, hot, tired and thirsty, we halted for a brief rest at a fine plantation about sixteen miles from Baton Rouge. Scarcely had we halted and stacked arms when an ominous cackling was heard from all quarters, and in a few minutes not a solitary cackle was to be heard. It did not require a very shrewd man to guess that the feathered inhabitants of the place were quietly reposing in Yankee haversacks. Our march from this place to Baton Rouge was a rapid one. We were within a short distance of a powerful army of the enemy, perfectly aware of our whereabouts, and it was highly probable that a force might be sent out to fall upon us before we could reach our camp. Most of the white people of the plantations fled to the woods at our approach, but the negroes tendered us a hearty welcome. It was "God bless you, Massa!" "Dese is blessed times, sure!" "Massa said de Yanks neber'd git up to hyer, but we knowed you'd come." "I'se gwine along wid you." And many of them did go along with us, and in various ways did good service to the cause. Our reconnoissance was a success. The road was clear of rebels to within a few miles of Port Hudson, and about five miles from Baton Rouge, where the Montecino Bayou crosses the road, we met the division of Gen. Cuvier Grover fresh from their camps at Baton Rouge, and here I enjoyed the best view I ever had of an army on the march. Ahead rode a detach-

ment of cavalry. Then the general and staff; then regiment after regiment of infantry with several batteries of artillery—in fine order everybody. So, with bayonets glistening in the sun, they emerged from the woods on the other side of the stream and, crossing the pontoon bridge, came springing up the hillside with elastic step, and so on and on until lost to view by the winding of the road far in front.

This picture framed itself in my recollection and I hope will never depart. The men were evidently in fine spirits. Tired of serving their country in camp, they were ready and anxious for a change. "On to Port Hudson!" was the word. You could read it in every eye. We reached our camp at about nine o'clock. We had marched about twenty miles—a long march for the first one. Most of us were foot-sore, and all were weary, and creeping into our canvas houses we were just settling down to a good night's sleep, when down from Brigade Headquarters came an order to march at three o'clock the next morning. After the usual amount of grumbling, we resigned ourselves to slumber and slept soundly until rudely awakened in the early morning by the order—"Fall in!" B.

### MY CAPTURE AND EXCHANGE.

I was wounded and taken prisoner October 13, 1864, at Stickney's Farm, near Cedar Creek, Va. I lay on the field from 3 P. M., until 10 P. M., when I was taken in an ambulance to a point five miles in the rear and placed in the drive way to an old barn which was filled with wounded Rebels. The surgeons were so busy with their own men that they gave me no attention until the next day. With their hands and white aprons covered with blood they looked more like butchers than doctors. We suffered much from the cold, our blankets, overcoats and even shoes being stolen from us as we lay on the field.

The ground froze quite hard that night and the poor fellow who lay next to me died during the night. His body was frozen stiff in the morning. We remained there three nights and two days and were then taken to Strasburg where we were put into a private house used as a hospital. On the morning of the 19th, I was taken alone from this place. As they were bearing me out we heard the guns in the distance in the direction of Cedar Creek. "Ah!" said one of the Rebs with an oath, "you Yanks are catching it at Cedar Creek." I replied; "Never fear; if Phil Sheridan is there you'll catch something you won't like before night." Little did either of us think that at that very moment gallant Sheridan was dashing along the pike from Winchester, twenty miles away, on his mission to turn defeat into glorious victory.

From Strasburg I was taken to Harrisonburg where I had the best of care from the Surgeon General, who was very kind to me. I had seen him before, while on guard, and had become somewhat acquainted with him. He said he was sorry for me and would send me through the lines as soon as I was able to go. After he left, the wretch of

a doctor who had charge of that room came to me and began removing the bandage from my wounded ankle in a very rough and unfeeling manner, I remonstrated, telling him that he was hurting me. He said, "That is what I want to do; I wish the ball had gone through your head." As soon as possible I told the Surgeon General of the unfeeling conduct of his subordinate, whereupon he sent for him and reprimanded him severely saying, "If you want to hurt Yankees, I will send you to the front where there are able-bodied ones to practice on." On Dec. 15, I was sent to Staunton, and remained there till early in February. I was at this time in full rebel uniform, my clothes having been taken from me at Harrisonburg. One Sunday morning a surgeon on an inspecting tour, asked me what regiment, company, etc., I belonged to. Of course he took me for a rebel. When I told him I was from Mass., he asked me where I wanted to go. I replied, "To Richmond"—as I had heard of a general exchange there. The next morning I started for the Rebel Capital, accompanied by a boy of fifteen as a guard. The cold was intense. The boy was kind, obliging some of the Confederates in the cold, uncomfortable cars, who were seated near the stove, to give place to me as I had on very little clothing.

We reached Richmond about night-fall. I was utterly unable to walk to the office of the Provost Marshal, a distance of one mile, my wound having proved much more severe than I at first anticipated. Gangrene had attacked it, and it was deemed necessary to have it cauterized three times a day. My crutches were but straight sticks with short pieces of wood nailed across the tops. At this juncture the guard observed a farmer coming along the street driving a mule. Guard hailed him and asked him to carry me; he refused as he was in a hurry, but the guard did not seem to regard that as of any consequence. He obliged the rustic to take us aboard. At the office of the Provost Marshal my papers were looked over and orders given to take me to Libby Prison—a mile from there. Of course I had to walk that mile; the pressure of the rude crutches against my raw and bleeding arm-pits making every step an agony. I was then but a shadow compared with my former self, weighing but about eighty pounds. At Libby, my papers were again inspected, and I was ordered to take up my abode on the third floor. I refused to attempt the ascent of the stairs, telling the rebel officer that if he wanted me up there he must detail some soldiers to carry me. He finally did so. On reaching the room to which I was assigned, I shouted as loud as my enfeebled condition would allow, "Is there any member of the 34th Mass. here?" "Yes," at once responded a familiar voice, and soon one of my own company was at my side. "Why, Henry," he exclaimed, "can this be you? we thought you were dead, never having heard from you since you were wounded." "I am worth a good many dead men yet," I responded. I then asked him what was the news. He said that they had all been paroled that day and were going to leave for the union lines the next morning. He and others of my regiment who were there

expressed much sorrow at the thought of leaving me there.

I told them I intended to go along with them. In the morning an officer came in and ordered the men to fall in and be counted. As they did so, I lay in an obscure corner and was not counted with the rest. When the order came to march one of my comrades took me in his arms, another carried my crutches and thus I left Libby with the rest and I have never known to this day whether they meant for me to be exchanged or not. Once outside I tried to keep up with the rest but while the spirit was willing the flesh was weak and I was soon obliged to fall out by the road-side. I was very uneasy fearing I should be missed from prison and be sent for as I had no papers as had the others. But soon an ambulance came along and rousing all my strength I threw in my crutches and climbed in after them. We were taken to a steamer on the James and thence to a landing down the river where we met the Confederates who were to be exchanged. It was indeed a glorious and inspiring sight to see the Stars and Stripes flying once more, and the fervor of our gratitude at being enabled to stand once more "on Freedom's soil with Freedom's banner streaming o'er us," cannot find expression in words.

H. J. D.,

Co. C. 34th Mass.

Worcester had one man who gave his life in defence of the Union who deserves especial mention in these columns, viz.: Major Dexter F. Parker, who served in the State Senate two terms and was a member of the House of '61.

When the call for 75,000 troops reached this state, April 15th, he resigned his seat and left for Washington that same night to defend the Capital.

When the 6th Regiment arrived there on the 19th, he joined the Light Infantry and served as a private and Regimental Commissary for three months and was then made Acting Quartermaster United States Volunteers with rank of Captain, a position he filled admirably; but his heroic spirit could not rest in the midst of such a conflict as was raging then, and he sought more active service.

He was commissioned Major of the 10th Massachusetts Volunteers. At the battle of the Wilderness he received a wound which proved fatal, and thus ended the life of one of the noblest and most patriotic men that took up arms for the cause of his country. Had he lived, his voice would undoubtedly have been heard in the Halls of Congress, and he would, in all probability, have filled the highest executive office of his native state, for his ability was commensurate with his ambition. He was probably the first man to leave the North in defence of the Capital.

Let Worcester not forget her noble and patriotic sons who gave up their lives for our institutions.

Fort Sumpter had fallen, the rebels marched on :  
He seized the first weapon that came in his way,  
No peaceful position would satisfy him,  
He wished to be foremost with those in the fray.

J. N. J., Old 6th, M. V. M.

## PRISON PICTURES.

## NO. 4. THE DEAD HOUSE.

In Danville prison parlance, the hospital was No. 6. It consisted of several long one story buildings, erected in the early stages of the war for Confederate sick and wounded; but when the town became a place for retaining prisoners, these quarters were given up to Federal invalids. The attention, here, was probably, in 1864-5, as good as the crippled Confederate Government could give. The work of nursing, cooking, etc., was done by prisoners entirely. A doctor, Confederate, made his daily rounds, and from his meagre medicine chest, made such prescriptions as he could. We did not consider the hospital so much a place in which to recover, as a sort of ante room to the hereafter, for as in the case of the sick lion, related by Aesop, the footsteps led, almost all of them, inward. It was seldom, however, that any man left the prison for the hospital till he was too feeble to walk and so had to be carried in the old lumbering wagon, drawn by two mules, whose driver was a negro who made his methodic rounds day after day. When the doctor visited the prison in the morn, all bad cases were reported to him, and if, in his wisdom, the patient should be removed to the hospital, a billet was left to that effect. By and by, the mule team appears, and saying "Good-by" to his comrades the sick man is helped in, and with those picked up from the other prisons, is carried away. Too often, the "Good-by" is a final one; for on reaching his destination, he takes to the cot provided for him, and giving up all hope of recovery, yields himself to melancholy reflections and repinings. Hitherto, hope, through the conversation of his comrades, has buoyed him up; but now that is missing. There is no nourishing food, such as invalids should have, and soon death comes to end the scene. Alone, with no loving hands to give the parting touch, often, in delirium, calling the names of loved ones, too far away, the parting soul goes out, leaving the frail body, a sight that those dear ones would fail to recognize. Emaciated, perhaps scurvy blackened, stripped of every rag of clothing the body is carried to the dead house. Here, in the morning, I have counted a score of men, who, during the past twenty-four hours, had ceased to suffer and to breathe. Side by side, upon a platform slightly raised from the floor, they are lying stark and naked in the chill winter air. The outer door is seldom shut, and one day, entering I was horrified to find that a sow and her offspring having the full *entree* to all the premises, had entered and had sadly mutilated the feet of some of the dead. What had driven her from her horrid repast I could not devise, unless it was the almost mummified condition of the bodies. There was very little to eat.

After the driver of the mule team, noted before, had gathered in his candidates for the burial ground, he would take a load of pine boxes to the dead house, and, securing the aid of some convalescent prisoner, would quickly transfer the bodies to their rough receptacles, and piling them

up, like a load of shoe boxes, he would drive his burden to the prison cemetery. The bodies were buried in rows, closely together, and the names of the dead were indicated by numbers till head-boards could be prepared by prisoners selected for this purpose. Hall, of my own company, was the artist for several months before our leaving Danville.

Sometimes, when the nurses thought the death of a prisoner a sure thing, and that it would happen before morning, they were not over particular as to the moment of taking him out. I remember well one case, that of Jimmy O-s of Co. K., of my regiment. The old fellow, he seemed old then, probably somewhere between forty and fifty, had grown weaker and weaker, till it didn't seem possible for him to survive the night. The attendants afterward said they thought he was dead, but be that as it may, they certainly stripped him and took him out to the dead house and left him, properly labeled. Luckily for Jimmy, the night was not so cold as we sometimes had in that latitude, for he was not dead. The cold outer air seemed to revive him, but under other circumstances, the same reviving influence might have given the chill of death. The astonishment of the officers of his ward may be imagined, when, in the morning, their dead man came walking in, perfectly naked, bearing his label and proclaiming that he was not dead yet "By a d—m sight." As I saw Jimmy serenely smoking his pipe at Parole Camp some weeks afterwards, I concluded that his night in the dead house had done him no permanent harm. When I was able, I made a daily visit to this dismal building. First I was anxious to know whether any friends or acquaintances of mine had been carried out, and secondly, I could not resist a sort of morbid prompting to see how these dead men looked. Their bodies were little more than dry anatomies. They told plainly the months of sorrow and suffering, through which they had passed. The wide open eyes seemed to me to be looking into futurity. I often wondered what was the last sight pictured on those now sightless balls. Did the brain conjure up for the dying man, the pictures of all that he held dear? In dying, he was calling for wife, a sweetheart, and could the silent tongue speak, would it not say that in death the loved image appeared?

Years have rolled away since those dreary days. The boys who wore the blue are the middle aged men of the present, but the comrades who went down in the battle's din or were borne from the prisons grim, are lying in their silent graves as young as when we knew them. They have the dews of eternal youth upon them. Sleep comrades! Time cannot bear us so far away from the scenes of those elder days, that one line in memory's picture will fade. Deep, deep in our hearts and minds are graven every feature, every incident of those times, when we drank from the same canteen, slept under the same blanket, stood, side by side, in the face of the foe, and perhaps suffered together in the same stockade or warehouse. Some survive to tell the tale, others yielded to the destroyer and passed through the dead house to the burial ground, and to immortality. A. S. R.

## THE BURNSIDE MINE.

The idea of mining one of the forts of the Confederate lines in front of Petersburg originated with Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, of the 48th Regiment of Pennsylvania Volunteers. He had undoubtedly been thinking of it for some time, when one day he broached the subject to the writer, who was at that time serving with him. Pleasants was enthusiastic upon the subject, and pointed out a ravine just in rear of our lines where the work could be commenced. He explained his views and plans to his superior officers, and on the 25th day of June, 1864, he commenced his work. Most of the members of his regiment were experienced miners, from the coal mine regions of Pennsylvania, and were of great assistance to the colonel. He commenced his tunnel, which was to lead directly under the rebel fort, in the ravine mentioned. Of the many trials and obstacles he encountered it is not the purpose of this article to note, but they were many, and sufficient to have completely discouraged a less brave and determined officer. He never wearied, and never appeared disheartened by disaster, but bravely and with determination kept steadily at the work, and on the 29th day of July the tunnel was finished and everything in readiness to explode the mine.

No one who was present can ever forget the explosion, which took place at about 4.30 on the morning of the 30th of July. For a moment the earth trembled, and then, with a tremendous noise, a column of earth was thrown high up, and described by a soldier at the time as looking like a great fountain. Rebels and rebel cannon suddenly took an upward flight, and the mine was a complete success, so far as Colonel Pleasants was concerned. Of the mistakes which afterwards occurred, of the formation of the assaulting column and manner of making the assault, historians have written, and it is only necessary here to say that the column of assault, which should have been inside the rebel works immediately after the explosion, did not reach there until long after, and not until after the enemy had rallied from their surprise and fright and had prepared a warm reception for us when we finally entered the crater. The crater, or hole, caused by the explosion, was about thirty feet deep. Huge masses of earth were scattered around the inside of the crater and served as some protection for those of us who succeeded in reaching it.

The scene was one never to be forgotten. Dead bodies of the rebels who had occupied the fort were stripped of their clothing by the force of the explosion. Sitting on the loose earth in the crater a soldier felt a movement under him, and, upon removing a few inches of earth, he found a rebel soldier, who was quickly removed from his temporary grave, and after a little time rallied sufficiently to tell us his experience and opinion of rapid transit. He said he was standing near one of the guns, with one foot on the hub of a wheel; all was quiet, and he was thinking of home, when the earth seemed to give way, a terrific noise, and he lost consciousness. How far skyward he went, he

had no means of knowing. His escape from death was most remarkable. We sent him a prisoner back to our lines, and the poor fellow walked as if he expected an explosion at every step. Whether he lived or died we do not know.

The enemy opened a heavy fire, and our men crowded into the crater for protection. The enemy's shells began to drop into the crater and explode, doing great damage, and killing and wounding many men. To increase our sufferings, the sides of the crater shut out the air, and the sun poured down upon us, making the heat almost unendurable. The wounded, and, in fact, those who were not wounded, suffered from thirst. The gallant General Bartlett was down, his cork leg having been disabled by one of the enemy's shot. He was doing what he could, by words, to encourage the men. Captain Gregg and a part of his regiment (the 45th Penn. Vols.) occupied a covered way or ditch leading from the crater back towards Petersburg. From this covered way several charges were attempted, but were met by the enemy and we were forced back. With thousands of men ready to move to our assistance, yet, for some unexplained reason, no assistance came. To move forward was impossible; to retreat seemed equally impossible. Hand-to-hand conflicts took place, and confusion reigned. About noon, or a little later, word reached us that those who could escape must do so; and as this evidently meant that no help need be expected, it was apparent two courses only were left to us: that to remain and be shot or captured, or attempt to get away.

General Bartlett, on account of his crippled condition, must stay. He, however, was the senior officer, and directed those to escape who could, claiming that no good could come by remaining longer. A start was made, and while many were killed and wounded, a few of us reached our lines.

In conversation with General Bartlett, after the war, he related his experience after we left and the enemy came in. They approached him, and learning who he was, and supposing he was suffering from a wound in a leg of flesh, they treated him with tenderness. As they carefully carried him to the rear, they approached a horse tied to a tree; the men carrying him stopped to rest, and the general greatly surprised them by informing them that if they would place him on the horse he would ride. It was then they discovered the fact of his cork leg.

R., 36th Mass.

Comrade David Roche, of Post 10, G. A. R., enjoys the proud distinction of being the wearer of a medal which is a true badge of nobility. On the medal is inscribed the following: "Presented by Congress to David Roche, 1st Regt., Co. A, 5th U. S. Infantry, for conspicuous bravery at Wolf Mountain, Montana, January 8th, 1878." Comrade Roche's record as a soldier is an exceptional one. His term of service covered a period of twenty years, from June 29th, 1861, to July 2d, 1881. During all that time, he seems to have been an ideal soldier, never having received so much as a reprimand from a superior. Who can beat that record?

**LAKE PONCHARTRAIN, LA.**

In the spring of 1863, the company of which I was a member, was stationed at Lakeport on the southern shore of Lake Ponchartrain, and about four miles from New Orleans by rail.

Lakeport, previous to the war, was a very busy port, and through it passed the freight and passengers from the North and Middle states, through Mobile to New Orleans.

It was not distinguished for its numerous population nor fine residences. On the contrary, had it not been the terminus of the travel before mentioned, it might not have existed at all. However, there were two or three quite pretentious hotels, the resort of the people of New Orleans, like the Island House at Lake Quinsigamond. The chief feature of the place was the wharf, on which the business of the place was principally done. The shallowness of the water of Lake Ponchartrain, made it necessary to build the wharf far into the lake, giving it the appearance of magnificence.

A light-house was also a feature of the wharf, but at the time referred to it was not lighted, as travel from Mobile by steamboat had ceased. Still it was inhabited by the old keeper of the light, a French speaking citizen, who claimed to have fought with Gen'l Jackson, in the battle of New Orleans. He with his two pretty daughters clung to the light-house as a habitation, but so great was their aversion to the "Yanks," that neither of them often entered into any conversation with the soldiers. The orange, fig and banana trees, magnolias and other varieties of trees and flowers, all suggested to us New England boys, a tropical climate, as did also the temperature, 110° in the shade.

The ante-bellum history of Lakeport was great and its total eclipse was one of the many marks of war's terrible desolations, so noticeable in and about New Orleans.

West of Lakeport and in view of it, was Hickok's landing, situated at the terminus of the shell road, leading from the city, another suburban resort, specially for the sporting men of that famous sporting city.

East of Lakeport, at the outlet of the lake, was Fort Pike, one of the fortifications of the circle of defences of New Orleans.

This Lake Pontchartrain is truly a remarkable sheet of water. Lying so near the great city of New Orleans it was beloved by her citizens as a beautiful water park.

Being some forty miles wide and nearly twice as long, it was every way fitted to afford great pleasure to the denizens of that hot city.

Once on the lake you felt a great relief from an intense heat and almost suffocation, and the wealthier people provided themselves with boats in which they spent much time in the hottest season on the water of the lake.

I remember one fleet schooner called the "Reine Hortense," owned before the war by a Polish citizen but in 1863 claimed and manned by Uncle Sam.

This Lake was peculiar in the character or quality of its

water. Sometimes it was fresh at other times salt, according as the wind drove the waters of the Gulf into the Lake or emptied the Lake into the Gulf.

One finds a great variety of fish in Lake Pontchartrain, at least we boys found them there, and so did hundreds of people from the city, who in circumstances of need begged permits from the military authorities to fish within prescribed limits.

I crossed the Lake to the North side once, under a flag of truce, to the Mississippi shore. I also took a trip east, early to Fort Pike and through the Rigolets or channel connecting the Lake with the Gulf to Bay St. Louis and Pascagoula, other noted resorts for travelers and excursionists.

Lake Pontchartrain is indeed a sort of Paradise for the people of New Orleans, but its attractions are exceedingly limited when compared with our own Quinsigamond.

There you find no elevated landscape, only water and cool breezes. Here, a lake of less size, but approachable from many points; surrounded by hills covered with verdure; an indented shore, affording the most desirable sites for homes and public resorts.

Lake Quinsigamond, with its surroundings and appurtenances, transplanted within three miles of the city of New Orleans, would be worth more than the whole state of Louisiana; and it is of equal value to us, if we will appreciate its true value and uses.

Lake Pontchartrain is appreciated by all who are for any reason stopping in New Orleans during the hot season, meagre as are its attractions. Even in war times those who remained in the city swarmed to the lake in the afternoon for bathing, boating, and lounging in the hotel gardens. J.

**GENERAL SHERMAN.**

No one can say that the General lags a superfluous veteran upon the stage. Though army duties may not absorb his time, he finds much to do in looking after the interests of the soldiers. What form remarked as his when, with a G. A. R. badge upon his breast, he appeared at the funeral of his great comrade and friend, Logan. To be sure, it takes some of his time to explain some of his hastily uttered words, but that soldier would be a stolid being whose heart did not beat more rapidly at the sight of this greatest survivor of the immortal struggle. He asks no office and no official distinction, save that accorded to the citizen soldier. In going from San Francisco to Portland, in August last, on a steamer badly crowded, he asked no favors, but waited in line, with the hundreds of others who had to take their chances for meals. A good illustration, too, was had of the average American's regard for a great man's wishes, for the General was not badgered for autographs nor pressed constantly to shake hands. The boys let him alone as he wished. He was happy. He said he was.

There may be readers of the "Old Guard," who would be interested in knowing the names of dealers in war literature. The following are some of the most prominent: George E. Littlefield, 67 Cornhill, Boston; William Muhl, 52 Royal St., New Orleans; Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati; James Beale, 719 Sansom St., Philadelphia; Francis J. Meeker, 28 Clinton St., Newark, N. J.

# THE OLD GUARD.

VOL. III.

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NO. 1.

## The Old Guard.

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In presenting a 3d series of "The Old Guard" the Editors bespeak from their patrons the same kind consideration that has characterized the reception of the paper hitherto.

A few copies of No. 3, 1st Vol. of "The Old Guard," and complete sets of Vol. II. may be had at the store of Putnam, Davis & Co.

"The Old Guard" will be found for sale at Putnam, Davis & Co.'s, Sanford & Co.'s, at Easton's Post Office News Room, and at Braggs's, corner of Main and Walnut Streets

### SIX YEARS IN THE U. S. A.

#### Life on the Plains, in the Forts and with Twiggs in Texas.

Among the many G. A. R. men of Worcester who go about their daily work, giving little indication of the adventures through which they have passed, simply proving themselves good and reliable citizens, Sergt. Patrick Morrissey deserves a prominent place. The sergeant is not at all boastful, never proclaiming his valor and his worth on the street corners, but that he was in his day every inch a soldier, must be evident to any one who sets eyes on his stalwart proportions. You will have to sit down by his side and "draw him out" if you would learn the incidents of his earlier days. This is just what I did on one of the stormiest, dreariest nights in January. While the rain froze as it fell, and the streets were becoming more and more a glare of ice, we sat in the old soldier's cosy parlor and fought the battles of the Rebellion and earlier ones over again. What a precious thing is a memory charged with recollections of valorous, patriotic acts! What excellent food for contemplation in the evening of life!

As his name indicates, Sergt. Morrissey is a native of Ireland, of that particular county known as Leinster, "and all the world knows that to be the very best part of Ireland." Kilkenny was his native place, and from the immemorial fame of Kilkenny cats, we could not expect that any being born within the precincts of that notable

town could have other than the very best fighting qualities.

He first essayed a soldier's life in that most excellent school, the British army. For three years he wore the uniform of the 21st Regiment of Fusiliers, having enlisted in Kings Co., Ireland. This was during the Crimean War; but his regiment was not ordered away from home. His colonel was — Ponsonby, since famous in England's constant warring. The drill in the English army, though hard and exacting, stood him well in hand when he became a soldier in the U. S. A.

Coming to America, he struck the city of Worcester in June, 1857. Work was dull. It was just after a period of financial depression; so, making his way westward, he reached Syracuse, N. Y. Money was low, work not to be had, so what was he to do but embrace an opportunity to serve Uncle Sam. "There was the flag flying, and inside was Sergt. Hooker, who looked me over admiringly. I stood 5 feet 11½ inches in my stockings and weighed 190 pounds. 'You've been a soldier,' said he. 'Never a once,' said I. 'You can't fool me,' said he. So I had to give in and tell him what I had been. It took precious little time for me to be put in shape and to be sent down to Governor's Island, New York, where no less than six doctors took turns in looking me over. Oh! I tell you they were mighty particular in those days. The government wanted only a few men, but it was bound to have good ones. Well, I lived through all the examinations, and finally was sent clear beyond the Mississippi River to Fort Leavenworth in Kansas. Here my marching began, for we started off for Santa Fe, more than four hundred miles away. It was a long and dreary walk. I was assigned to the 3d U. S. Infantry, and by lot fell into Company A. Among the officers directing the march was the captain of Company K of the 3d, George Sykes, afterwards famous as the commander of the Regulars during the Rebellion. I liked him ever so much, and pitched his tent every time. He tried to get me into his company, but was overruled, the superior officer stating that it would be unfair not to give all the companies a chance at the recruits. That march was something to remember. We always went till we found water, and that, you must know, was often scarce on those desert plains. Once, when we were well nigh choked, I fancied I saw water a little off our course, and water there was, but it was a hot spring. It only made me dryer, and by and by we did find some good water. I left the ranks to get a drink, when Capt. Whistler of Company F (he became a colonel and general in the Rebellion), ordered me back without my drink, and raised his sword on me. I just patted my gun and told him that

drink I would. He took the hint and reported me for insubordination, and Capt. Bowman, who became a colonel during the war, took me to task for it. I told him I knew it wasn't military, but no man must stand between me and a drink of water, and that's all there was about it. Well, we hoofed it clear down to Santa Fe, and then we hoofed it back to Fort Garland in Colorado. It's located on the Sangré de Christo River; that means the Blood of Christ. Those Spaniards had queer names, and it was eighty-five miles from Toas (we called it Tous), the home of Kit Carson. It was just at the foot of Bald Mountain. Now, the railroad makes it handy enough, but it was hard to reach in those days.

After awhile came the expedition against the Mormons. Then was the time we had to stretch our legs and get away through the mountains. Everybody has read how A. Sidney Johnston commanded the party, and what obstacles we had to overcome in that long trip to Salt Lake. We went into the valley finally, through the same cañon that the Mormons used when they entered in 1848. The enemy had erected breastworks there which, had they defended, we never could have taken; but they took to their heels, and we saw never a man of them in uniform. The city of Salt Lake pleased me immensely. Those running streams on each side of the road! when can I forget them? However, we went into camp on the shores of the lake and stayed some time. Such scarecrows as those Mormons were! You see, they had no way of getting new clothing, and that which they had brought with them nearly ten years before was much the worse for wear. You couldn't describe it if you tried. There was an Irishman—"What! an Irishman a Mormon?" "Yes, I know it's mighty queer; but he was one of them, all the same—and, as I was saying—he came out to peddle food, and for our coin offered leather money in exchange. Well now, if we didn't just laugh at that kind of money, but he said it would go anywhere in Utah, and, sure enough, it would. When we went away though, we didn't take any of that stuff with us. The saints had old, wooden-wheeled wagons, and, by my soul, I believe you could hear them screech a mile away.

But we got through with the Mormons after awhile, and then we had to climb back to Fort Garland. We took a new route, and it seemed as though we'd never get there. We had to play horse or work horse, and mule, too. Why, I have seen ten mules and two hundred men all pulling, at the same time, on an empty wagon, to get it over those mountains. We were months in getting back, but we got there after awhile. Then came months of garrison duty, and finally I was put on the mail route to Santa Fe, more than two hundred miles away. This I followed till 1860. It took me three days to make the run, and the whole distance was dangerous, for there were hostile Indians always near. They caught me once, and it was this way. I had left the fort at about 4 P. M. A dense fog settled down, and for the first time in all my riding my mule left the trail. I soon saw that I had lost

my way, but I spurred my beast forward, thinking that I must fetch up somewhere. After awhile I struck a match and looked at my watch. Soon I saw a light, but of what or where, I had no notion. Suddenly, without any forewarning, I was grabbed on each side, and in Indian informed that I was captured. I could do nothing but submit, and so rode along. I didn't know what was before me. My scalp began to feel loose; but I was bound to make the best of it, so I took out my pipe and filled up and began to smoke. My captors wanted to smoke, too, but I told them 'No.' I got a big reception when we reached the Indian camp. Such howling and dancing! But I don't think I was very proud over it. I expected every minute would be my last. However, they led me to the chief's tent, when, instead of the greeting I expected, he sprang out, saying: 'My friend.' You see he was a man whom I had done a favor for once, and he remembered it. Then he said: 'Picket out the mule,' and ordered some food for me; but my stomach wasn't up to the Indian pitch. The black bread they had was as hard as a rock. 'Good for the teeth,' you'd say, probably. But the dried meat! Faugh! I can smell it now. They cut it up in strips and lay it on the ground to dry. Naturally, it gets aged and bad, and a Yankee dog wouldn't touch it. I ate light. Then he (the chief) told me I might go to bed, but he put me in such a situation that the night was a constant horror to me. Never in all my life was I in such peril. Not a wink of sleep did I get that blessed night. Had I slept and in my dreams, throwing my arms or feet about, so much as touched my neighbors, death would have been my portion immediately. It was an awful test that that wily chief subjected me to, and when in the morning, he asked me how I slept, how I lied when I said, 'First rate.' I was fifty miles off my beat; but he put me in charge of a party and sent us off towards Taos. I couldn't keep up with them, they rode so fast; but they finally set me on the right path and we said 'How' to each other and parted. There wasn't a gladder man in the country than I was, when I bid good-by to those redskins and found myself out of their company. Reaching Taos, I was congratulated by Kit Carson for my almost miraculous escape from the Indians.

As to the favor I had done the chief: It was months before that; there was trouble among the Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Kiowas some eighty miles away and we went out to stop the business—as there was some horse stealing mixed up with it. We saw some of them fighting against each other and it was a little the prettiest scrimmage that I ever saw. Why, they would ride their horses and fire from the side and all the time riding like mad. Part of the time you'd see nothing of the man. We separated them and brought them in. We gave them food and kept them for a while as sort of prisoners. One day, I had just come off guard, and was cleaning up my brasses and uniform generally, when one of the chiefs came into my quarters. He caught up an epaulet and putting it on his shoulder, strutted around proudly enough. As I had

an old suit of no further use to me, I gave the full rig to him. You never saw so proud a man in your life. He was a big fellow, and he filled it out well. Julius Cæsar couldn't have felt half so proud as he did when he marched out to his fellow Indians. They were struck all of a heap. They just threw up their hands in wonder and admiration. He just bossed the others around in fine shape. Got them into line, and would have mustered them into the U. S. service, I think, had not the row started up the officers who began to inquire into it. The captain sent 1st Sergt. McIntyre, a great big Scotchman who had been ten years in the British army, and all through the Mexican War, too, to ask me if the Indian had stolen the clothes. I told him 'No;' and that I supposed I could do what I liked with my own duds, and may be they'll do me a good turn yet. Well, the chief wished that I might live a hundred years, and after a while they went away. You know they never forget, and when he had a chance, the old Indian let me keep my scalp in return for the old clothes I had given him so long before. I thought it a mighty good trade.

There was variety enough in those days to keep us busy hunting up deserters, looking after lost parties in the mountains and helping out the gold diggers. You see it was just about the time of the gold excitement at Pike's Peak. One day a man came in who was a walking ghost. He said the rest of his party were lost in the mountains and I went out with a party to find them. Poor fellows! They were all dead—died of exposure and starvation. They had gnawed from their own arms the flesh wherever they could reach it. We were sent off into Kansas to settle a terrible piece of business. A party of emigrants were coming over land from Missouri. One day, where they had halted, a young man of the party saw a squaw going after water, quite a distance away. 'See me hit the squaw,' says he; and before others could hinder, he had rested his gun on a wagon wheel, drawn a bead and fired. The woman fell dead. The rest of the party knew it meant trouble and they kept a sharp lookout and sent ahead for aid; but we couldn't get there soon enough. The Indians came up with the team and demanded the man who had done the firing. He had to be given up. His punishment was awful. They just drew a knife across his scalp from ear to ear and so down to his shoulders and then pulling their fingers under, skinned him as we would a rabbit. What could we do when we came up? It was a frightful sight, and I can never shut it out of my mind—but who can say that it was too much for the wanton killing of a harmless being, though she was an Indian? We didn't feel bound to avenge him, and so left them; the Indians feeling that in his punishment full atonement had been made.

[To be continued.]

From one end of the country to the other, the late action of Congress in voting \$2,000 annual pensions to the widows of John A. Logan and Frank P. Blair, meets enthusiastic approbation from the old soldiers.

#### ON THE SKIRMISH LINE IN '55 AND '56, BY ONE OF THE SKIRMISHERS.

The soldiers' experience on the field of battle has been told so often at camp-fires and in THE OLD GUARD, that a large degree of allowance should be made for the exaggerated accounts given by those whose personal experience at the front was largely obtained at a safe distance in the rear, and it is much safer to relate occurrences that took place when no other person was present, then, if the doubting ones tell you "*It is a lie,*" you have the satisfaction of knowing that they can't prove it. For that reason I have consented to speak of the earliest skirmishing of the war, which finally resulted in the greatest civil contest known in history. When we speak of the war for the Union we confine ourselves to the period between 1861 and 1865, and forget that it really commenced five years before.

On the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska bill, in 1854, which opened up for settlement the territory west of Missouri, Iowa and Minnesota, and the tide of emigration had set in for that, then far West, the writer, then but 20 years of age residing in Providence, R. I., had an attack of the western fever, and in company with Mr. Tillinghast and wife, of the same city, on the 20th day of February, 1855, started *via* Worcester, for Kansas. After spending six days in snow drifts in Illinois, and several more in St. Louis waiting for navigation to open, we at last found ourselves on board the *Sonora*, headed up the Missouri River, and on the 12th of March landed in Kansas City, Mo., now one of the most important towns in the West, then containing a single row of low buildings next to the water, used as stores for the forwarding and commission merchants, one brick hotel, and near the bank of the river an old log jail. On our way up the river we fell in with a small party from New York, in charge of a Mr. Winchell, bound for the same place. Mr. Winchell had been to Kansas and located a *city*, and was now trying to get the place settled. At Kansas City we joined forces, procured our outfit of kettles, Dutch ovens, frying-pans, flour and bacon, and chartering a "*Prairie Schooner*," in the afternoon of the same day we were on the road to Council City, now Burlingame. We followed the old Sante Fé road through Westport, Shawnee Mission, Bull Creek, No. 110 Creek to Slater Creek, where we found the city of one good log house situated on high land west of Slater Creek, called a hotel. Two or three other log cabins had been built on the bottom land. On the west of us was the Dragoon Creek, these two united a short distance below and formed Marais des Cygne River. We had hardly become settled before the election of March 30th was held. It was an important election; delegates to the territorial legislature were to be chosen, and the pro-slavery party were determined to get the control of that body, as the first step toward fastening slavery upon the territory. There were about forty legal voters in this precinct, a large proportion from Missouri; allow me to state right here that the so-called Free State party had many men who either favored slavery, or wished to entirely exclude the negro, but who

were opposed to being controlled by citizens from Missouri who came there for the sole purpose of voting. On the evening preceding the election, fifty six-mule teams with five hundred men arrived from Missouri, bringing with them a man by the name of Magee, who resided at No. 110, as their candidate for the legislature. Magee had for a long time kept a trading post and hotel at 110, and had accumulated quite a fortune in supplying the Indians and train-men from Sante Fé with provision and whiskey. When the polls were opened these men were on hand to conduct the election. The judges, part of whom were pro-slavery, became so disgusted that they refused to act. So the invaders chose judges from their own number and proceeded with the election, the citizens refused to vote, yet these five hundred men were able to cast about one thousand votes, and elected Mr. Magee. Their work being accomplished, they had no further business in Kansas, so they started for home stopping for refreshments at No. 110. About ten miles from Council City, on their way to Missouri, they burned every house known to belong to a Free State man.

About the 1st of December, 1855, when the news came of the siege of Lawrence, and that help was needed to defend the town, we formed a small company and reported to Gen. Lane for duty at Lawrence. Lawrence was a Massachusetts, I might say, a Worcester County town. On a previous visit to the place, I had found one man whom I had known when a boy, Dr. H—, who, with his young and beautiful wife, had come to make Kansas their home. I found them residing in a sod house about 20 feet long, built in the form of an A, across which hung a curtain that divided this palace into two rooms. But, small as was their abode, there was room for one more, and I found shelter at the doctor's for the night. What a change! This lady, living in all the luxury of a sod house, with the ground for a floor, became so reduced that now she is mistress of one of the finest mansions on Cedar Street in the city of Worcester, the wife of one of our most prominent citizens.

December, 1855, was a hard month in Kansas. Sleet and snow and cold, we had come with our summer clothing, and many times forced to stand guard all night without relief for want of men.

No attack was made upon the place before there came a pretended settlement of difficulties. On Dec. 7 Gov. Shannon arrived at Lawrence and undertook the work of effecting a treaty of peace. He arranged a meeting of the leaders of the opposing parties, and an agreement was made and the invaders were to disband and return home, and the Free-State men were to stack their arms, and as the boys remarked—"Everything was lovely and the goose hung high." The Shannon treaty of peace was to be celebrated, both parties were to come together without arms, and in the afternoon there was to be speech making, and in the evening a grand banquet free for all to join. This meeting was held in Lawrence, and not as Spring says, in his "American Commonwealth," in Franklin. A platform

was erected at the end of one of the buildings. On the left were assembled the Missourians, and on the right the Free-State soldiers. There were about one thousand men all told present, about equally divided between the two parties. We had been directed by Gen. Lane to leave our arms where we could get them at a moment's notice should there be any outbreak or violence on the part of the invaders.

Gov. Shannon was the first speaker, and when he came upon the platform he was so drunk that he had to be assisted. He was a bloated, red-faced, surly-looking, broken-down politician. He was afraid of offending both parties. He had courage to back up the invaders when with them alone at Lecompton, but this was the first time he had met face to face the contending armies. His speech was as weak as were his legs. His limbs would hardly support him, and his tongue was too thick for utterance. When he had concluded, General Lane was introduced as the next speaker. It was a speech never to be forgotten by those who listened to it. To say the least, it was an injudicious speech, and had it been delivered by any other person except Jim Lane, the treaty of peace would have been at an end. I can now, after thirty-two years, recall the exact language of his opening remarks. He said: "The battle is fought, the victory is won, and not a drop of blood has been shed; and the star-spangled banner still waves over our heads." Turning to the Free State boys he addressed them as the Pine Tree boys, the Bay State boys, the Granite State boys, the Wolverines, the Buckeyes, the Hoosiers—going through with the entire list of the nicknames of the northern states—extolled their courage and paid them the highest compliments he was capable of doing, and then turning to the Missourians he said: "Yes, and the d—d Pukes," and poured forth upon them all the abuse his sarcastic tongue was capable of. Without sparing the use of oaths he drew a picture of them that could not be painted with brush. He damned them, and told them that they dare not fight him; that they knew him; many of them were with him in Mexico; and, if he wanted to raise a regiment of men, he could get them in Missouri quicker than any other state. Bitter as were his words, they did not cause even a ripple of excitement on the part of the Missourians, and Mr. Spring is wrong again in his account of the affair. I was right in front of the platform, and must have known of the disturbance had there been any. If the others of the Free State boys felt as I did, I think the excitement was on our part, for fear Lane's language would cause trouble. But he ended, and all was quiet.

Gov. Robinson followed in a milder speech, and the afternoon part of the programme was completed and preparations made for the evening banquet. This banquet came nearer causing an outbreak than the language of Lane.

Robinson had gone to Kansas with the idea that the society which employed him would control the emigration, and the people would be entirely at his command

and would do his bidding. He had been an adventurer. His experience with the vigilance committee in California fitted him for a dictator in Kansas. He aspired to all the political honors in the territory, and was jealous of every one whom he considered in any way standing in the way of his political preferment. The Emigrant Aid Society did not send the majority of the settlers. The Western States poured in their young men by hundreds. Lane, who was an eloquent man on the stump, had induced many to join him in his efforts to save Kansas to freedom. Lane was a fighter; Robinson was not. Lane was more genial, a better speaker, and carried the people with him, and his popularity was very offensive to Robinson, and, when the arrangement for the banquet was being made, Robinson claimed that it was his banquet and he should have the privilege of inviting whom he pleased to attend. He had invited the notorious Sheriff Jones. Lane, on the other hand, claimed that all were interested in it, and he (Lane) had as much right to say who should be invited as Robinson, and objected to the presence of Jones. This trouble between Robinson and Lane came near putting an end to the entertainment. Sheriff Jones had been guilty of killing one of Lane's men, and Lane had become so enraged that he swore that if Jones came to the banquet, either Jones or Lane would go out dead. Robinson refused to attend unless Jones could be present. The banquet was held, Lane was present, but Robinson and Jones were conspicuous for their absence. Everything passed off satisfactorily, and thus ended the great Shannon treaty of peace.

There being no further use for the soldiers, we were sent home without pay, to spend the remainder of the winter in shaking with the ague, waiting for the spring of '56, when we were in hopes something would turn up. It did turn up. What turned up will be told in the next issue of the OLD GUARD.

#### SOME REBEL LETTERS. No. 1.

Letters are or ought to be strictly confidential; but having come into possession, honestly, of certain Rebel communications, they are here printed *verbatim et literatim*. They show, to a limited extent, what some of the soldiers themselves thought, and, more than any other writing could, carry us back to the war days. They indicate, also, that in the localities where the writers had dwelt the school-master, clearly, had been abroad. Of course there is no claim that other letters might not excel in the very point wherein these so lamentably fail. A. S. R.

CAMP BEAULIEU, July 9—1862.

