

PITTSFIELD, N. H.
IN THE
GREAT REBELLION

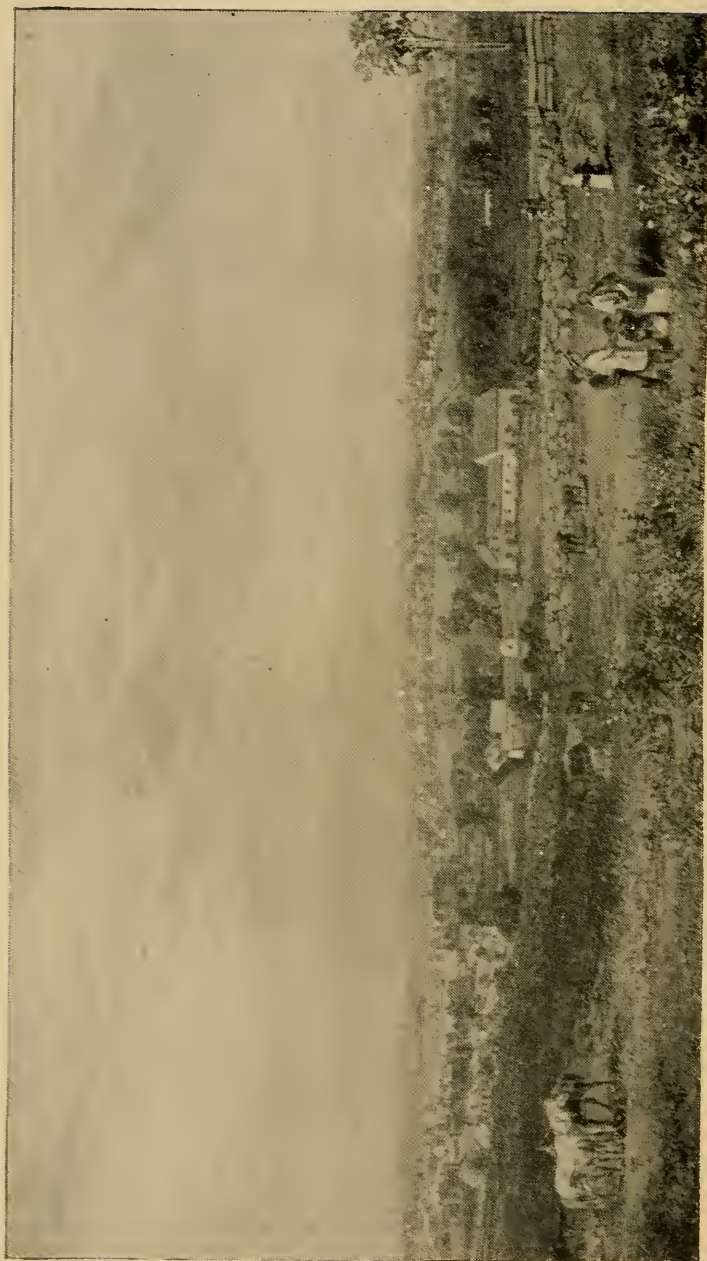
H. L. ROBINSON

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PITTSFIELD IN 1861.

HISTORY
OF
PITTSFIELD, N. H.

IN THE
GREAT REBELLION

BY
H. L. ROBINSON

Call back that morning with its lurid light
When through our land the awful war bell tolled ;
When lips were mute and women's faces white
As the pale cloud that out from Sumter rolled.

—JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

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PITTSFIELD, N. H.
1893

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DEDICATION.

To the present and future citizens of Pittsfield I consign this book, hoping they may be inspired by the same love of country that the men herein spoken of inherited from their forefathers.

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BY H. L. ROBINSON.

PREFACE.

The magnitude of the war cannot be conceived by any one mind, and only by comparing it with other wars and the history of other nations does its colossal size become apparent.

There were over two thousand engagements,—eight hundred of them as large in men and casualties as the Battle of Bunker Hill, of which all New Englanders feel so proud. There were more men killed on the field of battle than England has lost in the whole eight hundred years of her existence, and more than all of the combined armies of Europe have lost for the past eighty years; and yet our war lasted barely four years. No wonder that the young student of history becomes confused as he contemplates all of this, and confounds Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Vicksburg, Williamsburg, Petersburg, with all the other “burgs” of the South, and cannot tell the difference between Chattanooga, Chancellorsville, or Chickamauga.

All other histories, as far as I know, deal with armies and regiments, and make heroes of the officers who from a safe distance directed the execution of their commands; but in this little volume, I have attempted in my feeble, blundering way to lay before my readers the part taken by our townsmen in the gigantic struggle,—a struggle unparalleled in the histories of nations. I would that the task had fallen to some more competent person, but as I was urged to do so by men who did not enter the service as well as by my comrades, I reluctantly consented, after months of consideration.

That there may be mistakes in this book no one is better aware than myself, and I ask all who may criticise the work to be as lenient as possible. It is utterly impossible to have

every statement agree with the recollection of every one. For instance: One comrade says he was wounded in a certain battle, while two of his company say he was not there at all, but received his wounds in another fight; and still another comrade declares that the wounded man is right. Again: Of one of our men who died in the service, his brother-in-law claims, and his statement is supported by others, that the dead man neither lived in town nor enlisted from here; while the dead man's brother, and *his* statement is also supported by good evidence, says that he did live here for some two years before enlisting. Each party is sure he is right, and of course I expect the opposition to say that I am wrong in putting in what I have, but I have decided these questions as it seemed to me that the strongest evidence showed to be correct. Although I had memoranda of many of the events herein spoken of, yet no one knows, unless he has tried it, how much labor is involved in collecting complete data. I anticipated something of this, but had I known the whole, I doubt if I should have undertaken the task.

I cannot let this opportunity pass without extending my thanks to those who have so kindly and promptly responded to my request for facts.

Perhaps it may seem that I have given more prominence to some men than I have to others. My reply is, that I have used everything I could get hold of, that I thought could interest those who would care to read this book; "setting down nothing in malice," but giving all an equal chance to contribute their story of the four years when we made history so fast.

Another thing has surprised me, and has been a source of the greatest gratification, encouraging me to persevere in my work; and that is, the interest taken by those who did not enlist nor had friends in the army. The number of subscribers who voluntarily came forward before I had opened a subscription list, was also a delight.

I have avoided as far as possible two accounts of the same events, but what I have said of one in a general way applies to all who were there. For example: The terrible suffering at Manchester, in that cold winter, was endured by all of our men in both the Seventh and Eighth regiments alike.

I have also avoided giving descriptions of battles and campaigns, because they belong more properly to histories of regiments or brigades; but I have given all the incidents that I could procure of those engagements in which the Pittsfield men took part. But the extreme modesty of some comrades prevents them from telling of their acts of bravery, and I have, in a measure, been obliged to rely on those who were with them for the facts.

Of the engravings of this book I will say a word. Some of them represent the men at or near the time of their service, while others were taken later in life. Nearly all of those who enlisted were young men, as my readers will understand from the text. Besides the soldiers, I have presented the pictures of some of the town officials and leading men and women of that time, which I trust will add to the value of this volume.

Pittsfield, N. H., April 17, 1893.

PITTSFIELD AT THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

The people who have come upon the stage of action since the War of the Rebellion have no idea of the intense political feeling that existed previous to that time.

If a man belonged to one of the great political parties, and his neighbor to another, then there was a barrier between them that could not be passed; even if they belonged to the same benevolent society, or to the same church and sat at the same communion table, there was no fellowship. Even the church must have a clergyman of the same political faith with the majority, or he must sink his manhood by keeping silence on the questions of the day. These things are now happily passed, I trust forever.

Pittsfield, the scene of some of the historic events of the contest against slavery, where resided some of the men to whom the Southern states looked for aid in their efforts to divide the country, was as patriotic as any town in the North; and those men who had sympathized with the South previous to 1861 were as energetic in prosecuting the war, in raising and equipping troops and forwarding supplies, as any class of men; nay, more—many of them enlisted, and on the battle-field proved their devotion to their country. The men who remained at home poured out money and supplies like water to maintain those in the field, and since the war with a liberal hand they have done everything they could to aid and honor the men who went into the army.

Pittsfield, at that time, was a small town, without railroad or telegraph. It was connected with the outside world by three stage-lines,—one, a daily, running to Concord, owned by True Garland, a man well known throughout the state, and to whom the soldiers were indebted for many acts of kindness; another to Dover, owned by our venerable townsman, Jackson Freese; and another, running to Laconia by way of Alton, driven by Pike Davis. The last two were tri-weekly; not, however, like the one out West, the driver of which, when asked what he meant by a “tri-weekly,” replied that he went down one week and tried to get back the next.

April 15, 1861, President Lincoln issued a call for 75,000 volunteers to serve three months. Two days later True Garland’s stage brought word that a recruiting office had been opened at Concord. A young man hurried to his boarding-place in Pittsfield, and hired the man for whom he worked to carry him to Concord that night. There he enlisted, but was rejected for disability; however, he afterwards enlisted in a later regiment, and served nearly two years.

Orrin Brock and Henry M. Gordon started to walk to Concord. When in Chichester they were overtaken by Mr. J. O. Tasker, who kindly gave them a ride to that city. There they enlisted. These were soon followed by many more. They all enlisted to go in the First regiment, but its ranks were filled so rapidly that they were mustered into the Second, and their term of service was changed from three months to three years.

Sunday, May 5, 1861, was a beautiful day. The sun shone out in all its splendor; vegetation was well advanced; the leaves of the trees and grass of the fields had put on their brightest green for the early spring-time. The people of the village were early astir, and groups of men could be seen in earnest but subdued conversation. At length the only bell in town, the one on the cotton factory, rang out the summons to worship. The people flocked to the

Congregational church, where special service was to be held. The consecrated building had been filled many times, but it never held more than on that May morning. Soon the notes of fife and drum were heard,—something never known before in our quiet village on the Sabbath. The sound drew nearer, and into the church marched some twelve or fifteen stalwart young men, who seated themselves in pews near the pulpit.

The services were participated in by the various clergymen of the town. Prayer was offered by Rev. James Morrill. Then the audience joined in singing "America." Rev. J. A. Hood, a most eloquent divine, was at his best. He preached a sermon from Isaiah xiii, 4: "*The Lord of Hosts mustered His hosts of the battle.*" It was a powerful discourse, full of patriotism and encouragement to those who were about to leave their homes to enter the service of their country.

It was a novel sight to the crowds of people present on that day; but, alas! enlisting soon became so common that scores of young men entered the army and hardly a remark was made. I think Miss Mary E. Brown presided at the fine old organ, and a choir, composed of Mr. William Lake, Mr. Penniman, S. Ambrose Brown, Misses Addie M. Knowles, Ellen M. Perkins, Laura C. French, and Abbie J. Sanborn, sang that glorious old hymn entitled "We will conquer or die," the first stanza of which was as follows:

"Go tread in the pathway your forefathers trod;
Remember your leader, your captain, is God.
Go spread your broad banners beneath the blue sky;
Remember the watchword, 'We conquer or die.'"

Another hymn, written for the occasion, was sung, the words of which I have been unable to obtain. Then a procession was formed. John C. French, who in his boyhood had attended a military school, played the fife, while Bradbury H. Bartlett acted as drummer. The newly fledged soldiers were escorted

to the corner of Water street, where the last parting words were said, and carriages were taken for Concord, many citizens accompanying the recruits as far as Chichester.

Some of our citizens deplored the "desecration," as they called it, of the Sabbath, by playing on a fife and drum in our streets, and to keep step to the music,—they deemed a sacrilege. But, like all things connected with the war, they soon became used to it.

ARMY LIFE.

Many of the men when they enlisted kept a diary. Some of these were lost, but many were discontinued because of lack of facilities for writing by the men in the ranks. A few, a very few, have been preserved until the present time. I have been able to obtain some of them. When the comrades handed them to me each said that I should find nothing of interest in his, but I think my readers will join with me in saying that they form the most interesting part of this book. They let one into the private life of the soldiers, so that we may know what they felt, saw, and suffered; and their experience was about the average experience of the soldier,—some suffered more and some less.

The reader will observe that the word bivouac often occurs. It is rather a romantic word; it is very poetic—in fact, it is as picturesque as a tumble-down house or a ragged urchin, and like them it is very uncomfortable. It means that after a long, hard day's march, with sixty pounds of trappings and a rifle to carry through the dust under a hot sun, you are ordered to halt. How gladly you do it! You would have done so before if that officer on horseback had only invited you to do so. Then you are ordered to stack arms and unslung your equipments. These, too, are welcome words to you. If you are not detailed to go on guard or to do some other thing about camp, you can get your supper.

We read about "coffee-boilers" in the army. I saw but very little of them, and a careful inquiry

among my comrades brings the same answer. In Louisiana, when we were on the march and came to a halt, the men were tired enough to lie down without making a fire. Their supper consisted of what they had in their haversacks—meat that had been cooked perhaps two or three days, and hard bread that had been baked for years. Then you lie down on the ground and get what rest you can, with nothing over you but the stars of heaven, unless it should happen to be stormy; then the clouds would be so high above you, and they would pour so much water down on you, that you would always prefer a covering of stars to one of clouds. In fair weather you would use your boots for a pillow; in rainy weather you would keep them on to prevent your feet from getting wet. You would just get to sleep when some mule in the wagon train would set up an unearthly bray, or the orderly would turn you over to see if you were the man he was hunting for, or perchance the long roll would sound. “Then there would be hurrying to and fro,” for the enemy was upon you in the darkness! At daylight you would breakfast on what you had left from supper, with the addition generally of a cup of black coffee that the poor cooks, who had been called up by the guard two hours before, had made for you. Then came another day’s march, the same as the day before, and another night like the preceding, until weeks and perhaps months had passed before you could get a good square meal, or get on an average over four hours’ sleep out of the twenty-four. Oh, yes, a bivouac is a very nice thing to read about, but anything but pleasant to experience.

And yet some people think, or pretend to believe, that the men who went to the war had “a jolly picnic,” and wonder why they should break down twenty years before their time, taking the men who remained at home as a standard. But to those who experienced the hardships, who endured the heat and cold, the thirst, hunger, fatigue, and exposure, the

wonder is that one is left to tell the story. When the boys meet now, instead of recounting their hardships, they indulge in some comical story, or with subdued voices inquire for some comrade, and give a sigh when they learn that he has been "mustered out," and then in tender tones they will recount the good and brave deeds of their friend. It is this, perhaps, more than anything else that gives the impression to those who never "drank from the same canteen" that there was more fun than fighting from 1861 to 1865.

PITTSFIELD'S REPRESENTATIVES IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

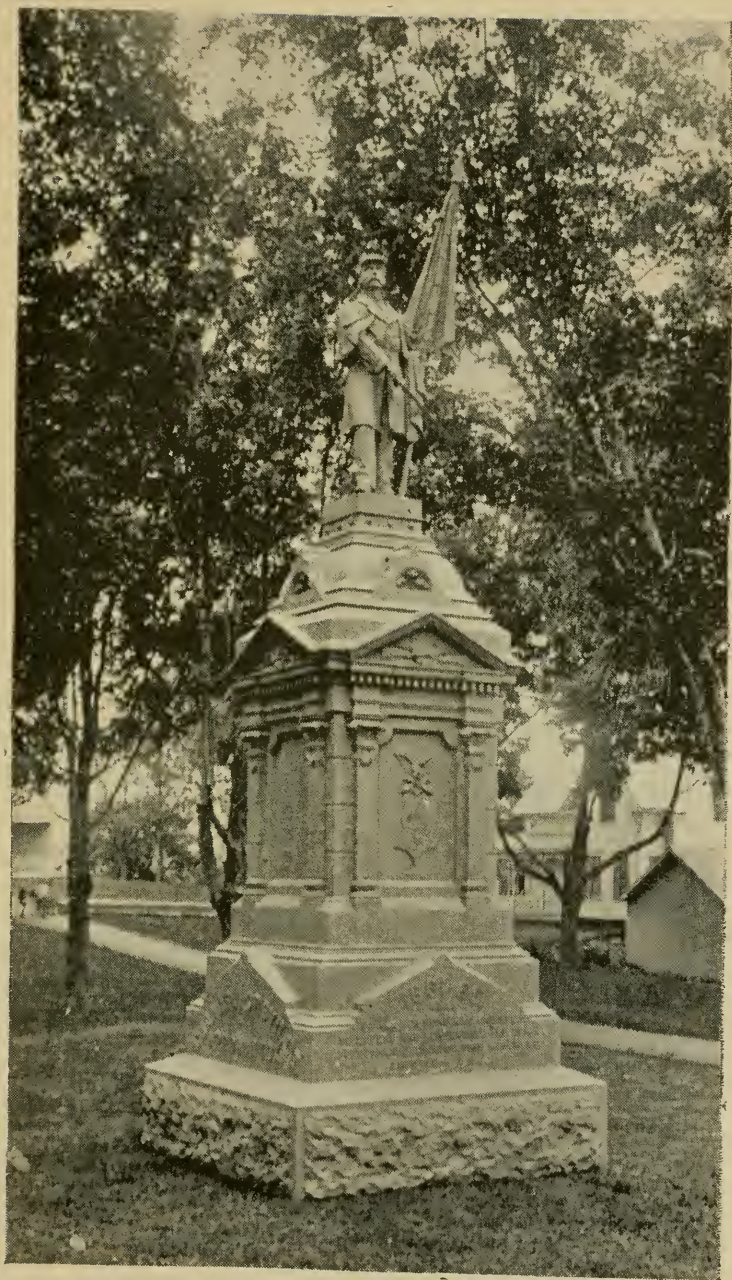
N. W. ADAMS.

No man is better known in this town than Wilson Adams, who was born in Barnstead, December 15, 1840. His father was John Adams, his mother Sarah (Seward) Adams. Young Adams came to Pittsfield in 1857, and worked at shoemaking for a short time; and then at farming until he enlisted in August, 1861, in the Third regiment and was appointed sergeant. He was married, August 15th, 1861, to Mary A. Blake. Before the regiment was mustered into the United States service he took a severe cold, which resulted in a fever, so that he had to abandon the idea of going with that regiment, whose ranks had been filled up in the meantime. He went as a recruit to the Second regiment, which he joined at Bladensburg, Md., as a member of Company B.

His first "active" service was at the siege of Yorktown; then he was at the battle of Williamsburg, afterward at Fair Oaks; then in the Seven Days Fight, and in both of the battles of Fredericksburg.

At Gettysburg his company was stationed at the Peach Orchard. At Cold Harbor he was severely wounded, and was sent to Chestnut Hill hospital, Philadelphia, then to Concord, where he was discharged. He now lives on Main street in Pittsfield village.

He was in every engagement in which the famous Second New Hampshire was engaged during his term



TO ALL HER SONS WHO ENLISTED TO DEFEND AND PERPETUATE
THE UNION, PITTSFIELD DEDICATES THIS MONUMENT.

of service, except the second battle of Bull Run. The way Wilson got out of this was as follows: The regiment arrived at Port Royal at night. The next morning Adams like a true soldier started out to find something to eat. He discovered a mill about a half mile away, and had just filled his haversack when the bugles sounded. He rushed back to find his company in line. The captain, to punish him for being tardy, made him fall in, in the rear among the short men. Just then an order came for two men to report to the colonel. Adams was one that was detailed.

These men were placed in charge of a sergeant and left to guard the camp. Here they remained four days, when an officer came with an order to destroy everything, and so save it from falling into the enemy's hands. Then commenced one of the greatest destructions of property known in the war,—tents and camp equipage, and rations of all kinds were burned, amounting to millions of dollars in value.

Then these men began their march to Alexandria. At Drury's Bluff Adams took a prisoner, the first in that engagement. The regiment expected a charge from the enemy, and procured a lot of telegraph wire and stretched it from stump to stump, and when the charge was made the enemy were piled in heaps. While standing at the camp fire, near Fair Oaks, the evening before the battle, a ball struck him in the breast, penetrated his Bible, several letters from his best girl, and made a severe bruise on the flesh that was quite troublesome for some days.

His company were armed with Sharp's rifles and they were always used as skirmishers. They fired the first shot at the Battle of Williamsburg, and prisoners taken at that time said they had men killed by that discharge that were a mile or more away. These rifles would bore a hole in a man as big as your fist, and consumed so much ammunition that every company armed with them had an ammunition wagon to keep it supplied. At this battle they had used up all but one round, when Gen. Heintzelman rode up and

asked who they were. When told, he ordered them to charge into some bushes ; and in they went, only to receive the fire of a hidden enemy, killing several of the company. Immediately they discharged their remaining volley and rushed on, driving the enemy out and capturing several prisoners.

At this same battle, Gen. Heintzelman rode up to the brigade band and shouted, "Strike up Yankee Doodle or some other d——d Doodle !" The band began to play at once, the order to charge was given, our men rushed forward, and drove the enemy from their position. It was learned that the rebels supposed we had received reënforcements, from the fact that they heard a band for the first time during the day.

Of course Adams has his stories to tell of that grand old man, Colonel Gilman Marston. At Fair Oaks, while his men were falling fast, an order came for the regiment to make a charge. It was a nasty place, and as the colonel received the order, he turned to his men, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, and said, "Boys, do your duty today and I will never ask you to do it again." Ever after that he would say, "Boys, I shan't ask you ; I *know* you will do your duty."

One day the colonel of another regiment called on Marston and said that the boys of the Second New Hampshire were stealing from his men. This so enraged the old hero that he kicked his visitor out of the tent, saying, "It's a libel. My boys never steal, they only take what they want."

ORRIN BROCK.

In 1861, John Clark had a checkerberry distillery near where Berry brook crosses the road. The people in this vicinity when they had nothing else to do would pick checkerberry leaves and sell them to the old man. In this way they would earn very fair wages. On the morning of April 21, 1861, while at breakfast, Orrin Brock learned that a recruiting office had been opened at Concord and he determined to

enlist; so, as soon as he had finished his meal, he took his basket and bag, ostensibly to pick checkerberry leaves. He went behind his father's blacksmith shop and hid his basket under the sling, then, making a detour through the pastures, he entered the village, where he found a friend of his, H. M. Gordon. After a short conversation, they started for Concord on foot. When part way to the city they were overtaken by J. O. Tasker, who, as soon as he learned their destination, took them into his wagon and carried them the rest of their journey. They at once enlisted. There had been but very few enlistments in the state up to that time, and Brock was the first man accepted from this town.

He was born in Barnstead, December 13, 1842, a son of Stephen and Lydia A. (Lee) Brock; and moved with his parents to Pittsfield in 1846. Besides attending school he was employed as a hostler, being a great lover of horses.

When he enlisted the intention was that he and his comrade should go in the First New Hampshire, but owing to some misunderstanding, which it is needless to explain here, he was mustered into Co. E, of the Second regiment, at Portsmouth June 3, 1861, as a corporal. The regiment soon left for Washington and were encamped on Capitol hill. They composed a part of the brigade under the command of General Burnside at the first battle of Bull Run and covered the retreat. After reaching Washington they were sent to Bladensburg, Md., and then to Budd's Ferry on the lower Potomac. They took part in the Peninsular campaign and the siege of Yorktown, and were in the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862. At this battle Brock was wounded by the explosion of a shell. His company were on the skirmish line, and had advanced as far as they could when they were ordered to lie down. Brock was on a brush heap behind a tall stump, when a shell exploded near him. A piece flew, striking him and injuring the muscles of the arm so that it has been crooked ever

since; another piece struck his finger, cutting it off. This was near Fort Macgruder. They had silenced the guns in their front, but this shell came from a long distance to their right.

Twenty days later, June 25, 1862, Brock took part in the battle of Fair Oaks. June 27, he was at the battle of Savage Station; the next day, at Peach Orchard; on June 30, at Glendale; July 1, at the first battle of Malvern Hill; on August 5, at the second battle of Malvern Hill, and on August 27 at Bristow Station. By this time his regiment had become so reduced that they were given a chance to recruit, and Brock was promoted to the rank of sergeant. The next regular battle in which he was engaged was at Drury's Bluff, from May 14 to May 16, 1864.

He had already reënlisted in the field, January 1, 1864. A year later his long exposure had begun to tell on his strong constitution, and he was discharged February 17, 1865, for disability contracted in the service. At that time he weighed scarcely 100 pounds.

At Yorktown, when General McClellan was sending up a balloon to observe what the enemy was doing, the rebels commenced to fire at it, and one of the shells struck the ground, killing ten of Brock's company. All of these were standing near him.

When the rebels began to evacuate Yorktown, Brock, who was hiding behind a tree, stepped out to see what was going on. There was considerable firing, and Orrin thought he would get into cover. He had but just stepped aside, when a ball struck the tree where he had been standing.

His present home is on Catamount street in this village.

JOHN BROCK.

John Brock, a brother of the above, was a very dark-complexioned man, with coal-black hair and eyes, and the exposure to a southern sun had not improved him in this regard. At one time the Seventh regiment was sent to relieve a negro regiment that had been doing guard and fatigue duty at the wharf on Morris island. After stacking arms, Brock wandered down to the beach. A sergeant from the colored regiment came up to Lieutenant Jacobs, and, saluting the officer, said, "Lieutenant, we have lost one of our men; have you seen anything of him?"

"I guess that is your man," replied Jacobs, pointing to Brock.

"Thank you, sar! thank you, sar!" said the sergeant, as he hurried away; and approaching Brock, he called out, "Here, you worthless nigger, git into the ranks. What you loitering 'round here for? You 're always loitering."

Brock looked up, and seeing that the negro was addressing him, called out, "You black son-of-a-gun, do you take me for a nigger?"

"I'se beg your pardon, massa," replied the colored man, who was frightened into the abject manner of the plantation. "I'se beg your pardon. I thought you'se Sam Jones, one of my men."

It was a long time afterwards before Brock heard the last of this incident.

John Brock was born in Pittsfield, August 12, 1834. He was mustered into Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, November 23, 1861; was promoted to corporal. Reënlisted February 27, 1864, and served until the close of the war, and participated in every battle in which his regiment was engaged. His captain, Lieut. Jacobs, above alluded to, says that Brock was one of the best soldiers he ever saw. He never was sick, and was always willing to

do his share of duty. He died in Pittsfield, April 14, 1875.

CHARLES H. BROCK.

Charles H. Brock, who is still a resident of Pittsfield, was another brother of the above family. He was born in this town July 13, 1832. He always made his home here except for five years, when he was at Sag Harbor, L. I., employed in a cotton factory. He is a shoemaker by trade. July 30, 1854, he married Mrs. Almira H. Austin, by whom he had one child.

He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1862, and was at once made a corporal. At one time, while in charge of a detail cutting wood, an axe in the hands of a comrade glanced, cutting off three fingers from his right hand. He was transferred to the Invalid corps in March, 1863, and stationed at Findley hospital in the city of Washington. While here the rebels under General Early made their famous raid on the city. The Invalid corps turned out and defended the capitol until reinforcements arrived. Then, on Early's retreat, they followed him up the valley. After his return from this pursuit, Brock was discharged September 26, 1864.

STEPHEN BROCK, JR.

Stephen was a brother of the preceding. He was born November, 1840, and died in this town September 15, 1872. He enlisted in the spring of 1864 in the Second regiment, but for certain reasons was not mustered into service. He afterwards enlisted in Troop D, First New Hampshire cavalry, and was mustered into service July 25, 1864, and served with credit until the close of the war.

Some of the officers in the army became petty tyrants and would abuse the men whenever they could, but the soldiers lost no opportunity to retali-

ate. A major of a certain regiment who was noted in this regard, rode out to a vidette post where Brock was stationed. As he sat on his horse he began to find fault with everything. While he was talking to the sergeant in charge, Brock went to a fire in the ground where the soldiers were roasting some sweet potatoes. Raking open the coals, he took a potato in the corner of his blouse, and going behind the major's horse tucked it under his tail. The way that horse hugged that hot potato with his caudal appendage and started down the road toward camp, would have surprised any one who saw it. In fact, the ride was equal to the one made by the famous "John Gilpin of London town."

JOHN BROOKS

was a son of Samuel and Eliza (Willey) Brooks. He was born at Pittsfield, December 24, 1842, and always resided here until he enlisted in Company H, Third New Hampshire volunteers, August 23, 1861. He was wounded June 16, 1862, was made corporal September, 1863, and reënlisted January 31, 1864. He came home on a furlough in March, 1864, and visited the grave of his cousin, C. O. Ring, with that young soldier's mother. While standing there, he said, "Aunt Mary, Charley fared better than I shall, for his body was brought home, but I shall be laid in Southern soil."

At the time his company was surprised on Pinckney island, where Ring was killed, he was sick in the hospital. When he heard of his friend's tragic death he left the hospital, although the surgeon told him he would die if he did. To this he replied, "I don't care to live now that Charlie is gone." (See sketch of Charles O Ring.)

Soon after his return to his regiment, the army invested Petersburg. In just two years from his first wound, June 16, 1864, he was wounded again, and was taken to Point of Rocks, where he died the next day. He was in the service nearly three years.

When Brooks received the last wound, a comrade hastened to assist him to the rear, but he declined the proffered aid, saying, "Load my gun so that I can give them villains one more shot." This he did until his officers put a stop to it by giving orders to two of the men to carry Brooks to the hospital.

HENRY PLUMMER BROOKS.

Henry Plummer Brooks, a native of Pittsfield, was born February 28, 1849. December 28, 1863, when only fourteen years old, he enlisted in Company H, Third regiment New Hampshire volunteers, as a private. He was engaged in the battles of Point of Rocks and Fort Fisher, where he conducted himself with great bravery. He escaped the bullets of the enemy only to die of chronic diarrhœa at Fort Fisher. The adjutant-general's report says he died at Wilmington, N. C., April 14, 1864, but several of his comrades who were with him at the time say the report is incorrect.

He was a brother of John Brooks of the same company, and stood by the latter's side when he received his death wound. He mourned his brother's death, and without doubt the shock hastened his end.

It is a singular coincidence that Pittsfield should have the distinction of not only furnishing the oldest man from the entire North (Israel Drew), but also the youngest soldier. Plummer Brooks was but fourteen years and ten months of age when mustered into service.

For two years the *National Tribune* of Washington has been publishing the age of the youngest soldiers, as well as the oldest. The youngest claimant, out of over 100 names furnished that paper, was fifteen years and eight months old. To be sure, there were boys younger than that who were drummers, but Brooks was the youngest by ten months of those who carried a gun.



N. W. ADAMS.
JOHN BROOKS.
H. P. BROOKS.

ORRIN BROCK.
B. H. BARTLETT.
A. W. BARTLETT.

BRADBURY H. BARTLETT

came to Pittsfield in 1854. He was a native of Grantham, where he was born March 18, 1829. His parents were Richard and Caroline O. (Williams) Bartlett. He worked at farming and shoemaking and attended the academy, and later studied medicine with Dr. Charles Berry. October 15, 1859, he married Mrs. Ruth French. He entered the army as a member of Company E, First New Hampshire heavy artillery, and was made hospital steward. He soon had charge of the hospital at one of the forts near Washington. He seems to have been peculiarly fitted for the medical profession, as his success in the army and his private practice shows. He was discharged at the close of the war. He died about fifteen years ago, at Amherst, N. H., where he had been in the practice of his profession for several years.

ASA W. BARTLETT,

a brother of the above and the youngest of the family, was born at Epping, N. H., August 29, 1839. His parents moved to Pittsfield when Asa was quite small. Here he got his education in the town schools and academy, working on a farm and studying for the profession of law until the spring of 1859, when he went West. There he taught school and continued his studies.

Being a ready speaker, he took an active part in the political campaign of 1860 in behalf of Abraham Lincoln, and in other campaigns until 1886. He returned home in 1862, and August 21 of that year he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, as a drummer, being of too small stature to go in the ranks. He was soon detailed as clerk, and served in different departments until he became sergeant-major of his regiment. March 3, 1864, he was made a second lieutenant of Company G, and on

July 15, 1864, he was made first lieutenant, and, finally, he was commissioned as captain of Company C, same regiment, September 28, 1864.

He was with his regiment in the battles of Chancellorsville, Swift Creek, Relay House, Drury's Bluff, and Port Walthall. He had a thrilling experience in the fight and retreat from the first-named battle, when he took the national flag from the hands of a wounded color-bearer and succeeded, in spite of rebel Miniés and a sweeping storm of shot and shell, in carrying the flag safely from the field.

During his term of service he acted in many different capacities, besides performing his duties as a line officer in command of a company, some of which were quite important and responsible. He was selected by General Wistar to act for some time as judge advocate general. For a while he performed the duties of chief signal officer for the Army of the James, having had but three weeks' instruction, although all the old signal officers had had six months' study and drill. He was the only one of several examined who was found able to do *quick* signalling, and in a few days was given charge of the important transmission and observation station on the Bermuda Front, known as Butler's or Cobb Hill tower, where he was for several days a target for Whitworth projectiles. A picture of Bartlett and this tower appears in Butler's book, page 680.

Later, while in charge of Crow's Nest tower near Dutch Gap, he was under fire of five of the enemy's guns, three of them 200-pound rifles, from nine o'clock a. m. until four p. m. During that time the tower received one hundred and sixty-five shot, and he was standing in it one hundred and thirty feet from the ground. A soldier who visited this tower soon after said,—“I do n't believe there was a whole stick left in the structure; all were either splintered or broken. Even the boards of the platform on which Bartlett and his companion stood were broken by pieces of shell that had burst below them.”

At the battle of Chapin's Farm, Bartlett found that two cannon had been planted the night before just across the river on purpose to knock him out of the tower while the heavier guns of Howlett's battery were trying to knock it down. No wonder that when the "ball" opened on that eventful day, he turned to his flagman and remarked, "We might as well make our peace with God, for we shall never get out of this alive." Yet, strange to say and impossible as it seems, though the platform, posts, ladders, and braces were rent, splintered, and broken, the tower stood, and they did get out of it not only alive but unhurt.

Captain Bartlett has informed the writer that though it was a mighty "uncertain balance of chances," he has once or twice stood in places of greater danger, but never where it required greater nerve power to control himself. "To keep your eye," said he, "steadily on the glass and keep cool enough to catch and interpret every switch of the distant flag through the smoke of battle, while a 200-pound shell explodes within the tower directly beneath you, and spiteful percussion 10-pounders are flying around your head, is not, as you can imagine, a very easy thing to do. There is an almost irresistible impulse to let the message, however important it may be, go to the d—l, and look around and see if you are not going the same way yourself."

He continued in the signal service until December, 1864, when by reason of sickness and meritorious conduct he was given a three-months furlough by General Ord. At the end of that time, March 18, 1865, he wrote his resignation while lying sick, as he had been most of the time during his furlough, on what it was thought would be his death-bed. It was two years before he was able to resume the active duties of life. After serving for a time as judge advocate on General Wistar's staff he was recommended by that officer for promotion as post judge advocate, with rank of lieutenant-colonel. At nearly the same time a position as signal officer was tendered

him, which he accepted, preferring an active life at the front to a station at Fortress Munroe.

Comrade Bartlett is still living in this town, and is well known throughout the state as a vigorous speaker.

A comrade tells the following incident: "The Twelfth regiment was being moved from one part of the field to another, when they passed a signal tower, at the foot of which General Devens (I think) sat on his horse, fretting because no officer could stay in it long enough to take a dispatch without being wounded. 'I can take that dispatch,' said Bartlett to a comrade. 'Very well then, my little man, go up and take it,' said the general, who overheard the remark. Bartlett ran up the ladder like a squirrel, took the dispatch and repeated down, and then came down as fast as he could. The men had nearly all passed, and in the meantime the enemy had brought another battery to bear, and before Bartlett had gotten away they knocked it over, so that the timbers in falling struck near him, while the amateur signal officer ran away, clapping his hands and laughing like a school boy at a game of ball."

Rev. J. A. Chamberlin, a member of the Christian Commission, tells the following story: "I was sitting in General Wistar's tent when Capt. A. W. Bartlett was announced, and a slight boyish figure entered. Had I seen him anywhere I should have thought him the young son of some officer who had taken his boy out to let him see something of the war. General Wistar motioned him to a seat, and commenced to ask him questions. These were readily answered—in fact before I could comprehend them the answer came, and it proved always correct. When the examination was through Bartlett said, 'General, may I ask a question?' "Yes, sir," was the answer. Then Bartlett stated his question.

"I do n't know," General Wistar replied, "what would you do in such a case?"

"I do n't know either," answered Bartlett; "if I

had known I should not have asked the question. It occurred to me such a case might arise and I asked for information."

As Bartlett left the tent the general turned to Mr. Chamberlin and inquired, "Have you any more such little boys up in New Hampshire?"

WILLIAM HENRY BLAKE,

who still lives in this town, was born in Loudon, May 10, 1842, son of William T. and Joanna (Roberts) Blake. He came to Pittsfield when but five or six years of age, and attended school and worked with his father in the blacksmith shop on Concord street, that stood on the site of Hartwell's grist-mill. He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1864.

At the Battle of Fredericksburg the regiment marched over the hill and rested near the river. While crossing the hill many of them were hit, but down by the river the shells would pass over their heads. Still it was a rather uncomfortable place for Blake. Looking back about half-way up the hill he saw a tree that he thought would make a good shelter; so he ske-daddled for that, but had hardly got behind it and congratulated himself on his fine protection, when a shell struck the tree just above his head and exploded. He left his hiding-place pretty quick. After crossing the river he was detailed on the skirmish line which was advanced so far that when the army fell back the skirmishers were forgotten. Soon he saw the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment crawling towards them and making motions for them to fall back; this they did with alacrity and none too soon, for they were nearly surrounded. They afterwards learned that the colonel had given them up as lost, and had advised against the lieutenant-colonel going to their rescue. They at last reached the bridge and hurried over it, expecting the enemy to fire upon them, but while they were going one way the rebels were going the other.

At Chancellorsville, Va., on May 3, 1863, was fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war. When our lines were driven back, Blake was captured, taken to Richmond, and confined in Libby Prison; here he remained for several months with "nothing to do," as he expressed it, "but to pick lice by day [and there were plenty of them to pick] and to sleep nights," when the lice and mosquitoes would permit.

One day a squad of men were to be taken out for exchange. The men were formed to be marched out, and surrounded by the guards; one of the latter turned to speak to a companion, and Blake slipped into the squad unperceived and marched out with the others. He was placed aboard a boat and taken to Annapolis, and put in a hospital. At that time he weighed but ninety-nine pounds. Here he remained for a long time; his recovery was slow, and it was found that he would not be able to rejoin his regiment, so he was transferred to the Veterans' Reserve corps. He was first sent to Washington and Georgetown, guarding bridges, etc., and then to Elmira, N. Y., guarding rebel prisoners. Here he remained until the close of the war.

When he entered the army he was very athletic; he would go on the parade ground, and after turning several handsprings, would walk to his tent *on his hands*, much to the amusement of his comrades.

SOLON G. BLAISDELL,

now of San Diego, Cal., was a harness-maker by trade, and had a shop, first on Water street and afterwards on Main street. He was born in Danville, Vt., February 11, 1834. His parents were Greenleaf L. and Emeline (Babbit) Blaisdell. At what time he came to town, I have been unable to learn. He married, December 17, 1859, Miss Annie G. Clarke. He enlisted first in Company G, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, but owing to some misunderstanding he was not mustered into service. In

August, 1862, he entered Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, was made a sergeant, afterwards promoted to first sergeant, and then to brevet lieutenant. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, Cold Harbor, Bermuda Front. At Petersburg for seventy-two days he was under fire, and at the capture of Richmond was one of the first men to enter the city. At Cold Harbor, he was wounded quite severely in the left arm and side, and also in the foot. The captain of his company tells me that he was one of the most reliable soldiers in the regiment, and deserved promotion long before he received it.

WILLIAM T. BATCHELDER

came to Pittsfield about 1854 to work on a farm for a Mrs. Berry who lived on the east side of Catamount, and whom he subsequently married. He was a native of Loudon, where he was born September 25, 1823. His parents were Jonathan and Lois (Wells) Batchelder.

He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, August 22, 1862. He was in all of the battles that this distinguished battalion participated in until the Battle of Cold Harbor, where he was severely wounded in his left shoulder, and rendered unfit for further service.

He was one of those soldiers who would always grumble; if everything was going smoothly he would find fault, if anything went wrong he would scold harder than ever. At Chancellorsville he was wounded in the head, but still he kept on fighting and when the order came to fall back, though the blood was running over his face and clothes, he called out,—“What is the use of retreating? I thought we came out to fight, and we might as well fight now as any time.” When told that it was orders from headquarters he said,—“I thought Joe Hooker knew some-

thing! Call him 'fighting Joe'—he do n't half fight;" and turning to his comrades he said, "Let us go back and give them rebels the d—l."

