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# Onondaga Historical Association





# ANNUAL VOLUME

of the

## Onondaga Historical Association

1915

### Onondaga's Part in the Civil War

by

MRS. SARAH SUMNER TEALL

These papers were collected by Mrs. Teall as a tribute to the courage and faithfulness of the men and women of Onondaga County during our great National crisis.

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Arranged for Publication by Dr. E. P. Tanner of Syracuse University and Miss Alice E. Northrup.

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## WAR SCENES IN SYRACUSE AND ONONDAGA COUNTY IN THE SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1861.

The call to arms which followed the firing upon Fort Sumter found an echo in every loyal heart. Thousands offered their services. On the 15th of April, 1861, President Lincoln called for 75,000 militia volunteers for three months' service, and it was supposed the rebellion would be put down in that time.

Within two weeks after the call 350,000 men had offered their services to the government, New York furnishing 14,000 men under the first call. Of these Onondaga County sent her full share of about forty representative young men, some papers say fifty, besides those in Skaneateles who volunteered in Auburn. Here is an account I found in an old paper. Nothing better nor more worthy could be said of any men:

"Certain members of Company D. of the 51st Regiment of N. Y. S. V., left their old company, the Greys, and formed the Syracuse Zouaves, an independent organization. They seem bound to carry out the stringent resolves which they have imposed upon themselves. They show a determination to emulate the famous Chicago cadets in their military discipline. The company has adopted a strict system of drilling. They have a drill at their quarters in the Armory at 8 o'clock every evening. At ten o'clock the lights are put out; taps sounded. These soldiers—wrapped in rough blankets—sleep perhaps on the floor in the next room. At 5 o'clock in the morning reveille sounds. Everybody is promptly in line for the morning drill, at the conclusion of which each goes to his daily business. This severe discipline is to be continued two weeks, and to be continued at intervals, until the Company reaches the first rank in military art."

"This Zouave company is composed of some of the most correct, moral and upright young gentlemen of the city. Active, industrious, resolute, they have adopted a system of conduct by which they will be governed, of most rigorous morals and strict self-discipline, and have scrupulously lived

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up to it, until they present an appearance of high health and activity, approaching the perfection of manhood. This example is a valuable one to our young men, and our community should give them every encouragement which such an example merits. Captain John Butler has been the leader of this movement. Courteous, magnanimous and kind, he has attached his associates to him by the strongest bonds of friendship and respect. The citizens will honor themselves by the encouragement they give to so worthy a body of exemplary young men."

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COMPLETE ROSTER OF "BUTLER'S SYRACUSE  
ZOUAVES."

Organized July, 1860.

Capt. Jno. G. Butler	Hopkins, Wm. E.
First Lieut. Samuel E. Thompson	Ketcham, F. Douglas
Second Lieut. Edwin S. Jenney	Kingsbury, Jno. T.
Orderly Serg't. Henry C. Thompson	Larrabee, Wm. H.
Jno. P. Spanier, Bugler	Manchester, Geo. W.
Robt. Trowbridge, Judge Advocate	Middleton, Hugh
Thos. McMahon, Reporter	Morgan, Geo.
Austin, Wm. A.	Morgan, Robt.
Ballard, Leon H.	Moseley, Wm. H.
Belden, Jas. L.	Mickells, Lovell G.
Bishop, Alonzo L.	O'Neil, Jas. F.
Blackwell, Wm. H.	Paine, Robt.
Burdick, Chas. H.	Phillips, Jno. J.
Chase, Durfee C.	Shaver, Frank J.
Coatsworth, Ed. E.	Snell, J. Marvin
Duncan, Wm. A.	Stern, Moses
Gale, Henry	Stoddard, Chas. E.
Goss, Henry	Stoddard, Henry
Griffin, Rhesa, Jr.	Sweeting, J. Henry
Havens, George	Tarcott, Henry
Hamilton, Henry H.	Tracy, Wm. G.
	Weaver, F. Wellington
	Wells, J. Emmett
	Wicks, Jay M.
	Williams, Jno. T.



Mrs. A. Judd Northrup describes the departure of Butler's Zouaves from Syracuse, as follows:

"I recall the scene as I witnessed it, of the departure of Capt. Butler and his company of brave Zouaves, on a pleasant morning in the early spring of 1861.

"The first N. Y. Central station was yet standing. It covered the tracks and filled in the space between Warren and Salina streets. This structure was a dark grey, either from paint or age, with arched openings at either end.

"The train had come in from the west, and its engine stood snorting just beyond the eastern opening. Good byes had been said—the soldiers of the company were seated in the train—but on the rear platform were Captain Butler and other officers. I stood on the northwest corner of Salina street when the train began to pull out and the picture is still vivid to me, as that group of brave men were for a moment framed in the arch of the old station house.

"Captain Butler, in the strength of his young manhood, stood with bared head. His clear-cut features and yellow, curling hair shone with distinctness against the background of the car, while he held in his hand the staff of a large flag which had just been presented to him. The train started, the wind caught the folds of the flag, which fluttered above him and the other brave boys standing with him, and they were gone. It is only like a flash light picture in my memory, but as such is distinct and speaks for what it meant, for them and our country."

The Syracuse Zouaves were incorporated in the Third Regiment, New York Volunteers, as Company D of that organization.

Here is a newspaper article on the departure of the Third from New York City:

"After many vexatious delays, they managed to get off in the steamer James Alger. A big crowd collected in State Street, as men filed out of the Battery and marched up Broadway, they were received with *loud cheers and great demonstrations of approval*. (It is astonishing how ready we all are to urge other people to do their duty. Mr. Beecher used to say, there was nothing he so much enjoyed as sitting in the shade and telling the other men how to mow hay.) After marching up Broadway the regiment wheeled at The Park, and marched through Park Row, down Broadway

again, and embarked at Pier No. 4 North River. This regiment had a fine band." As usual on the departure of troops, much delay was found in mustering the men together, transporting the baggage, etc. (The people here in town used to complain of what they called the slow movements of troops. Mrs. Kirby Smith used to say, "Could you ever get a picnic party all ready at the same time.")

The newspaper goes on to say, "For marching and soldier-like appearance few regiments equal the 3rd N. Y. Volunteers; while in a physical point of view, Colonel Townsend has every reason to feel proud of the stalwart fellows by whom he is surrounded."

Captain James D. Phillips of the steamer Alger said, "Having had much experience in the transportation of troops, I have never yet met with a better behaved or better disciplined body of men, while on shipboard, than the 3rd N. Y. Volunteers. Although it numbered nine hundred men, who were very much crowded, besides having very disagreeable weather during the passage, not a complaint was heard; on the contrary the men seemed determined to look on the bright side. When a body of men, of their station and character, are placed in a position where nothing but hardships can be expected, and they are firm and steady, it speaks more for them than *volumes of praise* or days of camp life could ever do."

This regiment was landed on "the Sacred Soil" of Virginia at an oyster dock about four miles from Fortress Monroe, near what is now known as The Hampton Indian School. The men had been on short rations: a sandwich made of half-cooked pork between two pieces of hard tack was their last frugal meal. They were marched along a sandy beach, wet from the returning tide, each succeeding footstep sinking deeper into puddles of water. But a cheerfulness spread through the ranks, when Captain Butler's company struck up, in *derision*, the slogan of the South, which the sandy path had brought to mind:

"Way down South, in the land of cotton,  
Cinnamon seed and sandy bottom,  
Look away, look away, look away;  
Dixie's land."

The regiment was marched into a wide corn field. Only a few tents had been pitched when darkness came as a pall,

bringing one of Virginia's blackest thunder storms. The rain fell in torrents. The men, rolled in blankets, had lain down between the old corn hillocks to get some much needed rest, but soon found themselves almost afloat in their hard beds.

They remained in their camp, drilling and doing picket duty, until the 10th of June, 1861, was fought the first battle of the war at Big Bethel. When volunteers were called for as skirmishers, Captain Butler and Captain Jenney offered the services of their companies, the first skirmish line thrown out in the war of the Rebellion. Halej, of Company D, Zouaves, was the first *man wounded*, losing an arm. After the battle the regiment returned to its old camp, remaining there till just before the first battle of Bull Run, when it was ordered to join the main army.

The news of the disaster at Bull Run caused a change of orders. The 3rd N. Y. Volunteers were ordered to Baltimore and garrisoned Fort McHenry. Companies were often detailed to watch for small boats, blockade runners, which were certainly carrying supplies to the Southern army, quinine being one of the most needed articles.

I cannot follow more particularly the history of Company D and the 3rd Regiment. It was that of all other companies. The ranks were thinned by sickness and death, new men took the places of old ones. But a number served through their two years; several were promoted; quite a number re-enlisted for the war, taking their honorable part in the last grand review of the whole army in Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington. A grander sight this world has never seen, perhaps never can again.

Here is the Roll of Honor which should ever be kept in grateful remembrance in this community :

Captain John G. Butler, still living in Syracuse.

First Lieutenant Charles H. Burdick.

Ensign Jay M. Wicks, killed at Chapin's farm.

First Sergeant A. L. Bishop.

Second Sergeant F. Wellington Weaver, lives in Syracuse, and was promoted to a Captaincy.

Third Sergeant H. Middleton.

Fourth Sergeant J. M. Snell.

First Corporal R. Griffin, Engineer, City of Syracuse.

Second Corporal W. A. Austin.

Third Corporal George Manchester.

Fourth Corporal William G. Tracy.

## PRIVATES.

J. Allen	W. Hale, English soldier, lost his arm at Big Bethel.
E. H. Alvord	J. Griffin
E. H. Behan	William Goodrich, joined N. Y. Artillery
M. Breen	L. Holmes
J. Brame	J. Hisley
Seely Brown	William Harnley
T. K. Brown	J. Hobert
W. Bowers	H. Jerome
W. Chidister	W. H. H. Jones
C. Cornell	E. D. Ketcham
A. Cook	E. D. Kinne
J. Campbell	O. Keats
T. Cronley	H. Kelsey
H. Cullin, a brave soldier	L. G. Mickles
H. Denning	William Moriley
Frank Shaver	P. Mirtues, a good soldier.
T. J. Sheldon	E. Morgan, a good soldier.
N. Shirer	J. Mitchell
J. H. Smith, re-enlisted	T. McKay
J. Spalding, deputy marshal	T. Nye
H. Soules	N. Larance
H. Turny	J. J. Phillips, in Postoffice of Solvay.
F. Vickerman	C. A. Phillips
T. J. Williams	R. B. Philps
W. H. Wright	O. H. Parker
W. Wright	T. Pickham
D. Woodworth	C. Robinson
Emmet Wells	Samuel Stapley
O. Wariner	J. H. Fesenmeyer
G. C. Haven	A. Fesenmeyer
J. J. Heron	
C. Harding	
George Bowen	
Geo. Fordham, Captain, etc.	

The Fesenmeyers with two others came from Geddes.

Meanwhile the citizens of Syracuse had been taking their full share in the patriotic activities and duties which the war brought. Let us note a few of the stirring incidents which marked the time.

On Sunday, April 21st, most of the preachers in the

churches spoke on the national crisis, and many men and women wore Union badges.

On the 22nd of April, 1861, a great war mass meeting was held in Syracuse. The speakers were Judge Charles Andrews, Thomas G. Alvord, Hon. Dennis McCarthy, General B. F. Bruce, Captain Silas Titus, Charles B. Sedgwick, Major Peck and others. Rev. Mr. Talmadge gave the benediction.

The next day, April 23rd, the Common Council appropriated \$10,000 for aid to families of volunteers. In the Syracuse Journal of April 24th appeared the appeal:

"Work for the Ladies. May I be permitted to ask the patriotic ladies of Syracuse for their aid in preparing bandages and lint for those who may be wounded in their country's service?"

"It would be well for the ladies to organize themselves into a society and systematize their labor, thus making it more efficient. The best material from which to make bandages are sheets that have been in use. . . . The bandages (must be) rolled up tightly. . . . Lint may be made from fine old table-cloths, and napkins. . . . (Dr.) R. W. Pease."

There was a club formed, called "The Ladies Flag Club." that met in the committee room of the Salt Company in the Clinton Block.

On the evening of April 26th, '61, there was a general mass meeting of representative Syracuse women, held in the parlors of the old Syracuse House. At that meeting a society called the "Daughters of Liberty," was organized.

There were one hundred and fifty women present and the following officers were chosen:

President . . . . . Mrs. E. W. Leavenworth  
 Vice-President . . . . . Mrs. H. W. Chittenden  
 Secretary . . . . . Mrs. I. S. Spencer  
 Treasurer . . . . . Mrs. John B. Burnet

The following committees were appointed:

1st Ward—Mrs. T. J. Leach, Mrs. T. H. Hinton, Miss Mary Bissell, Miss Nettie Van Vleck.

No committee for second ward.

3rd Ward—Mrs. William A. Judson, Mrs. William C. Finck, Miss Carrie Wallace, Miss Frances Gifford.

4th Ward—Mrs. Thomas B. Heermans, Mrs. George



H. Middleton, Miss Cordelia Cogswell, Miss Amelia Thurber.

5th Ward—Mrs. E. Augustus Putnam, Mrs. E. N. Harris, Miss Kate B. Mickles, Miss Julia Baldwin.

6th Ward—Mrs. Judge Sanford, Mrs. William Jackson, Miss Mattie Brintnall, Miss Jennie Alexander.

7th Ward—Mrs. T. B. Fitch, Mrs. George Goodrich, Miss Jennie Shankland, Miss Gertrude Hillis.

8th Ward—Mrs. James L. Bagg, Mrs. Calvin B. Gay, Miss Stone, Miss Bonta.

Purchasing Committee—Mrs. B. Filkins, Mrs. Allen Butler.

On motion of Mrs. Rosa Smith it was resolved—"That the ladies of this Association hold themselves in readiness to fill any position of usefulness to their country and its defenders, and to give all aid and assistance in their power, during the continuance of the war, not in conflict with their duty to home and family." This resolution was adopted.

A room in the Clinton Block was offered by Mrs. Robert Townsend. The committee for preparing work met there. It was open all hours of the day.

A call for two shirts and a flannel shirt for each volunteer of Col. Walrath's regiment, was answered by the merchants as well as the ladies, the former agreeing to provide all material that the women would sew. The click of the sewing machine was in the air, and the ladies worked at their knitting as assiduously as men do to color their meerschaums. There was no real strife in their work, for all were interested in the same object. The work was so organized that much was done.

*Work Bags for Soldiers.*—An officer writes that needle-cases (he calls them work-bags) are more necessary for soldiers than shirts and uniforms, and gives the following instructions for building a work bag:—"The bag should be made of new calico, (who ever heard of a woman having a calico needle case), with double compartments (we call them pockets) for each article, so that they may be easily got at. It should contain one pair round pointed scissors, (no ripping to be done), one paper carpet needles, two darning needles, one skein blue or grey yarn, three hanks black linen thread, one spool strong brown thread, two skeins black silk, six dozen porcelain shirt buttons, a piece of wax, one piece of grey twilled tape, two pieces of white

tape, a needle case made of new delaine, small, plain and strong, filled with needles and half a paper of pins." Evidently this is not for fancy work.

This Report of The Daughters of Liberty was made June 26th, 1861:

Flannel shirts made and sent to the Onondaga regiment.	630
Havelocks made and sent .....	800
Towels made and sent .....	400
Flannel shirts for Captain Butler's Zouaves .....	74
Havelocks made and sent to Captain Thompson's Zouaves	76
Work bags .....	300
Money received .....	\$1039.96
Money expended .....	1032.96

Mrs. John B. Burnet, Treasurer.

All the women who were not sewing were knitting. The knitting needle was as important as the sword. Mrs. Redfield, although almost blind, knit over a hundred pairs of socks for soldiers. The women all over this county were doing the same things.

Daily Journal—May 9th, 1861. "What the Daughters of Liberty have done up to last evening. They had finished six hundred and seventy four flannel shirts, made of good flannel, blue and grey. With each shirt was a neat little work-bag. One lady made over one hundred and fifty of these bags. The ladies who have joined in this patriotic and benevolent work are entitled to great praise. It will be a sufficient recompense to them to know that the volunteers fully appreciate their labors.

To go back a few days. A concert was given by Mr. Ernst Held and his pupils on the evening of April 18th, 1861. Just before the close of the concert Mr. Held announced that, instead of the piece on the programme, the "Star-Spangled Banner" would be sung. He was interrupted by rounds of applause and for a few minutes could not be heard, but finally made the audience understand that he wished them to join in the chorus.

When Miss Lottie McLane appeared, carrying the stars and stripes, she was greeted with thunders of applause. The building rang with shouts and cries of "Hurrah," "Hurrah." At the beginning of the song the audience rose en masse and at the end of each verse joined in the chorus. At the conclusion of the song some men proposed three

cheers for the old flag. The flag was waved, and three such cheers had never before been heard in Wieting Hall.

Simultaneously with the appeal for the soldiers came that for interest in the families of volunteers. This work, too, was taken up with vigor by the "Daughters of Liberty." Among the most prominent workers in this society were Mrs. Hamilton White, Mrs. William D. Stewart, Mrs. Harlow Chittenden, Mrs. William Jackson, Mrs. T. B. Heermans, Mrs. Seymour H. Stone, Mrs. Charles Davis, Mrs. Oliver T. Burt, Mrs. Matthew Murphy, Mrs. Silas Titus, Mrs. D. P. Wood, and a host of others. In every section of the town, in every church society, coteries of ladies formulated work and labored hard and well for the general good cause.

A great musical entertainment was given on Wednesday evening, April 24th, for the benefit of the families of the Volunteers. It was a great success. Towards the close of the concert Mrs. Dr. Stuart, in behalf of the ladies of Syracuse, presented a beautiful silk flag to Colonel Walrath for the 12th regiment. As she spoke she stood with it draped around her. Col. Walrath received the flag and pledged his regiment to defend it, which they did, and brought it home with them.

A young lady of that day writes:

"It was difficult to realize in Syracuse, in the early sixties, that a terrible and cruel civil war was upon us. It was all excitement and enthusiasm, in seeing our bravest and best making ready to start for the scene of conflict. The women were not idle, they met morning after morning to sew, and prepare lint and bandages to send wherever needed.

"And the younger element made a diversion of the duty, and many afternoons, instead of the four o'clock Tea's of the present day, the gay society girls met to sew for "*The boys in blue.*" The young men would be invited for supper, and the evening would be spent in dancing, and with as light hearts, as if there was no Cruel War in prospect.

"Each girl opened her house in turn for the sake of patriotism. Many were the surmises of the girls as to who would wear the articles made by them. We spent hours and days in making the white linen Havelocks, which were



to protect the heads of our brave soldiers from the intense rays of the sun, but history tells us they were never used by them, except as pocket handkerchiefs or to clean their muskets.

“The first fruits of our labors were blue woolen shirts, made for Johnnie Butler, our old friend from early dancing school days, who was among the first, with his brave Zouaves, to respond to his country’s call in her hour of peril. We purchased the material for the shirts and met to commence work, but, alas, not one of us knew how to cut a shirt, much less to set it together. After much discussion as to what we were to do, one of the girls said, we will go for Mrs. . . . ., who was near. She came to our rescue, and the shirts were cut, made, approved and accepted.”