Miss Sarrah Ann Rust,

Dear Cousin

as I did not send my letter yesterday I will write a few lines more this is a beautiful morning indeed calm, everything speaks peace, the Sky above is clear and calm, Oh! that it may be the day dawn of freedom & Peace in Our Country May Lincoln and his host Scatter before our army

until they will become entirely demoralized, tell aunt Elizabeth that Sq. Baugh is going to start home this morning with Columbus. I am going to send some letters by him home. I will send this letter by mail this morning, These lines leave me well & I hope they may find you the Same. May God of his Infinite mercy Save us all in His Kingdom  
Your friend as ever

A P. B——

Please write soon

KINSTON N. C. May 5 1863

Dear Miss I this beautiful May morning Seat my self to Drop you a few lines to let you know that I am well and to let you know that I have not forgot you I hope that this will find you well I have nothing of intrust to wright to you I have neglected wrighting to you for a long time I rote you a letter when I first went to Drury's bluff but never have received a line from you since I have been in service I thought I would try it one more time I did not know whether you got the letter or not So I shall rite this to you asking you to wright to me if you pleas I will try to tell you something if I can think of any thing to wright I would like the best in the world to see you but I am afraid it will be a long time be fore I get to see you if I could see you I could tel you more in one oure than I can wright in a day We have a hard time hear but I am in hopes to come back thear to see some more fun with you girls I have not saw any fun since I left theire I want you to wright all the good news you have got tel me who all is flying round the girls if there is any body to fly round there but I guess the boys is as scarce there as hens teeth I can tel the yankees had the pleasure of throwing a few bum shells at us but they never hurt none of us I was where the was shelling backwards and forwards for sixteen days our men made the yankees run into their holes and they would not come out from their gun boats to fight us and I was verry willing for them to stay on there own side for I dont like to hear there old guns shooting give my best respects to all the girls and except the same to your self so I must bring my remarks

[Unfortunately the vicissitudes of war and time have eliminated the closing part of this letter, whose writer, as has been seen, was not what his guide called James Russell Lowell, a monotonous speller. On what remains of the last page the love-lorn lad, like the late Mr. Wegg, drops into poetry, thus:]

Oh What a May day—  
What a clear May day!  
Feel what a breeze love,  
Undulates over us  
Meadows and trees love,  
Glisten before us —  
Light in all showers,  
Falls from the flowers  
Hear how they ask us, come and sit down?  
Beauty when sickness comes will fade  
T'will faint and droop and die  
But love with ten fold power will shine  
When shadows gather nigh.  
For what is Beauty? tis as dreams,

[Here again we must mourn the ravages of Time, for

the same paper that had the ending of the letter must have held the conclusion of the above painful effusion.]

CAMP 5TH GA RE'GT NEAR MARIETTA GA—  
JUNE THE 20—1864

Dear Sister

it is with grat plesure that I seat my self to ancer your kind and interesting letter which I received the other day. you must excuse me for not riting sooner I havent had the chance to rit much we have to march and when we stop we have to build brestworks and it rains so much we have put back into marietta and we are well for ti fied for they are shelling us now but not doing much damage we worked all day yesterday in the rain and then all knight last knight and I am so sleepy that I cant rit much this time tell the Captan not to let my girl marry tel I come back the yankeys is still pecking away for the unonn but I hope that they will fail the bands come at eve and they make a fuss like gune bugs I cant think of any thing to rit you rot that you saw my skaken up the outhar day. I wod like to made so that if you see my bad leters yew may no what mad them so I am dodging from the bawls tel the girls to not get scard for old go is here yet and if they will chearey us we will whip them and if we do they are gone up the spout yew must rit soon good by from

R. P. B—.

MAY THE 8TH 1863

CAMP, 56TH GA REGT. NEAR VICKSBURG MISS.

Dear Father & Mother and Sisters I will write you a few lines in answer to your kind Letter I have just Received by the Politeness of mr. Morris Bareing Date April 30th I was Glad to hear From you all and hear how you all was getting along This will in Form you I am very Sick at this time I cant tell you hardly what is the matter with me except I have a hurting in my Back and Legs so I can scearcely able to get about any my notion is it (is) the Rumeatisim working on me I havant Been well since I have Been in Miss but I hope I will Gett Better Before very Long I have pains all over me in every joint and I tell you this is a Bad Place for any one to Be sick

hoping when this Long wrote Letter Reaches you may find you all still in that Great enjoyment of Good health you stated in your letter you wanted to know if I wanted any clothing of any Sort, I Donot want any whatever for I have now more clothes than I can well take care of But some thing to eat I would Like to have Remarkably well I will send you a list of what I want if ever you should get to send to me Boild Ham,, Lite Loaf Bread,, and Butter Donot send anything else on case it should spoil or by no means Packit up warm You also stated in your Letter you havent Receieved any Letter from me in Some time I do not see why for I tell you I have wrote to you Lately and intend to write every chance I was glad to hear how Jim was Getting on with your Crop &c O how I wish I was at home at work with you all and help Jim Drink milk and Eat Butter I cannot Dewell on this as there is so Little hope of me ever getting the chance to Do so soon and will

change the subject and say our Regt ment has Returned from off of Deer Creek and are gone 10 or 12 miles from hear and are in the Line of Battal But havent been in any fight as yet up to yesterday 12 oclock—I believe They will have some hard Fighting to Do Down There „soon,, I Received a Letter from Perry a few days ago at Bridge Port ala—I will have to close By say write to me again soon, soon

H. G. B—, to

Father, mother & Sisters.

[To be continued.]

#### ARMY RECOLLECTIONS.

On the 31st day of May, 1864, the 18th Army Corps landed at White House Landing on the Pamunkey River, under orders from Gen. Grant to unite with the Army of the Potomac in its onward march towards Richmond. This corps was expected to take an active part in this great campaign, and I believe it did its duty well. The day we landed at the White House was very hot, and we soon took up our line of march for Cold Harbor, Va. We march a few miles, when we begin to feel the effects of the extreme heat, and men begin to lighten their loads by throwing away their woollen blankets, overcoats and in fact everything we cannot carry with comfort. We march a few miles farther and then halt for rest; soon the order rings out: "Fall in!" and we are again on the move. But Oh! how hot and dusty! The dust fills our eyes and noses, and nearly suffocates us, while the stench from Sheridan's dead and decaying cavalry horses (the result of one of his recent raids through the enemy's country) almost stifles us. Still on we plod, until night overtakes us, and we go into bivouac at a place called Turner's Store. Early the next morning, June 1st, we are again on the move and march to New Castle Ferry. We can hear the guns in the distance. Our corps commander, Gen. W. F. Smith, known as "Baldy," gets no information. He thinks there must be some mistake, but soon a courier arrives, his horse white with foam, and delivers orders to Gen. Smith to march with all possible speed to Cold Harbor. We had marched fifteen miles out of our way since some one had written the order New Castle instead of Cold Harbor, so that we did not reach our destination as soon as we should by nearly a day's march. The advance of our corps reached Cold Harbor at 3 P. M. and are soon engaged with the enemy. The regiment to which I belonged takes no important part, but moves to the right, and forms on the right of the Sixth Corps, and is under fire all night. June 2d, we are in the same position as the night before. Nothing worthy of note occurred in our front during the day; but to the right of us the Ninth Corps has a severe engagement, lasting nearly half an hour, when all seems comparatively quite along the whole line. The night of June 2d was rainy and disagreeable enough; we did not get much sleep through the whole night. Early the next morning, June 3d, begins the terrible battle, known as the battle of Cold Harbor, Va. We move forward; the position in front of the

Eighteenth Corps is one of the given points of attack, and the brigade to which I belonged is put to the front in closed column by division. We advanced through a small belt of woods in our front, and emerged into an open space, once covered with trees, but which had been cleared away, leaving rough and uneven ground, over which we had to go, in order to charge the enemy's fortified position. The order is: "Forward! with fixed bayonets." Soon our colonel gives the order, "Double-quick; charge!" On we go with a yell; but such a storm of shot and shell is poured into our ranks, sending death and destruction on every hand, that we can go no farther. Some drop behind a small line of works about a foot in height. It would be madness to attempt to go on; the dead and dying lay in heaps on the ground over which we charged. The regiment to which I belonged lost over two hundred—in killed, wounded and missing, or about fifty per cent. of the number engaged.

J. H. L.

#### "THE FOX AND THE GOOSE."

About the time the war closed our battery was stationed at a place called Bailey's Cross Roads, in Fairfax County, Virginia. The country thereabouts was sparsely settled and the people were impoverished by the war; their fathers, sons and brothers having fought on one side or the other, their crops and business being neglected in consequence. The hungry soldiers who for four long years had marched through and camped in the neighborhood had devoured all the little surplus the inhabitants may have had, and at the time of which I write the provender to be procured was very scarce indeed. Rations were growing scant and poor, and we had no money to buy from the surrounding farmers even if they had had abundance to sell.

One day we were more than usually ravenous, and a comrade and myself started out to forage for a square meal, if such a thing was to be obtained. In the course of our wanderings, we espied, in a yard that reminded us a little of thrifty Massachusetts, some fine fowls that were entirely too tempting to be passed by, and with a disregard of "meum" and "teum" that every soldier at least will understand and excuse, we shot three of the plumpest and proceeded to hide them in a wall that was conveniently near by, thinking that if we could satisfy our pressing hunger by some other means, we would take the fowls into camp and have such a spread as had not gladdened the boys' hearts, or rather stomachs, for many a long day. So we marched boldly up to the house and knocked at the door, and when our summons was answered by a neat-looking old lady, I, as spokesman, asked if she had anything to give a couple of poor hungry soldiers, who had no money to buy.

She replied: "The best in the house for such as you who come and ask for it, but not a mouthful for the thieving rascals who every now and then prey upon our fields and barnyard."

With rather guilty consciences, but outward composure, we devoured the bacon and corn bread our hostess set be-

fore us in generous quantity, and with many thanks took our departure. Imagine our dismay when on reaching our impromptu cupboard in the wall, we found that our ill-gotten spoils had disappeared! Carried off by some hungry soldier with no more conscience but more cunning than we. He had seen us hide the fowls and while we were dispatching the meal obtained under false pretences at the house, had made off with our game, and we must return to camp with full stomachs but empty hands which, all things considered, was perhaps better than we deserved. T. N.

At the battle of Perryville, Ky., in 1862, there happened an incident which caused a roar of laughter louder even than the proverbial roar of battle. At short range a skulking fight was going on from behind trees, both sides doing its best to get a pop at the other without endangering itself. One Reb., in his desire to see from behind his tree poked his head out just a trifle, and to preserve his center of gravity carelessly exposed a certain eyeless portion of his person. The advantage was seen at once by a sharp-eyed Yank. and he quickly put a bullet through the Rebel's pantaloons and that part of his body covered by the same. With a horrified yell the Rebel jumped into the air, turning a complete air spring under the impulse of this *vis a tergo*. If he preserved his gravity, it was more than his comrades and enemies did, for from both sides there arose a laugh that, for the moment, put an end to hostilities. Doubtless the victim now refers to the marks following that wound as among the hidden scars of the war.

The scheme of the National Tribune to erect in Washington a monument to the memory of General Logan grows slowly. It will come in time, but should receive more earnest aid.

The committee in charge now asks for \$500,000 only for the Grant monument. It wouldn't be strange if Jay Gould, Russell Sage and other New York nabobs should ask the G. A. R. at its next National Encampment to take the matter in hand and to furnish funds. These men, and others like them, never looked smaller than when, in 1883, they appended their names to a request to the G. A. R. to send in funds to build the pedestal for Bartholdy's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The magnitude of New York is equalled only by the colossal character of her cheek when she asks the country to pay the bills for her Memorial of Grant. So far, she has built a nondescript covering for his remains, and now awaits the action of the country at large to assist in making Gotham famous. Had her activity in securing contributions at home since Grant's death been equal to her anxiety to secure his body, the monument were now well advanced towards completion.

The proposition to erect at Monocacy, Md., a monument to commemorate the sacrifice of the 3d Division of the 6th Corps in '64, is worthy the aid of all veterans of Sheridan's famous foot cavalry. Keep the ball in motion.

**BANTERINGS CHANGED TO COMPLIMENTS,  
AND WHAT DID IT.**

During the war, as every old soldier knows, there was quite a feeling of rivalry between eastern and western regiments, each claiming superiority over the other. In the spring of '63 our corps, the 9th, composed entirely of eastern regiments, with one or two exceptions, was transferred to the Army of the West, and later was sent to help Grant at Vicksburg. After the surrender of that city, we left to give battle to Johnston, who had been harassing Grant's rear, and who finally made a stand at Jackson. From the time of leaving Vicksburg we had daily skirmishes with his rear guard, but no decided battle until we forced him into his works at Jackson. At the same time we started from Vicksburg, the Army of the West — composed wholly of western regiments—which had been operating in the immediate front of the beleaguered city, started by a route somewhat different, but with the same object in view, viz., the attacking of Johnston's forces. A day or two before we reached Jackson our corps came upon the western army which had halted for dinner. Our regiment was in the advance on that day; the road was lined for a long distance on both sides by the western regiments busily engaged in cooking their dinner. As we came upon them, plodding our way along the dusty road, members of the first regiment we struck accosted us with the usual salutation: "What regiment, boys?" We replied: "The 36th." "The 36th what?" inquired they. "Massachusetts," we answered. Now every old soldier knows that it takes something more than the passing of a regiment to call soldiers from their dinner. They may perhaps look up, and possibly one or two step up to the road and watch the passing troops; but to get any number to evince any curiosity regarding the strangers, would generally be an impossibility; but our reply, that we came from Massachusetts, was no sooner heard than the commotion began, and the next thing we heard was: "Oh! boys; look here! here are some blue-bellied Yankees; come here, quick! and see them."

In no time the road was lined with those western boys, who gazed for the first time on an eastern regiment; and the chaffing we got was something to remember. Any one who has been in such a place, can readily imagine about what they said; and how they did give it to us.

"Oh! you fellows go back to the Potomac;" "You are no good;" "We don't want you here;" "You Yankees can't fight;" "We will whip them here, and then come and clean them out on the Potomac."

These were a few of the remarks we heard as we marched along. Of course we gave them some few remarks in a good-natured sort of way, and finally left them in the rear.

The advance on the city of Jackson was made with our corps on the left, a western corps on our right. We formed on a slope within sight of the State House, and dis-

tant about two miles. From where we formed the land sloped down for about one-third of a mile, then about the same distance on a level plane, then up a slope to a thick wood where we could see the enemy. We formed by division front; the second, our division, leading, the other two divisions of our corps not more than one hundred yards in our rear. There was not a tree nor any obstacle to shut out the view, and it was one of the grandest sights I ever saw. That long line of men — nine regiments front, keeping as perfect a line as a single regiment on parade. We marched at quick time down the slope and partly across the plain where a railroad running out from Jackson was encountered. Here we halted long enough to destroy the telegraph wire, and then started again. Not a shot had been exchanged up to this time, but when we left the railroad, which formed some protection, their skirmishers began to fire, and were replied to by our own skirmish line which was not more than ten rods in advance of our division line. It was a time to make a man shake, for we fully expected every minute they would open on us from the woods with grape and canister; but not a waver could be seen in that line which, on quick time, was marching up the slope and nearing the wooded crest. Contrary to all expectation we entered the woods, and the order, "double-quick!" was given. We did not halt until we had driven the enemy into his first line of works. About this time orders came from Gen. Sherman, who was in command on our right for us to hold up. We were driving them too fast, he said. Our work was seen and known by all the western regiments who were on the right, and we well knew we had been praised by Sherman, and we felt we had no reason to feel ashamed of the 9th Corps on that day.

After the evacuation of Jackson by the enemy, we were sent out to the Pearl River to destroy a railroad, and then started back for Vicksburg. It happened, very oddly, that on our second day's march we passed through the same western corps who had made such flattering remarks about us only a few days previous; but what a change had come over them. No bantering this time; but, instead, compliments by the score. Nothing too good could they say of the 9th Corps. They had the idea that, as the Army of the Potomac had met with some reverses, that the men composing that army were not quite up in the fighting qualities which go to make up a successful soldier; but from what they saw of our corps, which had been connected with the Army of the Potomac, they changed their ideas considerably; and from that time we heard nothing except compliments for the Blue-Bellied Yankees from Massachusetts.

D. B., 36th Mass.

Gen. Phil Sheridan in Boston must have awakened thrilling memories in many veterans' minds. "We'll whip them out of their boots," and "If we push things, we can force her to surrender," will not soon be forgotten. Long life to "Gallant Phil."

# THE OLD GUARD.

VOL. III.

WORCESTER, FEB. 8, 1888.

NO. 2.

## The Old Guard.

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### SIX YEARS IN THE U. S. A.

#### Life on the Plains, in the Forts and with Twiggs in Texas.

[CONTINUED.]

We remained at Fort Garland, till the fall of 1860, when we started out on another of those long marches that U. S. soldiers often had to undertake, before railroads made it cheaper to ride than to go afoot. Never shall I forget the horrors of that march to Brownsville, Texas; the sand was so hard to walk in, it was so slippery. The springs of water were few, and sometimes when we got to them, we would find them drunken dry, by the trains there before us. I have seen the mules die from thirst. The dust was so thick that we couldn't tell each other by sight. Voice alone proclaimed acquaintance. I have been so tired and worn out that I have crawled into camp on all fours, for to straggle was to die. The Comanches, like buzzards, were on the lookout for us and 'good-bye' to the man who fell far behind. We tired the cavalry completely out. Horses never can stand it to march with men. A man has more endurance than any other animal living. We lived through that tramp, though it was mighty near 2000 miles of the worst walk that a man ever went over. Then came the rest of the fall and the winter of '60-'61. Things had been getting funny all along and we knew that something wrong was brewing. General Twiggs, who won his fame in the Mexican War, commanded the department. He was a Southern man, and like many others from the South was ready to strike the Government. Of course, I had been only a few years in this country; but a man didn't have to stay long anywhere to learn to hate a traitor.

Everybody has heard of the surrender of all the U. S. forces in Texas by Twiggs in February, '61. Everything was turned over to the Confederacy except our personal arms. They, the Rebels, tried every way to get us into their ranks. I really believe that the officers thought the most of the privates would be ready to go in with the Confederacy, but they were mightily mistaken. We left our quarters and Rebels filed in behind us. We were ordered down to the mouth of the Rio Grande, where we expected to embark for the north—the steamer "Star of the West" having come for us. Nearly all the officers deserted us and there we were for fully two weeks. Next we went to Indianola and there we camped on a little height back of the town. One night I was down in the town and had been having beer and cards when one of the Rebels said: 'Sergeant, we are going to attack you, to-night.' 'All right,' said I. 'Come on, you'll have a hot time.' I went back and told Major Sibley and Capt. Hopkins what was up and they gave orders to sleep on our arms. One tap of the drum was to bring us into line—but the Rebs let us alone. Gen. Twiggs heard of the contemplated attack and forbade it. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'with that small band of men, I could wipe out Texas.'

Of infantry and cavalry there were all told in the whole department less than 2500 men, but the U. S. A. was small in those days. We were not attacked, but in the morning we were sent on board a small schooner, to be sent, so they said, to the North; but they soon ran her on the bar, and there we were and there we stayed till the next day. We suspected treachery and got up everything we could for a defense. I had charge of the guard at night, and my orders were to let no boat come near us. In the night a boat approached and was hailed. 'Who is sergeant of the guard?' 'Morrissey.' They claimed to want to see Major Sibley, but we wouldn't let them come near. In the morning they came again, and Sibley went with them. Seeing no help for it, he had to surrender all of us to the Confederacy. We had the privilege of joining the Rebel Army, with bait of promotion thrown out to us. Sergeants were to be made captains at once. Not a man forsook his colors. We were to go ashore and to stack arms. Twiggs had said—'They will not bring their guns to land,' and we didn't prove him a liar, for we just dropped our fuses into the Gulf. On shore, Twiggs gave us a talk, and made very liberal offers, and then asked those who preferred staying to going home to raise their hands. Just two men held up theirs, but they were poor coots—guard-house pimps—any way. Finally we got away from Texas on a small vessel, in which we were terribly crowded, and in which we suffered much for

Early Monday morning there was great excitement among the ruffians at Bull Creek. Old John Brown had found Capt. Pate at Black Jack, and the fight had commenced, and I never saw so frightened a lot of men as those who had come out to capture Brown. There was hurrying to and fro, some mounted their horses as was supposed to join Pate, and instead of riding in that direction, when at a safe distance, turned their steps toward Missouri, and bid adieu to Kansas and left Capt. Pate to his fate, the larger part of the company at Bull Creek remained. In a short time a man arrived from the front wounded, then another and another, until we had five of Pate's men who were wounded, one other had been hit and he became so demoralized that when he started from the field of battle he had not time to halt, but rode by on his way to Missouri, his horse at the top of his speed and all we could hear, as he went by, was—"I'm shot! I'm shot!" We could not stop him long enough to get a report of the engagement, and concluded that he was more frightened than hurt. One other was wounded that did not come into Bull Creek, that was Jim Magee, of Westport. He was hit, so he told me, while sitting behind the big drum, and the slight wound he received was of more trouble to him than a severer one would have been in some other place. The wound did not pain him so much as the expressions of sympathy which he received from his many friends in Westport. "Jim" was one of the most popular young men in Missouri, and when the news arrived that he was wounded there was great anxiety felt for him, especially by the young ladies at Westport. They were all anxious to learn the extent of his injuries, and one of them on being told, exclaimed, "Why, he is ruined for life." Jim did not hear the last of his exploit with Capt. Pate, while I remained in the territories, and should he be alive now, and this meets his eye, I trust he will forgive me for mentioning the matter. I should like to know whether the young lady's prediction proved true or not.

But to return to our subject. The five wounded men at Bull Creek. How serious no one knew, for there was no doctor. One must be procured. The only one accessible was Doctor Harvey, a white man, who made his home with Blue Jacket, a Shawnee Chief, who resided some four or five miles below Lawrence on the Kansas River. There was no one among the officers who dared venture so near Lawrence and the question was what can be done. I was anxious about the fate of Brown, fearful he would need help, and Lawrence was the only place to procure it, and this about 40 miles from Bull Creek. That I might go to Lawrence and get them to send assistance to Brown, I volunteered to go for Dr. Harvey, and they could retain my team for security for my return. They furnished me with a good suitable horse, and after dinner I road across country, saw the Doctor and started him for Bull Creek, and then hurried into Lawrence and informed them of the trouble at Black Jack. A company immediately started to his assistance but found they were not needed, for Pate had surrendered. On my return to

Bull Creek, early on the morning of June 3d, I found the excitement had subsided and the wounded doing well, and in consideration of my valuable services, in going for the doctor, they decided to hold me no longer, and told me I could take my leave and go on my way. I told them I might as well remain where I was, if Atkinson and Stringfellow were on the road I should meet them before I got to Westport and I should be again taken prisoner. "Dick" McCamish said he would give a pass that would protect me. I knew Dick's pass would be good on any line operated by the Border Ruffians. He gave me the pass and I have preserved it until now, and it is the only scrap of writing I have preserved in connection with my life on the Border, and here it is:—

"BULL CREEK, K. T., June 3d, 1856.

"This is to certify that \_\_\_\_\_ is a reliable young man and not injurious to the cause of *Pro-Slaveryism*.

"RICHARD McCAMISH."

I received the pass but determined I would not use it. I bade good-bye to the ruffians and resumed my journey. How far I went and how I fared will be told in the next issue of THE OLD GUARD.

#### SOME REBEL LETTERS. No. 2.

SEPTEMBER THE 6TH, '63

CAMP NEAR ORANGE COURT HOUSE VA

*Dear Mother Children Sisters and Brothers* I seat my Self this Sabath evening in order to rite you all a few lines the Firs thing you will notice is that I am Well and hearty at this time hoping that these few lines may Find you all Well I hant nothing New at the present to write to you I can say to you that Every thing is still at the present hit reported a few Days a Go that there was A Move up but I hav not hearded nothing a bout hit for the two or three Days hit was reported that we was going to the West or to Chatanooga but I dont think we will Go West there is some talk of us Going back to Marlang a gane but where we Go when we leeve hear I cant tell I can say to you Sister Martha that I hav not received a letter from you in a long time But I am looking for one ever day I think the Maill is Blocaded Some where or I would Git letters I received a letter the other day from Worthy he was Well and sed his wife was well and they had a fine boy at his house also sed he would not have to go to The War I was glad to hear that he sed Brother Robert was Well the 19th of August I was glad to hear from him Mother I hant wrote you but one letter for 10 days I have bin looking for one from you and you Dont no how bad I want to hear from you and I can tell you all that I am Giting very tierrd of this war I am not as well Satisfied as I hav bin I want to se the children I hope something will Turn up so as to stop this war. A. M.—

CAMP 38 GA—Sept—6th 1863

*Dear Mother & Sisters & brothers* as Ab has bin a wreitin you a few lines I will drop you a few though I

hant got nothing to write to you that will interest you at this time as Ab as wrote all the nuse I will haft to write nonsense of any thing I have got about well and stout again as I have bin sense I have been in survis I dont now but I think we will goe to the west or somwhare els in a short time I hant reed a letter sence I left the hospital from home nor no whare els I begin to want to sea a letter very bad I will feal lost till I get a letter for it is all the satisfaction I sea is when I get a letter to read. I am very tired of this weaked war I do hope and trust that the lord will put an end to it before two weeks I some time imagine how ever thing looks around thare and all of you a nokin a bout the house and out a dors and I cant keep from sedin tears Well Martha I will send you a brest pin of my own make I have got no pin to put in it though you can do it yourself I want you to keep it to remember me if you pleas Deana & Delana I want you both to bea good girls to your mother and write to me ever chance you get and tell lisebarh Rease to write my pen is a getin so bad that I cant write so you can read it Moses bea a good boy to you mother and the girls I would like to sea you now I think you cold tell me something about the girls in the settlement as I cant hear from them your true son till deth your most true brother to sisters & brother.

E. T M

OCTOBER 8TH '63

CAMP NEAR RAPADAN RIVER VA

*Sister Martha* the Last Eavenings Mail Brung your kind letter rote the 27 of Sept which I was glad to hear that Siencinella had Got well these few lines leaves I and Eli well and hearty I hant nothing strange to write to you Got the presents only ever thing is Quiet as far as I no on the 6 we was called Down to the river for battle But hit did not come on we lay thar all Day in the Line of battle and at nite returned Back to the Camps and nothing Strang in the Rapadan as yet the Co is in very Good health at the Present This is the day of the Big alection I hav just cast my vote for Belle and Josh ew a Hill for Governor I Dont expect you hear any about the Election But you dont no how Proud I Was to hear from the children and to hear that they was all well and to hear that Brother Samuel was a Giting better hit afords me a Grate Deal of Sadsifaction to hear that you ar all well Davy Wallis is reported absent without leave the co all Ses Davy has de-seaved them if he had come back to the time some of the rest of them would a bin at home now men ough to consider that some of the rest want to Go home as well as him I want to Go home My Self and the Faster the rest Gits of the Sooner my time will come Well Mother a few lines to you Dont you sufer *Sister Martha* to write on that saron paper no more hit is a hard mater to read hit So Mother you buy her soon some good Paper hit will spile any Body to rite on Such Paper I give 4 Dollars a uuire for this Paper If I could Send her Some I would but I will send her when I draw Five Dollors to Gite a uuire with though hit may be the best you can Git Mother I

wish you had some of the Fat Beaf we Draw and I had a mess of youre Butter *Sister Martha* you sed that was as Good Paper as the chicken roost Git or that is what I make hit out Tell Babe I was Glad to hear that she had Got so big as to Set in a cher to eat If I was at home babe I would take you in my lap and let you eat with me well I hope the time will soon come when that will come to to pass Well I could write all Day to you all but I hav to close for this time for the want of Paper Well Males a *Sister Martha* Sed you was Gon to Samuels and the rest Mary and Martha you must behave like litle wimen when you go abroad and be a Good Girl tell Pap comes home so Good by for this time.

A. M.

CAMP 38 REGT

NEAR SUMMERVILLE FORD VA

Jan. the 21 '64

*Dear Mother & Sisters* as Lieut John Gossick is a guine to start for home to night I will write you a few lines to let you now that I am well at this time hopin thes few lins will find you all enjoying the same like blessin it is now eight o clock in the nite and I am a writin by candle lite and the Lt John Gossick will go to Oring C H to nite to take the trane in the morning at day lite I will send fifty dollars by him and I want you to use it if you need it in fact do what you thin is best with it and I will be a sadesfide for it is very little a count here to me I will keep a plenty to do me hear Well Deana & Delana I will send you a silver ring a piece and I am very sorow that I hant got one to send to Hanar and Martha Well Martha I hant Reced only one letter from you in a bout 1 month and I think I have wrote to you ever weak for the 2 months I wont to sea them Christmas gifts very bad that I wrote to you about you can send my socks by him ef you dont send them by John Washburn Well Moses I will not send you that watch yet for it is out of fix now I will keep it and get it fixed and then I will send it to you ef I have the chance Well I will come to a close as the lite is a getin dim and late we have got a very good house to stay in now give my best Respects to all enquirin frends I still remane your umble Son and brother tell B write soon and often ef you pleas E. T. M

to Mother & Sisters and brother when this you see remember me.

Any one desiring a copy of the remarkable engraving of Andersonville Prison Pen, by Comrade Thos. O'Dea, can procure it for \$2.50, by addressing him at Cohoes, New York. It is "immense" in size and in interest. There should be a copy in every G. A. R. Post in the State.

"Friend after friend departs,  
Who hath not lost a friend?"

When George H. Patch was mustered out, in August last, we knew that one of the most jovial faces at our camp fires would be seen here no more and that death had stilled a voice always heard in behalf of his friends and comrades. "Good-by old Friend."

[For the younger readers of THE OLD GUARD.]

**MY FIRST FIGHT. — COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, '64.**

Recalled from the picket line at two o'clock in the morning, the company of which I was a member found itself under orders to proceed at once on a march of no ordinary pace towards the south. It was the first day of June, 1864. My company was A, 9th Regiment New York Heavy Artillery. Had we been an infantry regiment our duties would have been just the same. We wore crossed cannon on our caps, and it was often jokingly said of us by men of other branches of the service, that we had taken our big guns off our caps and placed them on our shoulders.

In the effort to render the city of Washington perfectly safe, the Government organized early in the war a large number of men into regiments whose duty it was to drill in the use of large cannon with which the many forts about the Capital were manned. While the heavy artillery-men learned the management of ordnance, they also had to drill on light guns and to go through all the evolutions of infantry as well. When, in 1864, General Grant took command of all the armies East and West, he ordered these well drilled regiments out of the Defences, so called, and supplied their places with raw recruits, new regiments and with men who were enlisted for a short period. One of the great mistakes of the Government throughout the war was the thought that the Rebellion was on the eve of ending, and that a hundred days, nine months, or a year, would suffice to finish it up. Had the term of enlistment been two or three years at the outset, many lives might have been saved in the quicker suppression of the Rebellion through the increased efficiency of the well drilled soldiers. Some of the heavy artillery regiments, as the 1st Connecticut, did duty with heavy guns after leaving Washington, having charge of what were called siege trains. But nearly all these regiments were simply very large infantry organizations, each one having twelve companies, and numbering, when full, over two thousand men. They were divided into three battalions, thus necessitating three majors, and every company had a larger number of sergeants and corporals than companies in other branches of the service.

When a heavy artillery regiment first appeared in the field, the common remarks among the soldiers whose ranks had been depleted by long service, were: "What brigade is that?" and, "You'll number many less after you have had a fight or two." "Bandbox Pets;" "Lincoln's Darlings;" "Paper Collars;" were a few of the names the hardened campaigner applied to the full-ranked and well-clothed battalions that in 1864 joined the Army of the Potomac.

The regiment, then, to which I belonged was a heavy artillery one. It had been recruited in 1862 as the 138th New York Volunteer Infantry, but when the changes before mentioned were made, this became the 9th Heavy. Our Lieut. Colonel was William H. Seward, Jr., the second son of President Lincoln's Secretary of State. He

was a brave and valuable officer, and when, the regiment moving from the Defences, our colonel found it conducive to his health to resign, Col. Seward was immediately promoted to the command, a post which he held till he became a brigadier general.

It was the morning of the first of June. My position was in front of the picket line proper, on what was called a vidette station. There were four of us on the post, and one was expected to be awake all of the time. During my period of wakefulness, called by the law of contraries a relief, I heard at my left, from the nearest station, in tone scarcely above a whisper, the words—"Rally on the reserve. Pass it along." So I passed the order to my right, awoke my companions, and we were soon falling back on the other members of the command, and, after a hastily prepared breakfast, we were off at a brisk pace for—where no private and few officers knew. All the way down from the Rapidan, Grant had been moving on the right flank of Lee's army. The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna were all parts of the "line" that reached through the summer of '64 and well into that of '65. Now, unknowingly, we were moving forward to give a name to still another portion of that wonderful series of engagements at Appomattox. There were men among us who had served in other regiments, and knew what a battle was. On our former marches we had been within reach of the enemy's missiles, and the sound of cannon and musketry was familiar to us; but to the great mass of the men and boys the sensations that we were about to experience came with a feeling of absolute newness. All day long, with only an occasional halt, we plodded through Virginia heat and dust, till, at two or three in the afternoon, we were ordered to "In place, rest." It was evident to the most inexperienced observer that we were on the eve of something unusual. As we paused there was at our left an old farm house with the outbuildings peculiar to the South, while at the right there were long lines of freshly constructed earth works. A half mile or more towards the west was a long stretch of woods, between which and us were bodies of men, apparently on the alert for whatever might arise. Quite near the woods were mounted men, who occasionally dashed into the forest only to reappear speedily in great haste. It made me think of some former scenes where men had undertaken to fight fire in a meadow, or where there was a growth of underbrush. With hats pulled down over their eyes, and with branches of trees in their hands, they would rush upon the line of fire, and holding their breath would beat about till they could endure the heat and smoke no longer, when they would run back with reddened eyes and tear drenched cheeks; or, better still, they resembled boys fighting a nest of bumble bees. It was apparent that the woods contained Rebels, and from the activity on all sides, I made up my mind that we should see what Rebels looked like. I afterwards learned that the cavalry was under the command of the famous Gen. Custer.

The old house, near which we were, was the headquar-

ters of the 6th Corps, to whose 3d division we were attached. Gen. Horatio Gates Wright the commander of the corps, with his aides, was near, viewing the scene through glasses, while mounted orderlies were moving rapidly, here and there, carrying orders and bringing reports. Leaving the line for a few moments, I went behind the house and found that the hospital department had taken several of the outbuildings, and was making extensive preparation for work that was obviously impending.

[To be continued.]

#### SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF A HOSPITAL STEWARD.

What a host of memories come trooping back, as I recall the scenes of a quarter century ago! I have not yet ceased to marvel at the patience under suffering, the heroic endurance of pain, which in many cases was intense, and the fortitude with which men, who had fought a visible enemy in their country's battles, wrung victory from the "last enemy" or submissively surrendered at the call of the "Great Captain." Never can I forget the sad, sad meetings of friends so soon to take their long farewell, nor the frequent call of the corporal's guard to escort the body of a comrade to its last resting place, and fire the salute as they bade him good-bye.

It was my fortune to be assigned to the care of a ward of fifteen patients at the Baptist Church and Lyceum Hall Hospital, at Alexandria, Va., five days after the opening of the second battle of Bull Run.

A train of ambulances had left about 125 of those who were wounded in that engagement, only the day before I arrived. There had not been time to dress the wounds of many of them, though they had been occasionally wet. You can easily imagine the gratitude of these sufferers as for the first time the stiff bandages were carefully removed, the wounds thoroughly cleansed, and the comfort to which they had been strangers for several days took the place of grinding pain. Among the patients were a few of those who had worn the gray; but all animosity is gone now. They have each suffered for the flag under which they fought, but now they feel the sympathies of a common humanity and do not hesitate to encourage each other when courage to endure seems to waver and the hope of recovery grows dim. I do not wish to harrow the feelings by narrating tales of suffering. There are many scenes over which it is best to draw the veil. Suffice it to say there is a heavy burden of suffering to be borne by the sufferers and plenty of work for the attendants and surgeons.

Here lies a man from Oldtown, Me., who spent the warmest fifteen minutes of his life under the galling fire of a masked battery, and received five wounds, completely depriving him of the use of both arms and legs. Though a helpless trunk, with five months of inaction before him, at the end of which time it will be necessary to teach him to walk, he is cheerful and contented, with a word of encouragement, always ready for those around him, and occa-

sionally expresses a desire to get into the field again to "get square with the Johnnie who fixed him."

Here's a gentle youth from Lyme, N. H., an artilleryman, whose horse was shot under him in the thickest of the fight, and fell, pinning his rider to the ground. His spine is badly injured. He says the nights are longer than the days, for his sleep is mostly under the influence of opiates. I have learned to love him as a brother. Every sunny day I carry him in my arms and place him gently upon soft pillows that I have arranged on the settle in front of the hospital, that he may enjoy an hour or two of sunshine. How the tears flowed as we parted, after I had placed him in an ambulance to be conveyed to the steamer that was to take him to Portsmouth Grove. I never received the letters which he faithfully promised to write when he reached the end of his journey, and full well I know he went on the long, long journey whence he will not return till the sea give up its dead.

Here's a comrade with a Minie ball in his hip that on the passage coquetted with the sciatic nerve. The jar caused by walking carelessly across the floor means agony for him. The exquisite keenness of pain sometimes evolves an oath, but he says it is not a "cuss swear."

Here is Serg't G. who was struck at an angle over the left eye by a ball that travelled around the head under his scalp and passed out over the right eye. It was a narrow escape for him. He is in no hurry to wear a plug hat.

Here's a "Johnnie," whose feet stick out so far beyond his cot as to destroy the military arrangement of beds! He stood 6 feet 3 inches in his stockings a few weeks ago, but not high enough to escape that fearful bayonet thrust through his left breast. His wounds whistle when we dress them. You would have been touched could you have heard his impassioned prayer last night when he thought all about him asleep, as he besought God to care for his wife and the two boys in his Alabama home. Poor fellow! he has but a few days more to wait before he will answer to the roll-call on high.

This man with the shattered elbow was told by the surgeon a few days ago that it must be amputated, or blood poisoning would result. He received a telegram to-day from his wife, to whom he sent for her opinion, to "Save the arm." She wished for no armless hero. He has decided to save it, but he will need no arm four days hence.

Here's a comrade shot through both cheeks. He has dimples that he will carry as long as he lives. It was a beautiful shot, made by a Rebel horseman. The wound is so situated as not to interfere with the ears, eyes, nose or palate. He told one of the "boys" privately when he was first brought in that he was going to work for his discharge. The surgeon has to shout in his ears to make him hear, yet, only a day or two ago, as he was lying on his right side, his comrade on the left called an attendant and softly asked him to pass a bottle from that basket of champagne at the left of his cot. "No, you don't! that's mine!" quickly responded the owner, for a moment forgetting his deafness.

We had considerable excitement the other day. That powerful fellow over in the corner has been here about five weeks. He had a broken leg. You will notice that his head looks like a peeled turnip. He is very sensitive over his complete baldness, and wears a little silk cap generally. He managed by the aid of his crutches to get off his cot and walked over to my ward to see one of the men there. As he sat on the side of the cot I approached and inadvertently resting my hand on his head, congratulated him on his ability to get about. Thinking I referred in some way to his head, he arose and struck me a powerful blow, which I managed to prevent hitting my head by warding it off, at the expense of considerable epidermis. Stepping back I ordered him to his cot. Finding I was out of his reach, he seized both crutches by the lower end, and swinging them around his head, let fly at me. I stopped them with my arms to protect the wounded soldiers lying beyond me, but took seven bruises for myself. Calling two attendants I had him assisted to his cot, where, without his crutches, he was helpless. I discovered later that he had smuggled in a bottle of Plantation Bitters that morning, and drunk nearly all of it. He is booked for the convalescent camp when the next squad goes.

We had a novel ceremony here last Sunday while the division surgeon was making his weekly inspection. That morning the under-surgeon had carelessly bandaged the leg of this young comrade on the right, which was one of the special cases in which the inspector had taken much interest, as the patient had begged so hard to have it amputated whenever the inspector came around. Being asked if he bandaged that leg, the under-surgeon lied about it, and it was so proved. Without further ceremony the inspector ordered one of his staff to cut off the doctor's epaulets and stripes. When this was done the doctor was ordered to leave the city within twenty-four hours. We never saw him afterwards.

I had occasion to go to Washington last week to see the medical surveyor in regard to hospital supplies. As he was out of the city I stopped at the "Soldiers' Home" over night. While at supper an officious fellow called to one of the waitresses: "Biddy! Biddy! is there any more bread?" "An' how did yez know me name is Biddy?" said she, with evident indignation. "Oh, I guessed at it," said he. "Guess whether there is any more bread, thin," was the quick retort, which was fully appreciated by all the rest at the table, and completely silenced the would-be wit. The lady whom you see writing a home-letter for that soldier over there is Clara Jones, a school-teacher from Germantown, Philadelphia. The "boys" all call her "Guardian Angel." She is our matron, and in the discharge of her duties seems almost ubiquitous. She has a smile of appreciation from every one as she passes and is constantly studying out some way to add to the comfort of the wounded. I have often seen her bending anxiously over a dying soldier to catch his last messages to the dear ones at home, now flitting here and there to cool parched tongues with delicious fruits and jellies, or adding a little

preserve to make the hospital rations relish. About once a fortnight she goes up to Philadelphia, visits her school and appeals to her pupils, who in turn take the message to their parents, and when she returns she comes laden with boxes and packages of all kinds of delicacies for the sick and wounded. On such days as Thanksgiving, Christmas and Washington's Birthday, these same pupils would send turkeys and chickens nicely roasted, enough for all to have a royal feast, with all the fixings complete. No wonder the soldiers all love her, and swear by her! No hospital steward had a chance at her delicacies for his table. She kept them locked securely in a closet of which she only carried the key. One day "Sigel," a Penn. Dutchman, who did general work about the hospital, happened to find this closet open, and proceeded to sample the various kinds of preserves; but Miss Jones returned unexpectedly and administered such a cuffing that he thought he had been struck by the paddle wheel of a river steamer. "Don't forget," said she, as he struck a bee line for the door, "that these things belong to my boys."

The grand old soldier who was carried out to-day was a Captain in a Massachusetts regiment. He was badly wounded in three places and very sore from lying in one position, as he was compelled to do; yet he had an indomitable will and was well supplied with "grit." Did any about him complain, he was ever ready to cheer him up, and when other appeals failed he would remark: "It is time enough for *you* to show the white feather when *I* do." Thus by mere will-power he kept the dark angel away for weeks. One morning, as I entered, I found him in tears. He had lost his grip. Nothing I could say or his comrades suggest was sufficient to put him where he was before; and in forty-eight hours he breathed his last.

The saddest sight I ever witnessed was to see a young lieutenant slowly bleed to death. He had received a single buck-shot in the abdomen, and had been in the hospital about three weeks. One afternoon he attempted to turn upon his side without assistance, and, in doing so, ruptured an artery internally. Everything was done that human skill could suggest, but all was of no avail. We could only stand at the last and see his life-blood slowly ebb away. Our comrade was urged to send his last messages to friends and give such directions as he wished; but he seemed stunned at the announcement that he had but an hour to live and could not be induced to say a word. We bore his body sadly away, while the tears that rolled down the faces of war-scarred veterans, attested to the affection he had won in these brief weeks.

I pause, lest I weary you by heavy drafts on your sympathies. Thank God, we have an undivided country, and our beloved flag waves throughout its borders, respected alike on land and sea. While we rejoice that peace reigns in the land and the stain of slavery no longer sullies our national escutcheon, let us not forget at what a price of blood and treasure our prosperity was purchased. On Memorial Day we strew flowers upon the graves of the dead heroes. Is there not a balance of gratitude also to be passed to the credit of those who are still with us?

C. C. W.

# THE OLD GUARD.

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### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A SOLDIER.

DAVID ROCHE.

#### I.

Possibly, some other Post can show a longer and better record than that possessed by the man whose story I am about to tell; but if so, that Post has not, as yet, been heard from. Roche is not a large man, but there is no waste matter in his make up. He was born in 1839, but you will have to look very closely to find a gray hair in the profuse growth of black locks that adorn his cranium. His wife says she will pick out every white one that appears. More than half his life he has been a soldier and much of the time he has been in the open air. From the Blizzards of Montana and Dakota to the tropical heat of Texas, he has been through all varieties of weather and yet bears the face and appearance of a man far younger than he is. He was born in Kerry, Ireland, and very early showed a liking for military service. The first time he took the Queen's shilling, his father bought him off and took him home. But he had little liking for the restraints of home and the schooling that was afforded in his father's house. A soldier he was bound to be, though his earliest longing was for a sailor's life. It is safe to say that an adventurous career was what pleased him, whether on land or water. His father, a man of means in those days, was anxious to give him proper instruction, but he

"Was aye a truant bird  
Who thought his home a cage."

