

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

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

CAMPAIGN II. JANUARY, 1891. *42711* CALL 3.

“The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle’s stirring blast.”

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF
THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT,
AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST
TO ALL THE MEMBERS.

THE ROLL CALL.

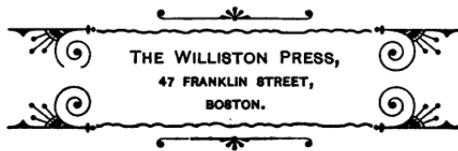
REUNION AT PORTLAND,

June 24th, 1885.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

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



THE WILLISTON PRESS,
47 FRANKLIN STREET,
BOSTON.

This Bugle Call reaches them not, yet no comrade can pass entirely out of the knowledge of all other comrades. If the knowledge of comrades concerning each other were massed, our record would indeed show, "all present or accounted for."

This is our "objective point." If you will march in that direction, let me know the fact by writing to me the knowledge that each of you have concerning the comrades not "accounted for," and the yearly Roll Call, we propose to send forth, will ere long show where all our survivors live, and the names of all our deceased comrades, and will be the most perfect roster of any regimental organization in the wide land.

One thing more. You all, most all, ask me where is the page of portraits for this Call of the Bugle? All I can say is, they did not materialize, and the blame is not on my shoulders. The pledge and purpose of the quarterly published by the "First of Maine" was that it should contain, in each issue, a page of portraits of our comrades. Shall this pledge be violated, this purpose fail? If not, stand up and be counted.

Your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY.

A Complete Alphabetical Roster of MEMBERS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY 1861 -- 1865



EXPLANATORY NOTES

The figures opposite the names refer to the pages of the extended roster in the history, but are of value in this pamphlet as showing the company, etc., of each member, viz:

Pages 451-460 show the Field and Staff.

“ 461-462 Non-Com. staff.		Pages 541-557 Co. F.
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“ 660-665 Comrades of the 1st D. C. Cavalry who died prior to transfer, or were not taken up on the rolls of the First Maine Cavalry at that time.		

* A star indicates that such member is dead.

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FOURTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The fourteenth annual reunion was held at Portland, June 24th, 1885, and was rather an impromptu affair, though none the less pleasant on that account. In fact, from the numbers present, especially the numbers who came from a great distance, and from the spirit which pervaded the reunion, it may be set down as one of the pleasantest and most successful. At the reunion at Eastport, in 1884, Canton was selected as the place for the next annual reunion, "with the provision that the officers shall have discretionary power to change the place of meeting if necessary." So it was supposed that the next reunion was to be held at Canton, and some of the comrades were looking forward to the pleasures of the reunion at that place later in season. But the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Portland in June, called together so many comrades of the grand old regiment, not only those residing in the State but from all parts of the country, that after the Encampment actually commenced it was thought best to have the reunion of the regiment at that time, which was done, and though the notice was short, and reached but few except those already gathered at Portland, the attendance was very large — larger, it was estimated, than at any previous reunion of the regiment.

The arrangements for the comfort of the comrades of the regiment who attended the Grand Army Encampment were ample. Early in June a meeting of the comrades of the regiment residing in Portland was held at the office of Captain

Charles W. Ford, to consider what should be done for the entertainment of visiting comrades of the regiment during the week of the National Encampment, June 23 — 26. As but a few comrades responded to the call, no organization was effected, and no definite action was taken. Several suggestions were made, some of which were afterwards carried out. One of them was by Major Sidney W. Thaxter, to the effect that a large tent be procured from the quartermaster of the encampment, to be pitched in a suitable location, to be used as headquarters of the regiment, and to be kept open day and night for the accommodation of all who wished to avail themselves of its shelter and of the refreshments there supplied. On the morning of June 21st a place was assigned the regiment, near Congress street, and near the headquarters of the encampment, and Major Thaxter and Comrade Charles F. Dam, of Co. F, visited the designated location to see that the tent was properly pitched and that everything was made comfortable for the comrades. To their surprise they found the ground which had been assigned to this regiment, guarded by a major of another Maine regiment, who had selected this particular location for his command. Some conversation, military, emphatic and otherwise, took place, when the other major candidly informed the cavalymen that he should hold possession of this ground if he had to fight for it. The cavalymen wisely decided not to fight unless there was something worth fighting for, especially as they were not in good fighting trim, so they gracefully yielded the point in dispute, and departed to seek a better location, knowing full well that the ground thus kept from them was wet, uneven, and not at all a first-class place for a tent for visiting comrades. At this juncture they were joined by Comrade Winsor B. Smith, of Co. K, who, though barely able to walk, started with them to find a camp-ground. Major Thaxter was obliged to leave them to go to headquarters, but the other two continued on, and Comrade Smith selected a spot which was accepted, and was covered by the First Maine Cavalry tent during the Encampment. This was Comrade Smith's last labor for the old regiment which he loved so well. After this work was done

he started away, and when a few rods from Comrade Dam he called to him. Comrade Dam responded to the call, and on reaching Comrade Smith, the latter took from his pocket a bunch of keys, and selecting one he handed it to Comrade Dam, saying, "Charley, take this key; it is the key to the case in the Grand Army Hall wherein is kept our old regimental flag; I wish you to keep it, unless otherwise ordered by the association, until your life is, like mine, nearly closed, and then pass it to some resident comrade of Bosworth Post for further keeping." He then left Comrade Dam, his parting words being, "If I am spared to meet the old boys again I will be willing to go, but I do not think I shall." Comrade Dam said a few cheering words to him as he left, but did not see him again alive, for Comrade Smith was dying while his comrades were engaged with their business meeting.

Monday evening, June 22d, a meeting of the officers of the association was held, at which it was decided that it would be best, under the circumstances, to hold the annual reunion at Portland during that week, and the evening of Wednesday, the 24th, was chosen. It was then too late to procure a suitable hall, or a caterer for the banquet, but the local comrades took hold of the matter and did the best they could, which was remarkably well. Through the influence of Major Thaxter, who was then one of the directors of the Portland Fraternity, the use of the hall of this association on Free street was secured, on the payment of the necessary expenses. The hall was small, seating only about one hundred, but it was the only place that could be obtained in Portland at that time. The next morning a general meeting of the comrades of the regiment was held at Fraternity Hall, at which Comrade Dam was authorized to procure something for a lunch for the comrades in reunion assembled. In answer to questions as to what to procure, Major George M. Brown suggested that a generous supply of salt fish, crackers and lemonade would be satisfactory. Indeed, that seemed to be about all that could be obtained in the way of refreshments at that time. Accompanied by other comrades to share the burden, Comrade Dam procured salt fish, crackers,

bananas, oranges, lemons, ice, cheese, etc., etc., as well as paper napkins, plates, etc. The plan was to pass the loaded plates around after the meeting, while the comrades were seated, but alas, the best plans are subject to change. The comrades began to arrive about seven o'clock, and as they passed the small room where the assistants who were to pass around the plates were in waiting, they saw the display of refreshments, and in a moment their field spirit came up and they helped themselves. This was the beginning of fun not laid down in the programme. To complete the refreshment story at this point it may be said that when the time arrived for their distribution, it was found that instead of passing the refreshments around, all the assistants could do was to deposit them in a jumble on the table and let the comrades help themselves. A generous supply of lemonade had been provided for, to be served in a small ante-room, but a break in the water-pipe in an adjoining street had caused the supply of water to be limited to such an amount as Comrade Dam could carry in a single bucket from a store two blocks away, which only made matters worse, as it kept the crowd of comrades lingering in anticipation. Many were the good-natured expressions heard as to the prohibitory laws of the good old State of Maine, which on that occasion seemed to include water.

The comrades began to gather by seven o'clock in the evening, and very soon Fraternity Hall was packed with the comrades of the regiment, and their wives and daughters, while there were present quite a number from other regiments of the State, who were looking for old comrades whom they had not seen for years. And there were the usual hearty greetings of comrades toward each other, more than usual, for that matter, as there were many present who live far away, and who are able to join in the pleasures of regimental reunion but seldom. Nearly every State in the Union, and every company in the regiment were represented. A very pleasant feature of this gathering was the presence of quite a number of the comrades of the Pennsylvania regiments with which the First Maine was brigaded so long, (the Second, Fourth, Eighth, and Sixteenth

Pennsylvania Cavalry regiments), and the greetings between the comrades of the different regiments were most cordial, the sight of each other calling up many memories of marches, battles and campaigns in which each bore a noble part. The hall was decorated with yellow hues, and even the fruit served was of the same cavalry color — oranges, bananas, etc.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was presided over by Major George M. Brown, The following were elected officers for the ensuing year : —

President, — Capt. Zenas Vaughan, of Skowhegan.

Vice-President, — Lieut. John R. Andrews, of Saco.

Secretary, — Lieut. Orrin S. Haskell, of Pittsfield.

Treasurer, Gen. J. P. Cilley, of Rockland.

Skowhegan was selected as the place for the next annual reunion.