He was a man of rather small stature, yet from the Wilderness to Cold Harbor he carried a musket and a spade. When ordered to intrench, he would stick his bayonet and gun in the ground and scold because he could not fight; then when the rebels would attack before his trench was done, and he had to seize his gun to drive them back, he would scold because he could not finish his trench.

In private life he was a good citizen and a very quiet man. He died in Pittsfield, June 24, 1891, of disease contracted in the army.

CHARLES BUZZELL.

In Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, were eleven Pittsfield men, among whom was Charles Buzzell, a son of Gilman and Eliza (Watson) Buzzell. He was a native of Tamworth, N. H., and came to this town with his parents when about four years of age, and resided here until he enlisted, September 6, 1864. He was mustered into service eight days later, and immediately started for City Point, Va., where two of the companies of the regiment were already stationed.

Here these men were employed through the winter in building a stockade, in which prisoners captured from the enemy were confined, and drilling for the coming campaign. In February they were set to building corduroy roads in Appomattox swamp. While thus engaged they made several raids through the surrounding country to drive off small bands of the enemy, who were continually annoying them.

On March 25, 1865, the rebels attacked Fort Stedman and captured it. The Eighteenth was ordered out, and took an active part in retaking the fort.

The next day the men were put on the skirmish line in front of Fort Stedman, and did duty here until

the second of April, when Buzzell and a few others were sent out to draw the fire of the enemy. This they did, and Buzzell says in his quaint way, "We must have scared the enemy, for they could n't hit a barn door. We lay down on the field—I think I stuck my nose into the ground about six inches—and when the order came to fall back, I concluded that it was no place for Buzzell; so I took my old gun in one hand and my cap in the other, and I guess that the reason the 'rebs.' did n't hit me was because I made such a dust they could n't see."

The next day Petersburg was evacuated, and after marching through the city, they were sent to the South Side railroad to do picket duty, and remained there until the surrender of Lee, when they went to Washington and stayed until they were discharged. Here Buzzell was taken sick; so he did not come home with his regiment, but reached his father's house July 3, 1865. He has since removed to the West, and is now living at Smith Centre, Smith county, Kan.

JONATHAN W. BARTLETT

was born in Pittsfield in 1842, son of Josiah and Hannah (Clark) Bartlett. He enlisted September 3, 1864, in Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, served with his regiment until the close of the war, and was discharged June 10, 1865. He is now living at Woodland, Ind.

The small boys of Pittsfield were as patriotic as the men; some of them ran away from home to enlist, and their parents would have to go for them to get them back. Many a mother lay awake nights, worrying for fear her darling boy would leave home to go in the army. There are scores of middle-aged men who will tell how they tried to plan some way to pass muster as eighteen years of age. One man relates how he returned from his work and found his little

son some eight years old sitting on the doorstep, looking very disconsolate.

“What is the matter?” inquired the father.

“I was thinking,” said the lad, “how ashamed I shall feel when I grow to be a man. I shall have to tell my little boy that my father did not go in the army.”

A few months later his father did enlist, and served until the close of the war.

CHARLES BASSETT

was a native of Pittsfield, born about 1845, a son of Samuel and Sarah (Cram) Bassett. In 1862 he enlisted as a recruit for the Second New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into Company B September 10, and became one of the best soldiers in that famous company. He reënlisted February 19, 1864, and served until the close of the war. He now resides at Hampstead, N. H.

JAY P. BASSETT,

like his brother spoken of above, was a native of Pittsfield. Being younger he did not enlist until December 24, 1863. He became a member of Company H, Fourth New Hampshire volunteers, and served with that regiment until the close of the war. He is now living at Fremont, N. H.

CHARLES H. BERRY.

State lines did not control enlistments. Men from New Hampshire, for various reasons, entered the service in regiments from other states. Charles H. Berry was one of these. He was a son of John C. and Sarah A. (Bean) Berry, born in Pittsfield, and had always lived in town until the war broke out, when he entered the Fortieth Massachusetts infantry.

CALVIN BERRY,

a brother of the above, also a native of this town, enlisted at the same time, and in the same company, with his brother. I have been unable to learn anything further regarding these two men.

GEORGE W. BERRY,

a younger brother of the above, enlisted in Company K, Thirteenth New Hampshire volunteers, was mustered into service August 14, 1863, and immediately joined his regiment in Virginia. He was wounded severely June 15, 1864; was taken prisoner and carried to Petersburg, and died the next day.

He was a jovial boy, but well behaved towards all. In his first engagement, and at nearly the beginning of the action, Berry captured a prisoner; as he was taking him to the rear, he saw the major of his regiment, who called out,—

“That’s right; bring your man up here, and I’ll take care of him.”

“Not by a darned sight,” replied Berry, “if you want one, go down there and get him; there are plenty more in those bushes,” and he indicated the place by pointing over his shoulder with his thumb.

CHARLES T. BATCHELDER.

John Batchelder and his wife, Martha C. (Willard), were natives of Loudon. They moved to Northwood, where they remained two years. Here their only son, Charles T., was born. They returned to Loudon, and subsequently moved to Pittsfield, where their son learned the trade of shoemaking; but his taste for musical instruments led him to construct violins, of which he made quite a number.

He enlisted in Company E, Fourth New Hampshire regiment, and was mustered into the service

September 18, 1861. While doing guard duty he contracted a severe cold, which produced pneumonia, and he was honorably discharged December 5, 1861. He immediately returned home, and died from the effects of the disease March 27, 1862, aged 19 years, 4 months.

This being the first death of a soldier in town, it created much interest. At his death the military guard was selected from the citizens of the town who could procure a musket. Some of these guns were of the old-fashioned flint-lock kind.

The services were held in the Congregational church, and all the clergymen of the town took part in the exercises.

WILLIAM S. BERRY.

I have been able to learn but very little regarding W. S. Berry. He moved to Pittsfield from Loudon some eight or ten years before the war. He owned a house on Watson street. His wife was a Miss Willard, a sister to Ezra Willard; he had no children, but had adopted a son. He enlisted in Company G, Seventh regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service November 23, 1861. He served with his company until his discharge, June 5, 1863, for disability. He died in Chichester many years ago.

JOHN ED. BROWN.

In July, 1860, John E. Brown married Miss Lizzie Leeds. He was in the tin business, and had a shop on Main street. He was a native of Pittsfield, born August 2, 1834; a son of Lowell and Hannah (Lane) Brown.

He enlisted and was mustered into Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, October 11, 1862. After he went into camp a son was born to him. He served with his regiment until his term expired, and was mustered out August 13, 1863.

While at Camp Parapet near New Orleans, he was taken sick from exposure, and when the regiment moved up the river he was left at the convalescent camp, and did not rejoin his company until some time in July.

He is with the Dover Stamping company, Dover, N. H.

ALBERT F. BERRY.

In October, 1857, I first met Albert F. Berry, while he was engaged in helping his father make a survey to bring water from Berry's pond to Pittsfield village. From that day he was my boyhood's friend, schoolmate, and army comrade; of a genial disposition, he had plenty of friends wherever he went.

He was a son of John and Mary A. (Hogan) Berry, born in Pittsfield, September 8, 1841. He attended the public schools and Pittsfield academy. In 1861 he entered the Chandler Scientific school at Hanover.

One day in August, 1862, while at home on a vacation, a friend who had been in the service was with him in his father's store. The old man was very patriotic, and declared that if he was not more than fifty years old he would enlist, as none of his family had done so.

Albert said, "I will enlist, father, if you will let me leave college."

"Let you leave college!" roared his parent. "D—n it, sir, I will give you five hundred dollars in a minute if you will go."

Albert said nothing, but winking to his friend they went to Remick's store, where there was a recruiting office, and enlisted. Returning to his father's store he said very quietly, "I have enlisted." His father rose from his seat, and taking a bunch of keys left the room. In about half an hour he returned, and handing a bank book to Albert, said in his forceful way,

“There, my son, I have put a thousand dollars in the bank for you. Now do your duty like a man; if you get injured or are sick come home, I will take care of you as long as you live, but damn you, sir, do n’t you run. Remember, if you get shot in the back do n’t you ever let me see your face again.” This admonition the old man often gave his son before he left for the war.

One day at Long Island we crawled out of our “pup” tents, where the rain had kept us for two days, to stretch ourselves and dry our clothes by the campfire, when the sergeant passed down the street with the mail. Among others Albert had a letter from home; after reading it he said, “Father has not got over worrying for fear that I shall get shot in the back.”

He was mustered into Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, October 11, 1862, as a corporal, and was soon after promoted to be sergeant, and was mustered out with his regiment August 13, 1863.

He was of rather spare build, and he had a pale complexion. Soon after landing in Louisiana, the regiment was inspected by one of those West Point officers who thought he had all the knowledge the world possessed. Coming to Berry, who stood in his place as a file closer, he roared out, “When did you come from the hospital, sir?”

“I came from there this morning, sir,” replied Berry.

“Who is your captain?” demanded the officer.

“Captain Osgood,” Berry answered.

“Captain Osgood,” roared the West Pointer, with a look evidently intended to sink that individual into the ground, “how dare you bring a sick man out on inspection?”

“I did not know that I had a sick man here,” replied Osgood.

Berry, seeing that there was a misunderstanding, interposed and said, “I am not sick. You asked

me when I came from the hospital; I told you this morning. I had charge of the sick squad and took them over there; but I am not sick, and have not seen a sick day since I was eight years old, when I had the measles."

The West Pointer looked him over, as much as to say, "You are a liar, sir," and passed on.

Berry stood the trying service finely, never being sent to the surgeon during his term of service. He was a good soldier and a model officer, very cool under fire. During one of the battles at Port Hudson his gun became so foul that he could not ram the ball down. It stuck fast near the muzzle. Taking his knife from his pocket he sat on the ground and began to cut it out. Just then one of his comrades was killed. Berry threw away his gun, and taking that of the dead man continued the fight.

Although the inspector general considered Comrade Berry a sick man, yet he proved to be one of the hardest soldiers. During the siege of Port Hudson, which continued forty-six days, and during which time he was constantly under fire, when any one of his comrades became disabled or exhausted he would take his place and do double duty. At one time he was on guard for twenty-four hours without being relieved, and a large part of the time walking the beat of a private who had been obliged to give up from exhaustion. Yet the next day he went into the trenches and did a hard day's work with pick and spade, although according to army regulations he should not have done so.

He died a few years ago at some fort in British America.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

William Campbell was born in Scotland, and came to this country to avoid service in the British army. He arrived at Pittsfield in the spring of 1860, and worked for a few months for Sir Moses D. Perkins as a farm hand; then for the late Jeremiah Berry until he

enlisted in Company G, Seventh Regiment New Hampshire volunteers, in the summer of 1861, and was killed at Fort Wagner July 18, 1863. Although no record of Mr. Campbell's service is found in the adjutant-general's report he was a hero nevertheless, and laid his life upon the altar of his adopted country. His comrades relate many incidents of their camp life.

At one time when he and three others, one of whom had lost an eye, were engaged in a friendly game of cards, Campbell detected the one-eyed man cheating, and he exclaimed in his broad Scotch accent,—"I am a man of peace. I seek a quarrel with no man; neither do I intend to be personal, but if I catch anybody cheating in this game again, he'll lose his ither ee."

JOSEPH M. CHESLEY.

Joseph M. Chesley was born, I think, in Durham, N. H. His father died when Joseph was quite young, and his mother afterwards married William George, a blacksmith in this town. Young Chesley enlisted in Company E, Second New Hampshire volunteers, in 1861; he served with this famous battalion until the Battle of Gettysburg, when he was killed July 2 or 3, 1863. Among the many battles in which he was engaged, I will mention First Bull Run, Siege of Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Peach Orchard, Glendale, both battles of Malvern Hill, Bristow Station, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Wapping Heights, Gettysburg. He went through all of these without receiving so much as a scratch, only to be killed as above stated. His grave is No. 16, Gettysburg cemetery, New Hampshire lot, section A.

WILLARD K. COBB.

Willard Knight Cobb, for whom the G. A. R. post in Pittsfield was named, was a son of John B. and

Elizabeth (Knight) Cobb, and was born in East Pittsfield near Jenness pond, December 6, 1843. When he was six years old, in 1849, his father bought a house on Watson street in the village. Here Willard lived, attending school and working at his trade, shoemaking, until he enlisted September 18, 1861, in Company E, Fourth New Hampshire volunteers. He entered this battalion as a private, afterwards was promoted to corporal, then to sergeant. He was with the regiment in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, North Carolina, and Virginia. He was in over twenty engagements, many of them regular battles. He was wounded at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 16, 1864. He was then on his second term of service, having reënlisted January 30, 1864. After his wound healed he obtained a furlough, came home, and after a short visit returned to the army, and in the next engagement was killed at Chapin's Farm, Va., September 29, 1864.

An old lady, speaking of one of the Revolutionary soldiers in this town, said, "He was a good Christian, a good soldier, and a good citizen."

This is the highest eulogy that can be bestowed upon any man. Everything is combined in these words. But the same remark will apply to Willard Cobb. Perhaps he was not a communicant of any church, nor a subscriber to any creed, yet he followed the precepts of the Christian faith, and, as a boy and young man, was worthy of all positions to which he was called. As a citizen he was exemplary, as a soldier he ranked with the best, and it was eminently proper that his name should be chosen with which to christen our Grand Army post.

He was a representative of the rank and file,—of the men who carried the rifles, who built the fortifications and fought the battles, but, alas, got but little of the honor and none of the glory. These were reserved for the officers of high rank.

The post has kindly had his picture placed in this book.

EDGAR L. CARR.

One of our best known citizens is Dr. E. L. Carr, who was born in Gilmanton, May 12, 1841, a son of Isaac S. and Lucinda J. (Osgood) Carr. When six years old his parents moved to Pittsfield. He worked on his father's farm, and attended the town school at "Upper City" and Pittsfield academy. At the academy he ranked among the best for scholarship. He devoted a large portion of his time to the study of Latin, to fit himself for his chosen profession, and attained great proficiency in the use of the language. In 1861 a large class was formed under the preceptorship of Dr. John Wheeler for the study of medicine. Carr was one of this class.

In 1862, however, he laid aside his books, and enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, and soon after he was made hospital steward, and served in this capacity until his regiment was mustered out August 13, 1863.

At Camp Parapet, La., he was taken sick with malaria, yet when his regiment went up the river to take part in the capture of Port Hudson, so anxious was he to relieve his suffering comrades that he went with them, and performed his duties through that long and terrible siege of forty-six days, his regiment being constantly under fire. When he reached home he was so reduced in strength that he could hardly walk, but the bracing air of New Hampshire soon brought back in a measure his former vigor. He then took up his studies where he had laid them down, and entered Bowdoin Medical college, whence he was graduated in 1864. As all the New Hampshire regiments were supplied with surgeons he went to Boston, and was appointed as assistant surgeon in the Twenty-first Massachusetts infantry. He joined this regiment at Petersburg. At the end of two months, the service of the original members having expired, the remaining men were consolidated with

another regiment, and the officers mustered out. Carr had hardly reached Boston when he was appointed as assistant surgeon in the Thirty-fifth regiment Massachusetts infantry, with which he served until the close of the war. He was recommended for promotion as surgeon with the rank of major, but the cessation of hostilities prevented this. When the Thirty-fifth Massachusetts regiment was sent home there was need of a surgeon in the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts infantry, and Carr was appointed to the place June 7, 1865. He served until the regiment was discharged, July 28, 1865.

Comrade Carr kept a diary while he was with the last two regiments, and this he kindly placed at my disposal, saying that I should find nothing of interest in his notes. I would like to place the whole before my readers did space permit, but must content myself with a few excerpts :

Sept. 26, 1864. Off again for the war! started at 6:30 a. m., for Boston; stopped at the Hancock House.

Sept. 29. After much trouble and delay succeeded in getting my pay, \$250.41. [This was for his service in the Twenty-first regiment.]

Sept. 30. Took a furlough, came home, attended a levee at Academy hall.

Monday, Oct. 3. Came back to Boston; got my commission for three years; wonder if I shall stay two months this time.

Oct. 4. Started for the front at 2 p. m., rode all night; arrived in Washington at 10:30 a. m., next day.

Oct. 5. Went up to aunt's, stopped for dinner, started for City Point at 4 p. m. As I write we are having a splendid ride down the river.

Arrived at Point Lookout at 10 p. m., spread my blanket on the deck, had a good sleep.

Oct. 7. Took the cars, came up to the regiment, found them within four miles of the South-side railroad and across the Weldon railroad. Saw the steeples in Petersburg on the way up.

Oct. 8. I was aroused from sleep this morning by an order to be ready to march immediately. The regiment was

under arms all day, but did not move. The lines on our left were advanced some distance.

Oct. 9. All quiet along the line except a rebel band we heard playing. I held the morning call for the first time; had to have an interpreter all the time for the benefit of the Germans who cannot talk English, which makes it rather tedious for me.

Oct. 11. Saw John J. Drake, of the Eleventh New Hampshire from our town; found him quite disconsolate. A conclave of generals near our quarters—Meade, Hancock, Parker, Potter, Curtin, Griffin, Ingalls, and Campbell from Canada. Considerable firing on our right.

Friday, Oct. 14. Witnessed a military execution to-day—a deserter from the Third Maryland regiment.

Oct. 20. Had my tent logged up, so it is quite spacious.

Oct. 23. My tent caught fire, and but for timely help should have been homeless quickly.

Oct. 25. All is in confusion; ready to move at any moment. I am going to bed and sleep a short time if we do not get ordered up; where we shall go can only be conjectured.

Oct. 26. Slept all night. Order to move did not come as we expected, but everything is being sent to the rear; doubtless we shall move to-night.

Oct. 27. Aroused by the order to strike tents, at 3 o'clock a. m.; started about 4 o'clock; began to rain just as we started; marched around to the left a few miles; held as a support, while the Second and Fifth corps have taken the South-side railroad. Very hard fighting, but hope to be able to hold the road.

Oct. 28. Was awakened by the firing on the left. The Second corps, having been unable to hold the road, went to the rear this morning; the Fifth following; then one division of negroes, our division being the last. Our brigade, and finally our regiment, bringing up the rear, being the last to leave the field. The "Johnnies" did not follow us to any great distance. Now we are on our old camp ground, having completely failed in the undertaking. It is reported that Butler has taken Fort Darling. If such be the fact, doubtless we have helped some by drawing away the troops.

Oct. 29. Very busy fixing up camp, getting ready to keep house again. The "Johnnies" are jubilant over our defeat; insulting—asking our boys when we are going to

take the South-side road again. [The reader will bear in mind that the two armies were so near that conversation could easily be carried on between them.]

Sunday, Oct. 30. The chaplain of the Fifty-eighth is holding service, while a battery of six guns are drilling directly in front of him: quite a contrast.

Oct. 31. Dressed up in my gay clothes—sash, etc.—for inspection; mustered for pay. Had my house built to-day, moved into it just at dark; nice little pen—wish I had a stove.

Nov. 2. A cold, rainy, disagreeable day, taking into consideration the fact that we are in shelter tents with no fire.

Nov. 3. A rainy, disagreeable day; been in the tent trying to keep warm.

Nov. 4. Cleared off this morning; had a horse race, in which I beat.

Nov. 7. Rainy again to-day; orders to be in readiness to repel a charge from the enemy, which is expected to prevent our troops from voting to-morrow. I guess they will get all they bargained for if they come.

Nov. 8. Expected an attack to-day to interfere with the voting, but they were too wise to do any such rash thing. While the voting was going on our men cheered for Lincoln, when the rebels gave three cheers for the devil; one of our men replied through an embrasure, "All right! you hurrah for your man and we'll hurrah for ours." First heard of the death of John J. Drake, which took place last Friday.

Nov. 11. Four "Johnnies" came in, and the medical inspector called.

Nov. 15. Orders to log up tents looks as though we are to remain here this winter. One man cut his leg quite severely.

Nov. 18. Expect to move soon,—where, is unknown.

Nov. 19. Much excitement about moving. Nothing is as yet revealed. Several Germans got a discharge from the war department on account of illegal enlistment. They are feeling well pleased.

Nov. 23. A rainy, gloomy day, strongly reminds me of the last Sunday at home. Sundays come and go, and no notice is taken of them.

Nov. 24. Thanksgiving day. Kept in my tent most of the time. One of our cooks had some turkey, etcetera, sent out, and put it on our table, we were not entirely without something.

Nov. 25. We received some turkeys from New York, apples, etc.

Nov. 26. Received quite a Thanksgiving donation from Boston to-day.

Nov. 27. Our boys captured a rebel brigadier-general. Had quite a dinner to-day ; all of the absent officers were invited.

Nov. 29. Attended my sick call as usual, when I was surprised by an order to be in readiness to march at nine o'clock and take position on right of the army. Started about eleven a. m., marched ten miles, and bivouacked beside the railroad below Hancock junction. Built up large fires, and lay down to sleep. We are now where there is plenty of firing and shelling ; seems very much like last summer. As the colonel has no blankets, we turn in together.

Nov. 30. Marched across the railroad and encamped near Fort Hell ; now building camps for winter quarters, not far from the railroad.

Dec. 1. Took a ride with the major down to the old camping-ground of the Twenty-first regiment when I was with them ; also to the remains of the old fort which were blown up.

Dec. 3. Great deal of artillery firing ; the colonel and myself have been shovelling on the fortifications.

Dec. 6. Took a ride with the colonel, called on General Hartranft [since governor of Pennsylvania], took lunch with him. Like his appearance much ; went upon the house-top of his headquarters, and had a look at Petersburg through a large glass. Could see the time of day upon the city clock—twenty minutes of one. Considerable firing to-night.

Dec. 7. One man shot in the leg, slight wound ; sent a package to Mrs. Drake.

Dec. 8. Under order to march at a moment's warning.

Dec. 9. Began to snow, the first of the season. Awaiting orders to march ; already dark, still we wait. Things all packed up ; expecting every moment to hear the clank of the staff officer's sword as he gallops up with orders to move. Gloomy night to march, I assure you ! Wind is gaining strength as the darkness increases. Ten p. m., still waiting, still snowing ; think I will turn in, and run the risk of being routed out.

Dec. 10. Contrary to expectations slept soundly all night ; attended the execution by hanging of two deserters ; and then waited, in camp, the orders to move, which came at

five o'clock p. m. Started immediately, on the Jerusalem plank road ; nearly twenty miles—not half the distance being accomplished when it began to rain, which with the rapidly melting snow made the travelling exceedingly tiresome, but the boys stood it nobly. I had a horse, or I should never have got through.

Dec. 11. Find ourselves on the Blackwater river, expecting to cross on the pontoon bridge which we brought along ; but gaining no definite information of the safety of the Fifth corps, we return to camp, getting back at nine p. m., making forty miles in twenty-six hours ; pretty well played out.

Dec. 12. Had a good night's sleep, and feel as good as new. The wind arose last night, blowing a tree down upon my tent ; did no damage further than to frighten me some. Quite winterishy. Under orders to march again, but many of the Thirty-fifth's officers and men cannot go, on account of being used up entirely.

Dec. 13. Nothing new to-day ; the weather is exceedingly cold. Had about half of the regiment at surgeon's call this morning. No farther orders about moving yet.

Dec. 15. Several recruits joined us to-day. The unfortunate man who was to be hung to-morrow has been reprieved by General Meade ; don't think he will desert again.

Dec. 18. An inspection was ordered to-day, but was indefinitely postponed on account of the rain.

Dec. 19. Went down to the hospital to-day with two men, to have them examined for a discharge ; both approved.

Dec. 20. Got a stand of colors ; they are quite gaudy. Several convalescent men returned to-day, so we have nearly four hundred men. Can hear the nine o'clock bell in the devoted city of Petersburg.

Dec. 21. Rained nearly all night and most of the forenoon, setting everything afloat ; cleared off cold. Hard night for the pickets.

Dec. 24. Thirteen " Johnnies " came in last night ; report great distress in their armies.

Dec. 26. Salute of one hundred guns fired for the capture of Savannah. Sent a complaint to the headquarters that our men were being cheated out of part of their rations.

Dec. 27. Our pickets were fired upon when being relieved ; one man killed, three wounded.

Dec. 28. Went down to the hospital and assisted to take

off a man's leg. Another man wounded to-night, very severely ; ball in the right lung, probably fatal. A great amount of firing to-night. The scene is much more grand than any of the fireworks at home, as those huge shells shoot into the air with a tail of fire.

Dec. 29. Captain Johnston of the Twelfth was up to see me ; he was looking first-rate. He is on General Butler's staff. Captain Dudley of the Eleventh was with him—a relative, I believe. The discharge for my two men came to-day ; they are feeling happy to go home.

Dec. 31. The last day of 1864, sure as I am a sinner.

January 1, 1865. A happy New Year to you all ! By far the coldest day we have seen, and I do n't care to see much colder. Tried to keep warm, with partial success.

Jan. 3. Another unfortunate man wounded to-day, not severely I trust ; sent report of casualties to Surgeon General Dale of Massachusetts.

Jan. 5. All quiet in the army of the Potomac ! Another man to be hung to-morrow for desertion.

Jan. 6. Quite a stormy, rainy day. Attended the execution of a deserter from One Hundred Seventy-ninth N. Y. Rode up and felt his pulse after he had hung ten minutes ; beating sixty per minute. After waiting five minutes found his life had ebbed away. Those rivers of life which had flowed unceasingly for nearly two score years were now stilled forever ; the traitor had expiated his heinous crime upon the gallows. Thus perish every traitor ! These executions are getting painfully frequent, this being the fourth one it has been my lot to witness since I arrived here three months ago to-day.

Jan. 10. Had a "right smart" rain. Both the "Johnnies" pickets and our own stacked arms outside the pits, and watched each other during the rain.

Jan. 11. Hope paymaster will come soon ; paid \$160 for my horse and trappings ; had but \$167 ; been living on credit too long.

Jan. 12. Got a bedtick, and filled it with pine leaves ; so shall have an easier bed to-night. Very little firing to-day.

Jan. 13. Went down to the hospital to get some men discharged. Mud is prolific and disgustingly adhesive, so that blacking on boots does not signify.

Jan. 23. Raining all day, glad to keep under cover. Heavy cannonading on the right ; sounds like distant thunder.

Jan. 24. The firing last night was caused by the enemy attempting to run their gun-boats past our fortifications, to destroy government property at City Point or Bermuda Hundred ; they were unsuccessful.

Jan. 27. Medical inspector visited me to day ; well pleased with looks of the camp.

Jan. 28. Coldest day I have seen in Dixie.

Jan. 31. The rebel Vice-president Stephens passed near here to-day, on a mission of peace to Washington.

Feb. 5. A change has come over the scene. Our heretofore quiet camp is disturbed by the order, " Be ready to march at a moment's notice ! " The Fifth corps has started down the plank road ; doubtless we shall soon follow.

Feb. 6. Still in camp under marching orders. The ambassadors of peace have returned to-day, having failed, as we supposed they would.

Feb. 7. Heavy cannonading all day in the direction of the South-side railroad.

Feb. 8. Some shelling near the site of the famous mine of July last.

Feb. 9. Pickets sent out to-day, so we shall not have to go on this march. We have taken three forts, so our guns command the road.

Feb. 10. Witnessed the execution of a deserter by shooting. It may be pretty fun to desert, but I do n't think it is pleasant to be caught afterwards.

Feb. 16. Some cannonading to-day ; one of our men wounded.

Feb. 21. Salute of one hundred guns in honor of Sherman's victories. Rebel deserters come in now by the scores ; they say the " Southern Confederacy is played out. " Much firing in our front.

Feb. 22. Orders to be ready to repel an attack ; expecting an attack to-night.

Feb. 23. We all were up all night, expecting an attack on our front. It is a dark rainy night. Some firing on our picket line ; good night for an attack.

Feb. 24. Some shelling to-day ; thirty-three deserters came in last night.

Feb. 26. Seventy-three deserters came in to-day. Appearances indicate that the enemy intend to evacuate Petersburg soon ; hope they will wait until it becomes a little warmer.

March 5. Another expectation of an attack. Think if they have the temerity to do so they will be sorely punished.

March 6. Not many deserters coming in now. They did not attack us last night, but may to-night. Commenced to have three meals a day, for now [since the paymaster came] we have money to buy rations with.

March 7. The regiment moved into Fort Hell to-day; a bad place; do n't know whether I shall go in or not.

March 8. Very rainy all day, making it very disagreeable to our boys who are moving. Think I shall live outside with my friend and "better half," the quartermaster.

March 9. Went up into the fort to hold sick call; moved our tent up a short distance, somewhat in rear of the fort.

March 11. I have nothing to write today; think it useless to try to write under the circumstances. I went out to the front line, so could see the rebels very plainly. Twenty deserters came into our lines in broad daylight.

Sunday, March 12. Everything after the same old sort. The followers of the army "esteem every day alike;" thought to be the best fighting day, I believe. Sermons we do n't have in the army, not having heard one since I last entered it. The bullets whistle harmlessly over our heads to-night.

March 13. Went, in company with the colonel, to see Colonel Harriman of the Eleventh New Hampshire. He is a sociable fellow and a good officer. A little muss on the picket line this morning. I saw the tongues of flame as they leaped forth from the mouths of hostile muskets.

March 14. Orders to be ready to march. Some think the "Johnnies" are evacuating; do n't see it.

March 15. All surplus baggage sent to City Point; also all sutlers.

March 19. The Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers have come into this division.

March 20. Saw the best display of shelling of the season; no less than 100 were thrown over; some came much nearer to me than was agreeable; no one hurt.

March 22. Four of our recruits deserted to the enemy last night.

March 25. The rebels under Bushrod Johnson made an attack on the First division lines, capturing Fort Stedman; subsequently repulsed with a loss of 2,500 in prisoners, 500 killed and wounded. Our loss not over 500.



ASA O. CARR.
W. K. COBB.
JOHN J. DRAKE.

E. L. CARR.
W. T. BATCHELDER.
ISRAEL DREW.

March 26. Quiet reigns along the lines which were only yesterday in the utmost confusion. The Second corps made an attack on the left; to what extent they were successful I am as yet ignorant.

March 27. General Sheridan arrived here to-day with a large detachment of cavalry. Our hospital is filled with rebel wounded.

March 28. Those vicious rebels sent over some more of those mortar shells, killing one of Sheridan's cavalry men. The Twenty-fourth corps has gone to the left, to join in the attack which is expected in a day or two. Generals Sherman, Sheridan, and Meade met General Grant at City Point last night. We expect to hear of great events soon. Quite a skirmish between the pickets this evening. We are expecting to be in Petersburg soon.

March 29. Went down to the hospital. Talked with some of the wounded prisoners; they are treated equally well with our own men. Rode over to where the cavalry were encamped a few days. Found a Spencer rifle, a seven-shooter; intend to carry it home if possible. The fighting on the left has commenced; results unknown.

March 30. Some mortar shelling last night; several in the Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers killed and wounded. Heavy cannonading on the left, also the roll of musketry. A deserter came into our regiment at noon today.

March 31. Our brigade intended to make a charge on the rebel works on our front, but General Meade getting word of it, ordered the troops to repair immediately to their quarters, and not to attempt such foolhardiness, such slaughter. No authentic news from the left; fear that we have not gained much yet.

Sunday, April 2. Fighting commenced on our front last night at 11 o'clock, and continued all night and all day. Four of the enemy's forts, and all the guns therein, are in our possession; many prisoners captured. Expect to go into Petersburg to-morrow. This has been a bloody day; and the almost incessant roar of huge guns, the shrieking of hurtling shells, and the crack of musketry made the day appear little like Sunday.

April 3. A day of rejoicing to the American people, and especially to the brave army who have been in the trenches around Petersburg and Richmond. Our army took possession of both places this morning, the rebels evacuating

previously. We went through the city of Petersburg; it is a fine place. No Union sentiment was exhibited, except among the colored portion. It was gratifying in the extreme to go into the city for which we had been striving for ten months. General Potter, the commander of our division, was badly wounded. President Lincoln rode past today. We marched down the South-side railroad about five miles, and bivouacked.

April 4. Started about 7 o'clock, marched twelve miles, and bivouacked. Are marching through a pretty country: trees are blossoming out, grass is springing up, and we are following Lee's army. The number of prisoners captured Sunday and Monday was 23,000.

April 5. Marched eighteen miles to-day, and bivouacked in Nottoway county on the South-side. Nothing of interest occurred. Are within 20 miles of Burkesville Junction; do n't know what our destination may be.

April 6. Started at 1 p. m. for Burkesville; marched twenty miles; the men are nearly tired out.

April 7. Seven general officers, including Ewell, were brought down from the front with 8,000 prisoners; our regiment is guarding them. Rebellion just about played out, and the war will be over soon.

April 8. One thousand more prisoners brought in to-day, and all sent to the rear; they are very radical in their views. Good news from the front.

April 9. Started this p. m., marched 11 miles on the Lynchburg road, and bivouacked.

April 10. Started at 7 a. m., marched four miles, and encamped at Farmville, Va. News of General Lee's surrender with his whole command. The soldiers are jubilant because the fighting is over.

April 11. Bobby Lee passed through here to-day on his parole of honor, en route for Petersburg. General Grant gone to Washington. Our army is falling back to Burkesville. General Meade is in town; gave a ball this evening, which I attended.

April 12. Troops moving back to Burkesville. Rebel army have been paroled, and sent to their homes. Made a call on Mrs. Venable and daughter.

April 15. The baggage came up to-day; so we got a change of clothing, which we very much needed.

April 16. Attended church to-day for the first time in six

and a half months. Citizen preached; spoke very well for the Union. Vague rumor that Lincoln has been assassinated.

April 20. Marched from Farmville to Burkesville Junction, distance, 18 miles. Are going to City Point; from there expect to go to Washington.

April 21. Marched 18 miles; quite hard marching; I should be tired out if I had not a horse.

April 22. Marched to Loveland station, distance of 20 miles.

April 23. Marched into Petersburg and bivouacked on Cemetery hill. [Comrade Carr went to City Point, then on transports up to Washington.]

April 28. Arrived safely at Alexandria at 2 p. m.; encamped about two miles out of town. General Johnson has surrendered, and Booth is killed. We lost one man on our passage; he fell overboard, and was drowned.

May 8. Got a tent for myself.

May 12. My birthday, 24 years old; getting to be an old man.

May 18. We are having more sickness here than when we were in the front, but are in no danger of being shot.

May 22. Started at 6 a. m. for Washington, marched about a mile east of the capitol, and bivouacked for the night.

May 23. Passed in review to-day, and got back to camp about played out. The soldier boys did not enjoy it quite as much as the thousands of citizens did who witnessed it.

May 24. Went to Washington to see Sherman's army pass. Saw any quantity of generals—Grant, Sherman, Howard, Slocum, Logan, Blair, Davis, Meade, Hancock, Augur, Meigs.

May 27. Nothing to do! This is the greatest loafing I ever did. Keep two horses and a servant; who would n't be an assistant surgeon?

May 29. All are busy making out their muster-out rolls. I do n't know whether I shall go home now, or not. I have offered to remain if I am needed. Expect to go into the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts Veteran volunteers.

June 4. The Eleventh New Hampshire started for home this p. m. I somewhat expect to be transferred to the Twenty-ninth.

June 7. Appointed assistant surgeon of the Twenty-ninth Massachusetts volunteers; shall join them to-morrow.

June 9. Came over to the Twenty-ninth; marched out about two miles, and bivouacked for the night. Saw Enoch Joy; he is expecting to go home soon.

June 11. The Eighteenth New Hampshire left for home this a. m., feeling very well.

June 15. Took a ride up to Fort Sumner, garrisoned by Companies E and G, First New Hampshire heavy artillery; saw several acquaintances. They were mustered out this p. m.; expect to start for home tomorrow.

The diary of Comrade Carr continues until July 28, when he was finally mustered out. The only item of general interest was that on July 7, 1865, he went to Washington to see the assassins of President Lincoln hung, but he failed to gain admittance.

ASA O. CARR.

Asa O. Carr, a brother of Edgar L. Carr, was born in Gilmanton, October 31, 1842. When five years of age his parents moved to Pittsfield, and Asa lived with them, working on his father's farm until he enlisted August 16, 1862. He attended the public school at "Upper City" and a private school kept by the Rev. Hosea Quimby.

He was mustered into Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, the fifth of the following September. He served with his company until the Battle of Gettysburg, and during that time was never sick nor excused from duty.

On the 13th of December, 1862, the Battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and his company was sent to support a battery in the streets of that city. After the defeat of our forces two companies of the regiment, of which Company F was one, were detailed to cover a part of the retreat of the army, and were forgotten by the officers. After the rest had crossed the river they were remembered, and under cover of a heavy fog an officer came back and found them. He told them to run for their lives towards the bridge. Just as they reached it, the fog lifted and they were discov-

ered by the rebels, who opened fire upon them. Such running as those boys made has seldom been excelled. The last one reached the bridge just as the pontoons were loosed and the bridge swung down the river.

While at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, President Lincoln, and Governor Berry of New Hampshire, paid them a visit.

Then came Burnside's famous mud march. Soon after the army was in motion it began to rain; it came down in torrents, the roads were quagmires of sticky mud, the army could not move either way. After a while the rain ceased, and then came the heavy labor of building a road of logs so that the army could once more get on solid ground.

On May 3, 1863, was the Battle of Chancellorsville. In this engagement Carr was hit in the leg by a piece of shell; a bullet struck him in the ankle, and after cutting his stocking more than half off, lodged in his boot. His cap was blown off by the discharge of a rifle in the hands of a careless comrade.

After this fight the regiment went back to its old camp at Falmouth. During the last days of June they received orders to march, and started north in the great race with Lee's army. On July 1 they were at Emmetsburg, some fifteen miles from Gettysburg. Quite late in the afternoon they got orders for a forced march, and started at once, guided by a Pennsylvania farmer. Just at dark they ran into the rebel picket, and had to make a wide detour to get around the rebel army. It was twelve o'clock at night before they could stretch themselves on the ground, where they slept soundly until daybreak. After drinking a cup of coffee, and eating a hasty breakfast of hard bread as they marched along, they arrived in line of battle just at sunrise on the now historic field of Gettysburg. This was July 2, 1863. This regiment was stationed on the Emmetsburg road, but was not engaged until about 4 p. m. A few minutes later a ball struck Carr's belt-buckle with such force as to knock him over; he was helped to his feet by Lieutenant French, and as

soon as he regained his breath, the regiment fell back a few rods. Soon came that order most difficult to execute while under fire, "Change front to the rear!" Carr had just loaded his rifle and had about-faced without bringing it to a shoulder, when he was struck by a Minié ball in the shoulder. The bullet passed through his right lung and shattered two of his ribs. He crawled away a short distance, and soon after saw his regiment pass along to enter the fight. He tried calling to them, but was too weak to make them hear. Just then an officer rode up, and Carr asked him to call George H. Sanborn (of Pittsfield) who was still in sight, to help him off. The officer asked if he was wounded. Carr replied that he was, very badly. The officer sat in thought for a moment, then said, "We can't spare a man: we need every one," and galloped away. All night long Carr laid on the field without food or drink. The thirst that comes to all wounded men tortured him, and he had no means of allaying it. At last, the next day, he was taken to the field hospital, where he remained a month; from there he went to Baltimore, and still later was given a thirty days' furlough. He came home, arriving at his father's house October 10. His furlough was extended for thirty days longer, and at length, January 4, 1864, he was discharged.

Several pieces of bone came from his shattered shoulder and ribs. These he has, with his canteen, testament, and cap—there is a hole made in the last by his comrade's bullet,—as mementos of the days he went soldiering.

While at Falmouth, just before entering the Battle of Fredericksburg, Carr and some comrades got a kettle of potatoes from a house and built a fire to cook them, when a cannon ball from the enemy knocked the kettle over; so they had to leave the potatoes on the ground. The night before, their blankets froze to the ground on which the boys slept.

Comrade Carr has been a resident of this town since his discharge.

JOHN CATE.

Mr. Cate was an old man, too old in fact to go to the war, but by the use of hair dye, etc., he managed to elude the vigilance of the mustering officer, and enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers. Although his hair grew white very fast, he performed his duties like a good soldier. Before the first battle of Port Hudson he gave away all of his little property that he had with him, saying that he should have no further use for it. That day, May 27, 1863, he was wounded, and died at Baton Rouge, La., June 8, 1863.

I have been unable to learn that Mr. Cate had any family. While in Pittsfield he worked as a farm hand in the eastern part of the town. He was a son of Eben Cate, was born in Chichester, and was grandson of Deacon John Cate, one of the most prominent men of Epsom.