"It was the 25th day of February, 1856, that I enlisted at Tralee Barricks. Of course I had run away from home and I suppose my father thought it was no use to try

heading me off, longer. I was soon sent to England and there I was drilled and there I did garrison duty for my full term of five years. I was in the 82d and we were at Aldershot. I volunteered to go to the Crimea, but they wouldn't take me, thinking me too young. Once, in 1857, when the Queen visited Aldershot, I was complimented by General Polluck for my soldierly bearing. I had an honorable discharge from the British Army, which was lost with all my papers at 2d Bull Run. My time ran out just at the breaking out of the Rebellion in America and I thought that would be the best place for me. So over the sea I came. I was washed overboard on the way here and I think that adventure pretty thoroughly soaked all sailor notions out of me. I landed in New York, June 9, 1861, and enlisted on the 25th of the same month, so you see I didn't lose much time. I chose to serve in the Third U. S. Infantry, since that is the oldest regiment in the service, though not the first in number. I was assigned to Co. D, and joined the same at Washington. Of course, the old members of the regiment were still paroled prisoners, having, through General Twiggs, fallen into the hands of the Rebels in Texas. Here we did provost duty for a long time, but we were sent away in time to find active work in the Peninsula Campaign. We stretched our legs first in walking to Manassas, thence to Alexandria where we took transports for Fortress Monroe. The main facts of the fight up almost to Richmond, and the retreat, are given in every history. What every man saw and heard would fill many books. General Sykes, the colonel of the regiment, commanded our brigade. At Yorktown, we took part in the siege, dug intrenchments and did all that soldiers could and ought to do in such places. We were constantly under fire from the enemy, and many men were killed in the trenches. After Yorktown, we went on up to Williamsburg and saw all that was to be seen at Gaines' Mill, Mechanicsville and Malvern Hill. We were almost in sight of Richmond and near enough to hear her church bells, but we didn't get in. At Malvern, I made a pillow, for the night, of a dead Rebel and my slumbers were sweet. I must confess, too, to taking some Confederate money and a pipe from the body of another dead enemy; but such memories are not pleasant. The pipe, which I prized very highly, was afterward stolen from me. My clothing was repeatedly cut by bullets, and my belt was not off my person in one case, for three days; but I was not wounded in a single instance. That terrible retreat! all who made it, will ever remember. Virginia mud, and the swamps of the Chickahominy, all Americans are familiar with. We did much rear guard work, the very hardest and most dangerous duty any soldier can perform.

We kept by the James River down to Newport News. Then came transports to Aquia Creek, thence by rail to Falmouth opposite Fredericksburg. General Pope having taken command of the army, the 2d Bull Run campaign followed. We were in that fight, and a hot one it was, too. I had nine bullet holes in my clothing and canteen. I was wounded, too, by a pistol shot from an officer's weapon, for I saw him when he fired. I was hit in the left arm just above the elbow. I was sent, first, to the hospital in Washington and thence to West Philadelphia; but I didn't like that sort of life and was ready to go back to my regiment long before the surgeon was willing to let me. Long before my wound was healed, I worried them so much, that Dr. Hays told me to get ready and I was returned. Besides the wound I had another thing to remember the hospital for—since in the same, the doctors managed to cheat me out of a month's pay. I tried, often to get it back but there was too much red tapé in such matters to ever have a thing of that sort righted. It was in the Fall that I got back to my comrades, and was in time for Fredericksburg. That was a busy place for a soldier. We were all one day and well into the night between the tanyard and the plank road. I remember that I had a long distance duel all through the night with a Confederate sharpshooter, each one firing at the flash of the other's gun, but like many other duels I guess it was bloodless. We were relieved at midnight and I was certain from sounds that I had heard that the enemy were flanking us and I made bold to tell a certain major so, but he wouldn't listen to me. He had fought Indians, he said, and knew very well what he was about. The trouble was he didn't just know what he was about for he had been drinking. As it turned out he did get into a tight place, and the next day I saw him badly wounded. I wondered what he thought then about a private's knowing anything, even if said private hadn't fought the Indians. During a part of the fight we were near the monument erected to the memory of Washington's mother. We were at Falmouth all winter, and in the spring came Burnside 'Stuck in the mud.' I actually sat on a fence all one night to keep dry. I lost my blanket in the mud, and burst the strings of my shoes in trying to pull my feet out of Old Virginia Soil. Chancellorsville was no joke. We had seven days' rations to carry, and any man knows those must weigh something. Our corps, the 5th, was the very first in the fight and we were sent in ahead. On the second day we went along the Plank Road to 'feel' the enemy. Sykes rode at the head when the Rebel artillery opened on us. The general never winked. What a cool man he was under fire! He was a magnificent rider. How he would clear those fences! Late in the afternoon General Ayers commanding our brigade, ordered our company out as skirmishers. We were disposed to go along pretty rapidly, but the general said, 'Don't be in a hurry, boys!' Off at our left was a small body of men watching us, apparently. They were too far to be recognized by their clothing as from their situation they might be either friend

or foe. Suddenly the Rebels in our front fired a volley to their right oblique. It was evident that damage had been done to this party for great confusion followed. Years after, I met an ex-Rebel soldier and our talk naturally turned back to the days of the war. In some way Chancellorsville was mentioned and in our conversation I told him of that oblique volley, imagine my astonishment when he told me that Stonewall Jackson was in that small group and that it was from that very volley he received his mortal wound. Of course this does not tally with the many statements concerning Jackson's death, but when such a variety of statements exists a new version will add only one, I give it for what it is worth. The next day we moved back. I saw the 11th corps give way and men cowardly run away. The officers, too, skulked, I saw Sykes, in the fury of his indignation, tear the shoulder-straps off from a running officer. Had all, officers and men, at all times, stood up in the ranks, the war need not have lasted more than half as long as it did. It is a good thing for the reputations of some men, that all of history is not written. I saw shoulder-straps going to the rear with a bloody handkerchief about his arm. It was not his own blood, either. His name in the papers and a brevet followed of course. The man who does his duty in a fight knows mighty little about the battle as a whole. His business is right at home. The only man I ever saw who knew all about Malvern Hill, wasn't fighting at all. He was up a tree. As a rule, there was no lack of volunteers to carry wounded men off the field. I saw a boy chewing tobacco, vigorously, to make him sick that he might get to the rear. His ambition had all faded and vanished. After Chancellorsville, we took a little spin to Snicker's Gap. We impressed an old colored man into our service and made him show us the way. He was very unwilling, saying, 'Golly, they'll kill me sure.' Meaning the Rebels, if they found him out. We had a little brush with Mosby, the guerilla, and captured two of his men.

"The day before Gettysburg, found us miles away and to get there, we marched all night. We were there in time for me to get another hit, this time in my foot. Before this happened, though, I had a mighty narrow escape. A piece of shell, I suppose, came down just clipping my hat rim, I had stooped to see what it was, when a bullet passed through my knapsack. Had I been standing, it would have been 'Good-bye' to David Roche. It was on Little Round Top, that the shot penetrated my foot. I hopped back to a stone wall and after a while some stretcher-bearers took me away to a barn where they laid me on a manure heap. The doctors, as usual, wanted to amputate, but I resisted and refused to take chloroform. I set my teeth and endured all the pain of dressing the wound. Then for eighteen days I lay out under a shelter tent, with some straw under me, my foot suspended in a sling made of my blanket torn into strips—this to prevent the bursting of the arteries. Every day I crawled down to the water to wash my foot to keep the maggots out of it. In getting down to the water, I moved along on my

hands and one foot, holding the other up, and keeping my body face upward. Finally, I was taken to the hospital at Little York, Penn. There I saw a gun into whose muzzle a Rebel bullet had entered. I afterwards saw the same at Washington. What a surprised man there must have been at the other end of the gun! kicking would be no where. Thence we went to Bedloe's Island, New York, where, now, is the figure of Liberty Enlightening the World. About this time the regiment came home to recruit. Of course I got back into line just as soon as possible, but it was not long before the wound in my foot broke out again and I had to go to the Mansion House Hospital in Alexandria.

"February 20, 1864, I re-enlisted. I should have stated that about Fredericksburg time I was transferred to Company C of the same regiment or both the companies were consolidated. Thereafter I was in Company C, until 1870. I rejoined the regiment at Petersburg, just after the mine explosion, and thence onward was present with my comrades to the end. I saw General Lee at Appomattox, and the next day we were hungry enough for we gave the most of our food to the Rebels whom we had been chasing for the preceding week. I was color sergeant then and carried the flag when we marched through Richmond.

"In the great parade through Washington, May 25th, 1865, my regiment being the oldest in the service led the line of infantry and I carried the colors. It was a proud day for me. A lady gave me a bouquet at starting which I afterwards rolled up in the colors. Cheer after cheer greeted us from the beginning to the end of the line. The President, Grant, Sherman, all the great men of the Nation were on the reviewing stand. A short man cannot help growing taller at the thought of carrying his regiment's flag at such time."

[To be continued.]

### ON THE SKIRMISH LINE IN '55 AND '56, BY ONE OF THE SKIRMISHERS.

#### III.

"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth  
"Children from play and old men from the chimney corner."

It was the afternoon of June 3d before we left Bull Creek, with "Dick's" certificate of character safely stowed away in the inside pocket of my old red shirt. My team had enjoyed the few days of rest, and I resumed my journey, feeling thankful that I had escaped from the hands of this desperate gang. In less than two hours my spirits met a sudden change, for in the distance I could see a company of mounted men coming from the direction of Missouri. I knew it must be either Atchison or Stringfellow, as both, I had learned, had started to join Capt. Pate. The company proved to be Stringfellow's, and fearful that they might search my person, I took the little buckskin bag in which I carried my money, and threw it in the straw in the bottom of my wagon. When within fifteen or twenty rods of me one of them exclaimed: "There's a damned Yankee! look at his whip!" I used

a small lash whip which, in that country, was used only by men from the East. When the discovery was made that my wagon contained one solitary Yankee the whole company drew their revolvers and made a charge. There were only seventeen of them, so I was not badly frightened as I should have been had our forces not been so equally divided. They surrounded my wagon, and under cover of seventeen revolvers I was put through a civil service examination, which, proving satisfactory, I was permitted to pass on. But by the time my mind had become tranquil, I met the company led by Atchison, more in number, but not so demonstrative. Again I was surrounded, and took my second examination, and allowed to pass. In neither case did I show "Dick's" pass. Late in the evening I went into camp near the line some two miles from Westport, and enjoyed a good night's rest in the seclusion of my wagon.

On the morning of the 4th I drove through Westport, and camped near the house of Fry McGee, with whom I often stopped, a strong pro-slavery man, but otherwise from that, a kind man. The unsettled condition of affairs in Kansas, the numerous marauding bands that had invaded the territory made it very dangerous for Yankees to travel, especially with any property upon which they could seize, so I concluded I would not risk a load in my own name. I paid out all the money I had for goods purchased on my former trip, and looked around for a load. One of the merchants in Westport engaged me to take a load to Council Grove, 150 miles distant, to the agency of the Kaw Indians, about fifty or sixty miles west of Council City.

I was fortunate enough to get an order from Walker & Chick, merchants of Kansas City, to bring back a load of buffalo skins. With a load both ways, I could count on ten dollars a day for the ten days it would take me to complete the trip. The trip was never made. Returning to my wagon to have a little rest after dinner, and to get ready to load up, I fell asleep. When in the midst of peaceful slumbers, I heard the rough voice of a man. When I opened my eyes, old "Milt." McGee stood over me, with his butcher knife held within a few inches of my breast. He was drunk, and a desperate character, and I knew my only safety was to get out from under that knife before McGee knew who I was. I rolled over and came to my knees, facing him.

I will leave him standing on the pole of my wagon until I tell you a little about the McGee family, the most noted family at that time on the border. I believe there were nine brothers. Milton, or "Milt.," as he was called, was as rough a character as ever drew breath. Those who have read "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and remember old Simon Legree, the cruel driver, would have found his twin brother in old Milt. He had a large farm, a fine house, between Kansas City and Westport, and in addition to his farm work kept a hotel, where all the pro-slavery delegates were entertained. He ran a coach to the boats, and that it might be known, he had painted upon its doors, "Sound

on the goose," which carried to the people the information that he was a pro-slavery man.

Milt. McGee's plantation, I understand, is now known as McGee's addition to Kansas City. His brother Fry lived nearer Westport in a fine two-story white house, and was an entirely different man. No better or kinder man resided on the border. One of the brothers lived at No. 110, and was elected to the Legislature at the election held March 30, 1855, of which mention was made in the first paper. Another resided in the territory on Slater Creek, a short distance below Council City. Others belonged to marauding parties, including Jim, the youngest, who was wounded at Black Jack in Pate's fight with Brown. The complete history of the border troubles cannot be truthfully written without a history of the noted Magee family, but I have not time, and the OLD GUARD has not room for more.

When I had removed myself from immediate danger, and could look around, I saw some twenty men, and I knew it was Milt McGee's company, which he had taken into the territory on a robbing expedition. Quite a number of them were relatives of Milt's, at least one brother, and a cousin named Fry. McGee's mother, I believe, was a Fry, and there was not only Fry McGee, but other Frys, and the whole pack I thought rather *small* fry. Milt McGee, in a rough, whiskey voice, exclaimed: "Where you from?" Being told: "Where you going?" I remarked, to Council Grove, to get a load for Walker & Chick. "*Where you from before you come here?*" I replied, from Massachusetts.

Did you ever throw a live coal into powder? if so you may know how quick a Missourian would explode when you mention the name of the old Bay State. The name had hardly passed my lips before old Milt made a lunge to strike me with his knife; but fortunately for me his brother Fry, who knew me well, and from whom I had previously purchased my cattle, was present, and with a sudden push he sent Milt over and I escaped. I was detained a while, and finally released with the peremptory order not to go back into the territory; being informed that the attempt to return would be death. These threats came from one of the younger McGees and his cousin Fry. I politely informed them that I intended to return, and should go, dead or alive, as far as I could. With the expectation that I would leave the country they allowed me to depart minus my team, and my ten-dollar-a-day trip forever postponed. Desirous of recovering my team I remained in Westport, and, with the assistance of several influential men, made an effort to have my team delivered up. The only reply they made was, that I was carting provisions to the d—d Yankees in Kansas, and it had got to be stopped.

I did not leave quite as quick as they desired. A close watch was kept on me in Westport, which at this time was full of border ruffians, and they held full control of the place. At times they would arrest me and confine me in the "Harris House," the principal hotel in the place. At one time they had me confined with two men whom they had captured with a mule team and load of provisions. The team was sold at auction from the hotel steps, and

the men taken out over the border and hung to a Black Jack tree, and left hanging until the following day, when I was informed the citizens of the place went out and buried them. I was told my fate was to be the same, but by taunting them as not having money enough in their whole crowd to buy a rope, and the doubt about finding a tree tall enough upon where to perform the interesting ceremony, I got them in good humor, and they concluded I was a pretty good boy, and instead of hanging invited me to take a drink, which I politely refused. My experience with these rough men taught me that one half of their threats were made to frighten the Yankees, and the man who would face them and not show cowardice was more likely to obtain their good will. On Saturday, June 7, I was still in Westport. Milt McGee and his gang were exasperated and were determined to dispose of me, and would, had not the kind-hearted old father-in-law of Fry McGee come to me and informed me of the designs of Milt. He said McGee's negroes had told him, as they dare not be caught conversing with me. Taking his advice, I obtained a letter of introduction to the proprietor of a hotel in Lexington, 12 miles distant, and on Sunday morning started on foot. The landlord received me kindly, and assigned me a room, and advised me to keep as quiet as possible. I felt safe now, but before morning the landlord came to me and said he had received notice that if he harbored that d—d Abolitionist, his house would come down. I told him after the kindness he had shown me I would not endanger him, and took his carriage and drove to Wayne Landing, on the river, and waited for a boat. I took the first boat up, and went to Leavenworth and from there started on foot for Lawrence. The trail divided, and taking the wrong one I arrived, to my great displeasure, in Lecompton, the center and sink of all iniquity. Crossing the river in a dug-out, I found myself confronted by two men, who had threatened me if I attempted to return—McGee and his cousin Fry. They called my attention to the fact that I had been ordered away; I told them I knew what the order was, and asked them if they did not hear my reply. They were informed that I had succeeded in getting thus far, and if my legs held out I intended to make the 40 miles to Council City, the next day. With a threat that I would not get there, we parted.

I called upon Gov. Shannon and laid my troubles before him; but he could do nothing. I paid a visit to a building and had a talk with John Brown, Jr., whom they had captured and brought in prisoner. Lecompton was a place, as one man remarked, of thirteen houses and fourteen rumshops. One of the rumsellers informed me of the habits of the governor who was a big drinker but never known, all the time he resided in Lecompton, to buy any liquor. He would go into a saloon, and, with an abem, inquire if they had any good brandy, if so he would like to try a little, and if good he would purchase some. When dry again he would call at another, so between the fourteen rumshops Shannon was supplied with brandy enough to keep him drunk most of the time.

I arrived home the next day, and as soon as possible started for Lawrence to join the Free State troops under Lane, and accompanied the little army to Topeka, to be present on the 4th of July, at the assembling of the Free State Legislature. We anticipated trouble, as many threats had been made by the Missourians that they should make an attack. It was a hot day. At noon we all crowded into the hall where the Legislature was to meet, at least, all that could get in. It was hard telling who were members and who spectators. A company of dragoons were drawn up in front of the building and two brass cannon commanded the street. Col. Sumner entered the hall and took a seat on the platform; when some one moved that Col. Sumner be elected speaker; there was no one to put the motion, but he proved to be about the only speaker they had.

He arose and said: "Gentlemen, I am called upon to perform the most painful duty I ever performed in my life; but my orders are such that they must be obeyed. My orders are that you disperse."

Col. Schuyler, member from Council City, inquired if it was understood that they were to disperse at the point of the bayonet!

Col. Sumner's only reply was: "My orders are that you disperse." After performing this duty he returned and mounted his horse to ride away, when some one informed him that he had forgotten the Senate, when he dismounted and went to the upper house, by whom he was informed he was too late—they have adjourned. This was the meeting and the ending of the Topeka Legislature of July 4, 1856. No further use for soldiers, I again took a furlough and returned to Council City and remained quiet until August, when I made another trip to Westport, to recover my team, the result of which, together with the release of prisoners at Lecompton, including Gov. Robinson, will be concluded in the next number of THE OLD GUARD.

#### CAMPAIGNING IN TENNESSEE.—INCIDENTS OF THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

On the 28th day of October, 1863, a part of the 9th Army Corps went into camp about sixteen miles south of Knoxville, at a place known as Lenoir Station. We were told to make ourselves comfortable for the winter, for unless disturbed by the enemy we should remain there. Elaborate winter quarters were built, and officers and men congratulated themselves that a season of rest was to be enjoyed. We were, however, doomed to disappointment, for barely had the last nail been driven in our huts, when one night orders were received at Brigade Headquarters to pack the wagons, start them for Knoxville, and be ready to move at once. What did it all mean? We had heard nothing of the presence of the enemy, and were much puzzled at the order. Horses were saddled, and the "soldier's friend," hot coffee, prepared. Our fine quarters, built with so much pains, were soon in ruins. The cause of all this was soon made known to us. Gen.

Longstreet, with a large force of Confederates, was on his way to capture Knoxville.

The following morning, the 14th day of November, we marched to London to meet Longstreet. For good reason it was deemed best not to bring on an engagement at this place, but to retreat. This was done, and we fell back to Lenoir Station, followed by the enemy. Morrison's brigade was here ordered to form line of battle in the woods and hold the enemy in check. The night was cold, the enemy so near that we could hear their shouts, and matters began to look exceedingly disagreeable. The enemy made several attempts to force us back, and finally a more determined assault broke the line. Feeling that we could not successfully hold the enemy much longer, Morrison sent one of his staff to the rear to find Gen. Burnside and inform him of the condition of things in front. After considerable search the general was discovered in a small grove with his division commanders. The officer made his report, and the order received from the general was: "Tell Morrison to hold the line." Coming out from the grove the officer saw a sight which fairly raised his hair.

On the plains below him was a large number of army wagons, packed, with *fires under them*. It needed no explanation; the officer knew what it meant. Longstreet was pushing us so hard that some of our wagons must be burnt in order to prevent their falling into the possession of the enemy. Morrison must hold the line to save the army, even if his brigade were sacrificed.

The order of Burnside was conveyed to Morrison, who made such disposition of his troops as would enable him to carry it out. Towards morning, it being evident that we could not hold out longer, the brigade was withdrawn, and commenced a rapid retreat towards Knoxville. The enemy pressed us hard. Upon approaching Campbell's Station we were ordered to the left into an open field, with instruction to hold the enemy back. At one edge of the field, towards the enemy, the ground was wooded. The enemy came up in these woods and opened fire, which was returned by our men.

Suddenly we received a volley from our rear, and upon looking around discovered a large force of the enemy behind a fence directly in our rear. Our brigade commander, Col. Morrison, a brave man, and always cool, gave the command "About face; Charge!" And away we went, the men firing as they charged. The enemy broke as our line approached them, taking one side of the road with our brigade on the other. An exciting race was commenced, we, straining every muscle to reach our main line of battle; they, working equally hard to cut us off. Soon the artillery in our lines opened upon them, and the race was won. We were saved for the time being. The battle of Campbell's Station was fought, and during the night our line of retreat was again taken up. We arrived at Knoxville on the morning of the 17th after a weary all-night march, closely followed by the enemy, who closed around us, and the siege of Knoxville was commenced. The siege had not existed long before it became apparent that either our

commissary was not well supplied, or that it was intended to so deal out the supplies that we should still have some left. Bread made from corn and corn cobs ground together, then mixed with water (no yeast), and baked, was a luxury which we at headquarters received to the extent of two not over thick slices per meal. It was very *solid* food. Horses were allowed eight ears of corn a day, and to go out among the horses and pick up the kernels of corn which they failed to get became quite the thing to do. These kernels placed over a fire in a tin plate with grease of some kind and parched, made a dish fit for anyone who was fortunate enough to get it. No one seemed to grow corpulent.

Meantime the enemy was pounding away. Daily assaults on our lines kept us in a state of great wakefulness. Brigade headquarters were established in a large brick house near our lines, and the enemy seemed to amuse themselves in shelling that house. One of our officers trying to get a little sleep one day was nicely disturbed by a shell from the enemy's batteries passing down through the ceiling of the room and exploding, covering him with plastering. He immediately came out doors. We had, however, a very excellent and able artillery officer of a Rhode Island battery in the same house with us, and he came to our rescue with his guns.

In the army, as at home, there were men who always had some wonderful scheme for the destruction of the enemy which usually resulted in the destruction of those who attempted to carry out their schemes. We must have had one at least of this class with us. In rear of the picket line of the enemy was a creek. One day word was sent to Col. Morrison, from some of the headquarters, that it was thought that if a party could pass quietly through the rebel picket line and dam this creek in their rear, it would cause such a rise in the water that the enemy would be unable to retreat, and they could then be picked up like turkeys from a tree. One of Morrison's staff volunteered to try and get through the rebel pickets, and was informed by Morrison that it must be a trip attended with considerable danger. The night was dark, and with two men, selected for their coolness, the officer started. Approaching as near the rebel pickets as was deemed prudent, they threw themselves on the ground and crawled between the pickets, who were about twenty or thirty feet apart. This movement was of necessity very slow, and as noiseless as possible, for the slightest noise would have resulted in creating alarm, and would undoubtedly have been followed by a shot from the pickets. Beyond the pickets, possibly forty rods, was a house and to this house the party made their way. The light of a fire on the farther side of the house indicated that the rebel reserve of the picket line was stationed there. Carefully the party crept along the side of the house to the corner, where, as they expected, they saw, sitting around a large fire, the rebel reserve talking and enjoying themselves. At this moment one of the party stepped on a board which cracked with considerable noise. It was the work of a second for the party to gain consider-

able distance from the house and throw ourselves on the ground. The enemy, startled by the noise, made a search for the cause of it, but after a time concluded it was some comrade from the picket line who was trying to play a joke. After remaining quiet for a time the party again started for the creek, which they reached without further trouble, it being but a short distance from the house. The creek proved to be a young Niagara in force and the party retired, returning safely to our lines. That the creek was thoroughly damned, as well as the inventor of the plan, is a fact that those who met the party on their return can testify to, but the damming of the stream did not stop the flow of water or the retreat of the enemy.

The day following the trip to the creek was the one selected by Longstreet for what proved to be the final assault on Knoxville. One of our forts, known as Fort Sanders, was the point of attack. In front of the fort the trees had been cut down leaving stumps two feet high; telegraph wire was stretched from stump to stump until the entire ground in front of the fort was a complete network of wire. Many of the assaulting column were tripped and thrown by this wire, and, as one of the rebels afterwards said, he saw hundreds fall and supposed they were shot, when he suddenly caught his foot and down he went. Laboring under the delusion that all the others were shot whom he had seen fall, and that by some lucky chance he had been thrown down, he lay quiet. This proved to be the case with many others, and the result was that, after the assaulting column had been repulsed, these poor fellows were invited in and many prisoners were thus taken.

A few days later another rumor took possession of headquarters: the enemy are retreating; have retreated and gone, so says rumor. Those of us on the line knew better, but the rumor must be proved true or false, and so a company of infantry with a staff officer was sent from our lines under cover of the woods. Upon arriving near the edge of the woods we could see the enemy lying on the ground outside their works sunning themselves. One shot from us, and such a scramble for the inside of their works by the surprised rebels made us laugh. It wasn't so very funny, after all, for before we could make any move we received a volley from the rebels which sent us behind the trees and fully established the falsity of the rumor. However, on the fourth day of December rumor again said the enemy were retreating, and this time it proved true. The approach of a large force under Gen. Sherman, sent by Gen. Grant to our relief, caused a hasty retreat of the enemy, and the siege of Knoxville was raised.

E. S. R., 36th Mass.

[For the younger readers of THE OLD GUARD.]

#### MY FIRST FIGHT. — COLD HARBOR, JUNE 1, '64.

[CONTINUED.]

The array of knives, sharpened to a razor's edge, and other instruments of surgery showed me what care would be taken to save lives which bullets were about to endanger. Shudder inspiring objects they were, yet, in the

hands of competent men, they were to cut away limbs whose crushed and mangled condition would speedily produce death unless amputation was resorted to. This exhibit of knives and preparation was seen in much less time than it has taken to describe it, and I was soon back in my place awaiting the signal that I knew must follow soon. It came, and in response to "Fall in," we were at once in line and moving forward to do our part in the battle which history calls that of Cold Harbor. How far towards the right and left our line extended, I have no means of knowing. My own company was at the extreme left of our regiment, and just beyond us was a regiment of the famous Pennsylvania Buck-tails. We must have appeared somewhat nervous, for one of these tail bedecked Pennsylvanians said—"I guess you fellers were never in a fight before," and on our saying "No," he continued, "Well, if you don't get all you want to-night I'll miss my guess." He was quite right. The most of us would have been satisfied with less than half of what we got.

The hour was considerably past four P. M., when we advanced to the edge of the woods. The western sun fairly glowed as it shone down upon us. My own canteen was empty, and I solicited the privilege of going to a spring somewhat back of us to fill it. I was told that I might go if I would take nine more. I was not long in getting the requisite number. The trouble was to discriminate when almost every man shouted "Take mine." I selected by taking those nearest me, and started on my mission. As I returned, I found my company moving forward a little, and for the first time in my life, I heard the peculiar "ping" of a bullet as it went by me. I ducked my head in a most lively manner, much to the amusement of my comrades who were watching my return. I soon learned that there was no use in dodging; that the bullet sped more rapidly than sound, and that the missile was already beyond one when the sound came creeping along.

During my absence the first casualty in our regiment had happened, and, by a singular fatality, the man wounded was Henry D—, a Northern man who had been in Texas when the Rebellion began, and had been impressed into the Rebel service, taken prisoner and confined at Camp Chase near Chicago. Here he had taken the oath of allegiance to the government, and afterwards, to show his acquaintances the sincerity of his course, he enlisted in the Union service, becoming a member of my own company. His wound, a severe one, in his arm, rendered him unfit for further duty, and he was accordingly discharged, to become, in time, the postmaster of his native village. All of us said it was particularly fortunate for him that he should be thus disposed of, since if the Rebels had by any chance captured him, and his identity were discovered, they would make short work of him, considering him a traitor to their cause.

Again we moved forward, and then began a sort of artillery duel, we being between the contending cannon. Of course there were scattering rifle shots; but there was nothing for us to do but wait. We were ordered to lie

down, while over our heads flew the screaming shells, carrying destruction to the opposing forces. I well remember the thoughts that passed through my mind as I lay upon the blackened earth and did my best to keep awake, for the hot sun and earth with the steady roar of the cannon made me excessively sleepy. I remember how brave I thought a certain lieutenant of my company who would not lie down, but stood erect through the whole storm, and laughed at the boys who hugged the earth. Strangely enough, he lost the tip of his little finger that night, (some were so cruel as to say by his own revolver), and he went home never to return to us. We remarked that Bob Acres's courage oozed out through the palms of his hands; our lieutenant's, from the tips of his fingers.

While the roaring was loudest, and the very earth was shaken by the rapid firing, a little bird at my left, in a small tree, sang what seemed to me the sweetest bird song I had ever heard. Could there be a stranger contrast than this feathered songster, lifting up his voice in tuneful melody, while man was making the whole surroundings vibrate with the hoarse bellows of cannon. In my interest in the bird song, I fairly forgot the terrors of the hour, and grew oblivious to the scenes of carnage that were impending. I say "impending," for there could be no doubt that we were in for a fight, but just where we were, and what the battle was to be called, we had no means of knowing. In fact, the private soldier, though he helped to make news, had to wait till the papers came, before he knew just what he made was named. The men who fell that night never knew that they had had a part in Cold Harbor.

Finally came the order "Forward." We were in the third line, and as we moved steadily forward, trying to keep a firm array in response to our officer's direction "Guide right," I looked well down the line, which stretched away, seemingly, interminably. As we advanced, the hostile shots became more and more frequent, till they seemed to come in volleys. Here and there I could see a man throw up his arms and fall forward or backward, as I had seen them fall in pictures; but I had little time to wonder if my time would come next. We moved over a slight ridge, down a short descent, and plunged into a morass whose waters came fully to our waists. Night was now settling down upon us, but the fray was just beginning. Smoke and the darkness of the woods rendered our progress one of faith rather than of sight, save as the flash of the guns illumined the gloom. To me, all seemed confusion. There was an almost incessant firing. Pop-pop-pop would go gun after gun, till, all at once, there would be a simultaneous discharge, in which all individual firing was lost, and even the sound of the cannon was drowned.

I saw an officer of my own regiment ensconce himself behind a tree and from his safe covert shout: "Go on men, go on." Not so Capt. H. of my company, for thinking his sword a useless weapon in such a fight he picked up a rifle, that some dead or wounded man had dropped, and did good work with it on that noisy night. Repeatedly our

lines opened and whole droves (that is the best word), of Rebels would rush into our midst exclaiming: "Don't shoot." We advanced upon the Rebel works, facing the discharge of several batteries whose belching cannon seemed to me, as we swept along, to bring a Hell upon Earth. Two hundred thousand men contested with each other, first and last, at Cold Harbor, though all of them were not engaged that night. The battle raged without cessation till ten o'clock when there came a lull only to end with a new out-break. Apparently, neither side knew just where it was or what it had gained or lost. Morning's light revealed the sad havoc of the night, and friend sought out friend anxious to know who had escaped, who had fallen. "What of the night" had for us a new meaning. Many men who had laughed and joked with us the day before now slept in death. Their bodies lay cold and still with bloody marks showing where the fatal shot had penetrated. Not only was the first wounded man of the 9th from Co. A., but the first one to fall, to die a soldier's death on the field, was Egbert Cady from the same company. There was little of hilarity in our morning greetings. We were thankful that we survived, but on every hand lay the men who had fought with us and for us, and our hearts went out for them and the loved ones at home who would watch for their coming in vain. Our hearts were hushed in the terrible realities of the battle scene about us.

But the human heart is wonderfully elastic and when we knew that our division, the one that wore the blue cross, had carried the enemy's lines and had forced them back further than other troops during the previous night, we shouted loudly and we thought that the dead about us put on a triumphant look as our plaudits rent the morning air. From the Headquarters of the Army came the following official order.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, )  
June 1st, 1864. )

*Maj. Gen. Wright, commanding 6th Corps.*

Please give my thanks to Brig. Gen. Ricketts and his gallant command for the very handsome manner in which they conducted themselves to-day.

The success attained by them is of great importance, and if promptly followed up will materially advance our operations.

GEO. G. MEADE,  
*Maj. Gen. Commanding.*

The reading of this order had a very enlivening effect upon all who heard it, and we were soon looking over our equipments and thinking about food, the preparation of which had not occupied much of our time for twenty-four hours. Even now we could not do much for the smoke of a fire was sure to draw upon us a shot from some Rebel sharpshooter, so, in the main, we lived on cold victuals. We were under fire for twelve days and nights, the din ending only when we were withdrawn to cross the James River on the route to Petersburg. But it is no part of my story to tell the happenings of those long, dreary days of constant danger. I set out to tell of "My First Fight," and I count that as ended when the morning of the 2d of June appeared.

A. S. R.

**NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF CAPT. J. B. KNOX,  
U. S. SIGNAL CORPS.**

On the 26th day of April, 1865, at Bennett's House, near Durham Station, North Carolina, Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding the Confederate forces in that department, surrendered his entire army of about 25,000 troops to Maj. Gen. W. T. Sherman, commanding the U. S. Army in North Carolina. On the 6th day of May, at 7.15 P. M., in command of the Signal Detachment with 23d Army Corps, I started from Raleigh for Greensboro, arriving at 9 o'clock the following morning and at once went into camp. On the 9th, I took an escort of three men and started into the country in search of something to replenish our depleted larder. After riding some distance, we met a man going toward Greensboro, of whom we inquired about the prospect of finding butter and eggs, or corn leaves for our horses. His name was Hannahs, and he informed us that at his home, some two miles farther on, we could find butter and milk, and remarked that he was going to Gen. Cox's Headquarters to see the old flag. I exclaimed, "I thought you southern people rather see the Stars and Bars." "Not I," responded Mr. Hannahs; "I never was a secessionist." "That sounds well," said I; "a good many talk that way since the Federal troops have gained the victory." "Why," said Mr. H., "I have carried a piece of the old flag in my pocket these four years past, which had our people known, they would have killed me long since." "How came you by this bunting of which you speak?" I asked. He replied: "A nephew of mine, a loyal man, who was forced into the Confederate service, secured a portion of the captured flag and sent me a piece in a letter, saying: 'I send you, uncle, a piece of the old flag, thinking you might like to keep it.'" "If you have that piece with you," said I, "I should like to see it;" whereupon the gentleman took from his pocket an old calfskin pocket-book and after pulling the strap from several loops, unfolded the wallet till in the last fold he lifted carefully the last lap and brought to light a true piece of the dear old flag, and the big tears stood in his loyal eyes, as he handed me the precious relic. No one who looked into that man's face at that moment, could doubt his honesty. With a hearty shake of the hand, loyal Mr. Hannahs passed on toward the headquarters of Gen. Cox, to look for the first time in four long years upon the Stars and Stripes, so dear to every true American, and the little troop galloped on in search of butter and eggs, which were found at the house to which we were directed. There also, we met Rev. Dr. Curruthers, a Presbyterian clergyman, and the only one in that whole region who would not renounce his country and flag to join secession. This brave, loyal minister of the gospel, was driven from his pulpit, and when threatened with hanging, replied: "You can hang me only once. I will not renounce my native land;" and so he went into the country to live with his loyal brother, Mr. Hannah's.

# THE OLD GUARD.

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### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS A SOLDIER.

DAVID ROCHE.

#### II.

"In October, 1865, I was introduced to quite a different kind of service, for at that time we left Washington for St. Louis, Mo. In December we were sent to Davenport, Iowa, to relieve Hancock's corps that had been for some time guarding the murderous Sioux, captured in Minnesota. Here we remained till the following April, when by boat we went down to St. Louis, and then up the Missouri to Fort Leavenworth, which place we reached May 7.

We had brought with us some of the captive Indians, whom we next took to Standing Rock Agency. Our next move was to Independence, Mo., for the purpose of suppressing certain guerrillas who had not learned that the war was over. Then we came back to Leavenworth. Soon we were on the march to Fort Riley, a hundred and twenty miles west of Leavenworth, and then to Fort Hays on the shores of Big Creek, eleven days in all. Here we erected winter quarters, building dug-outs, and tried to make ourselves comfortable for the winter. It was no uncommon thing for men to be lost on the prairies. We were on the overland mail route, and that was in constant danger from Indians and marauders of all sorts. I was in frequent demand for guard or escort duty, and brushes with the Indians were of every day happening. Many men lost their lives in this queer kind of warfare.

On the 9th of June, 1867, the water of Big Creek rose thirty-two feet in three hours. There had been a cloudburst in the mountains, and in no time apparently we were all in a world of waters. The water covered the

roof of my quarters as I left them. We made boats out of the wagon bodies, and managed to ferry ourselves out; but we were forty-eight hours in the water. After this escape we rebuilt our fort sixteen miles away from the stream.

Next came the 38th Regiment of U. S. Infantry, a colored regiment, and they brought cholera with them. Citizens and colored soldiers died rapidly, but none of us were attacked. One night, in my rounds with the relief, I found three sentries dead on their posts. The nurse who had been with us for some time was married, and died in just a week afterward. We buried her with the honors of war, for she had been a faithful nurse during the Rebellion, and had been, also, we understood, a spy. She was known as Miss Bridget. I nailed down coffin lids when no other man dare go near the dead.

Indian fighting was such a regular business, that it is hardly worth recounting. After a time we went down to Fort Larned, on the Arkansas River, and here in September, 1867, we were covered with clouds of grasshoppers. It is quite impossible to describe the density of this living mass. They obscured the sun. Actually, they so loaded down the wagons and the mules, that the latter could not travel. For the next six months, I carried the mail between Forts Larned and Hays, from fifty to fifty-five miles apart. The round trip took me about a week. The winter was very cold — buffalos dying from the extreme rigor of the weather. In all my trips with the mail, I was never molested by any one.

In 1870, for the fourth time, I held up my hand and promised to do faithful service to this country.

Now, I found myself in the 5th Infantry, in which I remained for ten years. Not wishing the responsibility, I declined the position of 1st Sergeant. For a long time, the round of duty had varied little, till, in 1870, we went with Major Reno and the 7th Cavalry to the Republican River after Indians. In 1871, we were at Fort Wallace, Kansas, and in the same year went to Leavenworth. In 1872, we were ordered to Chicago to do guard duty after the great fire, and then returned to Leavenworth.

Next, we saw the Rocky Mountains, going to Puebla, some distance south of Denver. Leavenworth saw us again, and it began to look as though that place was a sort of soldier's haven. In 1878, we went down through the Indian Territory, doing escort duty across the staked Plains of Texas. Our life in those days was a varied one, and we had many opportunities to know just how savage the Indian could be, as we came across his scalped and mangled victim.

1876 was the Centennial year of the United States, and

it was one full of interest to the man who had to fight Indians. Gen. Custer met his death, you know, at Little Rosebud Creek, in that year and it was soon after, that Genl. Miles volunteered to go to Montana, against that old savage, Sitting Bull. We went by boat to Bismark, and then on to Fort Buford on the Yellow Stone. Again, up the Yellow Stone, we go 150 miles, till we are stuck on a bar. Then we trust to our legs, till we reach the mouth of Tongue River, where we construct winter quarters. There were in our party ten companies of the 5th and four of the 22d. Supplies were expected every day; but they were attacked in the Bad Lands. Genl. Miles never intended to lose any time and it was not long before we were out looking for Sitting Bull, who, whatever his name, never sat around very much. We went in good shape, with strong lines of flankers.

We saw Indians occasionally, but it was evident that they were watching us. This was in October and after going a ways we countermarched and went up Cedar Creek. We were within two miles of Sitting Bull's camp, when we encountered a flag of truce. We had advanced in a square, keeping our solitary cannon in the middle, and when we halted, it was with this on a slight hill. The chief soon appeared and Miles went out to parley. The braves or bucks came around, decked with the spoils of Custer's men, and very anxious to shake hands and to say, 'How.' The whole detention was only a ruse to enable the Indians to take down their tepees and to make off—though we afterward learned that Bull had intended to assassinate Miles as the Modocs did Canby. But we were too wary for them and kept them well in range constantly. Finally Bull drew his buffalo skin up about his head and shuffled off. As the general came back he says: 'Well, boys, shall it be a big fight or a treaty?' I replied at once, 'Give us the fight.' They were too dirty a lot to make any treaty with. At this, one of the bucks came within hailing distance, saying, 'If you don't go back we'll serve you as we did Custer.' 'Fire on him,' said Miles. I fired with others and he fell dead. We then charged on the camp while the cannon played on the village, completely dislodging the foe. They hoped to cripple us by firing the grass, but did not succeed. After driving them out and slaying a large number, we returned to the hill. The Indians got around in our rear, hoping, I suppose, to cut us off; but their firing was very wild. We charged them and again they ran. In running, however, they had the advantage of us, for they were mounted, and we were afoot. At this point, they separated, one party going off towards the Yellowstone and we followed.

We finally succeeded in overtaking them and brought them back with us, sending them, afterward to Standing Rock. Returning to our base of supplies at the mouth of Tongue River, at Fort Keogh, we remained a while and were recruited up. Here we built log quarters. But Gen. Miles was too active a man to remain there long, so we were soon making ready for a winter campaign. At

his orders, we made clothes out of raw-hide and sinews, the better to withstand the cold. Starting out on this trip, we had not only the Indians to contend with, but an intensity of cold, that few in these parts can appreciate. Sitting Bull had made himself scarce and so was hard to find, but we pushed across the country to Old Fort Peck on the Missouri River, a point from which, in one way and another, Bull had drawn his supplies of arms, etc. We crossed on the ice, sending four companies under Capt. Snyder, along the south side of the river. With Gen. Miles, we kept along the river to Fort Hawley. Here we wanted to cross and we spent a week in building a raft from floating logs. When completed, the General undertook to cross and got caught on a snag in the middle of the stream. There he was, unable to get either way, and in danger of freezing. Seeing his predicament, we made a boat out of a wagon bed and started out to his help. The first time it was upset, but we finally got an ax out to him, and he cut the raft loose, but by the same means lost it. Then we made another, but it wouldn't work. Despairing of getting over in this way, we had to pull our wagons along, working day and night, harrassed more or less by Indians all the time, till crossing on the ice, we at the end of eight days were opposite to the place where we built the raft.

It was December 27th, 1876, when we left Fort Keogh, with the mercury at 27° below zero, for another raid on the Red man. This time we were after Crazy Horse's band. They numbered many hundred.