Now comes the raising of the flag all over town. The patriotism of the people is getting to the highest pitch. The flag was out upon the Liberty pole in Clinton Square, over the Globe Hotel, Syracuse House, Voorhees House (now the Empire), the Firemen’s Hall and many other buildings. A flag was raised on the Unitarian Church, also on the college buildings of the Franciscan Friars on North Salina Street. Father John raised the stars and stripes over the Catholic Church in the 4th ward. On May 23rd the flag was raised over the Dutch Reformed Church. A beautiful one was raised on the Irving School, East Fayette Street. It was a present from Miss Carrie Morris, principal of the school. At the Clinton School, Lodi Street, a flag was raised, the gift of Miss Mercy Slocum, the principal. They were raised over many other schools in the city.

At a meeting of the women teachers of the public schools in Syracuse, over seventy tendered their services to aid in fitting out volunteers. They gave \$12 for materials for havelocks.

Merchants were generous. Price and Wheeler offered to keep up the salaries of two of their clerks, \$600 to \$400 each, while they were in their country’s service. This offer was accepted. Mr. Thomas Rice, who kept a large grocery store, proposed or agreed, that Stephen Estes, his confidential clerk and bookkeeper, should receive his salary of \$1000 a year during his absence as a volunteer, and his place should be kept for him. Mr. Edward Rice, dry goods merchant, paid two of his clerks who enlisted. It was

said, (times being different from what they are now), if the clerks in the stores enlist, there are hosts of girls to take their places, "This is the way for women to volunteer."

Mr. Thomas T. Davis wrote the following letter to the Editor of the Journal:

"Mr. Editor—As many of our firemen have enlisted or will enlist for the war, it becomes our citizens who remain at home, to fill up their ranks. I was a member of the Fire Department for seven years, am ready to re-enlist in the present emergency. Thomas T. Davis."

Even as early as this, (April, 1861,) so many printers had volunteered that they were already getting scarce. The Journal said "If this furore for military service increases, publishers will be obliged to employ young boys and girls to do their work."

A private subscription to raise money for the families of volunteers was started. Almost every well known man in town subscribed \$100.

The doctors were very patriotic and generous. Here is a copy of a paper they signed: "Gratuitous medical service to the families of volunteers. We, the undersigned, members of the Syracuse Medical Association, desirous of serving our country at home, and on the field as occasion may require, profer our gratuitous professional services to the families of volunteers, who may require such service, till every rebel has laid down his arms, the leaders hung, and none but freemen tread our soil. Signed—Dr. Alfred Mercer, Dr. J. P. Dunlap, Dr. A. B. Shipman, Dr. James Foran, Dr. Hezekiah Joslyn, Dr. W. W. Porter, Dr. R. W. Pease, Dr. J. F. Trowbridge, Dr. J. O. Shipman, Dr. P. O. Samson, Dr. H. D. Didama."

Men and women were equally patriotic all over Onondaga County. On Saturday, April 27th, 1861, there was a union meeting and flag presentation at Pompey Hill. The ladies of Pompey presented the volunteers from that town with a flag. The presentation was made by Miss Fanny Webb, saying: "In behalf of the ladies of Pompey, I present you with this flag under which our fathers marched to battle and to victory, and which no foe, at home or abroad, shall ever trample in the dust with impunity. In the eyes of a traitorous confederacy it has lost its attractions, but we women love it, and you men love it. It is the Stars

and Stripes, the flag of the Union, the (Star Spangled Banner, that ever shall wave o'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.) You go forth to the contest to uphold the honor of this flag. You will suffer no stain of cowardice to disfigure it. Sooner than surrender it, you will baptize it in your blood. We give you no silver or gold, but we place in your hands a treasure compared with which silver and gold are but baubles, the flag of our country. Take it as a token of our affection for you, our deep sympathy in all of your future perils and privations, our highest appreciation of your self-denial and patriotism, and our firm persuasion of the holiness of the cause to which you have given your hands, your hearts, your all."

Mr. Noble, taking the flag, replied as follows:

"Ladies of Pompey:

"In behalf of the volunteers of this town I return to you our sincere thanks. We receive it as a true test of your gratitude and affection, and as we receive it, we believe that you are true patriots, lovers of liberty, and as such, will exert an influence to help forward the cause of freedom. In behalf of the friends and companions who have pledged their lives to their country, I would ask your prayers, not only, that we may be spared to return, but that we may come back to you without any loss of moral or religious character (here speaks the old spirit of the first settlers of Pompey) and if called to engage in battle, may we do our duty manfully, never shrinking from danger. And now, as those who expect soon to leave you, we bid you one and all an affectionate farewell. If we are not permitted to return, may we meet in that better world where there shall be no more parting. Again I say farewell."

A contemporaneous account adds:

"The ceremony was an impressive one. In the hushed stillness of the moment every heart seemed offering up a prayer for our country, and for the youthful soldiers who stood in our midst. A procession was formed, and preceded by volunteers with their flag, it went to one of the churches. After appropriate remarks by the President of the meeting and a prayer by the Rev. Mr. Southmayd, impressive speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Kenyon and Grayley, E. Butler, Esq., Mr. Southmayd and Judge Morgan. The whole audience, with uplifted heads, gave assent to the

oath administered by Judge Morgan, to support the Constitution of the United States and to defend it with their lives."

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### THE LADIES OF MANLIUS AWAKE.

This same Saturday evening in April, the patriotic women of Manlius held a meeting in Smith Hall for the purpose of providing bandages, lint, etc., for the use and comfort of the sick and wounded soldiers. They organized themselves into a permanent body to exist during the war. President,..... Mrs. A. H. Jerome  
 Vice-Presidents.....Mrs. Dr. Nims, Mrs. E. Duell  
 Executive Committee—Mrs. H. D. June, Mrs. George Whitman, Miss Martha Ward, Miss Mary Clapp, Miss Mary Caswell.

Secretary .....Miss Frances Safford  
 Treasurer .....Miss Hannah Parry

Inspired with enthusiasm, patriotism and philanthropy, they assembled to the number of over two hundred. Their anxious hearts and busy hands bespeak the determination to do their utmost in the beneficent work of love and mercy they have undertaken. All were deeply impressed with the feeling that their husbands, sons, brothers, should lack none of the comforts which under the circumstances it would be possible for them to provide.

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### ONONDAGA VALLEY, MAY 9TH, 1861.

The people of the Valley assembled on the green to witness the raising of a beautiful new flag on the cupola of the Academy. The flag was made by the students of the Academy. As it floated to the breeze hearty cheers were given, and all the people sang, "The Star Spangled Banner."

One little boy repeated this poem:

"Raise the country's tri-hued emblem,  
 Let its blessings proudly fly;  
 It was its like that led our fathers,  
 When the battle tide was high.

"And we love to do it honor,  
 And we'll rally one and all,  
 To surround it, and support it  
 When our country gives the call.



“It was bequeathed us, and to keep it  
We will fight like loyal sons,  
Who can never learn to tremble  
At the boom of rebel guns.

“And though hard may be the struggle,  
When the bloody scene is o’er,  
Every star shall brightly glitter  
As it ever did before.”

Several addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Talmadge, General Wm. Cullen Brown and others. A message was received announcing the arrival of the Home Guard. They were invited to enter. *Twenty-five boys from ten to fourteen years of age*, under command of Master F. E. Rowe, appeared. The General thought the country was safe, and the Home Guards were enthusiastically cheered.

Independent and separate companies from all parts of Onondaga County joined other regiments. Quite a number of Germans, belonging to the Turners Society of Syracuse, went to New York to join the Turners’ Regiment organized there.

*Patriotism of the Lysander Ladies—*

A correspondent at Lysander writes to the Journal, May 16th, 1861:—

“The ladies of the sewing circle in Lysander met at the house of their pastor, Rev. J. B. Hall, on Friday of last week. Instead of their usual labors they scraped lint, and made bandages. The patriotism of the ladies of this town is at a high pitch, exceeding that of the men. They say if they wore the breeches there would have been a volunteer force from here before this time.”

What the women of the North will do if necessary, Miss Fanny Kendall writes to the Journal:—

“And so, some in the South imagine that the agricultural pursuits must be almost entirely abandoned in the North, to furnish men for the war. Don’t they know we have *some women here*, who if the fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, must all leave their farms for the battle field, they, the women, will (with brave hearts and hands made strong by the consciousness that they are working for loved ones), till the land, plow, plant, sow and gather the harvest? We can do it, and will if necessary.”

*Journal, May 23rd. Daughters of Liberty.*

"The ladies of Syracuse and vicinity are requested to meet at the Society's rooms in the Clinton Block, tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, to assist in making havelocks for the Onondaga Regiment. It is hoped that the ladies will respond cheerfully to this call.

"Mrs. Israel Spencer, Secretary."

We have gone far enough from the bitterness of this strife to acknowledge that the women of the South were just as patriotic *according to their ideas*, just as devoted to their cause, worked as hard for it as any Northern women. Indeed they threw themselves into "the cause," as they called it, with a passionate vehemence we never knew. They suffered more in loss of homes than anyone at the north. To this day they cherish the memories of the war, revere and honor their soldiers as no one at the North has ever done.

*Journal, May 13th:*

"A full company of volunteers left Fulton. They were escorted to the cars by the faculty and students of Falley Seminary and a crowd of citizens and friends from the surrounding country. A flag was presented by the ladies of Fulton. Each soldier was also given a rosette and Bible by the young ladies. Then the people made ample provision for the families of those who had volunteered, who needed it. Some of the students enlisted, ready to go if called for. The girls made another flag and hung it up over their seminary."

On the 1st day of June, 1861, there was a grand flag raising at Skaneateles, over the Union school house. The same day there was a pole and flag raising at Navarino, crowds were present.

Cicero, June 10th—Mr. Adam Lucas, a poor but patriotic citizen, a German by birth but a true American, procured at his own expense a fine flag and a splendid pole and invited the citizens of Brewerton and vicinity to assist in erecting the same. The flag was made by the ladies of the neighborhood and presented by a little girl of ten years.

Saturday, June 22nd—Captain John F. Moschell has opened a recruiting station in this city (Syracuse) where men can enroll themselves for cavalry service in Col. James Van Allen's regiment.

Syracuse, June 28th—The pupils of Seymour school, in the Fifth ward, raised some money and purchased 125 yards of materials for towels. After the school session was closed, the teachers and officers of the school formed themselves into a sewing circle, and made up these towels for the Onondaga regiment.

July 1st—Dr. Pease writes, asking the citizens of Syracuse to supply him with twelve cots and wire mattresses for his hospital. He appealed especially to the loyalty of those "good Samaritans," the Daughters of Liberty. I notice it is a fact appreciated in Camp Onondaga that the ladies of Syracuse have done all that has been done for the regiment.

Friday, August 2nd—Captain Moschell's cavalry company left last night, at ten-thirty, for Washington. This company is composed of a fine lot of hardy young men, most of them fresh from the farms near the city and the workshops of the city.

August 8th—"Contributions for the hospitals at Washington to the amount of three barrels and two boxes, have been forwarded this day by the U. S. express, free of charge. Mary E. Leavenworth, President."

The ladies of Manlius sent a box.

Generals Slocum and Peck received their commissions as Brigadier Generals on the 9th of August, 1861.

#### *Butler Zouaves.*

Mr. Augustus Cook, a member of Captain Butler's company, writes to the Baldwinsville Gazette as follows:

Albany, May——, 1861.

"I am writing this letter on a pile of mattresses eight feet high, with a pie-plate for a desk. Four boys are playing cards at my right hand, while ten or twelve are singing,—

"I wish I was in Dixie!" using a substitute more appropriate,

"I wish I was in Baltimore."

"Five long tables, 80 ft. long, 6 ft. wide, are in our 'hotel.' Each man has his rations placed before him; if he does not like them he must starve. All the companies seemed to be satisfied with the food until the Syracuse 'boys' came down; then grumbling commenced and finally two-thirds of our company refused to go to the tables. The

result was, we had a different cook. The meals are decidedly better. So much for rebellion!"

*Baldwinsville Artillery Volunteers.*

"A detachment of thirty-seven fine appearing men who enlisted at Baldwinsville from the adjoining towns, reached Syracuse this morning (August 26th), on their way to Elmira. Their Captain, R. D. Pettit, is a thorough soldier, who served through the Mexican war. They wish to become a light battery. This company took this temperance pledge:

"We, the undersigned, members of Company A, Battery B, Light Artillery, do solemnly promise not to use any intoxicating liquors, wines or beer, as a beverage, while in the service of the United States."

The departure of this famous organization, which, as "Pettit's Battery," was destined to win glory, by its courage and skill on many a hard-fought field, may fittingly bring to a close this brief account of the stirring days of '61 in Onondaga County.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE 12TH (ONONDAGA)  
REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

The Journal, April 18th, 1861, said:

"At a meeting of the commissioned officers of the 51st N. Y. State Militia last evening, April 17th, a report was received of the action of the several companies. The following resolution was unanimously adopted: Resolved, That Colonel Walrath be authorized to inform Governor Morgan, that the 51st regiment is prepared to respond to his call, and ready to serve whenever ordered. This action was telegraphed to Governor Morgan."

This was the first *regiment* (not company) organized in Onondaga County for the war, and among the first formed in the State. One company was raised in Canastota; one in Batavia by Captain Root; part of a company from Cortland; one company came from Liverpool; 25 men came from Pompey. The men who enlisted were from the best class in the community.

Wednesday, May 1st, I find this notice:—

"*Daughters of Liberty.*—Ladies who are making shirts for the volunteers are requested to meet at the Syracuse



House this, Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, to finish the work. As the 12th regiment leaves to-morrow, it is absolutely necessary that the shirts should be all sent in this evening. A prompt and full attendance of the ladies is particularly requested.

“Mrs. Israel S. Spencer, Secretary.”

The Daily Journal, Thursday evening, May 2d, 1861.

*The Onondaga Regiment:*

“The first full regiment of volunteers sent forward by any one County in the State of New York, in response to the call of the government, left today from Old Onondaga. This is a fact of which our citizens may well feel proud. It is honorable, not only to our city and county, but also to the energetic men who have done the hard work necessary to the attainment of this result.”

This regiment had been ordered to proceed to the rendezvous at Elmira. At early dawn the members of the various companies began their preparations; the Regimental Armory presented a busy and interesting scene. Thousands of men and women visited the companies at the Armory, and by words and deeds gave cheer and encouragement to the volunteers. Between ten and eleven o'clock, when all the companies of the regiment were drawn up in line a delegation of nearly forty young ladies presented them with rosettes, fastening them on their coats with their own hands, as a pledge of their interest in the cause which these brave men were going to uphold. When the ceremony was ended, the men with one voice gave thundering cheers for their lady friends. The young ladies also presented each man with a pocket Testament, accompanied by words of good cheer.

Dr. Canfield addressed them. At one o'clock the companies mustered at the Armory, were formed into line, and a national salute was fired.

Many touching scenes occurred at the leave taking. No words can describe that scene. There were many aching hearts. The Fire Department acted as escort to the departing regiment. Headed by Sutherland's Band they marched through Genesee Street to Jefferson Street. At half-past one they marched to the Central Station, several other bands joining the procession. All along the line of march there were large crowds of people, “still cheering that other fellow on.”

The regiment made a fine appearance,—eight hundred and nine men. They got aboard a special train of sixteen cars, and at precisely two o'clock the train pulled out of the station. As the cars moved off slowly the crowd of spectators gave rousing cheers, which were heartily responded to by the volunteers.

The soldiers of the Old 12th Regiment managed to have some fun on their way to war. In the 12th there were one or two companies made up almost entirely of "Salt Pointers." They were an energetic set of fellows. The following incident is told of their departure from Elmira for Washington. Many of the cars in which the troops were transported were freight cars, with rough board seats put up for temporary use. There was a barn door in the center of each car, but no other way to get light or air. The "Salt Pointers" were no sooner seated than they began to illustrate their ideas of ventilation. With vigorous jabs the muzzles of muskets pierced their way through the stout wood boards. In a short time nearly every man had a window of his own. Occasionally a head would be stuck out, and a Salt Point cheer—"One, two, three—red—white—blue, Salt Point tiger," would ring out on the air.

The car occupied by the Salt Pointers was marked with chalk on the outside: "Salt Pointers, Care of Uncle Sam. Handle with care."

So it is in the world, Tom and Jack march away to glory with their knapsacks on their shoulders, stepping out briskly to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The woman remains behind, and suffers and waits, and has the leisure to think, and brood and fear.

The wife of Captain Brewer, the wife of Captain Locke, and Captain Brewer's daughter, Ada, who was recognized as the Daughter of the Regiment, went with the regiment, expecting to discharge the duties of nurses. On the way from Elmira to Washington, these ladies and the officers of the regiment were provided with a comfortable passenger coach, trimmed with flowers and evergreen boughs.

NAMES OF OFFICERS OF THE 12TH N. Y. S.  
VOLUNTEERS.

Ezra L. Walrath .....	Colonel
James I. Graham .....	Lieut. Colonel
John Louis .....	Major
Silas Titus .....	Adjutant
Edmund B. Griswold .....	Quarter Master
Roger W. Pease .....	Surgeon
Dr. A. B. Shipman .....	Assistant Surgeon
Charles Sedgwick .....	Quarter Master Sergeant

Rev. C. S. Percival, of Calvary Church, Homer, was appointed Chaplain of the 12th.

## COMPANY A.

Morris H. Church .....	Captain
Ira Wood .....	Lieutenant
Charles B. Randall .....	Ensign

## COMPANY B.

Jacob Brand .....	Captain
Peter Strauss .....	Lieutenant
John P. Spanier .....	Ensign

## COMPANY C.

Dennis Driscoll, Jr. ....	Captain
James Randall .....	Lieutenant
John P. Stanton .....	Ensign

## COMPANY D.

George W. Stone .....	Captain (from Cortland)
Lucius C. Storrs .....	Lieutenant
George Snyder .....	Ensign

## COMPANY E.

Jabez Mosher Brower .....	Captain
Frederick Horner .....	Lieutenant
Samuel J. Abbott .....	Ensign

## COMPANY F.

Milo W. Locke .....	Captain
William Gleason .....	Lieutenant
Stephen D. Clark .....	Ensign

This company was raised at Liverpool. The ladies of Liverpool sent them a flag.

## COMPANY G.

Joseph C. Irish ..... Captain (Canastota)  
 John H. Johnson ..... Lieutenant  
 Erskine P. Woodford ..... Ensign

## COMPANY H.

George W. Cole ..... Captain  
 George Truesdell ..... Lieutenant  
 Albert M. Wiborn ..... Ensign

## COMPANY I.

Henry A. Barnum ..... Captain  
 Hamilton R. Combs ..... Lieutenant  
 Edward Drake ..... Ensign

## COMPANY K.

Augustus J. Root ..... Captain  
 Son of General Israel Root of Jordan, one of the  
 veterans of 1812. From Batavia.