JOHN H. CHASE.

John H. Chase was a member of Company C, Fifth New Hampshire volunteers. He was mustered into service October 12, 1861, at Concord. He served with his regiment until his discharge, February 7, 1863. I have been unable to learn much about his career. He was a son of Perley Chase, who owned a farm on the Catamount road. His mother was Sophia Garland, who died when John was quite small, and he ever after made his home with his grandmother Garland, on Main street in the village. I have been unable to learn if this soldier is still living.

A certain captain, whose name for obvious reasons I will not mention, was a very rapid and very poor penman. One day he sent one of his men to the quartermaster for something, telling the man what he wanted, in addition to making out the requisition. He also took occasion to write a note to the quartermaster on some private matter.

near Petersburg, Va. Mr. Drake was found dead in his tent on the morning of November 10, 1864. He was buried in the Ninth corps burying-ground, near the terminus of City Point railroad.

He was born in Pittsfield, February 20, 1829, and was a son of Ebenezer T. and Abigail (Berry) Drake. He was educated in our public schools and academy, and always resided in town,—except for a short time when he was at work in Dorchester, Mass., as a gardener.

His father died when he was a mere lad, and his mother, with that energy that is characteristic of her sons, took the management of the farm, and when John had grown to manhood he carried on the farm for his mother.

Owing to some obscure disease when a child, he lost his hearing, which was always a great affliction to him. He was anxious to enter the army, but knew it was useless to volunteer, as he would not be accepted. But one night he was notified that he had been drafted. He ran across the fields and waked his brother up, saying that now he could serve his country, and he hoped to be accepted; and so he was, much to the surprise of his townsmen. But army life did not agree with him. He soon contracted chronic diarrhœa, that scourge of all armies, and died as above indicated, aged 35 years and 8 months. He had been in the service hardly five months, as the records show that he was mustered in June 20, 1864.

JUSTUS C. DRAKE

was a son of James S. Drake, who was a grandson of Major James Drake, one of the first settlers of Pittsfield. Major Drake held the office of surveyor under King George II, a very important office in those days. It was a similar position that George Washington held in Virginia at about the same time. Major Drake made a survey of this and some of the neighboring towns, and all deeds of land in town are

based upon his survey. Justus C. Drake was possessed of that genial disposition for which the Drake family are noted. He enlisted in Troop B, First New Hampshire cavalry, commanded by Otis C. Wyatt, and was mustered into service March 29, 1864. He was captured by the rebels June 29, 1864, and was taken to Andersonville, Ga., where he died of starvation, August 14, 1864. His grave is No. 5,577.

Coin me a word, for the English language contains no terms in which to speak of the heroic conduct of the men who had rather suffer death by starvation than betray the confidence which their country had reposed in them, by enlisting in the ranks of the enemy. We sing the praises of the commanding officer who from a safe distance directs the men who win the victories. Cannot we say something of the rank and file who met death by starvation in order to make these victories possible? I confess that my spirit bows in humble adoration to their memory.

MOSES E. DOW.

“Emery” Dow was born in that part of Pittsfield known as Dowboro. About 1849 his father moved to the village, where at first he kept a store, and later owned a livery stable. Emery developed a love for horses, which determined his occupation. When the war broke out he wanted to go into the cavalry, so when the New England cavalry was organized he joined the New Hampshire battalion of that regiment, and was mustered in as a private, December 24, 1861, in Troop M. A few months later he was promoted to be corporal, and was discharged for disability January 2, 1863. His father was Moses Dow, his mother before marriage was Betsey Jones. His home is in Center Harbor, N. H.

JOHN L. DREW

was born in Quincy, Mass., September 7, 1840, and was a son of John P. and Mary W. Drew. He removed to Strafford, N. H., with his parents, where he lived until he was nineteen years of age. He then came to Pittsfield and worked at his trade, shoe making, until he enlisted, September 10, 1862, being at that time 22 years of age. He was assigned to Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers. He was mustered into the United States service October 11, 1862, for the period of nine months; was mustered out August 13, 1863, by reason of expiration of term of service.

He reënlisted in 1864, and was mustered into Company K, First New Hampshire heavy artillery, on the second day of September, for the period of one year, or during the war. Was discharged June 5, 1865, at Washington, D. C., by reason of General Order No. 5 (close of the war).

During his first enlistment he was engaged in both battles at Port Hudson, besides taking part in the siege of that place, which lasted from May 27 until July 8, 1863. On the evening of the first battle, a call for volunteers to go on advance picket was issued, and young Drew was one of the number who presented himself and was accepted. During the siege he was always ready to carry rations to those on picket duty or working in the trenches, when others declined the risk. One night, while his company were engaged in undermining the citadel of Port Hudson, Drew was engaged in carrying food and drink to his comrades, when a shell burst, knocking him over; he was taken up for dead, but soon recovered after reaching camp. He was very handy in caring for the sick and wounded—a natural nurse—and many a poor soldier has reason to remember him for this. He was standing near Lieutenant-Colonel Henry W. Blair, since United States senator, when the latter

was wounded, and he at once produced a tourniquet to place on the officer's arm.

During his second term of service he was assigned to a responsible position in the quartermaster's department, the duties of which he performed to the satisfaction of his superior officers, and credit to himself. He is now living near Barnstead Center, N. H.

GEORGE W. DAVIS

was a well known musician in town for several years before the war. Early in 1861 he enlisted in Company E, Fourth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, and followed the fortunes of that grand battalion until he was taken prisoner. He reënlisted, after nearly three years' service, February 20, 1864; had a short furlough, during which he came home to see his friends for the last time. In almost the first fight after his return he was taken prisoner and carried to Belle Isle, and from there was taken to Andersonville. Here, reduced in strength by starvation, he was robbed of his last cent and thrown out of his rude shelter. He was soon removed to Savannah, but after the fall of Atlanta he was taken to Charleston, and with other prisoners placed where they would receive the fire of our guns, the rebels hoping to protect their city in this way. Finding that this would not work, he with others was taken to the fair grounds, and from there to Florence, N. C. Here he was paroled and sent north. He died at Annapolis, Md., from the effects of starvation.

He was a native of Barnstead, a son of Moses and Mary J. (Colby) Davis. He came to Pittsfield about 1854, and married Miss Martha Fullerton. He had two children, a son and a daughter, when he enlisted.

JOHN H. DOW,

son of Benjamin W. and Mary A. (Evans) Dow, was born in Gilmanton, May 3, 1844. I have been un-

able to learn when he came to Pittsfield. He was mustered into Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1862. At Falmouth, he was sick with small pox. He took part in all of the engagements in which his regiment was engaged up to the investment of Petersburg. He was detailed as a sharpshooter, and a very good one he made. In speaking of him, his captain says that he was restive under military discipline, but was a good soldier, especially when he could rely on himself, as a sharpshooter must. He is now, I understand, a resident of Lakeport.

ISRAEL DREW

was born in Madbury, N. H., October 25, 1795, enlisted in the War of 1812, and was stationed at Portsmouth. After his return home in 1816 he married Miss Nancy Ayers of Barnstead. In 1829 he moved to Pittsfield, where he lived until the breaking out of the rebellion. Being a young looking man, although 66 years of age, he passed muster as only 44. He was mustered into Company G, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, December 23, 1861. He was with the regiment at Manchester, Fort Independence, Ship Island, where he was as prompt to do his duty as the younger men, but the climate undermined his strong constitution and he died at Camp Parapet, La., August 22, 1862. He was without doubt the oldest man that enlisted from the entire North.

Mr. Drew was a hard-working man, with quick wit and an answer always ready. He never overcame his repugnance to the use of tobacco, the smoke of it making him deathly sick. One day he went into a lawyer's office where several people were smoking. He started to go out, but was so giddy he fell to the foot of the stairs. Some one ran to help him and exclaimed, "Why, Mr. Drew, did you fall?"

"Fall! No. The bottom stair flew up and hit me in the face," replied the injured man.

General Butler in his book (page 481), speaking of the health of his troops in July, 1862, says: "Indeed, there were some regiments who could not bring into line more than two hundred men." And these troops had not been in the service on an average of over eight months.

So abrupt and complete a change in all the conditions of life consequent upon the translation of New England men from the bracing air of a northern winter to the enervating climate of the Gulf of Mexico, a change intensified by the ovenlike heat between sun and sand, unrelieved by shade of tree or the sight of a green growing thing to refresh the strained and dazzled eye, could not fail to have a profoundly unfavorable effect upon their constitutions.

The food, though abundant and of excellent quality for strong men, was far from the requirements of the sick. A healthy and hungry man could live well upon the bread, beef, and pork that were issued as rations. But when a man began to be sick, and to have a poor or capricious appetite and enfeebled digestion, he must either continue to live upon the regular ration or go without; for there was no supply of meat juices and other nourishments adapted to a weakened stomach. So many and many a poor fellow, loathing the hard-tack and salt-horse, did go without until he grew weaker and weaker, and too weak to rally, and finally he went under the sand.

The Sanitary and Christian Commissions doubtless did a grand work for the sick soldiers, but their good things were mostly distributed to the general hospitals, while the sick in regimental hospitals and in quarters failed to receive what they needed when they needed it most, and so hundreds and hundreds of poor boys succumbed to what amounted to actual starvation.

Add to this what may seem to be largely a sentimental and unnecessary factor, but which actually proved to be a very powerful influence to increase the death record—homesickness. Scores and hundreds of

the boys, reduced by sickness and lack of nourishment, only needed this additional depressing influence to turn the scale against them.

Every man had to pass through the scourge of camp diarrhœa. None were exempt, but some suffered more than others. Many never recovered from it. Others suffered and died from diseases that seized upon a system debilitated and deprived of its power to resist disease by this bane of army life.

The sinks were established on the shore below the line of high tide, and a fourth of a mile or more from the camps. No one who witnessed it will ever forget the melancholy procession of living skeletons who, day and night, staggered and tottered back and forth between camp and sink, many of whom were obliged to stop and rest by the way and turn back and repeat the weary journey ere they had time to rest themselves in their tent.

Later on diphtheria appeared, and made short work of the debilitated systems of the men. This dread disease attacked us in its malignant form and carried off its victims inside of twenty-four hours in many cases. I do not remember a single case of recovery from this disease. Some cases that occurred after we went to the mainland, and had the benefit of the New Orleans market, recovered; but only to be prostrated with paralysis for long months afterwards.

The next horror that came upon us was the scurvy—sufficient proof of my statement in regard to the lack of proper food. Men's teeth would turn black as charcoal, loosen, and drop out of their heads. Purple-and-black spots would appear on body and limbs, from which the blood would ooze out in drops. Inflamed and spongy gums would bleed upon the slightest touch. The whole mass of the blood would become thin, watery, and devitalized. The flesh seemed to rot alive, and when death closed the scene, the miserable, half-decomposed body would have to be hurried under the ground as soon as possible. The funeral procession, the muffled drum, the volley of musketry over the

soldier's grave were daily and almost hourly sights and sounds.

No wonder that the poor boys, far from home and friends, when taken sick would lose courage, give up to the fatal depression of homesickness, and die of diseases that at home, and with all that that means, would be considered trivial and easily recovered from.

The above may be called a gloomy picture, but it is far within the truth and fails to portray the actual horrors of the situation. Many times it has been said that, next to the rebel prison-pens, the hardest place that our boys were placed in was Ship Island.

On the afternoon of the 17th we began to hear occasional heavy guns afar off. Gradually the sounds increased, and for six days and nights we listened to the incessant roar of heavy artillery. Sleep was out of the question. Even at our distance the earth trembled and shook with the awful concussions, as if the world were being rent and pulverized by ten thousand earthquakes.

Through the night of the 23d, when the fleet ran by the forts below New Orleans, it seemed as if all the thunders and convulsions of heaven, earth, and hell were let loose at once. We could only listen in wonder and suspense. Contradictory reports of the conflict reached us. At one time we were told that our fleet and army were beaten, sunk and dispersed, and that we might expect the rebel fleet down upon us at any moment. At another, that our forces had achieved a partial success.

When we learned beyond a doubt of the splendid victory of Farragut, and that the forts, the great city, and the mouth of the "Father of Waters" were actually in the possession of our army and navy, our gratitude and enthusiasm knew no bounds, and we felt that the suffering and death on Ship Island were measurably compensated by the brilliant success of the Union arms.

JAMES R. C. DAVIS.

I think Comrade Davis was a native of Barnstead. He was a painter by trade. He was married and had two children. He enlisted and was mustered into Company G, Seventh regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, November 23, 1861. He served with his regiment until the Battle of Olustee, Florida, when he was wounded and captured, February 20, 1864.

After remaining a prisoner two months he managed to escape, and rejoined his command, April 20, 1864. Speaking of this battle his commanding officer says that just one half of this company were taken prisoners at that time, and Davis was the only one who ever returned; all the rest died in prison, most if not all of them at Andersonville. The story of Andersonville has been told and re-told by more able pens than mine, nor would it come within the scope of this book to tell it here. Of all the men from this town who were confined in that prison, not one has ever returned to tell the horrible story.

Comrade Davis is in the shoe business at Ayer, Mass.

JOSEPH C. DENNETT.

Joseph C. Dennett was a son of Moses B. and Elizabeth C. (Small) Dennett. He was born in Pittsfield, December 20, 1828. He enlisted in Company E, of the Fourth New Hampshire volunteers, in 1861. He was soon promoted to be color corporal, and still later made a sergeant. He was wounded in a skirmish near Hilton Head in 1862. After serving with his regiment in South Carolina for nearly three years, he was taken sick with chronic diarrhœa and sent to the hospital at Hilton Head, where he died in January, 1864. He left a wife and three children when he enlisted, only one of whom survives, Alonzo Dennett, of Sutton, Vt.

DIXI C. DENNETT

is a brother of the above, born November 19, 1826; came to Pittsfield with the family. He married Miss Sarah Nutter, and had four children when he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers. Served with his company until he was taken sick at Camp Parapet, and sent to the hospital. Rejoined his regiment after the surrender of Port Hudson, and came home with them, and was mustered out at Concord, August 13, 1863.

His post-office address is Milton Mills, N. H.

JEREMIAH W. DENNETT

was born November 7, 1824, in Gilmanton. He was a brother of the preceding. When he was about fifteen years old the family moved to Pittsfield. After a short time they went to Portsmouth, then to Rochester, afterwards to Holderness, then to Pittsfield, where Comrade Dennett lived until he enlisted.

He married in 1846 Sophia Nelson, by whom he had eight children. His business was that of teamster and farmer. He was mustered into the United States service, September 5, 1862, as wagoner of Company F, Twelfth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, and was employed in this capacity during his entire term of service. The only time he was excused from duty was for about two weeks at Falmouth, Va., in the winter of 1863. He has always made his home in Pittsfield since his return from the army.

CHARLES E. DENNETT

was born in Pittsfield, September 10, 1847. He is a son of Jeremiah W. Dennett. He attended school in town, and worked for various parties until he enlisted. He received the name of "Commodore," from the fact

that he was the only man to enter the navy from this town. He entered in the service as a marine, June 16, 1864, and served on board the *Sabine*, first at Portland, later on the Potomac and James rivers. He discharged his duties as "Captain of the Head," with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of his superior officers. He is now an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Tilton.

W. H. DAVIS.

In a small house standing at the corner of Depot and Bank streets in Pittsfield, William H. Davis was born. He was a son of William and Shuah (Evans) Davis, and lived with his parents, attending school and working in his father's shop as a boot-maker, until he enlisted in Company H, Fourth New Hampshire volunteers. He was mustered into service, September 18, 1861, and served with his regiment until November 3, 1862, when he was transferred to the First U. S. artillery. Here he served the remainder of his term. It would be needless to say that he was a good soldier, for none but the very best could be transferred from volunteer infantry to the regular artillery. He was killed in a railroad accident in 1866.

One day while in Florida, I think, Davis went to a public house to get dinner. The wash basin was on a shelf in the porch, beside it was a bucket of water with a gourd dipper, over the shelf hung a dirty rag for a towel. Davis called out, "Here, landlord, can't you give us a clean towel?" "I reckon so," said that individual, as he arose from the bench on which he was reclining, and shuffled across the house floor. He got the desired article, and as he handed it to Davis, remarked, "Yuse 'un is the most mighty particular man I ever seed. I reckon that ar towel has hung there three months, and more than five hundred men have wiped on it, and you are the fust one to find fault with it."

ALBERT C. EVANS

was a carpenter by trade. He was born in Barnstead, May 13, 1841, a son of William C. and Martha J. G. (Carr) Evans. He moved to Pittsfield in 1850, attended our town schools and the academy. He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, and was made corporal, September 5, 1862.

He was wounded in the hand and lost a finger at the Battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. He was very cool under fire. When our lines were driven back in this engagement, Evans got behind a tree to give one more shot to the advancing enemy. As Captain Bartlett passed him, Evans called out, "I say, Asa, this is real old business," a favorite expression of his. He was promoted to sergeant, November 7, 1863. He was also with this regiment at the Battle of Fredericksburg.

So well had he conducted himself in every position in which he was placed, that he was discharged from the Twelfth by order of General Butler, to accept a commission in the First United States volunteers. This was composed of men who had been taken prisoners, and who had become tired of fighting against their country, and were willing to enlist under the old flag, provided that they should not be called upon to fight their old comrades in arms. They were known among our troops as "Galvanized Yanks," and were to be sent West, where if they were taken prisoners they would not be recognized; for, according to the laws of war, if caught they would be shot.

Evans joined this regiment at Norfolk, Va., and soon afterwards was sent to Chicago, and from there he went with his command to Camp Reno in Missouri, and did provost duty at headquarters of General Pope. The rebels had sent men among the Indians of the Northwest to stir them into a revolt, and soon Evans was sent to Fort Snelling in Minnesota. From there he went to Fort Wadsworth, Dakota, where he

remained through the winter until the spring of 1865, when he was transferred to Fort Ambercrombie. While crossing Dakota mountains, piloted by an Indian who lost the way, the entire command came very near freezing to death. His next place was St. Paul, Minn. From here he was sent to St. Cloud, where the savages were killing our settlers and burning their dwellings. He was the first man to enter that place after the massacre. After the Indians had been driven off, he was sent to Fort Wadsworth, and from there to Fort Leavenworth; then he was sent on to the plains and built Fort Fletcher, and remained through the winter guarding the mail route to Denver. The time of this regiment having expired, he proceeded to Fort Leavenworth, where he was discharged May 10, 1866. During his services with this command, Captain Evans (for such was his rank) had many skirmishes with the Indians, and in every engagement he was a prudent and brave officer. He was, I believe, the last man from Pittsfield to be mustered out of the United States service.

Comrade Evans is now a resident of Havre de Grace, Md.

JOHN S. EATON.

One of the best known citizens in this section of the state was John S. Eaton, a native of Pittsfield, who always resided in town until he enlisted and was mustered into Company E, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, December 21, 1861. The first duty to which he was assigned was to select the horses for the use of the regiment. He had the care of these as long as he was able to do duty. I remember that soon after my discharge at Ship Island in 1862, while lying in a tent on the sand of that barren island, Mr. Eaton walked two miles in the broiling sun to send a message home to his wife and child, and when the soldiers came to carry me aboard the vessel, I being unable to walk, he walked by my side and bade me good-bye at the gang plank. Poor fellow, he was sick at that time

and never recovered, for soon after he was discharged and started for home. When off the coast of the Carolinas he died, and his body, sewed in his blanket, was buried at sea. His wife was Olive True, also a native of Pittsfield. Mr. Eaton, previous to his enlistment in 1861, was a dealer in horses and it was said that he owned more horses than any other man that ever lived in town. His was a very genial disposition, and every one was his friend. He had a horror of being buried at sea, and often said that this alone prevented him from becoming a sailor; and yet he was the only soldier from this town that received this sepulture. This occurred November 2, 1862. He was a son of John and Abigail (Green) Eaton.

One cause of the sickness of Eaton, and of many others, was the poor food at Ship Island. The beef was very salt, though sweet; the pork was rancid, having been cured in the Western fashion as bacon, and then lain for a long time piled up on the hot sand of the island. The bread was either wormy or mouldy. The former was sweet and nice after we had shaken the "skippers" out of it, but the mouldy bread was horrid. After thirty years I can almost smell the stinking stuff, and my stomach recoils at the remembrance of this rotten food. Then the dessicated vegetables were nearly as bad. Of course the poor bread was the result of an accident, or rather carelessness, on the part of our quartermaster department, but this abomination of dessicated vegetables was a deliberate affair. I do not know who invented the stuff, and I cannot conceive of a fate that would be sufficient punishment for him, unless it was to make him eat his own food until he starved to death, which would not take a very long time.

CHARLES F. EATON,

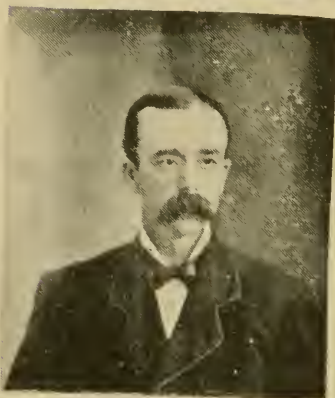
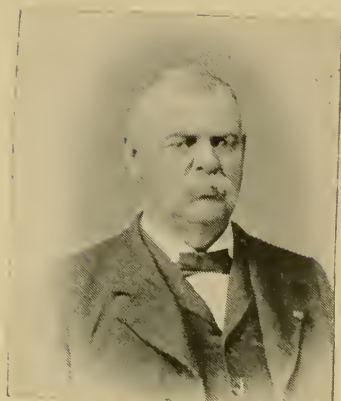
a son of the above John S. Eaton, was born in Pittsfield in the year 1845, and always resided in town until he enlisted. He was like his father, a lover of

horses, and was employed in the various stables of the village. He entered Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, September 14, 1864, and served until the close of the war, and was mustered out with his regiment. He lived in Pittsfield until his death, November 12, 1874.

JOHN C. EATON

is a native of Pittsfield, son of John M. and Julia M. (Sargent) Eaton. He always resided in town until he enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, and was mustered into service September 14, 1864, and served until the close of the war. He made a first-class soldier. He is now at Great Falls, N. H., working for the same firm that has employed him for nearly a quarter of a century.

A person who never witnessed it cannot understand the enthusiasm that greeted the regiments on their way to the front. As the cars bearing the soldiers passed through the country, men, women, and children could be seen running across fields or pastures; the children would climb on the fence, the boys on the topmost rail, while the elders stood around and with hats or handkerchiefs cheered the long train as it swept past. Then when we reached a city and had to march across to another depot, the vast crowds on the sidewalk would cease their busy traffic and send up cheer after cheer, and the people at the windows above—who always reminded us of the swallows peering from their nests in the old barn at home—would join in, and the crowd on the high roof above would catch up the cry, and, amid the waving of flags, hats, and handkerchiefs, the huzzas would roll down the street as fast as we progressed. This enthusiasm was not confined to the first regiments, but continued until the war closed.



D. W. FOSS.
JOHN EATON.
A. C. EVANS.

P. S. ELLIOTT.
A. F. FULLERTON.
JOHN C. EATON.

PHILESTER S. ELLIOTT

has always lived in this town, on the farm where he was born, May 1, 1839, a son of Joseph and Betsey (Seavey) Elliott. He received his education in our public schools and Pittsfield academy, under the celebrated instructor, Dyer H. Sanborn. He married Lucinda J. Watson of Northwood, and had one child about two weeks old when he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth regiment. After going into camp he was rejected by the surgeons. He returned home, and when the Fifteenth regiment was raised he entered Company G, and was mustered into service October 11, 1862. I find from his diary that the regiment left Concord, November 13, arrived in New York the next morning, and were marched to City Hall park to be put in barracks, but these were so lousy that the soldiers refused to occupy them, and they were marched to Union race course on Long Island, where they passed the night on the steps of the grand stand. The next day the weather was very cold, and they were supplied with shelter, or "pup," tents. These were about seven feet square and two and a half high. Into one of these, six men were crowded; it was impossible for one to turn over unless they all did.

Here they remained until December 3, the weather in the meantime being either rainy or very cold, when they marched to Brooklyn, and the next day went on board the *Prometheus*, a small river steamer, on which 600 men of the regiment were crowded. They at once sailed for Fortress Monroe. They arrived on the 7th and remained until the 10th, when they sailed for Hilton Head, S. C. Here coal was taken on and the men visited the Third New Hampshire volunteers, which was stationed here. The next day they sailed for Ship Island, where they arrived Sunday, December 21, having passed through a severe storm while off the Florida coast. At 3 p. m. of the same day they sailed for New Orleans. The sail up the Mississippi river he describes as splendid indeed.

Arrived at New Orleans on the 22d; remained over night. The next day sailed for Carrollton, a suburb of New Orleans, where they got into camp on the Shell road before dark.

Here the regiment remained until January 27, 1863, when they moved to Camp Parapet. This was a fortification some seven miles long, built by the rebels to prevent the Union troops from coming down the river if they should pass Vicksburg.

March 26 he was taken sick, and the next day was sent to the hospital, where he remained until April 10. During this time he lost twenty-four pounds weight. Although unable to do duty he remained with his company until the 24th of the month; then he went back to the hospital and remained until the 30th, when he returned to camp and did duty. May 12 he was again taken sick, and was excused from duty until the 18th. The next day the regiment received marching orders, and on the 20th went on board steamer *Crescent* for Port Hudson.

He was taken very sick after the boats started, and was put ashore on the opposite side of the river from his late camp, where the sick and convalescent had remained. Some men rowed him across. Before he reached the hospital he became unconscious. After he got better he was detailed as nurse, and acted in that capacity until June 30, when he went on board the *Sallie Robinson* bound for Port Hudson. The next day, while at Baton Rouge, he called on Captain L. W. Osgood, who was in the hospital at that place suffering from his wounds, and who at once ordered Elliott to remain and care for him.

July 15 they went on board the steamer *North America* for New Orleans, and took rooms at Mrs. Lee's, 285 Camp street. They remained here but one night, when they were sent to Port Hudson, where they arrived July 18. On the 26th, sailed for home. Coming up the river on the way home he speaks of burying from one to three of his dead comrades at nearly every stopping place.

While acting as nurse in the hospital, the surgeon was called away and the steward and head nurse were sick and unable to move. George Clark, a member of Elliott's company, was brought in suffering from sunstroke. He was unconscious, and Elliott did not know what to do, but something must be done at once, so he made a plaster of cantharides and clapped it on the back of the neck of the sufferer. Four hours later, when the surgeon returned, Elliott told him what he had done. On examination, the surgeon said he had done well, but it was no use, for Clark must die. The next morning Clark was alive and had a bad looking neck. Elliott tended him very carefully, so that he recovered and lived for more than twenty years.

JOHN EATON

was a native of Corinth, Me., where he was born September 17, 1843. His parents, Perkins and Katie (Hilton) Eaton, moved to Pittsfield when he was quite small, and here he lived, attending school and playing his boyish pranks, until he enlisted in Company B, Second New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service June 1, 1861.

As the company had more than its complement of men he was transferred to Company E, of the same regiment. Here he served throughout the famous Peninsular campaign, being slightly wounded at the Battle of Williamsburg. He was taken sick and sent to the college hospital at Williamsburg.

From here he went to Yorktown, where he had pneumonia. He was transferred to Portsmouth Grove, R. I. Here he remained for a long time, and as he grew no better he was sent home to die of consumption. This was February 15, 1863, but in a short time the pure air of Pittsfield restored his wonted vigor and he went to Concord to work. While there the enrolment for the first draft took place, but before the day of drawing had arrived, he

went to Portsmouth, N. H., to work on the fortifications. Soon afterward the provost marshal appeared and notified him that he had been drafted.

Now Comrade Eaton was willing to serve his country voluntarily, but he demurred at being forced into the army. He told the officer that he would report at Concord the next day. He did so, was examined and accepted, then was given two weeks in which to arrange his affairs.

He returned to Portsmouth the next evening. Six young men were together, of whom he was one. They were talking about enlisting, and one said he would go if another one would, another said he would go if still another would. At last it came to John, who said, "Boys, now you fellows have all got to go or back out." That night they all enlisted and Eaton is the only one left to tell their story. Of course his enlisting as he did (from another congressional district) made some confusion in the records at Concord.

He and his companions were sent to Concord, and placed in the pen among a lot of conscripts and substitutes. This was very distasteful to these men who had volunteered, so they appealed to the selectmen, who came forward and guaranteed that they would not desert. Then they were allowed their full liberty until they were sent to join Company H, Fourth New Hampshire volunteers, which they did at Washington. From that time on Eaton was in the army commanded by General Butler, and participated in all battles and skirmishes in which his regiment was engaged, from Drury's Bluff to Petersburg.

At the blowing up of the famous mine at the latter place he was terribly wounded in the right fore-arm by an explosive bullet, shattering the bone and rendering it useless for the remainder of his life. At the same time he received another wound from a Minié ball in his shoulder, and before he could be removed he was bayoneted in the leg by a rebel as he lay on the field.

After a time he was removed and sent to Wash-

ington, where the doctors decided to amputate his wounded limb, but Dr. Webster, whom our older citizens will remember as having married a sister of our well known townsman, Benjamin Kaine, interfered and saved not only the arm but the life of our comrade. After remaining here a long time he was removed to Manchester, and placed in the hospital on the old fair-ground in the north part of the city, and late in the summer of 1865 was discharged.

At the Battle of Williamsburg a man from this town had a finger shot off; as he started to the rear he held the bleeding member aloft and shouted, "See, boys, I've got a thirty days furlough." His levity gave rise to the story that he had shot it off himself, but Eaton says it was not so, for he was by his side. The man had just loaded his gun and brought it to "ready" when a rebel bullet cut his finger off as clean as it could have been done with an ax.

The amount of ignorance among the people of the South was astonishing. To be sure there was an educated class, equal to any found in the world, but there was a large class of poor whites that were no further advanced in intelligence than the negroes. One of this class had attached himself to the Second regiment, and more particularly to John Eaton. He was continually bragging about his dogs,—they could catch any "nigger" that ever ran, while for hunting coons they could not be beat,—they were the pride of his life. One day he came to Eaton and said: "You know I've got a sweetheart over in the next county, and I've just got a letter from her; but you know I can't read it, for I a'n't no scholar. Now if you'll read it for me, and let me stand behind you and hold onto your ears so you can't hear, I'll give you one of my pups."

To this arrangement Eaton agreed. After the reading had been completed the native said, "Lor', there's nothing in it but what I'd just as lief you would know as not,—read it again." But Eaton would not do it unless the man would agree to take the pup

back. Then Eaton pretended to read a lot of news that was not in the letter; the citizen became disgusted at this, and sought some one else who could read twice alike.

JOSEPH S. EVANS

lived with his parents on the river road. He enlisted in Company F, Thirteenth regiment New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service September 19, 1862. He was with his regiment until June 1, 1864, when he was severely wounded before Petersburg, Virginia, and was discharged the following autumn. He is now living in Strafford.

LEWIS E. EDGERLY

was born in Barnstead, May 12, 1829; enlisted in the summer of 1861 in Company G, Seventh regiment New Hampshire volunteers. He was with the regiment at Manchester and Fort Jefferson and Dry Tortugas. He was reported missing after the Battle of Fort Wagner, and although his name does not appear in the adjutant-general's report, yet he was undoubtedly killed in that terrible engagement. Mr. Edgerly was a man of nervous temperament, therefore he had his strong likes and dislikes. He hated slavery in all of its forms, but loved his country, therefore as soon as he could provide for his numerous family it took no large bounty to stimulate his patriotism, but he enlisted at once. Although the spot where he lies is unknown, there is erected in the memory of his comrades and friends a monument that the wealth of a millionaire could not buy.

He was a son of John and Sarah J. (Bickford) Edgerly. March 13, 1853, he married Mary A. Sanborn, and had four small children when he enlisted.

CHARLES F. FRENCH.

The French family has been prominent in town for more than one hundred years. Abram French came from Seabrook to build the meeting-house, now the Town hall, for the proprietors of the town, and soon after settled in town. He raised a large family of children. His grandson, Charles F. French, was born in Belmont, July 12, 1840, a son of Charles and Sarah F. (Burleigh) French. When three years of age, his parents returned to Pittsfield. He attended our public schools and the academy, and worked for his father, who was a farmer and bootmaker, until he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers. He was mustered into service October 11, 1862.

At that time he was a very active young man, and entered into camp life with his customary zeal, but the enervating climate of Louisiana soon began to tell upon his energy, although he continued to do his duty with his company until May 26, 1863, when he was detailed to the ambulance corps as a driver. This position he held until his regiment was ready to return home after the fall of Port Hudson, when he rejoined his command and was mustered out of service, Aug. 13, 1863.

The next day after his detail above spoken of, Gen. Neal Dow, the celebrated apostle of temperance, received the wound which subsequently caused the loss of his leg. Comrade French was directed to take the general out to ride every day—in fact he became General Dow's coachman. The general commenced speculating in cotton, and French drove him all over that section of the country, so that he might secure a large quantity of that staple. One day they came very near running into a large party of the rebels, but escaped, as they supposed, unnoticed. After leaving General Dow at his quarters, a house far to the rear of our lines, French drove to the place where the am-

bulances were encamped. That night the rebels captured General Dow and took him to Richmond, where from neglect his wound grew so bad that his leg had to be amputated. Most of the men in the service thought a position in the ambulance corps a sinecure—or, as they expressed it, a “soft job,”—but the reverse was true, for the exposure to disease, with but little chance for recuperation in case of being ill, rendered that service one of the most dangerous in the army. One had to work day and night until every sick or wounded comrade was cared for, and until every officer who could command you had been satisfied that he could not think of anything more to do. Then you could go to your quarters, but not to rest. No matter how tired you were, no matter if you were hungry, sleepy, or thirsty, your team must be cared for, which generally meant two hours' hard work. Then you could hunt around and find something for yourself to eat. After cooking it you could crawl into your ambulance if you wanted to, to sleep; but generally these would get so lousy during a campaign that most drivers preferred the ground.

Fortunate, indeed, was the driver who could stretch himself on Mother Earth before midnight, and still more fortunate was he if allowed to sleep until four o'clock in the morning. This life he must lead until the days became weeks and the weeks, months—enough to break down the strongest man.

During one of his numerous marches, Comrade French lost the Testament that had been presented him by the good people of Pittsfield. This book was picked up by a member of a New York regiment, who, a quarter of a century later, wrote to the address found on the fly-leaf. In this way a correspondence was opened that led to the book being restored to the former owner. Of course Mr. French prizes it very highly, owing to its history.

He has always made his home in this town since his discharge.

Some men in Concord speaking of the home-coming of the men from this town in the Fifteenth regiment said, "They looked like a company of men coming out of their graves." Their complexion surely resembled that of the dead, their flesh was nearly gone from their bones, their eyes were sunken, and they could hardly walk—some did not. Some went to the hospital to die, but all who could entered coaches in Concord to be carried to their homes. When near the village they were met by a delegation of friends and neighbors who welcomed them home. Their best friends could scarcely recognize them, so changed were they from disease and exposure.

The prowess of the old Roman legions has been told in song and story for more than a thousand years; yet when one of their regiments had lost 10 per cent. of their members by disease or wounds they were said to be *decimated*, and were retired and given posts of honor. Pittsfield sent 147 men into the army during the war; of these, fifty-nine either died or were discharged as permanently disabled, making over 40 per cent. of the whole number. If we add to this those who were discharged by reason of the expiration of their term of service and who were permanently disabled at that time, it would amount to more than one half of the entire number. The most conspicuous examples of this havoc were the men of the Fifteenth regiment, who had served in Louisiana.

CHARLES H. FULLERTON

was a member of Company E, Fourth regiment New Hampshire volunteers. He was mustered into service September 18, 1861. January 1, 1864, he reënlisted in the same company, and February 21 he took his furlough of thirty days and came home. During all of his absence from town he had entered a building but three times, had not passed a night under a roof, or slept in a bed.

At the expiration of his furlough he returned to his

command, and served to the close of the war. Comrade Fullerton was a man of iron constitution, but the exposure of army life broke him down, and he never regained his health. He died in this town, November 26, 1871.

He was a son of Andrew D. and Maria J. (Colley) Fullerton, and was born in Newmarket, September 12, 1835, came to Pittsfield about 1857, and was a farmer by occupation. He was with his regiment at Washington, Annapolis, Fort Munroe, Hilton Head, S. C., Fernandina, and St. Augustine, Fla. On the 22d of October, 1862, he took part in the Battle of Pocotaligo Bridge, when the regiment lost twenty-seven men. July 20, 1863, he with his regiment encamped on Morris Island.

In September and October, 1864, he was in front of Petersburg. September 29 was in the charge on Fort Gilmore. December, 1864, he went on the expedition to Fort Fisher, N. C. On Christmas day they landed three miles from the fort, drove the enemy back inside their fortifications, and remained all night; the next day they were ordered to re-embark and come back to Virginia. He was in every engagement in which his regiment took part, and came home without receiving a wound of any kind.

ALBERT F. FULLERTON

was a brother of the above. He, too, was born in Newmarket, May 20, 1846. Came to Pittsfield with the family, and resided here until he enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth regiment New Hampshire volunteers, September 19, 1864, and served until the close of the war. He was a shoemaker by trade, and very popular with his friends. I learn that his death occurred November 8, 1890, at Loudon.

HENRY A. L. FRENCH

was a native of Loudon, son of Hiram and Lydia (Batchelder) French. He was educated at Gilman-

ton and Pittsfield academies, and then went west and remained a few years. About 1860 he returned, and entered the employment of his uncle, Hon. R. L. French of Pittsfield, as a clerk. He married Miss Sarah G. Clough, of Canterbury, and lived on Lyford hill.

In the summer of 1862 he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth regiment New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered as second lieutenant September 8, 1862, and as first lieutenant of Company C, April 22, 1863. While he was in the service a child was born. He succeeded in getting a short furlough, came home, saw his wife and child, and returned to the service. His wife soon after died; this made him very despondent; while on the march to Gettysburg he told Captain Johnston he hoped to be killed in the next fight. During the severe battle that followed, an order came to "Change front to the rear," a very hard thing to do while under fire, without the men breaking ranks. While executing this order the lines wavered; Lieutenant French waved his sword, and shouted, "Steady men, steady there!" Just then a ball struck him in the head and passed through, killing him instantly. This was July 2, 1863.

He was a good citizen and brave officer, but he sleeps in an unknown grave, buried by the enemy.

DANIEL W. FOSS.

In 1846 Thomas and Margaret (Sewards) Foss were living in Dover, where on the 2d of July their oldest son, "Dan," was born. His father died when he was about nine years old, and Daniel a few years later went to live with a friend of the family in Stratford.

In 1859 his mother married the late John C. Berry of this town, and from that time his home was in Pittsfield. Previous to enlisting he always worked on a farm. September 3, 1864, he enlisted in Company E, First New Hampshire heavy artillery, and

went into camp at Concord, and soon left for Washington. He was stationed at Fort Richardson; from there his company went to Fort Reno and then to Fort Sumner. Here Comrade Foss was taken with typhoid fever, and for some time his life was despaired of. He remained here until the close of the war, and was discharged with his regiment. He has made his home in Pittsfield nearly all the time since his discharge.

HENRY M. GORDON.

For several years previous to the war, Henry M. Gordon, a shoemaker, lived on Chestnut street. He had a wife, *née* Marston, and one child. On the morning of April 17, 1861, he ate his breakfast with his family and started for his shop, on the present site of the Union block. When he reached the corner of Main street he met Orren Brock, who told him that he was going to Concord to enlist. "Wait a minute," said Gordon, "while I get another coat, and I will go with you." In less than three minutes Gordon was on the road that led him away from Pittsfield for three years. He left a pair of unfinished shoes in his shop. He was the second man to be accepted from this town. He became a member of Company E, Second New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service, June 3, 1861. He was soon after promoted to the rank of sergeant, which position he held until mustered out, June 21, 1864.

At the first Battle of Bull Run he was wounded in the right hand; a ball struck the joint of the forefinger and ploughed its way up the back of his hand. After his recovery he took part in the siege of Yorktown, the battles of Williamsburg, May 5, 1862, Fair Oaks, June 23 and 25, Savage Station, June 27, Peach Orchard, June 28, Glendale, June 30. He was in the first Battle of Malvern Hill, July 1; Fredericksburg, July 11-15; second Battle of Malvern Hill, August 5; Bristow's Station, August 25; and second Bull Run, August 29, 1862. In the last he was shot

through the right thigh—a very severe wound. He was engaged in the battles of Gettysburg, July 1-4, 1863, and Wapping Heights, July 23 of the same year.