The question of whether or not to continue the publication of the reunion pamphlets, which had been discontinued since the reunion in Brunswick in 1882, was called up by Gen. Cilley, and elicited a warm discussion. It was argued on the one side that it would be better to discontinue these publications, and save the money as a fund for the publication of the History of the Regiment at some future time, while on the other hand, the comrades who reside in other States far away, led by Comrade Riley L. Jones of Co. G, (“Jones of G”) now of Michigan, pleaded that as they are unable to attend the reunions often, they very much like to receive the reunion pamphlets, to learn what the comrades way down in their native State are doing — that it was like receiving a good long letter from home. Before this question was decided, the Historian, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, was called upon to make a report as to the progress made on the history, and gave the gratifying information that the history was virtually completed ; that through the kindness and energy of Gen. Charles H. Smith during the past year, he had been furnished with the complete rosters of all the companies the roster of which he had before been unable to obtain,

and though he had not put the material into shape, yet he was ready to do so any time the association was ready to publish the history. This statement settled the question under discussion, and it was decided to make a fund for the publication of the history instead of publishing the pamphlets. To further the matter, Comrades J. P. Cilley, George M. Brown and Edw. P. Tobie were appointed a committee on publication.

There was but little business to transact and the meeting was quickly transformed into a stirring camp-fire, in which speech and story followed each other fast and furious, and that with little formality. Several of the Pennsylvania comrades were called upon and added their quota to the enjoyment of the hour, all of them being given a rousing reception in honor of themselves, of their regiment, of the old Second Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, and of the stirring times when they served together under the loved Col. J. Irwin Gregg, and the grand Gen. David McM. Gregg, whose names were cheered to the echo. Comrade Tobie called attention to the fact that this evening was an anniversary of an engagement which every member of the glorious old Division should remember — the twenty-first anniversary of the fight at St. Mary's Church, June 24th, 1864. This turned the current of thought and story in a new direction, and that battle was fought over again. It was a rattling good camp-fire and full of real pleasure. In the course of time the refreshments were served, as stated above, and the comrades separated for the camp ground, for their Post headquarters, and for other reunions and festivities.

The next morning the comrades were saddened by the word that Comrade Winsor B. Smith of Co. K, whom all loved, and whose presence at the reunions, — anywhere that the comrades met, — was always welcome, would meet with them no more. He had passed away the evening before, at the very time that the comrades were gathering at the hall. A special meeting of the association was called to take action on his death, at which it was voted to attend his funeral in a body, and nearly fifty comrades of the regiment did so, each wearing a suitable badge of mourning procured for the occasion.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

JANUARY, 1891.

CALL 3.

The Cavalry Once More to the Front.

At a meeting of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Historical Society of Rhode Island, held recently, a paper was read, entitled, "The Capture of Morris Island," giving a full account thereof, and including the services of the Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery in the military operations. The paper was a good one, which goes without saying, as its author and reader was Chaplain of the Third Rhode Island, a respected clergyman, a good soldier, an enthusiastic veteran, and a loved comrade. At the close of the paper, as is the custom in that society, there was an opportunity for a free discussion of the paper, and the interchange of such thoughts as the subject-matter of the paper had called up. The President of the Society, a cavalryman of the First Rhode Island (the regiment which received our six companies with open arms on our first arrival at Catlett's Station in April, 1862, of which carbines were borrowed to kill beef for us), took occasion to compliment the paper, and then

to compliment the regiment. In the course of his remarks he said he was on Morris Island January 17th, 1864, when he visited the Cummings Point Battery, and saw the Third Rhode Island throwing thirty-pound Parrott shells into Charleston once in five minutes. Much to his surprise an infantryman got up, and in the name of a comrade of the Third Heavy, who sat behind him and had coached him, said he was sorry to spoil a good cavalry story, but no thirty-pound gun would throw a shot more than two or three miles, and that it was a hundred-pound Parrott that was doing the execution spoken of. To this the President replied, "I know a thirty-pound Parrott when I see it." To this the "doughboy" replied, pointing to the "heavy," "Here's the man who fired the gun." The President continued, "I don't care who fired the gun, and notwithstanding the heavy fire of infantry and artillery, the cavalry will maintain the position. In addition I will state that the thirty-pound gun I

saw there that day threw more than 4000 shells into Charleston before it burst." This last was another statement to deny, and the whole matter was ridiculed by others of the "heavies," and there was some fun made at the expense of the cavalryman President in particular, and the cavalry in general. It has been customary in this society, from its first year to the present time, to indulge in good-natured raillery against the cavalry, but in this sort of skirmishing the cavalrymen have always held their own. On this occasion the laugh was turned upon the troopers by a "heavy" saying, "we don't allow any cavalrymen to tell us what we did in our own regiment—they told us too many things that weren't so in the service." The chaplain, who is also the historian of the Third Rhode Island, was appealed to, and confirmed the statement of the President, saying the fact is recorded in the history of the regiment, and can also be found in Gen. Gilmore's official report, but as the chaplain was a cavalryman of the First Rhode Island before he became a "heavy" of the Third, his confirmation was looked upon simply as a cavalryman's story, which was placed by the side of that of the President. The jokes against the cavalry were kept up, and the "doughboys" and the "heavies" seemed to have

the best of it when the meeting adjourned. At the next meeting, one month later, the cavalrymen were present in full force and ready for the fray, with sabres drawn, pistols loaded, carbines slung, and plenty of ammunition—not to fight on the main question, for that, they knew, would take care of itself, but to repel any attack from the opposing arms of the service. When the matter was brought up by the President, the "heavy" who fired the hundred-pound Parrott, and who coached the "doughboy" to deny the thirty-pound Parrott story in the first place, arose and sort of acknowledged that he was mistaken, but read extracts from a letter written by himself from Morris Island to his home in December, 1863, to prove that he had charge of the hundred-pound Parrott which was throwing shells into Charleston, and to show that he thought he was correct in what he said at the previous meeting. Then the "doughboy" who had been pushed to the front by the "heavy," arose, and saying he never did like to support artillery, and he never would again, made a graceful apology for contradicting the President's statement, as he had examined into the matter, and found that the statement was correct. More than this, he had written to an old artilleryman, now in the regular army, asking about the

matter, and had received a letter in reply containing a full account of this famous gun, confirming the President's statement, and ending with "I do not know which side you are on in this controversy, but if on the affirmative I congratulate you; if on the other side, I sympathize with you." There was other talk upon the subject, until all on the contrary side had acknowledged their mistake. During this it was learned that this same thirty-pound Parrott gun threw 4206 shells into Charleston, and that when it burst the pieces were gathered up and bound together, and an inscription put on the wrecked gun, giving a record of its service under Gen. Charles R. Brayton, chief of artillery, and the gun was sent to West Point as an object lesson to the cadets. In fact this gun was the most famous one in that department, if not in the whole service. To cap the climax, a light artilleryman, who had enjoyed the whole discussion, stated that while in the Army of the Potomac he had, under direction of the chief of artillery, tried the same experiment, in the same way, and met with like success. That evening there was not one bit of fun poked at the cavalry, who were well satisfied with their victory if they did not have their expected encounter and consequent fun.

The Association Badge.

At the reunion in Boston last August, the badge proposed by the committee and adopted by the association the previous year was ready for delivery, and very many of the comrades promptly supplied themselves with one. The badge, of which the illustration on the third page of this CALL gives a fair idea, is a very pretty one, and sprang at once into favor with the boys. It is of gold, mounted on a double strip of yellow ribbon ("and the right kind of yellow, too," said a comrade of the First Rhode Island Cavalry on seeing one.) The bar at the top is in shape of a Henry rifle, and bears on the stock the legend, "1st Me. Cav." Pending from this by spur straps are the crossed sabres, while rising from the centre of the sabres is a pine tree, the emblem of our loved state. Below the sabres is a horse-shoe surrounding a horse's head. The whole is neat and appropriate, and the comrades may well be proud to wear one, and to leave one to his family as a memento of his service in the grand old regiment, and of the glorious reunions of the comrades. The price of the badge is \$2.50, and any comrade may procure one by sending that amount, with twelve cents for postage, to Gen. J. P. Cilley, Rockland, Me. By the way, in the haste of preparing the badges for the reunion, some

of them were imperfectly finished, and have become tarnished. These will be exchanged and made good.

Major Henry C. Hall strikes the key note, when he says, in a private letter, "Our history is indeed valuable, but it covers but a small part of the record of the regiment. The BUGLE can, and doubtless will, be a fitting supplement wherein personal incidents of value may find a place." That's what we want, what the comrades want—personal incidents and reminiscences. Let all the comrades remember this.

Comrade Wilbur F. Lunt, formerly First Sergeant Co. G, has been honored by being appointed by the President (which appointment has been confirmed), a member of the Board of General Appraisers of Merchandise. This is a life position, with a salary of \$7000 a year, and necessitates the residence of Comrade Lunt in New York City. The comrades will all rejoice in his good fortune.

The vexatious delays by which the publication of the October CALL, as well as the present one, were postponed so long, have been overcome, and we now hope and expect to issue the BUGLE regularly in the months of its various dates.

In the CALL for April we shall publish the address delivered at the dedication of the cavalry shaft on the field of Gettysburg, by Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The long and interesting letter from Comrade Williams of the Tenth New York Cavalry, promised in this CALL, has been unavoidably crowded out, but will appear in the next CALL.

Annual Meeting and Banquet.

The Massachusetts branch of the First Maine Cavalry held their annual meeting and banquet on the evening of January 29th, 1891. The following report is taken from the Boston *Globe* of the next morning:—

The First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts, the Bay State contingent of that famous regiment whose deeds are enrolled high on the scroll of the nation's history, and whose colors bear the record of more battles than any other regiment in the army of the Union, held its annual meeting and dined at the Crawford house last evening.

The early portion of the evening was devoted to an informal reception in the spacious parlors of the hotel, and many of the comrades and their families who had journeyed from their homes in the Pine Tree State received a cordial welcome from the Boston veterans of the regiment.