William P. Town ..... Lieutenant  
 Lucius Smith ..... Ensign

May 3rd. "Information of the arrival of the Onondaga Regiment at Elmira last night has been received. Their journey on the Central was marked by demonstrations of approval at all the principal stations. At Camillus a salute was fired." A soldier of the 12th, writing home from from Elmira, said:

"Let us pay a deserved compliment to Harlow W. Chitenden, Esq., Assistant Superintendent of the Central Railroad, for his most excellent arrangements for our accommodation. Nothing was wanting his care and foresight could provide."

There was a most bountiful supply of provisions on the train, enough to feed twice as many men, which the forethought and liberality of Captain W. D. Stewart of the Syracuse House, and other friends, had furnished. There were no hungry men on that train.—The Journal, Thursday evening, May 7th, '61.

The Elmira Advertiser says:

"The Onondaga Regiment, quartered at the Clinton Street barracks, are evidently the kind of stuff that soldiers are made of. They have already been subjected to considerable drill, and go through the evolutions quite creditably."

While in Elmira, the Onondaga Regiment was entertained by a Mr. Wm. T. Post, who invited them to his farm at Southport, threw his grounds open, and treated the men to beer, ginger-bread, crackers and bushels of apples. Every man looked and acted like a gentleman.

A visitor to the Elmira rendezvous says:

"The men were dressed in their new uniforms, and looked very 'rich but not gaudy.' At first sight I thought I beheld a large parcel of boys enveloped in their father's clothes, and intermingled with these were a number of undeniable men, who had donned their childhood apparel. But as a whole there seems to have been a great waste of cloth at the country's expense. Colonel Walrath had sent orders to Albany that he had a regiment of able-bodied men, hence the suits were cut after the aldermanic pattern."

A soldier of the 12th gave me this account:

"While at Elmira our boys received a grey suit of pants and jackets of same color, and coarse army shoes. Our clothes were a poor, shabby lot. Some of the pants altogether too big to wear, and the grey jackets were big enough to cover an army mule. Other garments were too small, especially the pants, which did not have to be rolled up to be kept out of the mud, and the jackets of some of the men could not be buttoned, but had to be laced up like a shoe, or hang open all the time. Oh my! How mad some of our men were at these clothes; but we had to take them or go without, and, as a rule, no man wanted to go without, for he *would be called down*; and most of the men were very modest and careful not to be seen in an undress manner, in these times which tried men's souls and tempers. How to live in peace without the sin of swearing and rough talk not fit to be heard, was hard."

Our most modest and polite young men soon got over their politeness, and all of the Army chaplains this side of Heaven could not make some men behave.

Syracuse Courier, May 11th, 1861.

"Notes from a Volunteer's Knapsack, by George N. Cheney.

"Barracks, 12th Reg., N. Y. V., Elmira, May 7th, 1861.

"Dear Aunt:—This is a queer, nondescript sort of life we are leading here, and though I have waited to tell you how I liked it, I cannot do it. It is outlandish, and there



is nothing to like about it. At the same time, my health is so good I cannot dislike it. I am very glad I came so far.

“We arrived about two o'clock Friday morning, chilled through and turned into our bunks. These are about seven feet long by five wide: two on a frame, one above the other. There are two narrow straw ticks in each bunk; one light blanket to each tick; two men sleep in the bunk; four in the frame. There are six rows of these frames in this room; twelve in each row, making nearly three hundred men who sleep in this big room or story. There are three such stories in this building, which used to be a store house; the whole regiment is in it. We have got used to our sleeping arrangements now, so that we get along pretty comfortably, though most of the boys have colds. But the first night was a tough one. It was enough to make a horse laugh to hear the boys go on about their beds. ‘Don't get any feathers into your ear.’ ‘Get out of bed with your boots on; you'll muddy the sheets.’ ‘Here, waiter, waiter, bring me a pillow,’ back and forth, a perfect hubbub. We got up early in the morning, washed in the canal, and wiped on our handkerchiefs—(no towels, you know). We hadn't slept much, but we laughed everything off, and after breakfast we felt better.

“Repeated calls were made during the meal for ‘oyster soup,’ ‘chicken pie,’ ‘Some griddle cakes,’ ‘Pass the butter this way,’ etc., etc., but no such things were to be had. Bread, beef roast or boiled, boiled potatoes are the only food, except at noon, when beans sometimes takes the place of potatoes. Coffee takes the place of all other luxuries. I drink two quarts a day and could not get along without it. I believe some men drink a gallon a day. Our meals are set on long tables; each man helps himself to what he wants. We are waited on, the table set and cleared off, and the dishes washed by men of the company, four different ones being detailed each day for this duty. Each company eats by itself. The contractors get \$2.94 a week for each man. They could afford to feed us better than they do for this sum.

“Our life is as follows: The reveille beats at half-past five o'clock to get up; six, roll call; seven, breakfast; nine, drill till twelve; twelve, dinner. It is now almost one, and I am writing this letter. From two till four, drill; five

o'clock, supper; nine-thirty, roll call; ten o'clock, taps sounded, lights shut off; silence enforced. We are supposed to go to sleep.

"We have not yet settled down to rigid discipline, but it grows more strict every day. Sentinels are posted everywhere around the barracks. No one can go down town without leave. We expect our uniforms every day. There are about three thousand volunteers in town, more arriving by every train. They are quartered in all sorts of places; some in churches, some in halls, one company in the Court House. None of their quarters seem to be as good as ours.

"In haste, yours,

GEORGE N. CHENEY."

Elmira, May 29th, 1861.

"The Onondaga Regiment, Colonel Walrath, and the Rochester Regiment, Colonel Quimby, left here for Washington at one o'clock today. They were escorted to the cars by all of the other troops here. There was a general turnout of citizens. The departing regiments were in fine spirits and made an excellent appearance."

On reaching Baltimore the regiment was formed into line and marched through the streets, "surrounded by a crowd of ugly, cross looking rebels, who wanted to annihilate us, and we expected a riot; but as we had received our guns and ammunition before we left Elmira, they let us alone."

The Onondaga and Rochester regiments were met on their arrival at Baltimore by the notorious Marshal Hine, who informed Col. Walrath that he would show them the way through the city to the Washington station. He said they might meet with some difficulty on going through the streets, but that he and his men would give them all the protection in his power. Col. Walrath replied that they were there to shake hands or fight. They had come from home to fight for the Union, and they would just as soon begin now and put down disloyalty in Baltimore as anywhere else.

The Editorial Correspondent of the Buffalo Express thus describes the march of the Onondaga and Rochester regiments through Baltimore:

"Standing on the balcony of the Eutaw House, Thursday evening, we saw the Syracuse and Rochester regiments march down the street gallantly and steadily,—the mob on

either side, awed but ugly. My companion and myself felt that as New Yorkers we would cheer the flags borne by men of our State through Baltimore, so we gave them loud hurrahs. The color sergeant dipped his flag and looked up in surprise, but a Secessionist near us sneakingly drew his revolver, held it partly concealed, and waited to give a coward's shot. He was a dandy in dress, but looked mean enough to commit murder. Another fellow ran out from beneath the balcony, pistol in hand and would have shot if he had dared. Talk about chivalry; talk rather of cowards. He would not have dared to shoot a man who was looking at him.

"We stood there till the troops passed, but soon became convinced that the people about the house did not like us, and so we took our departure for the station. As these regiments were marching through the streets of Baltimore, a Secessionist flag was displayed by a lady from a window. A Union flag was immediately put out by another woman, from the opposite side of the street, which was saluted by the regiment. No notice was taken of the Secession flag. The wife of Wilson Cary, the principal of a fashionable girls' boarding school, stood in the door of her dwelling and waved in the faces of the Union, the Confederate flag. This was in direct disobedience of a municipal ordinance."

A Baltimore correspondent of the New York Tribune wrote: "The people of Eastern New York may boast of their soldiers, who may be all that is said of them; but they are pigmies by the side of the 'Anakims,' the giants of Syracuse and Rochester. Baltimore was thrown into fits of admiration at the appearance of these two regiments, and the rebels could not repress manifestations of wonder and fear."

A Washington correspondent of the New York Evening Post said of the 12th and 13th regiments, "Both regiments appear remarkably well. The men are large and muscular."

Here follows Dr. R. W. Pease's letter describing the march of the 12th Regiment (Onondaga) through Baltimore, May 30th, 1861:

"Our journey was one continuous ovation until we reached the Maryland line, and even then we were frequently cheered and encouraged by the waving of handkerchiefs and other demonstrations along the way.



“But directly on reaching the Maryland line we found a picket guard stationed along the road, strongly guarding every bridge and communicating with each other for over forty miles. This convinced us that the loyalty of this section was inspired by a due sense of respect for armed authority, and that only to the true lovers of our country was our presence at all pleasing. Our train was, by order of Col. Walrath, stopped about fifteen miles before reaching Baltimore; every musket loaded; every bayonet fixed; every officer armed with his revolver. We arrived in Baltimore at seven o'clock in the evening. Our coming was expected. The people of the city had turned out to see us, not welcome us. Our reception at Baltimore by a large part of the people was sullen, silent, and mean. The silence at times of the immense throng was ominous, but the march of the men was excellent. They knew they were ready for any demonstrations and were ready for any emergency.

“We were followed closely by the Rochester regiment, and the measured tramp of seventeen hundred men was grand. Our flag was displayed, and the drums beat a lively air, and we passed safely over the same ground consecrated by the blood of the Sixth Massachusetts braves, on that bright April day. At several points on our route we were greeted heartily, by the ladies in particular, in passing through Baltimore. Yet it was evident that the city contains a horde of vile fellows who are held in subjection only by fear.”

Mr. George D. Cowles was in Washington when the 12th Regiment reached that city. He says that “Although the men of the regiment were not regularly supplied with food from Thursday evening until the next morning at about eleven o'clock, most, if not all of the companies, received most hospitable treatment at the hands of the Minister from Switzerland and his wife, who threw open their house to the soldiers and provided them with a generous collation in the morning. On Friday evening the Onondaga and Rochester regiments paid their respects to the President at the White House, and to General Scott at his residence. They received a hearty welcome.”

Major Louis, of the 12th, wrote:

“After a very tedious and protracted journey, we arrived at 12 o'clock last night at the Capital of our unfortunate

Republic and are quartered at present in some vacant apartments of the Capital. I occupy a splendid room which used to belong to a Southern Senator.

“We were cheered and regaled by the people during our passage through the State of Pennsylvania. Wherever we stopped, the inhabitants gave us hot coffee, cake, milk and eggs. Some of the Pennsylvania Dutchmen brought us sauerkraut and speck. From village to village, from hamlet to hamlet, the people cheered us and gave us their blessing, until we arrived at Baltimore. There the scene changed. The sinister looks of the populace made us aware that we were treading over a volcano, but as we had our muskets loaded, we did not mind their gloomy visages and with a firm step and watchful eye we defiled through the very street where the 6th Massachusetts was attacked.

At that time General Nye gave his idea of what is needed now. There was no happier man in all Washington when it was certainly known that Northern troops were on their way to defend the National Capital. Meeting an old friend from Syracuse, he said, in his very best style:

“Old Salt Point! God bless you. We are now redeemed and disenthralled. I have made up my mind that this warfare life is a damned humbug: What we want now is a few happy deaths.”

When the regiment reached Washington it was quartered for a few days at Caspari's House, but soon went into regular camp, “Camp Onondaga,” at a point just north of the city. Here it was drilled constantly, getting ready for war. It received visits from many of the principal public men of Washington, President Lincoln being among the number to call.

These citizen soldiers were naturally anxious to get the latest news. There were two men in the regiment who had been telegraph operators. They would go over to the war office, stand around in the crowd, understand the ticks and get the news, until the government found out this little scheme and stopped it.

While the 12th was stationed at Washington, Lieut. Colonel Graham resigned and General R. M. Richardson was elected Lieut. Colonel. Colonel Walrath sent the proceedings of the election to Albany and requested a commission for General Richardson, but was informed that the com-

mission could not be issued until General Richardson resigned his commission of Brigadier.

LETTERS—Dr. Pease, writing to Dr. Mercer, said: "The 12th was for a time in a sad plight. The clothing furnished by the *State* was worse than a sham. It fell to pieces in a few days. Now, *Uncle Sam* has been furnishing us pants from his capacious storehouse, and they, like all of his goods and wares, are good. We will soon have jackets, and then a finer looking or better set of men never formed a line of battle. For a week or so after we got here the commissary department was badly managed, but now everything goes well. The rations are regularly served, are ample in quantity, excellent in quality. There is abundance of everything, if you know how to get it; but everything is done by form. A strict system is at the bottom of all proceedings.

"The discipline and progress of the 12th in drill is wonderful, and good judges say no body of men in Washington equals them in the perfection of their movements."

Major John Louis, in a letter to a friend, writes: "I must say a word for our friend, Dr. R. W. Pease. A more accomplished gentleman, a truer philanthropist, and a better surgeon cannot be found in the District of Columbia. Indeed I look now to the man, and while I do it, I entirely divest myself of all the prejudice which I formerly held against him for his Abolition sentiments, and find in him more pleasure than all others in discoursing upon the current news of the day. I think he may justly be styled the second Sir Astley Cooper. He is ever ready and willing to wait upon the sick, giving the poorest private the same attention as the officer, and, aside from all this, he is always looking after the general welfare of the regiment, thus endearing himself to us all."

Sergeant-Major George Root had been wounded and sent home on a surgeon's certificate. "We shall miss no one more than George. He has more than done his duty; has indeed been at every one's command. He regrets that he must go home, as much as we regret to have him go."

One of the soldiers, C. L. Bassett, writes of their reception:

"Here we were put into tents, and taught to drill and manoeuver in military style, and had a dress parade every night before sun down, which ended the day's duty till roll

call and taps, when every one had to be in camp and in bed. President Lincoln came to see us one day and shook hands with the men after the review. Some of the men get very homesick, which gave great annoyance and trouble to the officers, and every day was just alike for months at a time."

Wm. H. H. Hitchcock, a private in Captain Church's company, writes to a friend: "I can't say I think we have been abused quite as bad as some would like to make out. I have been used first rate by my officers and have not been hungry. We got a new pair of blue pants the other day, and knapsacks, and a nice white blanket,—not like the poor N. Y. State blankets we got at Elmira. Without any joking I think that New York State has not done all that she might for us, but we are now under the United States, and fare better as far as clothing goes."

On the 4th of July, 1861, Colonel Walrath writes: "We have received a fine uniform from the U. S. government; dark blue blouses and trousers, Kossuth hat, equipments, etc."

Some letters were written by Webster Ransom, show how he spent his time at Camp Onondaga, Washington. In one of them he said that he was sitting in his tent, writing at the same table with other soldiers. He was on guard Sunday, came off Monday morning, and had permission to leave camp and go where he pleased until half-past three P. M. He visited the Smithsonian Institute, and gives a most interesting description of what he saw. This is a very good illustration of the kind of men that volunteered in most of the country regiments. An ordinary soldier would not be apt to visit the Smithsonian Institute, or appreciate what he saw there.

The next leave he had he was going to the Patent Office. He writes: "I have not thought of coming home yet. When I started in the soldiering life, I made up my mind to see the thing through or die trying. There is a feeling in the regiment that when the three months are up they are going home, but if the regiment stays I shall stay. I should like to see all at home now, but I shall trust for the future, be it sooner or later."

There was a hard rain one night that beat many tents down. Their occupants were without shelter, but the men with this Webster Ransom had dug a ditch around their



tent and thrown the earth up, and so the rain ran off that tent. There is a great deal in knowing how to pitch a tent, as they had already learned.

In a letter July 8th, 1861, Mr. Ransom says, "We spent the Fourth in jubilee and in defence of our country. We had a fine time. Early in the morning there was firing of guns and ringing of bells. As soon as we had got our breakfast out of the way—(these men had to do their own cooking and washing of dishes; no mother or wife to do that while they smoked their pipes) we were marched to the President's House, and were reviewed by the President, General Scott and other officers. It was a warm time, but the boys were well and pleased with the tramp."

Not all of Mr. Ransom's letters tell of such contentment among the men. He writes in September that a part of some of the companies in the regiment took their guns up to the Colonel's tent and stacked them, and said they would not do any more duty for their three months' time was up." This difficulty however was settled and the men staid the two years of their enlistment.

In November, 1861, Mr. Ransom writes from Fort Craig:

"We are to have barracks built, so we will have things pretty comfortable. Mother, I wish you wouldn't worry so much about me. I am well enough off and have no fault to find. We have new clothes and blankets. I have enough to keep me warm. I have four thick woolen blankets and a tick with straw, and a bed up from the ground and I sleep as well as I ever did at home. I have a heavy overcoat, four shirts, one I have never had on, four pairs of new socks. So I have all I want at present and enough to last some time. So, Mother, I don't think you ought to worry about me as long as I am satisfied and contented myself." He sends his love to some little girl who had knit him some mittens, and closes his letter to his mother by saying, "I must bid you Goodbye for I want to write a few private words to Ellen."

On July 15th, the 12th New York was ordered across Chain Bridge into Virginia, and was the first to be under fire at Blackburn's Ford on the 18th of July, preliminary to the first battle of Bull Run. Lieutenant Randall of this regiment, in command of about twenty men as skirmishers, was the first to attack the enemy. George N. Cheney,

Company A, was the first man of this regiment killed in this engagement.

The 12th New York was in the first battle of Bull Run and formed part of the brigade that was the rear guard of the retreating army.

On the 30th of July, the 12th went into camp again and constructed Fort Craig, one of a link of forts from Alexandria to the Chain Bridge. On the evening of August 26th, three companies, under Captain Barnum, were detailed on picket duty.

Here is what Webster Ransom says of his experience at Bull Run:

"We left our camp at Chain Bridge about three o'clock in the afternoon of July 15th, returned to our camp on the morning of the 22d. I did not sleep but two nights while we were gone. Then I had to lie on the ground with nothing but a blanket to put over me. The rest of the time I was on the watch with my gun in hand. We got to a place called Centerville the second day, and camped, or laid out in a lot at night. The next morning we were called early to eat our breakfast; then we were marched about two miles and had an engagement at Blackburn's Ford. I am one of the lucky ones who escaped unhurt, but I am sorry to say we had to retreat and lose the battle. We were the first regiment engaged in this fight; we lost out thirty killed, wounded and missing. The bullets flew pretty thick and fast, but they were not well aimed. When they began to fire, we would lie down and fire. We loaded our guns lying on our backs on the ground. We marched all Sunday night, and moved our camp from Chain Bridge to a place called Arlington Heights."

In the battles of the Peninsula this regiment fought splendidly.

At Groveton Colonel Weeks commanded a brigade, and was badly wounded. At Malvern Hill Major Henry A. Barnum, while leading the regiment, was shot through the body and left for dead on the field. After he recovered he re-entered the service, and raised the 149th regiment. He was elected Colonel and promoted to Brigadier General. He said of his old regiment, the 12th, "General Richardson sent especial thanks to the 12th, for saving the left wing of the Army during one of the Peninsula battles."

While the 12th was lying at Gaines' Mill, just before the Seven Days' battles, Rev. Samuel J. May came to the White House, on the Pamunkey river, with a large contribution of stores for the sick from the ladies of Syracuse. He could get no further, and the poor 12th never even got a lemon.