His comrades speak of him in the highest terms, and he made a splendid record as a soldier. He is still living in Lynn, Mass.

WILLIAM F. GEORGE

was a blacksmith who occupied a shop on Park street. He was a superior workman. Of his early life I have learned only a little, but believe that he was a native of Sandown, N. H. He lived for a time in New York state, where he learned his trade. He married, first, a Miss Batchelder of Chichester, near Kelley's corner, and after her death he married a Widow Chestley, who had a son Joseph, that was killed at Gettysburg. (See sketch of Joseph Chestley.) George enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, and served with the regiment until his discharge in 1865. He lived but a short time after reaching home.

W. H. Blake of his company relates how cool Mr. George was under fire. At the Battle of Fredericksburg, while the shells were flying over the river and bursting all around him, George sat on a cracker box reading a newspaper, taking no notice of the flying missiles.

One day he was engaged in shoeing a mule during a thunder shower. The lightning struck the mule, killing him, and injuring Comrade George so that he died from its effects after he returned home.

COTTON W. GREEN.

The names of Green and Drake have always been prominent among the families in town. William Green married Harriett Drake. From their union was born C. Warren Green, June 25, 1835. He mar-

ried Caroline Moore, July 11, 1857, and had two children. He enlisted in Company E, First New Hampshire heavy artillery, and was mustered into service September 5, 1864, as sergeant. He served with his company until the close of the war, and was mustered out at Concord in July, 1865. Comrade Green always resided in town, and was a shoemaker by trade. His exposure while in the Army of the Potomac brought on a disease of the nervous system, from which he died a few years after his return home.

GEORGE FRANK GREEN,

a brother of the above, was born in Pittsfield, December 29, 1846, and always resided in town until he enlisted, except two years when he was in Boston and Haverhill engaged in the concrete business. He entered Company E, First New Hampshire heavy artillery, September 10, 1864, and served with his regiment until the close of the war, except for a few weeks that he was confined in Fort Sumner hospital by sickness. He is now a resident of Pittsfield.

EZRA L. GREENLEAF

was born in Northwood, near Jenness's pond, February 28, 1828. He was a son of Benjamin and Rhoda (Clough) Greenleaf. He was a shoemaker, and lived in the vicinity of his birthplace until he married, in 1848, Mary A. Elliott. He had seven children when he enlisted. He joined, I believe, the Fortieth Massachusetts infantry in 1863, and served until the close of the war. His post-office address is Dana, Mass.

SAMUEL R. GEEEN.

The south part of Pittsfield was settled mostly by members of the Society of Friends. Among these was Abram Green, who cleared a farm on the mountain near the Quaker burying-ground. Here his son, Sam-

uel R. Green, was born. He attended school at the Dowboro' school-house, and after he arrived at manhood he married a Miss Brown whose father lived in the same district. He moved with his wife to Seabrook, where she died, and about 1855 he returned to Pittsfield and remained until he enlisted in Company A, Fifth regiment New Hampshire volunteers. He served with that regiment until the Battle of Gettysburg, when he was wounded. He died from the effects of those wounds July 29, 1863. His grave is No. 7, Section A, New Hampshire lot, Gettysburg cemetery.

One day while in Virginia, Green walked out among the teams, where the negroes were feeding and cleaning the animals. One mule kicked and knocked a hostler into a ditch. As the negro crawled out covered with mud and water he said, "I 'clar, massa, dat is just why I 'spise a mule."

CHARLES H. N. GREEN.

July 5, 1858, C. H. N. Green and Miss Emma L. Tucker, both of this town, were married. They had two children when he enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, September 13, 1864. A few days later he went with his company to City Point, Va., where they were engaged in building a stockade. As soon as this was completed they went to building a corduroy road across a swamp in Virginia, but the rebels would not let them work in peace and it was almost a continual skirmish for nearly a month.

On March 25, 1865, Comrade Green's regiment took an active part in the recapture of Fort Stedman, and from that time until the fall of Petersburg they were constantly engaged in the investment of that city. From that time until June 11, 1865, when they were discharged, they were employed most of the time in doing guard duty in the captured territory.

Comrade Green is a son of Josiah and Hannah

(Barton) Green, a native of Pittsfield. He now resides in Hopkinton, but his post-office address is Concord, N. H.

JAMES B. HILL.

There died in this town a few years ago John B. Hill, who had been General Scott's personal attendant during the Mexican war, and who had served during the Rebellion in a Massachusetts regiment. He had one son, James B. Hill, who was born in Lynn, Mass., July 5, 1844. His mother was Elsiebeth Hobbs, a Maine woman. When James was two years old his parents removed to Exeter, N. H., and a few years later to Maine. When he was fifteen years old he came to Pittsfield, and made his home with his uncle, Thomas Marshall. He married Miss Susan Berry, of Barnstead or Strafford, by whom he had one child.

He enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service September 19, 1864, and was soon after promoted to the rank of corporal. In the winter following he was taken sick and sent to the hospital. February, 1865, as soon as he was convalescent, he was made ward-master of the Fifth Corps hospital, under the celebrated Dr. Fee. In April, when the latter gentleman was transferred to the Wilmington (Del.) hospital, he took Hill with him. Here he remained until his discharge, in June, 1865. Like his father, he was naturally adapted to the care of the sick.

At present Mr. Hill is in Pittsfield.

JOHN JOHNSTON

was born in 1793. He came to Pittsfield while quite a young man, for I have often heard him relate that when the first cotton-factory was being built, he left his shoe-shop one evening in the summer and visited the yard where the work had been going on through the day. While looking around he was approached

by a stranger, who enquired if he wanted any more help.

“What can you do?” Mr. Johnston asked.

“I am a broad-ax man,” was the reply.

“Very well,” said Mr. Johnston: “you can go to work to morrow morning on that log over there.”

The next afternoon the foreman discovered that he had an extra hand, and asked him how he came there.

“The boss hired me last evening,” was the reply.

“No, I did not,” said the foreman.

“I know you didn’t, ye blackguard, it was the boss himself.”

The foreman afterwards said that this was the best ax man he ever saw.

Mr. Johnston was the last man to hold the office of tithing-man in this town. It was the duty of this officer to keep the boys quiet and the old men awake in church on Sunday. His badge of office was a long pole with a string attached to a ball. If the boys in the gallery got noisy a prod with the pole made them put on a sober face. If the old men got drowsy when Parson Sargent had reached his seventeenthly, then bump would go the ball on the bald pate of the hearer, and he would be wide awake instantly.

Another duty of the tithing-man was “to see that no one went abroad on Sunday, except to or from meeting or on an errand of mercy.” One Sabbath Mr. Johnston hailed a stranger and asked him where he was going.

“None of your business,” was the reply, as the traveller put spurs to his horse and galloped away. Mr. Johnston thought the matter over, and finally concluding that it was none of his business, resigned his office, which was never again filled.

In 1836, Mr. Johnston married Miss Lydia Pickering of Barnstead, and immediately commenced house-keeping in this town and ever after lived here. He had two children, a son and daughter, living when he enlisted October 2, 1862.

It was his intention to go as a nurse in the hospital,

a position for which he was peculiarly adapted, and the most of his service was confined to this branch. When the army under General Banks advanced on Port Hudson he remained at Camp Parapet, and for a long time had charge of one of the wards of a hospital there. He rejoined his regiment, however, before they returned home, and was mustered out of service August 13, 1863, at Concord.

He died in Pittsfield, November 14, 1877.

JOHN W. JOHNSTON

was a son of the above, born in Pittsfield; by occupation, previous to enlistment, a travelling salesman. When the Twelfth regiment was being raised, which was done in ten days' time, Mr. Johnston enlisted in Company F, August 23, 1862, and was made a corporal September 5, 1862, and a few months later was made a sergeant. Camp life is always irksome to an active young fellow, and Johnston applied to his commanding officer for a vacant clerkship. This was refused on the ground that Johnston was too good a soldier for a clerk, and that he would be in line of promotion if he retained his present place.

While the regiment was at Point Lookout, Md., guarding prisoners, Johnston was discharged, November 22, 1863, to accept promotion as first lieutenant in his company, where he had served a little over a year before as a private, and the next day he was mustered as such. Again he was promoted and mustered, July 24, 1864, as captain of Company D, of the same regiment, and was finally discharged as such June 21, 1865.

During the summer of 1864 he was on the staff of Brigadier-General J. H. Potter's provisional brigade, Army of the James, as provost-marshal. He also served in the same capacity on the staffs of Gen. Chas. K. Graham and General Freraro, commanding same brigade. He was then detailed as acting assistant ordnance officer, Army of the James, on the staff

of Gen. B. F. Butler, with headquarters at Jones's landing on the James river. He had charge of the reserve ammunition of that army. He remained in this capacity under Gen. E. O. C. Ord, who succeeded General Butler, and on the evacuation of Richmond he was ordered there, to take charge of the captured ammunition and to see to the shipping of the same to Washington. This of course was but a short time before his discharge.

Captain Johnston took part in the following battles: Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, Swift Creek, Cold Harbor, Cemetery Hill, and the siege of Petersburg. At Cold Harbor he had command of a division of his regiment, consisting of Companies F and D. In that engagement Company F lost six men killed and eighteen wounded, out of thirty-four who went into the fight. Captain Johnston never received any wounds during these several engagements, and never had occasion to go to the hospital from sickness during his entire term of service. He is now a member of the flour manufacturing firm of Stratton, Merrill & Co., of Concord, but he resides in Manchester.

JAMES M. JONES

was born in Pittsfield, April 8, 1828. He enlisted first from Barnstead in 1862, as a member of Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers. After his term of service he moved to Pittsfield and enlisted in Troop D, First New Hampshire cavalry, where he served until the close of the war. A man of powerful strength and endurance, with the courage of a lion, he made one of the best soldiers that wore Uncle Sam's uniform.

During his service in the last named regiment the men were dismounted at one time to make an attack on foot. This they did in good shape, but were repulsed, and driven away from their horses. The men became scattered in small detachments. Jones, Mooney, and Robinson were together. At last Rob-

inson gave out and was about to throw away his arms when Jones cried out, "Don't you do it; give 'em to me, I'll lug 'em." Soon after, Mooney threw away his; Jones picked them up and carried them too. "Now," said he, "if you fellows can't keep up, just one of you get up on one shoulder and the other on the other, and I will carry you to camp." In this way they tramped for a mile or two, until they reached our lines.

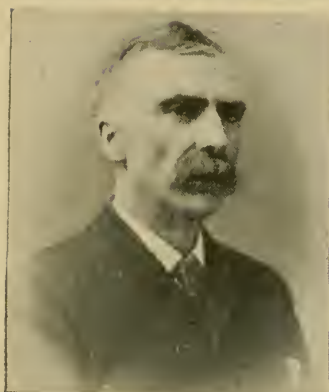
Mr. Jones is now living in Northwood.

ENOCH JOY

was mustered into Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, as a sergeant, September 14, 1864, and served as such until the close of the war and the mustering out of his regiment. He was born in Pittsfield, December 30, 1838, a son of Lewis and Ann (Parshley) Joy, and always made this town his home until he enlisted. He married Miss Annjeanette Carr of this town, and had one child when he left for the war. He was a shoemaker by occupation, and is now a prosperous citizen of Grinnell, Iowa.

EVERETT JENKINS.

Perhaps no man who entered the army suffered more and came out alive than Everett Jenkins. He was born in Barnstead, September 29, 1836. His father was Joseph Jenkins, his mother Lydia (Merrill) Jenkins. He lived with his father, working on his large farm and attending school, until he was twenty-one years old, when he came to Pittsfield to work for his brother Joseph, who was a butcher. He remained with him a year or so, until he went into the photograph business for himself. In March, 1861, he married Miss Addie M. Knowles of this town. He enlisted with his two brothers, Lewis and Melvin J., of Barnstead, in Company B, Twelfth regiment of New Hampshire infantry, August 30, 1862.



EVERETT JENKINS.
J. W. JOHNSTON.
C. F. FRENCH.

EDWIN A. KELLEY.
ENOCH JOY.
R. T. LEAVITT, JR.

At the terrible Battle of Fredericksburg, Va., while his regiment was moving down by the river over Strafford Heights, he was wounded in the right hand and his arm broken in several places—in fact destroyed for all practical purposes. After a part of the wounds healed there were more than thirty scars left. Some of the wounds have never healed. He thinks the explosion of the shell must have knocked him down, as his clothing was covered with dirt, when he came to himself. While running to the rear, the first shelter he sought was a large pile of boards, but he remained here only a short time, for it occurred to him that if the enemy should knock them over it would be sure death; so he ran to a big oak tree standing near the Lacy house. He then went to the Lacy house. It was so full of wounded that he had to go to the back part of the building before he could find room to lie down. There he lay eight days and nights before his wounds were dressed. No attention was paid to him except to pour cold water on his arm. His clothing was wet all that time. Near his head was a large iron tank into which human excrement was poured. The stench was terrible.

Thirteen days after he was wounded, Christmas day, he was taken out of the house, moved about one half mile, and placed in a tent with other wounded. It was bitter cold. A lady came that day to Jenkins and said, "You poor soldier, don't you want some brandy and milk?" It was the first nourishment he had received since his wound. Jenkins took the cup and drank eagerly. She said, "There are many others, and I have but a little." He gave back the dipper.

The same day he was put in a freight car, where he lay on the floor till night. Then the engine was hitched on, bumping the cars together regardless of their freight of suffering humanity, and the train was taken to Aquia Creek. Here they had the first food since they went into battle on that morning of December 12. It was *one* biscuit each. They were

then put on board a steamer and taken to Washington, and placed in Stanton hospital.

Four men took Jenkins from the ambulance, one at each leg and arm, and regardless of his cries of pain, caused by lifting him by his shattered arm, carried him in. Drs. Hammond and Lidell had charge of this hospital, and Jenkins is very loud in his praise of these two men. Dr. Hammond lanced his arm in thirty places, and at each place the pus would spurt out. A few days later the doctor said, "To-morrow we will decide whether we shall amputate your arm or not."

Comrade Jenkins was very glad to hear this, hoping to soon get rid of this painful member, but the next day the doctor told him that they had concluded not to do so. "For," said he, "if we take it off, you will not live twenty-four hours. With it on, there is a bare chance that you will live."

"How much of a chance?" Jenkins asked.

"One in ten," was the reply.

"Then I will take that chance," said Jenkins.

He remained in this hospital sixty-three days. Soon after his arrival his brother, William Albert Jenkins, came to take care of him, and remained with him until his discharge on February 26, 1863. His brother took him in his arms and carried him as a person would an infant, for Everett, although six feet tall, weighed but 98 pounds. In the cars his brother held him in his lap, and after a short rest in New York they reached Concord, where a sleigh was in readiness with a bed in it, and he was taken to his home. At Stanton hospital he was taken with a severe pain in his right leg, which Dr. Hammond said was caused by blood poison. For a long time his life was despaired of, and this trouble has caused him intense pain since.

After his wounds had been dressed at Washington, as related above, Jenkins remained in a stupor for a long time. When he opened his eyes, a sheet had been spread over his face, and he could see some-

thing crawling over it. With his uninjured hand he turned the sheet down, and discovered that he was covered with lice. He called an attendant, and he was moved to cleaner quarters, but it was a long time before he was free from these vermin. While in Washington his leg pained him severely day and night. It became so tender that he could not bear the weight of a sheet upon it. At last the doctor lanced it, and it discharged over a gallon of pus. He lay in one position so long that his joints were set, and when an attempt was made to lift him he was as rigid as a log of wood, not a joint would bend.

Since the war he has been in the Massachusetts General hospital twice, to have his leg operated upon, and has had ten and one half inches of bone removed. Strange to say he still lives, and can be seen walking on our streets daily.

JONATHAN JAMES,

a native of Pittsfield, born in 1836, son of Edward S. and Mary James, was a shoemaker by trade. He enlisted September 5, 1862, as a recruit for Company F, Fifth New Hampshire volunteers, and served with that regiment until his discharge. Except for a short time he was on detached duty as an orderly for General Ord.

One time while on this duty they made a raid into the enemy's lines. Stopping at a hotel they ordered breakfast.

"Tea, or coffee, sar?" said the colored waiter standing behind James.

"Coffee," replied the soldier.

Soon a cup was placed before him containing a vile-looking compound.

"Do you call that coffee?" asked James, looking at the negro and pointing to the cup.

"Oh, yes, sar, dat is coffee sure, sar, for I dug de roots and parched 'em myself."

Burnt carrots never made coffee good enough for a

Union soldier, and James called for a glass of water. He died in Lynn, Mass., several years ago.

SAMUEL P. JAMES

was a brother of the above, a native of Pittsfield, and always resided here until he enlisted in Company E, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service November 7, 1861. He reënlisted February 28, 1864, and served until the close of the war. He made for himself a good record as a soldier. He died soon after his discharge in 1865.

LEONARD JONES

was for many years one of our best known citizens. He erected a house on Crescent street, which at that time was considered one of the best houses in town. He and his wife were both natives of Waterford, Maine, his birthday being May 12, 1813. They resided there until the fall of 1837, when they removed to Pittsfield. Mr. Jones enlisted in 1861 in Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, but the severe exposure at Manchester was too much for him, and when the regiment reached New Jersey, he was sent to the hospital, and discharged February 12, 1862.

He died in Pittsfield, October 8, 1876.

CALVIN A. JONES,

when a boy, was, like all healthy lads, always getting into mischief. One day while playing beside the canal near the old grist-mill, he fell in and came near being drowned. As he was going down the third time he was rescued by Plummer Leavitt. Not daunted by this mishap he soon after learned to swim, and later in life, when in the West, he performed the feat of swimming across the Mississippi river at the Falls of St. Anthony, the distance being more than a mile. After resting for a few minutes he swam back.

He was a son of the above Leonard Jones, and was born at Waterford, Maine, January 25, 1835. He was but a year and a half old when his parents moved to Pittsfield. He attended school and worked in the cotton mill until he was twenty-one years old; then he went to Minneapolis, Minn., to work as a carpenter. He remained there sixteen months, then returned home and worked in the mills at Manchester. On December 3, 1860, he was married to May F. St Clair, a Vermont woman.

He enlisted in Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, but for certain reasons he was transferred with one or two others to Company D, of the same regiment. After the command reached Dry Tortugas island, Jones was detailed to work in the bake-house. This was in Fort Jefferson. The three ovens were in one of the casemates of the fort; no air or light could enter the room except through the door and one port-hole; it was a fearfully hot place, and to men who had been exposed to the rigor of a severe winter, as these men had (see account of J. C. Morrill), it was no wonder that Jones broke down, especially since he was obliged to work from 6 a. m. to 10 or 12 p. m. It was necessary to do this in order to cook bread for the 1,800 men who garrisoned the fort. Such exposure and overwork produced heart disease, and he was discharged July 20, 1862, but was unable to reach home until two months later.

Mr. Jones is now living at West Chester, Penn.

JOSEPH A. JACOBS.

Perhaps no man has been better known in town during the past fifty years than Comrade Jacobs, who was born in Wilmot, N. H., May 23, 1829. He came to Pittsfield February 14, 1838, and has always made this town his home. He is a shoemaker by trade, but for five years before the war he worked as a painter. He married Sarah A. Eaton, December 29, 1852, and when he enlisted had two children.

He entered Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, September 20, 1861; was made a sergeant and then promoted to the rank of lieutenant December 29, 1863. For a long time he commanded his company. He served with his company at Manchester, New York city, Dry Tortugas, and St. Augustine, Fla. From there he went to Hilton Head, and then to Folly island, S. C.; next to Morris island, and Beaufort hospital, where he remained until he recovered from his wound; then he went back to Morris island, and from there to St. Helena island; to Jacksonville and Lake City, Fla.; back to Jacksonville, then to St. Helena island, and from there to Bermuda Hundred, Va.

He was in the battles of Fort Wagner and Olustee, Fla., besides sixteen skirmishes. At Wagner he received a bad wound in the thigh, and the Minié ball has never been removed. He has a calfskin pocket book that was in his trousers at the time he was shot, the ball cutting through it, and struck two cents, one of them of the old-fashioned copper variety; these were badly bent, but caused the ball to glance, which saved his leg from being broken, thus saving his life. He was just crossing the ditch when struck. The guns of the fort had been silenced mostly, but as the regiment rushed forward to take possession, the rebels opened fire with howitzers at each end, enfilading the ditch, cutting our men down by the hundreds. At the same time they opened the gates and let in the water, drowning every man who was unable to climb out. At Olustee he was again wounded.

He has a sword which has on the scabbard this inscription: "*Presented to Lieutenant J. A. Jacobs by his friends. Pittsfield, N. H., Dec. 24, 1863.*" At one time during the Virginia campaign he wore this sword continuously for eight days.

Jacobs always liked a joke. John Brock, whose sketch appears elsewhere, was a member of his company, and Jacobs always speaks in the highest terms of his comrade. Whenever Jacobs was sent on any

expedition he always took Brock with him. Now Brock was a great hand to argue. No matter what the subject of conversation was, he would want to get up an argument, and so interested would he become that he would take no notice of anything else. One time when they were on picket together, some subject was started just as they had begun to eat their dinner. Brock kept talking, while Jacobs kept eating: the result was that Jacobs ate up Brock's dinner.

Jacobs often took a man at his word. One day while in camp in Florida one of the men had a severe attack of homesickness. As he lay on the ground he cried,—

“Oh, I wish I was dead.”

Jacobs inquired, “Why don't you cut your throat then?”

“I can't,” said the sick man, “I wish some one would cut it for me.”

“All right; I'll cut it for you,” said Jacobs, taking out his pocket knife and opening the small blade. Taking hold of the loose skin on the man's throat, he thrust the knife through and ripped it out, making a gash only skin deep, but three or four inches long.

“Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed!” shouted the victim, jumping to his feet; “the blamed fool has cut my throat! he has cut my throat,” and he rushed to the surgeon to have his wound dressed. He at least was never troubled with homesickness, a disease, if I may use such a term, with which many of our men suffered and some of them died.

EDWIN A. KELLEY

was one of the most popular young men in town. He was a son of Samuel G. and Amanda M. (Sleep-er) Kelley. While he lived here, he attended school in the old brick school-house on the west side of the river, and worked at shoemaking, as a seamster, for various parties.

He was born in Gilmanton, March 5, 1843. When

his father moved to Pittsfield young Edwin came with him, being at that time only five years of age. He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service September 5, 1862.

At the terrible Battle of Chancellorsville he went to the rear to assist a wounded comrade, R. T. Leavitt, from the field. He had but just laid his friend upon the ground and seated himself upon a drum by his side, exhausted by his excessive labors, when he was struck in the head by a piece of a shell and killed instantly. His age was twenty years and two months.

Comrade Leavitt as an act of remembrance has placed Comrade Kelley's picture in this volume.

WILLIAM T. KNIGHT.

I have been unable to trace the early history of this brave soldier. He spent his boyhood in Northwood, with an inhuman family who deprived him of every advantage which boys should have. He came to Pittsfield about 1858, being at that time man grown. Here he learned to read. He worked first for Charles Jackman, then for John B. Merrill, and last for Elbridge True. He was a very gentlemanly appearing fellow, and was among the first to enlist, perhaps because his shopmate, H. M. Gordon, had already done so. He was mustered into Company E, Second New Hampshire volunteers, June 3, 1861. He was in the Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, and on the retreat "broke down," from the excessive heat, was sent to the hospital, and discharged and came home August 29, 1861.

After his discharge from the Second New Hampshire volunteers, he married Miss Sarah Pitman, of Barnstead, and bought a house on Watson street. He enlisted again in Company B, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, and was made corporal. He served with his regiment in all the various campaigns, and was in some twenty battles and skirmishes without

getting hit. He was a member of the color-guard, where the best men are put, and at last, in the terrible battle of July 2, 1863, at Gettysburg, he was shot to pieces,—one ball through the body, one in his foot, another in his arm, and one in his leg and others elsewhere; his back was also broken. It seemed as though fate, which had defended him before and brought him through so many conflicts, deserted him, and that the death angel determined to make sure that he did not escape. He was a true soldier, comrade, and friend, and if he had had the early advantages of most boys, he would have been, had his life been spared, an honor to the town and a blessing to the community.

JOHN F. LANGLEY.

John F. Langley was from Nottingham. He enlisted first in the Third regiment, and was a lieutenant in Company E. He resigned July 3, 1862, and came home to Pittsfield where his father had lived, in a house at the east end of Main street, for many years. He was commissioned captain of Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 8, 1862. After the Battle of Chancellorsville, the colonel of his regiment commanded the brigade, and he, having been raised to the rank of major, February, 1864, and the other officers above him being either sick or disabled, commanded the regiment until after the Battle of Gettysburg, where he was injured. Just before the Battle of Swift Creek he lost his voice, and never has been able to speak aloud since. He was honorably discharged September 22, 1864.

Of his early life I have been unable to learn anything.

His address at present is Amherst, N. H.

JOHN F. LOCKE

was born in Roxbury, Mass., March 8, 1840. He came to Pittsfield about 1857, and married Miss Sarah

Watson, by whom he had two children. He enlisted in Company D, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service October 8, 1862, and served with that regiment until the expiration of his term of service. He was mustered out August 13, 1863. He was a shoemaker by occupation. He returned home and died a few years later.

JESSE P. LANE.

During the winter of 1860-'61, Jesse P. Lane attended the academy. In March he left town to work at his trade as wheelwright, in Lawrence, Mass. The call of President Lincoln for three-months troops was answered by the governor of that state by ordering out the militia. There was a vacancy in Company H of the Fourth regiment, which Jesse P. Lane gladly filled. The Fourth Massachusetts regiment was the first from the entire North to go to the defence of the country. They sailed from Boston April 17, 1861, and landed at Fortress Monroe on the 19th. They were part of the brigade commanded by Gen. Butler, two regiments of which went by land, and were in the ever memorable fight at Baltimore on the 19th of April. During this service Comrade Lane contracted a severe cold, which terminated in consumption, of which he died September 8, 1865, at his father's house, aged 27 years, 7 months.

He was born in Pittsfield, January 28, 1838, was a son of Paul C. and Eliza (Perkins) Lane, and was a young man very highly esteemed by all.

HENRY B. LEAVITT

was born in Chichester, on Loudon road, not far from Kelley's corner. He attended school in his native town, and then went to Parsonsfield (Maine) seminary. He was a powerful exhorter in the Freewill Baptist denomination, and for several years a successful teacher. In 1850 or 1851 he commenced the study

of law with the late Charles Butters of Pittsfield, and in February, 1853, he was admitted to the bar and opened an office in Barnstead, where he remained one year. Then he returned to Pittsfield and to the office formerly occupied by United States Senator Moses Norris, Jr. In 1856 he stumped the state for Fremont. He was a ready debater and a most eloquent speaker. A plea that he made in court at Concord about this time created a profound sensation throughout the state, and is often spoken of at the present time as one of the most powerful arguments ever delivered at the bar.

He recruited Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and was commissioned captain November 23, 1861. He served with his regiment until he was wounded at Fort Wagner, at 2 p. m., July 18, 1863. He lay on the battle-field in the hot sun for over twenty-four hours without food or drink, and was then taken to Charleston, S. C., where he died from the amputation of his leg July 22, 1863.

He was a Mason, and was cared for by members of that fraternity while a prisoner, and his gold watch and nearly \$300 in money were sent through the lines to his family.

About twenty years later a sword was found on the battle-field of Wagner, on the scabbard of which was engraved "*Presented to Captain H. B. Leavitt by twenty-five loyal citizens of Pittsfield, N. H.*" Correspondence was opened with the postmaster of this town, and the rusty weapon was sent to his family.

His father was Moses Leavitt, who at one time kept toll-gate at Chichester, on the old Portsmouth turnpike.

Captain Leavitt was a man of overbearing temper but of dauntless courage. Even while a boy this trait was prominent. A friend relates that at one time his father's pig escaped from his pen. Young Henry with others attempted to capture it. As it passed him he grappled it and was thrown, but he held on

and was dragged some distance before the others came to his assistance. At last the shote was placed in his pen, and it was discovered that Henry's arm was broken. This same bull-dog courage was one of the leading traits of his life.

REUBEN T. LEAVITT, JR.

One of our best known citizens is Reuben T. Leavitt, a native of Pittsfield, his birthday being November 11, 1839. He was a son of Reuben T. and Nancy K. (Brown) Leavitt. While quite young his parents moved to Concord, but after a few years returned to Pittsfield. They afterwards lived in Suncook. Then they moved to Concord, where Mr. Leavitt was register of deeds. Here they remained several years, but the father was appointed keeper of Whale's Back lighthouse and thither the family went and remained over six years. Young Reuben, then man-grown, was able to aid his father in his duties. But the old man's heart yearned to return again to Pittsfield, where he had lived so many years; accordingly he bought a farm on the east side of Catamount mountain, to which he removed about the year 1860. There he and his wife, after being married nearly seventy years, died, and there the son Reuben still resides.

Comrade Leavitt enlisted, August 16, 1862, in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers. He went with his regiment to Washington, and was in the Battle of Fredericksburg, through which he passed unscratched.

On Sunday morning, May 3, 1863, he was in the Battle of Chancellorsville, when he was struck in the knee by a Minié ball and fell to the ground. His comrades, Edwin A. Kelley and John H. Philbrick, carried him from the field and placed him behind a log house. The rebels were massing to make another charge on our lines, and our artillery were trying to prevent them. A shell from our guns burst over their heads, and a piece struck Kelley in the head, killing

him instantly. As he fell he lay across the leg of Comrade Leavitt, who had to call for help to have the body removed. Our forces were driven back, and Leavitt was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy. Not until Wednesday did they get any food, then only a little flour, which they mixed with water and drank. For twelve days he was held a prisoner, and no care was bestowed on his wound except to pour a little cold water on it. If proper care had been given it he would not have been disabled for life. At length he was paroled on the field, and our ambulances came and got him and his wounded comrades, and took them to Potomac creek, and placed them in the hospital. His brother, Charles B., came and took him home, where careful nursing saved his life. The surgeons in the army wanted to cut his leg off, but Leavitt would not consent.

JOHN C. MORRILL,

a well known citizen of Pittsfield, was born in this town, March 14, 1837. He was a son of Jacob and Mary Morrill. He lived in Pittsfield, attending school and working on his father's farm until he enlisted, Dec. 5, 1861. He was mustered into Company G, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, at Manchester, on the 23d of the same month and was at once made sergeant. He remained with the regiment until his discharge, July 5, 1862, at Camp Parapet, La. The exposure which this regiment suffered I described in our local paper January 28, 1892, as follows :

Thirty years ago, on Jan. 24, 1862, the Eighth New Hampshire regiment left the state in a driving snow storm.

In the fall of 1861 the Seventh and Eighth regiments went into camp on the old fair grounds in Manchester, bounded by Elm, Webster, Union, and Penacook streets. During October and the first of November the weather was very pleasant, but after that we had a regular old-fashioned winter. During December the weather was extremely cold; the senti-

nels as they walked their beats froze their faces, ears, and hands. A part of the time we were short of rations, for, according to regulations, a company could draw rations for what men there were the day before; if there were twenty-five men we drew rations for them, and if a squad of twenty-five more arrived during the night then all hands must subsist on half rations. Then we had a lot of visitors and of course these must be fed, but army regulations made no provisions for them. When we could get permission to go to the city, those of us who had money would get a square meal. Most of the men of Company G, Seventh regiment, belonged in Pittsfield and surrounding towns, and in the Eighth regiment were many of our citizens. When the former regiment left, how we envied them! The snow then was about two feet deep on a level, and we had nothing but canvas tents to protect us from the inclement weather of a New Hampshire winter.

Ten days later we received orders to march. On digging away the snow we found our tent pins frozen fast in the earth, and only by splitting the pins could we release the ropes that held our tents. Down Elm street we marched, caring not for the fast falling snow. We took the cars and in due time arrived in Boston; here the snow had turned to rain. We were taken out into Haymarket square, where we remained in the pouring rain some two hours while the officers could find a place to put us. Finally we were marched through the slush, half-knee deep, to Faneuil hall, and two companies of us put in the attic of the building, where there had never been a fire, and the next morning our clothing was frozen stiff. During the day we had some boiled ham, brown bread, and coffee, the first warm food for forty hours. That evening we went on board a tug-boat for Fort Independence. How the wind cut us as we sailed down the harbor! It was after dark when we arrived at the fort and we were huddled into the casemates without food or fire. There was not room for us all to lie down at once. The next morning our company were given the best rooms in the fort. There were three of them, one a bedroom, which our officers occupied, a kitchen of ordinary size, and another room about twenty feet square. Here our company of 100 men were huddled for three weeks. The only fire was in the range in the kitchen. This range was a small affair intended for the use of an ordinary family; of

course we could furnish to the men warm food but once a day.

About the 12th of February there came a storm of sleet that froze as soon as it fell, covering everything it touched with a coat of ice. On the 15th we went on board the vessels, four companies on the "*Eliza and Ella*," the rest of us on the "*E. Wilder Farley*," a full-rigged ship. It was Sunday night, and very cold. The vessel was covered with ice; the ropes were so stiff that but few of them could be worked. A steam tug took us down the bay, while we soldiers huddled together in the dark hold to keep from freezing. Monday morning the sailors shook out what canvas they could, while we land lubbers, in our overcoats and blankets, were crowding between decks like a flock of sheep to keep warm. Soon most of us were sea sick, and between that and the extreme cold I think it was the most miserable day of my life. Tuesday morning we struck the gulf stream, and it was as warm as June. As we crawled on deck the water was running from the rigging, chunks of ice were continually dropping, and one man was severely injured by an icicle dropping on his head. The warm air was full of sea birds seeking their morning meal. Soon we, too, began to think of breakfast, but there was only one stove for six hundred men and during the voyage we had but one meal a day, except hard tack; this we took from Fort Independence. It was baked in 1810, but was sweet and good but *very* hard. On Friday we passed the Bermuda islands; the thermometer stood eighty in the shade.

Some people are surprised that men should be used up so soon in the army, but I wonder that there is one of that ship's load of soldiers alive to tell the story of our sufferings. Living as we had done, short of food and almost unprotected from the extreme cold of a severe New England winter, then to be transported so suddenly to a hot climate, no wonder the men sickened and died.

When we got among the Bahama islands a calm came upon us. Not a breath of air rippled the surface of the ocean. The long swells of the tide caused our vessel to rise and fall, but we did not move a rod. There was not air enough to even flap our sails against the masts. The sun poured its torrid rays straight down upon us. Between decks, where our bunks were, the air was stifling. The wind sail, that had been rigged to give ventilation to the hold,

hung idle and flat over the deck. The sailors stretched some old canvas to give us shade. Under this the soldiers lay and panted with the extreme heat, and thought of the icy north they had left but a short time ago.

The short pipe from the cook's range would not "draw," so nothing could be cooked, and we had to content ourselves with hard tack and water. The men spoke in subdued tones as though in the presence of the dead, and were we not? All nature, as far as we knew, was dead. The porpoise and sea-birds that had followed us for days had disappeared, and not a fish rippled the glass-like surface of the ocean. It was the stillness of silence. This was having a terribly depressing influence on the men, so Colonel Fearing organized, on the second or third day, an election. We would vote for governor of New Hampshire,—to be sure we did not know who had been nominated in our state, nevertheless, we named our own candidates and went through the entire form of town meeting,—and I will say that the Democratic ticket had three times as many votes as the others, showing the previous affiliations of the men of this regiment.

At the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico stand two lighthouses; from the deck of a vessel no land can be seen. These lighthouses rise sheer out of the water and the sailors call them the "stick in the mud," but on the chart they are named the Great and Little Isaac's lights. The water is very clear and shoal. As we stood on the deck of our vessel we could see the rocks at the bottom of the water. No vessel is allowed to pass after the lamps are lighted at night. We arrived there just as the first flash of the light shone across the sea, and at once dropped anchor. Before dark eight vessels were anchored near us, two of them had French troops aboard on the way to Mexico, and one other contained the Seventh New Hampshire that had left us in Manchester. They were on their way to the Dry Tortugas. We communicated with the other vessels by writing with chalk on a blackboard and hanging it over the side of the vessel. How we cheered our comrades when we learned who they were.

HEZEKIAH B. MORRILL,

now of Haverhill, Mass., was a man of prodigious strength and of an iron constitution. Coming from a line of long-lived ancestry he inherited a vast amount

of vitality, and it was owing to this fact that he alone of all the men from this town was able to withstand the trying climate of Ship Island and serve out his time. Gen. Butler in his farewell address, published Dec. 15, 1862, speaking of Ship Island, said, "Without a murmur you sustained an encampment on a sand bar so desolate that banishment to it, with every care and comfort possible, has been the most dreaded punishment inflicted upon your bitterest and most insulting enemies."

He was a brother of the above J. C. Morrill and was born in Pittsfield in 1831, and always resided here until he enlisted. He married Sarah A. Sanders, and had two children, when mustered into Company G, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, December 23, 1861. He endured all the hardships which this regiment suffered until after the Battle of Baton Rouge, when he was taken sick and sent to the Marine hospital at New Orleans. When he wanted to return to his regiment, the doctors refused to let him, saying that he was so broken down he would be of no use there. Therefore he was transferred to the Invalid Corps, where he remained during the remainder of his term of service.

PETER P. MOODY;

son of Wm. P. and Lucy J. (Moore) Moody, was born in Loudon, March 18, 1844, and moved to Pittsfield, Dec. 1, 1851, where his father had bought a house near Chichester line. Here Plummer, as he was always called, lived until he enlisted in the Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, Feb. 12, 1864. He served with this regiment until his discharge, June 23, 1865. For a time this regiment was employed in guarding prisoners at Point Lookout, Md., then they were engaged in what is known as the siege of Petersburg. After the evacuation of that stronghold, they chased Lee's army up to and through Richmond, it being the first regiment to enter the city. While on duty here

Moody was injured in the knee by coming in contact with an artillery caisson, making a stiff joint for life.

MARTIN MULLIGAN

was born in Sherbrooke, Province of Quebec, Nov. 12, 1830. His father's name was John Mulligan, his mother's maiden name was Mary Kelley. He first came to Pittsfield about the year 1852, and was employed as a farmer previous to enlistment—was never married; served in Company D, Fifth New Hampshire volunteers. He was discharged in January, 1863, from the general hospital on account of disability. Reënlisted October 19, 1863, in Company D, Third Massachusetts cavalry, as a private. He was in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, and Nichols Gap, and was also in the Red River campaign. He received a gun-shot wound in the left fore-finger at Oak Swamp; was at one time detailed to guard stores at a place called Soldiers' Rest, in the rear of the White House.

He has pleasant recollections of President Lincoln, who frequently visited the guards, sometimes accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. At one time in the Red River campaign, when on a retreat, Mr. Mulligan met a colored man with a mule. On the back of the mule were two bags of corn, and as Mulligan had just had his second horse shot from under him he ordered the colored man to give up his mule and corn to him, which he reluctantly did. Afterwards, when in camp, Mulligan used the mule to draw camp wood by tying a tent rope to the wood and tail of the mule. He was discharged at the close of the war on the 28th day of September, 1865.

JEREMIAH M. MARSTON.

I have been able to learn but little in regard to this soldier. He was a native of Pittsfield, a son of Jere-

miah and Rhoda (Maxfield) Marston, and always resided in town until he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers. He was mustered into service September 5, 1862, and served until the close of the war, taking part in nearly all of the battles and skirmishes in which his regiment was engaged. He is reported by his comrades as being a first-class soldier. He is now living somewhere in Kansas.

EDWARD MARDEN

owned a house on Concord street. He was mustered into Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, November 23, 1861, re-enlisted February 27, 1864. He came to this town from Candia, I am told, and was fireman in the cotton factory for several years.

DAVID C. MARDEN

was a son of the above. He was employed in the cotton factory, and enlisted at the same time and in the same company with his father. He was wounded February 20, 1864, and mustered out of service December 22, 1864. Both of these men lived to return home. After searching a long time to find them I only got the address of David the day of his funeral, and have therefore been unable to learn any farther particulars concerning them.

JOHN B. MERRILL

was a son of James and Mehitable (Bradly) Merrill; was born in East Concord; came to Pittsfield about 1849. He was a shoemaker and brickmaker, and married Miss Eleanor Johnson, by whom he had several children. Enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1862, and was killed at the Battle of Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Mr. Merrill's father was a soldier in the War of 1812, and was captured by the British and held as a prisoner

for some time, being taken to England and confined in the celebrated prison at Dartmoor. His mother was a daughter of Richard Bradly, once governor of New Hampshire.