Our party was made up of about three hundred fighting men. The ground was covered with snow. Ox teams had been sent on ahead of us, but we soon overtook them, and abandoning the wagons we took the oxen to help draw our necessary baggage, etc., over the hills and through the cañons. We had gone about sixty miles up the Tongue River, where we saw signs of the enemy. This was on the 7th of January. Our chief scout was known as 'Liver-eating Johnson.' He was a wild, bare-headed man, who had obtained his name, it is said, from eating the liver of an Indian once, to save himself from starving. A small party of our men had been surrounded by the Indians, and we moved to their relief. This was at Wolf Mountain, and the engagement the next day became general. The Indians outnumbered us three to one. During a large part of the time, snow filled the air, and the mercury ranged below zero. But anxiety and interest in the fight made us forget the cold. The hard fighting ranged through five hours. Early in the engagement, I discovered a little hill or knoll, which the enemy once gaining, would be a great vantage ground for them. I called Gen. Miles' attention to it. He immediately recognized the value of the position, and ordered me to take and hold it. Under fire, with my company, I charged across the valley in a hurry and gained the eminence. Here we held our own till our ammunition gave out. Powder and shot are great essentials in such a place and at such a time. A mounted man, under a brisk fire, took a box of

ammunition on the pommel of his saddle and dashed down to the foot of our hill, and dropped it. Fully exposed to the Indians' guns, I went down to get the box, but there was no way to open it save my pounding the top loose with a stone lying conveniently near. Without being hit I managed to get back and to distribute the rounds. The Indians finally gave up and went off into the mountains, further than it was prudent for us to go in the winter, but they went so crippled that they didn't want anything more of us that season. That little affair at Wolf Mountain won for me a medal of honor from Congress. This is the way it reads:—

THE CONGRESS  
TO  
FIRST SERGT. DAVID ROCHE,  
CO. A, FIFTH INFANTRY,  
For bravery at Wolf Mountain, Montana Territory,  
January 8, 1877.

January 8th is the Battle of New Orleans Day, too, and a proud one to me. This medal was sent to me April 30, 1877, by E. D. Townsend, Adj. Gen., and it was pinned to my breast in the presence of the regiment by Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman himself, who was on a tour through the Northwest at the time.

After the Battle of Wolf Mountains, we returned to Fort Keogh and, soon afterward, were sent to Fort Buford for supplies. If a man sighs for an active life, he would have enjoyed ours. We were out all the time; our Company A having, it seemed, more than its share of privation and adventure. For four years we were mounted on mules that we captured from the Indians. They could tire out our cavalry any day. In September, 1877, we made an expedition along the Little Powder Horn River and became so hard pressed for food, that we were obliged to eat our mules and horses. I don't see why horse meat is not just as good as beef. We dragged our mountain howitzer along all the way. A heavy load, but a useful weapon. We went clear up to and into the Yellowstone Park. We scouted all through that region, made roads, built quarters and, in fine, did as much manual work as soldiering. After our return to Fort Keogh, my time ran out and I was discharged.

I enlisted again in Chicago in Co. K of the 1st Infantry. I went first to Columbus, Ohio, and from there took a long jump to San Antonio, Texas. Thence I went up to Pœna, Colorado, and then back into Texas at Fort Davis, where, for a time in absence of other officers, I commanded the company. But my army days are nearing an end. I was thrown from a horse and severely injured, so much so that my life was despaired of. I, however, rallied, and went back to my company, but I was unfit for duty, and so, for disability, was finally discharged July 2d, 1881, the very day that President Garfield was shot. I soon came north and here I am. My chief regret, as I look over the past, is that, when a boy, at home, I had not taken more interest in the instruction that my father was anxious to

have me get. This would have served me a good turn in my army life. I never courted promotion and long rejected the 1st Sergeant's warrant, dreading the responsibilities of the office. I held the place a long time, however, at the behest of my captain. But it is all over now and I have the memories and the scars."

No one seeing Sergt. Roche, would think he had passed through so much, for he gives little token of his many perils. His services, however, are worthy of the admiration of his fellow citizens. An employee of Washburn & Moen, he goes to his daily work, and does his whole duty there, just as he did in the army. During all these twenty-five years of soldiering, he never received a reprimand. How many can show such a record as that? In his snug little home on Milton street where we find him with his wife and children, you will see, if you call, hanging on the west wall, the letter from Gen. E. D. Townsend, transmitting to him the medal of honor. The medal itself adorns his manly breast whenever he attends the G. A. R. meetings, and he is a regular attendant, while at other hours, it is carefully kept, by Mrs. Roche, who thoroughly appreciates the merit of him who won it. His many discharge papers, all on sheepskin, are carefully preserved; but may be seen by him who knows how to recognize true worth. He kept a diary or journal through a large part of his army life, but the books were stolen from him. On his last discharge paper his captain says: "I regard him as a faithful old soldier."

All these odds and ends are treasures to him and her. His boy, who hears his father's reminiscences, must ever retain him in fond recollection and the medal of honor must finally descend to him, more precious than heraldic arms, the tangible evidence of worth in him who, though twenty-five years a soldier, never received a reprimand.

A. S. R.

#### ON THE SKIRMISH LINE IN '55 AND '56, BY ONE OF THE SKIRMISHERS.

##### IV.

"The whole—it speaks in volumes of the past—  
"Of war's dread tempest, and the fiery blast;  
"Of mail-clad valor, brave the sword to draw,  
"To vindicate the right, maintain the law."

On the 25th or 26th of August I returned to Westport to recover my team. Arrived the same day that a portion of Gen. John W. Reid's men returned from the attack upon Osawatomie, where they were completely routed by a much inferior force under John Brown. I put up in Westport at a hotel, and was assigned to a room with fifteen of Gen. Reid's men, and occupied the same bed with one of the men. It was fortunate for me that they did not discover they had a live Yankee with them or I presume I should not now be telling the tale to old comrades. I had associated with the Missourians so much, and at Council City had made it my home a good part of the time with them, that I had at easy command the vocabulary of the border, and could "reckon" about as "right

smart" as a native. This, together with my dress and extremely long hair, completely disguised me beyond recognition by any border ruffian not personally acquainted with me. I had soon to get up and get out of there when it was known who I was. It might be of interest to relate my experience with this gang, but this article must end the story of the "Skirmisher," and there are other matters of more importance.

I returned to my home as soon as possible, travelling most of the way over the prairies, not considering it quite safe to follow the road. Soon after my arrival I prepared to enter the service again, and with seven other young men started for Lawrence, and this was the last visit I ever made to Council City. We arrived in Lawrence but a few days before Lane planned the expedition against Lecompton. Report had reached Lawrence that three thousand armed Missourians were encamped at Lecompton. They held some fourteen or fifteen Free-State men prisoners. If we sent a messenger to Col. Cooke he could not return, but would be captured and held at Lecompton. Gov. Robinson was detained as prisoner by the United States, and warrants were in the hands of U. S. Marshal Donaldson for the arrest of Lane and Brown.

When the word reached Lane that there was a large force at Lecompton, he declared he would drive them out. Dividing his forces, Col. Harvey with about two hundred men crossed the river at Lawrence and advanced opposite Lecompton. Harvey did not leave Lawrence until evening, so his movements might not be discovered. Lane, fearful they would not fight, took this precaution to prevent an escape. The next day, Spring says the 5th of September, Lane, with his force of some two hundred men, advanced on Lecompton. It was my good luck to accompany Lane and be quite near him all the time, and I think I have quite a clear recollection of what took place. That I might refresh my memory in regard to dates, I obtained a copy of "Kansas," by L. W. Spring, in the series of American Commonwealths. Now I do not propose to review that work, but I do say that I never read nor examined a work that pretended to be a history so full of errors, evasions, and prejudices, as this work. If all the liars known in history, from old Ananias down to the present time, were boiled down into one liar, this double-distilled liar could not concentrate more falsehoods into the same space than can be found on the pages of this work. Spring may have the honor of being the author, but those at all familiar with the men of that period can see the ear-marks of those who dared not attack a live hero, but have the courage to kick a dead lion. A few disgruntled and dead politicians, who sink into insignificance when compared with these men while living, are now trying to loom up like a skunk in a fog, in the hope that by belittling the works of those whose lips are closed in death they may rise to a point where the world will be able to behold them and acknowledge their greatness. Spring says, on page 194: "Lane took no part in the negotiations."

Lane, in command of his forces, did not send out any

advance guard. He was not afraid of running into any masked batteries. His advance did not meet Col. Cooke when about a mile from town. Lane did not take a gun and fall into the ranks. The negotiations were made with Lane. Jones did not attempt to arrest Lane, for the United States Marshal had the warrant for Lane's arrest. Now what did occur? When we had approached within about a mile of the town, a white flag was run up on a pole in Lecompton. This we saw before we could see the buildings, as the rolling ground prevented a view of the town. Lane marched his men to the out-skirts of the village and formed them into line. The rumor of a large force being at Lecompton, proved to be false, so Lane had no occasion to fight. Col. Cooke and his cavalry soon came into sight and advanced to where we were assembled. On the approach of Cooke, instead of falling into the ranks, Lane rode out to the front and gave Col. Cooke a salute and the same was returned. Cooke saw at a glance the situation and said to Lane, and not to Capt. Walker, "There is no occasion for any fighting here, what do you want done? Let me know, and we will see if matters can not be arranged." Lane was indignant at the people of Lecompton, and his reply was more forcible than polite. "My conditions are, that these ruffians disband and go home to Missouri where they belong; that they deliver up every prisoner they hold, of our men, including Governor Robinson, and that you, Colonel Cooke, will see them safely delivered at Lawrence by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, or else, by G—d, they must fight."

On a short consultation the terms were agreed to, and we were about to return, when Marshal Donaldson approached on horseback, with the intention of arresting Lane. When he approached near enough, one of the Free-State men very foolishly pulled the marshal off his horse. Donaldson was trembling with fear, and called upon Cooke to assist him in making the arrest. Cooke replied: "Mr. Donaldson, that is an after consideration; I will attend to you another day, and if you know when you are well off you will keep away." Donaldson retired. Col. Cooke and his forces retired. Lane and his men returned to Lawrence. Harvey had arrived previously. The next morning was a beautiful day, and we were on the lookout for the delivery of the prisoners, and especially for Gov. Robinson. A little after 9 o'clock A. M. we saw coming down the road over Mount Oread a squad of cavalry, and they delivered to us all the prisoners, and I am quite sure Gov. Robinson was one. I know, on their arrival, there was great rejoicing. The church bell that was to be raised to the steeple of one of the churches rested in its frame upon the ground, and the peals of the bell were heard all day. It was a day of jubilee. We had won a victory, and Robinson was free. He delivered a speech, encouraging the people in their work of saving Kansas.

The attempt to rob Lane of the honor will only react upon those who attempt it. I don't know as Robinson was bailed before Sept. 10th, but I shall never believe but

that Robinson obtained his release by the demand of Lane. It was so admitted and understood at the time, and I believe we stood as good a chance to know as some one-sided partisan historian. Lane demanded his release with the others. He was delivered with the others, and no orders from Washington to my knowledge have been found to substantiate the claim that he was released by orders from Washington.

Immediately after this expedition against Lecompton, Lane took a portion of his command and started north, wherefore, I did not know. Colonel Harvey remained at Lawrence. Lane met a party of invaders at Hickory Point, in the northern part of the state, and sent a courier to Lawrence for Col. Harvey to join him, and directed Harvey to come up the south side of the river via Topeka. Before Harvey reached him, Lane learned that Gov. Geary had arrived, and he sent another courier over the route he had ordered Harvey to come, to turn him back and wait to see what Geary would do. Harvey having taken another route did not receive the countermanding orders. One of the men who came with me from Council City being sick, I remained at Lawrence. After Lane and Harvey had gone Lawrence was in a weakened condition; all we could muster, men and fighting women, were about two hundred, but we were armed with Sharp's rifles. Much to our surprise, on Sunday, about the middle of September, we saw a large force pitching their tents on the plains towards Franklin, and at about 3 o'clock P. M. their skirmish line advanced upon Lawrence. What little force we had seized their arms to defend the town. Women took position behind the earthworks with rifles to aid, if need be, and they were women who could and would have used them. We learned there were 2700 Missourians with over ten hundred Sharp's rifles. We could fire two thousand shots a minute, so we felt we could make a good defence. We dispatched one of the ministers, after his sermon, to inform the governor, who was at Lecompton, of the condition of affairs. If I remember, this courier was Rev. Mr. Hutchinson. About thirty of our men advanced as skirmishers to meet the enemy. A brisk fire was kept up for some time when the Missourians retired.

That night we established a strong guard. I was placed on the road to Lecompton, near Oread, and remained on duty all night. Before morning the United States troops arrived and took possession of the town. The next morning Governor Geary arrived; this was his first visit to Lawrence. He visited the camp of the invaders accompanied by the officers of the troops and some of the citizens of Lawrence. He succeeded in getting them to disband and they left us in all our glory. Some desired to cross the ferry at Lawrence, but we would not allow them to do so, and they returned to Missouri as best they could. Under Governor Geary it looked as if there might be peace. In a speech at Lawrence on this first visit, he complimented the people on their orderly appearance, and contrasted it with Lecompton, where drunkenness and brutality abounded, and said if he should require assistance

he should know where to call for it. He also said from that he had seen the few days he had been in the territory it would be impossible for him to carry out the orders he had received from Washington. Peace again came to the disturbed people. Tired, disheartened, sick and disgusted I took the road for Leavenworth, and with \$8.25 in my pocket I turned my face towards the rising sun. Bidding Kansas farewell, I returned to my Massachusetts home, where I arrived the last of October, 1856, never again to behold the glorious Commonwealth, now forever free from the curse of slavery.

"Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;  
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back."

### HIS THIRTEENTH PIE.

Shortly after my arrival at Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. in the spring of '65, whither I was sent with the other prisoners just released from Rebel prisons, I was walking up the street where the sutler's quarters were and seeing a crowd there, I went to see what it meant.

Just as I arrived, a dead soldier was being carried away. I inquired the cause of his death and was told the following by one who saw him die: The unfortunate man was eating a sutler's pie with apparent relish, when on a sudden he fell as in a swoon. Some bystanders stepped to the sutler's window and asked where the surgeon's quarters were, as there was a dying man out there.

The sutler cast a hasty glance out of the window for the rush of business was great and seeing who it was exclaimed, "Ah! I just sold him his *thirteenth pie*." S.

### MY THANKSGIVING RATIONS IN THE STOCKADE AT FLORENCE, S. C., NOV. 24th, 1864.

For breakfast: Beans, corn meal dumplings and the water in which they were cooked thickened with meal.

For dinner: Rice and mush.

For supper: Rice and meal dumplings and the rice water thickened with meal.

I succeeded in having these luxurious meals by saving a little from each of my rations for several days previous.

S.

There was a pleasant appreciation of the fitness of things in the attention paid to General John C. Fremont on the 13th of January last in California. It was his seventy-fifth birthday and the way presents and callers appeared convinced the old "Pathfinder" that he was not forgotten. His recent volume of *Reminiscences*, though rather extensive in size, reminding us of Webster's *Unabridged*, is very interesting.

The readers of the *National Tribune* who followed "Si Kleg" in his career of adventure through the Western Army, will rejoice to know that the work has been put in book shape and may be obtained at the Tribune Office.

**THE TRIP OF THE TRANSPORT SHETUCKET.**

**From New York to New Orleans, La., with two companies, C and H, 42d Regt. Mass. Vols. on board, 1862.**

The Shetucket, before being called into government service, was an old two-masted propellor freight boat, plying between New York and New London. A false deck-house of unsound lumber had been built upon her main deck, covering the whole vessel from bow to stern. In this deck-house, cooking apparatus was placed, and bunks built to accommodate two hundred men. In a rough sea every wave that struck her sides would send salt water into the bunks—so that when the water was rough very few men could occupy them—those that did, arranged rubber blankets for what protection they would afford.

Sailing orders were the same as on other transports, no one but the captain of the boat, and the officer in command of troops on board knew their destination until after leaving Key West. Slow progress was made when at sea. On the third night out, Dec. 8th, worn out with loss of sleep, the officer in command went below early and turned in, detailing Capt. L. of Co. C to take his place, with Lieut. W. of Co. C on duty as officer of the guard.

About 9 o'clock Lieut. G. of Co. H, who had seen service on a Baltimore steamer, observed that the course steered was wrong, and if not altered the vessel would soon be ashore, he told the officer on guard his belief, but that individual, supposing the captain of the boat understood his business, treated the matter lightly and the boat sailed on. About ten o'clock a sudden shock was felt, followed shortly by another, and then another, each shaking the vessel from bow to stern. I sprang from my berth and began to dress, when a moment later Capt. L. entered, saying as he came in, "For God's sake, Major, come on deck—the boat is aground—the men have mutinied, and are all on deck; the officers of the boat are up in the rigging, assailed by the men and dare not come down." I seized my pistol belt and started for the deck, reaching the main hatchway with difficulty, as the deck was covered with ice. All was confusion. I ordered the men to quarters below, and was answered by a chorus of voices, "We will be d—d if we will." There were two revolvers in my belt; I drew them, cocking both; saying, "The first man who refuses to go below is a dead man." The order was obeyed. Calling the officers of the boat down from aloft, I asked, "Where are we?" The captain, much excited, answered, "On Hog Island Shoals, high and dry." The sky was clear, the sea tolerably smooth, and the shore could be seen distinctly, about a mile away.

There were two boats (one large and the other small) upon the Shetucket. The large boat was not seaworthy, while the small boat was capable of carrying but three men. There was but one way of deliverance, and that must be sought without delay. "Reverse your engine, and back off, you cannot go ahead," was my next order to the captain, who seemed too dazed to take in the situation.

It was immediately done, but for half an hour all our efforts were without success—until a heavy swell of the sea lifted her bow, and she floated into deep water. As soon as we were afloat it was ascertained that we were leaking badly; the leak was found and with sails, plank and jack screws, we were able to control it. Keeping the pumps at work for all they were worth for two days and nights, we reached Fortress Monroe.

In every emergency of this kind there is something sure to happen which borders on the ridiculous. One of the lieutenants appeared on deck with a rubber life preserver so fixed about his hips that had he been washed overboard he could have kept neither his head nor his feet out of the water.

Reporting at Fortress Monroe, we were ordered to Norfolk for repairs, where we arrived at 6 o'clock in the evening. The men were disembarked, and quartered in the Seaman's Bethel on Wide Water Street. An examination showed her rudder was sprung, and the stock broken, two flukes were gone from the propellor, and two of her keel planks were smashed. Repairs were finished on the afternoon of Dec. 21st, 1862, and the Shetucket proceeded to sea, making very slow time. We ran short of coal and water, causing us to bear up for Hilton Head. In attempting to make that port, we ran into the blockading squadron off Charleston, S. C., sailing a direct course for Fort Sumter, we were hove to by the war vessel Powhatan, whose crew were beat to quarters, and whose officers boarded us, giving us the direct course. We dropped anchor at Hilton Head on the afternoon of Dec. 25th.

We were detained here two days until a transport arrived with coal. We finished coaling on the 27th. As water was scarce at Hilton Head we were ordered to Beaufort to replenish water casks, doing so on Sunday the 28th. With a few hours to spare while at Beaufort, I decided to give the men leave of absence on shore until 5 o'clock p. m., for at that hour the tide would serve to proceed to sea.

Thoroughly disgusted with the Shetucket, the men held a mass meeting in a square of the town during the day, and voted not to go on board the old boat again. A committee was appointed to notify me of their decision; this committee attended to that duty between two and three o'clock in the afternoon. No time was to be lost if the men were to be got aboard that day in season to sail with the tide. The quality and temper of the men were such that any attempt to persuade them was useless and involved loss of valuable time. I called upon the provost marshal of the town informing him of the situation and asking his assistance, which he was willing to give if I would assume all responsibility if trouble ensued. Of course this was done.

With one hundred cavalry and seventy-five infantry the provost marshal at the point of the bayonet and sabre drove the men slowly toward the wharf, and every man but one was got aboard at the appointed time. The missing man was asleep in a house and overlooked, but found next morning brought down to Hilton Head by the guard

and put aboard. On casting off and reaching the channel the provost guard was saluted with many forcible compliments such as can only be given by men in a like situation.

It is not surprising such an incipient mutiny should have occurred when all the circumstances of the case are considered: an old, unseaworthy boat, indifferently officered, manned and equipped, consuming days of valuable time to make a comparatively short voyage, liable to founder if caught in a heavy gale, not able to make over four knots an hour at her best speed.

The regimental officers consider it creditable that the men bore their hardships patiently so long as they did.

Sailing from Hilton Head on the 29th, the steamer arrived at Key West January 2d.

On the afternoon of the day we went into Key West we were hailed and hove to by U. S. Gunboat Sagamore, whose men were beat to quarters, the port holes opened and every man at his post. It was a beautiful sight as she sailed by our stern prepared for action, making an impression never to be forgotten.

The Shetucket on the 4th of January, sailed for Ship Island, encountering a gale on the 6th, that drove us fifty miles out of our course.

Late in the afternoon of the 7th, two steam vessels were sighted. There was some commotion on board and speculation was rife as to their identity. The Confederate war vessel Alabama was a nightmare that haunted the minds of all upon transports conveying troops to the Gulf Department.

The following morning a steamer was in sight giving chase. Rapidly gaining upon the Shetucket, a blank shot, and then two solid shots were fired, the last striking the water about a hundred yards away, when the Shetucket was hove to. The vessel in pursuit was the R. R. Cuyler, which had sighted us and another vessel the afternoon before, giving chase first to the Shetucket, until finding her so slow a sailor, had gone in pursuit of the other vessel, overhauling her in the night and capturing a good prize in an English iron built blockade runner, and then started for the transport again, confident she could be found at any time.

This was on the morning of the 8th of January. In the evening at 9 o'clock, we arrived at Ship Island, reported and received orders to proceed to New Orleans. We sailed from Ship Island on the 9th, entered the Mississippi River by Pass L'Outre on the morning of the 10th, thirty-eight days out from New York, "all present or accounted for" and only three men sick, after such a trip.

F. G. S.

#### THE LAST STRUGGLE.—BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

Twelve days before the surrender at Appomattox, the Army of the Potomac lay in winter quarters. As far as we could see, there was little prospect of the immediate close of the war. At day-break on the 29th of March, 1865, we broke camp and before night were hotly engaged with the

enemy, who fell back with heavy loss. This day, began a series of victories which completely broke Lee's army. Grant's veterans, elated with their success, pushed on. April 1st came the celebrated victory at Five Forks. The whole 32d Massachusetts Regiment were put on the skirmish line under the command of Col. James A. Cunningham, Sheridan's cavalry swung around on our left and the grand charge was made. The enemy made a slight stand and then fled like a flock of sheep. The entire Rebel line was carried, and nearly seventy-five per cent. of the Johnnies taken prisoners.

As one of the skirmishers advanced, he met a tall Southerner who was apparently sick of the whole business. "Walk right along," says the Reb. "You may have the whole Southern Confederacy;" an offer which we gladly accepted one week later. April 2d, our troops broke the line at Petersburg and marched into the city, while the Rebels had fallen back to Richmond, the doomed capital. So we moved on, victory following victory in rapid succession.

Grant seemed almost ubiquitous. The courage of our boys was rising every day, till on April 8th, having marched till midnight, hungry and tired, we lay down in the woods, with our equipments on, our muskets by our sides, loaded and primed. Four hours later came the order to move forward. We were very nearly to Appomattox. Our advanced cavalry were soon desperately engaged with the enemy, and the infantry prepared for a determined advance, our skirmish line just up the hill are rapidly firing, the charge is about to be made; the moment has come, and at that moment a shot from a rebel cannon came flying over our regimental flag. Suddenly the guns became silent; that was their last shot, and just at this point, Col. Cunningham, rising in his stirrups, pulled off his hat and swinging it wildly in the air, shouted "Lee has surrendered!" Can you imagine, the scene which followed? Although I was an eye-witness, it beggars description. What joy filled every breast, what wild cheers upon cheers thundered along that line. Men shouted till they wept like children. They rolled on the ground and hugged each other. Their country was saved!! The war was over, and they would soon go home to the loved ones they left so long ago; and when they stopped shouting, for want of breath, they listened, as a strong, hearty "hurrah" came over the hill from the defeated foe; a foe no longer, but glad, glad with us, that on this glorious Sabbath morning, the angel of peace had spread her wings over the Armies of Virginia.

One of the boys in blue taking the last dirty half sheet of paper he had, wrote to his home in the north, "Dear mother, Old Lee has surrendered, and I am covered with mud and glory from head to foot."

In a few hours the soldiers of the two armies were visiting each other, telling stories of battles where they had been engaged on opposite sides, trading pipes, jack-knives, etc. Two days later, the first division of the Fifth Corps received the formal surrender of Rebel Armies.

A VETERAN.

**"OUT OF VIRGINIA AND BACK."**

It was the week following the fall of Sumter and "The teachers were to leave!" That was the rumor which had crept abroad; nobody knew how or whence. I was then one of the sixteen persons in charge of the public schools of Norfolk. These schools had been established only three years before, "in the face of the most determined opposition." The superintendent told me, and I was solemnly warned, under no circumstances, to speak of them as "free" schools. That term, he assured me, being especially obnoxious to the ears of the community. So I, in common with my fellow laborers, mostly northern men and women, only knew them as "public" schools. They had become the pride of the small city.

It would be idle to attempt to rehearse the incidents of that stirring week. The pouring in of troops; the possession of Gosport Navy Yard, as we all knew, being invaluable as an objective point; the coming of the Cumberland to aid the government in its defence; the throwing up of earthworks on the waters' border; the sleepy city was at length thoroughly alive. Going on Friday morning to the post office, 10, on the sidewalk opposite the Court House, and, at regular intervals along Main street, cannon obstructed the way. Through all that day the business of school was carried on amid the sound of martial music and the tramping of soldier's feet. The next morning the four pretty buildings were emptied of their school equipments and turned into soldier's quarters.

Certainly we were to leave, but how. The fact that Norfolk was not at that time connected with the outside world by telegraph had not kept us in the dark on the story of the Baltimore riot. We really knew more than we otherwise should have known. Not only had the bridges been burned, making it an impossibility for us to get out of the city after getting into it, but the mob was still rampant. On the other hand, no steamer, we were mysteriously assured, could leave Norfolk harbor after the one permitted to go out that afternoon. The boat then for me.

We had to go on board early, for every moment increased the difficulty of obtaining transportation to the wharf. The five disabled ships, destined to be sunk, stood out in line directly across our path. All were slowly settling. I could not believe it, until a Portland sea captain, who was the tacitly acknowledged authority in the mute little band of northerners who had come on board and established a kind of intuitive fellowship already, quietly directed me to fix my eyes on some seam or stain in one or another of the five and watch how it neared the water. The fact proved itself.

But the flag still over-topped the Navy Yard. "It is its last day." The captain sent the whisper circulating along our quiet ranks. We were no more than so many pieces of baggage. A party of roughs, who had come on board to avail themselves of the best possible opportunity for watching the sinking ships, filled all space and time. And

oh, the torture of listening in silence to their exasperating braggadocio.

"That navy yard is ours before the sun goes down," we were compelled to hear a score of times repeated. "And we'll have Fortress Monroe before to-morrow night!" came next. "Then, before the week is out"—this in grand chorus—"Jeff Davis will be in Washington with a hundred thousand men, and you'll see Lincoln and Seward hanging up then!"

A joy it was to see them leave, and to see our boat moving. But we tacked. To the extreme, though unspoken, indignation of the Portland captain, we rounded off to Fort Norfolk, from which place there were rolled on board some scores of casks of gunpowder, "to help the cause in Baltimore." It was so carried in direct violation of law, the captain managed to tell us. Were we safe? I remembered having been told that persons visiting the fort, if the soles of their shoes had nails in them, were obliged to walk the stone flooring in their stocking feet, lest their steps awaken sparks to fire the magazines. Nobody uttered a remonstrance.

And now we were off. A last glimpse of the Cumberland, showing all her guns yet sunk so deep in the water by the weight of the stores she had taken on board from the yard, the obstructions placed in the channel must effectually prevent her exit unless aided; a last look at the howling crowds which faced her on the wharves, and good-bye to Norfolk.

At Fortress Monroe we were greeted by a most exhilarating scene. The Pawnee, a vessel of light draft, was just putting off for the Elizabeth River to tug out the Cumberland. Didn't our souls go out in thankfulness? Her decks swarmed with blue-coats. Oh! such a delight to see! Men in the same, true color—there is where we get the expression, "True blue"—crowded the parapets of the fort and the two parties were cheering each other. Such an inspiring tumult! Such waving of caps! How we on board the steamer longed to add our god-sends! Prudence, however, held us mute. I did see one quiet gentleman unconsciously waving his handkerchief behind his newspaper.

The early morning found us steaming into Baltimore. All was quiet as the best kept New England Sunday. Fighting? The idea! There was actually nobody on the streets. The hotel to which we were driven we were told was almost without guests, as was every other in the city. Two or three glum-looking personages were loitering in the parlor, and on our captain remarking in his "Hail fellow, well met!" way, singling out the sourest visaged of the group for his sociabilities, that he had noticed in coming up the harbor there were no flags flying, the gruff answer was:—

"The Federal flag never will wave again in Baltimore."

Yes, the bridges were all burned, and before us too. And here again the leadership of that Portland captain, whose name I never knew, was invaluable. He ferreted about among the wharves—that was his element—

and got hold of a bit of a steamer that plied between Baltimore and Chester on the Eastern shore. Its landing point was 26 miles west of a railroad that connected with Philadelphia. He engaged passage for the whole of us on that, which was to leave early the next morning. But that long day in Baltimore. Before we had been in the hotel an hour the almost oppressive stillness was suddenly interrupted by a hurly-burly that, in my opinion, was unprecedented. It seemed to pervade the whole city, as though the very paving stones had risen up into leaping, yelling men. Word had been brought that a Federal regiment was within ten miles, on its way to Washington, following a track outside of Baltimore. The mob had broken open the storehouses where arms were sold, it was said, and, equipping themselves in all haste, had rushed forth to cut this party off. More than ten thousand men, the story ran, were off, and others were following. The fact was, as our captain, who mixed up with the crowd, ascertained, less than a hundred composed the capturing expedition, and of these hardly half a score went beyond the city limits. They did find some companies of tired Federals resting in an encampment of their own. That was all. Their next movement was to come back. The stir died down as suddenly as it had arisen.

But the conversation in that hotel parlor had to me its terrible points of interest. Of course, the recent riot was the leading topic. "I saw one of the fellows dead, and kicked into the gutter," I heard one man remark. The vim with which he uttered this did not seem to take hold of his audience as he had evidently expected. The faces generally indicated uneasiness. "I would not give fifty cents to-day for the best building in Baltimore," one gentleman declared and others agreed with him. "They're afraid of McHenry," the captain explained afterwards. "If they show their colors too distinctly the old fort will give them a lesson."

Well, on the morrow, the little Chester steamer, and so on—the twenty-six miles in milk wagons—the railroad cars once more, and home.

Nobody, however, could have lived in a Southern community those exciting years preceding the war, without longing to do his little best in the Union cause. As soon as I could possibly bring the thing about, I obtained an appointment as army nurse, and, after a few months of duty, it chanced that I was sent to Balfour Hospital, Portsmouth, Virginia—into the very neighborhood of my old school-teaching world. I will not talk here of my hospital work. Were I to begin, I should never stop. But of my return. The first face I met on stepping from the boat was that of an old scholar of mine, a dear, loving little girl—Anna B., now grown to young ladyhood; but, Northerner as I was, no less genuinely affectionate and confiding than in old times.

"Oh! and isn't it dreadful?" she burst out in her effusive way, as soon as we had exchanged greetings, "that about Dr. Wright?"

"Dr. Wright; why, what about him?" I had heard

nothing. Simply I had known him on the street as a druggist; very affable, and really magnificent in his self-appreciation. His family I had heard spoken of as "moving in our best circles."

"O, I can't tell it; don't ask me!" Anna sobbed out, covering up her face.

I think she began to see me now in my true character—as "one of the enemy," for she directly whisked herself about and hurried away.

Dr. Wright—the case was this: It had been told in Norfolk that some companies of colored troops were to be put on duty in the city and he had said: "If any white officer parades through our streets at the head of colored soldiers, I will shoot him down as I would shoot a dog."

This was done. A young, unsuspecting lieutenant, in the first flush of his newly won honors, was murdered by a bullet sent on its errand by Dr. Wright while he stood in the doorway of his own store. He was instantly arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced. He was now awaiting the end in the county jail, which I had been used to pass every day. Never anything in Norfolk, no event of the war, even, had taken such a hold upon the community as this. Even our own officers had put their names to petitions for his pardon. They did it, however, not in the expectation that it would avail anything, but simply through soldierly generosity.

The afternoon but one before the day appointed for the final act, his daughter, a beautiful girl, heretofore a leader in society, visited him and attempted to pass him out disguised in her clothes, she, meantime, throwing herself upon the bed face downward, and her whole person, except the feet, which were encased in his boots, enveloped in the coverlets, (this had been his habit when parting from those he loved) personating him before the guard who came to conduct her away. The doctor passed safely out into the open air. The guards about the entrance suspected nothing, but the sentinel at the gate detected the fraud, and he was taken back.

The people of that section are peculiarly demonstrative in their lamentations over the dead. At the execution the whole city was upon the street, every throat helping to swell one universal wail.

The remains were taken to Christ Church, which was profusely decorated with laurel, with which same victory-proclaiming emblem the coffin was literally heaped. Never before or since has Norfolk witnessed so magnificent a funeral. It was a terribly stormy day, but no matter. Everybody turned out to do honor to the "martyr hero." Nobody talked about it afterwards, however. The government authorities took possession of that church at once, and the lordly pastor who had soared up to immeasurable heights of eloquence in lauding the bravery of the dead, made all the haste he could to smuggle himself out of the city, and within the Rebel lines, which he succeeded in doing before the end of another twenty-four hours.

A. T. P.

General Sherman did not burn Columbia, S. C.

## A DISGUSTED "JOHNNY."

In common with many, if not all, who served through the "late unpleasantness," I met many Southern people who were tired of the war, because of the loss of property, hardships endured in the service, lack of interest in the "cause," and from various other reasons, but I think that the most thoroughly disgusted individual was one whom I met in the winter of 1862. I was at that time attached to a gun-boat belonging to the navy part of the Burnside expedition, under the direct command of Commodore Goldsborough. We sailed with the fleet from Hampton Roads, early in January, for Hatteras Inlet, barely escaping the loss of our vessel before reaching our destination.

Many of my readers who served in the Massachusetts 21st and 25th, will recollect that stormy passage, when signals of distress were seen flying in every direction, and several good ships pounded themselves to pieces, and many lives were lost.

We lay at the Inlet four weeks, in common with others, pushing our way over the bulkhead, or swash, as it was called. It was indeed a difficult undertaking, and it was only by degrees, and by efforts unwearied and ceaseless, that the ships of our fleet literally ploughed their way through the sandy bottom, and opened a channel for vessels of whose passage into the sound there appeared to be not the slightest possibility.

These trials were at length all passed, and on the evening of Feb. 4th, the announcement is made that we will move at 7 o'clock in the morning. There was lacking one important element in our make-up, namely, a pilot. We had an efficient commander and other officers, but not one of them was acquainted with the navigation of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. In vain had our commander stated to the flag-officer our needs in this direction. The reply had invariably been, "You must secure one some way."

Accordingly, the night of Feb. 4th, a boat's crew was sent ashore, a capture was made, and the next morning we found that our ship's company had been increased by one, in the shape of a regular specimen of the Eastern Shore "Johnny."

The next morning we are away. Signals are flashing gaily in the sunshine, from ship to ship; columns and brigades obey the silent commands, and are organized in new arrays. The flag-steamer proudly leads the van, with the broad pennant of the flag-officer flying aloft; then come the naval gun boats, in strict columns; after them press on a mass of black steamers, and troop-ships, and, far in the rear, the last brigade closes the great pageant. Over all, out of a clear sky, beams an auspicious sun. The waters of the sound are gleaming gaily under his smile, and afar off, the white cottages send back an answering gleam from the old north coast.

Disaster, delay, vexation, anxiety, which so lately lowered around us with an image of disgraceful failure, seemed things of so long ago that, out of sight, we instinctively refused to recognize them as part and parcel of our strange experience.

It was while viewing this magnificent scene that my attention was called to our new ship-mate. He was tall, lank, lean, with long yellow hair, and scanty beard, while his eyes had the dull heavy look of the typical "poor white." From the first he seemed to single me out as his confidant. The boys called him a "sight" and a sight he truly was, as he remarked in a voice that quivered with excitement. "What for did they bring me here. I ain't no pilot and I hain't taking no part in this fuss. I reckon it's a hard case of you uns to take me from my place like this. I don't know nothin about the waters hereabouts. I own part of a wessel that's up at Newbern, but I'm no pilot and I call it a go, I do. Look hyare," he added in great excitement, and to the amusement of a number of the crew, who had drawn near us, "see what a position I'm in. I don't know noffin about the channel and yet the Captain says that if this ere ship runs aground, he'll shoot me. That ain't all. He says this ship is goin to Roanoke, and there'll be a big fight, and I have got to stand on the hurricane deck and be shot at by my own friends, and if the ship runs aground, why then you uns will shoot me, and I say again I don't know the channel. That ain't all," he continued sadly, "if this ship is captured by our side, then my own friends will shoot me for a traitor. I don't seem to have no chance no how. Last night I was snug at home, comfortable till you uns came, and now I am just as good as a dead man. Three chances against me, and either enough to kill; lettin alone all of em."

That night we came to anchor off the Marsh Light House, and we would have had a quiet time, but for the occasional lamentations of our friend from Hatteras. He certainly did not pass a comfortable night. His distress was so evident that it would have excited pity, but for the fact that in course of conversation that afternoon, he had mentioned to some of the crew his relations with two of his slave girls, or servants, and he referred to it in such a way as to indicate that, in his judgment, it was rather a matter of pride than one of shame. Our boys were not all saints, but after this confession on the part of the "sight," as they called him, any "taking on" by him only made him seem ludicrous.

Thursday was stormy with thick fog, and the fleet did not leave its anchorage. Friday, Feb. 7, an overcast sky, but shortly after nine o'clock the fog lifted and the signal to "get under way" is made.

At ten o'clock Flag Officer Goldsborough hoists this signal, "*The country expects every man to do his duty.*" It is answered with the wildest cheers from the fleet. We are steaming ahead and in an hour are engaged with the Confederate fleet, and Fort Boston, just above where our troops landed that night. If time and space permitted, I would gladly give my readers a description of a naval engagement. With our forward gun, we engaged the fleet, while the after one was swung to the broadside and brought to bear upon the fort. It was a time of excitement. "Run out; ready, fire!" and the answering ex-

plosions would make the little vessel reel. The guns were nine inch, most too heavy for our small crew to handle, but the men stripped of all their heavy clothing, run them in and out, working like mad. As the action began the "sight" seemed to lose all hope. He was stationed at the pilot house, on the hurricane deck.

As the large shell would go screaming over his head he performed a set of gymnastics that would put a circus performer to shame.

His ground and lofty tumbling was something remarkable, and I will venture to say was not equaled during the war.

At length in the excitement of the battle he was forgotten for some time, until wishing to run nearer in shore, our commander looked for him, but he had disappeared. "Where in — is that pilot," he asked? No one seemed to know. A search was made, and for a long time in vain. He was not in the pilot house, neither was he on either the hurricane or main deck. At length some one suggested the coal bunkers and a search there revealed him, burrowed in the coal, only his head being visible. The muzzle of a revolver placed against his ear caused him to come out with the alacrity of a Colorado beetle, and he sprang for the hurricane deck as though he liked the fun. Just as he reached it a thirty-two pound shot struck the Hunchback and passed within a foot of the head of our unfortunate friend, the wind from it sweeping off his hat and knocking him over. This was too much; for a moment he believed himself dead, but on hearing the shouts of some of the crew he arose and before he could be captured made for the coal bunkers. This was repeated many times during this action, and later at Elizabeth City and Newbern, where the contests were more brief. Two months afterwards we were ordered to the James River.

For a few days we were anchored at Fortress Monroe, and as the government had no further use for him, he was paid off at the rate of sailing master's pay and discharged. He came forward to bid some of the boys good-bye, as the boat was getting ready to take him ashore, and his last remark was as follows:—

"I never expected to have so much hard money as this, but I never want to see a gun or hear the sound of one agin. I'm goin home, but I reckon I can tell you uns that I'm the most disgusted man in the Confederacy."

A. V. N.

#### SHERMAN'S FORAGERS.

After Atlanta had been besieged for two months, Hood evacuated, and Sherman took possession of the city, the 20th Corps, of which the writer was a member, being the first to enter.

Here we expected to go into winter quarters, but after two months had passed, we were ordered on the march, and on the 15th day of November, 1864, we drew out of Atlanta and began the "March to the Sea." With bands playing, teamsters shouting and getting their teams into line,

orderlies riding to and fro giving orders, we took a last look at the city—a smoking ruin.

The first night we went into camp about seven miles from the city, near the village of Decatur. For awhile, whenever we camped for the night, we employed our evenings largely in speculating as to our probable destination; but in a short time no one seemed to think or care further about the matter, for all acknowledged that "Uncle Billy," as Gen. Sherman was familiarly called, was competent to pilot us through.

For a day or two forage was scarce, on account of the nearness to Atlanta, but in a short time it became plentiful, consisting of cattle, hogs, sheep, turkeys, chickens, flour, meal, beans, sorghum, honey, etc. Just here it may be well to describe what, in the writer's opinion, ought to be some of the characteristics of a good forager, or "bummer," as he was sometimes called. In the first place, he must have good health; next, courage and a large stock of assurance; he must be a good judge of all kinds of stock; must know how to butcher without scalding-tub or windlass; and must show himself a good runner. To be a forager in Sherman's army meant to be the possessor of all of these qualities, and, finally, to be able to steel one's self against woman's tears, and when she said "Don't take all my chickens," to refer her to Sherman's orders to "forage liberally on the country."

Of such stuff were Sherman's foragers. Each brigade detailed about fifty each day, and aside from these, there were as many more that scoured the country on their own responsibility.

The four corps of the army marched on different roads and were from four to ten miles apart until nearing some large place, when they were gradually drawn together. We usually broke camp at five A. M., and in a short time the intervening spaces between the different corps was occupied by the foragers and bummers, and it soon became unsafe for anything in the brute creation to show its head after daylight. On the approach of our army the stock on the plantations was driven into thick woods and swamps, but, nevertheless, was easily found with the help of the negroes, who were always pleased if they could help the soldier. The poultry—and every planter had large numbers—first received our attention. A great deal of sport was had chasing hens and chickens, for they all ran wild. Here came in the ability of the good runner, for the best one would secure the largest number; and I doubt if the crack runners at the Rink could have beaten them. The writer remembers one soldier who had ten chickens on his string before ten o'clock in the morning. The hogs, we were often obliged to skin as no hot water or scalding tub was to be had. Sometimes we could find places to hang them while we skinned them; but when such places were not to be had the hamstring was cut, a stick run through and the hog, thus held on the shoulders of two soldiers, while the third did the skinning.

As stated above, we usually broke camp about five A. M., and the foragers soon after started out in squads and were

away from the line all day, oftentimes not striking camp until after dark. After seizing everything on a plantation desirable for provisions, they would get some good "aunty" to get them a good dinner, often of stewed chickens, sweet potato and hoe cake. Sometimes a dessert of honey or nice sorghum was added. After eating they would rest awhile before starting for camp; some sitting about smoking, some playing cards, and others taking a nap. After some time spent in this way, wagons found on the place were loaded up with whatever had been secured, and, with the negroes in the shafts and others pushing, the line of march for camp was struck. And right here let me say, that great credit is due the negroes for the help they gave to the soldier in finding all kinds of provisions, and sometimes money. The planters were shrewd in hiding their valuables, but with the help of the negroes, the Yankees were more than a match for them. The foragers would almost always manage to secure mules or horses and go to camp mounted. Great sport was had trying to mount the young mules and colts, strings being used for bridles and pieces of wood for bits. These captured mules had to be turned in to the quartermaster each day, and the foragers, though starting out on foot each morning, generally came in mounted again the next night. This was an every-day occurrence.