While lying at Gaines' Mill, the regiment was called on for a detail for an outside picket. John Gardner, now living in this city, was on this detail. While on his picket, half a mile from Woodbury Bridge, he saw the whole army cross the bridge on its change of base to Harrison's Landing. Stuart's Cavalry arrested Gardner. He was asked where the Yankees had gone. He said: "To the White House" just the opposite direction, seventeen miles out of the way. He was taken along with the cavalry, escaped that night, and rejoined his regiment the next day. This regiment was engaged in many battles.

After the 12th had been about nine months in the field it had been reduced by death, wounds and sickness to 450 men. It was prepared to leave this remnant in Washington to do garrison duty, but this arrangement did not suit Colonel Richardson. He obtained a leave of absence, went to New York and found Henry A. Weeks with 556 recruits. He arranged for the consolidation of these recruits with the remnant of the 12th, agreeing that Mr. Weeks should be the Colonel of the consolidated regiment, which was still called the 12th. The Companies of the 12th, that retained their original organization were A, G, H, I, and K, Captains Root, Randall, Wood, Truesdell, and Combs.

The regimental officers were: Colonel Henry A. Weeks, Lieutenant Colonel R. M. Richardson, Major Henry A. Barnum.

In the second battle of Bull Run the 12th formed part of General Butterfield's Brigade. It marched twenty one days without change of clothing, and went into battle in this fatigued condition. The regiment lost heavily. Colonel Weeks, Captain Root and Lieut. Baker were wounded. The muster of the regiment next morning showed only 106 men, one staff officer, and six line officers.

At Fredericksburg the 12th was again conspicuous for its gallantry, and lost many valuable officers and men.

On the 27th of April, 1863, the two years service of

the 12th being finished, it was ordered to return to Elmira to be mustered out.

Mr. Babbitt says they had a more pleasant reception in Baltimore than when they went through in 1861. "We were given a supper by some ladies of Baltimore. We marched this time without guns or equipments and were delighted to see the American flag flying on the public buildings, and to be met by pleasant looking people. In due time we arrived at Elmira. After being mustered out and paid, we went to Canandaigua, where we got on the New York Central for Syracuse. We were greeted with cheers all the way from Baltimore to Syracuse. The regiment was received in Syracuse by the 51st National Guard, and "Syracuse honored us by a big reception and a dinner, and old Glory was fluttering from all the public buildings and from the old Liberty Pole."

This soldier writes, "God bless the ladies is my prayer, especially those who stood by the soldiers in the days that tried men's souls and patience, and who now do not forget the Boys in Blue."

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#### MILITARY RECORD AND RECOLLECTIONS OF MAJ. WILLIAM G. TRACY.

In April, 1861, he was a bookkeeper in a bank in Syracuse, eighteen years of age, and a member of Butler's Zouaves. When Fort Sumter was attacked, the services of his company were offered to the country, and accepted.

About April 19th, 1861, he enlisted in Captain Butler's Co. D, 3rd Regiment, New York Volunteers. The company immediately thereafter left Syracuse, inspiring the greatest enthusiasm, and joined its regiment at Albany, N. Y., where they remained in barracks, drilling and preparing for war about three weeks, were then in encampment on the Battery in New York for about two weeks, and then moved to Fortress Monroe, Va., going into camp there about June 4th, 1861.

On June 19th, 1861, he participated in the battle of Big Bethel, Va., the first engagement of the war in which a rebel soldier was killed. On July 30th, 1861, he was promoted to be First Lieutenant in the 12th N. Y. Vols. and served as such near Washington until February 3rd,



1862, when his regiment, which was much depleted, was consolidated with another, and he was mustered out as a supernumerary officer and honorably discharged.

On February 7th, 1862, he again enlisted as a private soldier at Lebanon, Kentucky, in Company H, 10th Indiana Vols. of Buell's army. He served in that army, marching twice across Kentucky and Tennessee, and through the northern part of Mississippi and Alabama with gun and knapsack, reaching Louisville, Ky., October 1st, 1862, where he was honorably discharged to accept promotion in a New York regiment.

On November 3rd, 1862, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Co. 1, 122nd N. Y. Vols., and appointed Aide-de-Camp on the Staff of Major General Henry W. Slocum, then commanding the 12th Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

He was severely wounded at the Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., May 3rd, 1863. Upon May 9th, 1863, he received a commission as Captain and Aide-de-Camp from the United States. He returned to duty on his recovery from his wound, August 25th, 1862.

He afterwards served in the east and west on the Staff of General Slocum, while commanding the 12th and 20th Army Corps and the Army of Georgia, going through with Sherman to the sea, and riding from Atlanta to Washington, by way of Savannah. He was slightly wounded at the Battle of Bentonville, N. C., May 19th, 1865.

He was brevetted Major of Volunteers March 19th, 1865. "For efficient services rendered during the recent campaign in Ga. and S. C."

He was subsequently awarded a medal of honor. "For gallantry at Chancellorsville, Va., May 2nd, 1863."

He was honorably mustered out of service, October 18th, 1865.

At the time of his re-enlistment in the 10th Ind., he wrote the following letter to his mother, giving his reasons therefor.

"Louisville, Ky., Feb. 9, 1862.

"Dear Mother:

I arrived here last night and shall leave tomorrow for Somerset. I shall enlist in some one of those regiments that were engaged in the fight at Mills Spring, probably in the 10th Indiana, or the 19th Illinois.

“As soon as I reached the 12th regt. and saw how matters stood, I determined if I could ever get out of my Lieutenancy honorably, that I would do so, and that I would never again accept an appointment in a regiment to which I did not belong. If I possessed any great military talents, it would be another thing, but being, if anything, below the average of Lieutenants—in the volunteers incapability as an officer,—it is not right to take an appointment away from some man, who will make as good an officer as I would, and who is entitled to it by services faithfully performed in the company. So if any of my friends are trying to get me an appointment, you must tell them to stop, for I will not accept a commission until I have fairly earned one in my own judgment.

I am determined to stay in the service as long as the war lasts, and would not be contented at home as long as there were any soldiers left in the field. So that I think it much better not to go to Syracuse at all, for it would only make both you and myself feel worse when I left again.

“I shall enlist here, because I think there is more prospect of seeing active service, and because it is not pleasant to be in the ranks where you have many friends to come and see you, for a private is looked down upon by the rules, and good rules too, of military discipline. As a common soldier I enlisted to fight against the rebels. I was made a Lieutenant simply because I had influential friends, although there are hundreds of others who have proved themselves more worthy, but are still left in the ranks. Into the ranks I shall go again. I can certainly do my part there, as well as anyone, and if I deserve promotion, I shall rise, and if I do nothing special to merit a commission, it is certainly better for me to stay in the same position, than to cheat someone out of that which is his just reward. Do not think that this is a hasty or rash decision, for I have thought it over and looked at the question on all sides, and to me my duty is plain and clear.

“I have said nothing about it beforehand because I knew it would only worry you, and cause you much anxiety needlessly. The lot of a common soldier physically is not much worse than that of a line officer, and there are just about as fine men in the ranks as in the list of fellows with gilt on their shoulders.

"Please thank my friends who were so kind as to procure my commission for me. I am sorry I did not do more honor to their exertions, but I have always strived hard to do the best I could.

"Yours affectionately,

"WILLIAM G. TRACY."

He was wounded in a rather dramatic manner, and gives this account of the same.

"At the time of the Battle of Chancellorsville, although I had been two years in the war, I was still a boy, only twenty years old, with no particular thought in my then red and curly head, except that I must not flinch under any circumstances in which I might be placed. I had recently been promoted and appointed an Aide-de-Camp on the Staff of Maj. General Slocum, then commanding the 12th Army Corps of the Army of the Potomac, a body of about 15,000 men. This was a change from physical discomfort and social penury to intellectual and physical luxury. Brigadier generals now stopped to chat with me, and offer me a drink and cigar.

"In April, 1863, Lee's Army was encamped about Fredericksburg, Va., on the south bank of the Rappahannock and Hooker's Army opposite on the north bank. In the last four days of April, 1863, Hooker moved a large portion of his Army thirty miles west up the Rappahannock, crossed the Rappahannock and Rapidan. This uncovered the lower fords and other corps joined him, so that he had massed on the morning of May 1st, about 90,000 men at Chancellorsville, about twenty miles from Fredericksburg. This was a magnificent army in high spirits and with great hopes. It was a finely planned campaign, promptly executed by his corps commanders, our advance under fire, wading the Rapidan in water up to their armpits.

"In front of the Chancellorsville House, facing south, and to the west, were cleared fields, a mile in extent, bounded by heavy dense woods, on the east, west and south. A plank road ran east and west, turning south at the Chancellorsville House. This road also ran east to Fredericksburg. Our line of battle was formed in the edge of these woods, some six miles in extent, prolonged on the west through the woods to the plank road and beyond, and

on the east through the woods to the road to Fredericksburg and beyond, with reserves in the rear of the line.

"On the morning of Friday, May 1st, an advance was ordered by Hooker, and a considerable portion of his troops had moved forward and formed a line of battle beyond the woods, when Hooker, to the surprise of everyone, ordered them to return to their original line. The reason he vouchsafed to his astonished corps commanders, was that he had secret information that Lee was coming to attack him and he would await him there. His information was true, Lee was coming, and did come with a vengeance. During the rest of Friday, the troops threw up entrenchments, the 11th Corps, on the extreme right, doing little in that way, and not properly refusing their flank.

"On Saturday, May 2nd, Stonewall Jackson's Corps, screened by the woods, marched past the entire front of our army and were massed in the woods at the end of the 11th Corps. It was reported to Hooker, early in the morning, that large masses of the enemy were moving in his front towards the west. He thought they were retreating to Gordonsville! He did nothing until afternoon, when General Williams' division on the right of the 12th Corps and a part of Sickles' Corps on their right were ordered to advance, and did cut off a part of the rear of Jackson's column.

"I was with Gen. Slocum at Hooker's headquarters, after this order had been given, and was being executed. Gen. Slocum and his Aides then left the Chancellorsville House, riding west. As we neared the woods, across the plank road, the terrible attack of Stonewall Jackson commenced, striking the 11th Corps, unsuspecting and unprepared, on end and crumpling it up like paper. Gen. Slocum remarked 'Those troops will never stand that,' and dashed down the road to the west, sending me for our headquarters cavalry, camped nearby, to stop the soldiers already fleeing to the rear. When I got back to the road in a few moments, it was a choked mass of ambulances, wagons and fugitives, while the roar of musketry from Jackson's attack was terrific. I met our Adjutant General, riding frantically down the road. 'Tracy,' he said, 'The 11th Corps is broken, go to Williams at once, tell him to get his division across the plank road as soon as he can.' Gen. Williams was then about two miles away.



"I started ahead, and presently overtook another Aide charged with the same order. He was better mounted, got ahead again and turned to the left; thinking it was no use of both going the same way, I kept on, and finally struck Gen. Knipe, commanding the right Brigade of Williams' Division. His troops were then advancing, engaged with the enemy in dense woods. I told him the condition of affairs, not to advance further; that he would at once get orders to fall back across the Plank Road, and turned to the left and rear in the woods to find Gen. Williams, supposing that lines of battle connected. Unfortunately for me, Gen. Knipe's Brigade had advanced further than the rest of the division, and I rode through the gap created thereby. In my haste and excitement, I soon lost my bearings, met no one and the sound of firing in my vicinity ceased. Before I realized it, I was completely lost.

"Riding hither and thither wherever I could see an opening, I finally came to a partial clearing of about fifty acres where the trees had been cut into cord wood, and piled up, leaving the stumps still standing. It was on the side of a hill, upon the top of which a piece of artillery was in action. Although it seemed to me to be pointed in a rather singular direction, I breasted the hill in good faith, came around behind and by the side of the piece, checked my horse about twenty feet therefrom, and was about to inquire where Gen. Williams was, when suddenly I realized by their moon faced appearance that the gunners were rebels.

"I was completely taken by surprise, my heart dropped to the bottom of my boots. Never before or since have I realized the feeling of such complete despair. 'Sent with an important order—lost in the woods and captured!' What a tale for my General! My first thought was to escape. If I hesitated or turned back, I would certainly be captured. Then I saw where I was. An open, narrow, corduroy road ran down the side of the hill and up another, the valley thus formed and the hill beyond being heavily wooded. Upon the crest of the opposite hill I saw a blue line which I knew must be our troops. The road was open and commanded by our troops. In the woods, at the bottom of the hill, I knew there must be a force of rebel troops.



They do not generally place artillery in advance of infantry.

“In an instant my mind was made up, and my heart seemed to go back with a thump to my breast. I resolved to ride down that narrow road to death or freedom. I walked my horse past the piece of artillery to the front, gazing at the rebels as unconcernedly as I could. Although I was in uniform with shoulder straps, my blouse was covered with dust and they did not spring for me, apparently not realizing that I was a Union officer. As soon as I had passed, I struck into a gallop, not too fast to attract attention, yet ready for a burst of speed. In a moment I passed another piece of artillery; they didn't attempt to stop me there. Then I came down to the woods, at the edge of which some horses were tied, and I knew the time was come.

“Just as I reached the border of the woods, some one cried out: ‘Shoot him!’ and I dug the spurs in and rode for my life. I was riding a captured rebel horse, said to have been ridden at one time by Gen. Stewart, a fine charger, but a little weak in the knees. Down we went along the incline with no sign of a stumble, my horse at first shying from side to side at the pattering of the bullets. He knew what they were as well as I did. Instantly from both sides of the road came volleys of musketry, while all through the woods the shouts resounded: ‘Shoot him! Kill him!’ While it was still light, it was just dark enough to see the flash of the muskets and the bullets seemed mostly passing over me. Then the firing ceased on one side and was dropping on the other, and I thought that I might get through, when suddenly I felt a sharp blow on my right arm, which instantly became numb, and looking down saw that it was fractured. We rode in the army with our left arm. The latter part of the time my horse ran like a deer. He was wounded in three places. In a few moments I was inside our lines. I afterwards learned that I had blundered through both lines, and behind a brigade of the enemy thrown in advance of their line, and that I rode through this brigade and passed the headquarters of Rebel Gen. A. P. Hill.

“After the war, I met a rebel soldier in Mississippi, who recollected the incident, and said I passed so near him that he could almost have touched me with his musket,

but that I was by before he could fire, and that I was hit by some of their men who got in the road and fired from behind me."

Maj. Tracy also gives the following account of how a great disaster to Sherman's Army was prevented by John T. Williams of Syracuse.

"When Sherman moved from Atlanta to Washington, through Georgia and the Carolinas, his Army consisted of four corps, each 15,000 strong. Kilpatrick's Brigade of Cavalry, and two pontoon trains. The 14th and 20th corps were the left wing, the Army of Georgia, commanded by Gen. Slocum; the 15th and 17th Corps made the right wing, the Army of Tennessee, commanded by Gen. Howard. As this force swept through the country, each of the corps took a separate road, so that the front of the army was often thirty to forty miles broad. When a river was reached, two of the corps united, passed over their pontoon bridge, and then debouched again on their separate roads. Scarcely any opposition was met with, except from Hampton's Brigade of Cavalry, with whom Kilpatrick had encounters from time to time. Sherman was sometimes at the headquarters of the one wing and sometimes at those of the other.

"As we approached Averysboro, N. C., March 17th, 1865, the Army was moving in the following order:

"On the left and west road were two divisions of the 14th Corps and two of the 20th Corps; on the next road to the east the remaining two divisions of those Corps, with the wagon trains; on the next road east two divisions of the 15th and 17th Corps with their wagon trains; on the next road east the remaining four divisions of the 15th and 17th Army Corps.

"At Averysboro on the 17th, we encountered a brigade or more of the rebels, and after a brisk little fight we drove them off. They retired to the northwest, leaving their dead and wounded. The next day, we marched about 15 miles towards the east.

"The next morning, March 19th, 1865, our forces on the left and west road, commanded by Gen. Slocum, started a little north of east with the troops on the other roads for Goldsboro, N. C., 20 miles distant. Schofield was then moving up from the coast with another army to join our

forces there. Sherman who had been with our Wing for a few days, left early that morning to join the right Wing. No one in our army believed there were any rebel forces within two hundred miles of us, other than the troops we had met at Averysboro and Hampton's Brigade of Cavalry.

"In the course of the morning of the 19th, our skirmishers moving in our front met with opposition. Carlin's Division of the 14th Corps leading our advance, was deployed in their support. They found themselves opposed in force and over-lapped. Just then a deserter came into our lines from the rebels. He said there were large forces of the enemy directly in our front, and begged to be taken to the commanding officer at once, as he had important information for him. He was brought back to the rear to Gen. Slocum, standing under a tree with Gen. Davis, commanding the 14th Corps. He told them that Gen. Joe Johnson was directly in their front with an army of 40,000 men; that his name was John T. Williams; that he was a Union soldier and had enlisted in the rebel army to keep out of the rebel prisons with the intention of escaping at the first opportunity. These officers thought his tale perfectly incredible; galvanized Yanks as they were called, union soldiers who had enlisted in the rebel army, were looked upon with suspicion and distrust. Just then I came up. The deserter jumped up from the ground, stretched out his hand and said: 'How are you, Tracy, don't you remember me? I am John T. Williams who went to the war with you from Syracuse in Johnny Butler's Zouaves.' Terribly freckled, with a shock of fiery red hair, and a rough suit of gray, I should not have recognized him, if he had not spoken first, but remembered him perfectly when he did so. I vouched for his character, his integrity, and the probable accuracy of his information. Even then Gen. Davis scouted the idea of giving any credence to his tale, and I had some warm words with him on the subject. Gen. Slocum wisely decided otherwise. Sending orders for the troops behind to hurry up as fast as possible, and the troops in front to hold their ground but not to try to advance, he said, 'Davis, you take the right of the road with the troops of the 14th Corps as they come up, and I will take the left with those of the 20th.'

"Soon after the rebels charged, driving back the troops there, and taking a couple of pieces of artillery.

"Our forces so driven back, formed in the edge of the woods across the road, hastily throwing up entrenchments, with open fields and a mound behind, on which artillery could be placed.

"It seems as if our men marching in loose order behind would never come up, and I was glad indeed when I saw Gen. Cogswell, our best division commander of the 20th Corps, coming over the crest behind, with his troops pressing forward almost at double quick. I felt that we were saved. As the troops came up, the line was prolonged to right and left, Kilpatrick's Cavalry turning up and forming on our left.

"Johnson did not follow up his successes immediately, but waited an hour or two before advancing again, and this was a fatal mistake. When he did so, he found a stout line of battle-scarred veterans behind entrenchments awaiting him. Seven times the rebels charged our works that afternoon, the rebel yell sounding uncomfortably near, but they could not break through. I was glad to see the sunset. We were re-inforced at midnight, and the next day Johnson's Army retreated. The next morning, I found the ground in the woods in front of our line thickly strewn with rebel dead, not over ten or fifteen feet therefrom.

"The information that Williams brought, and the fact that he chanced to meet almost the only man in Sherman's Army to whom he was well known, prevented a great disaster to our cause and saved many lives. As it was, our loss and killed and wounded at the battle of Bentonville was 1500.

"Williams had been captured while on a scouting expedition. There was some talk of hanging him as a spy. To keep out of rebel prisons, which had then become infamous, or escape a worse fate, he enlisted in the rebel army with the intention of escaping and bringing valuable information at the first opportunity. Characteristically, he waited until he had some information to bring."