Mr. Merrill was a man of sanguine temperament and always in good spirits, but for two or three days before the Battle of Chancellorsville he seemed to be down-hearted, and his face wore a solemn expression. Some of his comrades rallied him for this, asking if he were sick. No, he was not sick.

“Then what does ail you, any way?”

“Boys,” he replied, “it is no matter to laugh at, but I shall be the next man killed in this company, and it will be at the beginning of the next battle.” And his words proved true, for scarcely had the fight begun at Chancellorsville when he was killed. An officer who heard him make the above prediction said that he watched him particularly. At first he seemed to waver for an instant, then stepped forward to duty, the next instant to fall. The premonition of death often was felt in the army, but it as often proved to be only a nervous feeling, and as soon as it passed away no more was thought of it, but when it proved too true then the dead man’s comrades treasured up the remembrance of the incident. No matter whether this feeling was a forewarning of death or not, it required the highest kind of courage to go forward and do one’s duty, believing that it would be the last act of life, and that certain death awaited you ere you could accomplish your undertaking.

J. D. MESERVE

was a member of Company B, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, mustered into service November 1, 1861. He was missing at Fort Wagner, S. C., July 18, 1863.

Of this man I have been able to learn but little. I found his name among my memoranda kept during the war, and the town books show that his family

lived here, for they drew state aid, to which all families of soldiers were entitled.

A careful inquiry among the families of that name living in this vicinity fails to discover one with the above initials or one who served in the Seventh regiment, but from statements made by other parties I am satisfied that he was a son of Ira and Sarah (Garland) Meserve. He was known among his friends as Dana Meserve.

CHARLES W. MOONEY

was a son of Rev. S. S. and Martha Mooney. His father bought a farm on Berry Pond road, where he lived about the beginning of the war. Charles at that time was too young to enlist, but in the summer of 1864 he entered Troop D, First New Hampshire cavalry, and was mustered into service June 25, and served until the close of hostilities. His present residence is unknown.

WILLIS MOSES,

now of Northwood, N. H., was a member of Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers. He was mustered into service September 5, 1862, and served until the close of the war. He was at the Battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At the latter he was severely wounded in the head by a piece of shell, but recovered in time to take part in the Battle of Gettysburg.

While stationed near Portsmouth, Va., he was taken sick and sent to the hospital at that place. From here he was transferred to Fort Schuyler in New York harbor, and after his recovery he returned to his regiment and participated in all the engagements in which this famous regiment took part. At the close of the war he was mustered out with the rest of the command.

He was born in Epsom, March 28, 1839, and was a son of Samuel and Mary (Trickey) Moses. His

early life was one of great hardship. He came to Pittsfield when but sixteen years of age and worked at shoemaking until he enlisted.

In another place I have spoken of the raid from Point Lookout into Virginia under command of Colonel Gilman Marston. This expedition was composed of about two hundred infantry from the 2d and 12th New Hampshire regiments and one hundred regular cavalry. The intention was to capture a conscript camp near Heathville, Va. Moses was a member of this expedition, and he recalls the following incidents of the four-days' raid:

When near Heathville, Orren Brock, of this town, and another soldier started for a house that stood at the end of a lane. As they approached, two rebels ran from the house to the woods. Brock told his companion to watch the house and shoot any one who might appear, while he, Brock, would run up and capture an ambulance, with a pair of fine horses attached, that stood near the building. This was done. Brock turned the team, his companion got in, and they soon overtook their command. Colonel Marston rode up and asked what he had got. Brock told him that the ambulance contained a fine saddle and bridle and a lot of papers. The colonel told him to take care of the ambulance and pick up any men who might tire out, but to give him the papers, and he and his adjutant, Lawrence, would look them over. They proved to belong to the officer in command of the conscript camp. That night Brock was detailed to go on guard, but he told the sergeant that Colonel Marston had ordered him to care for the ambulance, and that some one else must take his place. The officer had barely gone, when Brock put the saddle and bridle on one of the horses and rode out about half a mile, where he found a negro woman driving a fine pair of oxen attached to a pair of wheels. He rode up to her and demanded the whip with which she was driving. This was given him, and he rode into camp, and was received by his comrades with

cheers, for it was a novel sight to see a man on horse-back drive an ox team.

The next day, Colonel Marston, his adjutant, and an orderly rode to a house, out of which ran several of the enemy. The adjutant fired his revolver at them. Just then the orderly's horse jumped so that the ball struck the poor soldier in the head, killing him instantly. His body was placed in the ambulance and taken along.

The enemy had fled, taking away the conscripts, so the expedition turned toward the coast. When they arrived at the place of embarkation, the vessels could not get near the land, owing to shoal water. So Brock's horses and oxen were put to work to haul lumber and build a wharf. This was hardly completed and the troops aboard, when the enemy appeared with about a thousand cavalymen, but too late to capture the daring Yankees from New Hampshire.

An old adage is, "Familiarity breeds contempt." These men had become so used to death in all its forms that I have been told that when those who became exhausted on this march were placed in the ambulance, they would go to sleep, using the dead body of the orderly for a pillow.

GEORGE F. MESERVE

enlisted in 1862 in Company F, Twelfth Regiment. He was made a corporal, and was wounded May 3, 1863. He was reported as missing at Petersburg, Va., May 16, 1864. He was taken prisoner at that time and carried to Richmond; from here he was transferred to Andersonville, Ga., where he died from starvation. He was a son of Frost Meserve, who lived in the east part of the town. He married a Miss Emerson a short time before he enlisted, who lived with her uncle, Ira Emerson.

There is some question whether Meserve enlisted from this town or not. Most of the evidence shows

that he resided here at that time, and from the fact that he married a lady who had always lived here and who continued her residence for years afterwards, I have concluded to place his name among Pittsfield soldiers.

A soldier of this town, who had been away on a furlough, was returning to his command, when he reached Bladensburg, Md., I think. A man came into the car, shouting, "Right this way for dinner, only fifty cents; right this way, train will stop thirty minutes for dinner—only fifty cents." Our friend thought he could do justice to a good dinner, so he followed the man into the dining-hall, took a seat at the table, placing his haversack and canteen in a chair by his side. After eating what he wanted he went to the desk to pay his bill, and was told it would be one dollar.

"But," said the soldier, "your man in the car said it would be fifty cents."

"It is fifty cents a seat," was the reply, "and as you occupied two seats you must pay for both."

The money was paid, and our soldier went for his things. Taking up his haversack, he said, "Now I have paid for you, darn you, you have got to eat," and, to the consternation of the proprietor, he stowed away three days' rations.

RICHARD S. MORRILL

was a sailor, who made his home with his brother, Zelotus W. Morrill, formerly a well known citizen of Pittsfield, with whom his wife resided when he was at sea.

After a voyage he was at home in 1861, and enlisted and was mustered into Company B, Fifth New Hampshire volunteers, October 23, 1861; was soon after taken sick, and died November 13, 1861, at Epping, where he had gone to the home of his wife's parents. He was buried in that town.

WILLIAM WARREN MORRILL

was a brother of the above Richard S. Morrill. Warren, or "Wad," as he was called, was also a sailor, a very strong, rugged man. He enlisted in Company D, of the Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service, November 6, 1861, and was discharged for disability, July 20, 1862. He came home and died at his sister's in South Pittsfield, and is buried in that part of the town.

HENRY B. MORRILL

was another brother of the above. He, too, was of a roving disposition, and during his army life it got him into trouble. He enlisted first in Company G, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, but not liking the restraints of camp life, was not mustered. He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, and was allowed to make up his lost time by serving in the Second regiment without pay. He was not a deserter, but had a habit of being "absent without leave" when there was any service to perform. He is supposed to be dead.

JESSE M. MASON

was born in Chichester, N. H., February 22, 1830; son of Edmund and Clarissa (Ingals) Mason. He moved to Pittsfield in 1854, and by occupation was a shoemaker, and lived here until he enlisted, Aug. 11, 1862, and was mustered into Company F, Twelfth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers. After passing through the various battles in which his regiment was engaged, he was wounded at the Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864.

His regiment was ordered to charge with the bayonet upon the enemy. As Mason was rushing forward in the position so well known to all old soldiers, his right hand clasping the breech of his gun, with the

arm thrown back and elbow bent, he was struck in the shoulder by a Minié ball, which entered near the collar bone and came out at the elbow, causing a fearful wound. He was taken to the rear, his wound dressed, and then sent to Finley hospital, Washington, D. C. Here he remained for some time, and was then sent to a hospital at Augusta, Me. From here he went to Concord, N. H., and was placed in barracks on the plains east of that city. Gangrene, that dread of all wounded men, had set in, eating away the walls of one of the arteries, and all at once the blood spurted out, covering the clothes of his bed with the crimson tide. Trueworthy Eaton, a citizen of this town, who happened to be present, says that it looked as though a hog had been stuck, the bed-clothes were so covered with blood. When the wound broke open the blood spurted some three feet into the air. A surgeon who was on duty at once took up the artery, and for several days Mason remained in an unconscious condition. Although the gangrene dissolved the ligaments that held the collar bone in place so that it came out, giving Mason a stoop-shouldered appearance, yet he recovered so that from Concord he was sent back to Augusta and then transferred to Webster General hospital at Manchester, N. H., where he was discharged, June 3, 1865. His wound is rated as equal to loss of arm at elbow.

He married Mary J. Lewis, daughter of Rev. Simeon Lewis, of Dover, N. H. She died December 25, 1862, leaving four children, the eldest scarcely six years of age, the youngest but a few days. There were no relatives of either father or mother to care for these children. He is now living at Keene, N. H.

JAMES M. MASON

belonged to a patriotic family. He was a brother of David B. Mason, of Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, also of John C. Mason, Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, and

another brother, Charles F., enlisted from Loudon in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, the same company in which the subject of this sketch served. These four brothers were nephews of Jesse M. Mason, also of Company F, Twelfth regiment.

James M. Mason served very faithfully until December, 1862, when he was taken sick and was neglected by the officers whose duty it was to look after him. It is thought by his comrades that if he had had proper care he might have recovered. On January 12, 1863, he was discharged at Falmouth, and carried on board a boat for transportation home, where he died.

When the regiment went into winter quarters at Falmouth, Va., in the winter of 1862-'63, one of the Company F boys sent home for a barrel of dried apples, and procuring an old stove, started in making pies. He complained that the inside would run out in the oven between the upper and under crusts. One of his comrades told him that he must do as Aunt Betsey did at home, spit on his fingers and rub it on the under crust, then the upper crust would stick to it, "for," he continued, "spit is a good deal better than water, and twice as handy." It is said that he followed these directions with entire success.

DAVID B. MASON,

a brother of the above James M. Mason, was born in Chichester, November 12, 1839. He came to this town in 1859 to work with his uncle, Jesse M. Mason. He enlisted from Pittsfield and was mustered into Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, November 23, 1861. He was discharged at New York city, January 8, 1863, being at that time sick and pronounced incurable. He returned home, and died in Loudon in May, 1865. He is buried in a small graveyard in Chichester near the Pittsfield line.

JOHN C. MASON,

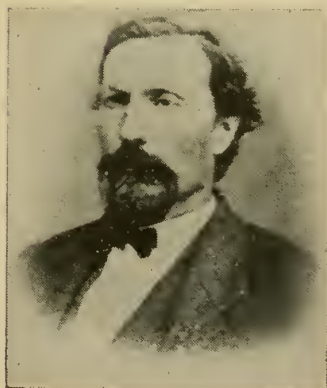
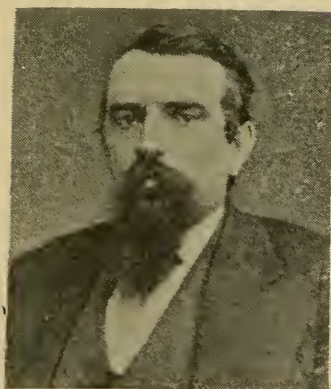
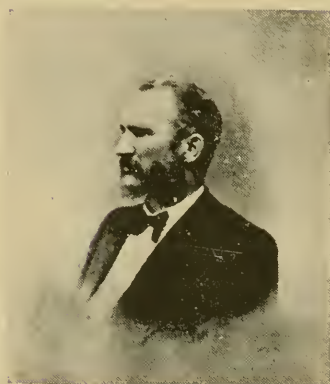
a native of Chichester but residing in Pittsfield when he enlisted, was mustered into Company G, Fifteenth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers. He had one of those happy dispositions that are always merry. Under all circumstances he was cheerful and happy. He was a faithful soldier, ever ready for duty. He belonged to a patriotic family; all of his brothers and uncles enlisted. When his regiment was homeward bound he was taken sick at Sandusky, Ohio, from drinking milk thought to have been poisoned, and when the regiment reached Cleveland young Mason was dead. This was August 3, 1863.

JEREMIAH MARSTON

was a very quiet young man. He was a son of Orren C. and Susan M. (Marston) Marston, and was born at Tamworth, N. H., April 10, 1843. He moved to Pittsfield with his parents in 1854, and worked with his father as a shoemaker. In the summer of 1862, with his neighbor and friend, R. T. Leavitt, he came to the village and enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers. He served with his company and took part in nearly all the battles in which they were engaged until June 3, 1864, when he was struck in the groin by a bullet and bled to death before medical aid could reach him.

GEORGE E. NUTTER

owned a house on Concord street. He enlisted in Company G, Seventh regiment, New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service November 23, 1861, and was discharged for disability June 5, 1863. His comrades speak in the highest praise of him, but of his history I can learn nothing more. His post-office address is Farmington, N. H.



JOHN W. PAGE.
GEORGE REYNOLDS.
H. L. ROBINSON.

J. H. PRESCOTT.
L. W. OSGOOD.
J. M. MASON.

JOHN D. NUTTER

was a shoemaker by trade. He came to Pittsfield in 1858 from Barnstead, where he was born, a son of Samuel D. and Ruth M. (Knowles) Nutter.

He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1862, and went with the regiment south. On the 17th of October the regiment moved from Washington to Knoxville, Md. The night before Nutter had been on guard. The day was warm, and he climbed to the top of the freight cars in which the regiment was riding. Just at dark he fell asleep, and as the train rounded a curve he rolled off into the bushes. He was not injured, but, thoroughly awake, he at once started after his comrades. It was a long tramp for a tired man—nine miles—but he reached his regiment early the next morning.

He was engaged in all the battles of his regiment except Chancellorsville; at that time he was detailed to drive team. He was a good soldier and an expert shot, and generally in every fight he was detailed as a sharpshooter. At the Battle of Gettysburg he was wounded in the left ankle, while helping his comrade, Ira Merserve, from the field. He served until the close of the war, and was mustered out with his regiment.

His home is now in Lynn, Mass.

LEWIS W. OSGOOD

was captain of Company G, Fifteenth regiment, New Hampshire volunteers. He was one of the finest looking men who went into the army. A lady in New Orleans said that he resembled very closely Captain Semmes, of the rebel pirate, Alabama,—indeed, when she first saw him she thought it was her friend. Captain Osgood was full six feet high, broad shouldered, with a very pleasant countenance and pleasing address. He was a son of Greenleaf and Nancy (Mer-

rill) Osgood; his father was a well known merchant of this town. He was born in Belmont, then a part of Gilmanston, July 31, 1835. He attended school in that town, fitted for college at the seminary in Tilton, and entered the Wesleyan university at Middletown, Conn., in 1856.

While getting his education he paid his way by teaching. For some time he, assisted by his sister, Augusta, taught the academy at Loudon Mills, N. H. As soon as he graduated, he commenced the study of law in the office of Minot & Mugridge in Concord. In 1862 he raised a company of men, a large part of whom were from Pittsfield and adjoining towns.

So popular was he with his men before they left the state, that they voluntarily subscribed money and bought him an elegant sword, which they presented to him,—indeed the sword was so fine that, according to army regulations, a line officer could not wear it, and permission had to be obtained from the commanding officer to allow him to do so.

He served with the regiment at Long Island, Carrollton, La., Camp Parapet, La., and Port Hudson. At one time he was assistant provost-marshal of Carrollton. During the siege of Port Hudson, Captain Osgood was wounded in the leg. The wound was considered slight at first, but, owing to the debilitated state of his system, he was sick for a long time. He was first sent to Baton Rouge and placed in a hospital; from there he went to New Orleans, but finally rejoined his regiment at Port Hudson a few days before they started for home. But he did not take command of his company again; for months after he reached Pittsfield he was confined to his room. His discharge is dated August 13, 1863—cause. expiration of term of service. He lived in or near Boston when he died, twenty years ago, from disease contracted in the service.

JOHN W. PAGE

was born at Hampton Falls, September 10, 1833. He was a son of James and ——— (Smith) Page. He came to Pittsfield to live in the year 1852 and married Mandana Lock, of Epsom, and had two children living when he enlisted in Company I, of the Sixth New Hampshire volunteers, being the only man from this town in that regiment.

He was mustered into the United States service, November 28, 1861, at Keene, N. H., and soon after left for Washington. This regiment was a part of Burnside's expedition to Cape Hatteras, and was afterwards stationed at Roanoke Island, then at Newbern, N. C. From here they went to Aquia Creek, Va., then to Falmouth, and soon after took part in the engagement at Slaughter or Cedar Mountain. They then went to Washington Junction, and were in the fight at that place; then to Mannassas Junction, and were in the second Battle of Bull Run. From there they marched to Fairfax Court House, and crossed into Maryland, and were in the terrible Battle of Antietam. Here his comrade, G. Melvin Sherburn, lost a leg, and Page was detailed to care for him, so was not in the next two battles in which his regiment was engaged.

The regiment then went to Kentucky; they first guarded a stockade to protect the bridge at Frankfort, then they went to Louisville, from there to Bowling Green, then to Russellville in Tennessee. While on this march Page says they were short of food, and one of his comrades got a can of cucumber pickles, holding about two quarts, and ate them all,—which killed him.

While in this section the men got very lousy, one man's shirt was so full of these "greybacks" that it would move, as the insects crawled over it. One of the men did a lot of washing for the company, and so many lice came to the surface of the water that it looked like a kettle of rice.

From June 15 to July 4, 1863, he was with General Grant's army besieging Vicksburg, and scarcely had this stronghold surrendered when his regiment, with others, was sent to Jackson, Miss., and from July 8 to the 15th they were engaged with the rebel army at that place.

Page reënlisted in the field December 19, 1863, and came home on a furlough, after which he rejoined his regiment at Washington. He was in the Battle of the Wilderness May 6, 1864, then the disastrous Battle of Cold Harbor, and through the siege of Petersburg without getting wounded, although his clothing was pierced several times. Just as the rebels evacuated the last named place, a spent grape shot struck him on the head, rendering him unconscious for a season—not breaking the skin, but raising a large lump on his forehead. His regiment marched through Petersburg and were stationed at Burksville when Lee surrendered.

As soon as the war closed the regiment came home and was mustered out of service at Concord. Page immediately returned to Pittsfield, where he has since resided.

JOHN H. PRESCOTT

was born in Pittsfield, where the high school building now stands, October 14, 1840, and was the oldest son of John and Mary (Clarke) Prescott. A few years later his father exchanged his village residence for a farm in the southern part of the town, where he spent his early years, having but little time or opportunity for mental culture; but his ambition to acquire knowledge, strengthened by his own native energy, and aided by such assistance as his parents were able to render him, suffered not the years of his adolescence to pass without securing for himself so much of an academic education as was sufficient to lay the foundation of his future usefulness.

On the 18th day of August, 1862, he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers,

and acted as commissary sergeant of the regiment until receiving his first commission, in December of the following year. From that date to the end of the war he was most of the time on detached duty, acting as aide-de-camp on the staffs of Generals Wistar, Steadman, Smith, Weitzel, Potter, and Donahue, and participating in the battles of Bermuda Hundred, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, Port Walthall, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg, Cemetery Hill, and the capture of Richmond.

He was also present with his regiment, although not in the ranks, at the great battles of Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Chancellorsville, in all of which he stood manfully at his post of duty, regardless of toil or danger, and in the last named proved that the blood of his grandsire, Samuel Prescott, of the Revolution, still coursed in his veins, by begging permission of Colonel Potter to leave the supply train and follow his regiment into battle, which he did until a rebel bullet pierced the visor of his cap, and he found himself busy, far in advance of the stretcher-bearers, in caring for the wounded and dying, and in disarming the stray "Johnnies" that he found inside our lines.

At Port Walthall, while dismounted for the purpose of reconnoitering the position of the enemy, he suddenly but unwillingly presented himself as a conspicuous target for a score or more of rebel cavalry, who, with levelled carbines, demanded his surrender, and only saved himself from capture or death by a cool head and swift feet.

He was brigade officer of the day when Richmond was evacuated, and one of the first, after the picket line, to enter the city; and probably the very first Union soldier that ever voluntarily entered within the walls of Libby prison. Finding himself at early morn inside the fortifications of the rebel citadel, his first thought was of the Union soldiers confined in that loathsome prison-house, and he immediately hastened thither, only to find it, like the Southern Confederacy,

but an empty shell. A large key that he picked up on one of the floors he carried away and kept as a prized relic of that noted building, and a quick reminder of the day when he first visited it. Many other interesting incidents of his army life, illustrative of his experiences as a soldier and characteristic of the man, might be written if space permitted. September 2, 1864, he was promoted to captain, which rank he held, though deserving a much higher, when discharged from the service June 21, 1865.

Captain Prescott was a fine scholar and did not entirely relinquish his studies even while in the army, for he sent home by a comrade and secured some books, which he studied while in winter quarters. He was very popular, not only with his schoolmates and friends, but with his comrades in the army as well. His death at Salina, Kan., in 1891, caused deep mourning among his many friends.

JOHN H. PHILBRICK

came to Pittsfield about 1857, to work at shoemaking. He was a son of John H. F. and Martha (Ham) Philbrick, and was born in Epsom, January 17, 1836. January 5, 1859, he married Mary A. Durgin, of Pittsfield, and when he enlisted, in September, 1862, he left two children with his wife.

He was promoted to corporal February 2, 1863. At the Battle of Chancellorsville, the following May 3, he was slightly wounded. He was promoted to sergeant December 1, 1863. He took part in the battles of Fredericksburg, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff. At Petersburg he was again wounded, this time in the neck.

While the regiment was encamped at Point Lookout, during the winter of 1863-'64, Sergeant Philbrick was sent home on recruiting service, and after his return he served with the regiment until his discharge at the close of the war. I understand that Philbrick is now in Danvers, Mass.

ALFRED C. RICHARDS

was a well known musician in this town. For many years he taught the art of singing in this and adjoining towns. He was born in Goffstown, N. H., November 3, 1835. He was a son of Eaton Richards and Lucy J. Moore. He first came to Pittsfield with his mother, who had married William Moody, in 1842. Two years later he moved to Loudon, and from there to Chichester; then in 1852 he came to Pittsfield, and resided here until he enlisted. In 1857 he married Miss Susan P. Eastman, and is now living in Deerfield.

On the 29th day of July, 1861, he enlisted in Company B, Third New Hampshire volunteers, and served continuously until his discharge, July 28, 1865, by reason of the close of the war,—making exactly four years' service. Having enlisted the first time for three years, he reënlisted at Hilton Head, S. C., on the 24th day of February, 1863.

He was on detached duty for some time in the ordnance department, and stationed at Botany Bay, S. C., under Captain Ordway. After Morris Island he was again detailed as cook in the hospital at that place. He took part in every engagement that his regiment participated in, except that at Fort Fisher, being at that time on detached duty. He was severely injured at Graham's Plantation, on Hilton Head Island. He served in the army under the name of Moody.

ALBERT G. H. RING

always made his home in Pittsfield, where he was born April 29, 1825. He was a son of Richard and Mary F. Ring. He was a painter by trade, and often went to Massachusetts to work for a season. While in Boston he enlisted a year or two before the war in the afterward famous Nims' Battery.

When the war broke out this battery went into

camp near Boston, and while drilling Ring was injured so that he could not be mustered into service. He came home to Pittsfield, and as soon as he recovered he enlisted in Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and went into camp at Manchester. There was such a demand for men that understood battery drill that he was transferred to Comstock's battery, which became Battery M, of Third Rhode Island heavy artillery.

When his son, Charles O. Ring, was killed, he applied for a furlough to go to Pinckney Island and get the body, but could not get one. He called on General Hunter and laid the case before him, and this officer issued a special order directing Ring to procure the body of his son, transport it to Concord, and then report for duty at Washington. This he did, and remained in the fortifications around that city until the close of the war.

While waiting here for transportation to his regiment, the rebels under General Early made their famous raid on the capital. Ring volunteered in a regiment of infantry that was organized for temporary service in Washington, and did good service in defending the city from the enemy. This action of Ring's caused a confusion of the accounts of the paymaster, for Ring had drawn pay while in the temporary service, and was also borne on the rolls of his battery as a member. It was several years later before he secured his pay. He died August 2, 1889, at Pittsfield.

Comrade Ring was very active in forming the Grand Army post in this town, and they have had his picture inserted in this history.

CHARLES O. RING.

One of the popular young men in this town in 1861 was Charles O. Ring, who was born in Barnstead, March 14, 1844. When but nine months old his mother, Mary A. Ring, moved to Pittsfield. Here

Charles grew to manhood, attending our public school and academy.

In 1861 he enlisted, August 23, in Company H, Third New Hampshire volunteers, in the same company that his cousin, John Brooks, served. The regiment left the state September 3, and proceeded to Port Royal. On the night of August 21, 1862, while his company were sleeping in a house on Pinckney Island, the enemy surprised them; some of them jumped from the windows and saved themselves, but young Ring seized his rifle, rushed out of the door, and took his place beside his captain. Here he received five bullet wounds, and as he fell he crawled under the house; but the rebels were not content to let him die thus, and stabbed him seven times with the bayonet. After the enemy was repulsed he was taken to the hospital, where he lived twelve hours. On the way he begged of his comrades to take his knife and cut the boot from his wounded foot for he suffered intense pain from the bayonet wounds; they did so, and it relieved him at once.

His father, A. G. H. Ring, who belonged to the Third Rhode Island heavy artillery, obtained permission, went down, secured the body, and brought it home, reaching Concord September 11, 1862.

He was buried in the rear of the town hall, but after the new cemetery was opened his body was removed to that beautiful resting-place of the dead.

ALBEE R. REYNOLDS

enlisted in Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service November 23, 1861, and was mustered out December 22, 1864.

He was born in Candia, September 21, 1843, and when about twelve years of age he came to Pittsfield to live with his uncle, the late Owen Reynolds. He was a shoemaker by trade; married Miss Josephine Eaton, and had one child. If alive, his residence is unknown.

HENRY L. ROBINSON

was born near Ewer's Mills, East Concord, N. H., May 13, 1841. October 11, 1856, he came to Pittsfield to live and learn the trade of shoemaking. He attended the public schools at Concord and Pittsfield, and at the academy in the latter town,—working at his trade night and morning to pay his way.

On the breaking out of the war, he at once enlisted, driving to Concord the same night that news had been brought to town that a recruiting office had been opened there, but was rejected for physical reasons. Again in July he enlisted, and was again rejected. October 28 he enlisted, and was mustered into Company G, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, and was made company cook. He served with his company at Manchester, N. H.; Fort Independence (Boston, Mass.), and Ship Island, Miss., where he was taken sick and sent to the hospital, and discharged April 10, 1862.

As there were no ambulances on the island, he was carried in a blanket by his comrades some two miles, and laid on the sand in a tent to wait until a ship was ready to convey him home. He was carried in the same manner on board the *Undaunted* and placed in a bunk. There were some six hundred sick on board beside the crews of two blockade-runners, and only one doctor, and the only remedy he had was Epsom salts. But as soon as the ship sailed, and the "wind-sails" were put in place, giving a cool draught of air, many of the sick began to revive.

General Butler, in his book, in speaking about the water on Ship Island, and telling how it was procured by sinking a headless barrel in the sand, says.—“But I learned another fact about it; and this was that after a few days the water would become impure, emitting a very perceptible and offensive odor of decaying animal matter, and then that barrel would have to be abandoned.” Now General Butler don't know

how Ship Island water *can stink*. The *Undaunted* was supplied with iron tanks on deck. These were very rusty, and were filled with Ship Island water for the use of the troops. The rolling of the vessel washed the rust off so that the water was the color of floor paint; and as it rotted, as all stagnant water will, the smell was so offensive that the men had to hold their noses when they gulped it down.

When off Cape Hatteras the vessel was struck by a squall; the main and mizzen masts were broken off, and all of the sails of the foremast but one were blown away, and the beautiful ship was a drifting hulk. The vessel had sprung a leak, and the pumps had to be worked every day to keep her afloat. When off Cape Cod, signals were made, and a tug came out and towed the transport to Boston where she arrived June 2. Robinson was conveyed to Camp Cameron, near Boston, where he was paid the first money he had received since enlisting.

After the *Undaunted* was wrecked, the men were put upon an allowance of one pint of water, such as has just been described, per day. The thirst of the men almost crazed them. As they lay on the hot decks of the vessel, visions of cool springs at home were constantly in their minds. Robinson wrote, soon after reaching home, to a friend:

On the east side of Catamount mountain, opposite the Berry school-house, is a spring of the purest water that ever gushed from the bosom of earth. This water is cool and delicious in summer, and never freezes in winter, the green moss around it showing amid the snow, like a handful of summer thrown into the lap of winter. After our wreck this spring was continually before my mind; I would think of it by day and dream of it by night.

The sailors had plenty of good water aboard, but we were not allowed any of it. Once, while between decks where our bunks were, I tried to find a cooler place near the ship's water tank. It was perfectly dark. In feeling along the top, my hand came in contact with the cover of the man-hole that was used in cleaning out the tank when in port. It was

fastened so that I could not move it. That night I secured a bar, and, with the help of one or two comrades that I had let into the secret while the others were at breakfast, removed the cover. But the water was too low for us to reach with our dippers, so one of us procured a bottle and some "spun yarn." We got a sailor to show us how to "gauge" the yarn to the bottle; then we lowered it into the tank, and by working it back and forth were able after a long time to get a swallow of pure water; but it was a slow, tedious process, and but a very few of the six hundred men aboard the vessel received any benefit from it.

Soon after his return to Pittsfield his health began to improve and he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth regiment, October 11, 1862. I make the following extract from the history of the Fifteenth, written by Charles Mc Gregor of Nashua :

The next day after landing at Carrollton, La., he (Robinson) was sent on detached duty, driving team for a few days; then he went on a flag-of-truce boat, the *Zephyr*, to Sabine Pass in Texas to get a lot of men, women, and children that had been held as prisoners of war by the rebels for twenty-two months, having been surrendered by General Twiggs. It was the Eighth regiment of regulars. The condition of these poor people he says was extremely deplorable. They had received no pay or clothing during all of this time. There was only a piece of an overcoat in all of the regiment, no tents—only a tent-fly—and these people had marched eleven hundred miles, the men carrying the women and children when any of them were sick. One child was born on the march. After resting for three days, the mother and child were placed in the tent-fly and carried along by the men.

After his return to Carrollton from this expedition, he was made ambulance master for the Department of the Gulf. At one time he was to go to Bonet Carrie to examine some ambulances. As the distance was some thirty miles, most of which was outside of our lines, he made arrangements to go with a wagon-master by the name of Miller, who was to make the

trip the next day. That night Robinson was restless and could not sleep. The moon was shining brightly so he concluded to saddle up his horse "Stonewall," and make the journey in the night. Taking a nose-bag of oats for his horse he started. When he got about half way at a place called the Doctor's plantation, he stopped, fed his horse, took a bite of hard-tack himself, and then pushed on. He arrived at Bonet Carrie by daylight and at 8 o'clock had completed his business.

Now he had had many disputes with Miller in regard to "Stonewall," Robinson claiming that his horse could go farther in twenty-four hours than any other horse in Louisiana. By 9 o'clock he was again on the road, thinking to meet Miller at the doctor's or the little red church at noontime.

As he neared the spot, intending to surprise Miller, he was himself surprised by seeing Miller's wagon train making east on the road that led in that direction from the doctor's house, across the country. They were some three fourths of a mile away. Taking off his hat and swinging it he gave a terrific yell, and drawing his revolver he discharged it in the air, at the same time urging his horse forward. He passed the doctor's house, and around the corner of the road he then saw that the teams had halted. Thinking that Miller had lost his way he then jogged along slowly.

When he reached the wagon train he learned that while the mules and men were eating their dinner, a company of rebels had swooped down on them, made them their prisoners, and were taking them off into the Confederacy, but when they saw him coming they had abandoned their booty, and taking Miller with them had fled.

Taking charge of the teams Robinson started for Carrollton. At an abandoned plantation he loaded up with sugar, putting two hogsheads in each of the twenty-two wagons. He did not reach the Parapet until after dark and was passed through by the officer

of the guard, who happened to be Lieutenant Joseph G. Ayers of his own company.

The next morning he turned over to Post Quartermaster Holmes over thirty tons of sugar. This officer placed Robinson in charge of this wagon train, which position he retained as long as he was in the service.

A few days later Miller returned, having been paroled. He said that the rebels thought (and he shared their belief) that a whole company of our cavalry were after them, while Robinson declares that if he had known the situation, he should have turned and fled to Bonet Carrie.

After that Robinson was busy moving supplies, hauling wood, etc., to the various regiments at Camp Parapet. One time while getting wood he was shot at by a bushwhacker, and his horse was wounded so that he died. He also went on an expedition to Bloxi, Miss., with a Texas (Union) regiment of cavalry.

When General Banks made his first movement to Port Hudson, Robinson went with his teams, and after Banks's return, he started with the army up the Tesche, but was taken sick and sent back to Carrollton, then to Camp Parapet; but when he arrived at the latter place, his regiment had gone to Port Hudson, where he rejoined it after an absence of nearly eight months.

Soon after taking charge of the wagon train he went with a lot of wood to the Fifteenth New Hampshire. While his men were unloading, one of the lead mules kicked over the traces. Robinson took a whip, and commenced striking the animal to make him kick back. Lieutenant-Colonel Frost came along and said:

"Stop striking that mule! Take hold of his foot and put it back."

"I don't dare to," was the reply.

"I will never ask a man to do what I dare not do," said the officer, as he stepped forward and reached for the quadruped's foot. But that mule had no respect for

shoulder-straps and let drive, striking the lieutenant-colonel a terrific blow, landing him in the mud some two rods away. Soon afterwards the officer resigned.

DANIEL W. ROBINSON,

better known as "Webb," a brother of the above, was born at East Concord, May 10, 1843; came to Pittsfield in 1858, to work at shoemaking with Samuel D. Davis; remained in town until he enlisted and was mustered into Company A, Fifth New Hampshire volunteers, October 12, 1861.

He served with this regiment through the Peninsular campaign. While engaged in building bridges across the swamps of the Chickahominy he contracted rheumatism and disease of the heart and was sent to Shipping Point and placed in a hospital. He was discharged May 14, 1862, and sent home. He arrived at his father's house in Concord on the night of June 1, a mere skeleton. He was at that time hardly able to move.

I cannot refrain from giving an extract from Colonel Cross's report of the service of the Fifth New Hampshire in 1862, showing some of the hardships which the men of this regiment had to endure. On the 10th of March they were ordered to Warrenton. Colonel Cross says:

"On the march to Warrenton Junction the entire force were obliged to ford creeks and rivers—some of them waist-deep, crossing five of these fords in one day. Guard and picket duty was severe, the weather cold and rainy, the roads almost impassable. Often the men could build no fires, often the ground was so wet and muddy that they could not lie down.

There were no tents, no wagons, no cooking utensils but tin cups. We endured these hardships for thirty-one days.

* * * * *

The weather was cold and wet when we reached Shipping Point (April 5), and the men were obliged to wade ashore from the vessels and camp on the water-soaked earth with

no tents. My regiment was at once set to work making 'corduroy roads' through a swamp, and building bridges. Added to this hard labor in mud and water, the locality itself was very unhealthy."

As soon as he was able he returned to Pittsfield and worked at his trade. He married Ann, daughter of the late John C. Berry, and had one son. Not satisfied with his first experience as a soldier he enlisted in Troop D, First New Hampshire cavalry, June 25, 1864, and served with them until the spring of 1865, when his old enemy, rheumatism, again attacked him and he was discharged just as the war closed. He is now a prosperous farmer at Wautoma, Wis.

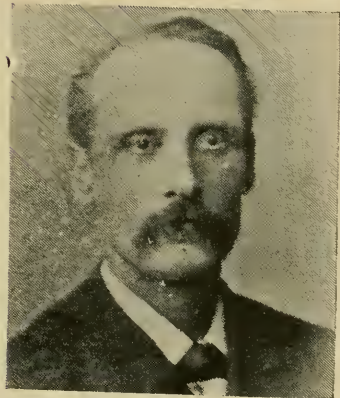
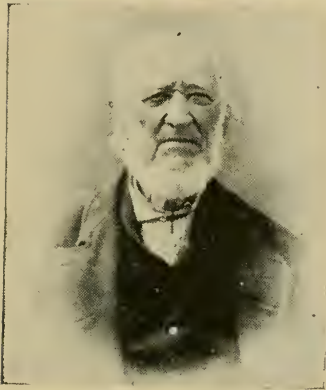
GEORGE H. REYNOLDS

was born in the town of New Durham, May 29, 1840, and was shot at Chancellorsville, May 3, 1863. Mr. Reynolds was a student in the academy at the breaking out of the war. He had previously lived in town for several years, and both among the citizens and his schoolmates he had many warm friends. On his last visit to Pittsfield he met many of his friends in the academy hall. He told them he should never see them again; when he left the state it would be never to return. His friends tried to get this idea out of his head, but in vain. While aiding a wounded comrade he was shot and killed, as above stated.

He was a member of Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers. He was as popular among his comrades as he had been among his townsmen.

WILLIAM O. RING.

In the western part of Pittsfield lived Jeremiah Ring and his wife, Mary (Nutter) Ring. They had but one child, W. O. Ring, who was born on the old homestead, August 21, 1841. He lived with his parents until the breaking out of the war, when he



CHAS. O. RING.
GEORGE SNELL.
G. H. SANBORN.

W. O. RING.
C. L. SWEATT.
A. G. H. RING.

wanted to enlist, but his parents opposed it and induced him to go to Newport, Vt., and work in a sash and blind shop.

Soon after the raid by the rebels on St. Albans, Vt., he joined a company of cavalry at Newport to serve in the state; but finding that he would see no active service, he left, went to Boston, and enlisted in Company E, Twenty-third Massachusetts infantry, and was sent to Galloupe's Island. He had been here some time before his parents learned what he had done. He went with his command to Fortress Monroe, from there to Norfolk, Va., then to Roanoke Island, from there through the Dismal Swamp canal to Morehead City, then to Newbern, N. C. He was in the skirmish at Kingston, and the Battle of Goldsboro. From there they marched to Raleigh, then back to Newbern. This was what is known in history as the "Goldsboro Raid." It helped Sherman in his march through the Carolinas, which finally closed the war. The regiment was so reduced that it was placed on provost duty guarding the city, and forwarding supplies to the army that was fighting Johnson. Ring remained here until the close of hostilities, when he was discharged, and has ever since lived in this town.

During the raid already alluded to, Ring was detailed to act as a forager. In company with a comrade he rode up to a house that stood some forty rods from the main road. The buildings were of the same character found in that portion of the South. In the lane leading to the house they found a sow with a litter of pigs some eight or ten weeks old, that were plump, pretty little fellows. The two men hitched their horses to the fence and at once gave chase. The hog and her babies ran into a building that was evidently intended for their home, the only door being about two feet high. Ring's comrade ran around the building to drive the occupants out by pounding on the boards, while Ring got down on hands and knees beside the door to catch the pigs when they ran out.

So intent was he in peering through a crack,

watching the pigs, that he paid no attention to the woman who appeared on the scene with a hickory broom, and he received a blow on his person where he least expected it, and where he has never been able to examine it—in fact it was where his mother applied the slipper when she chastised him.

Just then the pigs made a dash for the door. As they rushed through Ring caught two by the hind legs, who at once set up a most unearthly squealing. Armed with these he commenced to defend himself from the attacks of the woman and broom, and soon he was chasing her around the buildings and finally into the house,—he continually swinging the pigs, and she making double-quick time with her broom at “right shoulder shift.” More of his comrades coming up, the rest of the booty was soon secured.

JAMES W. ROGERS.

Jacob Rogers kept a hotel in the brick house on the corner of Main and Bank streets, now owned by John A. Goss. Here, on the 7th of June, 1839, was born his son, James W. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers, whose maiden name was Hannah Kelly, was a cousin of ex-Governor Anthony Colby, who was adjutant general of New Hampshire at the time James enlisted.