At 8.05 Comrade G. N. Harris called the meeting to order, and after the transaction of routine business, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Maj. Henry C. Hall; first vice-president, Lieut. Geo. F. Jewett; second vice-president,

Joseph R. Curtis; treasurer, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater; secretary, Charles A. F. Emery; executive committee, Gilbert N. Harris, Patrick F. Shevlin and Albert Edgecomb.

A vote of thanks was given to the retiring president, Comrade G. N. Harris, after which "roast beef" sounded and the company marched to the mess hall, where the annual banquet was served.

Comrade G. N. Harris presided, the blessing was invoked by Comrade Augustus L. Ordway, and Col. Charles F. King and Mr. Charles B. Rohan were the guests of the association.

Among those in attendance were: Gen. J. P. Cilley, Rockland, Me., Mr. G. N. Harris, Mrs. G. N. Harris, Capt. Black Hawk Putnam, Maj. H. C. Hall, Mr. A. L. Ordway, Mrs. Ordway, Mr. C. A. F. Emery, Miss Florence Curtis, Mr. H. M. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Davis, Mr. F. W. Green, Mr. P. F. Shevlin, Mrs. Shevlin, Mr. A. M. Shevlin, Mr. D. W. Davis, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Lieut. George F. Jewett, Mrs. Jewett, Lieut. E. P. Tobie, Mrs. Tobie, Mr. A. D. French, Waltham, Mrs. E. A. French, Mr. Geo. W. Gray, Mrs. Gray, Mr. Joseph R. Curtis, Mr. Thomas B. Pulsifer, Mrs. Pulsifer, Mr. D. W. Gage, Mrs. Gage, Mr.

John M. Perkins, Mr. William Morang, Mr. N. L. Owen, Mr. C. O. Stone.

The after-dinner exercises were informal in character, and embraced reminiscences of army life and brief addresses by Comrade G. N. Harris, Gen. J. P. Cilley, Col. Charles F. King, Maj. H. C. Hall, Lieut. George F. Jewett, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, Mr. Joseph R. Curtis, Mr. P. F. Shevlin and others.

First Maine Cavalry Club at Bangor.

A number of the comrades of the regiment met in Bangor on the evening of the fifteenth of September last and organized the "First Maine Cavalry Club of Bangor," with the following officers:

President. — DR. MELVIN PREBLE.

Vice-President. — VOLNEY H. FOSS.

Secretary. — EDWARD JORDAN.

Treasurer. — WARREN A. JORDAN.

The club starts with about 35 members.

WHAT THE COMRADES HAVE TO SAY.

*Letter from Lieut. Horatio S. Libby,
Co. C.*

BOSTON, MASS., Nov. 12th, 1890.

Lieut. EDW. P. TOBIE.

Dear Comrade—I recall a little episode that occurred in the early spring of 1862, while we were in camp at Warrenton Junction, which I fancy may be of interest to many comrades and readers of the BUGLE. You will remember that at this time we were in Abercrombie's Brigade.

On a sunny day, I cannot give the date, Co. C was detailed to make a reconnaissance to the Rappahannock. We were soon on the way, and without adventure approached the river and halted on a slight elevation overlooking it and near a deserted house. We observed an earthwork thrown up on the opposite shore, that seemed to be unoccupied, so we concluded, as there were no troops visible. From an embrasure a dark looking object was pointed in our direction, which we thought a "quaker," having noticed something similar at Centerville a few weeks before, as we marched through that place on our way to the front. Most of the company had dismounted and were inspecting the house and premises. I had attended to that important duty and had remounted.

In the meantime Adj. Tucker (then) who accompanied us, and also a member of the regimental band,—I do not now recall his name,—had gone forward to a point nearer the river to obtain a better view of the fort. We were watching their movements with much interest. They were using their glasses, scanning the fort directly opposite, when, far away down the river on our left-front, a white puff was

observed, and very quickly a shot struck the ground in their rear and very close, throwing the dirt over them. Following this shot the supposed "quaker" opened his mouth and put a shot in the front yard of the above-mentioned house. I remember shouting out "Look out for that 'shell'." It was entirely unnecessary. The shots from the two forts began to come very lively. Forthwith there was mounting in hot haste; furthermore, we did not wait upon the order of our going, but got back under the crest of the hill and out of range as expeditiously as possible. Comrade Reed,—who later gave his life for "his country and the flag," at Bull Run,—and myself were getting to the rear, when a shot struck near us and rolled along on the ground. We thought it would be a big "trophy" to take to camp, and when it stopped rolling we dismounted to pick it up. But we came to grief! It was too hot to handle and the strong smell of powder made the horses frantic. That was the first and last shot I attempted to capture. The object of the reconnaissance was eminently successful. We learned that the forts were occupied.

I am inclined to think that Co. C were the first troops to reach this point in the old Dominion at Rappahannock Station.

A year later (1863) we had a stirring little encounter of a somewhat different nature, which you graphically relate in the "History." But you are in error in that matter in this way.—You say "A and B under Maj. Boothby." The full and correct statement should be, "A, B and C under Maj. Tucker." Possibly you noticed this error after it was in print, too late to correct it. At the time I was orderly

sergeant and borrowed a carbine of a "No. 4" man and went over the open railroad bridge with the boys.

Yours in F. C. and L.,
HORATIO S. LIBBY.

(See pp. 501, 128, History.)

*Letter from James W. Harriman,
Co. E.*

NECEDAH, WIS.,
January 27th, 1891.

Dear General—I received the last copy of the BUGLE, and I can tell you that it carried me back to the old States of Maine and Virginia. I remember you very well. I have heard my father speak of your father often. I have not had the privilege of attending any reunion but one, and that was at Milwaukee in '89. I met one comrade from Co. E only. I should be so glad to meet you all at Houlton, but I fear I cannot, for I am employed in a large mill for a lumbering company, which keeps me confined in the summer but I hope to be in Detroit this year. I have not so brilliant a record as some of my comrades, but I always obeyed orders. I enlisted with Col. Goddard at Augusta in November, 1861, and was put in Co. E, as my horse was of that color. I rode him from home in Clinton, and lost him and myself in Newtown in the Valley. I was a prisoner four months, rejoined the regiment at Frederick City, Md., 1862, and stayed with it until June, 1863. I was ruptured in crossing the Rappahannock after the raid between Chancellorsville and Richmond, and was sent to general hospital with others who were unable to ride, only a few days before Col. Douty was killed. In the fall I was transferred to the Veteran Reserve Corps and served out my time on a body guard for Gen. Halleck at Washington. I am a

member of Maj. M. F. Daws Post, No. 245, Department of Wisconsin, G. A. R. I was mustered out at Washington, D. C., Dec. 9th, 1864, and I came here January, 1865, and in all probability I shall be mustered out here for good.

If you see any of the comrades of Co. E tell them that my latch string is always out.

Yours in F. C. and L.,
JAMES W. HARRIMAN.
(See page 534, History.)

Letter from Leland F. Davis, Co. I.
HILLS GROVE, R. I.,

January 26th, 1891.
GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—When the BUGLE CALL No. 2 was brought to me this morning, I thought I would just glance over it for a moment, but your introduction caught my eye and I read it through. And how any one, after reading it, can do otherwise than attend to this little matter, I cannot see. Its good sturdy way of putting the appeal struck me, and I never stopped to read any further, but will unslung carbine and give you a dollar for the first shot, and may you have a whole volley of the same shot from along the entire line is the wish of

Yours most truly,
LELAND F. DAVIS,
Co. I, First Maine Cav.
(See History, page 600.)

*Letter from Charles E. McCoy of
Co. D.*

BANGOR, ME.,
January 29th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade—I received CALL 2 of the BUGLE and was much interested in the doings at Eastport, as it was not my privilege to attend, being in Cali-

fornia at the time. I met many of the old regiment there. George Kitchen and Henry T. Welsh reside in San José. George is engineer in a brewery and Henry is a prominent merchant, also a city father, having served in both branches of the City Council and commander of Phil. Sheridan Post. Charles H. Bell is or was employed by the Southern Pacific Railroad. He was suffering considerably from wounds which he had received in Virginia, which have not healed.

The first two were Co. E men, Bell was of Co. D. Warren S. Randall and Charles H. Walker are in the lumber business in Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz County. Randall was of Co. D, Walker of Co. A. James Peakes of Santa Cruz City keeps a fine hotel at the Beach, at which we received a warm reception at his hands. He was a member of Co. A. I met in San Francisco Lieut. James W. Poor and several more that have escaped my recollection. Maine men and comrades are numerous in the West, as I met them in all my travels in that section and in the British Dominions on my return from California. We, I mean the First Maine Cavalry Club of this city, have about forty names on our Club Rolls. I am looking forward to the time of our reunion at Houlton, where if we are not treated well I shall be greatly mistaken.

Yours in F. C. and L.,

CHARLES E. MCCOY,

Late Co. D, First Maine Cav.

(See page 520, History.)

Letter from John F. Lord, Co. I.

WATERBOROUGH, Jan. 26th, 1891.

Dear General—I received CALL 2 of the First Maine BUGLE last week, and I believe I have read every word of it, for anything connected with the

old First Maine Cavalry has ever been of great interest to me. I did little to build the great name of that grand old organization, but nothing to lower it. I was with the regiment only four months, from Jan. 11th to May 6th, 1864, when I was shot in the eye at the opening of the Wilderness Campaign May 6th, 1864. I have long wanted a copy of the history of my regiment, but poverty has thus far hindered me, and now I am flat on my back. Seeing the notices of deaths in Call 2, I thought I would send one. Albra Chadbourne of Co. I died Jan. 1st, 1891, of Bright's disease. I want to say a word for Comrade Chadbourne, for his kindness and consideration. The next morning after I was shot he obtained permission of Capt. Paul Chadbourne and came to the field where I lay with my head on a rock, and his care and kindness at that time saved my life. With all good wishes I remain as ever,

Yours in F. C. and L.,

JOHN F. LORD,

Co. I, First Maine Cav.