SAMUEL STORROW SUMNER, MAJOR GENERAL, U. S. ARMY.

Samuel Storrow Sumner, Major General, U. S. Army, was son of Major General Edwin Vose Sumner, U. S. Army, and was born at Carlisle Barracks, Penn., February 6, 1842.



His early life was passed at various stations where his father was on duty. At the age of twelve he was sent to school at Geneva, N. Y., remaining there until he was seventeen, when he entered a bank in Oswego, N. Y., and remained until the spring of 1861, as clerk. He received the promise of an appointment to West Point from President Lincoln; but the Civil War coming on, at his father's request he was commissioned on the 11th of June, 1861, as second lieutenant in the 2nd (now the 5th) U. S. Cavalry. His first service was with a squadron of the 5th Cavalry, at the Treasury Building in Washington, on provost duty.

In November, 1861, he was assigned to duty on the staff of General E. V. Sumner as an aide-de-camp, and accompanied General E. V. Sumner to Camp California, near Alexandria, Virginia. In the spring of 1862 General E. V. Sumner was assigned to command the 2d Army Corps, and accompanied the Army of the Potomac to Fortress Monroe.

General S. S. Sumner remained with the 2d Corps until June 28, 1862, being present at the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, and Seven Pines, and was breveted 1st lieutenant, U. S. Army, for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Fair Oaks, Virginia. He took part in the battles of South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg, being breveted Captain, U. S. Army, September, 17, 1862, for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Antietam, Maryland.

He served, at various periods, on the staff of Gen. Wood and Gen. Burnside. When the 9th corps of General Burnside's command was ordered South to join in the Vicksburg campaign, he was assigned to temporary duty, at his own request, on the staff of General Parke, who commanded the 9th Corps, participated in the latter part of the campaign against Vicksburg, and was present at the surrender of that place to General Grant. He was breveted Major, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious conduct during the campaign against Vicksburg, Mississippi. He then accompanied the 9th Corps to Jackson, Miss., and remained with it until its return to Knoxville, Tenn., where he again reported to General Burnside for duty on his staff.

He was relieved from staff duty in October, 1863, and rejoined the 5th Cavalry in the Army of the Potomac at Culpepper Court House, was present with the Army of the



Potomac during the short campaign of Mine Run, and remained with the regiment until February, 1864, being then ordered to mustering duty at Springfield, Ill.

In April, 1865, he joined his regiment at Washington, D. C., as a captain; was on duty in Washington at General Grant's headquarters until November 1, 1865, then proceeded to Nashville, Tennessee, with a squadron of the regiment, remaining there until 1867; proceeded to Vicksburg, Mississippi, with troop, and was stationed at Jackson, Miss., on reconstruction duty until the spring of 1869. He rejoined his regiment with his troop at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, in May, 1869, and participated in the campaign of that summer against the Sioux Indians. He was brevetted lieutenant colonel, February 27, 1890, for gallant service in action against Indians at Summit Springs, Colorado.

He commanded a troop during the campaign against the northern Indians in the summer of 1876, and was present at the battle of Slim Buttes, returning to Sidney Barracks, Nebraska. In the summer of 1877 he participated in the campaign against Joseph, the Nez Perce Chief. Returning in the fall he left again in May, 1878, for the summer campaign in Northern Wyoming. He was promoted Major of the 8th Cavalry in April, 1879. Reporting for duty in October, 1879, at Fort McIntosh, Texas, he remained in command of that post until the spring of 1884, and was then assigned to duty as inspector general of the Department of Texas. The following year he rejoined his regiment, serving at San Antonio, Texas, and commanded a squadron of the 8th Cavalry in New Mexico in the summer of 1885, during the campaign against Geronimo, returning to San Antonio in the fall of 1885. In the summer of 1886 he was detailed to command the Cavalry Recruiting Station at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. In 1887 he was again made inspector general and assigned to the department of the Columbia, where he remained until the summer of 1891, and was then ordered to duty as lieutenant colonel of the 6th Cavalry at Fort Niobra, Neb. In 1893 he was again selected to command Jefferson Barracks, and remained at that place until the summer of 1894. He then reported at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, as Assistant Commandant of the Infantry and Cavalry School and as Commanding Officer of a

squadron of the 6th Cavalry. In May, 1896, he was promoted colonel of the 6th Cavalry and joined the headquarters of the regiment at Fort Myer, Virginia.

On the breaking out of the Spanish War, in the spring of 1898, he accompanied his regiment to Chickamauga in April, 1898, and being appointed Brigadier General of Volunteers, was assigned to command of the 1st Cavalry at Chickamauga. This brigade was later removed to Tampa, Fla., and formed part of the expedition of the Santiago campaign.

General Sumner commanded this brigade during this entire campaign, and during the battle of San Juan on July 1st, owing to the illness of General Wheeler, he commanded the Cavalry Division, which included all of the regular cavalry and the 1st Regiment Volunteer Cavalry (Rough Riders). Returning with the brigade to Montauk Point in August, 1898, he was promoted Major General of Volunteers, September 7, 1898. On the breaking up of the camp at Montauk Point, he was assigned to duty in Philadelphia for several weeks, and then assumed command of the 1st Division of the 2nd Army Corps at Augusta, Georgia.

He was mustered out of the volunteer service as Major General on the 15th of April, 1899, and detailed for duty as Military Attache at the Court of St. James, London, where he remained on duty until July, 1900. During this time he witnessed the departure of the English Army for South Africa, and by invitation of the German Emperor was present at the Autumn manoeuvres of the German Army in the south of Germany.

At his own request he was relieved from duty in London, July, 1900, in order to assume command of his regiment in China. He served in China until November, 1900, commanding the brigade of the United States troops held in reserve at Tiensin, China, then reported for duty in the Philippine Islands in December, 1900, and was assigned to command of the 1st District of the Department of Southern Luzon. This District was later enlarged by the absorption of the 2nd District. He was promoted Brigadier General U. S. Army, February 4, 1901, and retained command of the 1st District until relieved in the fall of that year.

During this time there was much activity in the District, encounters with Philippine Insurrectos being frequent.

A large number of guns and other material of war were captured by the troops, and finally the organized forces under General Cailles, in the Province of Laguna, surrendered to General Sumner at Santa Cruz, in June, 1901.

His next assignment was to command the 1st Brigade in Northern Luzon, with headquarters at Dagupan. He remained in command of this Brigade until June, 1902, when he was temporarily assigned to the command of the Department of Northern Luzon, and was assigned to the command of the Department of Mindano, July 7, 1902; remaining in command of the department of Mindano until July 1, 1903. The two military roads from the sea to Lake Lanao were constructed; expeditions against refractory Moros were made from Camp Vicars and Illigan; several expeditions were made to points on Lake Lanao, and finally the expedition around the lake was accomplished, during General Sumner's command of the Department of Mindano.

Returning from the Philippine Islands in August, 1903, he was promoted Major General, U. S. Army, on August 6, 1903. On reaching the United States he was assigned to duty as Commanding General Department of the Missouri, and in January, 1904, was assigned to command of the Southwest Division, with headquarters at Oklahoma City. He was relieved from duty in Southwestern Division May 1st, 1905, and ordered to command Pacific Division, headquarters at San Francisco, Cal., where he remained until his retirement by operation of law on February 6th, 1906.

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### FIREMEN AS VOLUNTEERS.

Benjamin L. Higgins, for many years chief of the Fire Department of Syracuse, recruited a fine rifle company, many of the men from the ranks of the firemen. They left Syracuse August 2, 1861, going to Elmira to join the 86th N. Y. Volunteer regiment, then commanded by Colonel B. I. Bailey.

Before leaving Syracuse this company received a great ovation. The firemen formed a grand parade; after marching through the streets they formed a hollow square opposite the City Hall, fronting Engine House No. 6. The Mayor, Judge Andrews, and Common Council were in a room in the second story of the City Hall. The Mayor delivered an

eloquent and fitting address, and presented Captain Higgins with a sword, sash, epaulettes, belt and a pair of Colt's Army revolvers from the firemen of Syracuse. Mayor Andrews paid a just and well deserved eulogium to the Fire Department in whose ranks, he said, "the true materials for soldiers could be found on account of their peculiar organization, training and the efficient service they gave to the public." The new Chief Engineer, Walter Welch, called for three cheers for the Union with a tiger. Captain Higgins thanked the firemen from his heart, and assured them that if a kind Providence should permit him to return to the scenes of the firemen's life that he loved so well he would bring back to them those epaulettes and sword untarnished by any act of his.

Captain Higgins walked through the open ranks of the firemen and shook hands with each man, bidding them a sincere and affectionate farewell. At one o'clock the train, with Captain Higgins and his company aboard, pulled out of the station amid the cheers of crowds of citizens.

Then comes in the story of his wife. He had been talking for weeks about going; his wife said she would go with him, but he declared she should not. Her mother-in-law would say: "That is right, Jane, stick to it. If he goes I want you to go with him; I would feel safer about him."

After that train left Syracuse Captain Higgins found his wife seated in one of the cars, all unbeknown to him, but, as she says, "I had a good lunch with me, so he did not object very much." The only thing she can remember about the camp at Elmira is that "The boys were all broke, and very anxious to get their government clothes. Some of them had no shoes."

Mrs. Higgins stayed with a friend in Elmira. The night before that regiment left for Washington, she and her friend stayed up all night frying doughnuts and gave Captain Higgins's company a good breakfast before they started. They left Elmira, November 1, 1861, went direct to Washington, and were ordered to load their guns, going through Baltimore. They camped in Washington a few days. Mrs. Higgins boarded near the camp: "Street, mud up to your neck." She says, "My first experience of a camp was to visit some of the Captain's men who were sick. The mud was so deep I had to put on soldier's boots to get to



the Hospital. The company was camped in a pine grove. Sometimes in the evening the boys would get out into the company avenue and dance. Some would turn their caps around, to tell they were girls. So you see the boys were jollier than their friends at home could imagine."

The Regiment crossed into Maryland and built a fort called Good Hope in the winter of 1861. Mrs. Higgins went to visit her husband at that camp. The driver of the ambulance would meet her and take her to the camp. She would walk in and surprise the Captain. Sometimes she would be the one to be surprised, for she would find the company packed up to move. Once she had to sleep in the ambulance all night. Her husband found her there the next morning at five o'clock, drinking a cup of coffee.

In April, 1862, Captain Higgins was detailed to take charge of the Old Capital Prison at Washington. He managed the military affairs of that institution with so much ability and success that he received the highest commendation from his superior officers. Eight hundred rebel prisoners were confined in that prison, prisoners of State. Among them was the famous Belle Boyde, the spy, and Mrs. Greene and daughter. Miss Boyde had been captured when on her way to Europe with a quantity of gold currency sewed up in her skirts. Belle Boyde and Mrs. Greene were treated better than the men prisoners. More dainty food was provided for them. The guards in front of the prison had strict orders to arrest any woman waving her handkerchief to a prisoner. Some were arrested every day, and taken to the Provost Marshal's office.

Captain Higgins, with his company, took 800 prisoners from Washington to the James River, in sight of Richmond, to exchange for a like number of our men. Captain Higgins not only discharged his duty to the satisfaction of his own superior officers; he also gained the good will of the prisoners. When they were leaving they drew up a series of resolutions, thanking him for his kindness and consideration. "Resolved, That it is with regret we part with these gentlemen (there was a Lieutenant Miller, also) inasmuch as they have exemplified that urbane and respectful bearing is not incompatible with the faithful discharge of a soldier's duty."

This paper was dated: "Old Capital Military Prison, July 4th, 1862."



Belle Boyde told Captain Higgins that if ever he was taken a prisoner he was to let them know, and they would do all they could to return his kindness.

At his own request, Captain Higgins was relieved from guard duty and sent with his company to the field. They were in the second battle of Bull Run, August 30th, 1862. The 86th Regiment returned to camp near Washington and remained there guarding fortifications, until after the battle at Antietam, September, 1862. This regiment belonged to Sickles' Third Corps, was in the battle of Fredericksburg, and went into camp near Falmouth. It remained there during the winter of 1862-63.

Mrs. Higgins wanted to go to this place, and said: "I went to the Provost Marshal's office in Washington to ask for a pass to my husband's camp. I did not much expect to get it, for there were Generals' wives at the hotel who could not get passes. The officer in the office asked me many questions. One was 'What would you do if your husband was ordered away?' I answered promptly: 'I would fall back on the Hospital, and return to Washington in anything that could take me there, if it was a pork barrel, if the head was fastened tight.' He filled out a pass and gave it to me." The Provost Marshal probably thought that was a woman quite capable to take care of herself.

Mrs. Higgins stayed in camp a week. There was a tent put up for her; "a bed made of pine twigs, just as much spring to it as a good mattress; new bedding from the Hospital; a stick driven down with a board nailed on for a washstand; a looking glass and a rubber blanket for a carpet. I could hear the picket guards answering each other all night, and the reveille at daylight. I had the privilege of making cough remedies for the boys who kept me awake by their coughing. I took my meals with my husband at the Quarter Master's tent, drank coffee out of a tin cup, and ate pork, though I never could touch it at home."

In May, 1863, the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. I find these notes in a history, though I cannot vouch for their truth: "There was a house called the Chancellor House. General Hooker, the commander of the Union Army, was leaning against a pillar of the veranda of this house. The pillar was struck by a cannon ball. The General was stunned, and for more than an hour, in the heat of the

battle, the Union Army was without a commander. Stonewall Jackson, a favorite and famous Confederate General, was killed in this battle in a most unfortunate way. In the evening, after his most gallant and successful attack on the right flank of the Union line, while riding back to his camp, he was fired upon by his own men, who mistook his escort for Federal cavalry."

This battle is interesting, for here Captain Higgins, who had been promoted to a Major, was wounded, and it was during this battle that Captain Tracy made his celebrated ride. Captain Higgins was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy of his regiment, for gallant conduct at Chancellorsville. After this battle the Union Army returned to Falmouth, remained in camp till June, then marched for Gettysburg. Colonel Higgins, who had been on leave, joined his regiment on the way to Gettysburg, was severely wounded, and taken to a field hospital. He was transferred to Frederick City, Maryland, and sent for his wife, who was in Washington. She went immediately, arriving at two o'clock at night and found her husband in a private house, men lying all around on the floor. "I knew a doctor of the regular Army, who had been born and brought up at Culpepper, Virginia. During the war his father's house was turned into a Federal Hospital; and he had charge of wounded soldiers in the very room where he had played and slept as a child, the nursery of the house."

Colonel Higgins was promoted to the Colonelcy of his regiment, The 86th N. Y. V., for gallant conduct at Gettysburg. I copy this official paper:

"Head Qrs., 2nd Brigade, 1st Div., 3rd Corps,

"Camp near Sulphur Springs, Va., August 2, 1863.

"Gen. T. S. Sprague,

"Adj. Gen., N. Y. S.

"Sir: "I have the honor to state, that Colonel Benajah P. Bailey, 86th N. Y. V., was mustered out of service by reason of disability. As the 86th is a part of my command, I take the liberty of recommending to his Excellency, the Governor of New York, as a proper person to fill the vacancy, Lt. Colonel Benjamin L. Higgins of that regiment. Colonel Higgins possesses superior qualifications and remarkable ability as an officer, and is one of the most gallant soldiers in our army. He has been twice wounded, at Chan-

cellorsville and Gettysburg, and unlike many others, remained with his regiment instead of taking leave of absence, to which he was entitled. Believing that Colonel Higgins richly merits this promotion and that the interest of the service and his regiment will be benefitted thereby, I am induced to make this recommendation.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

T. N. HOBERT WARD,

"Brigadier General."

"Head Qrs., 1st Division, 3rd Corps,  
Springs, August 7th, 1863.

"These recommendations of General Ward are eminently fit and proper; and I trust his Excellency, the Governor of New York, will concur in the opinion.

D. B. BURNEY,

"Major General."

Colonel Higgins, who had been in a hospital, rejoined his regiment, November 7th, 1863. The Third Army Corps fought a battle at Locust Grove, November 27th, 1863.

Here Colonel Higgins was again severely wounded. A minie ball went through both thighs, and fell into his boot. *The ball was poisoned.* He was taken to Alexandria. His wife was again sent for (she was staying in Washington). She found Colonel Higgins in a freight car, lying on the floor. He was put in a hospital at Alexandria. His wife boarded with a northern woman near by; went to the hospital every morning at six o'clock, and stayed till nine o'clock at night. The doctor thought Colonel Higgins could not live; so his brother, Albert Higgins, was sent for. The Colonel said, "I wish I was at home on a big bed." Mrs. Higgins measured the height of his cot, went through the hospital till she found another to match, tied the two together, sewed two mattresses together, also some sheets and a spread, and so made a comfortable double bed. That is what he got for having his wife with him. (I have had to urge Mrs. Higgins to give me these particulars.) I wish more people had kept as accurate an account as she has. (She said at first, "Don't ask me, Mrs. Teall. The most I can remember is the hardship and the suffering, but they were not as bad as if I had stayed here in Syracuse.")

When Mrs. Higgins was in this Hospital she saw two

young boys, one with both legs cut off at the knees, the other with both arms off at the elbow. They did not seem to mind it as much as some people would losing a finger. The men in the wards would play cards, and these boys would sit up and watch them, and enjoy the game. Mrs. Higgins went through the wards every morning, to care for and cheer the men. She says, "I found them generally cheerful and patient; it made me ashamed when I thought what a fuss some of us made over trifles."

As soon as Colonel Higgins could be moved, he was brought home to Syracuse, and was received with a great public demonstration by the firemen. But he was too ill to make any formal acknowledgment of this generous welcome. He was afterwards mustered out for disability for active service, but held several important positions under the government.

After the battle of Locust Grove, the 86th N. Y. V. returned to Brandy Station, and re-enlisted for three years or during the war. Company A., which was the one Captain Higgins had taken from Syracuse in August, 1861, contained about half of the original men. They all re-enlisted, and remaining to the end of the war, fought through from The Wilderness to Appomattox. Mr. Jerry Ryan was promoted to the Captaincy of A. Company, July, 1864. He was present at the surrender at Appomattox, April 9th, 1865, but did not see anything but General Meade and his staff, as they returned from the surrender. When the men heard the good news they threw up their caps, and cheered as the General rode by."

The 86th regiment took part in the grand review in Washington, May 22nd, 1865. This regiment was mustered out of service in Washington, June 27th, '65; returned as a regiment to Elmira; was paid off there, July 4th, '65; and disbanded. Company A. came home as it chose.

Some well known men belonged to this company. Thomas Ryan, ex-Mayor, enlisted in 1865, and stayed with the regiment until it was disbanded. Chief Reilly, of the Fire Department, belonged to this company. Other members of this company, who had lived in or near Syracuse, were: Lieut. Nicholas Longstreet, Lieut. Ernest T. Rapp, George A. Hammond, and Elen T. Scenten, living in Fayetteville. There were two very tall Indians in this com-



pany who attracted great attention as they passed through Washington; one was killed at the second battle of Bull Run; the other, Thomas John, returned safely to the Reservation.