He spent his entire boyhood in this town, and enlisted in Company B, Second New Hampshire volunteers, in June, 1861. His comrades speak in the highest terms regarding him as a soldier. His tent-mate, N. W. Adams, says that he was one of the best in that famous regiment.

At Point Lookout, where the Second and Twelfth regiments were guarding prisoners, Rogers one dark night walked off from the stage and fell the distance of 16 feet, putting out of joint both wrists. The prisoners were confined within a stockade that was about twenty feet high. The stage on which the sentry walked was on the outside of this stockade and about three feet lower than the top of it. The outside of

the stage was protected by a hand-rail. At each corner were stairs or ladders by which the stage was reached from the ground. It was at one of these corners that the accident happened.

In the second Battle of Bull Run he was wounded in the shoulder quite severely. Again, at the Battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, he was wounded in the foot. He was subsequently sent to the hospital at Philadelphia, where he remained until his discharge, August 20, 1864. After a while he again enlisted, but was rejected on account of the wound in his foot, which would not allow him to make long marches.

At Harrison's Landing, the rebels were between two fires—our gunboats on the river James and our army. Some of the shells from our gunboats did not burst at the right moment, but passed harmlessly over the enemy to burst in our own ranks. One of these struck not three feet from Rogers and exploded in the ground, enveloping him in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which he emerged terribly frightened, but without a scratch or bruise resulting from the affair. He is supposed by his friends to be dead.

While on one of the long marches, food was scarce and our friend was hungry. All the houses along the route had been cleared of eatables. Jim found an old house or hut away from the road, with no one at home save a slatternly looking woman and two or three tow-headed children. He inquired if she had anything to eat that she would sell. She replied that she had some corn pones that she had just baked, which she would sell at ten cents each. Jim and a companion seated themselves on a log and began eating the bread. Jim had devoured about half of one of the pones when he found a feather in it. Pulling it out, he called out:

“Here, old woman, is a feather in your pone!” and she replied:

“Lor', yes; I've been tellin' my old man for more'n two weeks that he'd got to either move the hen's roost or cover up the meal-barrel.”

EDWARD S. SMALL

was a grandson of John Small, a Revolutionary soldier, who lived near where the depot now is. Edward's mother married the late Thomas P. Woodman. He was a native of this town, and always lived here until he enlisted in Company B, Second New Hampshire volunteers.

At the Battle of Gettysburg, July 2, 1863, he was wounded, but recovered and served out his time, and was finally mustered out September 8, 1864. I regret that I have been unable to secure more complete data for so good a soldier. I am told that he is still living near Boston, Mass.

The Battle of Williamsburg was fought in a cold, drizzling rain. Our army had bivouacked the night before (which means that they had slept on the bare ground, with nothing over them but the clouds of heaven). The fight had barely opened when General Grover came riding up to the Second New Hampshire and said,—“I want that New Hampshire company with the patent rifles. Where are they?” (This was Company B, armed with Sharp's rifles.) They, with Company E, were detached and sent forward as skirmishers. In these two companies were the Pittsfield men. While they advanced, the brigade formed in line of battle. The skirmishers soon came upon an abattis of felled trees almost impossible to get through, but they wormed their way along, sometimes over, but always getting in a shot where there was a chance. After passing this abattis, there was an open field and, beyond it, Fort Magruder. From this fort a storm of shot and shell was poured into the abattis, but our boys replied with so much vigor and such deadly aim that for three hours they kept the overwhelming rebel force at bay. Our men acted as sharpshooters.

“There,” shouted Small, who had been waiting and watching a particular place in the fort, and then fired at his man, “I hit that fellow in the head, and he was black enough to be a negro!”

The next day an Indian sharpshooter was found dead at the place indicated by Small, with a hole drilled through his head.

Again: At Chickahominy, these same men were detailed as sharpshooters. An old chimney stood midway of the field, where a house had been burned. A squad of our men, most of them were from this town—Adams, Brock, Chesley, Rogers, Small, and perhaps some others—took possession of this advanced post; and from this vantage-ground poured a fire into the enemy, with such rapidity and deadly effect that the enemy abandoned that part of the field for a while, and sent a battery to tumble the chimney down about our boys' ears. But their comrades in the rear were prepared for just this move and had two pieces of artillery ready, and before the rebels could unlimber their pieces we planted one shot fair in their ammunition chest, and next killed two horses on one of their guns, while the men at the chimney, who had received a new supply of ammunition, poured in such a deadly fire that the enemy got away from there as quickly as they could.

CHARLES L. SWEATT.

For years previous to the war Charles Sweatt was considered the "crack shot" of this section of the state, and after his entry into the service he maintained his reputation as a marksman. He was born at Boscawen, June 4, 1836, his parents being Stephen and Judith (Little) Sweatt. In 1844 the family moved to Pittsfield, where Charles has since resided, except three years in Penacook and one year each in Manchester and Worcester, Mass. By occupation he has been a miller and general mechanic. He was mustered into Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1862, and served with his regiment most of the time until the close of the war.

Soon after the Battle of Fredericksburg, in which he was engaged, he was detailed as orderly at General

Whipple's headquarters. Here he was taken sick, sent to Fortress Monroe general hospital, then to Manchester, N. H. He rejoined his regiment and participated in the battles of Drury's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and several other engagements.

Besides being a crack shot he was a noted forager. He did not believe in going hungry if the enemy had anything to eat that he could get hold of. He was fond of organizing little parties and scouring the country for food. In this matter his views did not coincide with those of General Sturgis, in whose command his regiment served, and who did not want to injure the feelings of the rebels by taking their beef, corn, or mutton, because they might get so mad that they would never return to the Union.

One day while our friend and four other comrades were busily engaged in helping Uncle Sam supply the needs of the hungry soldiers, a squad of General Sturgis's men came down upon them and made them prisoners for two days; but this did not stop these men from hunting for something to eat when they were hungry.

During what is known as the siege of Petersburg, the soldiers were fed on dessicated vegetables, the most abominable food ever served to man. I hope the inventor of it was hung long ago. Sweatt and George H. Sanborn of this town got tired of this, so securing some sacks they started out, and after a tramp of many miles they filled their bags with cabbage, beets, and turnips, and slinging them on poles marched back to camp. The next day Sanborn cooked a fine boiled dinner—enough to feed every man in the company—and took it to them in the trenches when he was so fearfully wounded.

At another time, they had been living for a long time on salt meat, when he discovered a stray calf. He did not dare shoot it, for fear of attracting the attention of some lurking enemy, so he and his companions gave chase. It was a long run across fields and through woods. At length the animal was

caught, only to find out that it was so poor that no one could eat it and they had to let the poor thing go. He calls this one of the great disappointments of his life. His home is still in Pittsfield.

GEORGE SNELL.

We now come to one of the most unique characters of the war. Mr. Snell was born in Barnstead, March 29, 1806. His parents were Thomas and Hannah (Meserve) Snell. When nine years of age, his family moved to Pittsfield, where they remained a short time. They then went to Wakefield, and remained one year. This was in 1816, known as the famine year. From here they went to Rochester and lived four years, then to Chelsea, Mass.

Here Mr. Snell was employed as a brickmaker in the yards at Charlestown, and was in the gang with John R. Buzzell from this town, who was arrested for burning the convent at Somerville, and whose trial for the crime of arson, and subsequent acquittal, was the most famous that ever took place in New England.

After this Mr. Snell removed to Pittsfield and took up the trade of shoemaking, which he followed for thirty-five years. His first wife was Miss Hannah Watson, by whom he had three children. After her death he married Miss Louisa Jones.

In September, 1862, he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, and followed the fortunes of this regiment until the expiration of his term of service. For a man of his age he did excellent service at Carrollton and Camp Parapet, and also during the long siege of Port Hudson. His familiar form is still seen on our streets nearly every day.

SYLVANUS SMITH

was born at Meredith Neck, some time in February, 1831. He was a son of Elisha and Phœbe (Ring) Smith, therefore a nephew of the late Richard Ring.

He came to Pittsfield about 1853 or 1854, and worked as a butcher for the late J. H. Foss, and still later as clerk in a store, and was also at one time in business for himself. He married Miss Lizzie Batchelder.

He enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 8, 1862, as first lieutenant, and acted as commissary of the regiment. He resigned February 3, 1863. His present address is Newington, Conn.

ISAIAH SWAIN,

a son of Judith Sargent, was born in Pittsfield and always worked on a farm until he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers. He served out his enlistment and was a good soldier. While on the way home he was taken sick and left at Cairo, Ill., and was probably carried to Mound City and died there. Swain was a man of very small stature, too small in fact for a soldier. By putting false soles inside of his stockings and combing his hair to stand up, he managed to pass muster. One day before being mustered the regiment was inspected. As Swain stood at the foot of his company he scraped with his feet a pile of dirt, on which he stood; as the colonel looked him over he said,—“I guess you will do, for what you lack in height you make up in sand.”

CHARLES SPURLIN.

In the early annals of Pittsfield the name of Green stands prominent and for one branch of this family one of the streets of our village is named. Charles Spurlin was a son of Benjamin and Sarah (Green) Spurlin, and was born in Pittsfield, November 7, 1837. In early life he had an attack of scarlet fever that always affected his after life. He was, previous to enlistment, a laborer.

He entered Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, November 23, 1861, and served with that organization for three years, taking part in all of its

marches, and was in nearly every engagement in which the regiment took part. While in the service he contracted the small pox, which affected his eyes for nearly a year. He was mustered out of service December 22, 1864, and is now living at Epsom, N. H.

Some people think it smart, if a person is a little weak, to guy him. A man who kept a store in town would on all occasions talk to Comrade Spurlin in such a way as to make the crowd of loafers that hung around his store laugh at the expense of our friend. One day he had been a little more overbearing than usual, when Spurlin said, "Can you tell me the difference between a pancake and a potato?" After a minute's thought the trader replied "No, I am sure I can't; what is it?"

Charles answered, "If you don't know enough to tell the difference between a pancake and a potato, I shouldn't think you would know enough to sell groceries."

GEORGE S. SMITH

was born in Pittsfield, April 14, 1841. His father, Nathaniel Smith, moved to Chichester, where George resided until his marriage to Miss Arvilla Fellows, when he returned to this town, where their child, a daughter, was born. He was mustered into Company D, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, October 8, 1862, and was mustered out August 13, 1863. Comrade Smith went into camp at Concord. While on guard he contracted a severe cold which produced pneumonia, and this ended in consumption, of which he died in December, 1865. He did not leave the state.

EBENEZER B. SARGENT,

Uncle Ben, as he is familiarly called by his comrades, was born in Loudon, April 11, 1821. His father was Ebenezer Sargent, a son of Benjamin Sargent, the first minister of Pittsfield. His mother was, before

her marriage, Miss Annie Batchelder. When Comrade Sargent was quite young his parents moved to Pittsfield and lived here until he was eleven years of age, when his parents went to Epsom to reside. There he remained until he was seventeen, when the family returned to Pittsfield and ever after made this town their home, although for a time Mr. Sargent worked in Gilmanton and other towns. Mr. Sargent was a shoemaker and farmer, owning a very productive farm on the Dowboro road, where he still resides. In 1849 he married Miss Abigail Philbrick, and they had a family of nine children.

At the breaking out of the war, besides this large family he had his aged father and mother to care for, but in 1864, when the First New Hampshire heavy artillery was raised, he enlisted in Company E of that regiment, and served until after the close of the war. During his service he was taken sick and sent to the hospital. When he had partially recovered the physicians discovered that he was apt in caring for the sick, and his services were retained for six months.

He was mustered into service September 5, 1864. On the 15th of June, 1865, the regiment was mustered out of service in Virginia and the next day started for home, where Mr. Sargent arrived three days later. Mr. Sargent at the time of his enlistment was 43 years of age, and was looked upon by his comrades as almost a patriarch.

He often speaks very highly of his comrades from this town, but more especially of Dr. B. H. Bartlett, who had charge of the hospital where he was stationed for six months, and he delights to get with "the boys" and recall the days when they went soldiering together.

Every Memorial Day finds Uncle Ben on hand with flags and flowers, to honor the memory of his comrades who have gone before by placing the emblem of the country they loved so well, upon their graves, and to adorn the same with a wreath of the season's choicest gifts.

GEORGE H. SANBORN

was among the best soldiers that went from Pittsfield. He was born January 18, 1836, a son of Abram and Abigail (Brown) Sanborn. He was a shoemaker.

He entered Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1862. He passed unscathed through all of the terrible battles in which the regiment took part, until the investment of Petersburg, August 18, 1864, when he was shot through the lungs, the ball passing through the left shoulder. It was thought to be a fatal wound, and his comrades visited him and bade him a sorrowful farewell. He was taken to Point of Rocks hospital, then to Fortress Monroe; from there he went to Grant hospital at Wilkes Point, Long Island, and from there was sent home. Eight months after reaching home he coughed up a piece of the shirt he had on when wounded, the ball having carried with it into the wound a fragment of that garment. Strange to say he lived some twenty years after being so fearfully injured.

One night at Drury's Bluff he was on picket duty. During the time several of the Twelfth New Hampshire,—among whom was John D. Sherburn—under the command of Capt. A. W. Bartlett, tore from the poles a lot of telegraph wire and strung it from stump to stump in their front. Towards morning the rebels made a charge on our pickets, driving them in. When Sanborn reached the wire it tripped him up, injuring him quite severely in the wrist, and he had barely got up and run when the rebels came on in a wild rush, three lines deep, and they too fell headlong over the wire, and hundreds of them were killed or taken prisoners. Hardly a man escaped. Sanborn's comrades all speak in the highest terms of him as a soldier.

During the winters of 1863 and '64 the Twelfth and Second regiments were guarding prisoners at Point Lookout. Some time in February Sanborn got

an inkling of a plan for a wholesale escape of these prisoners. He reported the facts to his officers. The two regiments were put under arms and the prison thoroughly searched, when the whole plot was revealed. It was the most gigantic plot of the kind attempted during the war, with possibly one exception. The ingenuity displayed by these southern men would have done credit to a Yankee. Their bunks had been made into boats, the cracks filled up with grease, and oar locks cut in the sides, with which they intended to cross the Potomac river. Even several muskets with ammunition were discovered. How these were obtained is a mystery. Several tunnels were also found. Of course extra precaution was taken after that to prevent an escape.

Comrade Sanborn died several years ago in Pittsfield. He was very popular with his associates and his personal friends here have made arrangements to have a correct picture of him in his soldier days appear in these pages.

JAMES W. SHAW,

a native of Loudon, N. H., was born February 5, 1837. He moved to Pittsfield with his father, Madison Shaw, and was engaged at shoemaking until he enlisted. On the 30th day of January, 1857, he was married to Mary J. Nutter, of Gilmanton, by whom he had two children. He was mustered into Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers; and was promoted to sergeant, which position he held when he was mustered out, August 13, 1863. He died August 16, 1863, only three days after his discharge. Sergeant Shaw made many warm friends while in the army. Always ready for duty, he expected those who were with him to do theirs.

The commissioned officers, as a rule, were puffed up with a little brief authority; and, although they were very punctilious with the enlisted men about obeying orders, were indifferent in regard to them

when applied to themselves. At one time the line officers were in the habit of gathering in the tents of each other after taps and having a quiet game of cards, or something else.

The colonel had issued orders that all lights must be out at taps, except at the guard-house and hospital. Calling on the guard one day, he found that Sergeant Shaw's tour of duty was from 8 to 10 o'clock p. m. The colonel told him to see that this order was enforced. That evening Sergeant Shaw went through the regiment, and wherever he saw a light ordered it out. He had been the rounds of the line officers, but as he approached the field officers' tents he saw a bright light in the colonel's tent. Going up, he tapped on the tent and called out,—

“All lights must be out after taps, by order of the commander of this regiment,” when out went that light. The next day the colonel met him and said,—

“Sergeant, you did just right to make me obey my own orders, but I intended to except my quarters as well as the hospital and guard-house,—but you did just right.”

GEORGE TUTTLE

moved from Barnstead to Pittsfield in 1845. He was a native of the former town, where he was born March 20, 1810. He was married, September 29, 1834, to Miss Judith Davis, by whom he had two sons—Hiram A. Tuttle, recently governor of New Hampshire, and Henry F. W. Tuttle, who served in the Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers.

For many years after George Tuttle moved to this town he was employed in the cotton factory. Upon the breaking out of the war, he enlisted in Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service November 23, 1861. He served with his regiment nearly seventeen months, but the exposure incident to the service was too much for his

constitution, which was never very strong, and he was discharged June 5, 1863.

The terrible cold during his encampment at Manchester is narrated in this book under the sketch of John C. Morrill, of the Eighth regiment, which was encamped near the Seventh. Such exposure to a man of Mr. Tuttle's age caused him to be sent to the hospital when he reached New York city. After he had somewhat regained his strength he was detailed as a nurse, in which capacity he acted, when able, until his discharge.

He died in Pittsfield, a few years after the close of the war, from disease caused by exposure while in the service.

HENRY F. W. TUTTLE,

a son of the above George Tuttle, was born in Barnstead; came to Pittsfield when a child; attended the public schools, and worked at shoemaking. He married Angeline Scriggins, and had one child when he enlisted in Company C, of the Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, September 14, 1864. He served with the regiment until the close of the war. While engaged in building fortifications near Washington, he had the big toe on his right foot cut off by an ax in the hands of a careless comrade. He died January 26, 1885.

BENJAMIN MANSON TILTON

was one of the nineteen children of John Tilton. He was born on Pancake hill in Pittsfield, January 13, 1843, and is one of the best known men in town. His mother before marriage was Sally Nelson, who died when Manson and his twin brother, Daniel P., were but two weeks old. Mr. Zachariah Leighton took Manson and cared for him two years. His father married again.

He then went home and remained under the parental roof until he was seven years of age, when he went to

live with his uncle, Daniel Watson, on Tilton hill, and remained with him five years. He then went to Barnstead and lived with Oliver Waldron one year; returned to Pittsfield and worked for A. J. Pillsbury and Edwin Batchelder, when he left to work for his brother Nehemiah in Chichester. After a time he returned to this town and worked for Thomas Marshall, Winthrop Page, and George W. Nutter, until the first call for troops, when he, in company with two others, walked to Concord in the night and enlisted in the First New Hampshire volunteers under Captain Sturtevant. Owing to some misunderstanding between the different members of the company, a part of them were transferred to Captain Drown and taken to Portsmouth as a part of the Second regiment. Tilton felt very badly at this, for he feared the war would be over before he could see any fighting. He, like all new recruits in those days, was fully armed with dirk knives and pistols, and if the Rebellion should cease within thirty days, as some predicted, he would have no chance to rip a man up with one, or shoot him with the other weapon.

When his regiment was changed from a three months to a three years term he had to subdue his warlike feelings, because he was not of lawful age and his father would not give his consent for him to enlist for the longer term. So he returned to Pittsfield, and in the summer of 1862, August 14, he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, and was promoted to be corporal about January 1, 1863.

He passed through the Battle of Fredericksburg unscathed, but at Chancellorsville he saw a rebel hiding behind an upturned root. He said to a comrade, "See me pop that fellow over." Just then a Minié ball from another direction struck the lock of his gun, glanced, passed through his lungs, shattered his shoulder blade, and lodged in his knapsack. He has it yet, as a gruesome reminder of that terrible fight. Tilton felt no pain, but had a dazed sort of feeling. He remembers that he thought he would

get another gun, as his was ruined, and as he stooped to pick up one he saw blood running from his shoe. He thought then that he was wounded in the leg, and he began to feel faint and started for the rear. Soon thirst, that terrible thirst that all wounded men suffer, took possession of him. He found a brook and plunged in and drank deeply. Then he crawled onto the bank and laid down. His shoulder was now paining him fearfully and he was too weak from loss of blood to move farther. The rebels came up and made him a prisoner. This was May 3, 1863.

They marched him to their rear, how far he does not know; he remembers passing some others of his regiment who were captured. He walked until he fell from exhaustion. The next he knew it was night. He lay between two furrows of land and the rain was pouring down in torrents. This revived him.

It has often been remarked that after a severe battle there has been a downpour of rain; this is a blessing to the wounded, as it allays in a measure the raging fever that always follows severe wounds.

Comrade Tilton was held a close prisoner for thirteen days. During this time no food had been furnished him. He saw a rebel with a loaf of bread and asked him what he would take for it. The rebel inquired if he had any money. Tilton took out his pocket-book and said, "Here is \$36 in greenbacks. If that will do you any good you can have it for the bread." The rebel replied that they were not allowed to have Yankee money, at the same time reaching for the wallet. Tilton took hold of the bread and then the exchange was made. In a very short time the bread was devoured. During these thirteen days his wound was not dressed and got full of maggots.

The doctors when they dressed his wound passed a silk handkerchief through it and tied the ends together over his shoulder; this they would move every day, and the pain that it caused was almost unbearable.

When he was paroled he was put in an ambulance

and taken to Potoñac Creek hospital. He remembers but little of his trip. When he came to himself he was in a large tent with hundreds of other wounded men, and as he opened his eyes the first man he saw was R. T. Leavitt of his company, who was wounded and had been a prisoner like himself. A few days later Charles B. Leavitt arrived from Pittsfield to take his brother home. He declared that Tilton was his wife's brother. By this subterfuge he obtained a furlough for him for thirty days, which was subsequently extended thirty more. When they arrived in Concord they were dirty and lousy to the last degree. They were met at the depot by Nathaniel Shaw, formerly of this town, who married Leavitt's sister, and were taken in a nice hack to his house. The boys begged to be allowed to sleep in the stable, saying that they were too dirty to get into a bed; but their kind friends would not listen to anything of the kind, but put them in the best bed and room in the house, which had been prepared especially for their comfort. After remaining here for a short time they came to Pittsfield. Tilton was under the care of Dr. Wheeler.

At the end of his furlough his time was extended for thirty days more, when he reported at New York city. As he was a paroled prisoner he was sent to the parole camp at Indianapolis, Ind. This place he did not like, and the next morning he took the train for Washington. He had no ticket or pass and but little money. When the conductor would put him off the train he would walk to the rear of the train and get on again, but if the railroad men prevented this he would tramp to the next station and board the first train that came along. At last he reached the capital without a cent in his pocket and not knowing where his regiment was. As he was passing along the street he saw a soldier with the silver letters of his regiment, "12 N. H. V.", on his cap. Tilton says, "I never was so tickled to see any one in my life as to see this man, although I did not know him, yet he

belonged to my regiment and I felt as though I had got almost home. I went up to him and asked him where the regiment was, and he told me at Point Lookout. I asked him how to get there, and he told me at a certain wharf a steamboat was lying, ready to sail in about an hour. He asked me if I had a pass. I told him I had n't. He said, "You can't go down then." I told him I should try. I went on board the boat, and after we had got some ways down the river the captain came to me for my ticket. I told him I had neither pass, ticket, or money. "Then," said he, "I shall have to put you ashore." "All right," I said, "only put me on the Maryland shore and I'll hoof it the rest of the way and get there then as soon as your darned old boat will." He gave me a look I shall never forget, and passed on.

As soon as he reached his regiment he reported for duty. He had not been exchanged, and of course his officers had no right to put him in the ranks; but Tilton insisted, and he was allowed to have his own way. He was not entitled to rations, but his comrades were like all soldiers, ready to share with him.

One time he was sent on picket duty at Bermuda Hundred. The rebels came down on them and captured every man but Tilton. This was risky business for him, for if captured, by the laws of war he would have been shot for breaking his parole. He escaped in this way, when he saw his danger. He ran towards the enemy, while they paid their attention to those who were trying to get away. When Tilton had got well in their rear he found a creek. By this time it was dark and raining hard. He followed the creek along until he came to our lines.

He reached his regiment the next morning, to find an order awaiting him detailing him to act as quartermaster-sergeant at Norfolk, Va. Here he remained under Captain Laws of the Eleventh New Hampshire volunteers for several months, when he asked to be relieved so that he might rejoin his regiment. At one time volunteers were called for to fill up Berdan's

sharpshooters. Tilton was one of those who offered his services, and was accepted. He remained with this organization one month. He was engaged in thirteen battles and nineteen skirmishes, most of these while on parole, as he never was exchanged.

At the Battle of Cold Harbor his company went in with forty-two men, of whom five were killed, twenty-two wounded, and only ten remained for duty, with Tilton in command, he being at that time acting as orderly sergeant. In this battle a bullet grazed his right cheek, another cut the bottom from the left side of his cap, another cut the straps of his canteen and haversack, while his blanket, which was rolled and hung across his shoulder, was perforated with a number of holes by the bullets of the enemy.

At the Battle of Drury's Bluff, Capt. John H. Prescott came upon him and George F. Meserve with the rest of Company F, and told them to get out of that as soon as possible, as the rebels were close upon them. Looking in the direction indicated they saw the enemy but a few rods away. They started to run and soon came to a deep, narrow ravine, across which lay a log. Meserve called out, "I can't cross that log." Tilton took to the log, while Meserve jumped into the ravine. Tilton escaped, while poor Meserve was captured.

After his return from Drury's Bluff his company were supporting a battery, when a splinter from one of our shrapnel that was being fired at the enemy struck him on the hand, making a slight wound.

At Petersburg, George H. Sanborn came out to bring him food while he was on duty. Sanborn said, "Let me take your gun for one pop at those fellows." "All right," replied Tilton, "I will load for you." It was while sitting on a box by Tilton's side that Sanborn received his terrible wound.

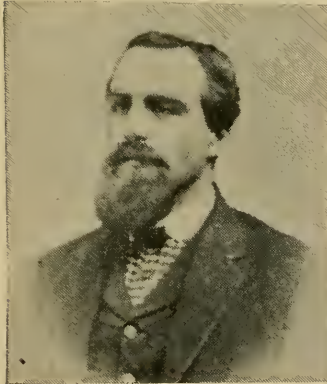
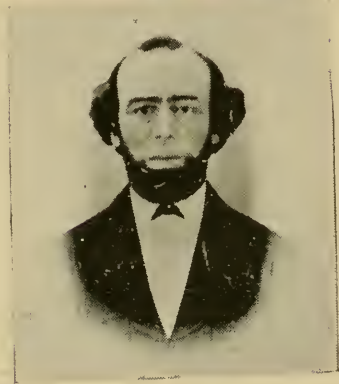
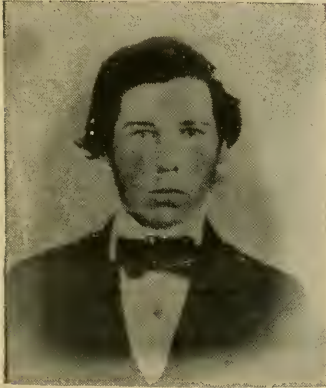
I have already spoken of the very large family of which Mr. Tilton was a member. After his enlistment, and before he left the state, they held a reunion at the old homestead. His father had been breaking

up a piece of field the day before. The plow was still standing in the furrow, and the young folks, for a lark, took hold of the chain, pulled the plow across the field and back, while the father held the plow and turned a good furrow.

DANIEL P. TILTON

was a twin brother of B. M. Tilton. On the death of his mother, as already related, he went to live with his uncle, David Tilton, with whom he made his home until the summer of 1861, when he enlisted in Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers. He served with this regiment until the Battle of Olustee, Fla., February 20, 1864, when he was captured and taken to Andersonville prison, where he died from starvation, July 26, 1864. His grave is numbered 4,072. His captain, in speaking of him, says that he was a good soldier.

All history, both sacred and profane, is filled with deeds of heroic men,—men who, by their valor, have made nations out of tribes and clans, who have given us civilization in place of barbarism, and peace instead of perpetual war. We all admire true courage, both moral and physical. If those who die on the field of battle amid the rush and turmoil of strife are *heroes*, what can we call those who calmly face death from starvation in a prison pen? Shut out from all communication with the outside world; waiting, hoping, longing, for relief that never comes; dying slowly from hunger, their scanty food the refuse that swine would not eat, their drink the water from a muddy ditch polluted by the sinks of their guards; tortured by disease, with no loving hand to soothe their brow or relieve their pain, and none to applaud their heroic acts. Even the elements conspire against them. The hot sun of summer pours its fervid rays upon their ragged, unprotected bodies; the winter's cold chills what little blood is left in their veins: but



D. P. TILTON.
GEORGE WINKLEY.
B. M. TILTON.

HAZEN W. WILLEY.
A. S. WILLEY.
W. W. W. WALKER.

they will not yield to the blandishments of their captors. Their guards hold out allurements to them. They should be fed and clothed and receive good pay, if they will only abandon their country, which seems to have abandoned them. These offers are rejected with scorn. Not one man from Pittsfield ever accepted this bribe, but slowly and surely numbers of them sank into unknown graves. Can you point in history to a more sublime heroism than this? No wonder that the Grand Army of the Republic reserves each spring-time the choicest flowers in honor of these men. No wonder that they have a special service in memory of the unknown dead. No wonder that in eloquent words they pay tribute to the heroism of these their former comrades.

As we think of their suffering, of their squalid misery, of the long, long days and of the still longer nights of waiting and hoping for the relief that never came, the tear must come unbidden to the eye and the sigh from the heart.

See to it, young men, that these soldiers did not die in vain! Keep our country undivided and our flag unsullied!

WILLIAM W. W. WALKER

was born October 17, 1838, in Barnstead, a son of Andrew C. and Sarah T. (Willey) Walker. He came to Pittsfield when a very small boy, some five or six years of age. He was educated in our public schools and academy. He worked on his father's farm until about twenty years of age, when he opened a clothing store on Main street, where he remained about a year and then sold out and went West.

He returned to Pittsfield in 1860, and married Miss Lizzie Norris. They had one child, who died before the father returned from the war. On the breaking out of the war he enlisted as a private, and was soon made a sergeant of Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and then first sergeant. On January 1, 1864, he was promoted to be first lieu-

tenant of the same company, and a few weeks later for meritorious service was again promoted to be captain of Company I. He was discharged December 22, 1864, by reason of expiration of term of service.

He was with his regiment at Manchester, N. H., New York city, and Fort Jefferson, on Dry Tortugas island, and Beaufort, S. C., and was encamped on the "Shell Road." This he describes as a most beautiful place. A large mansion standing back from the road with ample grounds, surrounded with live oak trees, from which the beautiful Spanish moss hung in graceful festoons. These residences were the homes of some of the prominent men of South Carolina. Seabrook island, on which Beaufort stands, is one of the noted Sea Islands, whose cotton for a century has been famous the world over. It is separated from the mainland by Broad river. On each side of this river were picket posts, and the men on duty often exchanged shots across the stream. He was then sent home on recruiting service, being at that time unfit for active duty by reason of malaria. On reaching New York he was seriously ill with this complaint, but soon after reaching New Hampshire he rallied, and was very active in enlisting men, securing several in Pittsfield for the Fifteenth regiment, but his regular station was at Ossipee.

While on his way south, after this recruiting service, he was detailed by special order from the war department to take charge of the recruits at Fort Hamilton in New York harbor. This was during the draft riots in the city. He had charge of some 2,000 or 3,000 men. Here he had a controversy with an officer of a little higher rank in the regular army, who thought a graduate of West Point was a little better than a volunteer from the Granite state. From this dispute Walker came out with flying colors, and the military snob learned to mind his own business.

Upon his return to his regiment he took part in the investment of Fort Wagner on Morris Island, and after the reduction of that stronghold his regi-

ment went to Florida, where they remained some time, taking part in the Battle of Olustee or Island Pond. The night before the battle was bitter cold. It was the 19th of February, 1864. He and a comrade slept on a rubber blanket. In the morning it was found frozen to the ground, so when they were ordered to march they were obliged to leave it behind. This was at Barber's Station.

The infantry of this little army took the railroad to march on, while the cavalry and artillery marched by the highway. After a long and weary march they found the enemy, under the command of General Colquitt, posted across the railroad and road behind strong fortifications shaped like a horseshoe. The Seventh regiment was in the van, and Company G was the front company. Walker looked around as soon as the battle had fairly begun, but could not see one of his men. Going back a short distance he found some of the officers trying to re-form the regiment on the colors. While doing so a man on each side of Walker was hit,—one of them severely wounded, the other killed. A battery of the Fifth United States artillery that went into the fight in the road beside the Seventh New Hampshire, had every horse killed at the first discharge. After a hard fought battle the army began to retreat. Some of the men were so exhausted that they fell out and were captured by the rebels, and when Company G reached their campground for the night they had marched that day forty miles and fought a hard battle.

Afterwards the regiment went to Hilton Head, and remained a short time, and was then transported to Virginia, and in November, 1864, it was sent to New York city to quell the election riots, in which duty Walker performed conspicuous service.

They soon returned to Virginia. During all his service in that state he says it was almost one continued march. It was Bermuda Hundred, Yorktown, Petersburg, around the James river, up the Appomattox, south of Manchester, and back again,—then over

another route. One time they got so near Richmond that they could hear the church bells ring.

At Fort Darling, the regiments were ordered to charge up the hill. As they did so the enemy opened upon them, but did not depress their guns enough, and as Walker looked back he could see the grape and canister pass over their heads. The rebels kept depressing their guns, but the Yankees ran so fast until they got to the abattis that little damage was done.

One day they started out from Deep Bottom. Colonel Abbott called on Walker, and told him, as he expected a long march, he had better go to the commissary and fill his canteen. The march was long, and towards night the rain came down in torrents. Still the army pushed on; they entered a wood and marched as long as they could see, then dropped down where they were. Walker was sitting beside a tree, trying to protect himself from the pelting rain, when in the darkness he heard some one talking to the men and trying to find his way along the line. Soon he came to Walker, and told him that Colonel Abbott wanted to see him. It was so dark that Walker could not see anything, but starting out he at last found the colonel, who said that if Walker had any whiskey he wanted some. So many of the men were worn out he had used all he had, and more was wanted. Walker gave him what he had. As soon as morning broke they found where they were. In the darkness and rain they had come within a very short distance of a rebel fortification—so strong that ten times the number of men that they had could not have taken it.

At one time while out reconnoitering, as they were working their way towards the enemy, a sharpshooter fired at Walker, striking a small tree just above his hand. This sharpshooter was concealed in a house with several of his comrades. A battery of the Fifth United States artillery was brought up, and that house was soon knocked in pieces. As the Seventh advanced they ran into Longstreet's entire corps, and of course had to retreat.

At one of the fights near Petersburg, the ammunition gave out and a lot of railroad iron was fired by our artillery. A prisoner whom Walker had captured, said, "We uns could fight as long as you uns fight fair, but when you went to shooting blacksmith shops at us we uns had to run."

At Deep Bottom, Colonel Abbott's horse was shot under him. Walker was acting adjutant. The regiment was armed with Spencer repeating rifles, an arm but a short time invented. It would fire eight times without reloading. The regiment had worked itself nearly through a piece of wood. Beyond the clearing in their front was another piece of woods. They could hear the enemy moving around over there, and word was passed along the line not to fire until the command was given, which would be when the rebels were about half way across the clearing. Every man in that small regiment clung to his rifle closer as he watched for the expected foe.

Not a man moved. Not a word was uttered. Everything was as quiet as though every soldier were asleep or dead. The minutes seemed hours. It is such a time as this that counts on the soldier's nervous system, the draft of which must be paid, with interest, at some time in the future.

Soon the enemy burst from their cover, a whole brigade of Texas troops, shouting their peculiar yell. When they were about midway across the field, came the order to fire. What a murderous fire that was! Not a man of those rebel soldiers returned,—every one was either killed or captured.

Walker speaks in the highest terms of Colonel Abbott. When Walker's time had expired, and he was about to return home, the colonel sent for him and begged him to stay, saying that if he would, he would secure for him a commission in the regular army as soon as the war closed, which he thought would soon be.

He still resides in Pittsfield.

JOSEPH J. C. WALCOTT.

I have been able to learn but little of this soldier, who, previous to the war, worked in the cotton-factory. When the war broke out, he with some companions started in the night and walked to Concord and enlisted in the First New Hampshire volunteers, but, for reasons already explained, his squad was put into the Second regiment as a part of Company E. (See sketches of Orren Brock, H. M. Gordon, and others.)

He served as a sergeant, having been promoted to that position, until March 18, 1863, when he was discharged for disability. At the Battle of Williamsburg he was severely wounded in the groin. He declined all assistance, and using his gun as a crutch, hobbled to the rear, had his wound dressed, and was sent to the hospital. This was May 2, 1862.

From his comrades I learn that he was in the following battles: First Bull Run, July 21, 1861; Siege of Yorktown, April 11 to May 3, 1862; Williamsburg, May 2, 1862; Fair Oaks, June 23, 1862; Savage Station, June 27, 1862; Peach Orchard, June 28, 1862; Glendale, June 30, 1862; Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862; Malvern Hill (2d battle), August 5, 1862; Bristow Station, August 27, 1862; Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862; Chantilly, September 1, 1862; Fredericksburg, December 11 to 15, 1862. In all of these engagements he bore himself like a true son of the Granite state.

After the war he went West, and all trace of him has been lost.

HAZEN W. WILLEY.

Among the early annals of the town of Barnstead, the names of Willey and Bunker often occur. Enoch Willey married Polly Bunker, and from them sprung a large family of children, at least four of their sons

enlisting in the army during the War of the Rebellion, three of them from this town.

The subject of this sketch was born at Barnstead Parade on March 1, 1828. When he was seven or eight years old his parents moved to Pittsfield, and for many years lived in a house that stood north of the town hall, nearly opposite the freight depot. Previous to its discontinuance in 1868 the road from the town hall to the house of A. H. Young was known as the Willey road.

Hazen Willey was a shoemaker by occupation. September 28, 1849, he married Miss Eliza Spurlin of this town, by whom he had two children. He enlisted in Company G, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, on the 21st day of October, 1861.

He participated in all of the hard campaigns in which his regiment was engaged until July 18, 1863, when, in the terrible Battle of Fort Wagner, during a charge upon that fortification, he and a few of his comrades gained the slope of the parapet and were climbing up its surface when he was wounded so badly that when our forces were repulsed he was left in the hands of the enemy. He was taken to Charleston, S. C., where he died. One authority says his death occurred on the 20th day of July, another says it was the 21st, while still another puts the date as the 22d of the month.

His captain, speaking of him, says that he was one of the best soldiers that ever shouldered a musket,—always ready for duty and faithful in its discharge, very quiet while in camp, yet in battle he had that cool courage that makes an ideal soldier. No matter how long the weary march might be, no matter how cold or wet the weather was, no matter how hot the sun poured his fierce rays upon the glaring sand, no matter how hungry or thirsty the soldier was, Hazen Willey never uttered a word of complaint but did his duty in a cheerful manner.

ALFRED S. WILLEY

was the oldest brother of the above. Alfred was born in Barnstead, and moved to Pittsfield with his parents about the year 1835. He married Miss Susan Clark, and they had seven children, when she died. He afterwards married Mrs. Nancy (Young) Emerson. He was a shoemaker by trade and a very industrious man. In the fall of 1864 he enlisted in Company C, Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers. After serving until nearly the close of the war he was taken sick, was discharged for disability, came home, and was a great sufferer for many years before he died, October 16, 1880, in Pittsfield.

IRA WILLEY

was but a lad when the war broke out, being the youngest of the family that sent four sons into the army. As a boy he was noted for the tender care he bestowed upon his crippled mother. He was mustered into Troop D, First New Hampshire cavalry, June 25, 1864, and served with credit until the close of the war. He was a brother of the above Hazen and Alfred Willey. His brother George enlisted in Company F, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, from the town of Candia. Ira died at Fremont, N. H., a few years ago,—date unknown.

Willey was a man of medium size, but strong and active as a panther, with curly, black hair and moustache, wearing his cap jauntily on one side,—a dashing-looking fellow. Near Leesburg he was captured by a couple of rebel cavalry, he being on foot. Each one taking him by the hand they hurried him off into Dixie. For some two miles they made him run, the sweat pouring from his face, but at last they came to a walk and Willey begged for a drink: their canteens were empty, but at the foot of the hill which they were descending they knew of a spring to which one of

them went to fill their canteens leaving the other on guard while Willey held the horse. The man on guard had his carbine in his hand. Soon he leaned forward and peered into the woods down the path his companion had taken. Quick as a flash Willey snatched his carbine away from him with one hand and with the other grabbed his foot and gave him such a *boost* as to send him sprawling in the dirt on the other side of his horse. Then springing upon the horse he had held, he dashed up the hill, followed by the other horse. In less than two hours from his capture he was again in camp.