(See History, page 603, where a full account of his wound appears.)

(See History, page 599 for Chadbourne.)

Letter from W. S. Sylvester, Co. F.

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME,

LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, Box 67.

January 28th, 1891.

Dear General—Enclosed find postal note for First Maine BUGLE. Many thanks; do not miss me on next. I have a History of the regiment and will send for badge before long. Am unable to do any manual labor from injury received on the Boynton Plank road Oct. 27th, 1864, and am a veteran ex-prisoner of war. What in the world made Speaker Reed oppose the ex-

prisoner of war bill, I do not understand. I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

W. S. SYLVESTER,
Late Co. F, First Maine Cav.

(See page 553, History).

A Tribute from a Sister.

ROCKLAND, ME.,

November 13th, 1891.

Dear Tobie—The following concerning John Mitchell, from his sister, you can use as you have opportunity hereafter, in the BUGLE.

Very truly yours,

J. P. CILLEY.

“My brother, John Mitchell, was born in East Livermore, and resided in Jay. He enlisted Oct. 9th, 1861, was mustered Oct. 31st, re-enlisted Jan. 1st, 1864, mustered out June 20th, 1865. [See page 571, Roster, and page 140 of the History.] He was a member of Co. G, First Maine Cavalry, served his three years and re-enlisted; came home for forty days when he re-enlisted, to Jay, Me., to his father's. Myself and two sisters were living in Massachusetts at that time, so that he spent a portion of his time with us. I remember well how fond I was of my soldier brother; my heart was ready to break at the thought of his going away again. I remember he said to me, ‘Some one must go, Mary, and it is real fun.’ That was so like him. John was of a very happy disposition;

everything went well with him, and he was always ready for action and saw the bright side of everything. He was not a Christian. I could not wish any other change in him. He was born and reared on a farm and followed the occupation of a farmer until the war broke out; then he had a very strong desire to enlist in the service. He was passionately fond of his horse, which accounts for his enlisting in the cavalry. His gun, as well as horse, were boon companions. He never married; he was in his thirty-second year when he died, the 12th of March, 1867, with consumption; sick between seven and eight months. During his sickness my husband bought the History of the Women of the War, and it afforded him a great deal of pleasure to have me read to him, and when I would have to stop for tears he would say ‘It is all true, the worst not told.’ Then he would cheer me up. He would relate to me some of his foraging trips, scouting through the country for something to eat and returning with his spoils suspended from the horse's back and his well known pet phrase of ‘y—i—p’ (yip) would send up cheers from the whole camp.

I also had two other brothers in the Sixteenth Maine, Co. C. One, my baby brother, seventeen years, six months, died in Smoketown hospital just three months after leaving home; the other was laid up five months in hospital with rheumatism, was discharged after nine months; is now in Heaven.”

OBITUARIES.

Lieut. James W. Poor for the last two years of his life suffered from frequent attacks of pneumonia. He was sick last April, at the point of death for two or three days, then again in June, when in a severe coughing spell he burst a blood vessel in the brain which paralyzed his speech and partly his left side. He was rapidly recovering from that and the doctor said he would be as well as ever in a few months, when he left his home in Alturas, Cal., with all his family, intending to go to Oakland, Cal., where the climate is more equable the year round. He got to Reno, Nevada, Thursday, took cold Friday and in a few hours the doctor said there was no hope for him. He suffered intensely till the next Tuesday morning, Sept. 2d, 1890, when he breathed his last. He left a wife thirty-two years old and four children, two boys and two girls, between eight and fourteen. He was clerk of Modoc Co. at the time of his death.

(See pp. 460, 481 History.)

Mr. Sewall S. Avery of Hallowell, who has been suffering for some time with consumption, passed away Saturday morning, Dec. 26th, 1890, in the forty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Avery was a native of Winterport, Me., and has resided in our city for the past four years, where he had made many friends. He leaves a widow, one son, Harley Avery of Iceboro, and a daughter, the wife of Green V. Russell, formerly of this city. The funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon.—*Kennebec Journal*.

Mr. Avery was a resident of Vinalhaven many years before removing to Hallowell, and a member of G. A. R. Post of that place. His many friends

join with the family in this, their great affliction. He was a member of Co. L, First Maine Cavalry.

(See p. 634 History and p. 632 Picture.)

Orlando A. Hayford, died Nov. 11th, 1883, aged 45 years, 1 month, and 15 days. Our community again mourns for the sudden death of an honored and beloved citizen. Mr. Orlando A. Hayford was stricken with paralysis at half past ten o'clock, Sunday morning, and died almost instantly. He was as well as usual that morning, ate a hearty breakfast, and had prepared to attend church. He went to his room for some purpose, fell by the side of the bed unconscious, and passed away as before stated. The whole community was shocked and pained to learn of his death, although from his previous state of health it was thought that such would be the end.

Mr. Hayford was a son of Gustavus and Zilphia Hayford, both now living, though quite aged. He was born in Canton, Sept. 27th, 1839, and has spent his life here, with the exception of about two and a half years spent in the service of his country in the rebellion. He was prompt to answer his country's call and served faithfully as a private until wounded in his left thigh, at the battle of Shephardstown, Va., in 1863. The circumstances of his enlistment show as plainly as a single incident can, the character of the man. He was at work on his farm in Peru, with his father, in May 1861, when the news came of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. Orlando said, after a moment's thought, "Father, if it was n't for my farm I would enlist for the war." His father told him if he felt it his duty to go, he would care for the farm. Orlando walked to Canton that

afternoon, had his name enrolled with the volunteers, and entered the service in the First Maine Cavalry. Mr. Hayford suffered several surgical operations, but carried a rebel bullet for many years, and never recovered from his wound. Since the war he has been in trade in Canton, for the most time a druggist, and for about fifteen years has been our faithful post-master. He was a member of John A. Hodge Post, G. A. R., Anasagunticook Lodge, I. O. O. F., and a charter member of Canton Encampment; also a member of the I. O. O. F. Relief Association. For twenty years Mr. Hayford has been a leading member of the Baptist church. He leaves a widow (formerly Miss Esther Staples) and two daugh-

ters, the eldest being the wife of Prof. E. A. Daniels, of New York, and a large circle of friends to mourn his death. The funeral services occurred at the Baptist church to-day, in the presence of a large congregation, the G. A. R. Post and a body of Odd Fellows who conducted the ceremonies. Words of comfort were spoken by Rev. A. C. Herrick, of Freeport, assisted by Rev. A. H. Gould. The floral tributes and church drapery expressed the esteem and respect for the deceased felt by every heart present. —*Canton Telephone.*

He was a member of Co. G, and was wounded in the action at Shepards-town, July 16th, 1863.

[See p. 568 History.]

Additional Roster.

Names of men entitled to membership in the Association, from their connection with the regiment or aid given the Association.

EDWIN C. BURLEIGH, Augusta, Governor of Maine. Enlisted in the regiment, but was rejected by the examining surgeon as too young and not strong enough for active service.

HENRY G. TIBBETTS, Rockland, was clerk for Quartermaster Clarence D. Ulmer at brigade headquarters the last year of the war. He had previously served in Co. B, Fourth Maine Infantry. Mustered in June 15th, '61, promoted principal musician and quartermaster sergeant; discharged July 19th, 1864.

EDWARD B. RIPLEY, 28 Central St., Boston, was with Co. B at Augusta, Me., Great Cacapon, and Bath, Va., but was too young to enlist.

CHARLES JOHNSON, Belmont, Me., 25, farmer; unassigned recruit. Enlisted Feb. 29th, 1864, discharged April 12th, 1864, at Portland, Me., on account of injury received by a fall.

Report of the Auditing Committee.

The Auditing Committee make the following report:—

They have carefully examined the reports of the treasurer from 1883 to 1889, inclusive, also his accounts of contributions to the Cavalry Shaft at Gettysburg, his accounts of expenses and receipts in the matter of heliotype portraits for the history, and his account for histories sold and bills paid on the history, said reports appearing in Call No. 1 of the Bugle.

The accounts of the finances of said reunions, we find correct. The receipts and expenditures were verified by proper vouchers or entries in the treasurer's daily cash book made at the date of each expenditure.

We find the same to be true of the other reports. We find a few mistakes in addition, a few in book-keeping, and a few matters that need explanation to show the full facts; on these we report at length as follows, viz:—

CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY FOR THE CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

The amount contributed by the First Maine Cavalry should be increased by the following sums collected by H. S. Libby and by him paid directly to Capt. Miller, but which were not reported to the treasurer at the time he made his report. These sums increase our net total subscription \$60, making the same \$285.

The Third Pa. Cavalry gave \$639; First New Jersey Cavalry, \$94.50; First Maryland, \$20; Sixteenth Pa., \$98.50; Fourth Pa., \$61; Tenth New York, \$61; First Mass., \$50; First Mich., \$20; Fifth Mich., (Gen. Alger alone) \$125; Sixth Mich., (Gen. Geo. Gray, \$400) \$423; Seventh Mich. Cavalry, \$33.