Captain Ryan married after the war, went to Pennsylvania, and lived there 24 years. He had two sons. The eldest died; the second, Edward Ryan, now lives in Syracuse.

There has been erected on Sickles Avenue at Gettysburg a superb monument for the 86th N. Y. V. It is the only one where a woman is represented; her sacrifices and suffering commemorated. On one side is a bas relief, a mother weeping over the body of her son, with this motto, "I yield him to his country and to his God." When this monument was unveiled the greatest emotion was expressed by the women present. It was the first public *recognition* of *Women's Service, Loyalty, Devotion* and *Patriotism*.

#### PETTIT'S BATTERY.

Battery B., 1st N. Y. Light Artillery, was mustered into State service at Baldwinsville, August 21, '61, and into the United States service at Elmira, a week later. It participated in 22 engagements, and was mustered out June 18, 1865. It acquired a fine reputation. General Walker spoke of its "peerless gunners," and in his account of the engagement at Falmouth, said that Pettit "had cannoneers who could hardly be matched in any battery in the regular army." Hazard spoke in similar terms of the repulse at Fair Oaks, saying, "The firing of Pettit's Battery has never in my observation been excelled." Its monument at Gettysburg was dedicated July 3rd, 1888. Thirteen of its members were present, and the Rev. Dr. W. M. Beauchamp, then of Baldwinsville, made the address.

The monument is on Cemetery Ridge and bears the badge of the Second Corps, with four inscriptions, one for each side of the stone. On the front are the words, "Battery B., 1st N. Y. Light Artillery, Artillery Brig., 2d Corps." On the reverse, "Position held afternoon of July 3d, 1863. Casualties: Killed 10, wounded 16." On the left side, "Organized at Baldwinsville, Onondaga Co., New York." Right side, "Mustered into service, Aug. 31, 1861. Participated in 78 days of battle. Mustered out of service, June 18, 1865."

Without further mention of this famous Company, some-



thing may be said of its commander, under whom the battery acquired its skill. The following account comes from one of his old friends:

At the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the village of Syracuse, M. H. Jacobs, orderly sergeant of the Syracuse Cadets in 1842, Capt. Timothy H. Teall, gave an account of his experiences, mentioning some of the men.

“Rufus D. Pettit, an apprentice with Elijah T. Hayden, learning the carpenter trade, joined this company after it had been organized some little time. It fell to my lot to break him in. He was perfectly willing to do everything that was required, but he tried so hard to learn that when put in the position of a soldier he seemed as stiff as a stake; he was round shouldered. I mounted a chair, put my knee in his back and drew his shoulders back, put his hands down with little fingers on the seams of his pants, and let him stand awhile, then put him through his facings, but when I came to teach him to march time and march to count, I learned there was no time in him, and I actually took hold of his feet with my hands, so as to aid him to keep step in time; but he was so willing that he soon mastered it all, and became one of the most thoroughly disciplined men in the company. He enlisted in the United States army for the Mexican war.

“I was told of a very interesting incident concerning him in the siege of the capital. A battery was engaged trying to shoot down a flag on the Mexican Capitol building. Mr. Pettit’s captain, who also commanded a battery, said, ‘I know a man who will bring that flag down.’ ‘Well,’ said the captain, whose battery was firing, ‘Trot him out and he shall have a chance.’ Pettit was called and asked if he could do it. He replied, ‘I can try.’ And he did try. He took his time to calculate the distance with his eye, then to elevate the gun so as to hit the object at that distance; all ready (bang) and down came the flag. There was some cheering and praise, and he was given charge of a battery.”

He said little of his exploits, but his men often told of his coolness and skill. In ingenious ways he drilled them before they had guns. Some fun was expected when on a field day, they were ordered to fire a salute for the first time. He stood, watch in hand, and it was done with the precision of veterans.

At the close of the Mexican War he received a silver medal from the city of New York, and in the Civil War one from Napoleon III. A French officer was with his company for two months, observing his methods, and this favor came through him.

He was born near Bridgeport, Conn., July 4th, 1825, and died in Baldwinsville, October 24, 1891. At Chancellorsville he was disabled and assigned to staff duty at Washington, serving through the war. It was my privilege to say the last words at his grave, being also an honorary member of this famous battery.

(Prepared by Rev. Dr. W. M. Beauchamp.)

Mr. John T. Williams was one of the original members of the Zouave company that left Syracuse in April, 1861, to join the 3rd Regiment, N. Y. S. Volunteers at Albany. He went to Port Byron, found three friends who enlisted, and returned to Syracuse. They joined the company on its way to the station, the morning it left Syracuse. Mr. Williams served with his company until he was sent by General Butler as a scout from Bermuda Hundred on the 23rd of May, 1864. General Butler ordered him to go into the Confederate lines and get all the information he could. He was captured by a Captain Smith, sent to Andersonville, and stayed there till September, 1864. Then the prisoners were divided and sent to different prisons, fearing a rescue by General Sherman.

Mr. Williams was sent to Savannah; from there to a camp near Millen. He was put in a hospital outside the prison, but escaped and reached Augusta. Here, to avoid suspicion, he procured a Confederate uniform and reported to the Provost Marshal as a Confederate straggler from the army of the Tennessee. He served as one of the Provost guard for two weeks. During that time he went into a cotton field, to try to find out how the negroes talked and felt. He told an old negro that the Yanks were coming and would take him.

"I'm not afraid," said the old man, "Yanks won't hurt me. 'Pears that boy Billy (General Sherman) can go where he pleases."

Mr. Williams made application to be allowed to join what he pretended was his old command, then in front of Sherman. He hoped to pick up some valuable information and

escape to the Federal Army. He marched with the Confederates through the Carolinas on Sherman's left flank, often seeing his watch fires at night.

At Charlotte about a hundred of these stragglers were put on a train and taken to Kingston, where there was a battle. There Mr. Williams was arrested as a suspicious character, because he had not reported to the command to which he said he belonged. He was tried, but as nothing could be proved, he was given permission to join any regiment in the Alabama brigade. The Confederate army was gathering to march on Bentonville; it was forty thousand strong. It attacked the left wing of Sherman's army, commanded by General Slocum, at Bentonville.

The remainder of the story of Mr. Williams is soon told:

#### SERGEANT JOHN T. WILLIAMS AT BENTONVILLE.

In the *Journal* on March 19, 1915, on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Bentonville, the following article, written by James A. Cruthers, was published.

Fifty years ago to-day—March 19, 1865—one Syracusan planned and fought successfully the battle of Bentonville, N. C., in acting upon the information furnished to him by another Syracusan, after a third Syracusan had penetrated the second's guise as a Confederate and had vouched as to his integrity and reliability to the first. In this way perhaps the most decisive of all the 2,147 engagements of the Civil War was won in the defeat of the adroitly laid plans of the Confederates to stop the northward movement of Sherman's Union army through the Carolinas by destroying it.

About 18 months before the battle of Bentonville, Sergeant John T. Williams of Company D. Third New York Infantry, entered the Confederate lines near Petersburg, Va., on a secret mission for Major General Benjamin F. Butler, then commanding the Army of the James. Sergeant Williams' instructions were doing, discover their intentions and return at the earliest possible moment.

When he returned to the Union lines it was at Bentonville, just as the battle was beginning, by "deserting" from the Confederate skirmish line. During the intervening months he had been a prisoner of war for the greater part of the time, having been captured before he succeeded in getting far within the Confederate lines at Petersburg.

From one military prison to another he was transferred, until at last he reached the stockade at Andersonville, Ga. From there he finally managed to escape, when sent out under guard with a detail to cut wood.

#### EVADED THE HOUNDS.

Sergeant Williams succeeded in evading the bloodhounds placed upon his trail by wading streams, wallowing through swamps and climbing from one tree to another. In escaping he possessed himself of the ragged garb and accoutrements of a slain prison guard. Miles and miles away he fell into the hands of a small Confederate force, engaged in conscripting recruits for the Southern army.

He now claimed to be a Confederate, recovering from illness, and professed to belong to the Nineteenth Alabama Infantry. He was somewhat chagrined when told that that regiment was but a few miles away, and that he would be sent to it. In conversation with soldiers of the Thirty-ninth Alabama, the make-believe Confederate ascertained something about that regiment—so much, in fact, that when he reached the camp of the Nineteenth Alabama he insisted that he had been misunderstood, and that he had been ordered to the wrong regiment.

His was the Thirty-ninth Alabama, Company K, commanded by Captain Thomas J. Brannon, Williams claimed. He had been left behind, sick, he said. But when he reached the Thirty-ninth Alabama, Captain Brannon absolutely refused to recognize Williams as one of his men returning from sick leave. Some of the other officers of the regiment quickly suspected Williams, and suggested that he be hanged as a Yankee spy. He stoutly maintained that he was not a spy, defied them to prove their charge, and calmly went on talking with the men of Company K of home and impelling from them the information that was to stand him well in hand later.

#### ACCEPTED AS CONFEDERATE.

Williams finally satisfied Captain Brannon that he was a Confederate and the captain was disposed to believe that the soldier's mind had been weakened by disease and exposure. Captain Brannon became sponsor for Williams, and consented that he might serve in his company until his own might be discovered—possibly in another regiment.



From then on until Bentonville, the name of John Williams was borne on the first sergeant's roll of Company K, Thirty-ninth Alabama.

On the night before Bentonville, Williams was on guard at the head of a bridge over which the Confederates were crossing a river to attack the left wing of General Sherman's army next morning. While Williams was counting the passing cannon and mentally calculating the number of men in the column, he overheard an argument between two mounted officers. One, evidently a quartermaster, was demanding the right to use the bridge in order to cross over wagons loaded with rations. He stated the number of thousands of men he would have to provide breakfast for.

Hardee and his men were up, Williams heard the officer say, and Cheatham and his were already across, while Hoke and his force were at that moment going over. Right behind them was Bragg's Division of freshly arrived troops. Other commands were mentioned, specified by commander and number, and Joe Johnston himself was in command of them all. The sickly-looking, apparently unconcerned bridge guard let none of the information get away from him.

#### DROPPED HIS BULLETS.

Early next morning Company K, Thirty-ninth Alabama, deployed and was ordered forward as skirmishers. This brought Williams nearer the Union lines than he had been before in months. As he advanced puffs of smoke from the rifles of the Union skirmishers indicated their exact position. Further back in the rear he could see the Stars and Stripes—his first glimpse of them in a long time!

As the Union line was forced back and the Confederate skirmishers advanced, Williams was congratulating himself upon getting so near his old comrades in blue, although they might not recognize him in gray, and that as yet nobody had apparently observed that he was dropping the bullets as he reloaded his musket after firing. Suddenly the voice of Captain Brannon, pitched in tones of anger, reached his ears.

"Man, if you value your life as much as a dog's, don't drop any more bullets," was the warning. "I half believe you are a damned Yankee spy after all. One more false move on your part, and I'll shoot you down in your tracks!"



Just then the Confederate line again surged forward. Williams dashed on, throwing away his gun as he ran toward the Union line. Above the cracking of firearms he could hear Captain Bannon shouting: "Kill that man!" As he neared the Union skirmishers they ceased firing at him, and he passed through to the rear without having received any injury more serious than a slight flesh wound.

#### THREATENED BY SLOCUM.

The supposedly deserting Confederate skirmisher revealed to a Lieutenant Joseph B. Foraker, afterward governor of Ohio, his true identity and asked to be conducted to the general commanding the Union forces. This was Major General Henry W. Slocum, whose force consisted of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Army Corps. General Slocum was known by sight to Sergeant Williams. The information that the Confederates had concentrated so large an army, commanded by Joe Johnston, to annihilate Slocum's two small corps and then whip in detail Sherman's center column and right wing seemed incredulous.

General Slocum assured Williams that, if he had entered the lines to deceive him, he surely would be hanged. General Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Corps, impatiently suggested that there be no time wasted about having the "neck-tie party." About that time Major William G. Tracy, serving as an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Slocum, appeared on the scene, recognized Williams and vouched for him.

Major Tracy and Sergeant Williams had gone out from Syracuse together as soldiers with Butler's Zouaves—the first company of volunteers raised in the state west of Albany in response to Lincoln's first call for troops to defend the national capitol. Tracy had been discharged as an enlisted man of Company D, Third New York Infantry, to enable him to accept commission as lieutenant in the One Hundred and Twenty-second New York. Promotion to captain had followed and assignment to staff duty.

#### FINALLY WAS BELIEVED.

Artillery was already in action, and desultory skirmish fire had been succeeded by crashing volleys of musketry. Story, placed the Fourteenth Corps in battle array and ordered the Twentieth Corps up in support. Couriers were

sent to inform General Sherman of the danger confronting his widely separated wings. Slocum's men handsomely repulsed the Confederate attack, but not until 11 officers and 181 men had been killed, 70 officers and 1,047 men wounded and 4 officers and 291 men captured on the Union side—a total loss of 1,604.

The Confederate loss approximated 2,000, and never again did the Confederates assume the offensive and seriously dispute the progress of Sherman's campaign in the Carolinas. General Slocum personally thanked Sergeant Williams for his deed of valor immediately after the battle of Bentonville and sent him to his own company and regiment. There he was restored to duty and with rank from April 25, 1865, was soon afterward mustered in as first lieutenant of the company in which he had originally served as a private soldier.

The hero of Bentonville steadfastly refused to accept a purse of \$700 raised for him, and saw another claim his congressional medal of honor. After being mustered out of service as a volunteer officer—Aug. 28, 1865—Lieutenant Williams entered the regular army as an enlisted man and soon attained the rank of sergeant and then commissary sergeant in Battery M, Third United States Artillery. Eventually he returned to Syracuse, and here died at his home, 1527 Burnet ave., on July 13, 1912.

#### TRIBUTES OF FELLOW SOLDIERS.

Maj. W. G. Tracy—"Sergeant Williams was being questioned by General Slocum and the second in command—Maj. Gen. Jeff C. Davis, commanding the Fourteenth Army Corps—when I came up. General Slocum asked me if I knew Williams. He was wearing a ragged Confederate uniform, and his hair and beard were long. 'Hello, Tracy; don't you know me?' he said as I approached. As soon as I recognized him, I assured General Slocum that he could be believed, but General Davis still insisted that Williams' story was simply incredible and probably nonsense. I was afterward told that General Slocum had said he would hang Williams if he found that he was trying to deceive him. Williams prevented a great disaster at Bentonville. Without the information he furnished to General Slocum, we would undoubtedly have been defeated there, and that would have endangered General Sherman's whole army.

After I had vouched for Sergeant Williams, General Slocum heard his story again and then planned and successfully fought the battle.”—Brevet Major William G. Tracy, captain and aide-de-camp, United States Volunteers, on the staff of General Slocum.

Col. John S. Butler.—“John Williams was one of the first to volunteer as a soldier in the city of Syracuse. He was absolutely fearless, and disposed to be adventurous. As a duty man he was one of the very best of soldiers. If memory serves me right, he went out first as a scout for General Butler from Camp Hamilton, Va. Several times to my knowledge he undertook such hazardous secret missions, taking his life in his hands in every instance.”—Col. John G. Butler, originally captain, Company D, Third New York Infantry.

Capt. T. J. Brannon.—“I have reason for remembering that man. . . . If one ever completely deceived another, Williams deceived me. Of course, I knew well enough that he did not belong to my company, but I was firmly convinced that he was a Confederate, recovering from serious illness. . . . Not until that morning at Bentonville, when I observed that he was dropping his bullets on the ground in reloading his gun did I suspect him. We did our best to kill him when he fled from our skirmish line, deserting to the Yanks.”—Capt. Thomas J. Brannon, late of Company K, Thirty-ninth Alabama Infantry.

Major Tracy was most kind. Mr. Williams wished to change his Confederate suit, cut his hair and shave his beard, which had grown to his waist. Major Tracy handed him the key to his trunk and said, “Help yourself,” But when he got to headquarters everyone wanted to do something for him; each supplied some article. General Slocum sent for him that evening. When he entered the tent, the General said: “I want Williams.” “I am Williams, Sir.” “You need not be afraid anyone will recognize you,” said the General.

After this battle of Bentonville, Mr. Williams rejoined his old company in the 3rd Regiment, N. Y. S. Volunteers, and found some of his friends still in it with whom he had left Syracuse nearly four years before. The 3rd Regiment was left with Terry’s command to garrison Raleigh, and remained there till some time in August. It

was ordered to Albany in September, 1865, paid off and disbanded. Mr. Williams afterward lived in Syracuse and died quite recently.

Up in the northeast corner of Oakwood, on a beautiful hill, lies the earthly body of as brave and true a man (and his father) as Onondaga County has ever sent forth to maintain her honor and good name—J. L. Kirby Smith, Colonel of the Forty-third Ohio Regiment, who fell at the head of his command in the battle of Corinth, Mississippi, October 4, 1862.

Kirby Smith was of distinguished Revolutionary descent. His great-grandfather, Ephraim Kirby Smith, enlisted at the age of 17 in the Revolutionary army; his father and three brothers were in the army at the same time. His great-grandfather, Elnathan Smith, served in the French and Indian war; his grandfather, Joseph Lee Smith, distinguished himself in the war of 1812; he was afterward appointed by President Monroe United States Judge for Florida, immediately on the change of flags, when our government purchased that territory from Spain. His son, Ephraim Kirby Smith, was appointed to the Military Academy at West Point from Florida, though he was a New Englander by birth; he was always known in the army as E. Kirby Smith.

E. Kirby Smith married Mary Jerome, who belonged to one of the most distinguished Onondaga County families. Her grandfather, Timothy Jerome, moved from Connecticut to Pompey in 1794; his son, Isaac, who settled in Geddes, was a man of remarkable energy. Mary Jerome was his daughter.

Major E. Kirby Smith was in the Mexican war, fell in battle at the head of his battalion at Molina del Rey, a battle in which 59 officers were killed (one-third of all engaged) and 800 men.

J. L. Kirby Smith, his son, was born in Syracuse, July 25, 1836. This son heard the story of his father's heroism; he knew how highly that father was honored, and from his youth determined to devote himself to that service to which his father had given his life. He entered West Point in the class of 1853, graduated in June, 1857; was commissioned second lieutenant, topographical engineers; served on the western frontier. Here is an extract from a letter which



shows Kirby Smith as a son as well as a soldier. He writes from a boat between St. Louis and Leavenworth:

"Some gamblers came on board; took all the money the passengers had. I never was so utterly sickened with any practice as I am with that gambling, after what I saw on that boat. Console yourself, my dear mother, that it is owing to your blessed care that I am preserved from the temptation to spend money and character on dissipation. On reading your last letter I came to a page or two that I cannot read without tears, and longing for words that came not; to express my gratitude to you, my best and nearest friend on earth, for the many hours of anxious, devoted, unselfish care that shielded my babyhood and boyhood from evil; for the uncalculating, inexhaustible love, that time and absence seem only to increase; that asks no reward, and that watches my manhood with the same sleepless devotion that guarded my infancy. May God reward and bless you forever."

Kirby Smith's chivalrous devotion to his widowed mother was one of the most beautiful traits of his noble nature; his love was not manifested in words alone, for he was most generous with his pay in her behalf.