The reader must not think that we always had clear sailing, for, sometimes, we had to fight squads of Rebel cavalry and, sometimes, were worsted, but not often. Gen. Sherman, in his Memoirs, says that his foragers saved his army a great deal of fighting, and to illustrate this statement, relates this incident: "At one time while the generals were consulting in regard to the taking of a certain bridge, one of the foragers was seen riding toward them with his hat off shouting, 'Come on, general, we have taken the bridge!'"

Though not half my story has been told or received the justice due it, I will conclude this article by saying that, while on the "march to the sea" we lived on the fat of the land, but in the Carolinas we were somewhat scrimped in the provision line.

J. L. H.

#### PRESENTIMENTS AND REMINISCENCES.

How often have I thought of the strange sensation that came over me on the morning of Sept. 19th, 1864. Our Regt. (the 34th M. V.) had been doing picket duty for several days on a large plantation situated between Berryville and Winchester, Va., about 6 miles from the latter place, when at about 4 o'clock in the morning our pickets were called in and we were ordered to prepare to march at once. All the morning we had heard continuous firing in the direction of Winchester, and while picking up our traps ready for a start, the idea impressed itself upon my mind that the bullets would not miss me that day. So strongly was I impressed with the idea that I took up from the ground lying near me, two large paper covered books, and fastened them securely inside

my blouse, above my belt, remarking as I did so to one of the boys: "They may stop a bullet before night." Very soon we were on the march directly across the open field until we reached the Winchester pike. Here we met a division of the 6th Corps going to the rear with their wounded on stretchers improvised for the occasion by taking two muskets and stretching a blanket across them. "You'll be all cut to pieces. It's a second Cold Harbor," and other like cheerful remarks, greeted us as we passed. We marched a "right smart" distance, each step bringing us nearer to the battle. Presently we halted in a wood where many of the boys climbed trees whence a good view of the battle field could be obtained. While here Co. C. (to which I belonged) was ordered out on skirmish line. We advance out of the woods, across an open field, loading and firing as we go. We pause for a moment behind a stone wall, then over, across a creek, now nearly dry, and again into the open field. Crack, crack, boom, boom, faster fly the bullets, on we go, returning the salutes as rapidly as possible, but not many more for me. Alas for my literary safeguard—it was placed altogether too high—there is a sharp twinge in my right foot. I sit down rather suddenly, feeling that my entire foot is shot away.

I immediately pull off my boot to ascertain, and find a good share of my foot left, but a deep furrow ploughed by a minnie ball the entire length. With the help of a comrade I get a little out of the direct line of fighting, and hug the ground as closely as possible, to avoid the missiles flying in rather close proximity, but not quite closely enough, for a piece of shell takes my elbow in its course, and for a time that is paralyzed. My comrade ties his handkerchief tightly around my ankle to stop the blood that is flowing profusely, while I try to think how much worse it might have been, but that does not stop the pain or the fear that the battle may go against us, and I be taken prisoner. I lie there and watch the battle with as much interest as possible under the circumstances. Over on my left lies Winchester town, in front on the hill, Star Fort, so called from its shape, which sent an occasional shell to greet us, I see the division to which the 34th belongs charge across the field. As this is the only Massachusetts regiment in the Army of West Virginia, I can easily follow the white flag bearing the coat of arms of my own state. I remember feeling very proud of that old regiment as it charged across the field at double-quick, keeping in perfect line, alas! only too soon to be broken by the shot and shell of the enemy, which laid 126 men killed and wounded on that Virginia soil. The charge of this division broke the enemy's lines. Then Custer's cavalry charge down on the right, and the day is ours. This gave me great relief, for I knew I should not be captured. After the charge the bullets ceased flying, and with the help of my comrade I hobbled to the rear, and lay down under a large oak tree. It was about 4 P. M. We did not hear any call to breakfast, and dinner was not served that day. We lay there until past midnight, (we did not hear any call to supper),

when an ambulance comes, and, taking an officer from the 12th Virginia (Union) Regiment and myself, we are carried into the woods.

I then begin to realize how fortunate I have been, for this poor fellow is literally shot to pieces, a shell having exploded directly in front of him. He has to lie down, suffering intense agony, as we are jolted over a cornfield for nearly a mile, while I can sit up leaning against the side of the ambulance, holding my wounded foot in my lap. Soon after my arrival, a surgeon came along and running his finger the entire length of my wound remarking "This foot will have to come off," and passed on to those worse off than myself. This was not a very comforting remark to me, but just at daylight another surgeon appeared, who dressed the wound in cold water and oakum; there were no bandages to be had. All that day I lay on the ground in close proximity to an operating table improvised out of an old door laid across two barrels where legs and arms were amputated by the hundreds. After remaining there three days we were removed to Winchester town, to a private house which was used for a hospital, where my wound was again dressed in oakum and cold water. Here I remained three weeks. The weather was very warm and as there were no bandages the flies made rather frequent calls and the result was that my foot became, by far, the *liveliest* part of me. One of the attendants at the hospital very kindly whittled a sharp pointed stick and picked out the *lively* members much to my comfort.

As I grew strong enough I was taken in an army wagon twenty-two miles to Martinsburg; here my wound was properly dressed for the first time with bandages. After a rest of a few days I was sent to Jarvis Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Another day's rest and then on to the Ladies Home Hospital in New York, where I was treated in the kindest possible manner. While there several pieces of bone were removed from my foot, but thanks to the surgeon who dressed it my foot remained. At the completion of Dale Hospital in Worcester, I was transferred there where I remained until my wound was healed, and I was mustered out of the service just three years after my enlistment.

Just 20 years later, on one sunny September afternoon, it was my privilege to revisit Winchester again, under pleasanter circumstances, my wife accompanying me. How changed was the aspect of everything—no booming of cannon or whizzing of shot and shell—all was quiet and peaceful. We were directed to the Hart Hotel as being the best and here secured rooms and a horse and carriage to convey us to the old battle-field, some two miles distant. The roads seem both public and private—that is, one plantation lies beyond another off the public pike. In order to reach them, you are obliged to drive across fields, over what here we should call cart-paths and stop to open and close gates as we pass from one field to another. No less than five of these gates were passed before reaching the Carter plantation, where the heaviest of the fighting took place. Here we were compelled to stop and tie our horse,

as a wire fence presented itself and no gate wide enough to drive through was visible. Just beyond here, we find a house, which has been built since our former visit. The man who occupies it is ploughing not far way; from him we obtain permission to do all the tramping we want, and so on we start looking for old land-marks. First, off toward the Winchester Pike and the woods, then we come to the old stone wall (now nearly level with the ground), over that and through the creek (dry as before), across the open field until we find ourselves under the same oak tree again. But how changed! Nearly every branch within reach has been cut away by the relic hunter. It was riddled with shot and shell, and cut and hacked by those who had tried to obtain some for relics; and my wife left the three best blades of my jack-knife also to keep them company.

After quite an effort, I succeeded in getting a small branch of the tree to carry home, and on our return to the house we find, almost under the old wall, a twelve-pound cannon ball which I at once take possession of—it is eaten with the rust of years—but a treasure to me. We stop for a short chat with the farmer and ask, "Do you ever find any relics?" "Heaps of 'em," he replies, "why in that field down yonder I've ploughed up over fifty pounds of lead bullets—we plough the field and let it lay till a rain comes and the bullets lay on the top thick." "What do you do with them?" we ask. "Oh! the children pick 'em up and I carry 'em down to town and swap 'em at the store for livin' things"—(groceries we suppose he meant.) We find he has some at the house, which we are only too glad to secure, together with a conical shell, into which he has fastened a handle and has been using it in setting posts on the farm, but which he is most willing to part with for a small consideration.

We put our treasures into the carriage and start again toward the town. We find Maj. Hart (the proprietor of our hotel) awaiting us on the veranda. He very politely assists my wife to alight, and as I begin to take out our relics, remarks: "And those are the things you fired at us while we were trying to take care of our wives and babies." "Ah," but, I reply: "Perhaps they are the ones you fired at me, I was hit on that field," "I too," he replies. "I was on Gen. Early's staff, consequently on the other side." As it is now past six we hasten to our room and after a hasty meal start out hoping to be able to visit the cemeteries, but find the gates are closed, and we pass up the principal street. Entering a store we find the son of the proprietor alone and very talkative. He tells us he was but two years old when the battle was fought; that his mother tells him, how at the explosion of some mines, every pane of glass in the town was broken, that it changed hands eighty-seven times during the late war; and that it was also of note during the Revolutionary War, Gen. Washington having at one time had his headquarters here where his old well is still to be seen. The town now contains 700 inhabitants.

In the morning we visit the National Cemetery, which

is kept in perfect order by J. D. Drunn, an Ohio soldier. Here lie 4479 Federal soldiers—each State marked off by itself—and each little headstone marked with the name and regiment of the soldier there buried, but the 2380 square blocks of marble with numbers marking the graves of the unknown dead, is the saddest sight of all. Only a few steps away, across a narrow lane, lie the Confederate dead in a sadly neglected cemetery; the grass and reeds uncut, no flowers, pine boards marking many, many graves. Some handsome monuments are here, erected by the States in memory of their dead—one from Maryland, bearing on its face the following inscription: “To the memory of her sons who fell on Virginia soil—Unheralded, Unorganized, Unowned—They came for conscience sake and died for right Alike in blood, alike in faith, they sleep alike, the last sleep of the brave.” Twenty-five hundred Rebel graves are here. We are told that last Memorial Day (1883) the citizens of Winchester, headed by J. Kurtz, a staff officer of Jubal Early, after decorating the graves of the Confederate dead, marched to the National Cemetery and decorated the graves of our soldiers. All this was brought about by the visit of Sheridan’s Veterans to the town the autumn before. Gladly would we have remained longer, but our time was limited, and late in the afternoon we depart, thinking that of the two visits we much prefer the latter.

C. N. W.

#### THE BATTLE OF FORT SANDERS.

The battle of Fort Sanders, during the siege of Knoxville, East Tennessee, which occurred Nov. 29, 1863, will be recalled with thrilling interest by many, survivors of that memorable campaign who are still living in this city, and who were members of the 21st and 36th Massachusetts Regiments, which served under Burnside during the whole term of their service. Considering the time consumed, and the ground fought over, the battle of Fort Sanders will be remembered as one of the most sanguine and fierce of the war. It was, also, one of the most disastrous and humiliating to the Rebel Gen. Longstreet and his gallant and brave corps, which was the very flower of Gen. Bragg’s army then at and around Chattanooga.

The task of holding East Tennessee against the greatly superior force of Longstreet which had been detached from the Rebel army at Chattanooga, with the confident expectation of driving the Union forces from East Tennessee, was assigned to, and promptly undertaken by our brave and gallant commander Gen. Burnside, though outnumbered more than two to one, anticipating the orders of Gen. Grant by several days.

Extracts from Gen. Grant’s despatches sent to Burnside on the 15th of November, but which did not reach the latter general until he had placed his little army safely on its line of defence at Knoxville, will indicate the importance Gen. Grant attached to the position held by Gen. Burnside and his little army, consisting of two divisions of the 9th and one of the 23d Corps, the latter nearly all new troops. In one despatch he says: “I do not know how to impress on your mind the importance of holding East Tennessee.” On the same day, in another despatch, he said: “Retard the enemy all you can, only giving up one place when it is evident you cannot longer hold it without danger of capture.” As has been said, Burnside had already

anticipated these orders. Stubbornly fighting his way back from the river where Longstreet’s army had crossed, he disputed every foot of ground back to Campbell’s Station, about fifteen miles from Knoxville, where a bold stand was made and a most salutary check administered to the overconfident enemy, which no doubt made Longstreet more cautious and gave to our exhausted troops a much needed respite, and time to complete and strengthen the fortifications around Knoxville, among which was the formidable earthwork known as Fort Sanders, which was considered the key to the defences of the whole position.

The gray of the morning of the 29th of November, was chosen by Longstreet to make the long expected and anxiously awaited assault upon our lines. We quote from the history of one of the regiments whose position was near the fort on the morning of the 29th.

“After manœuvering on the right and center of our lines for a weak point, or as a feint, the enemy concentrated his attacking force on our left, making Fort Sanders the objective point of attack, and on the night of the 28th, advanced in force, drove in our pickets, drew up as closely to our lines as possible, and waited on his arms for the gray dawn of the morning, which was to prove the last on earth to so many brave men who were caught in that fatal death trap.

The approaches to the fort and the Union lines were defended by lines of rifle pits, in front of which was a well constructed *chevaux de frise*. Inside of this line, telegraph wires had been drawn from stump to stump, with a deep ditch around the base of the fort. The left of our line was held by Morrison’s Brigade of Ferrero’s Division, 9th Corps, with the 45th Pennsylvania on the left, resting on the river, the 36th Massachusetts and 100th Pennsylvania on their right, extending to the fort on the left. The 79th New York (Highlanders) and a detachment of the 29th Massachusetts were stationed in the fort, while other troops manned the works on the right and stood to arms ready for any assault on that part of the line. In the fort were four twenty pound parrotts, (Benjamin’s Battery), four twelve pounders, (Buckley’s Battery), and two three inch steel rifle guns.

Longstreet had heard of the defeat of Bragg, and had determined to make an assault on Burnside’s lines. “Our only safety “he said, to his generals,” is in making an assault on the enemy’s position.” The assaulting column were picked men—the flower of his corps.

Says Pollard in his “Third Year of the War,” “The force which was to attempt an enterprise which ranks with the most famous charges in military history should be mentioned in detail. It consisted of three brigades of McLaws division, that of General, Wofford the 16th, 18th and 24th Georgia Regiments; and Cobb’s and Philips’ Georgia Legions; that of Gen. Humphry the 13th, 17th 22d and 23d Mississippi Regiments, and a brigade composed of Gen Anderson’s and Bryant’s brigades embracing among others the Palmetto State Guard, the 15th South Carolina Regiment, the 51st, 53d and 59th Georgia Regiments. One brigade was to make the assault, two brigades were to support it, and two brigades were to watch our lines and keep up a constant fire. Five regiments formed the assaulting column. These were placed “in position in column by division closed in mass.” At a little after 10 o’clock P. M., on the 28th a demonstration was made on our right. It was now evident that the enemy intended an attack, but at what point was still a mystery. Many now living will remember how all that long, cold night, our men without overcoats, stood in the

trenches, peering out into the darkness, pondering that mystery.

Slowly the night wore away. A little before six o'clock the next morning the enemy suddenly opened a furious cannonade, directed mostly at Fort Sanders. Although several shells fell in our lines on the left of the fort. Roemer responded from College Hills. This fire slackened in about twenty minutes, and in its stead rose the well-known Rebel yell in the direction of the fort. Then followed the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon and the bursting of shells. The oaths of the officers and yells of the men died away, and then rose again. Now the roar of musketry and artillery was redoubled. It was a moment of the deepest anxiety. Our straining eyes were fixed on the fort. The Rebels had reached the ditch, and were trying to scale the parapet. Oh! whose would it be? The yells again died away, and then followed three rousing Union cheers. How those cheers thrilled our hearts as we stood almost breathless in the trenches, and then took it up ourselves, as with one voice it rolled along our lines from left to right. They told us the enemy was repulsed, and that victory was ours. Peering through the rising fog toward the fort not a hundred yards away, oh! glorious sight, we dimly saw that our flag was still there.

The Rebel lines were much broken in passing the *abat-tis*, but the wire entanglement proved a much greater obstacle. Whole companies were prostrated by it. Benjamin now opened with triple shotted guns, but the weight of the Rebel column carried them forward, and in a very brief time the Rebels were in the ditch and endeavoring to scale the parapet. The guns which had been trained to sweep the ditch now opened fire, causing great havoc. Lieut. Benjamin took shells in his hands, lighted the fuse, and tossed them over the parapet into the crowded ditch. "It quieted them down," he said. One of the Rebel Brigades in support now came up with added yells, and the terrible slaughter was renewed. The ditch was literally filled, and several Rebel flags were planted on the parapet, but the Highlanders, and the 29th Massachusetts Regiment swept off with their muskets any who attempted to scale the parapet.

Satisfied at last that it was a hopeless task, those in the ditch and around the fort surrendered. They represented eleven regiments; among them seventeen commissioned officers—the whole numbering nearly three hundred in the ditch alone. Of this number over two hundred lay dead and wounded, including three colonels, and the body of Gen. Humphrey was found near the ditch, while the ground in front of the fort was thickly strewn with the bodies of the dead and wounded far back into the field over which they had but a few moments before charged so confident of victory. The loss to the enemy in this assault alone was nearly one thousand men, while our loss was eight men killed and five wounded.

"Never was victory more complete and achieved at so slight a cost, and never were brighter laurels won than were that day laid on the brow of the hero of Fort Sanders, Lieut. Benjamin, Second U. S. Artillery."

Longstreet had promised his men they should dine in Knoxville that day, but instead, Gen. Burnside now offered him an armistice with ambulances and men to assist in removing the bodies of his dead to the enemy's lines. At five o'clock P. M., the sad work was not accomplished, and two hours more were granted. At seven o'clock a gun was fired from Fort Sanders; the Rebels responded from an earthwork opposite and the truce was at an end.

A. A. W., 36th Mass.

#### A NORTH CAROLINA EXCURSION IN '62.

On the morning of Dec. 11, 1862, the 51st Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, of which I was an unworthy member, fell into line to take part in an expedition under command of Gen. Foster, the objective point being, as near as any of us could tell, Goldsboro. I think it was the foggiest morning I ever saw, but the rising sun soon dispelled the mists, and the day proved to be warm and fine.

Just before the start the colonel sent for me, and said that on account of my good looks and exemplary behavior he had decided to let me carry the colors. I told him that I did not care for the position, as it was thought before leaving camp in Massachusetts I was not big enough for it, and I had not grown any since. But he insisted, and rather than have any trouble, I took them, and we moved off through the sands and across the bridge into Newbern, where we took our place with the 17th, 25th, 43d, 44th, 45th Mass., 9th N. J., 10th Conn., 3d N. Y. Cavalry and Belger's and some other batteries, making in all quite a fine display. We bivouaced that night in an old corn-field.

The next day we marched until 4 P. M., when we went into camp at Beaver Creek where we remained the next day and night, and had a boss time, as we found pigs, chickens and honey to say nothing about sweet potatoes, plentiful in the vicinity. I have a vivid remembrance of a persimmon tree that stood near the camp with lots of fruit on it. Of course the boys began to sample it, I among the others. I had never received much instruction in the persimmon line, and it was my luck to get hold of a green one after partaking of which I took no further interest in the proceedings, and my mouth did not feel natural for quite a while.

During the day a young colored man came into camp and said he was sick. We had with us an assistant surgeon whom the boys had nick-named "Splinters," on account of the length of his legs.

To him our colored friend went and was given a dose which soon relieved him of his distress, for in fifteen minutes he was dead. It was "Splinters" first case and you bet it was a warning to the 51st men, as after our return to camp, when any of us answered the surgeon's call, if "Splinters" put in an appearance, the boys would scatter like lightning in all directions, preferring to return to duty rather than to run the risk attending his experiments.

Perhaps we didn't catch it on the fourteenth when we broke camp and started for Kinston, doing that day what the others had done in two days, but they had a fight there which we missed.

The next morning we started for Goldsboro. It was hot, dusty marching and before noon I was taken sick and gave up the colors to Corporal White, of my company. I took his gun and fell in with the stragglers, and there were so many of them that we did not feel lonesome. The next day, the sixteenth, we were in the fight at Whitehall, which was a busy time for a couple of hours. We swapped solid shot and shell with the Johnnies until both sides appeared to get tired of it, when we moved on.

I saw on the field after the fight a ten-pounder Parrott gun that had been struck by a shot just forward of the trunnions, and broken short off, the rear part of the gun remaining in place on the carriage. Sitting on the ground with his back against a wheel of the gun-carriage, was a battery boy with the shoe and stocking off his right foot, which had been wounded by a piece of shell. He was cutting up tobacco and filling his pipe while calmly awaiting the arrival of the surgeon, when a tall, serious man, who might have been a chaplain, approached and thus

addressed him: "My friend, were you supported by divine inspiration in this fight?" Quick as a flash came the answer: "Not much!" The 9th N. J. and the 10th Conn. supported us," and the soldier resumed his pipe, puffing away contentedly, as the discomfited chaplain beat a retreat.

The night after the fight we were unable to catch up with the army, and a party of us, including several commissioned officers, made a little camp between two roads.

We could see the camp-fires ahead but waited till daylight before resuming our march. We got a dry rail or two with which to make a fire. I was on my knees (something unusual for me), blowing the fire and trying to persuade the coffee to boil, when a big fellow came up and bringing the butt of his gun down, demanded: "What regiment is this?" "The 129th Rhode Island," said I. "Well, by gum!" said he, "Little Rhody has done well!"

I got into camp early next morning. When my captain heard of my arrival he came to see me and generously unslung his canteen, which was full of that North Carolina liniment familiarly known as apple-jack, and handed it to me. I proceeded to bathe my throat with the contents until he, being afraid I could not breathe, took the canteen away and, after mournfully shaking it, proceeded to put the balance where it would do him the most good.

Soon after breaking camp I saw an old horse leaning against a tree and as he looked in need of companionship I managed to get on his back and we jogged along together for several miles until in the middle of a muddy depression in the road he suddenly planted his fore feet down solid and stopped, with the result of my dismounting as suddenly over his head. It grieved me to see such ingratitude on his part after I had shown him the way so far, but realizing that harmonious feelings could never exist between us again I got up and gathering my traps and calamities resumed my journey on foot with the boys, some of whom were hard-hearted enough to laugh at my sudden downfall. The fight at Goldsboro took place this day, but our regiment were guarding the baggage-train and were not engaged although late in the day everything was ordered forward.

The Rebs did a cute thing here. Our troops crossed the dry bed of a stream, and when they were ready to come back "Johnny" had opened a sluice-gate above, and the water was four feet deep where there was none before. The march back to Kinston was a scramble, and we heard afterwards that it was a race between us and the "Johnnies," as to who would get there first, but we beat them, and from there on we took it more easily.

Some nights when we halted and stacked arms, not more than a dozen men would be there, but the next morning usually found them about all in line.

It took a week or more to heal up the blisters and chafes which we got on the march, and the routine of camp life, with company and battalion drills, went on as before, and few of us were the worse for our first long tramp in North Carolina.

J. B. L.

#### *To the Editor of the Old Guard.*

The members of Post 10 of this city who daily walk our streets, mingle in all classes of society and fill positions of trust from the most responsible to that of the honest laborer have a history and made their mark in "days that tried men's souls." Worcester sent into the war more than 3,500 men who filled all positions from private to major-general. She responded promptly to the first call for troops and never faltered until the final overthrow of the Rebellion. The first man to leave his northern home and go to the defense of the capital was a citizen of Worcester. He became a soldier in the first regiments that

arrived there and subsequently gave up his life for the country on the battle-field. The members of Post 10 participated in more than 100 battles and in twice as many skirmishes from Sumter to Appomattox. One of them was at Ft. Sumter when it fell, another stood behind the first Union volunteer who was killed in the war and another was the first man in the country to don a uniform in response to Pres. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men.

Members of Post 10 were at Big Bethel, Bull Run and swam the Potomac at Balls Bluffs. They were with Burnside in North Carolina, with Butler and Farragut at New Orleans, served with McClellan on the Peninsula, helped repulse the terrific charges at Malvern Hill, and fought Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. They were again at Bull Run and at Chantilly with Kearny, when that gallant officer fell. They stood with Richardson at Antietam and with Reno at South Mountain, were on the heights of Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville and at the very front with the noble band that repulsed the most desperate charge of the war by Pickett's Virginians at Gettysburg. They participated in the sieges of Vicksburg and Port Hudson and withstood Longstreet in the protracted siege of Knoxville and under fighting Joe Hooker pierced the clouds with their loyal bayonets at Lookout Mountain. They fought from Chattanooga to Atlanta and marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the Sea. They were in the Red River campaign and at Spanish Fort. Scores of them fought from the Wilderness to Appomattox, including Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and in the "mine" at Petersburg.

Many of them were under fire for months without cessation. Some were at Franklin and Nashville, where the war in the West was practically ended, under the incomparable Thomas. They were again in the valley in '64, under the fiery Sheridan.

A member of Post 10 commanded the first division to enter Richmond when it fell. The comrades of Post 10 fought in the navy from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande and assisted in throwing tons of shot and shell into Fort Sumter.

Many of them pined in Southern prisons and were hunted all over the South by blood-hounds. They are now common every day citizens, united in a grand organization, known as the Grand Army of the Republic, for the purpose of promoting fraternity among those who served in the war of the Rebellion. In this organization, they all meet on a common level, without regard to rank in the service, in entire keeping with our democratic form of government. Among the high duties which claim their attention is that of dispensing charity to all needy comrades and to the families of those deceased.

So far as their means will allow, no worthy soldier is turned away without relief. They are pledged to loyally support the Constitution and the Union, to promote honesty and purity in public affairs, and by all honorable means to encourage the spirit of universal liberty and national unity.

Yours in F. C. and L. N.

In response to the request of Post 10, Rev. I. J. Lansing will repeat his sermon on "Gen. Grant,—his greatness and glory," at the Salem Street Church on Sunday evening, Feb. 19th. The Post will attend in a body. All who listened to the stirring and eloquent words of the preacher on Memorial Sunday, will want to hear this sermon, which is a just and appreciative tribute to the great commander.

The committee of publication of THE OLD GUARD, greatly regret that, notwithstanding the size of this number, they are obliged to reserve for the next volume several articles of great interest.

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### FROM ROUND TOP TO RICHMOND.

#### A Narrative of Thirty-Nine Days.

[The following thrilling narrative, compiled from letters of the late Roland E. Bowen, Company B, 15th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers, is published in the columns of THE OLD GUARD by the kind permission of the widow of the writer. Comrade Bowen also left a very interesting manuscript, entitled "Life on Belle Island," which, owing to lack of space in the present volume, is reserved for publication in a future issue of this paper. W. H. B.]

On the morning of July 1, 1863, we (the 2d Corps) were encamped about eighteen miles from Gettysburg. It was nearly noon when orders came for us to move on instantly, and in a short time the whole corps was in motion. The weather being quite hot, and the column moving at a quick march, many of the men fell down by the wayside utterly exhausted. I noticed lying along the road quite a number of dead bodies of men who had died from the effects of the intense heat.

The people in that part of Pennsylvania are nearly all loyal to the government, and the welcome which we received at their hands was such as none but loyal people know how to give. The old men shouted for joy, the women brought out pies, bread and cheese, and water, the girls waved their handkerchiefs and snapped kisses from the second-story windows. The army never having passed through that part of the country before, its magnitude naturally surprised the natives. As the rear of our division, which was about a mile in length, was passing the cottage of an old lady—the head of the second division not yet having appeared around the hill—she thought that all the troops had passed; and as they disappeared in the long trail of dust she gazed at them in wonderful astonishment, and declared that the great army of the Potomac had at last come. She acknowledged that she had been

frightened nearly out of her senses; "but," said she, "I feel perfectly safe, now, for I know there are men enough here to drive away all the rebels in the world." What madam thought after seeing the other two divisions, and then being told that the whole was only one corps, I leave to conjecture.

I think it was about 4 P. M. that we met some of the 11th Corps wounded. We were all eager to know the very latest news; but these Dutchmen, above all other men, I believe, are the very hardest to get any correct information from. Some said they had whipped the rebels high and dry, having taken 1100 prisoners and 11 pieces of artillery. Others said they had been defeated, and that the 11th and 6th Corps were nearly annihilated, and that Reynolds was killed. Some said our men were three miles beyond the town; others that the rebels were in actual possession. Well, I could not find out anything about it.

We pushed on, and soon hove in sight of "Round Top." We were not so near to it as I had anticipated, as it took us till nearly dark to reach it. We came up on the Taneytown road to opposite the Round Top, turned or filed in to the left, proceeded about a half mile to the base of the hill, then up it a short distance and camped. It was now dark. I think we had three days' rations. I built a fire, while some of the boys went for water, and we soon had some hot coffee and hard tack. Three of us used to sleep together, never pitching our tents unless it rained or looked likely to, and, as it did not rain now, we spread our shelters and rubbers on the ground and lay down for the night, putting our woolen blankets over us. Now we began to talk over what had happened to-day and what was likely to happen to-morrow. We agreed that our forces had been wiped out to-day, but there were as many opinions in regard to to-morrow as there were men. I predicted that the Rebs would all be gone in the morning, and stated my belief that Lee did not intend to fight this side of the mountains; that he had only sent over a part of his forces to keep us back while he could spot Harrisburg and plunder the country in that vicinity; that our next fight would be in the mountains, where they would make a stand to keep us from going into the valley beyond. Others thought Lee would throw his whole force on us on the morrow and try to overpower us, and push on to Baltimore before the Pennsylvania militia could co-operate with us, which proved to be the correct theory, and thus the night passed.

July 2d.—Early in the morning we were turned out and ordered to get our breakfast and be ready to march at a moment's notice. Hard tack and coffee having been served

we soon had orders to fall in. All was bustle and excitement. My half shelters and rubber were quickly rolled up, the ends tied together and hung upon my shoulder, and everything else properly adjusted. We moved out to the road which we had left the night before, and proceeded on towards Gettysburg. After going about a mile we halted at the right of the road in the rear of Cemetery Hill. Here our men had been at work all night, and the works they had thrown up were quite formidable. They had quite a number of guns in position, which I took to be a battery of 22 pounders. Occasionally they would send over a "Humming Bird" in the direction of the town, always without an answer. I now knew for the first time that "Johnny" was really in possession of the town. We stacked our guns and rushed at the walls on either side of the road, and spread them right and left. The rail and board fences we laid flat at a dash. In a few minutes all the fences in the vicinity were razed to the ground.

A little to the northeast, and about half a mile distant, was a small hill surrounded by wood—a most beautiful position for a battery. I knew not whether it was in our possession or the "Rebs'," but was under the impression that Johnny held it. I saw horsemen go up to it, and told some of the boys I feared the Rebs were going to bring a battery to bear on us from that hill, and if they did, woe be unto us! for the fields were covered with men behind the Cemetery Hill; but fortunately my fears were groundless, for none appeared.

I think it was about 10 A. M. when we fell in again (I speak of the brigade only), and crossed the road in regimental lines and moved up about half-way between the Taneytown and Emmettsburg roads and immediately in the rear of our batteries which had taken position on a kind of ridge which runs from Cemetery Hill to the Round Top. In some places the surface is but slightly elevated and could hardly be called a ridge. Here we stacked guns again. The regiments were about twenty paces apart, the 82d N. Y. in front, 19th Me. next, then the 15th Mass., the 1st Minn. being in the rear. The ammunition train soon arrived. We all had 60 rounds apiece and were ordered to take 20 rounds more. I, in company with other men went down to the train and brought up 1000 rounds, and we helped ourselves. I drew the old charge from my gun, fearing it might be wet, and loaded up anew.

Battery after battery came up and took position all along from Cemetery Hill to Round Top wherever the slightest eminence could be found. Corps were getting into position; divisions were forming and reforming; brigades and regiments were moving to and fro in all conceivable directions. I was bound to see what was in front, so I went up to the ridge where the artillery was stationed. There the ground was nearly level to the Emmettsburg road, after which it sloped gradually for nearly a mile to where there was heavy timber. To the right could be seen the town of Gettysburg, perhaps a mile distant. To the left could be seen Round Top. In front for about a mile and a half were cleared fields.

Our pickets were advanced some ways beyond the road. The rebel pickets had come out of the woods to meet them and each party was skulking behind trees and fences and popping away at each other quite lively. Sometimes our men would drive them almost to the wood; then in turn they would drive our men almost back to the road. They generally kept a respectable distance from each other, and it was only occasionally that a man was killed or wounded.

I think it was about 3 P. M. as we were quietly sitting down by our guns awaiting orders, when I heard some one cry out: "The 3d Corps is advancing!" We were all quickly up and every eye turned in the direction of the Round Top. The 3d Corps was commanded by Dan Sickles and was stationed a little to the right of Round Top. We watched them at every step with the greatest anxiety. They were about a mile from us. They had not gone far when the rebel infantry, with five or six batteries which had been concealed in the woods, opened a terrific fire. The rebels fired high, and quite a number of shots fell near our brigade. Our batteries replied vigorously. The 3d Corps fought like tigers for fifteen or twenty minutes, when they wavered and fell back to the Round Top, closely pursued by the enemy. Now the whole rebel line of artillery opened—say 100 guns. We replied with as many more. The shot and shell went screaming through the air in every direction, and again and again I thinned myself down to an old five-cent piece, crowding my nose into the sand, out of sight. It seemed as if every shell burst nearer and nearer. I fancied they just skimmed over my back and then exploded. I turned my face up to see how much longer I had got to live, and to my great joy I found they were bursting 200 feet above the ground. I cracked the next man on the head who, I saw, was trembling, if possible, worse than myself, at the same time saying to him, "Look up and see the smoke; they are bursting 200 or 300 feet above us." We were congratulating ourselves on their wild shots, when down came one right into the 1st. Minn., sending one man's leg flying into the air and tearing a foot from another. Poor fellows, how they did take on! One of them bled to death in a few minutes. The other was taken to the rear. In a minute another fell in the 82d N. Y., killing two men instantly. Now a laughable scene commenced. Up to this time the colored servants had kept close by the regiments. Now they began to get up and dust. Some had their officers' blankets, some carpet bags, some baskets, some one kind of truck and another. A shell would come screaming overhead, and down would go Sam and Pompey, and the rest. Then, amid great shouts of laughter from the troops, up they would get and dust again, scared almost to death. Some actually threw away everything they had and ran for dear life. During all this the battle near the Round Top grew fiercer.

The roar of musketry and artillery shook the very hills. The air was rent with the maddened shouts of both friend and foe, and the curling smoke which twirled its way up from among the trees left no doubt that the struggle was

deadly and deep. Orders came to fall in. It was done in less time than I can write it. We moved to the left, then to the front, then to the right. I, in common with many others, went to grass many times as the "messengers" passed over. These movements brought us in front of the ridge on which the batteries stood, and close along the Emmettsburg road. The pickets beyond the road were hard at it, and occasionally a minie came skipping over.

It was evident that Lee intended to attack us in a few minutes. The roar of artillery and the humming of shot and shell were incessant. Everything was excitement.

There was an almost new post and rail fence on either side of the road. Some one cried out: "Put those two fences into one!" "Yes," said Colonel Ward, "and get that fence too," at the same time pointing to a Virginia fence in the rear of the field we had just passed, "and put them all three together." I threw down my blankets, haversack and gun and made a rush for the rails. I made two trips and got four rails before they were gone. Each company was striving to get all the rails they could so as to have a breast-work bullet proof. After disposing of the rail fence we went at the post and rail fence. This was the worst of all fences I ever saw. We tried to break it down with our boot-heels, we tried the breach of our muskets, we tried to shove the posts one way or the other so as to get out one end. Then we formed parties of five or six and seizing the rails in the center we all pulled together and with a loud crack out it would come. In this way we broke out all the upper rails. With these and the Virginia fence we made a breastwork almost bullet proof, two feet or 30 inches in height. We now got our guns, took our proper places in line and lay down behind our little breast-work which we had constructed in five minutes, to regain our wind. I had got cooled down and nearly or quite done trembling. In a few minutes the pickets began to come in. There was a slight rise beyond the road. We could not see the enemy yet. Bob M who was a desperate man to fight, jumped up, cocked his gun and aimed it directly at a picket who was coming in and threatened to kill him on the spot if he did not go back. Bob was really in earnest about it. I thought he would shoot him. The picket declared he had no ammunition and that the rebel line of battle was advancing. Bob said no more and the picket went to the rear. We had a continual line to the Round Top. I had been watching the fight in that direction with intense anxiety. A great many were going to the rear. I asked some of the boys if they thought all those men could be wounded. They as well as myself thought not. It was soon evident that they were driven back. Some one remarked that the battle was going against us. I said nothing, but my worst fears were realized as the line continued to break coming nearer and nearer. Beaudry, our 1st Sergeant, who was very patriotic came up to me (he was a particular friend of mine) and said, "Oh! It's too bad, it's too bad!" All the pickets came rushing in. Some of them went straight to the rear but we made most of them stop and fall in with

us. All was now ready. Some said they could see the heads of the enemy in the tall grass and the musketry fire commenced moderately. I looked but I could not see anything of them, but as I had plenty of ammunition I let fly into the grass by way of practice. I quickly reloaded, and took out a handful of cartridges and laid them on the ground so that I could get them quickly. My ramrod I also threw on the ground beside the cartridges so as to grasp it in an instant. Nearly all the boys did the same. Again I rose,—I could see the grass move and a few bayonets rising above it. The villains were there crawling upon their hands and knees. I sent another bullet into the grass and went down as the bummers say, "to avoid a return." Their bullets began to fly pretty thickly but they were evidently excited as well as we as nearly all went over.

Now there was terrible excitement—a charge. They sprang forward with that demoniac yell which is peculiar to themselves only, at the same time giving us a deadly volley. Now it was our turn. With a shout we sprung up on our knees and resting our muskets over the rails we gave them one of the most destructive volleys I have ever witnessed. Unlike us they had nothing to shield them from our fire and their thinned ranks told that we had dealt out large quantities of death. For a moment they seemed to be suspicious or in doubt as if they had lost their confidence. They hesitated, they reeled, they staggered, and wavered slightly, yet there was no panic. As fast as we could get powder and lead into our guns we sent it at them. They returned the compliment pretty effectually. Our line was fast breaking to the left. This of course they knew as every man could see for himself. This inspired them with new courage. Again with renewed vigor they rushed at us, dealing death as they approached. We poured one continued storm of lead into them but they heeded not—on they came—bound to do or die, (they did both.)

The 82nd, immediately to the left, began to break. There was but one line of Rebs in our front. Was it possible that they, in an open field, could drive us from that fence? Ah! it was only too evident that in thirty seconds more all would be lost. At this point everything seemed to be in utter confusion. The line had broken clean up to our regiment, and that was sure to go. I looked upon it as a disgrace to run. I was very much excited, and raved like a madman; declaring we would never leave the fence for any such set of villains. A voice: "It's shame to run!" Another: "Only cowards run!" Another: "Better all go to Richmond," etc., etc.

Bob. M— jumps up and says (at the same time giving them a farewell shot): "Never be a prisoner! Never!" and away he went. I next heard that he was killed. Now the break became general. I raised up, and the rebs were about four rods off. I blazed away for the last time. They were coming at a quick march. I threw down my gun and held up both hands, with my cap in one, and begged that they would spare my life. They spoke not a word to me, but passed over and on. Every reb's eye

seemed to be fixed on our artillery, which they were after and well they might watch the guns, for they were all loaded with grape waiting for our men to get back. when they would pull the string. I jumped over the fence and lay down behind it (which was in front a few minutes before) to shield myself from our own guns, which I knew were about to open. I had not more than touched the ground when the thought struck me that that fence, or breastwork, would be torn all to pieces. I have told you before about the negroes dusting. Well, sir; *how are you dust?* If I did not get up and dust, then I am no judge. I had not got more than two or three rods beyond the road before the artillery opened. Six of our men, in Company A, were shot. Fortunately they fired too far to the left to hit me. Whew! How I made for the rear of Lee's army. Flora Temple's 2.19 $\frac{1}{2}$ , at Kalamazoo, was nothing. I went through and over them like lightning, not even saying "How are you?"

[To be continued.]

#### A LEAF FROM THE HISTORY OF A WORCESTER COUNTY REGIMENT AT THE BATTLE OF SPOTSYLVANIA.

The morning of May 12th 1864, dawned cold and dismal, after a night of almost incessant rain. Drenched to the skin and shivering with the cold, the men awoke from unrefreshing sleep, and without food, promptly responded to the order to advance taking up the same general alignment as the night previous. We soon came into a large opening in the dense forest where we found a portion of the corps (the 9th) being formed in column by brigades in line of battle. While thus forming and before we were fairly in position we were startled by the loud cheers of the troops on our right followed instantaneously by that awful roll and roar so peculiar to musketry, this was followed a moment later by the terrific thunder of artillery that seemed to shake the very ground beneath our feet.

This was the signal for our attack on the left. Each brigade deployed rapidly to right and left and when the alignment was completed our regiment was once more on the extreme left of the line. Heavy skirmish lines were immediately thrown out, and very soon drew the fire from the rebel skirmishers who were moving forward for the attack on our left.

It was now about half-past four in the morning, by five o'clock the engagement had become general and indescribably terrific. Lurid flashes of musketry lighted up the dismal woods, and the awful din of battle resounded everywhere, and in the midst of all could be heard the cheers and cries of struggling men, as they rose and died away on that early May morning in that dim old forest.

Connection had been made with Griffin's Brigade of our Corps which joined the 2d Corps near the famous "death angle" thus securing our right, but our left was "in the air" and badly exposed, and we anxiously awaited the coming of promised supports. The forest was dense, and it was impossible to distinguish the position, or the ap-

proach of the enemy, until he struck our skirmish line which was closely supported by our main line. The firing was sharp, and close in our front with that peculiar element in it that betokens confidence and strength. Our skirmish line had been reinforced preparatory to a charge we had been ordered to make; when intelligence was passed along the line that General Hancock with the 2d Corps had made a brilliant charge, and carried the enemy's line near the McCool house, capturing four thousand prisoners and twenty cannon.

Very soon after this a large force was discovered moving in column, directly across our front. Our skirmishers opened a sharp fire upon them, which strangely enough was not returned; but instead was heard the cry, "For God's sake don't fire." At the same time the order came down the line from the right of our division "Cease firing Hancock's prisoners are passing along your front." Fatal mistake, or rather egregious blunder somewhere; for all, it would seem, ought to have known that a column of prisoners with their guards would not have been passed to the front, when it was much easier and safer to move them to the rear. But the firing ceased, and we were rejoicing over the evident success of our comrades on the right, when a few moments later we were almost paralyzed with the cry which came from the left of our regiment, "The rebels are on our flanks!" The fatal impression somehow prevailed that this column moving in our front was a division of the enemy's troops captured by Hancock.

A Union officer had ordered the line to cease firing, and said "The rebels carried a white flag." If so, their audacious strategy served them well, for they had succeeded in passing a column along our left almost unopposed and were formed squarely across our flank. Our only field officer having fallen, seriously wounded in the Wilderness a few days before, and the highest officer in rank in our regiment was captain. One of the coolest and bravest of them was acting as major that day, and believing the Rebel line, which had now halted in our front were prisoners, deliberately walked out on a narrow wagon road in the woods, which crossed our line diagonally on our left, and across which these rebels had formed unmolested, and waving his sword towards them, cried out: "Come in, Johnnies; we won't hurt you. Come in." As near as we could see, they stood in line of battle, at ordered arms, as coolly as if resting on parade. We could look into their faces, so near had they approached our lines. This brave officer was but a few rods from them, and going towards their line. In an instant, and without warning, they raised their muskets and poured into our lines a most murderous volley, which no man who survived it will ever forget. But, strange as it may seem, our major was unharmed, and walked back to his own line, coolly faced two or three more companies to the left, and shouted: "Give it to them!"

This attack on our lines was terrific; and one of our officers has said it was the most awful moment in our history. We received this first deadly volley standing, and

several men fell where they stood. Surprised, and almost bewildered at the suddenness of the attack, our line wavered for a moment, and it seemed as though the experience of the Wilderness was about to be repeated. Taking in the terrible situation at a glance, the writer, who was in command of one of the left companies, sprang to the right of his company and cried: "Lie down and fire!" This order was repeated instantly by a brave officer from this city to his company, next on the right; in a moment the whole of our line went down on their knees and poured into the enemy's lines a low and well directed fire, which proved most effective and deadly, effectually checking the Rebel advance. Again and again they essayed to charge our lines, but it was too hot for them. They could not come.