Lieut. H. S. Libby was credited in Call No. 1 of the Bugle, with collections from J. P. Downing \$1, R. T. Barstow \$2, (printed Basters), Samuel W. Parker \$20, (misprinted Parlin), and should be further credited with the following collections, viz:—

Lieut. E. C. Bigelow, \$1; Capt. A. M. Benson, \$1; Lieut. H. F. Blanchard, \$2; Lieut. J. K. Brooks, \$1; Capt. L. H. Daggett, \$1; T. J. Neal, \$1; Albert Edgecomb, \$1; Capt. B. H. Putnam, \$1; Capt. George Prince, \$1; J. M. Toothaker, \$1; N. P. Webb, \$1, and the following named, \$1.00 each: W. B. Clark, Navy; Capt. H. T. Hall, Thirty-Fourth Mass.; Colonel F. Haven, Second Cal. Cav.; Col. T. L. Livermore, Eighteenth N. H.; J. H. O'Donnell, Navy; Col. Z. A. Smith, First Me. Heavy Artillery; Gen. S. M. Weld, Fifty-sixth Mass.; N. L. Chaffin, F. W. Carr, G. A. Carter, Col. W. Clapp, H. W. Dwight, A. F. Esterbook, W. Felton, T. C. Fielding, J. W. Farwell, F. W. Grant, Hon. D. W. Gooch, G. A. Hardy, F. H. Hodgman, W. S. Haseltine, G. W. Hazen, W. W. Hill, A. D. Haskell, E. H. Ingalls, N. P. Jones, H. C. Jackson, H. H. Kelley, A. C. Kendall, A. Keay, Alfred Laws, C. R. Morgan, A. R. Mitchell, J. H. Meserve, D. H. Morrisey, J. O. Norris, E. L. Potter, Elwell Parks, M. S. P. Pollard, J. S. Russell,

Capt. Nath. Spooner, J. Mont. Sears, P. A. Spoffard, H. C. Short, J. H. Stickney, J. C. Tileston, W. S. Vincent, W. S. Whitney; total \$60.

The treasurer's report in Call No. 1 showed a balance in the monument account due him of \$3.36. To meet this Fred D. Lynn of Co. B, now at Soldiers' Nat. Home at Togus, contributed Aug. 5, '90, \$1.36 and E. T. Getchell of Med. Staff paid \$2, Oct. 4, 1888.

THE HISTORY ACCOUNT.

In the treasurer's account, "cash for histories sold," he charges himself with \$525.00, cash subscribed for history fund.

The figures are correct, but need explanation to show how this amount was obtained. \$525.00 is just the footings of the account reported in circular of Jan. 29, 1887, with names of contributors. This amount was not realized; there should be deducted from it the following sums:

From Asst. Sur. Geo. J. Northrop's subscription of \$10 should be deducted two histories at \$3 and express 60 cents, \$6.60.

From Major Sidney W. Thaxter's \$10 for second copy issued should be deducted \$3 for such copy.

From Serg't Henry Little's \$10 for first copy issued should be deducted \$3 for such copy, and 30 cents express, \$3.30.

From B. S. Wood's subscription of \$10, one copy out and express, \$3.30. One subscription not paid, \$15.

To this fund should be added, April 9, 1887, the subscription of James W. Poor, \$9, Feb. 13, 1888, the subscription of Capt. S. W. Lane, \$15. Contributed by treasurer to balance this account, \$7.20, making the deductions and additions equal \$31.20.

In the account of pictures, the item under date of April 29, 1887, "Heliotype Co. for breaking negative" should be left out, as the corresponding payment to the owner of the negative was omitted. Under date of Sept. 30, 1887, the sum should be \$6, not \$6.60, and the balance due the treasurer should be as \$59.31 instead of \$56.91.

In the credit side under the date of May 9, 1887, the sum should be \$2, not \$2.09. Under date of July 28, 1887, "Col. Ingersoll," the sum should be \$35, not \$85. The total of this side \$2525.76 is correct.

In the account of histories sold the treasurer has charged himself with the loss, through the failure of the firm publishing history, of \$39.40 less \$1.90 dividend received, or the sum of \$37.50, and it is just to the treasurer to say that besides the gift of his labors, his contributions in cash have been for historical fund \$50, plus \$7.20 equal \$57.20; contributions for pictures of deceased comrades, \$25; total, \$119.70.

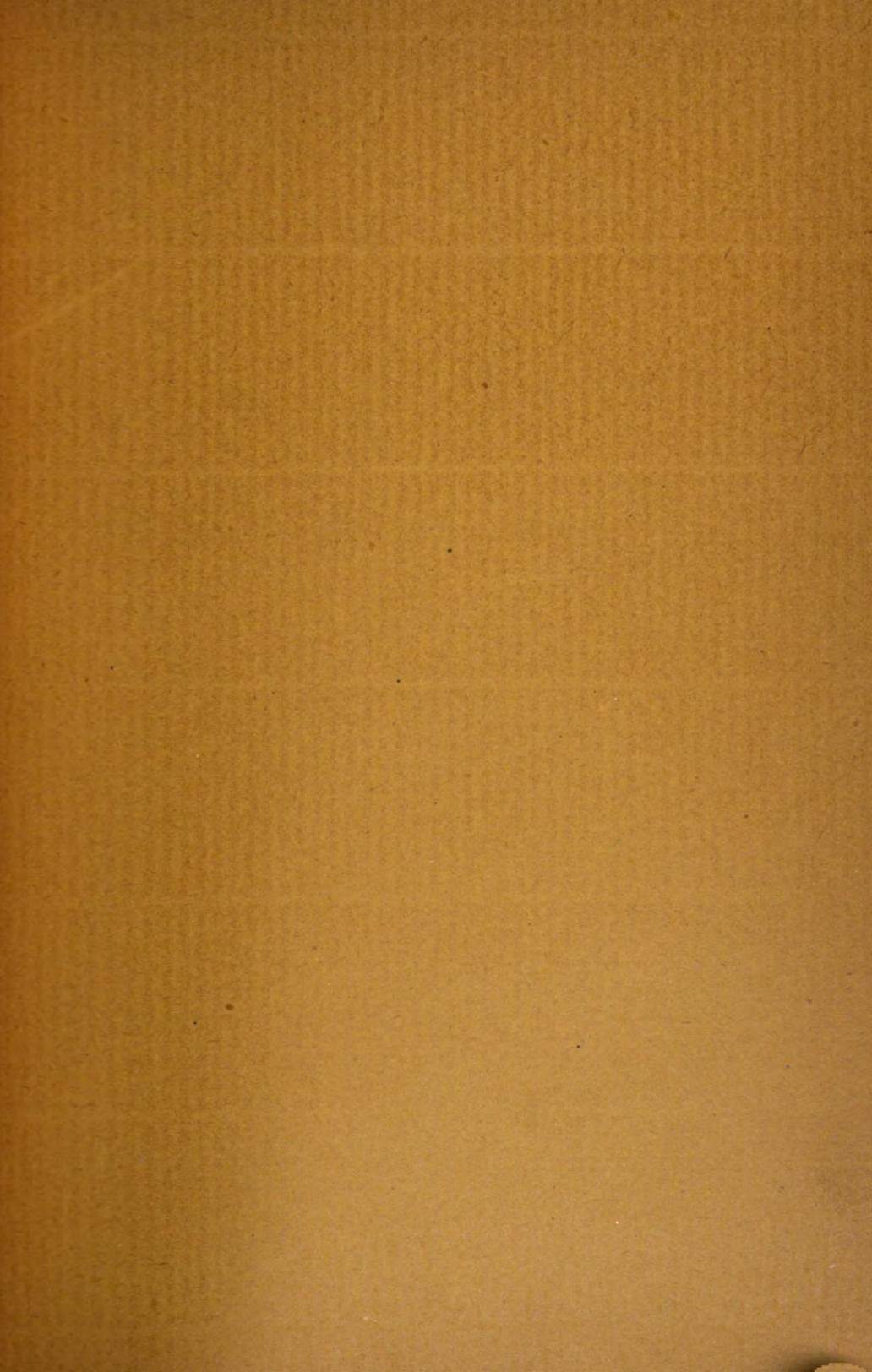
GEO. H. JEWETT,

A. L. ORDWAY,

A. C. DRINKWATER,

Auditing Committee.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 29, 1891.





FIRST MAINE BUGLE

A decorative banner with a double-line border, containing the text "FIRST MAINE BUGLE". The banner is adorned with stylized floral motifs and scrollwork. The text is in a bold, serif font, slanted to follow the banner's angle. The banner is set against a background of wavy lines and small dots, suggesting a landscape or decorative pattern.



FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

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

CAMPAIGN II.

APRIL, 1891.

CALL 4.

“The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast.”

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, AND WILL CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF
THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY,
MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO THE REGIMENT,
AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTEREST
TO ALL THE MEMBERS.

REUNION AT SKOWHEGAN,

September 30th, 1886.

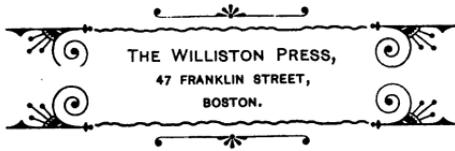
HISTORICAL ADDRESS

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

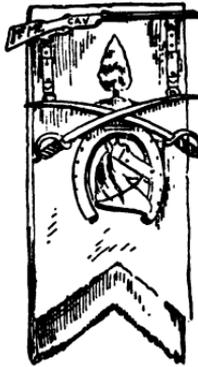
EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET, R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

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



THE WILLISTON PRESS,
47 FRANKLIN STREET,
BOSTON.