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I will let a companion soldier, John M. Fuller, brigadier brevet major general, U. S. V., tell the rest of this story:—

"It is not an easy task, I know, to interest a listener in the story of one who fell so young, no matter how highly esteemed nor how beloved by his immediate comrades; for, though he gave promise of a brilliant career, he died too soon to verify the promise. His service in the field covered merely eight brief months, and he was but 26 years old when he fell in battle. So young that only a few could realize that a born soldier had been lost; so soon, that only his kindred, and a few who loved him, would keep his memory green. Perhaps, when asking you to listen to the brief story of this young soldier, it may be well, at the outset, to show that I am not alone in thinking his memory worthy of preservation, and to this end will quote a few lines from a letter written by a General, who once commanded the Twelfth and afterwards the Twentieth Corps. General A. S. Williams, who knew Colonel Smith perhaps even better than I did, speaks thus of him: 'He was my beau-ideal of



a young man. Cheerful, religious, faithful and sincere; frank, brave, affectionate and dutiful, he combined all the severer virtues of mature age, without illiberality, prejudice, bigotry, envy or malevolence. There was a daily beauty in his life that won the hearts of all who knew him.' And again the same General says: 'His heart was so given to the cause of his country, and he was so free from selfish considerations; he was so capable, so brave, so self-reliant without vanity, so patient and so persevering in the line of duty, that I have looked confidently—though not without apprehensions for his personal safety—for splendid services and rapid and well earned advancement.' When the Civil War broke out Smith was a lieutenant in the corps of topographical engineers, and stationed at Detroit under Captain George G. Meade, who afterward became Commander of the Army of the Potomac. Both Meade and Smith were afraid the great rebellion would be put down while they were measuring the shores and sounding the depths of that inland sea. But it was not long before every soldier would find enough to do.

"Our Kirby's first war service was on the staff of Gen. Patterson; then on that of Banks. But he was restive while doing merely topographical duty, and longed for a regiment he might lead to the field. After some disappointments he was offered a cavalry regiment, which he declined, as he once told me, merely 'because he could not shoe a horse.' Then the Forty-third Ohio was offered him by Governor Dennison, which he promptly and gladly accepted. On reaching Camp Chase, near Columbus, he found a mere squad of men, all like Artemus Ward's company, 'willing to be brigadiers.' He removed headquarters to Mt. Vernon. Speedily the ranks were filled, and so thoroughly were the men drilled that the Forty-third was soon known as one of the finest regiments Ohio sent into the field—and this is saying a good deal. He, with his regiment, joined the Army of the Mississippi at Commerce, Mo., where General Pope was organizing his force preparatory to the movement upon New Madrid. General Pope's army was ordered to immediately join the forces of Grant and Buell, then approaching Corinth. At the battle of Corinth, Colonel Smith was ordered to 'charge front forward.' This manoeuvre Smith proceeded to execute, just as if his regiment

was on parade, aligning his right company on the markers before giving the order for the other companies to advance. This movement was not fully completed when Smith was shot down. 'These fellows are firing at you, Colonel,' said one of the Forty-third's men. 'Well, give it to them,' answered the Colonel, and immediately thereafter fell from his horse. When Colonel Smith, his adjutant, and officers of the Forty-third were shot down, that regiment seemed dazed and liable to confusion, but Lieut. Colonel Wagner Swayne immediately began to steady the ranks, and General Stanley galloped up just in time to help. Stanley was a host in battle, and always seemed to be where the strife was fiercest. Just as our boys were moving for the charge, which broke the rebel column in the road, I was astonished to see Stanley rushing in between the file closers and the line of battle of the Eleventh Missouri, his arms outstretched, to touch as many men as he could reach, pushing them forward to reach the head of the rebel column. Very soon after the charge—when the exultant shout of victory was so quickly followed by that revulsion which came with the whispered names of the dead—occurred the scene touchingly referred to by General Stanley in his official report of the battle: 'I have not words to describe the qualities of this model soldier, or to express the loss we have sustained in his death. The best testimony I can give to his memory is the spectacle I witnessed myself in the very moment of battle, of stern, brave men weeping like children as the word passed: "Kirby Smith is killed."'

"It seemed a singular coincidence to us, and I think also to Smith, that his wound was identical with that which struck down his honored father, years before, at the gates of Mexico. A shot entered just under the right nostril, passing somewhat upward until deflected by a bone, when it passed out at the left ear. That evening I went with General Stanley to the hospital. It will be readily understood that the nature of Kirby's wound prevented speech, but as soon as he saw us he indicated a desire to write. I took out a memorandum book and pencil, when he immediately wrote: 'How did my regiment behave?' General Stanley commenced to write a reply, when a quizzical look of the Colonel's reminded us he could hear well enough, and Stanley answered: 'Most gallantly.' This seemed to please

Smith greatly, and he at once acknowledged it with one of his graceful salutes.

"There is one other word to say, which I could wish were said by some one better fitted to say it. Colonel Smith was more than a soldier; he was a Christian. He never made a parade of his religious ideas. No man ever saw in his the least particle of cant. Yet in and through the soldier there shone forth in the life of our Kirby Smith the evidence of that life which is eternal."

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The following letter was received from General Stanley:

Washington, D. C., May 20, 1898.

Dear Mrs. Teall: I was intimately associated with Col. L. Kirby Smith in the spring and during the year 1862, until he received a mortal wound at the Battle of Corinth, October 4 of that year. He was a recruiting officer at Columbus, O., in 1861; and his gentlemanly deportment and attractive manners so far won the confidence of those he met in the pursuit of his duties that he was urged upon the Governor of Ohio for Colonel of the Forty-third Ohio Volunteers. He devoted himself to this regiment, and when he reported to me at New Madrid, Mo., he had one of the best drilled and best equipped regiments in our army of the Mississippi. He was a man of most amiable character and attractive manners, young, handsome and modest. Before the battle of Corinth his regiment had been in several sharp engagements, and I remember his saying to me one day: 'General, I want to pass through one big battle, and be exposed to a shower of bullets; then I will, if I survive, know myself better.' Alas! he had his wish; he behaved like a hero and received his mortal hurt.

He mounted his horse as the enemy charged his line, to lead his men by his example, was shot through the lower part of his face and survived six days.

I am sorry I cannot write more for you of this pure, brave, brilliant and pious young man, but the cares of this war take all my time.

Yours truly,

D. H. STANLEY.

Charles E. Fitch writes of Lieut. D. Duncan Hillis :

Lieut. D. Duncan Hillis was a native of Syracuse, and the eldest son of the late distinguished advocate, D. D. Hillis. He inherited much of the bright talent and suave urbanity which made Mr. Hillis a leader at the bar and chief ornament of the social circle. He received the advantages of a liberal education in the select school of the city and at Hobart College. He chose the profession of civil engineering, and was for several years on the canals of this State, giving eminent satisfaction to the authorities in the several grades in which he was successively promoted. In January, 1863, he received a commission as second lieutenant in the Third New York Artillery, and for nearly a year was stationed on Forest and Morris Island, during the severe siege operations of General Gilmore against Charleston.

In October, 1864, he was advanced to the rank of first lieutenant, in the same regiment, and was shortly afterwards ordered to Newbern, N. C. The terrible pestilence which swept over that devoted city found him at his post of duty and claimed him for its victim. Such is the brief record of a life spanning but 24 years, but luminous with manifold graces of character, nobleness of resolve and beauties of action.

For this young hero who died in his country's service there is indeed regret, but it is tempered with the assurance that he did his full duty in this hour of his country's extremity. Syracuse mourns her honored dead indeed, but she sets them in her crown of glory to be worn with rejoicing when grim visaged war shall shake the land, and out of all the blood of her noble sons, a lasting and righteous peace shall issue.

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There was a boy of only a little over 17 years of age, who was also a victim of that dread fever—George Sumner Jenkins, a grandson of General E. V. Sumner. He died at Newbern on October 19, 1865. A friend says :

“We happened to be in the Provost Marshal's office when young Jenkins came from the surgeon's examination, and fully consummated, by a solemn oath, his resolve to become a soldier of the Union. By name a stranger, though we had often noticed him in every day life, his fresh rosy cheeks and youthful appearance, and his dignified and cheerful



bearing, attracted our especial attention, and as he turned away we remarked to the Marshal that that young man, if he lived, would do honor to his country and to his friends. But he has fallen a victim to a power greater than man, when he had but just entered upon the service of his country." He was a son of Leonidas Jenkins, a graduate of West Point, and an officer of the First Dragoons, U. S. A., who served in the Mexican war, and died of yellow fever at Vera Cruz, October 18, 1847, having been attacked with that disease while on horseback drilling his regiment. We copy the following sketch from the Journal:

"Young Jenkins was only 17 years of age, yet inspired with the military spirit of his gallant father, and his still more eminent grandfather, he had been desirous of entering the service of the United States for the last two years. But he was prevented by the remonstrances of his friends and relatives and especially by those of his mother, whose only child he was; his extreme youth was the only motive for this opposition to his wishes. Fired with the spirit of the times, and inspired by the military ardor which he had inherited, he resisted all importunities and enlisted as a private in the Third New York Artillery, then recruiting in this city, its headquarters being at Newbern, N. C. On the 18th of September last he, with other recruits, left for Elmira, where they remained a few days and then proceeded to Newbern. The first tidings his relatives received from him was a brief note in pencil to his mother, written at Baltimore, on a cannon attached to his battery, and glowing with all the hope and pleasure of a young soldier's life. While at Elmira General Diven proposed to detail him out of the field. Thankful for the kindness intended, he however begged that it might not be so, and that he might be permitted to join his regiment, as he had entered the service as a private to do his duty and to earn by honest effort that promotion most sacred and valuable to the heart of a true soldier. He was accordingly permitted to proceed to the headquarters of his regiment.

"When he arrived at Newbern the yellow fever was raging to a fearful extent, from 30 to 60 dying daily; yet he quietly and assiduously entered upon the discharge of the duties assigned to him, and received the warm commendations of his Colonel, who took him at once to his own quarters to live with him.



“On the 28th of September last General Sprague, the adjutant general of the State, enclosed to Mrs. Sumner a commission for him, from Governor Seymour, as second lieutenant of the First New York Mounted Rifles, then before Richmond and commanded by his uncle, Edwin V. Sumner, U. S. A. This commission reached him at Newbern on October 2nd. Thus commissioned and promoted, he was, of course, to proceed without delay to join his new regiment in front of the rebel capital. At the earnest solicitation, however, of his late commander, who had lost all his officers but three, to remain with him and aid him until he could secure new officers in their stead, he cheerfully, with the magnanimity of a generous soul, consented to do so, though so many others hastened in utter dismay to escape the ravages of the terrible pestilence. This was a display of moral courage higher than that demanded by the duties of the battlefield—a nobleness of purpose greater than that which even the most devoted patriotism generally excites. He sacrificed to the welfare of the Republic not only his life, but what promised to be a brilliant and distinguished future. Can the Nation perish, having such sons?”

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This is a letter which will interest many friends still in Syracuse:

Headquarters, 149th Regiment, N. Y. V.,  
Brook's Station, April 14, 1863.

Dear Sat: This is probably the last time I shall ever commence a letter with the heading, “Brook's Station,” for we are under orders to march, and shall be off, I suppose, to-morrow morning. There is to be a grand movement immediately, and we are to be called upon to join the great army which is so soon to go out to victory or death.

The next ten days will probably decide our fate, and that of Richmond, from this direction; for the army is in splendid condition now, and we can, if ever, make an impression at this time. The Lord grant that we may succeed; but, oh, at what a cost! for many must fall; and how many poor hearts will bleed for lost sons, husbands, fathers, lovers. Who knows but what I may be among the honored ones who will fall in defense of their loved country; and if so, then may I meet my fate with the calmness with which I speak of it now to you. I have not, as I have often told

you before, the least idea that I shall survive a great battle, for it is mine to fall, I most seriously believe, and so be it.

Give my best regards to all my friends, and believe me ever your friend,

JOS. A. DAVIS.

He fell at Chancellorsville. He was severely wounded in the action, and his death on the field was witnessed by one of our soldiers who was taken prisoner, and these facts were reported by Lieut. Eckle on his return to his regiment. Lieut. Davis was the eldest son of James Davis, formerly of this city, and now of Northboro, Mass. He entered the service as quartermaster-sergeant, and proved very faithful and efficient. He was promoted to be second lieutenant a few weeks later. Lieut. Davis was heart and soul engaged in the national cause. He was courageous and ambitious, and it was while in a hand-to-hand fight with rebels that he fell. He was in his twenty-first year.

Lest we forget,

Lest we forget.

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Reminiscences of C. G. Baldwin, 101st N. Y. S. V., from Counties of Deleware, New York and Onondaga.

In the early part of the year 1861, after Fort Sumter had been fired upon by the Confederates at Charlestone, the war spirit broke out and extended throughout the Noerthrn States, and into every city and village and country farm in the State of New York. Patriotism and enthusiasm ran riot in every portion of the State.

The writer, then a boy, was living on a farm in the Town of Camillus with his adopted parents.

In September of that year, I was working in a field on the farm. In an adjoining field of another farm another boy, John Doran, was at work with a team. He called to me to come to the division fence, and we fell into a talk about the war. We finally decided that we would run away from home and enlist. So the next morning, at daylight, we stole quietly away; walked to Syracuse, a distance of about ten miles, called at a recruiting office, gave our names and a false statement as to our ages; and were duly mustered into the service. We camped on the old Fair Ground in the southern part of the city, were supplied with

a blue uniform and a gun, and then and there imagined we were soldiers in the great Army of the United States.

A few days thereafter, while I was on guard duty, entertaining the notion that I was a man, I discovered my adopted parents driving into the camp. I was called by the Lieutenant in charge; was informed that I should immediately exchange my uniform for my old clothes, and go home—which, of course, I did without demur.

The statement has been made that the records show that I left the camp without leave and did not return, intimating that it was a case of desertion. I do not blame the writer for the misstatement, but rather the imperfect records made at that time.

In October my parents, perceiving that I was discontented and unhappy in not being allowed to serve the country, consented that I might go as a drummer, in the band which was then being organized to accompany the 101st Regiment of Volunteers. I, therefore, "joined the Band," and was duly enlisted as a private in Company I, 101st New York Volunteers and assigned to the Drum Corps.

We were sent to Washington, and spent the winter manning one of the numerous forts that protected the Capitol. My duties at that time consisted in pounding a drum from early dawn till dewy eve.

In the spring of 1862 we were ordered into Virginia, and in the middle of a dark night I recollect crossing the long bridge into Alexandria and the enemy's country.

Soon thereafter our Band was dissolved and we were given muskets and placed in the ranks, where, I take it, we were more useful.

My first experience in real war commenced with the second Bull Run Battle. My Captain was Peter McLennan, a sturdy, young Scotchman, and as brave as he was sturdy. In manouvering for this battle we were passing through a wood where the fighting had been severe. I remember that the dead were lying so thick over the ground that it required caution to avoid stepping on the bodies. Coming into the actual conflict, we were confronted by General Jackson's Division—the finest body of fighting men the world has ever had. Captain McLennan, sword in hand and raging back and forth, said to me: "Fire low, Char-

ley, and give them the devil." Soon after he was hit and received a hurt from which he never recovered. Our losses were great; our army was sadly defeated, but it was not the fault of the men in the ranks. Our soldiers were as brave and efficient as any, but they were not well commanded at that battle.

Other battles in which I took part were Fredericksburg, under Burnside; Chancellorsville and Chantilly, under Hooker; Antietam, under McClellan, and finally Gettysburg, under Meads.

My regiment was then the 40th N. Y. V., commended by Colonel, afterwards General Eagan. We were a part of the Third Corps commanded by General Sickles. Our heavy fighting was on the second day of the battle, July 2, 1863. Our location was the "Valley of Death," at the foot of Little Round Top Mountain. The fighting at this point was very severe. Our regiment went into battle with about three hundred and fifty men. It lost in killed twenty six; wounded one hundred and twenty men. Other regiments suffered losses equally heavy, and the place was well named the "Valley of Death."

I was wounded at this fight; was sent to the Baltimore Hospital and there remained until mustered out of service in 1864.

Looking back over the years to that experience, it seems to me like a dream, and I say to myself: "Could that reign of pain, destruction, death, waste and bitter enmity have been real?" Is it possible that civilized, educated, enlightened men can find no better way of settling their little differences than by killing each other wholesale?"

I served the army as drummer, then as private and ended by being 2nd sergeant of Company I, 40th N. Y. C.

I sincerely hope that the United States will never have another war, either foreign or domestic. It don't pay, and with the exercise of comon intelligence, Christian charity and a spirit of love, it would seem an easy matter to avoid war in the future.

C. G. BALDWIN.

Syracuse, Dec. 12, 1914.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF MR. LINCOLN'S FIRST INAUGURATION.

(Written by Mrs. Teall, March 4, 1913.)

Ruskin said, "The best thing anyone can do is to see a thing clearly and then tell it in the simplest words."

I will try to recall, though in a dim uncertain way, some of the soul stirring events which "transacted themselves" in this country in the years 1860-61.

My father, Colonel E. V. Sumner of the regular army, was stationed in St. Louis in 1860, in command of the department of Missouri. He was ordered by General Scott to accompany Mr. Lincoln east, as his military escort. I remember that in some old letters he wrote, he gave an account of a visit to Mr. Lincoln at Springfield, and he was much impressed by Mr. Lincoln's quiet dignity of manner, and evident strength and ability.

On the journey east Mr. Lincoln sat holding his little son, Tad, in his arms, most of the time, as if he were his greatest comfort.

The scenes at Harrisburg have been so often described that I will pass over this part of the story. I am like Habberton's children, I want to be "where the wheels go around," so I persuaded my husband, Mr. Teall, to take me to Washington to attend the Inauguration. I was the only woman on that train going to Washington, for no one knew what to expect. The Presidential party was at Willard's Hotel. Colonel Sumner, one of his daughters, Mrs. McLean, and his two sons-in-law, Capt. McLean and Lieut. Long, officers in the army, were at the same hotel. When we joined them I saw "the wheels go round," many little ones inside the big ones. In the midst of the anxiety and distress that was shaking the whole nation, nice little points of etiquette had to be strictly considered. It was the proper thing for Mrs. Lincoln to write a note to Miss Lane, the then Lady of the White House, appointing an hour when she would call on Miss Lane. But Mrs. Lincoln would not do it. That was not according to her ideas of what was due to her. Mr. Seward had to be sent for and insist that she should.

The Inauguration was to be on Monday, the 4th of March, 1861. The Sunday before was a day I can never forget. Willard's Hotel was filled with an anxious, restless crowd. No one thought of going to church; men went about



looking grim and determined, meeting their best friends with a glance of suspicion, not knowing whether the next day would find them friends or enemies. Women were frightened and tried to conceal their fears under hollow laughter. In the afternoon there was a large circle sitting in one of the parlors, the Southern men talking in the most aggressive manner, the Northern men quiet, watchful. Finally a young fellow just out of West Point, with light hair and blue eyes, looking like a boy, threw himself back in his chair and with a laugh said, "Massachusetts's good enough for me." I have often wished I could remember his name and could know what became of him.