Thus did these brave men maintain the unequal contest until the order came down from the right for the whole line to charge; then rising to their feet in the midst of the awful fire the regiment was rushing toward the enemy, when loud cheers were heard on our left, and in another moment we were joined by the gallant 21st Massachusetts which came up on the double-quick to prolong the line of battle. It was a moment of supreme satisfaction for us, and cheer answered cheer as both regiments charged the enemy, who was driven back to his entrenchments with great loss, leaving his dead and wounded in our possession. Several attempts were made to regain some of the ground they had lost. Charges and counter-charges were frequent, but all day long these brave men held their ground and saved the left of our line that day from disaster, and perhaps dire defeat. But it had been to our regiment a day of literal baptism of fire and blood. Its losses had been frightful; and sad indeed was the bivouac on the field of death that night.

A. A. W.

36th Reg. Mass. Vols.

#### ADVANCE AND RETREAT.

About the middle of July, 1863, rumors were rife in camp—at New Berne, N. C.—of an expedition soon to start for some point, unknown to all except a few of the leading officers. On the 17th orders were issued to report to Gen. Potter at 5 o'clock A. M. on the 18th with five days' rations. Accordingly all was bustle and hurry on that morning. The 25th Reg't Mass. Vols., with a portion of another Reg't, crossed the Neuse River at New Berne on pontoons, landing at Fort Anderson, and took up their line of march toward the interior of the state, directly into the enemy's country. As soon as possible after the infantry had crossed the river, came several troops of the 3d N. Y. Cavalry, and also a few companies of the N. Y. 12th, together with mounted infantry, in all nine hundred strong. It was 11.30 A. M. before the mounted portion of the troops were ready to march. Nothing of interest occurred that afternoon except the capture of one prisoner.

The infantry were overtaken about 6 o'clock at Swift Creek village, about twenty miles from New Berne, at this point we bivouacked for the night, the writer's bed being

the soft side of the stoop of an old house, his saddle for a pillow. The next morning—Sunday—bright and early, we were on the wing. The foot troops were to accompany us through the town, and then return to New Berne.

Just at the outskirts of the village the report came that "Graybacks" had just been seen in a corn-field at our right. In less time than it takes to write the account, Capt. O'Neill was ordered to skirmish with his company through that field, which they did at a lively pace; no enemy was found, however, and Co. E soon returned, Capt. O'Neill with sword in one hand, and half of the scabbard in the other. In the haste the scabbard had in some way been caught in the corn-stalks and broken square off in the middle, but the brave captain left no relic on the field. On and on tramped our 900 horses, with as many brave riders. About 9 o'clock a real Confederate was spied some distance ahead of us at a four-corner crossing. Like a flash our horses had the spur, and a paymaster of the rebel army was soon our prisoner. Thousands of Confederate scrip was found with him, as he was on his way to the families of the southern soldiers, paying them instead of paying the troops in the field. This raid was so secretly planned that only a few knew where we were going, and by taking every man we met a prisoner, no one knew we were coming. When within about a mile of a little church, called Jack Church, situated at the junction of road crossings, we were ordered to charge, with drawn pistols, on a camp of Confederates, which our scout informed us was stationed at that point. You should have seen those nine hundred horses with their riders dash over that mile of splendid road, through a fine section of thin woodland. The Confederates were taken completely by surprise. They were cooking their dinner of hoe-cake and bacon, which was first-class, as the writer sampled it. Some of the Confederates started for the woods without coats or hats, but our boys in blue were too quick for them, and all were captured and paroled, their muskets were put into our ambulance, and the ammunition thrown into an old well near by, their tents were destroyed, and in about an hour's time we were again on our way toward the pretty village of Greenville. This place had been well fortified by heavy earth-works, and guarded by quite a body of Confederates, who only three days before our visit had been moved out of town into camp beyond the Tar River, which ran close by the village. We entered the village about 4 o'clock P. M. The bridge over the river we wanted to destroy, but dare not fire it, lest the smoke from its burning might alarm the camp, which we preferred not to disturb. The planking was therefore loosened and dropped into the river.

There we opened the jail, and liberated several negroes who were confined there; also went through the post-office, securing some very curious correspondence. One letter, which the writer now has, was written by a female to her lover in the Southern Army, in which was inclosed a braid of hair, tied with a ribbon, and in speaking about this love token, wrote: "I hope the Yanks wont get this

as they did the one I sent you before." After getting our dinner, "hard tack" and coffee, (except where some arm was long enough to reach a chicken, or fortunate enough, as was the writer, in securing a basket of eggs), we resumed our march, and at 11.30 P. M. reached the small village of Sparta, where we halted for rest and refreshment. My bed at this place was the steps of a country store. The following morning at 4 o'clock a squadron of cavalry were dispatched by a short route to Rocky Mount, a village about 14 miles distant, while the balance of the command were to go to Tarboro and await the return of the Squadron.

Rocky Mount was on the line of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad. Our object here was to destroy the connection between Wilmington and Weldon. At this place we captured 200 Confederate prisoners — officers and men who were on leave of absence from the army to visit their families, and were taking breakfast, their train standing near by in front of the hotel. As our troops dashed toward the train, the engineer saw the blue coats and started his train, but a quick shot from one of our men caused him to relinquish his post, and the cavalryman leaped from his horse and onto the engine reversed the lever, bringing all to a standstill. After securing our prisoners, a party took the locomotive and ran down the road some two miles to the second railroad bridge in size in the State, burned it, and returning, fired the water tank, the depot and all cars, both passenger and freight, together with a three-story stone factory, filled with machinery and material for making army cloth, and also a large Confederate cracker bakery, driving out the workingmen and women, numbering nearly 200.

That portion of the command which was left at Sparta marched at 6 A. M., and halting for rest at a plantation learned that some one from Sparta had informed the people along the way toward Tarboro that the Federals were close upon them. The owner of the plantation had taken the male hands and horses, and fled to a more secure location. At this place the colored women were spinning and weaving fabric for the use of the farm hands. They were questioned about their master, and among other things we learned that they had not been fed that morning. So the smoke-house was broken open, and they were told to help themselves to bacon. As the door to this important room was opened, eight barrels of "apple jack" appeared. It would not do to let our men get a taste of this terrible liquid, so it was turned on to the ground. Soon after we were all in the saddle ready, at the word, to charge a mile or more into the pretty village of Tarboro, whose spires were in sight.

Orders were given and away we went and were soon in possession of the town, which was guarded by a few confederate soldiers, who greeted us with a few shots and retreated across the bridge spanning the Tar river, at this place. Our men dashed on over the bridge, capturing two or three men, but some ventured too far and some fifteen of our men were captured and one shot in the arm, making amputation necessary. At this point we burned two steamboats which lay at anchor in the stream, also a large structure on the stocks, evidently intended for a ram or iron clad. We also fired the railway station and all cars found there and all property belonging to the Confederate Government, and awaited the return of the Squadron from Rocky Mount. We however were not allowed to remain long at ease, as at four o'clock P. M., rebel troops from a camp up the river, sent a cannon shot to stir us up and caused us to retrace our steps toward the place from whence we came.

Couriers were at once dispatched to meet the squadron from Rocky Mount and turn them toward Sparta, where they left the main body early that morning. The party at Tarboro having destroyed the bridge at that place so that the enemy could not cross to attack us, started for Sparta with a crowd of colored men and women following us on their way to freedom. Connections with the troop from Rocky Mount, with their prisoners was effected all right. Then began our march toward New Berne. When near Sparta just at dusk we learned that a field piece of the enemy confronted us at the point where we should enter that town, so we went back a half mile through the fields to a ford, which we all passed in safety though the rebels were throwing shells at us. One ambulance however, was disabled at the ford and left in the stream. That Monday night we rode all the night long with nothing to break the monotony of a ride in the dark, in the enemy's country. Tuesday we marched all day, only halting now and then for a rest. A heavy rain fell that day and just before dark we came to a small village where we captured a rebel picket and had one of our men wounded. The river at this point was very much swollen by the rain, and the planking had all been removed from the bridge; we very soon however had the boards stripped from a barn near by laid as a covering and all passed over safely, when the boards were thrown into the swift running stream. Just here and now our engineer who had been reconnoitering found himself separated from the main body by the river, and the bridge rendered impassable. No time was to be lost, so with the dash and daring of a soldier he plunged with his horse into the stream and fortunately found a safe landing on the opposite bank. O how the rain came down that night, in torrents, like the turning of a full bucket upside down, and so dark that not even the head of the horse we rode could be seen, and we only kept together by speaking now and then. Amid mud and water we tramped on and on expecting every minute to receive a shot from the enemy. Up to this night General Potter had kept a guard in the rear of the 2000 more or less colored people who were following us, but finding the enemy pressing us so closely the guard was put in front of the negroes. The confederates soon learned of this move and came into the rear and among the colored folks, telling them that they were crowding so fast that the soldiers in front could not get along as quickly as though they fell back a little and by this ruse placed themselves in front of about 200 refugees and drove them back. Very soon the other portion of the refugees found what was going on. Such a rush was made for the front, as few people ever saw and the General then put the guard in the rear again. About midnight the rear half of our column became separated from the front by taking the left hand road at the foot of a long hill while the front took the right which was correct. The writer was with those who took the left. We soon found ourselves in a dense pine forest and darkness that could almost be felt. I dismounted and with my hands felt for the ruts of the road and becoming satisfied that we were on the wrong track, we prepared to right about face and find if possible our comrades. Knowing how closely the enemy had followed us for two days we thought very likely that we might be taken prisoners so we took the precaution to destroy all private papers in our possession, which might in any way assist the enemy. As we retraced our steps and reached the foot of the hill where the error was made, we met a courier from the front looking for us and we rejoiced when we were with the main body again. Rain fell nearly all the next day, Wednesday, and as we

neared Swift Creek Village, the place we spent the first night out, we learned that the enemy were there in considerable force awaiting our return, we therefore turned toward the Neuse River, and Street's Ferry was reached by the middle of the afternoon. Leaving the village to our left at this point we were about eighteen miles from New Berne and ten from Bachelor's Creek, our outpost. General Potter here decided to attempt to reach Bachelor's Creek by couriers sent by different routes. This was a delicate move as these men were to pick their way through the rebel picket lines. The men who were chosen for this enterprise were taken across the river in a dug-out, their horses swimming in their rear. From our outpost telegraph communication with New Berne had been opened, so could the couriers reach this point, gunboats and pontoons would at once be ordered up the river to assist us. Just before dark one of the couriers appeared on the opposite bank of the river, having accomplished the trip unmolested and informed us that relief would be started immediately. Thursday morning bright and early the gunboats appeared and soon after the pontoons were laid, and the command passed over and a little past noon July 23d, arrived at New Berne, having been out five and one-half days, constantly on the march. On this raid we destroyed between two and three millions of property belonging to the confederates, captured and brought back with us 200 prisoners and were followed by 2,000 colored people, male and female; one woman making the whole distance, not less than 75 miles on foot. We also captured a number of horses and mules.

Many amusing incidents occurred on the route, one of which I will mention. When our men saw a colored man at work in the field, they would shout "Uncle, don't you want to go to freedom?" Invariably they would start for our column, and if at work with a horse or mule, were sure to bring the animal along with them. They all understood the word freedom. Our guide was a colored man, who was familiar with all the roads and by-ways in the country through which we passed and was of the greatest assistance, showing himself competent and faithful in every particular. One of the raiders, J. B. K.

#### DARING AND SUFFERING.

##### Three Chapters in the History of a Veteran.

###### CHAPTER I. IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

On July 3d, 1862, Gov. Buckingham, of Connecticut, issued a stirring proclamation calling for six regiments of three years' men. In less than a month after that call more than one thousand men had enlisted in the 18th Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, and were in camp ready for military drill and discipline. Among the patriotic young men who made up that regiment was Charles F. Porter, now a comrade of Post 10, G. A. R. When it is said that comrade Porter took part in all the earlier battles in which his regiment participated, that he was a prisoner at Libby and Belle Island, that after his exchange he was wounded and again captured, that he was carried to Danville, from which prison he, with others, made a marvellous escape, and after wandering for two months, during which he travelled with bare and bleeding feet some three hundred miles, through the forests and swamps, and over the mountains of Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, finally reached the Union lines near Knoxville, it will be seen that his story is so exceptional as to entitle it to a place of honor in THE OLD GUARD.

At the time of his enlistment, July 27th, 1862, our com-

rade was but eighteen years of age. "I was," says he "at that time a strong, healthy boy; athletic, lithe and spry, heedless of care and danger, and, like most young soldiers, filled with exaggerated ideas of the adventurous life before me. Our regiment took its departure for the field August 22d, being the first regiment under the call to leave the state. The first nine months of our service consisted of garrison duty at Fort McHenry and guard duty on the railroad between Baltimore and Havre de Grace.

"On the 22d of May, 1863, we left Baltimore, and the next morning reached Harper's Ferry, where, after marching a short distance up the Shenandoah, we halted, stacked arms, and spent the night. The next day found us on the road to Winchester. We had got through playing soldier. Lively times were ahead. We were now fairly at the front, with nothing but videttes between us and the rebel lines. The troops collected at Winchester were under the command of Gen. Milroy. The advance of Lee's army moving towards Pennsylvania appeared in force before the town June 13th. After fighting for two days, Milroy found himself in a most perilous situation. His cannon ammunition was nearly exhausted and he had but one day's rations for his men; moreover the enemy outnumbered him five to one. He, therefore, resolved to give up all further attempts to defend the place, to abandon his wagon train and artillery, and to force his way through the hostile lines that night. He ordered all the guns spiked and the ammunition thrown into the cisterns. Our forces moved silently out through a ravine at about midnight, and were not molested until nearly four miles from the town. Here we met a rebel skirmish line, and soon found that their main body was formed a short distance ahead of us. We charged their line repeatedly and desperately, but the attempt to break through was impossible, their force being sustained by heavy reserves both of infantry and artillery. Moreover the troops at Winchester had become aware of our flight and were in hot pursuit. It was now broad daylight, and seeing that capture was inevitable, and that nothing but immediate surrender could prevent great and useless slaughter of men who had fought gallantly in the face of great odds, our colonel raised the white flag. We were thoroughly wearied by three days' incessant watching and fighting, and badly cut up by three successive charges, and were twenty-five miles from supports, and entirely surrounded.

After the surrender we marched back under guard to Star Fort, Winchester, which we had abandoned so secretly a few hours before. Here our condition was miserable enough. The heat was intolerable and we were nearly suffocated by the dust and sand blowing from the parapets and which covered us from head to foot. No rations were issued until the second day and then hardly enough to keep soul and body together. But soon preparations were made to send us farther into Dixie. The order to march was a welcome one for it seemed that any change would be a relief from our present condition. Southward we marched day after day passing through many dingy looking rebel towns at all of which we were the objects equally of curiosity and hatred. At a little hamlet where we halted on the second day of our march an old lady came out of her house, leaned over the door-yard fence and looking over her glasses in wild astonishment cried out to some one within the house: "Lizzie, do look here! We've got all of Lincoln's men. I don't believe he's got a dozen left."

Our rations on this march were poor and scanty, consisting of a pint of flour and a small piece of bacon to each man daily. The flour was mixed with water and baked in thin cakes over the fire or in the ashes. These cakes

the boys called "Jeff Davis's custards." On and on we plodded through heat and hail and dust and mud, now scorched by the blazing rays of a midsummer's sun, then drenched by pouring rains, with fatigues and trials indescribable until we reached Staunton, 92 miles from Winchester. Here we were crowded into cattle cars and after a horrible ride of one hundred and fifty miles were landed in the rebel capital and consigned to Libby Prison after having been stripped of every article of value we possessed. In a few days we were transferred to Belle Island, called by the Richmond papers, the SOUTHERN PARADISE, but which proved a hell on earth to Yankee prisoners.

That prison has so often been described by the unfortunates who were placed there that I will not attempt a description of it here. The usual scanty and pitiable rations were issued and it seemed as though the men would perish from hunger alone, to say nothing of the continued exposure to the weather, it being so cool at night and hot during the day. The tents were few and poor and many slept on the ground without blankets or shelter of any kind. But fortunately we had not long to suffer from the indignities and cruelties which were there heaped upon brave men who had sacrificed all at the call of their country. Who can think without a shudder of the four thousand men who spent the winter of '63-'64 on that desolate island living like the savages of Africa, burrowing in the sand, starving on unwholesome, poisonous and insufficient rations, and freezing and dying from exposure?

On June 30th, we were ordered to fall in and obeyed the order with alacrity. We were paroled and were soon on the way to Petersburg where we exchanged cars for City Point, where we went on board of a transport. although we had spent less than one month in rebeldom we had experienced enough of confederate hospitality, and our hearts were filled with joy and thankfulness to stand once more under the shelter and protection of the dear old flag.

We were soon sent to Camp Parole at Annapolis. After remaining there a few weeks with nothing to do, in common with the rest of the men I began to grow restless and to think that the interval between exchange and active service might as well be spent at home as in idleness at the camp. There were certain soldiers there who had established a brokerage business in counterfeit furloughs. I invested ten dollars with one of these enterprising Yanks and took a French furlough of thirty days, spending the time pleasantly at my home in Connecticut. Though obliged to show my furlough several times during my absence no one ever questioned its genuineness, and at its expiration I returned to Camp Parole and having been duly exchanged reported for duty with my regiment, then at Martinsburg, Va., Oct. 10, '63. Here we spent the winter.

The opening of the Spring campaign found us on the move up the Shenandoah Valley, our regiment having joined Sigel's Division. The advance up the Valley, the fight at Newmarket and Sigel's subsequent retreat to Cedar Creek are matters of history on which I need not dwell. A more important chapter of history and one which introduces a memorable chapter in my own personal experience is what is known as Hunter's Raid.

Hunter having been ordered to retrieve the failures and losses of Sigel, started up the Valley in light marching order, May 27th. On June 5th took place the memorable battle of Piedmont. My regiment was on the right of Hunter's line. In the language of our Colonel, "Its colors took the lead and floated defiantly till we triumphed. All the color guard were wounded except one, our banner riddled by minie balls and cannon shot, and a loss of one hundred twenty-seven killed and wounded tells our story." We buried the fallen "at dead of night," and lay down in

the woods for the night, exhausted from the constant fighting and fatigues of the day.

The next day we were early on the move and reached Staunton in the afternoon. How changing the fortunes of war! Not quite a year before I had passed through this place with my comrades as prisoners of war. Then we were taunted and insulted by the rebel citizens with such remarks as, "How do you like 'On to Richmond' Yanks, as far as you've got?" Now, how changed! With shout and song and cheer the Yankees were marching through the same streets with Union colors bravely flying.

At Staunton we destroyed rebel storehouses and a vast amount of other rebel government property. This wholesale destruction of rebel property earned us the title of "Hunter's Thieves." A few days later the forces of Hunter and Averill having effected a junction, the column pressed on towards Lynchburg. About three miles from that place the rebels made a stand on the 17th, and quite a smart fight occurred. Gen. Crook drove them back, however. That night I was on picket three-quarters of a mile in front of the scene of the battle, and within speaking distance of the enemy's line. Indeed, during the night we heard trains moving, drums beating, and constant cheering, which showed that the enemy were receiving reinforcements.

Early the next morning the ball opened with an artillery duel, the first shots seriously wounding two of my comrades as we were taking our morning coffee. During that day, Hunter attacked in force, but at night being convinced that Early's Corps had arrived and that Lynchburg could not be taken, he commenced his famous retreat into West Virginia. That day, while on the skirmish line, I had been wounded in the finger, and at night, as our regiment, which was left behind the main force, was following on the pike at the double quick in the wake of the retreating forces, coming suddenly upon a pile of rails which had been thrown into the road, I fell and was trampled on by others, my knee being so injured that I could not stand, much less walk. Strapping my gun around my neck, alone and in the darkness I crawled slowly and painfully along for two miles until I reached the field-hospital, where lay a large number of dead and many wounded whom the fortunes of war and the exigences of the retreat had abandoned to the tender mercies of the enemy. The only building in the vicinity was an old barn, and in this lay some fifty or more wounded and dying men, with various hurts,—shot in the body, head, legs, and arms. I found there Dr. Harrington, surgeon of my regiment, who was suffering from hemorrhage of the lungs, and was scarcely able to sit up. Nevertheless he cared as best he could for all who had strength to reach him. He dressed my finger and knee, after which I lay down with the others. Some were benumbed and stupefied, others groaning and writhing in great pain and agony. Before the next dawn many slept the sleep that knows no waking. At about sunrise the rebels made their appearance. A fine-looking officer, splendidly mounted, rode through the barn between the ranks of dead and wounded, flourishing his revolver, calling us "Hunter's Thieves," and threatening to set fire to the barn, and burn us up. His manner left no doubt in my mind that he would gladly have executed the threat.

We were slung heartlessly into old-fashioned two-mule carts, which jolted over the uneven road to Lynchburg, where we were taken to College Green Hospital. Too much cannot be said in praise of our treatment there. The attendants, who were Sisters of Charity, could not have treated us with more kindness and consideration had they been the very angels of God.

[To be continued.]

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### FROM ROUND TOP TO RICHMOND.

#### A Narrative of Thirty-Nine Days.

I began to divest myself of articles not necessary for carrying on war. I threw off my belt and cap-box, slipped my half-tent and rubber over my head, then off with my haversack and cartridge box and threw them both away. I instantly stopped, rushed back, grabbed my haversack which was partly filled with hard tack, and away I flew. Shortly I was out of wind entirely. I looked for some ravine or hole in which I could hide myself from the balls and shells (our own) which were tearing up everything around me. I saw a rail fence—ran to that—lay down. A ball passed right over it—expected the next would rip it up, and I departed.

Next saw a pile of rails. I made for them. There was a wounded reb behind them. I lay down by his side. He asked what regiment I belonged to and how the battle was going. I was so exhausted I could not speak a word. Shortly I told him to wait a minute and I would talk with him. He was badly wounded in the head and moaned considerably. I finally told him what I belonged to and that the battle appeared to go in his favor. I soon left him and went on. Saw a reb in the field. Told me to come over that way. Went with him. When a ball passed over I would go to grass (down). He went down too every time, then said "Oh, never mind, they wont hurt you," as if I was inferior in courage to himself. Said I, "What makes you duck then?" "I didn't," says he.

The fact was he was glad to get one prisoner to get to the rear himself and was so scared he didn't know when he went down. I wanted to go to the left and he to the right. I wanted to get out of the range of our guns and thought I could do it most quickly that way. I prevailed on him to go with me. I hardly realized then that I was a prisoner. Then we crossed a swamp, went through a ploughed field and up into the woods. Here were some rebel officers. They were well dressed and seemed to be watching the progress of the conflict. Quite a number of prisoners had gathered here. Suddenly down came a "tea-kettle" crashing through the trees and instantly exploded, throwing its deadly fragments in every direction. The officers and prisoners ducked a little, the horses pranced, and all was over.

Fortunately no harm was done. One of the officers ordered the guard to go on with us, saying, "This is no place to stop." We hurried on through the woods and soon came to an open field. Here an officer took command of us and made us fall in in force, which we did, and proceeded on. We were soon out of reach of the Yankee guns. It was now growing dusky. In a short time we halted and sat down by the side of the road. A full battery went rushing by with all its apparatus, followed by a large squad of men with picks and shovels, hurrying on after. The battery made a very fine appearance, the riders sitting erect and looking bold and defiant. The road was good, they made but very little noise, and really seemed to fly. It was surmised that "Bob" intended to continue the struggle on the morrow, acting on the defensive as indicated by pick and shovel. I had some cartridges in my pocket. I took them out on the sly, tore off the papers, throwing the powder on the ground and the balls over into the field saying to myself: "You sha'nt kill any of our boys with them anyhow." We again resumed the march and soon arrived at Willoughby's Run. Here we were to stop for the night. A large number of prisoners had been collected and a guard stationed around them and small squads were continually coming in. I began to look around to see whom I had for company. The Spheres, Cross, Maltese Cross, Diamond, Trefoil and above all the Crescent were most numerous represented. Poor Dutchmen! Verily thou art an unfortunate people! The Spheres and Crescent (1st and 11th corps) were mostly captured on the first day. From them we learned for a certainty that we had been badly whipped and driven from the town on the first day, and I knew that we had lost ground on the second, furthermore that Lee was crowding reinforcements to the front in order to make a more vigorous attack than ever on the third. If I was to

judge the future by the past what would be my conclusion? I could only say, "Can it be? Is it possible?" But the words of Meade to us when he took command were still appropriate. Yes, doubly so, viz.: "Let every man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest." To this the boys said, "Amen." Why? Because there is no braggadocio. I fancy I am not much of a fanatic. Still in times of trial I, like all other men, am inclined to cast an eye heavenward. We — the 15th — began to gather around a large tree as one after another came in, and to congratulate each other that it was much better to be a prisoner than a corpse and to inquire after those left behind. Very little however could be ascertained. Ward was believed to have been mortally wounded and killed, a number of the officers were said to have been placed *hors du combat*, also many of the privates.

The roar of artillery grew fainter and fainter, and finally ceased altogether. Unlike the days of the Prophets, the sun did not stop, but continued to go down, and darkness ended the conflict. I threw myself on the ground, and after pondering awhile on the past and wondering at the future, I passed into the reveries of a midnight slumber, and thus closed the second day of the Waterloo of the Rebellion.

July 3d.—Early in the morning a number of batteries opened in a southerly direction, which appeared to be from Longstreet's Corps. (Their right; our left.) The cannonading was quite brisk for awhile, but finally died away. In the early part of the afternoon a frightful cannonading, with vast volleys of musketry, commenced. The roar of artillery was indeed terrific. The very hills trembled, and it really seemed as if the judgment day was near at hand. The battle raged with great fury throughout the afternoon and until darkness put an end to the bloody scene. With great anxiety we listened that we might be able to judge in whose favor the battle was going. Now the firing would grow more distant. Then fear and anxiety, with a corresponding diminution in greenbacks would be the inevitable consequence. Now it would come nearer, as if our men were driving them back. Then we would be encouraged. Our confidence would return, and we would be filled with hope. Gold would go down with a crash. But all was uncertain. It was a curious mingling of hope and fear. A few prisoners, both civil and military, came in. We flocked around them and eagerly inquired for the latest news. Some told what appeared to be very exaggerated stories about our success; others seemed to be in doubt, and thought it was about an even thing, but we came to the conclusion from all that we could learn that Meade had got the best of it, although he had not gained a decisive victory. Some of Pickett's men came in and acknowledged that they were all cut up. I watched the enemy's baggage and ammunition train closely, to see if I could discover signs of a retreat. Sometimes I would partly come to a conclusion, and then see cause to change it. Nothing could be told.

In the course of the day, the major in command of us read an order, or rather an offer to us from Gen. Lee, offering any or all of us a parole if we desired, at the same time stating that the Federal Government had issued an order forbidding the recognition of any parole given on the battlefield. He said there was nothing compulsory about it; that it was optional with us to take it or not; "but," said he, "if you do take it, I (Lee) shall expect to hold you to it in good faith, and shall hold you responsible for its fulfillment." Now this was a bumper. Many of the boys had not had anything to eat for two days and were willing to do anything to get out of this predicament. But our government will not recognize the parole, and will put us in the ranks again. Then if Bob catches us he will show us no mercy; and so the argument went on. The prisoners appeared to be about equally divided; some contending that the government would recognize the parole if taken forty miles from the field of battle, and proposing to go over to Hagerstown and take it there, finally. It was at length agreed to leave the whole matter to Gen. Graham (who was a prisoner, too). He at once advised us not to take any parole, as it had been forbidden by the government. This ended the "conflict." I think, however, that a very limited number did take it. Nothing more of account this day.

July 4th.—This did not seem much like the 88th anniversary of American Independence. Early in the morning we moved out on the Hagerstown pike, went a short distance, turned into a large field to the right, and for the first time drew rations — consisting of a pint of flour and some fresh meat. We were then marched around the field for a count. Then we were marched this way and the other for no apparent purpose. It rained awfully some of the time. We finally camped beside a brook about four miles to the rear of Gettysburg. General Lee had an immense baggage train; almost every field having more or less wagons in it, nearly half of which were marked U. S. There was very little fighting to-day. Both parties seemed to have got satisfaction, and thought the 4th a proper day for rest.

July 5th.—Twenty-six years old this day. Moved early in the morning. It was raining hard and awful muddy. Halted a couple of hours at Fairfield, ten or fifteen miles from Gettysburg. While here I heard great shouts from the troops. I asked one of the guards what it was all about. He said "Bob was coming." I made a rush for a "posish" so that I could see, for of all men in the Confederacy Robert E. Lee was the one whom I most desired to see. He soon made his appearance riding on a splendid bay horse. As he passed, the soldiers yelled like murderation, and the air was filled with old hats and caps. He acknowledged the honor by raising his hat. He is a large well-formed man, and I should judge pretty well along in years, sits erect and makes a fine appearance on his nag. His uniform was not dashy in the least and he had no staff with him, nothing but an orderly or two. As he passed he cast an eagle eye at us as if to say, "I have

made a pretty good haul on you Yanks this time," (5000). The greeting that A. P. Hill's men gave him showed that he was the ideal of all, and I could only think *a la Mac* on the Peninsula. There was but little doubt now that Lee was falling back. After he had passed we moved again and soon reached Monterey Springs, at the top of the mountains. Just before dark, as we were part way up the mountain, a little artillery duel took place, a few miles in the rear. We could see it very plainly and supposed some of our cavalry, with light artillery, were following up. Many of our boys took advantage of their marching us through the mountains in the night and ran away. Beaudry and Farnham, of my company, got away during the night and soon after rejoined the regiment.

July 6th.—Morning very foggy. We halted an hour or two in the middle of the day for the roads to get cleared, then moved very slowly all night, as the roads were blocked with spoils, artillery, men, etc.

July 7th.—Early this morning went over to within one mile of Williamsport, on the Potomac. Here we drew a small ration of flour and plenty of fresh meat which the rebs had stolen and could not get over the river, the water being very high and our cavalry having destroyed Lee's pontoons.

With no reference to date.—All the way from Gettysburg to Williamsport every old house, barn, and shed seemed to be filled with wounded. Many of the poor fellows suffered terribly. There seemed to be a woeful lack of surgeons and medical stores. Hundreds died from sheer want of care, and the excruciating cries and groans of the poor outcasts (for such they really seemed to be) were heart-rending in the extreme. Some of the natives of the country through which we passed had fled further north, taking what they could and leaving the rest to the mercy of the invaders. Others were arrested and held as prisoners, and still others (such as blacksmiths) were forced to work, shoeing horses or rigging up something that had been "bust" by Uncle Sam's bombs.

I know our cavalry have been on many stealing expeditions and sometimes on a mammoth raid like Sherman's; but I don't believe any of them ever exceeded this one of Lee's. He had trains miles in length loaded almost purely with spoils. Out of many hard-hearted cases I will only mention one and you can judge of the rest. In the edge of the woods under a little hill just on the borders of Pennsylvania lived an old man, his wife and two daughters. Their worldly treasures were very limited. Their little cottage was very dilapidated. There was no barn or shed; only a little hut for the hens. Here these poor people enjoyed rural and domestic happiness. Now the rebs came along and what did they do. They took every hen, every sheep, the cow and calf and the pig. Was this all? No. They tore down the front yard fence, took all the potatoes, onions, carrots, beets, cabbages and garden products in general. Was this all? No. They arrested the old man and put him among the prisoners. Then they lied to the old lady, telling her that the whole

Union army was captured, and says they, "Here they are, If you don't believe it, look and see for yourself." Which she readily believed when she saw a string of prisoners a mile in length. The old lady wrung her hands and walked back and forth in truly idiotic style. The girls cried, saying, "Oh, father is gone! Will they kill him?" I stepped to the side of the road and told them it was useless to mourn about it, that they would not hurt the old man, that they had not got five thousand prisoners, that they had been whipped and were now trying to get back into Virginia and that our army was after them. Just then I heard a voice, "Go on you—Yank!" I "toddled."

Hagerstown is loyal to the core. The women came out and threw loaves of bread over the guards' heads to the prisoners. This made the rebs mad, but we were glad. One woman came out with a loaf of bread in her apron. The guard offered to take it and hand it to the prisoners. She made up that hateful face which is peculiar to the female sex when angry, and said: "No, you villain; I would n't trust you with it, anyhow," and threw it over to the prisoners, who devoured it in an instant. The girls made up some of the worst faces at the rebs I ever saw, and then threw kisses at us. Well, Johnny was nowhere.

July 8.—Rainy. The Potomac too high to cross. It was evident that it had become a military necessity for Lee to hold his position until the flood should abate. It is my opinion that he could not have fought another battle of much length, his ammunition being played. Had Meade taken proper advantage of this, I think, perhaps, a splendid achievement might have been made. But, as I said before, both parties had got satisfaction. They were quite extensively smashed.

About noon I heard one of the boys say: "There's Mr. Scandlin." I looked, and as true as I live, our old chaplain was there. We all liked Mr. Scandlin, for he was a good man. We halloed at him. On seeing us he came to us quickly, and after heartily shaking hands with about twenty of the 15th boys, he inquired if the whole regiment were prisoners, and how it happened, and so forth. We related our story; then he, his, which, in short, was, that while trying to get up to the field with sanitary stores, he fell in with a scouting party of rebel cavalry and, with everything he had, was captured, and in a roundabout way sent to Williamsport. The rebs. took his horse from him, and made him go on foot, besides playing some other games on him which he did not think were just right. His story was very interesting.

July 9th.—To-day the Crescents made a rush on the rations of fresh meat and got the best of it while the Trefoils and other corps did not get any. This was in consequence of the rebels not taking charge of the matter. They turned the beeves in to us, came in and shot them, and then left the prisoners to dress and distribute the rations which, as might have been expected, was not properly done. We drew a very small ration of flour, perhaps three or four gills, and a very little salt. I used to take all my flour as soon as I got it, gobble in some water

and mush it up, slap it on an old tin plate and rush it over the fire, burn the outside while the inside would be all dough. Then I would brake it in two with a half in each hand, holding the broken edges up so that the dough would not run out and then I would down with it, crust, dough and all. Then I would begin to mourn and count the minutes in twenty-four hours as it would be that time before I could do so some more. For a griddle cake made of flour and water the guard charged a dollar greenback. I had about fifteen dollars when captured. I had now but five left. The rebs did not want "Confed" anyway but were mighty willing to give it in exchange for greenbacks at two to one. As we were going over into Virginia I thought Confederacy would be as good as greenbacks up the valley. So I gave my five for two fives in Confederacy.

July 10th.—All hands proceeded to the river, crossed in boats which would hold but twenty or thirty men each. It was a slow process but by noon all the prisoners were over and turned over to the care of Gen. Imboden. The 62nd Va. with a few of Imboden's cavalry did guard duty. We were promised rations as soon as we got across the river but it ended in promise. We pushed out towards Martinsburg, twelve miles distant, reaching there before dark. Here again we were received with the most sympathetic demonstrations by the good women who gave us bread. They openly declared themselves for the Union. One young lass of about eighteen sweet summers came out on a piazza with something for the prisoners. A crowd stopped to talk with her when up dashed a reb officer and swearing furiously commanded the boys to go on. His sword was drawn and turning to the girl he told her to go into the house, at the same time flourishing his sword. My! You ought to have seen her snarl at him! She stepped right up to the front of the piazza, in his face, and said she, "Oh, Southern Chivalry! Southern Chivalry!! Southern Chivalry!!!" I will only add that she did not go into the house. God bless the good people of Martinsburg!

July 11th.—Set out for Winchester. Arrived there at 11 o'clock at night. Owing to the rain, darkness and rough roads the march was extremely wearisome. The chaplain could hardly stand when we halted for the night.

July 12th, Sunday.—Went but a short distance. Drew three days' rations which we were told must last until we reached Mt. Jackson, forty miles away. I think I ate all of mine that day.

July 13th.—The rain poured in torrents. Marched sixteen miles, wading creeks waist deep. From here to Staunton is the best macadamized road I ever saw, yet is awful for one's feet, being just like a rock.

July 14th.—Marched twenty miles. Boys hungry and out of rations.

July 15th.—Off early. Camped at night a few miles beyond Newmarket.

July 16th.—Twenty-two miles this day. Worried away the night in mud and water. I bought a loaf of bread for \$2. Was instantly offered \$3 for half of it.

July 17th.—Made nineteen miles and camped four miles

out of Staunton. I never had my feet ache so in all my life.

July 18th.—We expected to go straight to the depot and take the cars for Richmond. Instead of this we were marched through the town and a mile up the Va. Cent. R. R., and went into a field at a place called the "Springs." Very appropriately too, for here was one of the most splendid springs God ever made, oozing from under a large rock. I believe it would furnish an army of 50,000 men with water. I had a half shelter and a rubber. I had nothing else under heaven except what I had on. Gen. Imboden ordered all shelters and rubbers to be taken from the prisoners as they passed into this field, but not to take overcoats or blankets neither of which I had. As I passed into the lot, I tried to beg off, telling the guard I had no overcoat or blanket. He said he could not help that. He must obey orders. Well, I was cleaned out. Nights I crawled in with some who had blankets.

July 19th.—A small squad left to-day on the cars for Richmond.

July 20.—Seven hundred left for Richmond to-day. Scandlin has gone.

July 21.—Seven hundred to-day for Richmond.

July 22.—Eight hundred went to-day but returned.

July 23.—Rainy. Seven hundred off to-day for Richmond.

July 24.—Nothing particular except it's mighty hot weather.

July 25.—All went to the depot but there was no train for us, so camped on hill close by. A large number of citizens came to look at Yankees.

July 26.—Still on hill by depot.

July 27.—Got a Richmond paper; nothing of importance.

July 28.—Getting sick of staying around here.

July 29.—I have been two years in the service of the United States this day. Now a new era commences. I have become acquainted with one James Adams of the 19th Indiana, and with Leroy Adams, 24th Michigan. They, like myself, are tainted with an insubordinate inclination. We had been talking of migrating for a day or two but had not come to any conclusion. The subject was again broached to-day, and we at once agreed to decamp that night.

[To be continued.]

### "BY THUNDER."

Sergeant G. of the 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, was taken prisoner, in the troublesome days of '63, when Lee was menacing Pennsylvania. With many victims he was taken to Winchester, Va., and there abode briefly in the Court House, or its yard. The rest he may tell himself.

"We hadn't had a mouthful of food for twelve hours, and we had been assured that we should get nothing for at least twelve more. I was ravenous and, leaning on the fence, I espied an immense man—a 350-pounder, I am

sure — standing opposite. As the movement of the guards admitted, I beckoned to him to come over and made known to him my distress, offering him a two dollar bill if he would go around the corner and get some bread where I knew it was kept, for I saw the Rebel soldiers coming thence with it; but he said, 'I'll see you d—d first!' I was astonished for he didn't look like that sort of a man. He had a good natured face, but I couldn't move him. He returned to his own side of the street; but I called him back and tried him again. I couldn't move him however. I began to think I must go hungry. About half an hour afterwards, imagine my delight at having his fatness come sidelining up to the fence, and slipping two loaves of bread and a dried apple pie through. He wouldn't take a cent for them either. Well, in September, '64, we Yanks sent Early flying through Winchester and we took his place. I lost no time in looking up my fat friend. I found him, and slapping him on the shoulder, said, how are you! 'And who the d—l are you?' said he, as he turned slowly about. I told him the story, and brightening up, he seized my hand saying, 'I'm glad to see you; I am, by thunder!' Of course I asked him if there was anything I could do for him. He replied that the soldiers of both armies had managed to destroy his door-yard fence and he would like to have that renewed. I told him that clothing was to be issued the next morning, and perhaps he could have the empty boxes. At any rate he could come up to the camp and see. So about two o'clock he came along, and we went over to see General Sheridan, who was lying on the ground upon a blanket in his shirt sleeves, with his head on a saddle, reading a paper. As we came near and I saluted him, my friend said, 'Be you the Boss General?' And on Sheridan's saying that he believed that he was, Mr. Fatty grabbed him by the hand saying, 'I'm mighty glad to see you; I am, by thunder.' I then told the General my story and what I had come for. The boxes, twenty or thirty in number were lying about on the ground. Sheridan took in the situation quickly, and springing up from the ground, he gave the man a sounding whack, saying, 'You shall have the boxes; you shall, by thunder!' He even detailed a driver and team to take them down for the old man.

Some years afterwards I visited Winchester again, and again looked up my angel; but he had gone to Martinsburg, or somewhere, visiting. I found his wife, however, but the fence was only partly built. His wife said 'he was too uniformly lazy to do any thing he wasn't obliged to do.'

A. S. R.

#### SMOKED CHICKEN.

"A new dish," I hear some fair reader exclaim. "Mother we must try it;" but wait a bit till I give you the receipt. First, catch your chicken. June chickens are preferable. It was June 4th, '64, I decided on chicken for supper. We had marched from Harrisburg that day, which place we left about 5 A. M., and as we had been marching all day we were feeling somewhat tired and

hungry. It was late when we went into camp and the rain was falling in torrents. The moment our arms were stacked and the order was given to break ranks, each man started out for himself and I for my chicken. After some investigation (the night being very dark) I found it, but how to catch it. First up, then down, then over, then under, finally I had it and back to camp I went. I picked it that night, but deciding I could not keep awake till it was cooked turned in, with bright visions of chicken-stew for breakfast. But alas for human hopes. Long before four o'clock the next morning reveille was sounded and in less than an hour we were on the march, in the direction of Piedmont. No chicken for breakfast *that* morning. Did I leave my chicken? Not much. With a stout string I tied it securely across my back and marched onward. The enemy were soon in sight, and fighting at once began. All day long it lasted and that it was severe you can well understand when I state that within five minutes we lost our major, adjutant, senior captain and 53 men killed and wounded. And when we went into camp that night we found that the 34th M. V. numbered 110 men less than in the morning. I had had but little time to think of my chicken since early morn, but after we were again at rest I bethought myself of it, and found it was still on my back. I untied it and examined it thoroughly. It did look a little black and smelled a little, just a *little* of powder, but I still thought it would make a good stew for three or four of us. We got out the stew-pan which we took turns in carrying and put that chicken on to stew. We didn't have any salt, and we really didn't need it for that chicken was highly seasoned, but didn't it taste good?" Ask any old soldier who has been marching and fighting all day.

C. N. W.

#### A DISPUTED POINT.

After Jeff. Davis was captured in that memorable spring of '65, everybody must remember that descriptions of his attire varied from a woman's shawl thrown over his shoulders to a complete woman's outfit, hoop-skirt and all.

Here is the account of Theodore Mero, who, now a resident of Newark, N. J., was then of Co. D, 4th Mich. Cavalry:—

"I was on guard when Jeff. undertook to pass. He had on a long cloak, belonging to woman's dress, and a shawl thrown over his head, just as a woman will use one when running out of the house for a moment. Mrs. Davis accompanied him, and represented him as her grandmother. They passed successfully one guard; but the rattle of Jeff's spurs betrayed him, and they were stopped, and the flimsy disguise discovered. To this version I should be willing to make oath."

Does not this story pretty effectually dispose of the ex-Confederate's repeated denial that he had any part of a woman's dress upon or about him? He was disguised and he came near escaping as a woman; would have done so in the gray, drizzly dawn, had not his feet, always a vul-

nerable point with a certain class of fabulous beings, betrayed him. We must grant that the picture of an ex-President in such habiliments is not inspiring, and I don't wonder that he and his apologists try hard to discolor it. Spurs and woman's cloaks have little in common.

A. S. R.

### DARING AND SUFFERING.

#### Three Chapters in the History of a Veteran.

[CONTINUED.]

#### CHAPTER II. THE STAMPEDE AT DANVILLE.

Here my comrades Tourtelotte and Woods whose wounding I have before referred to, died after repeated amputations.