ATTENTION!

COMRADES of the "First of Maine," you have heard Reveille, Stable Call and Roll Call.

By the exigency of our printer, Comrade Emery, I have been forced to blow this and the two previous calls in quick succession, with hardly time to recover my breath. I never send forth a call to you without seeing in imagination your extended ranks and feeling the inspiration that comes from your presence thus brought before me. But such exaltation of feelings demands some response. Did Reveille awake you? Did Stable Call prompt you to feed your horses? Did you answer at Roll Call?

I am out of breath. My lips are swollen. They do not fit the mouth-piece of the Bugle. I know not how to designate this call of the Bugle. It is No. Four — the last of this year's issue.

I feel as I have felt often, after even a day of successful fighting, weary and waiting with somewhat of foreboding and depression to receive from the adjutant's office the report of the losses and gains of the day.

The first call of the Bugle cost \$154.05 plus postage. The Roll Call was also expensive. Not one-third of the members of our association have paid for their Bugles at this date, Feb. 2d, 1891. Please read the introduction to the Stable Call in the October number that reached you in January, 1891, and reflect on this subject a moment. If in doubt what to do, consult with your wife and children.

Of course the Bugle is going to blow, whether you do your part or not; but is it fair to call on the same detail of men time after time to contribute of their means for our financial success?

You will notice one growing feature of the Bugle which is rich and promising; namely, the increasing number of letters from our comrades. These communications possess all the interest of intimate family correspondence, and are read with pleasure by all the members of our regimental family. Simple, natural, kindly letters, just as bright and fascinating as letters from home while we were at the front. New features will be added from time to time, among which diaries kept at the front will be given in the curt, short manner they were kept in the field, and thus bring those scenes again before us, mellowed by the halo of more than a quarter of a century. Every dollar of the money paid for the Bugle will go to improve its contents and increase its size. I wish to insert a little egotism, even as St Paul inserted some egotism in his letters, apologizing for the same as he did by saying, "I speak as a fool." I do it to place the shot where it is needed. It was customary, perhaps necessary, to swear in the army. My word was simply "damn," and that word I have refrained from using since Lee's surrender. Now while I give the kindest sympathy to every letter from every comrade who is financially oppressed, or who is disabled by injuries or diseases received in the service, and is heavily burdened by cares of family or those dependent on his labors, to all of whom some comrade will send the Bugle as a gift for their encouragement and happiness, I wish to say with soldierly directness to all you who whine, and to you who whine and also find fault because the Bugle has dents on its surface, to you who write you do not consider yourselves members of the association, to all you who shirk your personal financial responsibility to the association, to all you who wish to be coddled and fed with a spoon, damn you!

You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!

All of which is "respectfully submitted" for your consideration and action by your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The fifteenth annual reunion was held at Skowhegan, Thursday, Sept. 30th, 1886, and was heralded by the following kind words in the *Somerset Reporter* : —

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

Every Maine man or woman, in whose breast a spark of patriotism burns, is proud of the record of the First Maine Cavalry. Other Maine regiments are entitled to high praise for their mighty deeds of valor, and there were doubtless just as good men and officers in other organizations that went forth from the Pine Tree State in support of the government during the Southern rebellion; but the cavalry service gave opportunity for a better display of those dashing, daring deeds that Maine men in the war were distinguished for, than the other branches of service; therefore, whatever regiment was second, the First Cavalry must be first. It is much to say that it was the best cavalry regiment in the service, but Maine men generally hold this to be a fact, and we strongly maintain that there never was a better regiment of cavalry than this same long-armed, stout-hearted, dashing body of patriotic troopers.

There is the kindest feeling among veterans of all Maine regiments and soldiers in the infantry and artillery arms of service, and of the navy; while as a matter of course their first love and pride is their own organization, they vie with each other in doing honor to the glorious First Maine Cavalry.

The citizens of Skowhegan are favored this year by having this veteran association hold its annual reunion with them.

The programme embraces a soldier's dinner for the members of the association only, at a room in Hesselton's new block, a parade about town under the escort of Russell Post G. A. R. and Skowhegan band, should the weather prove favorable, and a grand camp fire in the pavilion in the evening. The Ladies' Relief Corps have this in hand which is a sufficient guaranty that it will be a success. The arrangements are all made for a good time with

speeches, songs, "yarns," music by glee club and band, recitations, etc., etc. Prominent men are expected from other parts of the State. The waiters at the banquet are to be the daughters of the First Maine Cavalry veterans who reside in the town and vicinity.

The following members are residents of Skowhegan: Zenas Vaughan, George E. Goodwin, Dennis Murphy, Frank Bickford, Dow Baker, Melvin J. Allen, Charles Smith, Llewellyn Goodwin, Henry Bray, John R. Webb, Converse Webb, John H. Wyman, Charles Foster, Daniel Foster, N. S. Hawkes. Our people take pleasure in welcoming the veterans of the late war to our village and thus show their appreciation for their heroic acts during the period of our country's peril. May the day be far distant when these deeds shall be forgotten.

It was a perfect September day, just the right degree of heat for comfort, bright skies overhead, but a trifle muddy underfoot. The first detachment of fifteen arrived Wednesday afternoon, the second, including the Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Association, lately organized in Boston, arrived on the early train Thursday morning, and the last and by far the largest number came upon the special train that arrived at 11 A.M. Immediately upon its arrival the veterans gathered at Grand Army Hall, where the necessary business of the organization was transacted.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was presided over by the President, Capt. Zenas Vaughan.

The report of the Treasurer, Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, was read and accepted.

The following were appointed a committee to nominate officers for the ensuing year: Field and staff, Major George M. Brown; Co. A, Frank I. Smith; Co. B, Andrew J. Kimball; Co. C, Sergt. Lorenzo Chamberlain; Co. D, Edwin Hill; Co. E, Capt. George W. Hussey; Co. F, Capt. William S. Howe; Co. G, Lieut. Henry F. Blanchard; Co. H, Sergt. George E. Goodwin; Co. I, John G. Cummings; Co. K, Sumner B. Newbegin; Co. L, Corp. William F. Ricker; Co. M, Sergt. George L. Fassett. This committee attended to their duty, and in due time reported a list of officers. The

report was accepted, and the officers as thus nominated were unanimously elected as follows :

President, COL. SAMUEL H. ALLEN, Thomaston.
Recording Secretary, LORENZO CHAMBERLAIN, Hallowell.
Corresponding Secretary, LIEUT. ORRIN S. HASKELL, Pittsfield.
Treasurer, GEN. JONATHAN P. CILLEY, Rockland.

Gen. Cilley made a report on the matter of the publication of the regimental history, urging upon the comrades to every one make an effort to have the history printed, and soliciting subscriptions for a guarantee fund for this purpose. Remarks were made upon the subject by Comrades George M. Brown, John French, Milton F. Ricker, Albion C. Drinkwater, and others, and a large amount was pledged, of which \$112 was paid before the adjournment of the meeting. The committee on the publication of the history, which consisted of Gen. J. P. Cilley, Major Geo. M. Brown, and Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, was increased by the addition of Comrades Charles A. F. Emery, Co. A, Albion C. Drinkwater, Co. A, Chas. F. Dam, Co. F, Samuel W. Lane, Co. A, John French, Co. M, Augustus L. Ordway, Co. L, and Nathaniel L. Owen, Co. M.

On invitation of a comrade, it was voted to hold the next annual re-union at Hallowell, but this vote was subsequently reconsidered and it was left discretionary with the officers to call it at some other place, if it should be found impracticable to hold it at Hallowell.

Comrade Charles E. Moulton suggested that the wives and daughters of the comrades of the regiment organize an association to be known as the "Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry." This suggestion was approved by Gen. Cilley and other comrades, and it was voted to invite the ladies to so organize, and that they be invited to attend the re-unions of the regiment.

THE PARADE.

In the afternoon the veterans formed a line and took a turn about town on foot, escorted by Co. E, Skowhegan Light In-

fantry, and Russell Post No. 96, G. A. R., with music by Skowhegan Cornet Band, passing along many of the principal streets and breaking ranks about 4 o'clock. When the line was formed for the procession the cavalry was attacked by a company of young ladies, the daughters of veterans, with pins and button-hole bouquets. It is needless to say that the cavalry was not "driven in." Every man stood the attack like a hero. There were no casualties from this sudden surprise.

THE CAMP FIRE.

In the evening a camp fire upon a grand scale was indulged in, and thanks to the Ladies' Relief Corps, assisted by the First Maine men in town, aided by citizens generally, it was a happy success. A gentleman present remarked, "The ladies of Skowhegan beat the world in getting up suppers," and the cavalrymen concurred in that sentiment, if generous praises, both individual and collective, are an indication. The hall was very tastefully trimmed with the national colors festooned about the platform, bunting and Chinese lanterns pendent from wires strung from the galleries from side to side, and plants, flowers and autumn leaves tastefully arranged. The tables were laid for three hundred, and, under the electric light, with every seat around the long tables occupied, galleries well filled by spectators, with the battle flag, guidons, names of battles etc., made a pleasant picture — an object lesson in patriotism.

Invocation was offered by Rev. C. M. G. Harwood, and then twenty-six young ladies, in white caps and white aprons, daughters of veterans, were introduced as waiters by Comrade Bickford of Russell Post, G. A. R., and on being introduced they sang "The Battle Cry of Freedom." In response to this song, Major Brown proposed three cheers for these daughters of veterans and for the person who conceived the happy idea of providing such exceedingly acceptable waiters. The cheers were hearty ones. At this juncture an advance movement took place in which cavalry, infantry, artillery, State militia, grand army, civilians and even ladies took part. The cavalry fought dismounted, every man engaged, not even leaving No. 4 to hold

the horses. After the victory had been won Capt. Vaughan rapped long and loud for order, getting it very gradually, and it was a mild type of order after he got it, but it seemed to be the best specimen of the article that the happy crowd had at hand, and the captain took it for what it was worth.