C. B. WALLACE

came to this town a stranger, worked in the cotton factory, and married, about 1856, Mrs. Peace Crosby, a sister to Ezra C. Willard. He enlisted in Company E, Seventh New Hampshire volunteers, and was mustered into service November 7, 1861. Promoted to be sergeant November 28, 1863, he reënlisted February 2, 1864, and served until the close of the war. Mr. Wallace was in every way a good soldier. His wife died while he was in the service, and he never returned to this town to live; his whereabouts are unknown.

EZRA C. WILLARD

was born near Howath's mill in Loudon, January 9, 1827, and was the youngest of the nine children of Nathaniel and Susan Willard. His father died when he was six years of age, and the widow had a hard struggle to maintain her family, as there was but little property. After he came to man's estate Ezra took good care of his parent, until her death in 1852.

In October, 1842, he experienced religion and was baptized at Loudon Ridge by the Reverend Peter Clark, and since that time has been a consistent member of the Free Will Baptist church.

On his eighteenth birthday he moved to Pittsfield, and has since that time made this town his home, excepting a few years he spent in Boston, Newmarket, and Manchester.

When he first came to town it was with the intention of learning the blacksmith's trade, and for that purpose he entered the shop of the late Jonathan Langmaid, where he remained a year. He was then offered a desirable situation in the Pittsfield mills, where he remained fifteen years, except a short time he spent at Tilton seminary. September 2, 1852, he was married to Miss Sarah Garland of Nottingham. They have had one child, who died while an infant.

He enlisted September 12, 1862, in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, as a private, and was, soon after going into camp at Concord, promoted to be corporal. On November 13 he left New Hampshire with his regiment for Long Island, N. Y., where he remained until December 5, when the regiment marched to Brooklyn and his company with five others went on board the *Prometheus* and sailed for New Orleans. The regiment first camped at Carrollton and afterwards at Camp Parapet.

Comrade Willard kept a diary, and it would be interesting to publish it entire did space permit, but I will give a few extracts from it:

February 17, 1863. I go on picket about noon. It commenced to rain in showers, harder and harder it pours. At 3 o'clock we were called out to go to our posts. The ditches are filled with water, the roads are overflowed, the rain still falling in torrents. We start for our posts, one and a half miles distant. We march but a short distance when one of us steps into a hole and away he goes into mud and water. Before we got to our destination we were as wet as we could be. We had no shelter but slept on the ground. After a long, dark, dreary night, morning came at last. This is one of the times that tries men's souls, health, constitution, and temper.

February 18. I go on picket about noon, I return to camp with a rebel prisoner. (This was the first prisoner captured by the regiment.)

Sunday, March 22. Went to a negro meeting; arrived just in time to witness a marriage ceremony. It was quite a curiosity to me. It was performed something like the Episcopal form of ceremony; a ring is put upon the finger of the bride by the bridegroom. Everything was done in a very orderly manner and their dress was very appropriate. After an hour's intermission a funeral sermon is to be preached. I waited for the service. First they sang a hymn, then read from the Bible, then a prayer, then another hymn, then the discourse, which was plain and reasonable. The pulpit was trimmed in a very appropriate and tasty style and in no way inferior to that of a northern community. Then the meeting-house was worth going to see. It was, I should say, forty by twenty-four feet. There is not a board or shingle on or in it. It is covered with split staves and the seats are the same, so if you think the negro has no ingenuity or capacity to learn, just look at that church; and best of all, hear the prayers and exhortations.

April 14. We went to-day to get cane poles to shade our tents. (Canebrake poles such as are used for fishrods.)

April 15. A rebel shot to-day, while trying to steal past our guards.

April 27. Had a dreadful time with the mosquitoes last night. (These were a terrible pest, and each man was furnished with a mosquito bar. When on the march he might throw away everything else, but not this very necessary protector.)

On Wednesday, May 20, the regiment started for Port Hudson.

May 22. We started again up the river at 8:30 o'clock. Landed about 18 miles up the river at 11 o'clock. At 2 p. m. started on a march of 15 miles. It is very hot. About 4 o'clock had a shower, and the worst of it was they hurried us extremely. At last we stopped and laid down about exhausted and didn't know anything until next morning. It rained in the night.

Saturday, May 23. Started again at 1 p. m., marched 4 miles, when we camped in the woods. During the night a heavy shower came over, and as we had no tents we got very wet.

Sunday, May 24. Oh, I am sick this morning. I hope I shall have strength according to my task. Started at 5 p. m., marched one mile to the rebel pits, and camped.

Tuesday, May 29. Go about one half mile to support battery.

Wednesday, May 27. Commenced battle at Port Hudson about noon. Several hundred killed and wounded.

Thursday, May 28. Quiet to-day,—finding and burying our dead.

May 29. Not much doing to-day, only strengthening our fortification.

May 31. Received our knapsacks.

June 1. Still here, near the battle ground.

June 2. One man killed in Company A, that lay next to us last night, and one wounded by a bursting shell. (A piece of this shell went through a handkerchief that was spread over my head to keep the dew off.)

Here follow a few days in which Comrade Willard was too sick to write.

Tuesday, June 9. Laboring yet on fortifications. I drank some whiskey for the first time in my life.

Saturday, June 13. We are yet in the woods. One hundred and fifty sharpshooters attempted to gain (rebel works) but failed.

Sunday, June 14. Dreadful battle. We were ordered out at 3 o'clock this morning to make another charge, but failed. Laid in the scorching sun all day. Many wounded and killed.

Tuesday, June 16. Promoted to be fourth sergeant.

To be promoted on the field was an extraordinary honor, and when we consider that he passed over eight who outranked him it shows the estimation in which he was held by his superior officers. For the next few days he was at work in trenches.

Sunday, June 21. Pickets (skirmish line) advanced last night. Several wounded.

Several days more working in trench. This trench, I will say, was an approach to the mine that was placed under the citadel to blow it up. Most of the labor was performed by the Fifteenth New Hampshire.

Tuesday, June 23. Battery opened fire upon the rebels at 3 p. m. We lay in the rifle-pits through the night.

For several days more he only mentions working in trenches.

Tuesday, June 30. Mustered to-day for pay in rifle-pits at Port Hudson.

July 1. Called out last night to make a charge, but did not.

July 2. Confined in camp with a sore foot (scurvy).

Wednesday, July 8. Port Hudson surrendered.

Thursday, July 9. We marched into Port Hudson this morning.

Saturday, July 18. We got our tents to-day.

After the regiment left Camp Parapet, on May 20, they had no shelter until July 18, yet in this respect the Fifteenth fared as well as any other regiment, and better than many, for some of them had not had a piece of canvas since March and did not get any until still later, sleeping in swamps, in rain or heavy dews, and enduring the scorching sun by day;—yet some people think it was a picnic!

At the surrender, the Eighth New Hampshire was given the post of honor and allowed to enter the works first. The Fifteenth soon followed, and Company G was selected to do guard duty at the landing, that being the most responsible position in which any company could be placed.

Saturday, August 26. Started for home on "The City of Madison," at 10 o'clock a. m.

We will not follow his diary further, however interesting it may be, but will say that he arrived home with his regiment though in a very sick condition. A local writer says:

From the time Mr. Willard was attacked with the several diseases his appearance changed. Then his look was anything but natural. His flesh was much wasted away. His lower limbs were badly swollen with large scurvy sores resembling carbuncles, and it was thought he would never live

to get home. His wisest course would be to go to the hospital, but he decided otherwise. So with feet and legs banded and cane in hand, he managed to get on board the boat.

Mr. Willard was attacked with bilious colic just before starting for home, and got along quite comfortably on board the boat, but when changed at Cairo for cattle cars, the suffering was the greatest he ever endured. For seven years after his return he was able to do but little work, and never any of a laborious nature.

A comrade relates the following :

It was Saturday evening, the 6th of June, I think, when an officer came to our company and wanted three men for a hazardous enterprise. Ezra Willard, John Chesley and William Chesley, two brothers from Barnstead, volunteered. When they reached the place of rendezvous there were some hundred or more men, and the officer said, "Now, if there is a man among you that is afraid to die to-day, let him step out and he can return to his regiment honorably;" but not a man from the Fifteenth moved.

They were then instructed what they were to do. They were to deploy as skirmishers and advance as near to the rebel works as possible. Then to get into any cover they could, and at a given signal they were to begin firing; the object was to attract the attention of the enemy while a charge was to be made on another part of the line. They marched silently forward until within a very short distance of the fortification, when they lay flat upon the ground, and working forward they came to what is known to farmers as a "dead furrow." The weeds in this were about a foot or a foot and a half high. Our boys lay down in this. Soon it was daylight, and they waited for the expected signal that never came. The commanding general had changed his mind. What little food they had with them was soon eaten. By ten o'clock their canteens were empty, the sun shone with tropical heat, but these men dare not move, for if they did so it would disclose their whereabouts to the enemy. They could not communicate with each other for the same reason.

About noon one man started to run. He had not taken a dozen paces before he was pierced by twenty rifle balls, and as his body lay on the field the rebels would shoot at it, dur-

ing the rest of the day. About two o'clock a black snake made its way towards the men. Now Ezra, in common with all mankind, had a horror of these reptiles; but his snakeship cared nothing for this, but made straight for our friend and crawled across his body, and he, poor fellow, dared not stir. Comrade Willard said that perhaps the snake was not larger than many others, but it seemed to him that it was the biggest snake that ever lived.

The sun sinks slowly, so slowly to these men; at last the day ends and darkness at once comes on, and then they can crawl out of their hiding-place and make their way back to their lines. They cannot speak, but seizing the first canteens they drain them, then they hunt for their regiment. It has been moving all night. They wander around and just at morning they find their comrades.

No wonder that Willard's diary for the next few days should be broken.

The negroes flocked to our lines by thousands. They were placed in colonies, that is, they were marched into the open field and bivouacked. In other words, they could sleep on the ground as the soldiers did, but they would soon gather some barrels or boxes and make a shelter. Colony number 8 was near the writer's stable, where he was quartered for a short time. One of my hostlers was sick. I went to see him and measured his house; it was eight feet long, four feet wide, and four feet high in front. Here my man William lived, with his wife and two children. It was as good as any house in the colony of 1,500 inhabitants. There was not a building in it but that a man could look over the top while standing on the ground. In other words, two men standing upright in any part of the village could see each other. On the other side of my stable was the church spoken of by Comrade Willard. The size was 30 by 50 feet. There was no floor. Posts were set in the ground and poles spiked to them. In this way the frame was made. Then the *shakes*, or split staves as Comrade Willard calls them, were nailed to these,

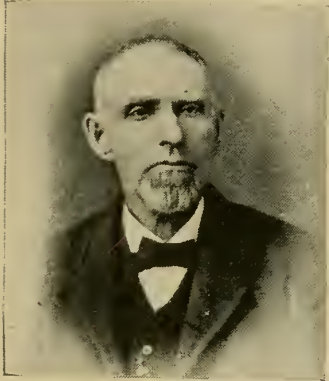
and a tower was built over the front entrance. Crotched stakes were driven into the ground inside the church, in which poles were laid, and on these were placed *shakes* for seats. There was not a board in the whole building, except the top of the pulpit. These *shakes* were made out of a species of cedar that grew in Louisiana. It had so good "rift" that a log twenty feet long could be split with an ax and then the whole reduced to *shakes* one inch thick and the width of the diameter of the log. The men and women in these colonies were employed, most of them, in cutting wood on government land, and when they came to a tree of this kind they would split it up and "tote" (carry) it two miles to the spot to build their church, although they needed this material to build them shelters.

One day, while removing sugar from an abandoned plantation, I took the bell that had been used to call the slaves from their work and carried it down to this church. The negroes cut a tree, leaving two prongs on it, and set it up before their edifice, and in the fork they hung this bell.

JOHN B. WILLARD

was a member of Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers. He was born in Loudon, October 19, 1835, son of John and Ann (Batchelder) Willard. In 1854 he came to Pittsfield and worked at shoe-making with S. D. Davis. In 1860 he married Mrs. Susan Clough. In 1862 he enlisted, and was mustered into service September 5, 1862.

He took an active part in the Battle of Fredericksburg and at Chancellorsville, after which he was taken sick, but recovered sufficiently to be engaged in the Battle of Cold Harbor. Here he was sun-struck, so that he was unable to do much duty afterwards, but was not discharged until his regiment was mustered out of service. He died in Pittsfield, of disease contracted in the service, May 5, 1881.



J. N. YOUNG.

E. C. WILLARD.

E. M. YOUNG.

F. W. YOUNG.

J. B. WILLARD.

A. F. YOUNG.

GEORGE WINKLEY

was a native of Barnstead, N. H., a son of Dennison and Mary A. Winkley. He was a wheelwright by trade and was considered a superior workman. He came to Pittsfield about 1856, and built a house on Crescent street, now owned by Asa O. Carr. He married Mary A. Jones, a daughter of the late Leonard Jones, by whom he had two children. In 1862 he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, and died at Falmouth, Va., May 24, 1863.

Winkley, while in the service, had an abnormal appetite, eating enough for two men. He was sick, but the surgeons could not tell what the matter was; and at last they refused to excuse him from duty. His comrades grumbled because, as they thought, he was "shirking." He was detailed to go on picket, but he complained that he was not able to go. Still his comrades laughed at him, and his captain would not excuse him; so he started for his post, some three miles away. He had gone but about half a mile when he said to the officer in charge, "I can go no farther; you may do what you please with me, but I am too sick to go another rod."

They left him there, and when they returned they found that he had died, and had been found and buried by soldiers of another regiment. To have some obscure disease in the army was far worse than to be violently sick, for the other soldiers would chaff one most unmercifully.

NATHANIEL WILLIAMS

lived in that part of the town known as "Upper City." He was a tin peddler, and, like all of his occupation, was widely known and well liked. I have been able to learn but few facts concerning him. He married Miss Ann Barton and had several children when he enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New

Hampshire volunteers, August 11, 1862. He served with that regiment until he was mustered out, July 10, 1865. He was captured at Fredericksburg, but how long he was held a prisoner I am unable to say. He is now living in Manchester, N. H.

WILLIAM H. H. WATSON

was born, September 29, 1843, in that part of Pittsfield known as Jenness pond district. He was a son of John and Betsey Watson. He attended school at the Jenness pond and Berry school-houses in winter, and in summer worked on his father's farm. His father died while young Watson was but a lad, and, as he was the oldest of the family, much of the care of the farm fell to his lot. In 1862 he was married to Mrs. Lydia Eaton. In January, 1864, he enlisted in the Fourteenth New Hampshire volunteers (infantry) and joined his regiment, which at that time formed a part of the Nineteenth army corps. While stationed at New Orleans he was taken sick with fever, and died May 30, 1864.

CHARLES W. WATSON,

a well known comic singer before the war, was born in Pittsfield, March 3, 1836. His father was Timothy Watson, who built many houses in the village, and for whom Watson street is named.

Charles enlisted in Company F, Twelfth New Hampshire volunteers, September 5, 1862. He cared more for dancing and singing than for military duties. On the march to Gettysburg he fell out, and wandered from hospital to hospital playing his guitar, and did not rejoin his regiment for some time. He was transferred to the Second New Hampshire volunteers March 3, 1865, to serve out the time thus lost. He died in Pittsfield, August 9, 1884.

When brought before a court-martial he was asked why he fell out of the ranks on the march to Gettys-

burg. He promptly replied that he did so to guard the rear of the army from surprise. The next question was, "You are charged with leaving the ranks at Chancellorsville; what have you to say to that?" He replied, "Some of the boys were wounded and I went back to look after them; surely you would not condemn a man for taking care of wounded men." The very audacity of his replies undoubtedly saved him from a worse punishment.

He wanted to get a discharge, so he stole a lot of dried apples and after eating them went to the surgeon's tent, said he was sick, told his symptoms, and said he thought he had dropsy and wanted his discharge, but this the "major" failed to get.

After Watson failed to get a discharge for dropsy, he complained of having rheumatism in his shoulder. Of course his comrades were disgusted with him, and one of them got a bottle of Spalding's glue, an article highly advertised at that time, and, telling him it was a liniment that was a sure cure for his complaint, bathed his back and shoulder with the liquid, which caused his shirt to stick to his skin, and it was weeks before he could get the garment removed, and then only in small pieces, for it stuck closer than a brother. But it cured the rheumatic trouble in his case, at least he never complained of it again.

CHARLES H. WESTON

was a native of Pennsylvania, where he was born July 17, 1841. His mother died when he was but three years of age, and his father removed to Massachusetts. In January, 1859, Charles came to Pittsfield to work in the cotton mill, and in the following May he married Miss Ellen Jipson, by whom he had three children.

In 1861, while he was stopping in Massachusetts for a short time, the war broke out and he enlisted in Company G, Thirteenth Massachusetts volunteers. He served with his regiment until, at the Battle of

Antietam, Wednesday, September 17, 1862, he was wounded, a ball passing through his arm and entering his right side, dropping down inside the ribs. He was immediately taken to the hospital, where he remained until his discharge, December 13, 1862, when he returned to Pittsfield.

He remained at home until the fall of 1864, when, his wound having partially healed, he could not resist the call of his country. He enlisted in Company A, Eighteenth New Hampshire volunteers, and was promoted to be second sergeant, September 13, 1864. He served with this regiment until the close of the war.

He returned home and lived in town until he died from the effect of his wound, June 12, 1890.

FRANK W. YOUNG,

a son of Henry and Louisa O. (Morrill) Young, was born in Pittsfield, March 11, 1841. He remained with his father until he enlisted, except two years that he worked in Strafford. He enlisted first in Company G, Eighth New Hampshire volunteers, but being under age his father refused his consent, and he returned home, but in 1862 he again enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers.

At the siege of Port Hudson he was employed in the trench and mine that was intended to blow up the citadel of the fortification. He was taken sick with rheumatism and chronic diarrhoea, but it did not prevent his taking part in the battles of May 27 and June 14, 1863. Although sick he would always go on the picket or skirmish line whenever his turn came, and would scold if the sergeant in charge attempted to skip him in making out the detail. He was a good soldier, a shoemaker by occupation, and still resides in Pittsfield.

ENOCH M. YOUNG

was a brother of the above and was better known as "Mack." He was born in Pittsfield, October 27, 1842, and always remained with his parents until he enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, October 11, 1862. He was with his regiment continually until the spring of 1863, when his company was ordered to Port Hudson. "Mack" was sick, but against the advice of his comrades he declined to be left behind. On the way up the river some of the men claimed to be sick and were put off from the boat, preferring their safe quarters behind the parapet to facing the enemy. In derision the soldiers pelted them with "hard tack." Again "Mack" was urged to remain, this time by the surgeon, but the noble boy said, "No, I will go to Port Hudson if it is the last thing I do." The regiment debarked at Springfield Landing and on the 26th day of May came in sight of the fortifications of Port Hudson. "Mack" fell, while in the ranks, from sheer exhaustion, and was taken back to the landing and sent to New Orleans, where he died, June 2, 1863, aged 20 years and 7 months. Thus passed away one of our most beloved young men,—one who had not an enemy in the world and no friend by him when he died.

JOHN N. YOUNG

was another brother of the two preceding soldiers. He was, like them, a native of Pittsfield, where he was born August 24, 1844, and with them enlisted in Company G, Fifteenth New Hampshire volunteers, and was detailed as attendant to Captain Osgood. He performed his duties faithfully, whether in camp, on the march, or on the field of battle. He took part in the Siege of Port Hudson, and in several engagements in which his regiment participated. His genial, happy disposition drove away the homesickness from

many a soldier's mind and made his presence a blessing to all.

His present residence is Newark, N. J.

ALVIN F. YOUNG.

One of the very few men who entered the service at the beginning of the war, remained until its close, and came home without a wound or having been sent to the hospital from sickness, was Alvin F. Young. He was in over forty engagements, eighteen of which were regular pitched battles, and was never hit.

He was born in Barnstead, near Gilmanton town line, February 20, 1842, a son of Andrew J. and Sally (Seavy) Young, and moved to Pittsfield in 1849. On the breaking out of the war he ran away from home and enlisted in Company E, Second New Hampshire volunteers; was mustered into service June 3, 1861, and reënlisted January 1, 1864; was re-mustered February 2, 1864, and was in every engagement but one in which his regiment was engaged.

When our forces were driven back at Chancellorsville, while engaged in clearing a road through some fallen timber he wrenched his back, which laid him up for a few days. This was the only time that he was ever excused from duty.

Before the Battle of Williamsburg, Comrade Young had been troubled with rheumatism. When he learned that there was to be a fight, he begged permission to join his company. While lying in an old ditch (said by the natives to be a rifle-pit dug during the Revolution), not far from Fort Magruder, Young said to the man at his side, "See me pick that man off from his horse," indicating a rebel who had just appeared at one corner of the fort. Young raised his rifle and fired. The man gave a convulsive grasp at the mane of his horse and fell from the saddle, while the animal ran riderless away.

All day long the rain poured down, but despite his rheumatism he continued in the battle with his com-

rades. He was considered a crack shot, and several times during his service he was detailed to act as a sharpshooter, and in this capacity he served with the members of Company B. His father had been a captain in the old New Hampshire militia, and was known far and wide as Captain "Andry."

When Alvin enlisted some of his friends advised his father, as he was under age, to take him out of the army. "I won't do it," replied the old man, "what good would it do? He would go again, and I don't blame him. If I was young enough I'd go myself."

Alvin Young was drowned in Strafford, N. H., December 9, 1875.

There were a very few others who enlisted, but after taking the oath to defend their country from all enemies they basely deserted their flag and forever were held in detestation by all men; only one of them ever dared to return to Pittsfield to live. For the sake of their families let their names sink into oblivion, but for those brave men who died in the service, no words of mine can exalt them in the memory of their townsmen.

Illustrious dead! Had I Apollo's lyre
 I'd breathe an offering worthy of their name,
 Applauding heroes should their feats admire,
 And countless thousands should their deeds proclaim;

I'd paint their valor in auroral beams,
 I'd sing their toils in symphonies untold,
 I'd search the empires for their sweetest dreams,
 And 'grave its charms on leaves of burnished gold;

I'd shield their names from "the shock of time,"
 And bear their memories to a race unborn;
 The sage should praise in eulogy sublime
 The sterling virtues which their lives adorned;

I'd rob the seasons of their brightest gems,
 I'd snatch the rainbow from the vaulted sky,
 And with sunbeams wreath them diadems,—
 To crown their brows with immortality.

SOLDIERS' AID SOCIETY AND NURSES.

What were the ladies of Pittsfield doing these four long, trying years? To be sure they had their families to care for while the men were away, and they had work to do to gather supplies for the soldiers. I am told that they had no real organization, but they met by scores in the old academy hall, made shirts and drawers, and scraped lint and made bandages in large amounts.

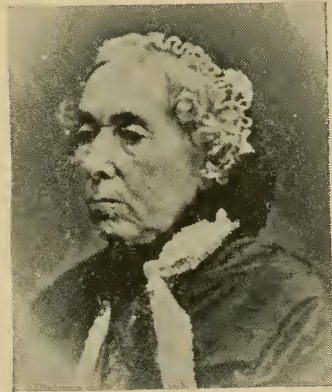
I have been shown a letter written July 26, 1861, to Mrs. R. L. French, by Mrs. Mary S. Perley, of Concord, who was president of the New Hampshire Soldiers' Aid society, thanking the ladies of Pittsfield for their very liberal donation.

Again, November 23, she writes to the same lady, saying,—

I acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of another box from Pittsfield, and beg to return to the donors our most cordial thanks. Pittsfield has already done so much that perhaps it is spurring the willing horse to death to ask for more. But we are in need of assistance, and naturally turn to those who have helped us most, to help us more.

Then came the request for what was needed, and of course it was granted. For the women of as small a town as Pittsfield was in 1861, to make three hundred shirts in three weeks was quite a task, but it was done.

Mrs. Miranda Swain, whose home was on Concord hill, took a more prominent part in the war than any lady from Pittsfield. For nearly three years she was employed in the hospitals at Washington. Many



MRS. FRANK NUTTER.
MRS. W. C. OSGOOD.
MRS. JOSEPH HARVEY.

MRS. R. L. FRENCH.
MRS. J. L. THORNDIKE.
MRS. LEWIS EUNIER.

soldiers remember her with gratitude, and I cannot refrain from giving an extract from one of her graphic letters to Mrs. R. L. French :

NEW HAMPSHIRE SOLDIERS' AID ROOMS.,
517 7TH STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
July 27, 1864.

Dear Mrs. French:

Having a few spare moments I will improve them by writing to you.

Since my return we have had much to do—first the Fredericksburg campaign commenced, and our association was very busy in its efforts to do for the wounded men. We sent down a large amount of supplies. I hardly got time to eat or sleep for several days, I might say weeks. Then the wounded commenced coming in, and sorrowful sights they were, too. We never have had such terribly wounded men as during this campaign.

It would astonish the good people of New Hampshire did they know the deaths from any one hospital for a day. Then to take them in the aggregate, it is perfectly awful. From Howard (hospital), for instance, they have averaged for weeks from thirty-six to forty per day. At first it was from seventy-five to one hundred, and that is only one hospital like many others down here.

Now we are directing our efforts principally to the men in the trenches. They have been living for weeks in the trenches before Petersburg; are getting worn out, are bilious, have diarrhoea, and are despondent. We find it much easier by expending a few dollars to keep them there than to get them returned again to duty, and then they lose their clothing or get it worn out and are unable to draw more. We send them underclothing and crackers, gingerbread, cider, ale, cheese, corn-starch, farina, dried fruits, lemons, boiled cider, vinegar, pickles, etc.

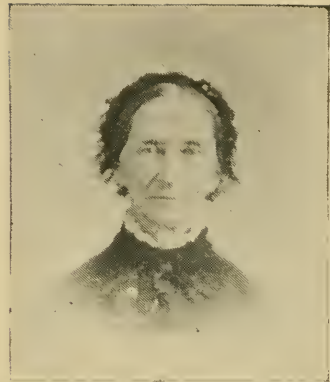
Also we endeavor to take especial care of every man in the hospitals in and around Washington. There are fourteen large hospitals in the city, and as many more in Alexandria. We have especial visitors appointed to every one, and we know that almost without exception they are faithful. They visit them nearly every day, some not more than three times per week, as they have more or less severe cases. I go

here and there, as it happens that I am most wanted, but my business just now is to remain in the "rooms" to attend to the supplies and the thousand little things that are constantly coming up to be attended to.

Miss Dame is with the Eighteenth army corps as matron, working very hard. She is a faithful laborer for the soldiers. I suppose you have heard all the rumors and truths of the visit of the rebels to the suburbs of our city, and the getting in of a few, to their sorrow. It was truly quite an exciting time with us. We did not know how large a force they had—one thing we did know: we had very little force to oppose them with for a few days. From Saturday until Monday night citizens, clerks, and invalid soldiers were put on guard. Many of the members of our association did regular guard duty—two hours on, two off, for some days. The music of cannon and bursting shell I never expected to hear, yet the reports were quite distinct above the noise of the city, and one night we sat upon the top of the house watching the flashes following every discharge—quite a brilliant display of fireworks.

Old linen was a necessary and scarce article. Mrs. Hogan, a lady over 80 years of age, lived on Main opposite Bank street. She had some linen sheets that had been the pride of her early wifehood in the old country. Tradition says she spun and wove them before her marriage. She bought a weaver's steel comb and with it combed them into lint, making a large boxful, which she presented to the Soldier's Aid society and it was forwarded with their other articles to the hospitals of the army, to be used in dressing wounds. Mrs. Young, who sent three of her sons into the army, came to the academy hall one day bringing a bed-tick, saying, "My poor boy had no bed under him when he died, and I want to send this so that some other mother's son may be more comfortable than my boy was."

No one regrets more than I do that no record was kept of what these noble women did. Said one bright matron, in answer to a question:



MRS. A. WEARS.
MRS. CHARLES SANBORN.
MRS. G. L. REMICK.

MRS. B. H. BARTLETT.
MRS. A. J. YOUNG.
MRS. W. H. BERRY.

“No, we did not have an organization. We met to work, and when it was time to go home, we took the unfinished garments with us and finished them; we ransacked our houses for old sheets and pillow-slips to make bandages, and every bit of linen we could get we scraped into lint. Some ladies who were invalids and unable to leave their homes, did as much as any of us. I recall Mrs. W. C. Osgood, Henry W. Osgood’s mother, who was confined to her bed most of the time, yet she managed, with the help of her daughter, to do as much as most of us.” Another said:

“Oh, the terrible waiting, the anxiety and suspense! We would run to the post-office for a letter, and if none were there we would almost cry; but if there were one from our friends in the army we dreaded to open it, for fear it would bring bad news. Every paper we took up we scarcely dared read, fearing we should see the name of some loved one either killed or injured. Then the home-coming was in many cases as sad as anything in those sorrowful years. We sent forth strong young men, we received back wrecks. Oh, it was terrible! It was terrible!” And she burst into tears over the remembrance of thirty years ago.

Comrades: The suffering was not all ours. These noble women underwent trials, as well as we in the army, and—God bless them—they have not forgotten us yet, for they have organized a Woman’s Relief Corps, and nobly do they aid each other and any soldier or sailor of the late war who is sick or in distress.

I assure my readers that it is with pleasure that I am able to place in this book the portraits of eighteen members of the Soldiers’ Aid Society of Pittsfield.

COMMISSIONER D. K. FOSTER.

July 13, 1863, Governor Gilmore sent a commission of five men to look after the wounded men at Gettysburg. D. K. Foster of this town was a mem-

ber of this board. After his return he published a racy account of his trip in the *New Hampshire Patriot* of September 9, 1863, which created a great sensation in the state but is too long to publish here. I have some letters from Mr. Foster to Isaac S. Carr of this town, from which I make the following extracts :

CAMP HOSPITAL, 3D ARMY CORPS, 2D DIVISION, NEAR
GETTYSBURG, PENN., July 19, 1863.

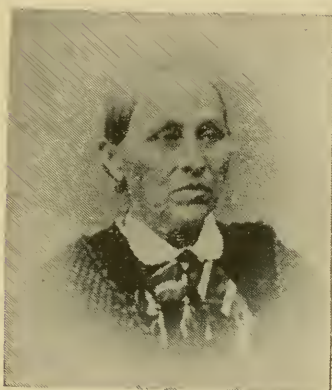
Mr. Carr :

I wrote a letter on my arrival here and how I found Asa, etc., which I suppose you have received. He is still doing well. I conversed with the doctors yesterday about Asa's going home, his ability to endure the journey and the expediency of attempting to move him, etc. Their opinion is that from the nature and position of his wounds it would be neither wise nor safe to remove him at present, but to let him remain here for a week or fortnight, till the wound heals within, so as not to incur the danger of rupture which the jostling and excitement of travel might produce, and if they should, would be liable to kill him on the way.

I am doing all I can for his comfort, and not neglecting altogether other New Hampshire boys who are here on all sides with legs off and holes through them in all places and directions.

Yesterday I walked to Gettysburg over the battle-field with a New Hampshire boy of the Twelfth regiment, who showed me the ground where they fought, pointed out the ground of the alternate charge and retreat, the spot where Lieutenant French fell and died, but no trace of his grave could we find. There is one trench with a board set up telling "Here lie seventeen bodies," and they are so near the spot where French was killed that the probability is that he is one of the number. Still he may have been carried farther away by those detailed to bury the dead. I mean to look farther if I have time and strength.

July 20, p. m. Am now at Gettysburg. Walked down with a Twelfth New Hampshire boy, Currier, from Bristol. This morning went blackberrying again with five or six of our Granite boys and brought in a bushel or more. I bought milk of an avaricious Dutchwoman at seven cents a pint, and



MRS. H. A. TUTTLE.
MRS. W. A. MACK.
MRS. OLIVER PERKINS.

MRS. W. W. PROCTOR.
MRS. HENRY YOUNG.
MRS. HANNAH PROCTOR.

she wanted to skim it at that price, but I blew her up for the insult and put her under oath that it was not skimmed when she returned from the milk room. I then paid her, hoped she would have a peaceful conscience, and departed for camp, and cheered Asa and others with a draught of the milk and berries.

D. K. FOSTER.

I am informed that the dairy women of this part of Pennsylvania keep their milk in earthen vessels with a handle on one side, shaped like certain pieces of crockery found in all well regulated bedrooms in New England.

REV. JOSEPH HARVEY.

On that memorable Sunday morning on May 18, when the first men left Pittsfield for the army, an account of which has been given in another place in this book, Rev. Joseph Harvey was holding service in the meeting-house at Kelley's Corner in Chichester. When the teams containing the men came in sight, Elder Harvey said, "My friends, there comes a noble band of men who are going to help fight the battles of our country; let us take a recess of ten minutes and cheer them as they go by."

Then the entire congregation, led by their pastor, stood by the road-side and cheered with a hearty will each wagon as it passed.

Elder Harvey took great interest in the war until it closed. In 1862 he was appointed chaplain of the Twelfth regiment. While he was preparing to assume the duties of that office, another clergyman persuaded him not to do so, telling him that he could do more good where he was, aiding the wounded and sick and looking after the welfare of soldiers' families, than as chaplain of a regiment.

During the war he went to the front five times to bring back the sick and wounded. He brought home Asa O. Carr, C. L. Sweat, J. M. Marston, G. H. Sanborn, and C. O. Durgin of Pittsfield, besides several from other towns.

He got Geo. H. Sanborn from the hospital under the care of Miss Harriet P. Dame, who thought it very doubtful if Sanborn lived until he reached home, his wound was in such a frightful condition. When they reached Worcester Elder Harvey bought a sheet, and folding it into sixteen thicknesses he bound it on to Sanborn's wound; and yet before they reached Pittsfield the wound discharged so much matter that it soaked through all of this cloth.

One time while in Washington, Elder Harvey applied to the provost-marshal for a pass to go to Harrison's Landing. This was refused.

"I have orders from higher authority than you to go down there," said the elder, "and if the Lord is willing I shall go."

"I should like to see you do it," said the official with a chuckle.

Our friend at once started for the secretary of war. Going up to Mr. Stanton, he asked for a pass.

"You can't have it," replied the secretary.

"But I have an order here from the governor of New Hampshire to go down there and bring back these men who are wounded," and he produced the paper bearing the seal of our state, "and you would not want me to go back and tell the people of our state that you would not allow me to execute the governor's orders!"

The secretary then gave the required pass. As the elder was leaving, Stanton said, "I believe you have been here before."

"Yes, once," replied Harvey.

"Well, don't come here again," Stanton said.

"I assure you I will not if I can get what I want without," was the elder's reply, as he hurried away, and he was the only civilian who got through to the army while at Harrison's Landing.

At Point Lookout he applied to General Marston for permission to take a man home on very important business. His request was denied. "Now, general," said the elder, "you are a pretty good man, I like

you first-rate, and I wish you would n't swear so much, but I must have this man, and if God is willing, I will have him back in ten days."

Just then an officer came up, and throwing his arms around Harvey, said, "I am glad to see you, Elder, I want you to preach to us."

"I will do so," he replied, "if you will have the men ready in ten minutes."

In less than that time over 1,500 men had gathered to listen to him. As soon as he had finished speaking, before the closing exercises, an officer came up and said:

"You must run to catch the boat, the man you came for is on board waiting for you."

He had a faculty of getting from all, regardless of rank, what he wanted: some perhaps might call it personal magnetism.

One of the men whom he brought home was in so low a condition that the elder brought him all the way in his arms, as if he had been an infant. His prodigious strength enabled him to do so. He had boundless courage, and yet he was as gentle and sympathetic as a woman.

JOHN BERRY.

Perhaps it may cause jealousy to speak in particular of one man who did not go to the front, when so many of our townsmen who stayed at home did so much, but no soldier or soldier's family can ever forget "Uncle John Berry."

The old man took great interest in the war, and acted as agent for the Soldiers' Aid Society. He visited every man from this town after he went into camp, and would inquire if the recruit wanted anything, and if he did he would furnish it at once.

This is how he appeared at the camp. He carried a huge gripsack filled with articles furnished by the good ladies of the town—testaments, handkerchiefs, suspenders, socks, and in cold weather mittens, and

many other articles. Going up to one of our men he would inquire for his health. Then he would pull out from his sack one of each of the above articles and say,—

“Here is something the women-folks sent down to you. Now ain’t there something more you want?”

If he could find out that there was, he would buy it out of his own pocket. He spent hundreds of dollars in this way. It was amusing to hear him talk.

“D—n it, sir, can’t I do something more for you? Where is your knapsack?”

This he would overhaul. If he could think of anything he would be sure to provide it; a shirt, a pair of drawers, or socks.

“Now,” he would say, “where is that d—d thing you carry your victuals in?”

The haversack would be produced and into this he would put something.

“D—n it, sir, you have n’t any liniment! You must have some liniment, just the thing for bruises or to keep out the cold,” and in would go a pint bottle of *liniment* (?).

Every one has some story to tell of “Uncle John.” He furnished a large quantity of material for the ladies to work up at the Soldiers’ Aid Society. He was always with them, helping in every way he could.

A middle-aged man says, “I was too young to enlist, but I remember how Uncle John Berry would find me on the street and ask me to ride. He would have a lot of baskets and bundles in his wagon. He would drive to a house and send me in with a package for the family, and I remember it was always a soldier’s family, and when the wife came to the door to thank him, he would say, ‘Jump in here, young man,’ and then to the woman, ‘Never mind about that; your husband is a d—d good soldier.’ Then he would swing his bumble-bee, as he called his whip, and his old horse would jog along to find another family.”

MASS MEETINGS.

During 1861 there was no need of meetings to stimulate enlistments, indeed more men enlisted than could be equipped. Some who had enlisted in the summer of that year did not leave the state until January, 1862, owing to the want of arms. Then came a lull in the enthusiasm. The first meeting to encourage enlistments was held in the town hall, June 28, 1862. S. J. Alexander of Concord made a stirring address, but he induced but one man to enter the company that he was raising for the Ninth regiment.

August 4, an open-air meeting was held in the evening. The people congregated in front of W. B. Drake's hotel, then standing on the lot now occupied by Governor Tuttle's residence. Stirring speeches were made by several men, among whom were S. H. French, Benjamin Emerson, R. T. Leavitt, L. W. Clark, L. W. Osgood, Charles S. George of Barnstead, and others. The most effective one was that delivered by a lady on the steps of the Baptist church. It was as follows: Her husband asked her what she thought about his enlisting.

"Think of it!" she shouted at the top of her voice. "Why, if I were a man I would enlist before I slept; I should be ashamed not to go!"

A few evenings later another meeting was held in Washington Square and enlisting went forward as rapidly as the year before. June 3, 1863, a mass meeting was held at the town hall, but enlisting was afterwards conducted more by personal solicitation than by public appeal.

So rapid had been the enlisting during 1861, that the government could not furnish equipments as fast

as the recruits arrived in camp. Indeed, some men who enlisted from this town in August, did not leave the state until the following January, owing to the lack of arms.

During the winter and spring of 1862, there was no recruiting at all. June 28 of that year, Samuel J. Alexander of Concord, who had just graduated from college, came to Pittsfield and spoke to an audience in the town hall on the all absorbing topic of the war. The result was, that he received one recruit,

THOMAS DELANEY,

an Irishman who worked in the cotton factory, who was mustered into Company B, Ninth New Hampshire volunteers,—of which company Mr. Alexander became captain—July 24, 1862, and with the regiment left for Washington, August 25.

On Sunday, Sept. 14, Delaney was wounded at the Battle of South Mountain. As soon as his wounds were dressed he returned to his company and three days later was in the Battle of Antietam. The next regular battle in which he was engaged was Fredericksburg, December 13. The regiment was then sent to Kentucky and Tennessee, and remained until June 4, 1863, when they left to take part in the siege of Vicksburg. After the fall of that city, the regiment was sent with others under General Sherman against Jackson, Miss., and in one of these battles near that place, either July 12 or 13, 1863, Delaney was again wounded, this time quite severely.

After remaining in various hospitals for some time, he was transferred to the Veterans' Reserve corps, January 15, 1864, and stationed at Elmira, N. Y., guarding prisoners, until the close of the war.

His death occurred some twenty years ago.

THE DRAFTS.

The quota of men from Pittsfield, under all the calls of the president, was seventy-eight. The number enlisting from this town, including one drafted man, was one hundred and forty-seven. The number of men left in town in April, 1865, between the ages of 18 and 45, as returned by the enrolling officer, was ninety-five. This number included "the lame, the halt, and the blind," the lunatics and idiots—men who had already served their country and been discharged for disease or wounds, or expiration of term of service. It is doubtful if there were fifty men in town who would have been accepted by the government as soldiers.