With the fear of Libby and Belle Isle before me I was loth to leave the hospital. I therefore feigned lameness after I had recovered the use of my bruised limbs. I was constantly looking for a chance to escape but the gounds were strongly guarded and before I could mature a plan, on July 20th, I was rudely thrust into a cell in Lynchburg jail. There was a barred door to the cell and over that a tight door. I was the only Yank in the institution and scores of curious old men and women came to see me. The outer door would be opened a little and the spectators would peep in and salute me with oath and taunt and jeer as one of "Hunter's Thieves." The women often discharged their venom by spitting at me through the aperture. After four days there on a diet of bread and water, with a squad of twenty others I was transported to Danville where we were assigned to prison No. 6. This like the other prisons at Danville was an old tobacco warehouse three stories high. The lower story was used as a passage-way to the yards, the second as hospital and the well prisoners were confined in the third. Intense and fatal suffering disgraces the history of prison life at Danville. The buildings were crowded and filthy, the rations poor in quality and deficient in quantity and the daily supply of water not more than one-fourth of what was really necessary for men crowded to suffocation and the victims of raging thirst. I was constantly planning methods of escape. I here made the acquaintance of Moses Crow of the 100th, Penn. Having tastes in common he and I became intimate friends and we frequently discussed chances of escape.

The woods which could be seen from our window looked delightfully cool and inviting, and I used to say to Crow, "We would be all right and could take care of ourselves if we could only reach the shelter of those woods." I told him I would be the first of twenty men to go on the hospital floor and jump from the window and attempt to gain the woods. Crow said it would be of no use. We should be killed by the guards and I mentally acknowledged that his judgment was correct. We agreed however that if the opportunity ever came we would go out together. On the 7th of October Major Morfit the commander at Dan-

ville came into the prison and after carefully scrutinizing the crowd of prisoners called me to him and said "I want to get men to go out to work on the fortifications. Will you go?" Instantly the thought flashed through my mind: "This is your long-sought opportunity of escape." I asked him what inducements he had to offer. He said he would give a piece of tobacco to each man and rice and molasses in addition to present rations. I then told him that I would go. He asked me how many men I could get to go with me. I engaged to look around and report. The next day I reported to Morfit with twenty volunteers. From all the prisons about ninety men were secured. When we were brought in at the close of the first day our reception by our fellow-prisoners was not at all flattering. The idea was abroad that the fortifications erecting were intended for the use of Lee's army, should it become necessary for him to abandon Richmond. The excitement was intense and only the presence of the rebel guard prevented our being mobbed. The next day we went out with a few recruits who had volunteered for the same pay. During these two days we were getting the lay of the land, and gathering information as to the number of troops around Danville and their positions. When we came in that night the scenes of the night before were repeated, but as we were playing for a big stake we could afford to bear the reproaches of our comrades.

On Sunday Crow and myself with three others perfected the plan of escape. We had become familiar with the guards, who were convalescents said to belong to the Louisiana Tigers. We confided our plan to seventeen of our boys, each of whom agreed to disarm one of the guards the next day at a given signal. The signal agreed upon was, "How are you corn-dodger?" This was to be given by — Green, of a New York regiment, and to be three times repeated. At the third repetition, the men selected were to disarm the guards, and a break to be made for the woods. The guards numbered fourteen. The guard assigned to me was a stalwart reb., armed with carbine and sabre. I thought I should prove his match, as I had fully recovered from my injuries, and was then probably as good a man physically as any in Danville prisons. That was doubtless the reason why Morfit selected me for his work as soon as his eye fell on me. The guard consisted of two reliefs of fourteen men each. At 4 o'clock each day the men who were then relieved went to their quarters about half a mile distant, for supper. We selected that hour for the stampede.

On Monday, Oct. 10th, we went to work as on the preceding days. At 4 o'clock the guard was relieved and marched to their quarters as usual. Green, who was sitting on the parapet, in full view of all, the guard indulging him in a momentary rest, tossed up a piece of corn bread, and as he caught it on its descent cried: "How are you, corn-dodger?" There was nothing about a harmless cry like that to arouse apprehension among the guards, for it was a matter of hourly occurrence for the boys to refer jocosely to the corn-dodger. As soon as the cry was heard

by those in the secret, each man moved nearer the guard who was appointed to be his victim. In a few moments Green repeated the signal with the same intonation. I had no time to think of others. I reached the side of my man just as Green for the third time, in sharp, quick tones, like the report of a rifle, shouted: "*How are you, corn-dodger?*" I pounced upon the guard, seizing the barrel of his gun with my left hand and the stock with my right, and made a sudden effort to wrench it from his grasp. He resisted with desperation, and for a moment, which seemed an hour, we stood face to face, doubtless with equal determination depicted on each. It was in vain that I told him to give up, as all the guard were being disarmed. For the moment the issue was doubtful, but one of our boys, seeing my dilemma, came up and dealt the Johnny a blow on the head which would have felled an ox. He relaxed his grasp, and I took away his gun.

Our plan had worked like clock-work. Every guard had been disarmed, and not a shot had been fired. But all was now confusion, as it was some moments before all could realize what had happened. Soon one of the boys shouted, "Three cheers for Abraham Lincoln!" They were given with a will, and then there was an immediate and general stampede for the woods, which were distant about half a mile. Reaching them, we deployed a line of skirmishers toward the prisons, making as great a display of strength as possible.

In this way we recovered some of our men who, enfeebled by prison regime, were slow in reaching the protection of the woods. We also drove back the negroes who would have followed us, forcing them to go in other directions. We feared the consequences if recaptured in company with runaway negroes. Before the rebel officers could rally a force to follow us we withdrew our line. We were free, and made good use of our freedom by putting many miles between us and the hated prison that night. We numbered forty-five men. At about daylight we made a brief halt and held a council of war, which resulted in the decision that it would not do for all to travel together. We separated into squads of eight or ten men each, and starting in different directions sought hiding places for the day.

I digress here to state that, so far as I know, the details of the stampede at Danville have never before been published. The only printed references to the affair that I have ever seen are the brief statement of Jimmy Bigelow (who escaped with us but was re-taken), in the History of my regiment, and the statement of Benj. B. Brown, Jr., Sergeant Major, 29th Massachusetts Regiment, made before the committee appointed by Congress in 1867, to investigate the treatment of prisoners of war. The latter's testimony is as follows: "While in Danville prison I escaped twice,—once with a party of forty-two who were out digging breastworks for the rebels. On the second day's digging at the signal of a shovel thrown in the air, we made a break, tipped over the guards, seized what muskets, supplies and ammunition we could and left. We had the advantage of being employed at digging on the opposite

side of the river from the town, and thus saved that distance in running. Seven of this party succeeded in getting through to our lines; two of our regiment, besides myself, were recaptured; one man belonging to the 4th Rhode Island was shot and several were wounded. The rest were recaptured. They never asked us to go out and dig on their breastworks after that."

With the exception of a few inaccuracies, such as giving the wrong signal and slight mistakes in number escaping and recaptured, the above account is substantially correct. In this connection I call attention to the following extract from a significant order from the rebel headquarters at Richmond, which may be found on page 697 of the report referred to above.

H'DQ'RS POST,

RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 12, 1864.

Major Mason Morfit is relieved from command at Danville, Va., and hereby assigned to duty at Salisbury, N. C., as prison quartermaster. Major Morfit will turn over to Captain A. M. Braxton, by whom he will be relieved, all prison property that he will not need at Salisbury.

By order of

GEN. W. M. GARDNER.

GARNET ANDREWS, *Asst. Ad'jt Gen.*

It will be noticed that the above order was dated Oct. 12th, two days after the stampede. Who can doubt that the issue of the order and the consequent removal of Morfit was due to the stampede, the order having been issued immediately on the receipt of the news at the rebel headquarters in Richmond?

[*To be continued.*]

#### HOW THE GUERRILLA MORGAN MET HIS FATE.

"Whoso diggeth a pit shall fall therein, and he that rolleth a stone it will return upon him."

"And whoso causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil way, he shall fall himself into his own pit."

John Morgan's life and character justly deserved the fate which befell him. Like General Sisera, the strategy of woman foiled Morgan's purpose and placed his body in a prison, from which he could not escape.

While at the national encampment of the G. A. R., at Columbus, Ohio, I made the acquaintance of Chaplain De Bruin of McCay Post, G. A. R., and also of the Ohio State Penitentiary. Learning of my connection with the Worcester Jail, he invited me to remain over the Sabbath and occupy his desk. At the close of the services we were conducted to Cell No. 18, where John Morgan was confined, and from which he escaped.

We stood upon the spot with no little interest, and recalled the summer and fall of 1863 when, with the 21st Massachusetts Regiment, we headed off this noted warrior in his famous raid toward Lexington, on his way through Indiana and Ohio, the hours of guard duty before his home, and when, later on in Greenville, East Tennessee, we took part in a running fight near the spot where this chieftain met his death.

After returning to quarters in the city, the theme of the capture and escape of Morgan came up. In the conversa-

tion Solomon J. Bucher of the 104th Ohio Regiment and a comrade in Post 10 remarked: "While I was in Cleveland Hospital, suffering from wounds received in the battle of Franklin, it was announced that a distinguished female spy and scout would speak to the boys. Her story was of thrilling interest, especially that part relating to her encounter with Morgan at the time he received the fatal bullet." I learned from Comrade Bucher the name and address of this woman—Sarah E. Thompson, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.

On my arrival at the Capital, after a search of five hours, we found the residence of Mrs. Thompson, now Mrs. Cotton. Her first husband (Mr. Thompson) was killed during the war, within sight of the door of his home, by one of Mud-wall Jackson's men. The lady was not at home, and while awaiting her return, we made the acquaintance of her sister and husband (then on a visit to Mrs. T.), who are residents of East Tennessee, and live in the vicinity of the Grist-mill where ten men of the 36th Massachusetts, under command of Sergt. Boswell of this city, were captured, all of whom died in rebel prisons with the exception of Israel Smith, a comrade of Post 10. On the arrival of Mrs. Thompson, and after luncheon was served, she gave us the story of Morgan's death, with many interesting incidents, in her career in the war for the Union.

#### MRS. THOMPSON'S STORY.

On the third day of May, 1864, John Morgan, with his men, came dashing into Greenville, East Tennessee, and dismounted before my house. He entered, sat down, and filling his pipe, enjoyed a smoke, talking in the meanwhile in his usually boastful manner. He knew my sentiments were in favor of the Union. Hence he told me of what he was about to do, and advised me to come out on the other and safe side, and to marry one of his cavaliers. In his remarks he said he was on his way to take Knoxville and hold it. I told him he would come across a snag. Soon he went to Mrs. Williams's house near by. Her yard joined mine, and in it were many grape vines. As soon as Morgan left, I went over to a neighboring small frame house in which lived a colored girl. I said to her, "Milly, if you will keep your eye on John Morgan, I will give you a five-dollar note." She said she would do so, and I went down the street.

I had not gone far before I met Bill Williams, officer of the guard, whom I had always well known, we having been schoolmates. I asked him to pass me through the pickets that I might get my cow. He told the guard to let me out and back. My cow was in sight, near the top of a hill, but when I drew near, I threw a stick at her, and over the hill and out of sight she went. I followed, and when beyond the view of the pickets, I hurried to the house of a neighbor, whose horse I took, and rode full speed to Bull's Gap, carrying to Gen. Gillem the news of the movements of Morgan. At first he discredited the story, but after some persuasion by his men, he gave the order to forward. I returned to Greenville with our troops.

The advance dashed into town and searched the Wil-

liams house but the bird had flown. Gillem's men were mad, saying "Fooled again," but as she saw me, Milly cried: "He is among the vines." I said to the officers, "Charge upon that fence and over into yonder yard for Morgan is there." Just then he was discovered. He opened fire, but Gillem's boys were too much for the "wily reb." John Morgan was shot through the body and before he touched the earth two soldiers sprang from their saddles, grasped the dying man in their arms and threw him on the back of the nearest horse. While this scene was going on, Morgan's men from a neighboring hill were letting fly cannon balls at a rapid rate. Gillem's forces retreated from the village and I went home. It was not long before the rebels again filled the town and I was placed under guard and at the same time informed that on the morrow I should swing from the same limb where "Fry," (one of our neighbors) had been swung. "Hang me and be——" I said. But their threats were vain and my confinement short, for the Union forces charged back into the town and captured the very men guarding my door. Soon after an ambulance drove up in front of the house bearing the body of John Morgan clothed in knit drawers and shirt. Gen. Gillem also arrived and asked me if I could identify Morgan when I saw him? I said I guessed I could, for in company with my murdered husband I had frequently played cards with him in Kentucky and euchred him more than once and now I had helped to euchre him again. I also said to General Gillem: "That body in your ambulance is the mortal remains of all that was once John Morgan, the guerilla."

Mrs. Thompson is of pleasing appearance and a woman of no little beauty. She received a wound at one time while carrying dispatches. Truly her work is worthy of a generous Government consideration. C. E. S.

#### AT CLOSE RANGE.

After Early's retreat from Maryland we followed up as far as Snicker's Ferry, on the Shenandoah. It had looked like a fight for two days. In face of everything the 8th Corps was sent across the river, but it was soon evident that somebody had blundered again. We had not gone far before we struck the Johnnies in full force, and we knew how the boys felt at Ball's Bluff. Our troops could not withstand Early's whole army, and there was a grand rush for the ford.

Some one (I know not who) saw what the result would be, and our regiment (18th Connecticut) about faced to check the retreat. We deployed in fours, as skirmishers, and advanced at double-quick. The right four of Company D consisted of John Clapp, Abiel Miller, Ed. Sharp and Harry Whittemore. They advanced over a knoll and came face to face with four Johnnies. The Rebs fired first, missing all but one. That one was hit on the center of the roll (carried over one shoulder and under the other arm), directly over the heart. The bullet passed through shelter tent and rubber blanket—sixteen times through one and twenty-four times through the other, knocking the soldier backward to the ground. Our boys now fired, and each brought down his man. The man on the ground jumped up and killed his man with the rest. I will say that I was not one of the four, but was in the same company. I never heard before or since of anything like this incident. VET.

# THE OLD GUARD.

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An Index to the four volumes of "The Old Guard," covering the entire series up to this time, will be published with No. 3 of this volume.

### FROM ROUND TOP TO RICHMOND.

#### A Narrative of Thirty-Nine Days.

Now for the *modus operandi*. Jim had a splendid map of the State of Virginia. We sat down by a large tree, and after looking over the map unanimously concluded that Beverly would be the most feasible point to reach. This was in a northwesterly direction and about one hundred miles distant. This, we thought, *Dei gratia*, might be accomplished in seven days. We agreed to keep in the mountains, and to travel no road after reaching Swoop's Station. All plans and directions were agreed upon. On the lower side of the field the guard had a long beat, and we thought that we could pass the guard one at a time, after dark, without being discovered. I bought a bunch of matches of one of the guard for twenty-five cents. We managed to buy and trade for rations to the quantity of twelve hard tack apiece and some bacon. As soon as it was dark, Jim led off, as agreed, Leroy and I watching to see what success he achieved. Just as Jim was going over the guard line the guard shouted: "Halt! Get back dar!" Jim pretended not to know he was so near the guard line and returned to us. "Well, Jim, I'll be burst if that was n't a bumper." We must change our plan. Part of the guard line ran through an oak grove. I proposed to go in there, and perhaps under cover of the trees we might be more successful. *Una voce* we all went.

Here we found the guard sitting down with five or six Yanks talking over their war experiences. This was just

the fellow we wanted to find—someone who was telling stories instead of walking his beat. Jim edged up slowly to the guard, and then gradually got behind, and then on tip-toe he toddled straight to the rear and was soon out of sight. Now, according to agreement, it was my turn. I waited till the guard got right in the midst of one of his battle yarns, and then *a la Jim*. I did not shout, but my thoughts ran: "*Ha! Ha! How are you, Johnny?*" I went part way down the hill and found Jim hid in the bushes, in a spot agreed on. Pretty soon down came Leroy. The Yanks, of course, saw us all come out, but kept mum, all the while pretending to be deeply interested in Johnny's blood-and-thunder story.

It was not yet nine o'clock. We had got to go by two houses, cross a much travelled road and pass the insane asylum before we could get into clear sailing, so we concluded to stay where we were until a later and more quiet hour. In a short time three other fellows, who saw us go by the story-teller, joined us. They gave us a terrible scare, for when we saw them coming down the hill we supposed they were guards who, having discovered our absence, were after us. I told them it was of no use for six of us to go together, for we would all be caught. They had no plan of travel, so I frankly told them our route and that they could take the same, if they chose, but it was better that they should not accompany us. This seemed to satisfy them. Shortly after we separated and I never saw them afterward. After various adventures we got out of the town and struck into a kind of swale where the grass was very tall. We were soon wet to the knees. Now we pushed rapidly on; over hills, through swamps and woods, occasionally coming suddenly on a house and as quickly disappearing again, leaving the dogs to bark at nothing. It being very cloudy we could only get a glimpse of the moon once in a while, and it was very difficult to keep our direction. We wandered on until perhaps eleven o'clock, but no railroad. We held a council and decided that we had been going southwest, which would never bring us to the railroad.

We now turned our course north as nearly as we could. About midnight it was my turn to lead. I had had the lead but a few minutes, when, crawling through a thick jungle, I came to a Virginia fence which was covered with briars and bushes. As I was trying to get under, through or over it, I happened to look up and saw a telegraph wire running along just above. We knew now that we were near the railroad and pushed on with new vigor. We had not gone far before we struck the 139th mile-post from Richmond, which told the sad story that we were only three miles from Staunton, though we knew we had

travelled twice that distance at least. One of the boys remarked that the furthest way round was the nearest for a dog. But we were not disheartened. Now we moved on quickly and cautiously without meeting a single person on the road. I was greatly in dread of sentries but Jim and Leroy thought there was no danger. We passed a few houses by the side of the railroad, fortunately disturbing no one except a few dogs. At about 1.30 we reached Swoop's Station, eight miles by rail from Staunton. It now began to rain right merrily. We took an old cart path that took us into a swamp. Then we ascended a neighboring hill hoping we might be able to see the mountains, but owing to the rain and darkness, we could not get a glimpse of them. We thought we must be in close proximity to the mountains, but which way we were going we did not know. If we went on we were as likely to go from as towards them. So we decided to stop where we were until light. We broke a few bushes and lay down on them. We were soaking wet. Jim and Leroy soon fell asleep but not a wink of sleep for me. I was wet, chilly and nervous, and the mosquitoes were thicker than mist. The clouds began to break away and soon the red sky seemed to say, "This is east. Go on." I awoke the boys, we had a hard tack apiece, and away we flew to the northwest. We soon emerged from the woods and the glorious mountains stared us in the face, apparently about a mile distant. As it was fast growing light we hurried on to reach the mountains before any one was up, but after we had gone a mile they still appeared another mile off. Now the farmers began to get out and we had to move more cautiously, keeping in the fields and woods, and avoiding houses and citizens as we would a pestilential plague.

At 9 o'clock A. M. we reached the base of the first mountain. Here was a sparkling stream such as is only known in a mountain region. We filled our canteens, and after an hour of hard pulling, hauling and tugging—slip, kick and scratch—we reached the top. Hallelujah! How *ware* you, Johnny?

Now we loitered around *ad finitum, ad libitum*, just as we pleased. We were tired and hungry. We partook of our hard tack and pork very sparingly as it was more precious than gold and having rested a spell started down the mountain only to climb another three times as high. It was a tough one. We puffed and blowed till three o'clock in the afternoon when the maximum point was reached. I had never been so high before and such a vast area and splendid scenery had never before met my view.

To the southeast lay the great Shenandoah Valley thirty miles wide with one range of the Blue Ridge on its opposite side. We could look down the valley until the ranges on both sides seemed to draw near each other and finally to merge into one and the valley was lost in the distance. Two large hills under whose shadow Staunton is situated were plainly visible out in the centre of the valley fifteen miles distant. To the northwest was one of the roughest regions man ever beheld beyond which in the remote distance nothing but peaks could be seen. Then the imme-

diante valley below where all the houses, roads, fields, pastures and patches of wood were spread out for us to gaze down upon *a la* hawk upon a chicken. A few "secesh" moving around here and there looked as diminutive as Gen. Tom Thumb or Com. Nutt. Being very tired it was agreed to stop here over night. A terrible shower came upon us almost in an instant. The cloud was just over our head. I told the boys I believed these Virginia mountains to be the only place in the world where it thunders, and lightens afterwards. In ten minutes the sun was shining again but there wasn't a dry thread among us. Our shoes were full of water and even the matches on which we depended so much were so wet as to be apparently useless. A cold wind began to blow and it seemed as if our lives depended on having a fire. After repeated trials we succeeded in starting a blaze and piling on dead wood of which there is an abundance in these mountains, we soon had a fire that you could not stand within ten feet of. By 9 o'clock everything was dry, matches and all, and we passed a very comfortable night by our huge fire on one of the highest peaks of the great North Mountain.

July 31.—The fog was so thick that we could not see more than two or three rods in any direction. In a short time the fog cleared away from the mountain-tops so that we could see peaks to the northwest overlooking the clouds of mist below. We started onward and downward, and soon were in the valley. We went over Cow Pasture Mountain this day. At about three o'clock we unexpectedly ran on to the Beverly Pike near Stewart's Gap, through which flows quite a river. It was evident that if we could get through this gap it would save us many a hard trail. I strenuously opposed it, but Jim and Leroy were bound to go through, and as the majority ruled, I had to go. The gap is from forty to fifty rods wide. We moved along cautiously, keeping close under the moun'ain, and as far from the pike as possible. We hid in the bushes when any one passed up or down the road, which was quite often.

We continued this about an hour or more. I grumbled considerably at the operation. I at length proposed to wait until dark before going any further, as it would be much safer to go through in the night. After some hesitation they consented. We hid until night-fall and then went slyly into the road. We had not gone far when I heard the tramping of horses and jingling of sabres right behind us. In a moment they were on us. I was in the rear. "Run! run!" said I, "they are after us!" It was quite dark. I struck both feet against a stump and a few feet beyond my head in the mud.

We reached the brook, but, alas! on the opposite side was a vertical rock forty feet high. So down the brook we went pell mell, and soon came to a huge tree, leaning over against the mountain, and forming a natural bridge across the river. Jim was ahead. He bounded up the trunk of the tree like a cat and through the top into the mountain, Leroy and myself bringing up the rear in masterly style.

The mountain was very steep, and once I lost my foot-

hold, and came very near being dashed over the precipice into the rocky river below. We saw nothing more of the cavalymen. We continued up the mountain till about eleven o'clock, when we built a monstrous fire, and had a hearty laugh over our narrow escape.

August 1.—Off early. Passed through the valley, and thence to Bull Pasture Mt., took directions, and made for Jack Mt. Passed through Show's Ridge and quite a number of small mountains and streams. Our rations now began to run short. Just before dark we discovered a little log house. On approaching it we were saluted by a pack of snarling dogs, who made the mountain side echo with their boisterous yelping. Here lived a young lady whose husband was in the Confederate Army. She had three little children, fat, ragged, and pretty. (Not saucy). They were not used to seeing many of this world's people, and consequently were a little bashful, and approached us with considerable hesitation. But this made them all the more charming. I shall never forget how cautious they were when we urged them to come to us. With one finger in the mouth they would come, step by step, first looking you in the face and then upon the floor, and when we would finally take them up in our laps, it would be a long time before they would speak the first solitary word. This lady had an aged mother, who also lived with her. She was the most inquisitive woman I ever saw. She asked questions enough to fill a volume. We told her that we belonged to the 62d Virginia, that we were taken prisoners by the Yankee Kilpatrick's men near Williamsport, Md., that we had been paroled, and were now on our way to our homes near Franklin, Pendleton Co., that our regiment was going to be mounted and serve under Imboden, that we were going home to recruit, get some horses, and when we were exchanged, return to Staunton, or wherever Imboden might then be. She was completely sold. She asked a great deal about Lee's going into Pennsylvania, saying she did not think it would do much good, as it made the Yankees "so cross." Meantime the young lady fussed and flew around to get us a good supper of ham and potatoes, and would not take a cent from us, saying: "Our soldiers suffered everything." She would not hear a word about pay. So I left seventy-five cents on the table. She went nearly a half-mile into the woods with us in the night to show us the road, and as soon as she left us we left the road and kept up the mountain, as we had no idea of going to Monterey as we had told her, and as she in her simplicity supposed to be the truth. God bless that woman and the children.

August 2d.—Very pleasant. Got an early start and reached the top of Jackson Mountain about nine o'clock. Here again we could see a great distance in all directions. The Alleghanies were stretched out before us. These, range after range, we must cross before reaching Beverly. As Jim and Leroy gazed at them, their hearts failed them. It was useless, they said, to try to cross these hills when they could just as well go by the road. I reminded them of our once narrow escape on the road but with no effect.

They declared they would not climb any more mountains. I set before them, as well as I could, the probability of running into a picket post of scouting parties, or of being seen by citizens and scouts set upon our tracks. Moreover I contended that they had no right to change the original plan without my consent, unless they could show it to be impracticable, which, in my opinion, they could not. But they said it was not practicable to keep longer in the mountains. They wanted to go to Franklin, twenty miles from us, down to Straight Creek, as we had heard of a Union clique in that vicinity known as Swamp Dragoons. They thought if we could find them they would help us into our lines. We sat down and ate the last mouthful we had, and then I looked at the "Devil's Backbone," (a mountain of solid rock), and then at the Alleghanies whose horrid steep and craggy sides seemed almost insurmountable. I caved in, saying, "I will go with you but we are all recaptured." They laughed, saying that was all imagination. So down we started and soon reached Straight Creek. We were quite bold now. We saw a house, went to it and bought some pies. It was about noon. I proposed to lay by until night and then, by a forced march, we might reach Franklin before morning. They did not think much of this idea, preferring to keep on, saying that every rod we made now saved travel in the night." By and by we came to a place where we could not pass without going into the road. Once in the road it was so much easier to get along we kept in it. I growled some but kept tagging along after. Everything went nicely for a couple of miles. We kept a sharp lookout both to the front and rear. We passed a number of houses all right, and inquired if there were any Yankees in the vicinity, and were informed that there were not. We then asked if there were any Confederates and were informed that there were none. This gave us confidence, and we pushed on. We finally came to a house in front of which a horse was hitched. This we thought nothing of, but just as we were passing the door out came a rebel soldier with a carbine in his hand and politely inquired where we were going. Jim did the talking. I kept mum. Jim told him, in substance, what we had told the old woman. The soldier, Sergeant Wilson, wanted to see our parole or pass. We stopped and talked a spell. As he did not seem inclined to stop us I said we had better be going along or we should not get home to-night. He mounted his horse and said he reckoned he would ride down a piece with us. I began to think now that we were all right. We had not gone far before we came to another house at a place called "The Forks." Here two guards came out, all under Sergeant Wilson. We were now in a pretty fix. Caught sure as fate. The sergeant now informed us that his orders were to pass nobody beyond this point without a pass from the proper authorities, that he did not doubt our story, but as we had no pass he would have to take us up to camp, five miles above Crab Bottom, or ten miles from there, and Captain Rider, in command of three companies of Wm. S. Jackson's cavalry at the above named place would send us to

Franklin in the morning. There was a guideboard near by, I stepped out to that, and Leroy followed me. The board said fifteen miles to Franklin. Leroy whispered to me we had better show resistance and try to get away. I opposed this, saying if we could sneak off after dark I was in, but it was folly to oppose armed men when we had nothing with which to defend ourselves.

We started for camp under Wilson and the guards, we walking ahead and they on their horses behind. Soon a captain came along and began to question us. Jim did the talking as before. It so happened that this captain belonged to the 62nd Va., and was at home on a furlough. So when we told him we belonged to the 62nd, Va., he just had us tight. He asked us all manner of questions about the regiment such as "What company do you belong to?" Jim says, "Company I, sir," "Who is the captain of Company I?" "Captain Johnson." "It's a lie! There is no such captain in the regiment. I belong to it myself." Turning to me he asked, "and what company do you belong to?" "Company D, sir," and as I was making up my mind what further to tell him he turned off on another road after telling Sergeant W. to tell Captain Rider we were runaway Yankees from Staunton. We reached camp just before dark. Captain Rider asked us who we were. We told him we supposed it was of no use to lie about it any more, that we were Yankees who had escaped from Staunton. This brought down the house (woods.) We laughed too, in order that all might be merry. The captain went away after telling the cooks to give us all the supper we wanted. After supper the rebs wanted to hear some Yankee songs. Jim sang one or two that pleased them mightily. Then they sang. They treated us more like brothers than enemies. Finally we were put in a commissary building under guard and again we lay down to sleep prisoners of war.

August 3.—Started back to Staunton. We made twenty-one miles. Had plenty to eat and slept at night in an old school-house.

August 4.—Off early. Foot-sore. Allowed to ride going down the mountain. Made twenty-five miles.

August 5.—Arrived at Staunton at about 9 A. M. Were put into the guard-house among their deserters.

August 6.—This day the last of the Gettysburg prisoners left for Richmond. We were sent along with them. We had been forgotten until all the other prisoners had gone on board the cars when a sergeant and two guards came to the guard-house for us in great haste. We were crowded aboard some old freight cars, the shrill whistle of the engine shouted or squealed "All aboard!" and for the second time I bade adieu to Staunton, Augusta County, Va. After a rough ride we arrived at Gordonsville about dark. Here for some cause we halted for the night. The cars were so crowded that there was not respectable room for one to stand up in and we worried out a miserable night. I had no rations and no money—no—no even a solitary cent in worthless confed.

August 7.—Left Gordonsville at daylight, and after

another tedious ride reached Richmond at 4 P. M. Here we formed into fours and proceeded to Libby Prison. This is a large brick block with a sign board which I think read, Libby & Son, wholesale shippers and grocers. The grates were filled with Yankee faces gazing down at us from every story. But the Libby was full. Not far distant was another large brick building known as the tobacco house to which we went and were stored away in the second story. As we passed up stairs we were counted and drew rations, if I may be allowed to use the term.

August 8.—They searched us for money. I had none. My haversack and canteen were taken from me. All I now had in the world was a pocket book which L. gave me and a few photographs done up in a rag. They looked at my photographs and said I might keep them, for which favor I was very thankful. We were then sent over to Manchester, then up the river on the Manchester side and on to Belle Island.

#### THE WHEELBARROW BRIGADE.

Out from camp Nelson, Ky., General Segfried, commanding the brigade composed of the 21st Mass., 48th Penn., and 2d Md. passed over the famous Hickman bridge, en route to East Tennessee, on the morning of Sept. 12, 1863; but previous to our departure Dick Bissell of Company I, Brad. Olney of Company H, and Otis Potter of Company F, with his son Frank, now of Post 10, had conceived the plan of "toting" the kettles, coffee and sugar, together with their personal effects, in a way not laid down in military tactics. Captain J. H. Gleason, also of Post 10, was constructing a reservoir not far from the camp of the 21st, and seemed to have a superabundance of "paddy wheelbarrows," three of which were borrowed just at the break of day, and after being well loaded, formed into line and pushed out in advance of the brigade, and rested at camp Dick Robinson. The adventure was one of promise, for officers and men alike of the entire brigade became interested in the new departure. While it was a new departure, those of us who had our camp utensils and rations toted for us said it had utility also.

This brigade of wheelbarrows joined itself to the staff of the general in command, at the head of the column, and when he rested for the noon meal, there they rested, and where he bivouacked for the night there they also bivouacked, and had in readiness the camp fire and the coffee on arrival of the regiment. There comes to mind the bacon sides, savory pork, and the farmer's bird, provided through that unity of sentiment well in known Dixie, "Where there is a will there is a way," and we did not stop to question the *modus operandi*, but ate our frugal meals in thankfulness.

At London, Ky., to help our cook, we took the wheelbarrow of Company F to gather fuel, and when a short distance in the woods, a man was seen acting suspiciously. Word was sent to Company F, and soon Sergeant Felix McDermot appeared on the scene with a huge sabre and, taking in the situation, he boldly advanced on the man

who was standing by the side of a dilapidated vehicle to which was attached, by ropes, a solitary cow. Sergeant M says, "What have you here?" Old Kentuck whispers in a frightened manner and tremulous voice, "Apple jack." The good sergeant's indignation knew no bounds. Selling the condensed steam of cider to the soldiers was a high offence to the rules of war, and raising his arm with sword in hand, (until it resembled the uplifted arm on the State seal of Massachusetts), over the head of the offender he bade him dump his keg on the ground and be gone. Before that angry arm descended the native, with his cart and cow, were out of sight. Our trusty wheelbarrow received the contraband of war, and a brilliancy of surplus talk and grotesque comedy enlivened our last night on the old camp ground in Kentuck.

The next day on went this famous cavalcade of wheelbarrow soldiers plodding along the roads, traversing the fields, filing along the intricate pathways amid stumps and rocks, pushing through the forests, up the craggy sides of Bogg Mountain, down the farther side into the dark rolling Cumberland, reaching the farther shore, then pushing up the steep banks of the river, out from its watery bed this singular brigade of bedruggled soldiers emerge to find rest for the coming night. Then on again it pushes over another stretch of dells and plains, and then the winding zig-zag staircase of the famous Cumberland Mountains stands like some mighty giant to bar the invader from farther advance. "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," and up and up go the wheelbarrows. The gap is gained, while on the craggy sides of the towering steep there hang the bald visages and profiles, weather beaten by the storms of centuries. Now on and down the more accessible sides of this rock cliff summit, along the Tazewell road and plunging into the cool waters of the stone-paved Clinch River, then up the difficult and dangerous Clinch Mountains and down into the valley below, fording the deep, placid Holston, across the bridge at Strawberry Plains, and on and on till within the gate of the city of Knoxville these wheelbarrows push their way, followed by the brigade justly proud of their achievement.

Two hundred and fifty miles of forests, mountains, rivers and plains traversed speak of fortitude, pluck and endurance of these determined pushers of the barrow. But this is not all. Away they go again southward fifty miles to Loudon, then falling back on Campbell station, guided by the same trusty hands that moved out of Camp Nelson two months before. When on the eventful night of Nov. 16th while falling back upon Knoxville, pressed by the veterans of Longstreet, some sacrifice was deemed necessary, and when it was the order to build fires on the field to deceive the enemy, the old faithful and hardtried barrows were, with regret, honored in accordance with the heathen custom, with a place upon the funeral pyre, and their ashes abandoned on the spot where these faithful servants finished their course and laid down their work. They had served their country well. Peace to their ashes.

C. E. S.

#### GARRISON LIFE.

Much has been written of the stirring events in the field and on the march,—of the hardships at the front and the ever shifting combination of regiments, brigades and army corps,—of the eager intense life of the participants, and of their glory and honors. These oft told and ever fresh stories can never be too many times rehearsed by those who were a part of the history there made. The brilliant deeds of the infantry; the magnificent dash and daring of the battery; the ever exciting experiences of the cavalry and the cool bravery and wonderfully successful efforts of our never enough praised naval heroes, form together a theme worthy of the brightest intellects of the age. But if they took no part in the deeds of which we speak, they do not command the attention that will the humblest actor in the memorable strife. But all could not be at the front. Its bustle and excitement all could not share. Some were in places of quiet so monotonous that any change would make them glad, in places, where, on account of important prisoners, the rules were so strict and military red tape so woven around every detail of life that the boys at the front were envied, even if in more danger. It is of life in such a garrison that I write. In a previous paper in "THE OLD GUARD," I told of "Guarding Johnnies." Now I shall write of our personal daily duty,—our work and recreations, the persons we met and their ways. What I write is wholly from memory, for I have no papers to which I can refer, my letters all having been destroyed. In the summer of 1864, the company of which I was a member was ordered to Fort Warren, which was a prison and fortification, commanded by Maj. Cabot. A sail of seven miles brought us to our destination, where we speedily disembarked. We were quartered in barracks outside the granite walls of the fort, within a few rods of the shore, where we could at all times hear the swish, swish of the waves as they broke on the pebbly beach. Companies E and F were in buildings alike in size and form, and parallel to each other. They were long, low buildings, mere shells without inside finish. A row of three tier bunks on both sides, and a small room in one corner for the orderly sergeant were the only features of note. At short intervals were windows which came between the tiers of bunks. A door at each end permitted a free circulation of air. Into one of these doors we were marched by twos, and as soon as inside a grand break for the most desirable "tenements" occurred. Being near the right of the line, as I happened to be a few inches taller than some, I was fortunate enough to "pre-empt" a top bunk next a window. The advantage of our location was that no one was over us, so that we could when we desired, sit upright and read or write undisturbed. By our, I mean myself and chum, who was an old campaigner and worth a dozen raw recruits in arranging our "house" for comfort. We were able to dispose of our luxuries, such as ink bottles, blacking brushes and boxes, where too familiar comrades would not be so apt to look at them and

think they were their own. The plate next to the roo was a shelf where we could store our papers and books. Nothing was allowed that was immovable. Every Sunday morning at inspection, our quarters must be as clean as a ladies parlor, and nothing unmilitary could escape the sharp eyes of the inspecting officers. After securing our home we proceeded to furnish it, which was a simple matter. We were given ticks and marched to a building containing a quantity of straw, with which we filled them and then we took up our beds and walked. We laid them in our bunks and then marched to the quartermaster, where two blankets were issued to each man. This was all the furnishing we needed for our home, and we were very comfortable. There were one hundred and forty of us, so that we were sure not to be lonely. After we were settled, work began. We were heavy artillery, which means heavy infantry as well. We were drilled in both branches, and also introduced to long ropes which were attached to ten inch Rodman guns, and ordered to pull like so many mules, in this way drawing the heavy guns to the ramparts were they were mounted. This work was very hard and tiresome, but strange to say, very few found any fault, for on account of the wear and tear the officers deemed it best to give those terribly over-worked men a march to the quarter where "commissary" was kept. The first time I went I declined my whiskey, for I was a total abstainer. For so doing I was called "a hog," "a fool," "a — of a fellow." Didn't I know that somebody else could drink it if I did not want to? On that broad hint I acted in the future, and my ration went to some fellow who thought one drink only a sample.

The fort guard was in three divisions known as the main, the interior, and the picket, and as soon as we were fairly settled we were made to duty in one or the other of these very often. There were so many prisoners in the fort that rules were very strict, and a sentry's lot was "not a happy one." We had to look two ways: first, to see that no Johnny was on forbidden ground, and next that no officer caught us violating any rules. The less service an officer had seen, and the smaller his knowledge, the more trouble he made for a private. But soon the private soldier knew his business, and in more than one case taught the officers their duty. One day an Irishman on guard brought his gun to the shoulder in salute of an officer who was passing. "Why do you not present arms to me?" said the officer, who was the officer of the day but with an overcoat covering his sash. "I am not required to; you are only a captain," responded the sentry. "Did not you see me at the mount?" "Yes, but I do not know but you have been relieved," said the guard. The captain called the sergeant of the guard and ordered the sentry under arrest. He immediately sent word to his captain who reported the case to the commander who ordered the officer of the day to headquarters, when the Major said, "Did you place a sentry under arrest for not presenting arms?" "Yes, sir." "Was your sash covered by your overcoat?" "Yes, sir." "Don't you know better than that? Re-

lease the man and if ever you cover your sash when on duty I will have *you* cashiered and dismissed the service." The strictness of discipline was very annoying to the boys who had hitherto gone their own way without question. When such an incident, as above noted, took place they enjoyed it. The routine of our lives was regular and monotonous. We could derive no pleasure from anticipating some novelty for the days were much alike. At sunrise we were awakened by the drummers, who marched past the quarters to drive sleep from all so that they could answer morning roll call. At the same time the bugler stood upon the ramparts, and as the drummers ceased, clear and reverberating rung the notes of reveille, awakening the echoes on every side, and as the last tone softly died away we were in time, with the orderly sergeant in front rattling the names faster than a man unused to them could read them. Sharp and distinct the responses followed. In a minute more the guard detailed for the day was read and we were dismissed. In about thirty minutes we were ready for breakfast, and disposed of it in short order. The boys, always hungry, fell to with a will and the hum of merry voices and noisy jokes filled the cook-house. Breakfast over, the next call was given by fife and drum and was interpreted, "Come get your castor oil! Come get your castor oil! Castor oil, castor oil!" The last syllable in castor and oil were spoken as one word. At this would fall in in front of quarters such as were sick or lazy. That more were the latter than the former was the verdict of the surgeon, who was a dapper little man with a prompt air and knowing look. He scanned the patient a minute, then asked, "What ails you?" He formed his own conclusion without much regard to the answer, and nine times out of ten assumed it a case of "dead beat." The remedy for this complaint was always the same and the prescription quickly compounded. He did not write it but said to the hospital steward, "Castor oil, regular dose." This was a mug which would hold one and one-half gills two-thirds full. The soldier was not given anything to take the taste from his mouth either, but swallowed his oil and stood aside for the next to try the mug. This was given for headache, teethache, backache, rheumatism, lameness, ingrowing nails, anything a man claimed to have, should the surgeon think him shamming, but if really sick he was cared for and nursed as well as he would be at home. If the would-be-patient argued with the surgeon and tried to make him believe he did not need the oil, woe to him. Drink it he must or go to the guardhouse and work policing the camp. We had one man in our company who tried it and furnished lots of sport for the boys who delighted to see a man humiliated when inclined to shirk duty. If too ill to be reported sick in quarters the man was sent to the hospital and given most excellent care. The same attention and quarters were given to all, whether rebel prisoner or soldier in blue. The brutal treatment of prisoners, which was the shame and disgrace of the Confederacy, found no imitation in the treatment of Confederate prisoners. After sick call came dress parade and guard mount

when the real work of the day began. This was done by about nine o'clock and we had time to go to our quarters, take off our slouch hats and dress coats and in blouse and fatigue cap fall in for drill. For a while we gave our attention to such commands as were used in an infantry movement. The quickstep together with the sharp drill in the manual made us as hungry as wolves and when the bugler sounded recall we were ready to eat anything. After dinner we rested awhile and amused ourselves as our tastes inclined either by reading, writing, cards, checkers or conversation. Then we again turned out for drill, this time probably on the artillery. On the parapet guns, both ten and fifteen-inch if the weather is pleasant; if not in the casements on the long, rakish Parrott guns. After drill we were at liberty till supper. In fair weather the band gave a concert before sunset and the whole garrison, off duty, would be on the promenade. Then came the retreat roll call. From then till nine o'clock when tattoo was beaten and the roll again called fun was in order. At nine-thirty "taps" on the drums signified lights out and all to sleep. Such is an outline of our work. The filling in was as different as the men who composed the company. Personal characteristics cropped out on every side. The quiet man was very still. The noisy one could not make too much noise. My Company F had many men who were studious and their amusement was in reading books from the Port library, which contained about 2000 volumes.