Capt. G. S. Sewall, Commander of Russell Post G. A. R., in behalf of the Post, Ladies' Relief Corps and citizens, extended to the visiting veterans words of warm welcome.

At this juncture Capt. Vaughan announced Maj. George M. Brown, the invincible Bangorian, as toastmaster and he "did himself proud" in that position.

The toast, "First Cavalry" was responded to by Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley who gave some very interesting facts and statistics in regard to this regiment. He spoke of the generous subscriptions made that day by the members of the association assembled there, and promised that by the time of the next reunion the comrades should have a history worthy of the name and reputation of the regiment, because he knew and every member of the regiment knew, that never had a call been made or a duty required of the regiment wherein the men of the "First of Maine" had not surpassed the high expectations that went forth with such call. He also read the names of those who had died since the re-union of last year, and the members at his request stood with bowed heads during the reading. The names are: Major Paul Chadbourne, whose whistle in battle was nearly as effective as the smooth pebbles in David's sling; Serg't. Windsor B. Smith of Co. K, Late Department Commander of Maine, whose measure of joy was filled by his privilege of attending our reunion in Portland last year, and the next day, in peace, he departed for "Fame's eternal camping ground;" Serg't. Christopher A. Page of Co. A, and Charles S. Davis, whose tragic death by railroad accident was followed on the day of his burial by that of his wife.

The sentiment "Our Annual Reunion" was responded to by Dr. S. A. Patten of Skowhegan; "Our Fallen Comrades," Rev. C. M. G. Harwood of Skowhegan; "Ladies' Relief Corps and Ladies of Skowhegan," Rev. J. M. Frost of Skowhegan;

“The Grand Army,” Gen. Isaac Dyer of Skowhegan; “The Massachusetts Association,” Col. Albion C. Drinkwater of Braintree, Mass. This concluded the regular schedule, after which Major Brown made details with more or less success upon various veterans present. Col. William S. Howe of Lewiston, Milton F. Ricker of Auburn, responded with remarks, and Frank J. Savage stood the detail on a story. The speeches were interesting and appreciated by the large audience.

The exercises were interspersed with music by a choir consisting of Messrs. A. R. Smiley, Wm. Plummer, E. E. Sturtevant, Mrs. G. A. Hawes and Miss Georgie Low, accompanied on the organ by Miss May Smith; also music by Skowhegan Cornet Band, Harvey Goodwin leader.

Miss Lillian C. Smith, daughter of Comrade Sewall W. Smith of Co. H, read the following original poem, written for the occasion:—

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

Comrades, hark! Was that the drum
 To whose roll our pulses beat?
 Do you hear the summons come,
 Blent with tramp of horses' feet?
 Listen, are our leaders calling?
 For, with blood like sparkling wine,
 One by one the boys are falling
 Into martial rank and line.

See the old-time fire leaping
 Into every veteran's eye,—
 Smouldering embers may be keeping
 Sparks from flames that never die;
 Ha! was that the noise of battle,
 Just beyond the horizon's bars?
 Do you hear the cannon rattle
 Round our bannered stripes and stars?

Nay, we dream; the war smoke, looming
 From the field we thought to charge,
 And the cannon's sullen booming
 Like a desert-born mirage,
 Fades away; and comrades meeting,
 Gather round our camp fire's blaze,
 While our hearts, in time, are beating
 Marches learned in other days.

We remember many a camp fire
 Canopied by heaven's blue,
 Where the red flames, darting higher,
 Lit up faces bronzed and true;
 Faces of those seen no longer,
 Still they bivouac afield —
 Hearts throb requiems, deeper, stronger,
 And their praise our memories yield.

Ah, my brothers, cowards linger,
 Men of Maine could dare and die;
 Following duty's beckoning finger
 We have seen our foemen fly;
 Where the fight was hottest ever,
 Were the Pine State's gallant sons,
 For she never bore one, — never,
 Who could fear the rebel guns.

Comrades, who forgets, I wonder,
 That Spring day at Middletown,
 When Virginia heard war's thunder
 Up the Shenandoah and down;
 When we kept back foes, pursuing,
 While each heart defiance beat,
 Thoughts of home our strength renewing
 As we covered Banks' retreat.

Brandy Station sends us greeting;
 Aldie with its tongue of flames
 Calls us, at this peaceful meeting,
 Speaks again its hallowed names:
 Here, we faced a fearful fire,
 There, a noble captain fell,
 He who led *your* boys up higher,
 Dear old town we love so well,

In that awful day of battle,
 At whose name our cheeks are white,
 When men fell like slaughtered cattle
 Till the welcome gloom of night.
 On Antietam's field of story,
 Circled by its horrors, where
 Many a brave soul passed in glory,
 Comrades, some of us were there.

When we met the foes advancing,
 Steel of purpose clashed with steel,
 And the lightning of its glancing
 Lit up all that hearts can feel,
 When we sent them southward, reeling
 Back from Gettysburg, that day, —
 Ah! your glances are revealing
 That we were not far away.

Cedar Mountain, we remember ;
 We have been at Chancellorsville, —
 Some were there that this September,
 'Neath green tents are sleeping still.
 At Bull Run we saw disaster ;
 Some have slept in prison walls —
 Libby, Danville, — fast and faster
 Frightful memories each recalls.

On the field, amidst the roaring,
 How horizons will enlarge,
 And we saw the world imploring
 That we keep our sacred charge ;
 And we felt the joy of knowing
 That our leader was divine,
 That the blood from brave veins flowing
 Was earth's sacramental wine.

Since the thirteen stars shone, never
 Was our flag so bright before,
 And its starry rays, forever,
 Shall illumine Freedom's shore ;
 Greet it, brothers, greet our banner,
 With a thousand loud huzzas !
 Praise the Lord with loud hosannas
 Who in heaven set our stars !

Greet the absent who assemble
 In the heavenly land to-night,
 They who made foul evil tremble,
 They who robbed him of his might ;
 Greet our dead, — ah, no, our living —
 Comrades, they can never die ;
 Love for love hearts will be giving
 While the stars and stripes shall fly.

Lo, they send us back a message
 Flashing from the heavenly dome, —
 Let your happy meeting presage
 Our reunion in God's home,
 Where each man shall know his brother
 When the Great Commander calls :
 " Earthly comrades, greet each other,"
 Fall the words from heaven's walls.

Yes, we greet each other, gladly,
 When we think of those old days :
 Yes, we greet each other, sadly,
 When we think of parted ways ;
 We have given sons and brothers,
 We have given life and limb ;
 Some could dare and die, but others
 Needs must watch till eyes grew dim.

Where the Southern cross is beaming
 Nightly, in the Southern sky,
 By the great Pacific's gleaming,
 Where Atlantic's waves dash high,
 Where the Northern lights are streaming
 And the steady pole-star shines,
 Lives our praise, — more than our dreaming —
 Comrades, who of us repines?

If the world is growing better
 For our gospel of the sword,
 If we broke one evil fetter
 Teaching men that Christ is Lord,
 If our deeds have taught His story,
 If man knows and helps his neighbor,
 Then our eyes have seen His glory,
 We have tasted fruit of labor.

Miss Minta J. Mosher, daughter of Comrade Benjamin C. Mosher, of South Norridgewock, read the following original poem, prepared for the occasion: —

The battle of Aldie
 We shall never forget,
 For deep in our memories
 Are thoughts of it yet.

There gallant Douty fell,
 And Summat of Co. H;
 Who the sorrowing tale can tell,
 Or relieve our hearts from ache?

Then a reb was seen advancing,
 Holding Rebellion's flag,
 The First Maine boys charge forward,
 And down he dropped the rag.

"Save me! I surrender!" he faltered,
 In piteous, cringing tones;
 The foe came bounding to his aid,
 And he shot a comrade down.

A bullet from the enemy
 In a comrade's arm found place,
 But the reb was seen retreating,
 For the ground had scratched his face.

But all those times are dim,
 And many tales can ne'er be told:
 Yet ever and ever remember that man
 Is never to be bought or sold.

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

And we hope to be finally quartered
 In ranks secure from sin,
 When in heaven the bugle is sounded,
 May we all be mustered in.

These poems were listened to with the closest attention, and were gratifyingly received. The following letters were read : —

HEADQUARTERS NINETEENTH INFANTRY,

FORT CLARK, TEXAS, Sept. 21st, 1886.