At one time, fourteen men who had been drafted appeared at Concord. Every one of them was rejected by the board of examiners, and one of the doctors asked Mr. French, who was the agent to fill the quota, "Have n't you got one sound man in Pittsfield?"

Mr. Drake, the only drafted man who went into the army, was so very deaf that it was almost impossible to converse with him. Some may ask why any one from Pittsfield was drafted when her quota was more than full. The explanation is as follows: The larger part of the enlistments were during the first years of the war, when the patriotic sons of Pittsfield enlisted by the score. When the draft was ordered in 1863, these enlistments were allowed, but soon it was found that people living in a town whose quota was not complete would claim residence in a town where the people had answered the call to arms, therefore it was decided to subject every man to the chance of the draft, so that Pittsfield, that had sent nearly twice the number of men required, was obliged to see some of

her sons drafted. Various schemes were started to evade the law. Some men who had been perfectly well, boasting that they never had a doctor in their lives, were turned at once into decrepit invalids. Others went to Canada to "guard the frontier," but the most common and perfectly honorable method was to form clubs of say twenty members, paying a certain sum, generally \$25, making \$500. If any member was drafted he was allowed to draw from the common fund sufficient to obtain a substitute; if more of the club were drafted, they would assess themselves to make up what money was needed. If none of the members were drafted, then the club would disband, each taking his share of the money.

It has been customary to sneer at the men who procured substitutes, but all men are not constituted alike, and if a man had not the courage to enlist it was far more honorable in him to secure some one to take his place, than to go himself and be obliged to "show the white feather," in the face of the enemy, and thereby endanger his comrades by creating a panic. Again: most people look upon a substitute as a poor despicable being; while the truth is, the large majority of them were good, honorable men, many of whom had already seen three years' service, and were willing to enlist again, but they found that by going as a substitute they could get several hundred dollars in addition to the regular bounty, and they took it.

There was another class of men whose business prevented their leaving home, on whom vast enterprises depended, or who were the support of a whole community, as we might say. These men were mostly patriotic, and contributed of their means very liberally to support the war; and to evade the draft, sent a representative (or substitute), and so they were exempt, for in the eye of the law such a man was already in the service. But here was a singular thing, if the representative died, the principal was subject to the draft.

TOWN RECORDS.

At the annual town meeting held on the 12th of March, 1861, Jackson Freese and William W. Proctor, M. D., were chosen representatives to the legislature which met at Concord on the first Wednesday of the following June. Sylvester H. French, Moses L. Norris, and Reuben T. Leavitt were chosen selectmen.

When the voters of Pittsfield separated on that cold night and rattled over the frozen ground to their homes, they little thought that they would so soon be called together again.

To be sure they knew that several of the southern states had passed an ordinance of secession; they knew that a vessel sent to relieve the garrison of one of our forts had been fired upon; they knew that fortifications were being built to reduce or capture Fort Sumter; they knew that the people of the south were arming themselves as if for a conflict, but they believed that a peace would be patched up, that new compromises would be effected and that harmony would be restored. Had not the United States an army of ten thousand men, and what state or combination of states would dare to confront such an army as that? Had they dreamed of what they must pass through during the next four years, had they known of the blood and treasure to be expended, the homes to be made desolate, they would not have rested as quietly as they did. Fortunate it is for us that we do not know what the future has in store for us! We would turn away heartsick from the task we must accomplish.

On the 25th day of April the selectmen issued a

warrant for a special town meeting to be holden on the 11th of May. Among other articles in the warrant were,—

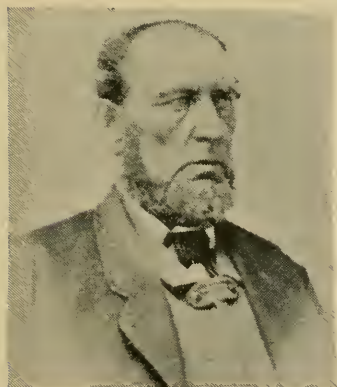
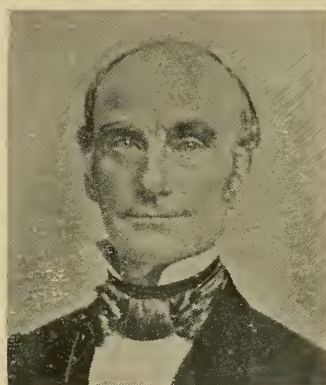
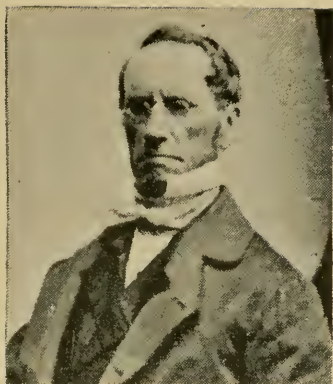
To see if the town will furnish and present to each and every person who has, or may volunteer and be accepted from said town, and go into the active military service of said state or the United States government during the present war, a complete equipment of side-arms and articles of comfort. To see if the town will support and assist and take care of any and all families of such volunteers which may in any way be in need of such support, assistance, and care of their respective homes.

At the meeting so called it was

Voted, To furnish and present to each and every person that has, or may volunteer and be accepted from said town, and go into the actual military service of said state or the United States government during the present war a *rubber blanket*.

That the selectmen be directed and authorized and empowered to borrow or hire, on credit of the town, certain sum or sums of money from time to time, as the same may be needed, not exceeding in all one thousand dollars, to be appropriated by a committee of two, to be chosen by said town for the purpose, towards the support of any family residing in town whenever the husband or any member of the family upon whom the family are dependent for support, has enlisted or may hereafter enlist and go into service of the United States, said family needing assistance in the opinion of said committee and no such support to be furnished to any such family not needing it, and no such support to be withheld so long as such family may need it and such husband or other person remains in said service, said assistance is considered as gratuitous and voluntary on the part of the town and has nothing relevant to or in any way or manner touching pauperism or pauper laws, said committee to make annual returns of their doings to the town treasurer.

This was the first vote taken by any town in the state for carrying on the war, and, as far as I have been able to learn, in the entire north. The committee chosen was Benjamin L. Cram and James Drake.



BENJAMIN EMERSON.
LEWIS BUNKER.
ABRAHAM FRENCH, 2D.

R. P. J. TENNEY.
JAMES DRAKE.
REV. JOSEPH HARVEY.

The following resolutions, drawn by J. C. French and introduced by Lewis W. Osgood, were adopted by the meeting. After their introduction Mr. French made a ringing address to the voters, and men who a few weeks before would have nothing to do with each other politically, for the first time were found working and voting together.

Resolved, That we, the legal voters of the town of Pittsfield, being justly alarmed at the present perilous condition of our country, do earnestly hope and pray that the kind Providence which has prospered us as a nation in the past may overrule and direct the affairs of our nation in such a manner that we may be spared from any further evils of this civil and fratricidal war. And while we so earnestly deprecate the great national calamity we do pledge in support of our country our lives and fortunes and our sacred honor.

Resolved, That in the present excited state of our government, we are utterly opposed to all discussion and agitation of the question of *American slavery* and other political issues which have a tendency to prevent a union of sentiment and effort to support and defend our common country.

Resolved, That we extend our most sincere thanks and regards to all those of our townsmen who have left their homes for the defence of our country, for their noble and patriotic response to its call, and we pledge them on our honor that we will cheerfully protect their wives and children at home, and we will most cheerfully protect the wives and children of those who may hereafter volunteer.

How well the citizens of Pittsfield kept this resolution the following pages will show.

There are two facts brought out by reading the records of this meeting; one is the crude ideas people had in regard to war; the other, the intense patriotism of the people.

It did not occur to any one until after the meeting was called but what the town had a right to arm and equip its citizens with arms, which of itself would be an act of war; therefore no action was taken to buy side-arms for those who enlisted. As soon as it was found that money could not be raised legally by the

town to buy side-arms for the men who enlisted, a subscription paper was at once started and money enough raised to purchase for every man who had enlisted up to that time a revolver and dirk-knife,—two of the most useless things an infantry man could have.

Each man who went in the Second New Hampshire regiment received a rubber blanket. One soldier says that they were the best of their kind that he ever saw. It was found that the state could furnish them cheaper than the town, so the subsequent regiments were supplied by the state, thus relieving the town from its obligation.

Let us turn for a few moments and see what our townsmen were doing at Concord in that summer of 1861. Dr. Proctor, one of our representatives, had died. Dr. R. P. J. Tenney was a member of the governor's council. The legislature was in a terrible turmoil. Each party was trying, then as now, to make all of the political capital they could out of the affairs of the country, regardless of everything else.

Here was enacted one of the most dramatic scenes that ever took place in a legislative body. A bill had been brought in entitled "An act to aid in the defence of the country." It gave the governor and council almost unlimited power. The opposition fought against it for all they were worth. A powerful influence was brought to bear on Mr. Freese to make him vote with his political friends, and as their leader rushed down the aisle swinging his fists, and shouting "Traitor! traitor!" to Mr. Freese, some who had favored the bill gave way and opposed it. Mr. Freese stood firm by what he believed to be right and recorded his vote accordingly. It must be a source of gratification to him to know that although he alone of all his party voted for it, yet he has lived to see his act endorsed by every lover of his country. As we look at it to-day we can see that it was a dangerous precedent, but in time of war risks must be taken.

After the committee chosen at this meeting in May had expended over seventy dollars as directed, it was discovered that it was not legal, so a petition was sent to the legislature and an act was passed to authorize towns to aid the families of volunteers, and another meeting was called on Saturday, October 12, to act under the new law, when the business was gone through with again; but as it was thought that the old committee could not settle with themselves for what was illegally expended, a new committee, consisting of Josiah Carpenter, William H. Berry, and Granville L. Remick, were chosen in their place. Then the meeting adjourned for one week. At the last meeting everything was decided as legal and the committee qualified and entered upon the duties of their office.

At the annual election in March, 1862, the old board of officers to manage town affairs were reëlected, and it was voted that the sum of one thousand dollars be raised to aid the families of volunteers, and that the selectmen be a committee to appropriate the same.

Josiah Carpenter and Lewis Bunker were chosen as representatives to the legislature.

At a special town meeting held July 26, the sum of three thousand dollars was voted to be borrowed to aid in enlisting men. This was the beginning of our town debt that remains unpaid to this day. Previous to this time no bounties had been paid, and most of the men who had entered the army were unmarried. There were many men who did not want to leave their families unprovided for, and many had a small homestead encumbered by a mortgage, and they felt that if this could be raised, so that their loved ones might have a home, they could go.

The large issue of paper money had depreciated its value, so that thirteen dollars per month had not the same purchasing power that it had the year before, and the only way to equalize this matter was by bounties. To be sure, the men who had already

enlisted had to make the best of their bargain and trust to the honor of their government to make good the deficiency, and they have trusted until this day, but in vain.

A special town meeting was called August 18, 1862, among other things, to see if the town would vote to increase the state bounty of fifty dollars to one hundred dollars; that is, to see if the town would pay fifty dollars in addition to what the state paid. This the town refused to do. The reason for this refusal was that the bounty was not large enough.

Previous to holding the last meeting another had been warned, which was held August 23. At this meeting, the following resolution, offered by Josiah Carpenter, was adopted:

Resolved, That the selectmen be instructed to pay three hundred dollars bounty to each volunteer for filling up our quota of the call of the commander-in-chief for three hundred thousand men to serve for three years, or during the war, and that they be paid in the order of their enlistment until the quota shall be filled, and furthermore, that the selectmen be authorized to borrow, on the credit of the town and on the best terms obtainable, a sum of money sufficient to pay said bounty.

The following amendment was offered by P. J. Hook by leave of said Carpenter: After the words "be filled" insert the words, "when they are mustered into the United States service;" and on motion of M. V. B. Edgerly, voted to further amend the resolution by inserting after the previous amendment, "and to other persons who shall enlist in the United States service for the term of three years, or during the war, prior to the first day of September next, when they are mustered into the United States service." The meeting then adjourned for one week.

Up to this time Sylvanus Smith had been town clerk, but having enlisted he resigned his office, and Edward O. Sanderson was appointed to his place.

At the adjourned meeting, August 30, it was voted,

on motion of William Yeaton, that the town pay a bounty of two hundred dollars to each volunteer who enlisted to fill up the quota of men for nine months, and voted that the selectmen be authorized to borrow, on the credit of the town and on the best terms obtainable, a sum of money sufficient to pay such bounties and pay the same to said volunteers as soon as they are mustered into the United States service.

At a special town meeting holden October 4, it was voted, on motion of John Berry, that the selectmen be authorized to borrow the sum of twelve thousand and six hundred dollars on the credit of the town, and on motion of Geo. Snell it was voted to instruct the selectmen to apply the same in liquidating the debt already incurred in paying bounties to volunteers. Many men had enlisted at that time, but had not received their bounty.

At the annual meeting, March 11, 1863, the town chose Charles T. B. Knowlton as clerk; Josiah Carpenter and Lewis Bunker as representatives; Sylvester H. French, John J. Jenness, and Joseph E. Greenleaf as selectmen. The town debt had now increased so that twelve hundred dollars was needed to pay the interest. It was also voted that the selectmen be authorized to borrow on the credit of the town, at such times as may be necessary, a sum not exceeding three thousand dollars for the aid of families of volunteers.

On Tuesday, the eleventh day of August, 1863, a special meeting of the town was holden to act upon the following articles:

Second. To see if the town aforesaid will vote to pay a bounty of three hundred dollars to each and every person who may be drafted or conscripted from said town under the laws of the United States, to serve during the existing rebellion, and who shall be actually accepted and go into the service of the United States, or to each substitute for such conscript, and raise money therefor.

Third. To see if the town will vote to pay to the United States the sum of three hundred dollars for each and every

person who may be conscripted or drafted from said town under the laws of the United States and is not by law exempt therefrom, as an equivalent which the act of congress provides may be paid by drafted or conscripted members of the enrolled militia in lieu of actual service of himself or his substitute in the army of the United States, and raise money therefor.

The records of this meeting show that on motion of Hiram A. Tuttle, it was

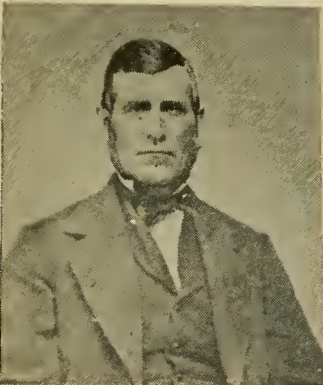
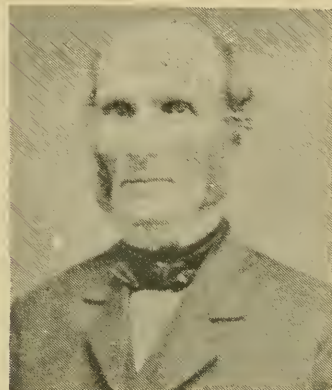
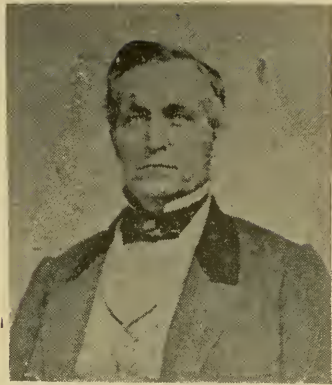
Voted, That the town pay a bounty of three hundred dollars to each and every person who may be drafted or conscripted from this town under the laws of the United States to serve in the army of the United States during the existing rebellion, and who shall be actually accepted and go into the service of the United States, or to each substitute for such conscript; and that the selectmen be authorized and instructed to borrow on the credit of the town the sum of eight thousand dollars therefor, and pay out the same agreeably to the laws of the state.

Voted, That the third article of the warrant be dismissed.

Pursuant to a warrant issued by the selectmen, the voters of the town met in a special meeting, November 30, 1863, and on motion of Jonathan Palmer it was

Voted, That the sum of ten thousand dollars be appropriated for the purpose of encouraging voluntary enlistments to fill the quota of this town under the call of the president of the United States of October 17, 1863, for 300,000 volunteers, and that the selectmen be authorized to apply the sum, or so much thereof as they may think proper, for the payment of such bounties or making such advances to volunteers for that purpose as they may think proper, and of expenses in procuring such volunteers; and that the selectmen borrow said sum of ten thousand dollars, or so much thereof as they may think proper, on the credit of the town and to give the notes of the town therefor.

The meeting adjourned for two weeks. At that meeting the clerk was absent and Daniel Sanderson was elected clerk pro tem. It was



J. E. GREENLEAF.

J. J. JENNESS.

A. C. WALKER.

S. H. FRENCH.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

R. T. LEAVITT.



Voted, To raise the sum of two thousand dollars in addition to the ten thousand dollars voted at the original meeting of which this is an adjourned meeting, the said two thousand to be raised and appropriated the same as the said ten thousand dollars.

The next annual meeting was held on Tuesday, March 8, 1864, at which Owen Reynolds and Jonathan Palmer were chosen as representatives, and John J. Jenness, Joseph E. Greenleaf, and Andrew C. Walker were elected selectmen, and Charles T. B. Knowlton town clerk.

It was voted to hire, upon the credit of the town, thirty-five hundred dollars to aid the families of volunteers, and also to hire the sum of ten thousand dollars to encourage enlistments. Up to this time, John J. Pillsbury had been moderator of every meeting, but on May 28 a special meeting was held, and Mr. Pillsbury having left town Henry H. Huse, who had served as captain in Company G, Eighth New Hampshire regiment, was chosen to preside, and Charles T. Cram was chosen clerk pro tem. At this meeting, on motion of Josiah Carpenter, it was

Voted, That the sum of ten thousand dollars be raised and appropriated for the purpose of encouraging enlistments to fill any quota of the town during the present political year, and to pay bounties to such persons as may, during said year, be drafted or conscripted from the town for service in the army of the United States, during the existing rebellion, or to their substitutes as provided by law. That the selectmen be authorized to borrow such portions of said sum of ten thousand dollars as they may from time to time think proper on the credit of the town, and to give the notes of the town therefor. That the selectmen be authorized to pay such a bounty, not exceeding three hundred dollars, as they may think proper to each volunteer, to fill any quota of the town during the present political year, and such a bounty, not exceeding the sum which may be authorized by law, to such persons who may during the year be drafted or conscripted from the town for service in the army of the United States during the existing rebellion, or to their substitutes, in

accordance with the provision of the law therein found relating thereto.

On August 10, 1864, another special meeting was called. Henry H. Huse was chosen moderator, and Frank E. Randall clerk pro tem. After a long discussion as to what method to pursue, it adjourned until the next Monday; at that time it was voted to choose an agent to fill the quota, and on ballot Sylvester H. French was chosen unanimously. This I claim was the highest compliment ever paid to any man by the town. As an agent he handled the town's money by the tens of thousands of dollars, and without bonds, and was never called upon to make a report.

The reason Mr. French did not give bonds was because the law limited the amount to be paid to each recruit as bounty, but men could not be had for that amount, as other states were bidding for their services. So Pittsfield had to pay more than the law allowed, and her agent performed his duties in a very discreet manner, and to the satisfaction of his townsmen.

After his election Mr. French asked to have a committee of five appointed to bring a resolution to specify how much money to raise and how the same should be appropriated. The committee so named were Jonathan Palmer, Hiram A. Tuttle, William Knowlton, Joseph Roby, and Sylvanus Smith, who reported as follows:

Resolved, That the selectmen be authorized to borrow a sum of money not exceeding thirty thousand dollars and give the notes of the town for the same, to be appropriated by the agent of the town for the payment of bounties to soldiers who may be mustered into the service of the United States to fill the quota of the town under the last call of the president for five hundred thousand men, and the expenses of procuring said soldiers, at his discretion. And the treasurer of the town is hereby authorized to pay said sums of money to the said agent as he may order.

The meeting then adjourned till one week later, when it was voted to raise thirty thousand dollars on the best possible terms, and it was also voted that the amount of bounty paid to citizens of this town who should enlist and be mustered into the service of the United States, should be double the amount paid by the state. The meeting then adjourned one week, but as nothing new had developed in the meantime, the meeting dissolved.

September 3, 1864, another special meeting of the town was held, and after choosing Capt. H. H. Huse as moderator, it was voted to lay aside the warrant for the present, so that an expression of the people might be obtained. Ringing patriotic speeches were made by Jonathan Palmer, Isaac S. Carr, Josiah Carpenter, James Drake, John L. Thorndike, and several others.

It was then voted to raise the sum of thirty thousand dollars, and to appropriate the same to pay bounties according to the provision of the "act of August 19, to facilitate the raising of troops," as follows:

To such persons, except those enlisted in or from insurgent states, who shall be mustered into the military, naval, or marine service of the United States to fill the quota of this town, under the call of the president of July, 1864, whether volunteer, enlisted man, or volunteer substitute for an enrolled or enlisted man, a bounty according to the term of his enlistment, of one hundred dollars for one year, or of two hundred dollars for two years, or of three hundred dollars for three years' enlistment, or in the same proportion for any other term of service.

To such persons drafted for one year from this town, and mustered into the service of the United States as a part of the quota of this town under the call aforesaid, a bounty of two hundred dollars.

To such inhabitants of this town for three months previous to enlisting, who may enlist to fill the quota of the town under the call aforesaid, and actually mustered into the military, naval, or marine service of the United States, a bounty, according to the term of enlistment, of one thousand dollars for one year, of twelve hundred dollars for two years, of fifteen hundred dollars for three years' enlistment.

It was also

Voted, That the selectmen be authorized to borrow such portion of the aforesaid sum of thirty thousand dollars as they may from time to time think proper on the credit of the town, and give the notes of the town therefor, and the same be applied to the payment of bounties according to the foregoing notes.

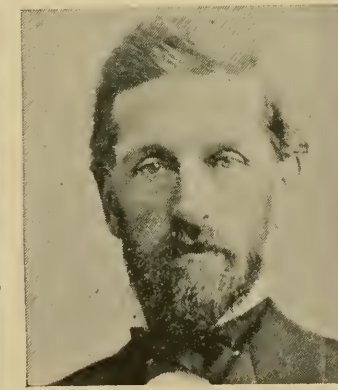
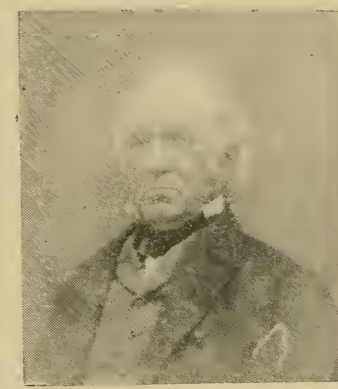
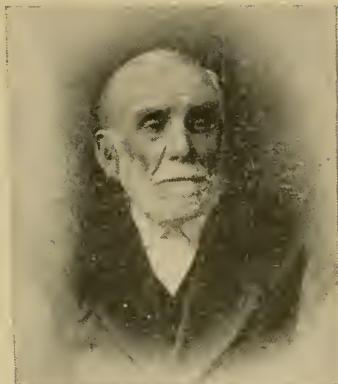
The meeting then adjourned until the next Wednesday, thinking that perhaps something might occur that would necessitate further action, but it appears that they only met to adjourn without date.

At a special meeting holden December 3, 1864, Abram French, 2d, was chosen moderator, and Moses L. Norris, clerk pro tem. It was voted to raise the sum of twelve thousand dollars and appropriate the same to pay bounties, according to provision of the act of the legislature of the state to facilitate the raising of troops, as follows :

To all persons who shall or have been mustered into the military, naval, or marine service of the United States to fill the quota of this town, in anticipation of any future call of the president for troops, whether volunteer, enlisted men, enrolled in this town, or volunteer substitutes for enrolled men, a bounty according to their term of enlistment, of one hundred dollars for one year, or two hundred dollars for two years, or three hundred dollars for three years' enlistment, or in the same proportion for any other term of service.

Then followed the usual vote for borrowing the money by giving the town-notes.

The annual meeting for 1865 was held on Tuesday, March 14. Abram French, 2d, was unanimously chosen moderator, and Charles T. Cram clerk; Owen Reynolds and Jonathan Palmer as representatives; Jeremiah Clark, Peter J. Hook, and John E. Shaw, as selectmen. At this meeting it was voted to raise three thousand dollars to aid the families of volunteers. The following resolution, submitted



W. W. PROCTOR.
J. W. D. KNOWLTON.
G. L. REMICK.

JACKSON FREESE.
JOHN BERRY.
JOSIAH CARPENTER.



by John J. Jenness, was, on motion of Josiah Carpenter, adopted :

Resolved, That the selectmen be authorized to borrow on the credit of the town a sum not to exceed twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of encouraging enlistments and paying bounties to those who may procure substitutes, said bounties to those who enlist and count on the quota of the town for one year to be two hundred dollars, for two years to be four hundred dollars, for three years six hundred dollars ; and to the procuring of substitutes for one year one hundred dollars, for two years two hundred dollars, for three years three hundred dollars. And furthermore, that the said selectmen be empowered, should they at any time think best, to procure substitutes in anticipation of a future call.

This was the last meeting of the town before the close of the war, and I doubt if any other place can show a record equal to it.

The promise made by the town on that 11th day of May, 1861, was faithfully kept, for the records show that Pittsfield expended \$159,100 towards supporting the families of soldiers and as bounty to those who enlisted. This was about twenty-five per cent. of the valuation of the town in 1861.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

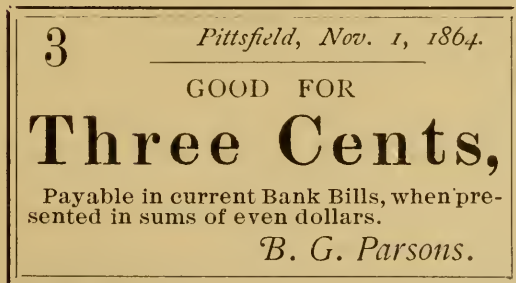
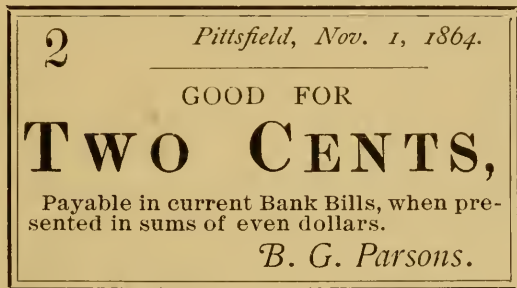
A history like this would be incomplete did it not devote at least a small space to the domestic affairs of the good people of the town who remained at home. If any one is disposed to find fault with their present condition, to talk of hard times as people have always done—and I doubt not always will—perhaps reading the following pages may make them more contented with their lot.

Soon after the war broke out all coin disappeared. The speculators, those vultures who feed and fatten on the people, bought up all the coin they could, and at once it became the craze for every person to hoard what little coin he possessed. Soon tradesmen paid a premium for small change to do business with, therefore they charged more for their goods. Farmers could do better with their produce at the stores than they could if they tendered bank bills in payment for goods, but something must be had for use as small change, and at once postage stamps were chosen as the medium. They could be obtained everywhere and were something that everyone was supposed to use more or less of, but they were inconvenient, for they would stick together or become soiled and rendered worthless.

I remember a very penurious citizen, of Loudon, who visited the camp ground at Concord in 1862, selling apples at three cents apiece. The boys would buy some, then wetting the stamp, stick it to the measure in which he carried his fruit. Soon he had postage stamps enough affixed to his measure to carry it around the world. Of course he could not get them off without tearing them, so instead of getting a

big price for his fruit as he intended, by taking advantage of the soldiers, who were not allowed to leave camp, he made a complete loss.

But something had to be done to aid the people. In our country, if the government does not supply the people's needs they will do it themselves. It was so in this instance. Change the people must have to make small purchases with, so the traders issued small scrip. This was done in many towns and cities. I have samples of this scrip issued by B. G. Parsons, at that time one of the leading merchants of the town, and I will insert here a fac-simile of the same. To my younger readers it will be a curiosity, to the older ones it will bring up memories of long ago.



The reader will observe that the above were issued in the latter part of 1864. There had been previous issues by the same party, and when one was returned it was never again sent on its travels, but was

destroyed. In this way Mr. Parsons was able to know how many of these bills were never returned. The government put a stop to this business by issuing what was known in the slang phrase of the time as "shin plasters," or "fractional currency." Samples of these can be found in almost every collection of coins or curiosities.

Of course under such conditions, with money scarce, all kinds of merchandise advanced to an enormous price. I have collected from various day books of our traders, bills of sale, receipts, etc., the following prices: Japan tea, \$1.60 per pound; flour, from \$18.50 to \$22.00 per barrel; corn meal, \$4.25 per bag; kerosene oil, \$1.50 per gallon (and it was of very poor quality, ranging from only 95 to 110 fire test, and of course explosions were frequent); sugar, 35 cents per pound, or 3 pounds for \$1.00; cheese, 30 cents; butter, 50 cents per pound; men's kip boots, from \$7.00 to \$8.00 per pair; ladies' peg boots, \$2.50 per pair; sheeting, Amoskeag A, 75 cents per yard, a lighter grade, such as is in ordinary use, 65 cents; by the web, 60 cents per yard; a very thin article was sold for 50 cents; prints were from 48 to 50 cents per yard. These were of the grade known as "Coheco." Of ticking I have found but one recorded sale, which was at \$1.00 per yard. Thread was 15 cents per spool. One trader had a lot of "hank" thread that was so poor he could not sell it at any price. He kept it for years, yet during the war he sold it at a large profit. Rosin and tar, used by shoemakers to make wax, sold at 40 cents per pound.

Some of the products of the farm were very high. Beans were \$5.00 per bushel, 20 cents per quart; salt pork was from 28 to 30 cents per pound; round hog, 20 cents per pound. John B. Berry sold one for \$101.00. Hay, from \$35.00 to \$40.00 per ton. Seven-foot cattle were worth from \$250.00 to \$300.00; lambs, from \$9.00 to \$12.00 each. One of the selectmen of that time says that he used to follow the

drovers around to borrow money for the use of the town.

Taxes, too, were high. A poll tax in 1864 was \$3.54; in 1865, \$4.88; in 1866 it reached the highest point, being then \$5.56; in 1867 it was \$4.82.

I could give many more items, but I think I have given enough to convey an idea of the high prices prevailing at that time.

Let us turn for a few minutes and see what labor was worth. When the war broke out soldiers were paid \$11.00 per month. This was afterwards raised to \$13.00 per month. To those who had families their wives got from the town \$4.00 per month and \$2.00 for each child, but no family could draw over \$8.00 per month. Girls at domestic service got \$1.50 per week, while laboring men had \$1.50 per day.

Shoemakers, and there were many in this town before the war, got \$15.00 for welt shoes, and \$10.00 for turned shoes per case of 60 pairs; at this price a man could earn about \$9.00 per week.

Farm hands received \$150.00 per year and board. Stephen Lougee worked for seven months in the summer of 1864 for \$18.00 per month; for the remainder of the year he received \$10.00 per month.

Wages in cotton factories were equally low, indeed many factories had to close for want of stock. I find that weavers got, in 1862, 75 cents per day; in 1863, 87 cents per day; and in 1864, \$1.00 per day. It may occur to the reader that it was a strange condition of affairs that wages should remain so low when so many men had gone into the army, but it must be remembered that many industries were at a standstill, especially in cotton and leather, and our shipping had been driven from the seas and has never regained the importance it had before the war; and then women entered upon occupations that had always before been held by men, as clerks, book-keepers, salesmen, and operatives in many manufacturing industries, and many of them went into the fields and cultivated and harvested the crops that the men had abandoned.

I recall one young woman who came into the village with a yoke of oxen, drawing a load of potatoes that she with her mother and sister had raised, and our older residents will remember the girl who drove her father's four-horse team, handling the reins like a veteran "whip."

It was no uncommon sight to see a woman trundling a wheelbarrow, carrying home supplies to her family. The older matrons of to-day recount with pride their experiences of those days when they had to saw and split their wood.

It was only by practising small economies that people lived at all; for instance, matches were very high, and people would lay a card of these on a board and with a sharp knife split each match, so as to make one do the work of two. Such methods were carried into all the affairs of life. As one person remarked, "It is surprising on how little a person can live if he only tries."

All kinds of makeshifts and substitutes were used, both in food and drink, many using a compound made of various roots and grains in place of coffee. Cotton twine entirely disappeared, and a coarse string made of hemp took its place. But this scarcity proved a blessing in the end, for many substitutes proved so much better that they have remained in use until the present time. This was most notably the case in making paper. Before the war only rags were used, but it was found that wood could be utilized, and now more wood than any other material is made into paper.

One of our traders was selling a piece of cloth to a lady. She demurred at the price. "Why," he said, "it is very cheap; I will warrant it to be half cotton." She took it without further parley, as though cotton were warmer than woollen.

Cotton underwear entirely disappeared, and men appeared with colored woollen shirts at all seasons of the year, at church, at weddings, at funerals, everywhere.

Families that had cotton mattresses would exchange them for those made with curled hair, and get quite a sum of money besides.

I have been unable to learn that any one suffered from want. All had enough to eat, drink, and wear. There was plenty of food, though some of it was high; water was as plenty then as now. As to clothing, people wore their old garments. Ladies introduced the fashion of making their dresses out of two or three kinds of material, and they were very charming in them.

One thing that helped out poor people was that rents were very low: a good tenement could be hired for three dollars a month.

TIDINGS FROM THE FIELD.

Before the war there was only occasionally a daily paper to be found in town. Dr. W. A. Mack, who kept a drug store opposite the Washington House, after the breaking out of hostilities began to keep them for sale. Every evening throngs of people would be waiting in groups around the stores, hotels, and on the streets, and when True Garland's well known whistle was heard, as his lead horses struck the factory bridge, the people would gather at Doctor Mack's for their papers.

Saturday evening, April 3, 1865, the *Boston Herald* contained the news of the evacuation of Petersburg. So strong was the desire to learn the news as soon as possible, that teams were run to Concord to bring the papers that arrived there on the morning train.

On Saturday, the 11th, the welcome news was brought that Lee had surrendered. The driver of the team announced his approach by blowing a horn. Great was the rejoicing. Preparations were at once made to celebrate the event. Materials were collected, and bonfires blazed the whole length of Main street, cannon boomed from "Rocky Dam," and the bells were rung. The people flocked in from the country and crowded the streets or listened to speeches from various parties. The revelry was kept up until midnight.

The next day in all the churches a thanksgiving service was held. Although no proclamation had been made by the governor for such an event, yet it was a thanksgiving, the most heartfelt and sincere this century ever witnessed. But this did not satisfy the people, so on Monday evening another celebration was held, that people might give vent to the joy that swelled their hearts.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

April 15, 1865, while Rev. Henry Snow, who had been a captain in the army but at that time was pastor of the Freewill Baptist church in this town, was in Concord, there came over the wires the news of the death of President Lincoln. Mr. Snow at once started for home, spreading the news along his route.

When he reached Pittsfield the village was thrown into the greatest excitement. Mr. Snow delivered an address from the steps of the Congregational church. It was just dusk. The people thronged the streets, asking one another, What will the outcome be? Boxes were piled around the flag-staff on Washington Square and used for a platform, from which addresses were made by various citizens. If volunteers had been called for to enlist, every man, both old and young, would have come forward, so great was the indignation. It was believed that the rebel government was at the bottom of the plot. To show how soon all political feeling was lost in the great national sorrow, I will say that the Democratic flag on the staff in front of Drake's hotel, which had been used in two political campaigns to defeat Mr. Lincoln's election, was the first in town to be draped in mourning for the dead president.

The next day, when the facts became more fully known, the rejoicing that had taken place in the town over the surrender of Lee was turned to mourning over the death of the president. When Lee surrendered it was believed that the war would soon end, and our citizens looked forward to the speedy return of our soldiers in the field, but now all seemed changed, for the mind that had controlled public affairs was dead.

The new president, Andrew Johnson, was a southern man, whom the rebels hated with a most bitter feeling. They looked upon him as a rebel to his state of Tennessee, for it was their cardinal belief that a man's allegiance was due first to his state, then to the nation.

When the funeral of the dead president was held in Washington on the 19th of April, services were held in the various churches in this town. When the funeral cortege reached Chicago, June 1, another mass meeting, with appropriate exercises, was held in the Congregational church, and at the very hour when the remains were placed in the vault at Springfield, Illinois, minute guns were fired by the citizens, and all flags were draped in mourning for thirty days.

It was in this manner that Pittsfield paid tribute to the character of Abraham Lincoln, who, born in obscurity, reared in poverty, for his honest courage in defending the right was raised to the high seat of power, from which he fell by the assassin's bullet into the arms of the American people, who as tenderly, reverently, laid him at rest as a child would place a parent upon the bed of death, and who have preserved his memory in their hearts with a remembrance as sacred as a mother has for her first-born. It has been vouchsafed to but few men to be embalmed in history as a liberator and emancipator.

FINALE.

Then was the home-coming of the soldiers. During the entire war men had been returning from the front,—some to recruit, others discharged for disease or wounds, many of whom, as soon as they recovered sufficiently, reënlisted in the service. The first men from this town that were discharged by reason of expiration of term of service were the members of the Fifteenth regiment (nine months troops). They had seen hard service in the swamps of Louisiana, and had been roughly handled at Port Hudson, where they had been under fire for forty-six consecutive days. Along the route home they left nearly fifty men who were sick, to die; several from Pittsfield were among them. The remnant of the regiment arrived in Concord, Saturday, August 8, 1863.

Hon. L. D. Stevens of Concord said that these men looked more like men coming out of their graves, so emaciated and dirty were they, than like human beings. Word was brought by some one that the men of this command would be at home that night, and the citizens organized a procession and went out on the road to Chichester to meet them and escort them into the village. But the men were too exhausted to care for the plaudits of their townsmen. They would give more to lie down on the floor to sleep than to listen to praise from their fellow-citizens. Something to eat, then rest, was what they wanted. They staggered to their homes and greedily devoured the food set before them and then lay down on the bed to sleep. But they could not sleep, they seemed to be sinking, suffocating; they got up and laid down on the floor, and at once went to sleep and slept from fifteen to

twenty hours, and then wakened only to eat and sleep again; and, alas, some of them never to waken again.

This was the only organized welcome to the returning soldiers. The people saw that it was far better to let the poor fellows get into their homes and rest quietly, and recover from their hardships in the bosom of their families, than to make any demonstration over them.

But Pittsfield has never forgotten her veteran soldiers. She has honored them in every way, not only by public office, but her citizens have done so in their private capacity. The town has erected a beautiful monument in their memory (see frontispiece), and each recurring spring-time she with a liberal hand assists the Grand Army of the Republic in decorating the graves of their dead comrades, thereby stirring the ambition of the living by keeping alive the memory of the heroic dead.

The cost of the war to this town alone is beyond the comprehension of any one mind, for no one can measure its far-reaching results. Of the one hundred and forty-seven men who entered the army from this town fifty-nine either died in the war or were discharged as unfit for further service, and forty-two died before the close of 1865. Of the remainder, but very few escaped without wounds or impaired health, and their lives have been shortened by the exposure and hardships endured while in the army. To this must be added the anguish and distress of those who remained at home, when they learned of the death or witnessed the sufferings of their loved ones.

I doubt if there was a family or an individual in town who was not affected in this way, for nearly every family had its representative or some near and dear friend in the service. Then if we consider the amount of money expended by the town (\$159,100) and add to this the sums contributed from private sources, bringing the total up to at least two hundred thousand dollars, one can get a faint idea what the war cost Pittsfield.

To Pittsfield belongs the following distinctions :

1. It was the first town in the state and perhaps in the entire North to vote aid to soldiers' families, and that, too, without hope of being reimbursed from any source.

2. That this town expended more money according to its valuation to carry on the war than any other town.

3. That it sent not only the oldest but the youngest soldier into the army.

4. That she had a son in the first regiment that left the North to preserve the integrity of the Union, and one in the last regiment of volunteers that was mustered out of service.

5. That no other town sent a larger proportion of its inhabitants—nearly twice its quota, and with one or two exceptions her sons acquitted themselves with credit, more of her sons winning commissions in the field than even her large contingent would indicate.

6. That Pittsfield's percentage of loss of men was higher than that of any state in the Union, and as far as we are able to learn, greater than that of any other town or city.

7. That her soldiers served in every state south of Mason and Dixon's line from Virginia to Texas, and were engaged in nearly all of the important campaigns of the Rebellion.

I cannot close this little volume without again expressing my regret that the task had not fallen to some one better able to tell the story of the four years' struggle than myself,—that some other person with a better command of language had not recorded the sufferings of my comrades, and the intense patriotism of this glorious old town of Pittsfield in the great Rebellion.

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