Card playing was freely indulged in and with a few exceptions was for pleasure not for gambling. There were some that engaged in it for the latter, but it was strongly condemned by the officers and if they only had practiced what they preached there would not have been so much of it as there was; but the men knew how night after night penny-ante with a wash-down accompaniment was the chief excitement in the officers quarters and they took no notice of orders. Then our boys were musical and we had a dance band all our own and the jolly dancers in quarters would be the envy of the rest of the garrison. Fall in for a dance. Take partners for a quadrille was the call. Then there was a scramble for partners and places. The "ladies" would put on paper caps, tie handkerchiefs over their heads or put on caps with visors to the rear to distinguish them from the men. The band was first-class and consisted of bones, triangle, fiddle and tambourine, and as figures were called and they energetically "swung their partners" the listless dancer of the fashionable ball could he have seen them would have been surprised. Then the tricks that were played; woe to a soldier who was enraged by a joke. His life was a burden to him for jokes were in stock at all times. A man's peculiarities were soon noted and a nick-name to fit soon found and always remembered. A peculiar gait; the color of the hair; some saying or word often used; a habit or manner formed the basis of a name and often a soldier never heard his real name except at roll call. We had a red-haired man who was called Bug Light from the red light in the

harbor so named by sailors. Snow Ball from a white head; Sunrise because he was always first up in the morning and was by many believed to pry the sun from his bed at the proper time and so cause day to break. We had Puckry who could not pucker his mouth and Clam whose mouth was never shut. Also Cheeky and Brimstone and Fattie and Corporal Sleepy. These names stick and at our reunions you can hear them as you could in '64 and '65. Sundays were our days unless on guard. We were free to sleep, read, write or rest as we chose after inspection. Our quarters must be clean, our straw beds doubled back in our bunks, our blankets neatly folded, our knapsacks packed properly, our spare boots or shoes blacked and put in a row under our bunks. The boot for the right foot must be at the right side of the pair, and all in a line as straight as a regiment at dress parade. Our guns must be clean and free from rust, and woe to the unlucky one who neglected to polish his brass buttons and trimmings. Uncle Sam's brass would turn black at the slightest provocations, and many men were made unhappy by a reprimand from the inspector from this cause. After inspection if we wished we could attend church service which was conducted by the Chaplain who was also postmaster and librarian. He seemed more popular in the two last named places than in the first. The day was passed by most by reading or writing, or going in fine weather out on the sea wall and watching the ever changing ocean and the passing boats and there thinking of home and friends.

In the bright summer days, in front of the prisoners' quarters would be seen many noted men who, also, no doubt, were longing for home and friends, and mourning for a cause then as surely lost as when, a few months later, Lee surrendered to Grant and treason died. Most prominent and more widely known than any other was Alex. H. Stephens, the Vice-President of the Confederacy. As he emerged from his quarters, with a guard who at all times when he was out for airing was his shadow, and slowly climbed the stairs to the ramparts, he looked like a ghost of dead memories. Tall and thin, in a suit of ill-fitting black cloth, with features full of lines of care and thought, and with an air of "I-am-here-because-I-am-obliged-to be," he paced back and forth with downcast head and in deep meditation. Always courteous to those with whom he spoke, and a gentleman in every sense, he was in sharp contrast with some Englishmen who were captured with blockade runners, and could not curse or scowl enough at sight of blue coats.

Then there was a slight man with long hair and sharp features, who restlessly paced back and forth. No one would take him for a soldier or a brave man, and I doubt if he was aught but a coward. This was Gen. Marmaduke, who at the end of the war went to Missouri, where he became Governor, and who died only a few weeks since. One of the most striking men among the prisoners, and one looked up to by them was, when first I saw him, a very remarkable man in appearance. Of more than ordi-

nary height, and straight as a rifle barrel, with broad shoulders and a massive head, his mouth shaded by a heavy moustache, with long steps he, with a single companion, strode back and forth in the limited space allotted them. The tiger or lion in cage could not be more uneasy or chafe more in bonds than he. No bandit of drama on theater stage could be more picturesque than this representative of Southern chivalry. With close-fitting high top-boots with the russet leather tops turned over for eight inches in true continental style, with velvet trowsers and dress coat with gaudy trimmings, his head surmounted by a broad brimmed high slouch hat from which floated a long black plume, which was gracefully fastened to the side, he was a veritable English highwayman of 150 years ago brought back to earth. This *was* a highwayman and robber, and the only chivalry he could claim was in dress. This was Major Harry Gilmer, the guerilla chief, who was where he could murder no more soldiers. He, too, has passed away, and only in memory can be seen.

There were but few who seemed to care that they were prisoners. Such as I have named were not happy, but the rank and file grew fat and hearty on Uncle Sam's generous rations.

As winter came, the intense cold made drilling an impossibility much of the time, and we were ready for any thing to break the monotony. The discussions on religion or politics would make a mule laugh. The less we knew of what we were talking the louder we spoke. Then practical jokes were played. Our sleepy corporal was routed in the night by a number of men who insisted in terms at first persuasive and then peremptory that he should be referee and decide the momentous question whether a bushel of corn would take more room after it was shelled than before, and when he drawled out "That he had rather given five dollars than to have been awakened," the reason why he was awakened appeared. Occasionally there would be some rule broken and the offender punished, which created some interest. This was mostly for over-time on a pass. You might see a soldier with knapsack in which were forty pounds of bricks, strapped to his back, and beside him another with gun in hand, having a bayonet fixed, who kept him moving. At noon things were reversed, and the knapsack put on the man who had carried the gun, and the gun given to the man who wore the knapsack in the morning. Revenge is sweet, and the man with the load had to move lively that afternoon. Sometimes a barrel was placed on end and a man made to stand upon the head, with a stick of cord-wood on his shoulder. After a short time there was no fun in that. These were rare, for most punishments were confinement in guard-house and the work of policing or cleaning the camp came on them. In March and April more prisoners came to us. The news was now of such an exciting nature that we could hardly wait for papers. Then Petersburg and Richmond fell and Appomattox came, and the curtain dropped on secession.

Lincoln's tragic death turned our joy to grief, and the

booming of the minute guns was a constant reminder of our loss. The soldiers looked at the prisoners as though they would like revenge and had the expression of gratification when first they heard of his death been repeated, many would have suffered. Soon peace was declared, and the prisoners sent home. Our duty was ended. We were no longer needed, and on July 3d, 1865, we bade adieu to our soldier home, and were once more our own masters, and the owners of an honorable discharge from the United States service.

T. S. J.

#### SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF COLONEL GEORGE HULL WARD.

Col. George Hull Ward was born in Worcester, Mass., April 26, 1826, of good military stock. His father, Col. Artemas Ward, was enrolled as a soldier in the militia in 1821, was made captain of the Worcester Light Infantry, and rose to the command of his regiment the same year that the subject of our sketch was born.

The early youth of Col. Geo. H. Ward was passed in the pleasant, commodious homestead on Green Street. His father's farm comprised all the meadow land now occupied by the lower end of Washington Street, Lamartine and adjoining streets, a large farm below Quinsigamond, and a stone ledge in the southeastern part of the city, which he quarried himself; so there was ample opportunity for his boys to exercise their muscles out of school, though base ball, tennis, and boat clubs were unknown, and the only athletes were those of the travelling circus. But all work and no play was by no means the lot of our young friend. What Yankee boy has not played soldier? and where now are the boys who formed the little company who marched up and down Green Street forty years ago, following the lead, and keeping step to the music improvised by our embryo soldier? This successful imitation of a trombone, which the Old Guard remember, served in after years to solace many a dismal hour in the hospital, while other wounded comrades from Ball's Bluff made the band complete; drove away the blues during that weary convalescence; and charmed the small detachment of infantry at home. Taught to ride as soon as he could sit astride a horse and hold on, he took daily lessons in horsemanship, which enabled him long after, in the army, to spend days in the saddle almost without fatigue.

At the age of sixteen he met his first great grief in the death of his mother, whom he dearly loved. A sister, a few years older died about the same time. These early sorrows saddened his otherwise happy temperament, and made him thoughtful beyond his years. He was named Hull for the Rev. Aretius B. Hull, one of the early pastors of the Old South Church, of which his father and mother were members, and it was their wish and intention to educate him for the ministry; but, though usually obedient to parental authority, he begged to be allowed to choose his own vocation; and after passing the usual term of years at the little white schoolhouse on the common, and at the Boys' Grammar School, on Thomas Street, he

served three years' apprenticeship with the firm of Phelps & Bickford, and at the age of twenty-one had learned the machinist's trade. At this time he joined the City Guards. And here I will quote from the address of Gen. Sprague at the dedication of the monument erected to the memory of Col. Ward at Gettysburg.

"While members of the City Guards, we marched side by side bearing the clumsy old flint-lock muskets, drilled weekly together by the old Scott's tactics, camped and messed together as private, non-commissioned and commissioned officers for years, when it was unpopular for young men outside the regular army to spend their time in learning the art of war.

"Col. Ward was every inch a soldier. Of fine physique, and commanding presence; a gentleman in manner, his sunny smile shone through the repose of his manly face. He had risen to the rank of brigadier general of the fifth brigade of the Massachusetts volunteer militia before the war began; and with personal knowledge, and without fear of contradiction, I affirm that, in the school of the soldier, the company, the battalion and evolutions of the line, as an organizer and disciplinarian, he had no superior in the volunteer militia."

Married in June, 1851, the happy years passed on until the winter of 1856, when the first child, a beautiful little girl of great promise, died after a very short illness, leaving the young parents and a large circle of friends overwhelmed with grief. At this time he was in the employ of the firm of Goddard & Rice, where he remained until the death of his father, in 1858, left him in charge of a large family of brothers and sisters, and joint executor with the late Dwight Foster, of his father's will. Two years later, taking two of his young half-brothers into his family, he moved to the farm below Quinsigamond, then owned by his father-in-law, Deacon William Mayo, and became a farmer; to which occupation he brought a strong liking and some practical knowledge.

Here in the spring of 1861 the opening of the rebellion found him. He was the father of two promising boys, George William and Robert Lincoln, the older aged two years, the younger two months. On the afternoon of April 16, a lovely day, while engaged setting out young apple trees, a messenger came for Col. (then Brigadier General) Ward of the militia to come up to the city. A call had been issued by the President for 75,000 men. Gov. Andrew had sent an order for some of our own companies to prepare for immediate action, and it devolved upon him to carry the order into effect. Gen. Ward had hoped that his whole command would be ordered out, but in this he was disappointed, and after the third battalion under Maj. Devens had left for the front, he set about raising a regiment.

June 28, 1861, Gen. Ward took command of Camp Scott, the first camp in Worcester where volunteers were enlisted for three years or the war, and began the work of organizing the 15th Regiment. The efficiency to which this regiment attained during the six weeks allowed it to

prepare for the seat of war, under the command of Col. Ward, shows to what a degree of perfection in military education a soldier may attain outside the regular army. Those who knew the high estimation in which he held this regiment, every man of whom had enlisted and become the soldier of whom Worcester county was so proud, can well appreciate his disappointment on being told that Gov. Andrew had appointed another in the command, and to him was assigned the position of Lieut. Col.

Unjust as he felt this to be, he was too good a soldier to rebel. If he could command, he could also obey. He went out with the 15th Regiment as Lieut. Col. and the most kindly feeling always prevailed among the officers. The regiment, after remaining in Washington until the 25th of Aug., finally encamped at Poolesville, Aug. 27th.

Frequent letters from Lieut. Col. Ward testified to his entire acceptance and enjoyment of the situation. Pride in the regiment, faith in the cause and deep interest in all home matters were the prevailing sentiments of these cherished epistles.

On the 18th of Oct., at the request of Col. Devens, Lieut. Col. Ward went to Washington to meet Gov. Andrew—then in that city—on business concerning the arms of the regiment. He arrived on the afternoon of Friday, to learn that Gov. Andrew had left for Mass. on the morning of that day. He spent Saturday looking about the city, sat for his picture, bought photographs of Pres. Lincoln, Pres. and Vice Pres. of the Confederacy, and prominent Generals of both armies, enclosed them in a letter to his wife, and on Sunday, as he said, "feeling in his bones that something was going on in camp, and that he ought to be there," he started for Poolesville, arriving in time to join the regiment and lose his leg at Ball's Bluff. Monday night, the hour when his furlough expired, found him in the hands of the surgeons at Harrison's Island, undergoing amputation, with hardly enough light to make darkness visible.

The details of that day's fight have been told in as many ways as there have been narrators. That it was a blunder, none deny; on whom the responsibility of the blunder rests, is not so easily decided. But no one can visit Ball's Bluff to-day, and view the precipitous height up which our men toiled, to meet a foe entirely concealed by the woods, and down which they rushed, so many of them, to seek refuge from the shots of the enemy in the Potomac, without a burst of indignation at such a needless waste of life. That the unexpected rise of the Potomac destroyed the pontoon bridge by which reinforcements were to be sent, proves that three months encampment beside it had not been improved in studying the habits of that fickle stream. But what avails all this? The little cemetery on the Bluff with its fifty-four graves, all nameless but one, seems as peaceful as if no harsher note than the singing of birds had ever disturbed the stillness of the lovely retreat.

Col. Ward was carried to the regimental hospital, and later secured a room in Dr. Brace's house, in Poolesville, where he was made as comfortable as possible. The scab-

bard of his sword was bent by a bullet, which showed that he was a target for the sharpshooters, and the Virginia soil which clung to it as he was borne down the Bluff, is still traceable on its surface.

The first letter received at the home of Colonel Ward was written on the 22nd of October, and dictated by himself. The second was in his own hand and mailed the 24th. They were full of thankfulness that his life was spared. "If he had not returned from Washington until after the engagement he could never have forgiven himself." "He was in good hands, every body was kind," "he would soon be home and a false limb would make him as good as new." No words could express his pride in 'the regiment,' or his grief at the terrible loss of life. His one answer to the countless letters of sympathy showered upon him, was, he was thankful it was no worse. His life was spared and he was not a prisoner. He did admit in one letter home, that it was a pretty rough introduction into Virginia, but through that long season of pain and suffering and disappointment, as the weeks and months passed, and he was still unable to come home. His letters were full of hope and cheerfulness of messages to the children, with charges to keep them well that nothing might mar their enjoyment on his return. Many friends from Worcester visited him during his stay at Dr. Brace's. Colonel Devens and the other officers were very kind and did what they were able to make the time pass pleasantly, and Chaplain Scandlin was his most devoted friend. In January, Colonel Ward with Major Kimball and Captain Watson were appointed a committee to examine the non-commissioned officers in their knowledge of military affairs.

At last on the 31st of January, 1862, a telegram was received by Mrs. Ward telling her to meet her husband in New London that night. She went in company with Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett, the latter her husband's sister, and as he afterward wrote in his journal, the meeting, may better be imagined than described. Two soldiers of the regiment were with him, his brother, Henry C. Ward and Oscar Downes, his faithful attendant. To one who had learned to listen for and distinguish from every other his prompt, ringing footstep, it was a sad sight, as leaning on the shoulders of these two he was assisted from the boat to the train, but, it might have been so much worse.

The party arrived at the Foster street station on the morning of February 1st, at 4.30 and were met by Mayor Aldrich, a delegation of the city government, Mr. Wm. A. Smith, Colonel Stoddard and others, who accompanied him to his home in Quinsigamond, where they left him in his arm chair, his baby on his knee, the personification of happiness and content.

The greeting that all Worcester city and county gave this soldier of Ball's Bluff, would have overwhelmed a weaker man and have entirely ruined a less modest one; but he disclaimed all credit as to having acquitted himself more worthily than any soldier of the rank and file, or of having done more than the simple duty expected of

him, and he received all attention paid himself, as only an expression of the deep interest and approval which everyone felt for the regiment which had fought so nobly on that fatal day. In answer to all inquiries as to his future, he said as soon as he was able to be of service there, he should return to his regiment. In April, on the promotion of Col. Devens to the command of a brigade, Lieut. Col. Ward was commissioned Col. of the 15th. In June he was able to wear an artificial limb, and in anticipation of this, his friends surprised him with the gift of a generous sum of money, more than sufficient to purchase one of the best. Later on he was given a reception in Brinley, now Grand Army Hall, and presented with an elegant sword sash and shoulder straps. The presentation was made by Hon. A. G. Bullock, and replied to with becoming modesty by Col. Ward. He also received on the same day, by mail, a handsome pair of shoulder straps from Gen. Devens. He had the pleasure of reviewing the Highland Cadets at the close of the school in June, but his chief work that summer was the command of Camp Lincoln, where he organized the 36th Regiment, which he called "the finest body of men"—always excepting the 15th—"in Worcester county." Later he had charge at Camp Wool, where he organized the 51st Regiment, and recruited to fill vacancies in other regiments. When in the latter part of November, the 51st, Col. Sprague commanding, left for the seat of war, Col. Ward began to look forward to joining his regiment. All this time the condition of his wound had improved but very little; he could walk with the aid of a cane, but not without discomfort, and many a sleepless night was passed from the peculiar nervous sensation which seemed to be in the missing member. The left leg had been amputated half way between the knee and the ankle, and the flesh which had been left to cover the ends of the two bones had wasted away, leaving them exposed. Many physicians and surgeons had been consulted, but I think not one ever advised that which doubtless was the only remedy, a second amputation. They knew he would not accept such advice if given; in his opinion there was plenty of time for a second amputation when the war was over; that the war would end in the victory of the North, he never harbored a doubt, and nothing so annoyed him, while at home, as the fault-finding and croaking of some who professed to be friends of the Union. He had unbounded faith in the final defeat of the rebel army, and it cut him to the quick to hear any one prophecy to the contrary. He said one day, "I would go back, if for no other reason, to be out of the way of hearing such talk."

No advice, entreaty or offer of lucrative position at home influenced him. "The regiment needs me. I shall not be satisfied to settle down at home until I have made the trial and learned, by actual experience, that I am of no further use in the field." No one prized home and friends more than he, and I think his moments of keenest enjoyment were when riding with his two boys, with his stout cane crowded between the sides of the carriage in front of them to keep

them from falling out; or at home, penned in his arm chair in the corner, by his crutches in the hands of these same make-believe rebels. Having found it necessary before leaving home to supply himself with a second false limb, in case of accidents, he went to Springfield to be fitted for it, taking with him his oldest boy, not quite four years; indeed these two were almost inseparable companions.

The month of December was passed in recruiting for his regiment, which had become very much reduced in numbers, having participated in all the important battles of Virginia and Maryland. In December it went into winter quarters, with only fifteen officers and three hundred and forty-eight men in the field. Lieut. Col. Kimball had been promoted to the command of the 53d regiment. Lieut. Col. Philbrick was in command. Maj. Joslin had been wounded and was home on a furlough.

Quietly making his preparations, without any ceremonious leave-taking, his departure unknown by any but his immediate relatives, Col. Ward left home on the evening of the thirty-first of January, 1862, just one year from the time of his return, accompanied by his wife (who went as far as Philadelphia), and George Farr, a private in the regiment; Maj. Joslin joined him in New York City. His first letter spoke of his safe arrival in good health. "The boys were very glad to see him." He reported to Gen. Howard, and was immediately placed in command of the brigade. Again he writes, "I walk but very little. My horse and I have a mutual understanding. He is a splendid animal and does not appear at a great disadvantage with me on his back. Kiss the children for me. It is a great sacrifice for me to leave home, which is the very life of my existence, but I was compelled to do so from a sense of duty. I have no desire to go home though home is just as sweet to me as any one. I am here for some purpose."

His letters were always cheerful, and he wrote constantly; writing was his pastime; every mail from the regiment brought a letter. In May he was obliged to go to Washington for treatment of his wound. He made many pleasant acquaintances at the hotel where he stopped, but he spent much of his time among the wounded in the hospitals. He thought he had been very fortunate in comparison with many of the patients there. Speaking of the frequent deaths in the hospital, he wrote "To see how manfully they suffer, how nobly they die, men of culture and learning, of refined manners, to see them give up their lives so willingly, with such perfect trust and faith and hope in the future, it does seem that 'to die is gain.' Either a great revolution has taken place in the moral and religious sentiment of the army, or those who were the best prepared were selected as the ones to go. Although I have been an inmate of a hospital myself, have suffered some and made some sacrifice, still I never had so much pity and sympathy for the wounded as I have now."

At last the time came for the breaking up of the camp at Falmouth. The last letter received from Col. Ward

was written in Poolesville, where they halted; he wrote sitting on the ground in an open field, and picking a clover leaf that grew near his foot, he enclosed it as a "memento." The clover was the badge of the 2d Corps. He was in command of the brigade. Gen. Harrow was sick and riding in an ambulance. He said: "I expect it will be my turn next; I feel some like it. I have not had my leg off for two days, neither have I had it dressed; still all are surprised that I keep so well as I am." The only comfort for his friends on reading this was the hope that he had been obliged to take to the ambulance, too sick to engage in the impending battle. But he endured to the end, though so helpless at the end of each day's march, that they were obliged to lift him from his saddle.

On the afternoon of the second of July, in command of his regiment at Gettysburg, he fell wounded in his right leg, and was borne from the field. Hopeful still, he fell asleep while waiting for the surgeon to examine his wound, and awoke "beyond the gates." The news of his death came to his home one Sabbath, shutting out all its brightness, but it was not death, it never seemed like death; he had marched on to that great camping ground, where the veterans of the Grand Army are slowly following.

As all Worcester had greeted the wounded soldier from Balls Bluff, so they came again, to pay homage to the dead, and gaze in sadness on the sealed casket, draped with the flag for which he fought, on which rested his two swords and cap, surrounded by countless floral tributes brought by loving hands.

No words can express the grateful remembrance in which the family of Col. Ward will ever hold the sympathy and kindness shown them at that time, and more than all the generous tribute paid to the dead by the City Government, who withheld no honor; by the Body Guard, consisting of members of his first command, the old City Guards; by the sad following of the feeble and wounded comrades of the 15th Regiment, his last command; by the military, masonic and civil organizations; by citizens of all ranks; by all who ministered sad comfort on that day, by open kindness, or silent sympathy, until, at last, laid to rest in the silent grave the clouds gathered and wept over him. Col. Ward was true to his country, to his family, to his God. In the words of his old friend at Gettysburg, "His whole life illustrated that 'the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring.'" A great post of the Grand Army of the Republic bears his name, and his full length portrait in the uniform of his rank is on the wall of the great public hall in the city of his birth, along with that of Lincoln and Andrew, a perpetual reminder of his noble life and heroic death."

MRS. E. E. W.

General Sherman recently remarked in his characteristic way that he must die pretty soon or there would be nothing but militia to bury him.

## AN INCIDENT.

"No; I wasn't old enough to go into the army, nor were my brothers, for that matter. You see, we were living at Point of Rocks, down here on the Potomac, and as our sympathies were all with the South, it was only natural for my brothers, the oldest only fifteen, to make believe soldier, and when, in 1862, my sister came home from boarding-school, and made the boys a small Secesh flag, of course, in their zeal they displayed their colors, and paraded more than was for the good of the family. General Miles, over at Harper's Ferry, heard of our flag, and he sent orders to give it up, but mother wouldn't. You see it was only a little toy affair; but Miles sent a squad of soldiers over after it. So mother burned it, and very carefully preserved the ashes. We have them yet, but the boys were so incensed that they packed up and went into the Confederate Army. That made just two more soldiers on account of Miles' nonsense. That was on one side. My father kept a store, having a Northern partner, and Mosby crossed the river one day and burned him out. Some one said: 'What do you disturb him for. He is with the South.' 'Oh, yes!' says the Guerilla, 'he's all right, but he keeps — bad company.' So it was that we were between the upper and the nether stone. Between the two we were ground pretty small. I don't want any more war."

A. S. R.

## BAILEY'S RED RIVER DAM.

When General Banks abandoned the Shreveport expedition it was determined to return to the Mississippi. And it was an easy matter for the army to do so, but the fleet encountered a most serious obstacle at Alexandria, on Red River. The water was so low at that point, that it was impossible for it to pass over the rapids. A means had been suggested by Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Bailey, engineer of the 19th Corps, after the battle at Pleasant Hill, when a retreat was thought of. It was to dam the river at the foot of the rapids, so as to deepen the water on them, and then, when the vessels were there, open a sluice and allow them to go down with the deep current. This was done successfully. The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree-dam made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick, and stone, crosstreed with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way ingenuity could devise. This was run about three hundred feet into the river. Four large coal-barges were then filled with brick and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges.

All the vessels passed the rapids safely into the deep water below, made so by an upward current of the brimful Mississippi, one hundred and fifty miles distant.

G. O. P.

## DARING AND SUFFERING.

## Three Chapters in the History of a Veteran.

## CHAPTER III. THE FLIGHT FOR FREEDOM.

Our squad consisted of Moses Crow, Silas Alvord and Joe Munnell, 100th Penn., — Green, —th N. Y., two of the 110th Ohio, two belonging to a Tennessee regiment, and myself. We decided to travel southwest, having learned from "fresh fish," as new prisoners were called, that our forces were at Strawberry Plains, near Knoxville, Tenn., and we decided to try to reach that point. Our only guides as to direction were the North Star and the moss on the trees. We travelled nights, and spent the days in the forests and swamps, sleeping most of the time. At daybreak each morning we would seek some secluded spot and, having made a bed of leaves, would lie down in a row, "spoon fashion," in order to get as much warmth as possible from one another's bodies.

One man would stand guard. He would cover the rest with leaves, like the babes in the wood, until we were entirely and effectively concealed. When the time came for the guard to be changed, his successor would cover him, and thus each man took his turn at guarding and sleeping. And so we passed the days.

We avoided, as far as possible, the haunts of man, for fear of betrayal, circling around all habitations that came in view. Fortunately the region through which we passed was sparsely settled. We did not see a man nor did we speak above a whisper during the first seventeen days of our journey. We marched in single file about ten feet apart, Crowe, Green, and myself taking the lead alternately. Each man carried a sapling stick, and the signal of danger was a slight rap on a tree, when every man would fall flat to the ground, and lie still as death, listening breathlessly, until assured that the peril, if any, were past. The signal for resuming the march was two raps. So silently and stealthily did we move that we must have appeared more like dim ghosts gliding amid the gloom of those gigantic forests than like human beings. One night near midnight, we heard the faint tinkle of a little bell. Stopped and listened. One of the boys crept toward the sound and found, a short distance off, in a barnyard, a cosset lamb. He grabbed the bell, and the lamb came along. He never tinkled that bell again.

We clubbed the lamb to death and, dressing it as best we could with an old broken case knife, which was the only piece of cutlery in our possession, we stripped the meat from the bones, and ate it raw. This was the first meat we had tasted since leaving prison, our principal food before being paw paws and sweet potatoes, which we had also eaten raw, as we had no means of making a fire.

The nights were now quite cold, and all of us were miserably clad for such a journey as we had undertaken. I had the misfortune to be the only one of the company who was barefoot. My entire clothing consisted of a

common flannel army shirt, blouse and pants. My feet were partially frozen, and it seemed at times as though death were preferable to another moment of torture such as I experienced in treading for hours and hours each night mile after mile, on briers, logs, stumps and sharp stones. At length I began to sacrifice my shirt for the sake of my feet, tearing strips from it which I bound around my feet, thus making a rude moccasin, which gave some slight protection. Again and again I had recourse to the shirt, until that garment was quite diminutive. The first man that we saw was a negro. We caught sight of him as we were passing along the edge of a clearing early one morning. One of us approached him, told him who we were and asked his help. "Ef you 'm Union, I'll help you, Massa," said he, and set off at once for food. In a short time he returned with a good supply of bacon and corn bread. After devouring this, with a mutual "God bless you!" we departed.

We crossed the Dan River one moonlight night on the slippery stones of an old fish dam. We crossed one at a time, and although we used the utmost caution, —splash! would be heard every few moments, as some luckless comrade would take an unwelcome bath in the cold torrent. The streams in those mountains are extremely crooked. One night we crossed the Big Fisher River fourteen times in two hours. We also crossed the Little Fisher River several times, as well as innumerable other mountain streams and creeks, before reaching our journey's end. One very dark night we crossed the worst swamp I ever saw or heard of. It seemed to be a floating mass of logs, stumps, vines and briers. It was not more than half a mile wide, yet we were all night in crossing, and when morning dawned we discovered to our chagrin that we might easily have flanked it by going a short distance to the right.

We were now in Alleghany Co., N. C. Before us were range after range of lofty mountains which must be scaled before we reached Tennessee. Here we entered a wilderness unbroken by human habitation for many miles. The forests often were too dense for easy penetration, and our faces were badly scratched and our eyes in constant danger. We soon began to travel in the roads when they seemed to go in our direction.

The air was chilly here even at noon-day, and the streams that crossed and recrossed and sometimes occupied the roads were very cold. A more dismal woodland for nightly tramps, especially for the unfamiliar traveller, cannot be imagined. Occasionally an owl hooted from his hidden perch, a squirrel startled us by a sudden jump, or a scared rabbit fled from before us and disappeared in the thickets. Often we stumbled along like drunken men, frequently bringing up suddenly against obstructions which would cause us to fall on our knees or measure our length on the ground. When ascending the steep, rough mountains, we had many a time to climb where the footing was very precarious, and where a single misstep might have caused our deaths.

We dragged ourselves upward by pulling and tugging at shrubs and branches of trees and often in descending we fell head over heels, and sometimes were hurt not a little by striking trees, stumps and stones. Once near the summit of one of these lofty hills we encountered a most ferocious blizzard. Snow fell to the depth of six inches or more, and disappeared almost as quickly as it came, as a pitiless storm of rain set in. This marked the commencement of a rainy period. It rained almost incessantly for several days and for two weeks we scarcely saw the sun. The streams were badly swollen, being so high as to be almost unfordable, or fordable with extreme danger. The mud was so deep that our tramp became more arduous than ever. In the North Carolina mountains we found chestnuts in wonderful abundance—tons of them in every patch of woodland. These we devoured greedily—so much so indeed, that some of us were made sick and Alvord became alarmingly ill. He could neither stand nor walk. So we made a rough stretcher of boughs and for two nights we carried him up hill and down and through ravines and gorges and over creeks until he recovered sufficiently to keep up with the rest.

It is not surprising that in view of the difficulties we had encountered, and with the depressing thoughts of the long and weary sketches of mountain, hill and valley that yet lay between us and the promised land, some of the boys became disheartened and suggested that it would be better to give ourselves up than to contend further with the fates that seemed against us. But we had agreed at the outset to hang together and to leave no man behind us alive to inform the enemy of our whereabouts; and fortunately for all, those who were in favor of pushing on were strong enough to prevail on the others to proceed and to urge them to new efforts. Had those to whom the thought of surrender had come realized what we afterwards learned that the war in the mountain regions had become a war of extermination they would not have entertained such a thought for a moment. The black flag had been raised in Western North Carolina. No quarter was asked or given. Rebels and Unionists killed each other at sight, few prisoners being taken. Our choice was indeed between liberty and death. Had we been captured probably no one would have survived to tell this story.

In Wilkes County, N. C., we found devoted friends in the Union Bushwhackers who were known as "lay-outs." This name was derived from their custom of "lying out" away from their homes in caves and holes in the earth among the mountains. Many were deserters from the rebel army whose hearts were never in the cause and others were men liable to conscription into the Confederate service. In these mountain fortresses they kept alive the spirit of liberty. Many of them had not visited their homes or seen their families since the beginning of the war and most had grievances against the rebels who had killed their relatives or destroyed their property. Brooding over their wrongs they had become revengeful and

bloodthirsty and sometimes a band of them would sally forth from their retreats and visit their enemies with dire vengeance. They were mainly very ignorant but understood the issues of the conflict and were strong friends of the Union. There were so many of these bushwhackers in Wilkes County, that the rebs called it "Old United States." We understood that as many as a thousand young men were "lying out" in that county. These hunted refugees lived as I have indicated in holes in the ground. These they covered with logs and the logs with earth and leaves so that one might pass directly over their habitations without the suspicion of such subterranean abodes beneath. I was interested in the fact that their fires were made of the bark of the hickory tree which after a fire is once started, burns without emitting smoke. With a plentiful supply of this bark in their caves they kept their fires constantly burning without fear of discovery thereby.

These rough yet kindly men shared with us their rude accommodations and scanty fare. They guided us on our way, and often went many a long mile with us accompanying us over some of the most dangerous mountains, where bears and wild cats abounded. These latter were said to be very ferocious and quite ready to attack men who ventured too near their lairs. To avoid them it was said to be necessary to keep in the open spaces. One day we saw on the mountain sides, not far from us, a she bear playing with her cubs. Often the "lay-outs" would direct us to friends as many as fifty miles ahead, giving us their passwords and signals, which were of great value to us. We would fain have rewarded them for their kindness, but the most we could do was to grant them their frequent requests for one of Uncle Sam's buttons with "the chicken on to it." In this way our blouses were quite destitute of buttons before getting across the mountains. With the assistance of the bushwhackers, we passed successfully through Wilkes and Watauga counties, N. C., and Johnson and Carter counties, Tenn. I think it was in the last named county that an adventure befell us which came very near ending our career. One morning as we were entering a clearing we came suddenly upon a man with whom we entered into conversation. His manner was so kind and gracious that he at once won our confidence. Without our usual caution we confided to him something of our story. He was full of generous sympathy. He said he was the owner of the plantation, and invited us to go into an unused building which stood near and rest, and he would go up to the house and send the "niggers" down with food.

As he turned to leave, I spied on his collar the faded bars of a Confederate captain. The moment he was out of sight we fled with all possible speed. Soon we met a woman whom we asked who owned the plantation. She replied: "Capt. Hartzog." She took in the situation at once, and told us that we were in great danger; that the rebels had been in the vicinity in force a few days before and carried off some conscripts. She directed us to the

house of one Shepard, who was a Union man, and would help us. She gave us hurried but minute directions for reaching Shepard's, telling us to give the signal of one rap, when we reached the river on the opposite bank of which was Shepard's house, and he would respond. We followed her directions, he heard and answered the signal, and coming across in a canoe took us over one at a time. He inquired if we had been seen, and when we told him of our encounter with Hartzog, who he said had a company in John Morgan's command, he was more frightened than we. He, however, invited us into the house, where his wife and daughter set before us a good meal of the staple productions of the country—bacon and corn bread, and regaled us with apple jack, after which we lay down before the great fireplace with our feet to the blaze. Meantime Shepard was outside on guard. It was not long before he came in hurriedly and said: "Boys, there's no immediate danger, but you had better get out of here as soon as possible. Go up among the scrub oaks on the hillside, and when all is quiet I will give the signal."

We lost no time in finding the exit; going out, as he suggested, by the back door. We had gone a few rods from the house, when the clatter of hoofs was heard coming down the road. "Now run for your lives, boys!" Up the hillside we sped, and just before we reached the shelter of the oaks Hartzog and his men came in view. They emptied their rifles at us, and one of the boys gave an infernal yell, leaped two or three feet in the air and fell to the ground. In a second he was up, and on again with redoubled speed. The bullet, which was partially spent, struck the button of his suspender, and the sudden shock, fear and imagination, caused him to think that he had been shot. We gained the wood before they could again fire, and passing over a hill came to the river where we hid in the water beneath the branches overhanging the stream. We lay there in breathless suspense, trembling at every sound, for several hours. At length we heard the welcome signal of one rap, and Shepard's voice saying in low tones: "Friends, where are you?"

We came ashore and our kind benefactor told us that the rebs had given up the search, Capt. Hartzog having told him that we had probably recrossed the river. Shepard then took us to a hiding place—a sort of cave under the shelving rocks of a ledge. We remained there until rested, when he went with us some miles, leaving us in the care of a friend. So we were piloted on over the Bald Mountains into the great valley of East Tennessee. We made our way as rapidly as we could towards Strawberry Plains, having renewed assurances from the loyal people whom we met that a force of Union troops was there. On a very dark night about the middle of November we heard cannonading. This we afterwards learned was at Bull's Gap, where Breckenridge was attacking Gillem. We turned our faces in the direction of the firing, travelling with all speed. During the night we swam across a branch of the Holston River. The next day the firing was renewed. We came so near the contending forces that we could hear

the cheers and yells of the combatants. We thought that by careful management we might flank both forces and reach the rear of our troops and enter the Union lines from that direction. But the receding rebel yell growing fainter and fainter convinced us that our forces were retreating, and we sadly countermarched and again sought refuge among the hills. After two weeks more of hiding and skulking and foraging we reached the vicinity of Strawberry Plains.

We now kept a sharp look-out, momentarily expecting to come upon Union pickets. At about dawn, Nov. 30th, we saw a scouting party whom we took to be our cavalry and were on the point of going forward to meet them, but on nearer approach we saw that although many of them wore blue overcoats they had that unmistakable air and bearing which showed that they were not "the right kind of people," as the "lay-outs" were accustomed to say. An hour later a gallant troop of undoubted Yankee cavalry came down the road at a quick trot. We ran up the road down which they came and were soon halted by a cavalry vidette. He held us, calling for the officer of the guard, who sent us to the infantry rallying post, and from there we were delivered in due form to the Colonel commanding at Strawberry Plains who in his turn forwarded us to Knoxville, and at last all the demands of military red tape having been met, that evening found us in the private office of Gen. Stoneman.

He questioned Crow and myself closely, and was soon satisfied as to the truth of our story. He had but just returned from captivity, and felt and expressed much sympathy for us. He thought we must have travelled five hundred miles. He sent us to the hospital, saying that as soon as we were fully recruited he would send us to Washington by way of Chattanooga. Two weeks later we started for Washington; but finding the railroad between Chattanooga and Nashville cut, were obliged to return to Knoxville. Stoneman then decided to equip the escaped prisoners, of whom he had about sixty, as mounted infantry. We were attached to this troop and were sent as a guard with two paymasters and their safes to Camp Nelson, Ky. We accomplished the journey of 180 miles in 17 days, and on our return were sent to Washington by Gen. Stoneman with a recommendation that a furlough of thirty days be granted us. At the expiration of the furlough I returned to my regiment, then at Duffield's Station, on the B. & O. Railroad. Of course I received hearty congratulations from the boys on my fortunate escape, and I felt a tinge of pride when Capt. Jack Lilley of my company said: "Charlie, when I heard of the stampede at Danville I knew you were there."

Such in brief outline is Comrade Porter's story.

W. H. B.

#### A CONTRAST.

"Foul spoken coward! that thunderest with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform."

SHAKESPEARE.

Most soldiers at some time during their service were witnesses of injustice and brutality on the part of shoulder-strapped ruffians who, dressed in a little brief authority, exercised that authority by lording it with tyrant hand over men who were their superiors in everything but rank. Here is a case in point where the tyrant officer finally came to grief.

During the construction of a corduroy road on the Peninsula, in '62, a Worcester County soldier who had been hard at work, steadily for four hours, under the eye of the Major of his regiment, stopped to rest for a moment, when the Major approached him, and with threatening gesture and brutal oath and swagger that would disgrace a bandit, ordered the tired private, in terms galling to the sensitive nature of a high spirited man to *go to work*.

The very essence of a soldier's life is quiet obedience, and the private made no angry remonstrance, but quietly remarked to his brother who was by his side, "Mark my words, that man is a coward. No brave man would take advantage of his position to abuse those below him in rank." The first battle in which the regiment was engaged proved the truth of this prediction. The Major left the army in disgrace, branded as a coward. The private, on the contrary, achieved a reputation for courage which he maintained during his entire service, participating in nearly all the battles of the Army of the Potomac. To this day, at camp-fires and re-unions, his name is quoted as a synonym for all that is brave and soldierly. He earned and received a promotion to a lieutenancy. It so happened that, while on a short furlough, the Lieutenant, who was a man of fine appearance and magnificent bearing whom any one would be proud to claim as a friend, was passing through a street in Boston when he saw, coming from the opposite direction, the Major, accompanied by two naval officers. Too late regretting his former meanness, or perhaps thinking that the incident on the Peninsula had been forgotten or overlooked, he approached the Lieutenant, greeting him as an old friend, at the same time extending his hand. The Lieutenant refused the proffered hand, and looking the other squarely in the face said "Major —, I cannot take the hand of a coward." The private's hour had come, and the discomfited Major retreated with downcast eyes—in tears.

PER CONTRA.

"The bravest are the tenderest."

A brave young soldier, now a resident of Worcester, was grievously wounded at Spotsylvania. As soon as he could bear the fatigue of the journey, he was taken from the hospital at Washington and borne towards home under tender care of his father. At Philadelphia it became necessary to change cars, and as the wounded man was

about to be carried into the sleeper the conductor interposed saying that only commissioned officers were allowed in that car. As tickets for the sleeper had been secured, a hot discussion arose between the father and the conductor, which was interrupted by the appearance of a gentleman wearing a civilian's overcoat, but of marked military bearing. After inquiring into the circumstances, he said to the conductor: "Take this man on board or your train shall not leave the station." "And who are you?" asked the astonished conductor. Throwing open his overcoat, and disclosing the uniform of a Major General, the gentleman replied: "I am General Hancock, commanding this department." The soldier was at once borne into the car, Hancock leading the way, and pointing to one of the most Desirable lower berths in the car, at the same time saying, "Put him in that berth. It is mine; but I will content myself with an upper one, as it is much easier for me to climb than for him to be lifted." This chivalrous act of a modern Sidney is the more admirable from the fact that the gallant general had not at that time fully recovered from a severe wound.

"Do you wonder," said the soldier, when relating the story, "that when Hancock was the nominee for president, I, though a life-long Republican, gave him my vote?" And the writer could only say "No." W. H. B.

#### LUGDEN'S CALF.

"Lugden was not his name but it is near enough for all practical purposes. He was papa's pet and mamma's darling. He had had every wish anticipated and what should have possessed such a baby to enlist I can't imagine. Some absurd notion of patriotism, I suppose! Well, such a guy was never in the army before. He was the butt of every man in the company. He couldn't retain a tent-mate, for the latter couldn't endure the pranks that were played upon his fellow. In winter quarters at Falmouth, after he was left alone, the boys would tie him in his bunk, would smoke him out by putting a blanket over his chimney and would just about scare the daylight out of him by throwing cartridges down that same chimney. One day he came to me and begged me to tent with him, promising to do about all the work and to furnish no end of sutler's goodies, for his folks sent him lots of money. I was sorry for the poor fellow and went in with him, but when I was on duty I would not more than get away from the tent before the devilry would begin. Then he would come and tell me of his woes. I told him to report the matter to the Captain. 'I have,' said he, 'but the Captain wants to know who the disturber is, and of course I don't know.' So it went until he became a walking ghost almost. The men apparently despised him, thinking him an arrant coward as well as baby.

But the first fight changed everything. He went in trembling. His hands made his gun-barrel a rattle box as the ramrod was drawn and used, but five minutes settled

him. He was wounded in the left hand but he never flinched. The boys saw him covered with his own blood but never giving way a hair. They had laughed and jeered when the firing began, but now they cheered him. He became the hero of the hour. They always said that the wound let out all the calf's blood, and left only that of a hero. From that day there was no more popular boy in the company, and what is better, no more faithful soldier. He lived through and came home to Albany with those who survived, a happy boy, to greet his happier parents. You can't tell how a man will fight, by the way he talks beforehand." H. B. BY A. S. R.

#### THE TWO TOMS.

An incident occurred in the —th Massachusetts Regiment in 1863, which, to the members of the regiment, seemed at the time extremely *funny*. It was during the rainy season when the camp, occupied by the regiment, was often covered with pools of water, much to the discomfort of the soldiers. The surgeon properly apprehended danger to health, and required a ditching of the camp to drain off the standing water.

In company — were two men both known as Tom; one a native of Ireland, quite destitute of what, among soldiers is called time in marching and withal a man who could not be styled a natty clean-cut soldier.

His officers always made due allowance for his deficiencies, and as they never knew what Irish Tom would do in an emergency, while on sentinel duty, Tom escaped many a tour of guard duty and was set to do sundry things more within his limited comprehension. The other Tom was in most respects the opposite of his namesake, popular, witty and dry, (I don't mean *thirsty*), and often made Irish Tom the butt of his fun. On the occasion referred to the other Tom was on guard, faithfully patrolling his beat, under orders to hold no unnecessary conversation with any one. Very near his beat Irish Tom was as faithfully engaged in digging a ditch under charge of a corporal.

Sentinel Tom marched back and forth, occasionally casting his eye in the direction of his friend and sometimes would playfully smile as the two exchanged glances. At length Irish Tom straightened up in the ditch, mopped his streaming brow, and with a most pitting tone exclaimed, "Tom!" Sentinel Tom stopped not on his regular tramp up and down. A broad smile spread across the face of Irish Tom as he cheerfully repeated, in a chuckling tone, "Tom! It's a foine thing to have a thrade." S.

The Committee of Publication of THE OLD GUARD regret that for lack of space they are obliged to defer the publication of several interesting reminiscences until the issue of another volume.

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