In the evening there was another group, watchful, anxious. It was so important to know whom Mr. Lincoln would appoint in his Cabinet. It was known that Mrs. Lincoln was violently opposed to some decided Northern men, *fearing to offend the South*. She said, "I don't want my husband to be President of a few Northern States." Finally Mr. Chase came out of Mr. Lincoln's parlor. He was besieged for news, but he took a seat on a sofa beside a pretty woman, and tried to appear indifferent. At last he said, "Can't tell. Lincoln has taken the bit in his teeth."

The 4th of March, 1861, saw Mr. Lincoln successfully installed as President of the United States, despite all predictions to the contrary. For the first time in the history of the United States it had been found necessary to conduct the President-elect to his Capitol, surrounded by bayonets and with loaded cannon at different points on the route, where it was feared his passage might be obstructed—all of which added to the display, if it detracted as much from pre-conceived ideas of the Inauguration of the President of a free Republic.

From early in the morning the tramp of troops could be heard, and dashing Aides, in showy uniforms, were seen urging their horses almost to full speed, and looking as if the fate, not only of the United States, but of the universe, depended upon their individual efforts. Masons and Odd Fellows with Marshals of the City and Marshals of the day were running against each other at every corner, while occasionally a Light Artillery troupe would sweep down the street, sublimely unconscious of everything but its destination.

By nine o'clock the street in front of Willard's Hotel was lined with troops, as far as the eye could see, and there they remained under arms until Mr. Lincoln appeared, leaning on the arm of Mr. Buchanan, who had previously driven down the avenue in his own carriage and unattended. As soon as Mr. Lincoln stepped into the carriage that was to convey him to the Capitol, the troops presented arms, the band struck up "Dixie," and the sun which had been under a light cloud all the morning, shone with undiminished splendor, as if nothing should be wanting to give effect to the moment. It was a scene never to be forgotten and seemed to make an unwonted impression on the spectators, hushing into silence for the instant every dissenting voice. As the carriage, which might be said to convey the destiny of the United States, disappeared, the troops filed after it, followed by an immense throng of people of all ages and both sexes, eagerly hurrying to the Capitol, where a platform had been erected outside of the building, from which Mr. Lincoln, after taking the oath of office as President of the United States, addressed them.

I wanted to go to the Senate Chamber to see the two Presidents come in together, before the incoming President took the oath of office. This is generally an easy enough thing to do; just to walk up to the Capitol and go into the Senate Chamber, but it was not so that day. First, one had to get a pass from a Senator, then walk through a narrow, long, boarded up passage way, room only for one to pass at a time. Sentinels were stationed at short distances, each examining the pass. When we finally reached the Capitol there were but two other women, besides myself, in the gallery of the Senate Chamber; Mrs. Lincoln and the wife of one of the Foreign Ministers.

It was a most impressive scene. The Judges of the Supreme Court came in in their robes of office. The members of the House of Representatives were on the floor. Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln walked in together. Mr. Breckenridge, Vice-President, presided in the chair. He made such an impressive elegant speech that, strong Republican as I was, I could not but sympathize with him.

After Mr. Breckenridge concluded his speech, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Buchanan walked out to the platform. We followed but were not near enough to hear what Mr. Lincoln

said, but on that sea of faces turned towards him, could read every variety of expression, from exultation to despair, for it was evident that there was no hope for the South.

The remainder of the day was a gloomy one for all parties. The excitement of the morning had passed away, leaving everyone to reflection, that enemy to all present enjoyment.

The Inauguration Ball was the dullest of all balls—scarcely a familiar face to be seen—the Washingtonians did not come out, because the “Lincolns” were not yet “the Fashion.” The strangers who patronized the affair tried to make the most of it, but the room or tent, was arranged with so little taste and so badly lighted, it required a brilliant imagination to fancy enjoyment in such a scene.

Mr. Douglas opened the ball with Mrs. Lincoln, who looked extremely well in a light blue “Moire,” but did not seem to be in good spirits. It is said she remarked that it had been the most unhappy day of her life.

Tuesday morning, March 5th, my sister, Mrs. McLean, and I went up to the White House to see how Mrs. Lincoln liked her new home. She wasn't very well satisfied and didn't seem to think she could make herself comfortable.

Then we went over to the War Department and sat in one of the windows, watching the officers of the Army assemble to make their first formal call on Mr. Lincoln. General Scott stood at the head, but I was more interested in watching a fiery young Southerner, who stood kicking his sword in a rage that he had to call on “Old Abe Lincoln.”

It was either that evening or a day or two after, that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln gave their first public reception at the White House. They stood in front of the big bay window in the Blue Room. Seated in that bay window were Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Douglas, Mr. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence of Boston, Mrs. McLean, myself and a few others. I watched the Douglasses and wondered what their feelings were.

There was a big crowd, and I can only remember that my father had to lift me over a table to get me out.

It was either on Wednesday or Thursday that Mr. Lincoln promoted my father to be the Brigadier-General in place of General Twiggs, who had gone south. Mr. Lincoln said, “Colonel Sumner, I consider this the best office I have

in my gift," showing that he had no idea that in a few weeks he would be appointing Brigadier-Generals by the hundred, so little could anyone realize even then that there would be a war. But the Cabinet had been appointed, and the extreme Radicals carried the day, which meant war, the prophets said.

General Sumner was sent under secret orders to California, to supersede General Albert Sydney Johnston, then in command of that Department, who was suspected of a design to turn the forts and arms over to the Secessionists.

How California was saved to the Union a California correspondent of the Chicago Tribune tells: "General A. Sydney Johnston was in command at San Francisco when the Rebellion broke out. He connived with the Secessionists to deliver over the forts at the entrance of the harbor and to seize the 60,000 stand of arms which Buchanan's Secretary of War, Floyd, had sent there for that purpose. The city was swarming with cut-throats and traitors. Johnston had privately sent in his resignation to the Department. The hour for the consummation of the treachery had almost arrived, when the unexpected advent of General E. V. Sumner frustrated the scheme. He went on board the California steamer at sea, so no intimation of his coming had reached California. When he landed, on his arrival, he walked up from the steamer to the headquarters of the Pacific Department and inquired for the Commanding Officer. Having been shown into his presence, he announced himself to the established traitor as his successor in command, showed his papers and demanded immediate possession. In half an hour he had control of both forts, and ran out their guns, double-shotted, on the land side.

"That same evening the 60,000 stand of arms at Benicia was secured and California was saved. But for that California would have been lost."

Here is an order which speaks for itself:

"Headquarters of the Department of the Pacific.

"San Francisco, September 5th, 1861. General orders et 20.

"No Federal troops in the Department of the Pacific will ever surrender to Rebels.

E. V. SUMNER,  
Brigadier General Commanding.  
RICHARD W. DRUM,  
Ass't. Adj't. General."



Captain McLean resigned from the Army of the United States, and with his wife went directly to Montgomery to report to Mr. Davis and offer his services.

Lieutenant Long, who was General Sumner's other son-in-law, went with him to California as his Aide, but when his State, Virginia, seceded, he also resigned, came to Syracuse to get his wife and child, who were staying with her family, and they went south.

I returned to an anxious, saddened home, where, with my mother and elder sister, we lived through the next terrible four years. My husband went into the Northern Army, and my two brothers.

After all these long years, whenever I feel inclined to criticize younger women for what seems frivolity or want of knowledge, I remember that I didn't appreciate Mr. Lincoln, when I could have talked to him every day. I shared the general opinion, that Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase were the greater men of the party, Mr. Lincoln, an uncouth Westerner, knowing nothing of statesmanship.

SARAH SUMNER TEALL.

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SCENES IN CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF  
FORT SUMTER.

(By An Eye-Witness.)

Charleston, April 12th, 1861.

"The echo of the last stroke of four from the historic chimes of St. Michael's had scarcely died away, when a group of soldiers, gathered around a mortar in Fort Johnson, Charleston Harbor, and waited, as the commander, with watch in hand, looked for the signal to sound the first note of Civil War. (The first gun of the war was fired at half-past four o'clock, Friday morning, April 12th, 1861.) No pen, tongue, or canvas, can accurately portray the scenes of that April morning in the City of Charleston, when its inhabitants were startled from their slumbers by that first gun. Lights flashed as if by magic from every house, and soon an agitated mass of people were rushing toward the harbor. Grave citizens, usually distinguished by their dignity, hurried along the streets, dressing while they ran and madly shouting *hurrahs*. There were men without coats, women without hats, children in their night gowns, all hastening to the same point of view.

“There, with pale faces and eyes sharpened by the strange fascination of the scene, multitudes remained hour after hour, peering into the darkness, watching the progress of the fight by the flashing of the guns. In five minutes all of the batteries that surrounded Fort Sumter had opened fire, or to use the words of General Ripley, then commanding on one of the islands, ‘rung their breakfast bell for Major Anderson.’”

(Strange feeling the officers of the old army had for each other.)

It was two hours before Major Anderson responded to this call; then suddenly there poured from the parapet and casemates of Fort Sumter a storm of *iron hail*. The tidings instantly rang through the city, “Fort Sumter has opened fire.” (I believe it was thought Major Anderson would not fight.)

Now the battle raged with fury; the fiery messengers from both sides followed each other with spiteful hate. Short, sharp spurts of flame told of bursting shells in and around the beleaguered fortress, over which floated the only flag of the Stars and Stripes to be found on the soil of South Carolina.

A curious blending of humanity was to be observed among those who manned the Confederate fortifications. In their shirt sleeves, with heads bared, and faces smoke begrimed, working heavy guns, were the gentlemen who only a few days before met at the Charleston Club, types of wealth and leisure. Here was a clergyman and some of his deacons; a bank president, and his clerks; and yonder a group of planters.

Many of these gentlemen had never seen a shotted gun before that day, but, with a mixture of chivalry and recklessness, would spring to the crest of the earth-works after each fire, to watch the effect of their aim, and then cheer for Major Anderson as his answering missiles came shrieking back. All of the old historic names of South Carolina were represented among these soldiers; the grandson of the Colonel Sumter, for whom the fort was named, was there as a private. The venerable Edmund Ruffin of Virginia, almost eighty years of age, had traveled from Virginia, served as a private, and was allowed to fire the first shot against Fort Sumter from the main battery (and he thought

he was patriotic). Fires were kept blazing in the harbor all night to detect the launches of the distant fleet, if an attempt should be made to relieve the garrison.

The second day was ushered in, clear and bright; the air was laden with the perfume of the early spring flowers. The flags of both the combatants were flying with stately defiance; and, as the first sunbeams touched their folds, the thundering intonations of the heavy artillery told the listening multitude of the renewed strife.

The garrison at Fort Sumter were on their last rations; their breakfast that morning consisted of pork and rice, the last of the rice being served at that meal.

From Fort Moultrie General Ripley was throwing hot shot. About eight o'clock of this second day, a tall, steadily ascending column of smoke was observed on the southern portion of Sumter. First it was thin and pale, but every moment it grew darker, until, shooting out from the base of the black pillar, great yellow tongues of flame could be seen, lapping the tops of the barracks and officers' quarters. The first impression was that Major Anderson was signaling the fleet, (consisting of eight war vessels and 1,380 men), which had been sent to the rescue, but remained idly at anchor and made no sign of help.

At ten o'clock the fire reached a magazine of shells and grenades; and a terrific explosion ensued that caused many a heart to stand still; for the men in that beleaguered and burning fort had many friends in Charleston, who were watching it with the keenest interest. When the explosion occurred, a young girl, who was standing with a party of her schoolmates, was seen to throw her arms wildly in the air, and exclaim, "Oh! God; my brother."

She was the sister of Lieutenant Jeff C. Davis, who afterwards was a Union General.

During all of this trying period (while the fort was in flames and the air like a blast furnace), Major Anderson continued to send occasional shots to the different batteries around him, as if determined to show to the world that he died game. At every flash from the muzzles of his guns the Confederates would send up cheer after cheer for the gallant defender of the fort. Three times the flag was lowered as a signal of distress to the Federal fleet, but no response came; and it was left to Beauregard to offer the merciful assistance for which a call had been made.

At one o'clock a shot from Sullivan's Island severed the flag-staff and brought down the Stars and Stripes. They were run up again in less than fifteen minutes by Private Hart of New York under circumstances of great daring. At the reappearance of the flag, the boat that Beauregard had send with his aides to offer assistance, turned back; but meanwhile ex-Senator Wigfall of Texas, accompanied by Private Gourdin of the Palmetto Guards, pushed off from Morris Island in a small boat and, showing a white handkerchief on the point of his sword, proceeded to Fort Sumter. Being conducted to Major Anderson, he complimented that officer on his gallant defence, but urged that to continue the conflict under the circumstances would only unnecessarily risk the lives of the men under his command, without adequate gain. Colonel Wigfall said the Charleston troops would cease firing as soon as the flag was lowered, and he offered the terms of surrender submitted by Beauregard.

"Then," said Major Anderson, "I must surrender. I have no other resources; we are in flames; the men will soon suffocate."

Accordingly, at five minutes past one o'clock A. M., on the 13th of April, 1861, the Stars and Stripes were lowered and Sumter passed into the possession of the Confederates. The appearance of the fort defies description; it was beaten to pieces. Moultrie also bore evidence of the sure aim of the Federal artillerists.

Strange to say, *not a man was killed in this storm of shot and shell.* The evacuation of Fort Sumter took place about noon on Sunday, April 14th. Dressed in full uniform and wearing their side arms, the soldiers marched out of the fort, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." The flag had been saluted by the discharge of fifty guns. An officer asked Major Anderson if thirty-four, the usual number, was not sufficient. "No," replied Anderson, "it should be a hundred, and that would not be enough."

The officers and soldiers left on a steamer. Every available site and every kind of craft had its full number of guests. The strictest churchmen forgot their afternoon services and watched and shouted with the noisiest, while old men and maidens, young men and children, hurrahed until they were hoarse.

People stopped and shook hands who had never before



exchanged civilities; and fine wines were drunk at clubs and dinners, that had been held in sacred keeping for great occasions.

So ended the first battle of the Civil War.

In an extract from a private letter General Scott says, "Anderson has performed the greatest feat of artillery generalship in the history of the world, in holding out as long as he did; keeping his guns going for thirty hours, with so few men. Without relief, without sleep, he was forced to yield from sheer exhaustion."

Major Anderson said himself, "Until a man is half starved, half smothered, almost poisoned to death, and on the verge of eternity, he never can know what men I had or understand the measure of the valor that made surrender the last thought with them." Major Anderson, and every officer with him, says, "I did not surrender Fort Sumter, but *evacuated it*, under our own terms, under more favorable and honorable circumstances than the commander of a fort so situated was ever accorded before. A parallel case is unknown in military annals."

The following may be the explanation why the fleet in Charleston Harbor did not go to the relief of the men in Fort Sumter:

"The result at Fort Sumter was anticipated by the Federal Government; everything came to pass, according to the programme marked out by the War Department. It was never intended the fleet should enter Charleston Harbor, for it would in all probability have fallen into the hands of the Confederates. But it was intended the rebels should believe that such was its destination, and should muster their utmost force to accomplish its capture. They were led into this belief that they might be induced to postpone an attack upon Washington, which was intended, and for which General Scott was not prepared.

"While the commander of the rebel army was concentrating his forces for the capture of Fort Sumter and the fleet supposed to be sent for its relief, the Federal government was energetically putting Washington in a state of defence and re-enforcing Fort Pickens. It got its few men unharmed from Fort Sumter and blockaded Charleston Harbor."

SARAH SUMNER TEALL.

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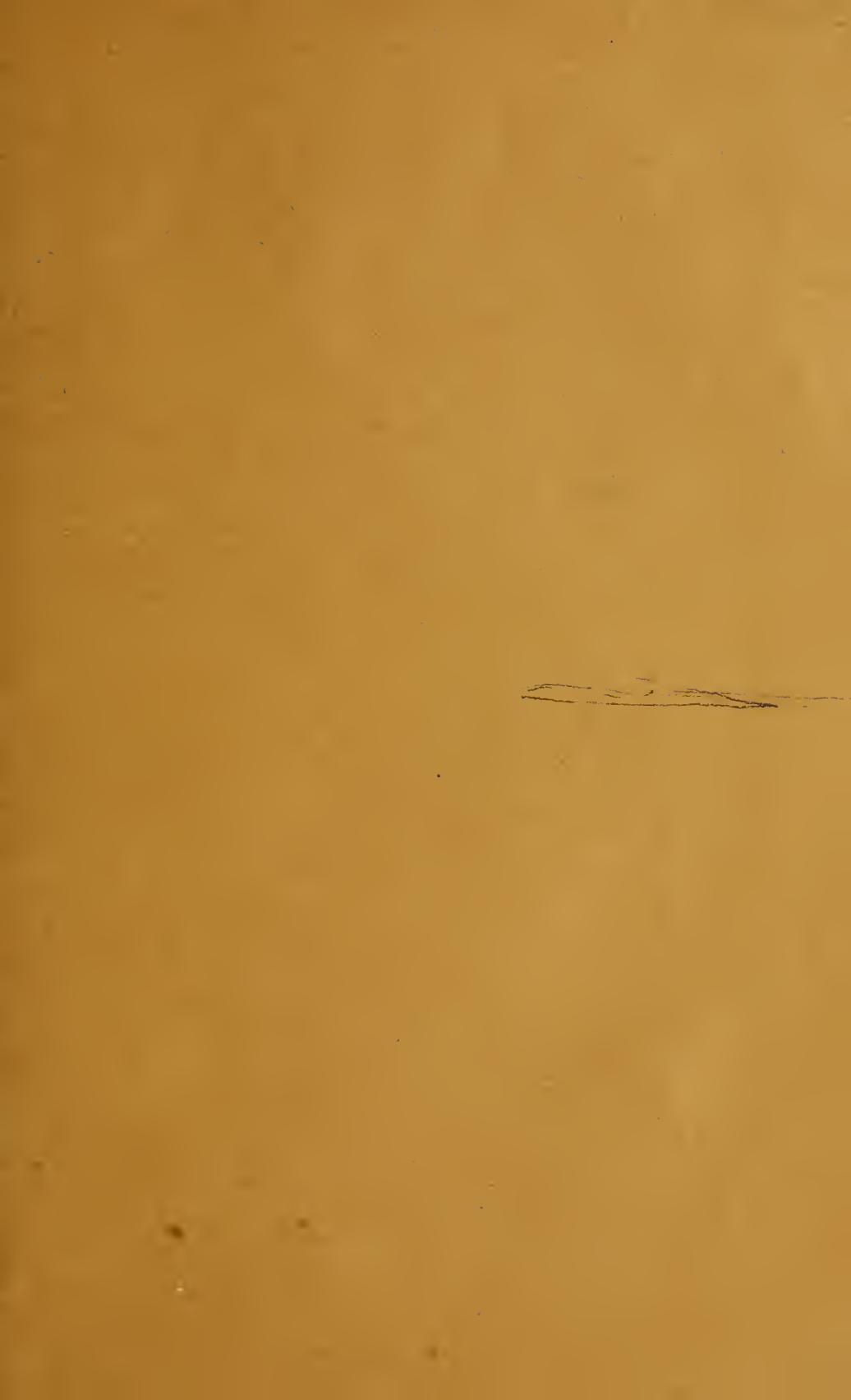
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