COMRADES, — Although far away from your place of meeting, I shall be with you all on that occasion in spirit and sympathy, and must borrow the voice of some comrade to convey to you this message of greeting, congratulations and good will. The First Maine Cavalry was big enough to represent the whole State of Maine, and I hope its survivors with you will be so numerous that their voices are accustomed to awaken echoes in all her hills and valleys, even to her remotest corners. Your place of meeting is well chosen. Skowhegan is a hub on the axle of the State. It is also a centre of great wealth, culture and refinement, and the home of some of our best and most distinguished soldiers. As each reunion comes round I regret my loss at not being with you. If I were only within striking distance, not a single meeting would ever be spared my presence. These meetings should become more and more sacred. Can you realize that you are already a venerable body? There is not a young man among you; and whatever else you may boast of, the airs and assumptions of youth will never become you again. I have just been forcibly reminded of this fact as it relates to myself. I had occasion to make a tour of duty through a portion of this forlorn Western Texas, which General Sheridan on one occasion unfavorably compared with h—ll! I went without wagons, tents or bedding. I slept, or tried to sleep, on the ground in the open air; but somehow the ground seemed to be harder and far more uncomfortable than it did twenty odd years ago. Even the three-cornered rails of those days were better. I find that fifty-eight years now groan at what even thirty-five years in those days bore as no burden. Then, I say, let our greetings on these occasions be heartfelt, our hand-shaking cordial and earnest, and as the blood becomes thinned by years, let the fervor of friendship supply its warmth. Let the spirit of yore that thrilled us as we rode boot to boot in the conflict, and the confidence that was wont to inspire us, as again and again we rode down the enemy, hold possession of us now and even to the end of our time, in spite of thinned ranks or thinner hair.

At each annual meeting we find that some comrade or comrades have fallen out and gone to their last and lasting bivouac, and while all such are generally and tenderly remembered, each comrade may leave his special friends. In this connection I desire to mention one whose name, I am sure, will be remembered and revered by you all. I refer to Major Paul Chadbourne, than whom a braver man or more faithful soldier never lived. Major

Chadbourne entered the service with an unusually clear perception of the duties before *him* and the magnitude of the war before *us*. He also had a firm confidence and faith in a victorious outcome of the struggle and vindication of the right. He never faltered in his duties, and I do not think his faith in a triumphant ending ever forsook him. I will relate one incident to illustrate his character. It occurred near Ground Squirrel bridge, Virginia, on the eleventh of May, 1864. The regiment was attacked and nearly overwhelmed by superior numbers. A younger brother of Major Chadbourne was wounded. The Major put forth every effort to save him from capture, but he was finally wrested from his protection and made a prisoner by the enemy. The event, sad as it was, may have its parallel. Indeed there were other scenes quite as touching within our own ranks. But, nevertheless, what a test of fortitude and heroism it was! Major Chadbourne suffered the agony of his grief, but never faltered in duty. He and that mortally wounded younger brother are now buried side by side at the home of their childhood in Waterboro, in a neighborhood of sympathetic and watchful friends. *Requiescant in pace*. Major Chadbourne was modest and unassuming, but affable in manner. He was liberal and charitable, yet firm and true to his own convictions, and, above all, an unblemished Christian character imparted grace to his daily life. He was loyal to his government, faithful to his comrades and friends, and true to himself. Surely one like him will find his reward.

Comrades, with best wishes for one and all, I bid you good night.

C. H. SMITH.

PORTLAND, Sept. 21st, 1886.

MY DEAR VAUGHAN, — Your circular in regard to the reunion is at hand. I would like very much to be present with the comrades this year, but I fear it will be impossible. In addition to my business I have several matters outside that just at present require my constant attention here. It would give me great pleasure to greet the old soldiers of the First Maine again this year, but I must give it up and wait for a more convenient season.

Yours very truly,

S. W. THAXTER.

PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 29th, 1886.

MY DEAR VAUGHAN, — I very much regret that I shall be unable to be present with you to-morrow at the reunion of the glorious old First Maine members. The regular meeting of the directors of my company occurs at 11.30 A.M., and I necessarily must be present to make my report. Though not with you in person I shall be in my thoughts and feelings. When you shake hands with the boys as they gather, will you give each of them one hearty, extra shake for me. I know I shall be extending my hand, in imagination, every few minutes, to greet some one of the old boys that I have not seen for a long time. Trusting you will have a good day, a good time, and a goodly number present, I remain

Very truly yours,

C. W. FORD, Co. K.

BOSTON, MASS. Sept. 30th, 1886.

CAPT. ZENAS VAUGHAN, President First Maine Cavalry, — Comrades, we wish you much joy on this annual reunion of our grand old regiment. Though absent in body we are with you in spirit.

JOHN B. DRAKE,
HENRY LITTLE,
Sergt's Co. G.

CHICAGO, Sept. 27th, 1886.

COL. J. P. CILLEY, First Maine Cavalry, Skowhegan, Me.

DEAR COLONEL, — Your notice of reunion received. I regret the impossibility of being with you. With kind regards to all the comrades, I am
Yours truly,

PERLEY LOWE,
Co. H, First Maine Cavalry.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 30th, 1886.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, First Maine Cavalry, — Regretting my inability to attend our reunion, I can only send kind wishes to old comrades.

D. F. DAVIS.

BREWER, Sept. 30th, 1886.

COMRADES, — I intended being with you in Skowhegan, as I have not attended a reunion since the one in Dover, but circumstances prevented me from being with you to-day. I will enclose one dollar for regimental purposes, also one for publishing history. Wishing you all the happiness this world affords, I remain yours truly,

G. W. GETCHELL, Co. G.

WATSONVILLE, CAL., Sept. 1886.

COMRADES of the First Maine Cavalry Association, I greet you each and all with a warm heart throbbing with fraternity. As I can not be present at your reunion and ask in person the one favor above all others dearest to my heart, I will now ask through Gen. Cilley, that when you are gathered in reunion around the banquet board, and while toasts and sentiments are being offered, that you all stand with uncovered heads, for one brief moment, in silent respect for the memory of Capt. John A. Heald. A nobler spirit was never set free from its tenement of clay upon the field of carnage. But few knew him as long and well as myself; it was my good fortune to know him intimately, from the time when he was a boy of nine years until he was a man of twenty-two; when on that eventful sixth day of April, 1865, he fell in front of his command at the battle of Sailor's Creek. A noble close to a brief but glorious life.

BENJ. A. OSBORNE.

BANGOR, Sept. 21st, 1886.

DEAR SIR, — I am in receipt of your note of the twentieth inst. inviting me to attend the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry at Skowhegan, Sept. 30th. It would give me great pleasure to meet the members of the Cavalry as requested, but I regret to say that my engagements are such that I cannot do so.

Yours truly,

Zenas Vaughan for Committee.

H. HAMLIN.



CHAS. E. MOULTON,
Co. G, 1st D. C. Cav., Co. I, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.
Hist. p. 604.



CYRUS B. KIMBALL,
Co. H, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.
Hist. p. 587.



CHAS. E. MOULTON,
Co. G, 1st D. C. Cav.
Co. I, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.



Capt. WILLIAM S. HOWE,
Co. D, 1st D. C. Cav., Co. D, 1st Me. Cav.
Lewiston, Me.
Hist. pp. 321, 326, 342-351, 396-402, 513.



GEO. P. DAY,
Co. M, 1st Me. Cav.
Auburn, Me.
Hist. p. 651.



JOHN B. KELSEY,
Co. G, 1st Me. Cav.
Deceased.
Hist. p. 569.



LEWISTON, MAINE, Sept. 25th, 1886.

DEAR SIR, — I regret exceedingly that I am unable to accept your invitation to meet with the boys of the grand old First Maine Cavalry at their reunion, Sept. 30th, 1886. Nothing but an imperative engagement to meet with a Committee of the Senate on that date, deprives me of the pleasure.

Wishing you a pleasant reunion, I am,

Very truly,

WM. P. FRYE.

BANGOR, Sept. 20th, '86.

DEAR SIR, — Your kind invitation to attend the First Maine Cavalry reunion at Skowhegan, Sept. 30th, received. I regret very much that a prior engagement will take me out of the State at that time, so that I shall be unable to meet with the comrades this year. I know you will have a most pleasant time as the First Maine reunions always are happy events, and you have my best wishes for the success of the gathering. With kind regards to the comrades I am,

Zenas Vaughan.

Yours sincerely,

C. A. BOUTELLE.

LEWISTON, Sept. 27th, 1886.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, ESQ., Committee First Maine Cavalry.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret that an engagement to be in Boston this week makes it impossible for me to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry at Skowhegan on the thirtieth. Trusting that your reunion may be pleasant and profitable, and thanking you for your courtesy, I remain,

Cordially yours,

NELSON DINGLEY, JR.

PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 20th, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR, — I regret to be obliged to say that I cannot be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry for which I have just received your kind invitation.

Very truly yours,

Zenas Vaughan, Skowhegan, Me.

T. B. REED.

ELLSWORTH, Sept. 25th, '86.

DEAR SIR, — I have just received your kind invitation to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry at Skowhegan on the thirtieth inst. I would be very glad if my engagements would permit me to be present, which they do not. But all my good wishes are with your association, and I only express the feeling of all loyal men in Maine when I say that as long as we live memory will keep bright the deeds of that gallant body of men.

Yours very truly,

EUGENE HALE.

AUGUSTA, Sept. 29th, 1886.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, Skowhegan, Maine.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have to acknowledge and thank you for your courteous invitation to the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry. I am extremely

sorry that my necessary presence in Portland, at the trial of a case in the United States court, on that date, will prevent my giving myself the pleasure of accepting and attending. With renewed thanks, I am

Yours very truly,

ORVILLE D. BAKER.

ZENAS VAUGHAN, ESQ., Skowhegan, Me.

DEAR SIR,—Your invitation to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry, Sept. 30th, was received during my absence from home. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present on that occasion, but having just returned from New York somewhat tired out, and with a large amount of correspondence to attend to, it makes it very inconvenient for me to accept your invitation. I hope you will have an enjoyable time as it must be very pleasant for soldiers to meet their old comrades and have an evening's conversation, reciting many of the incidents of the war. There is no class of men who are dearer my heart than those who defended our country's flag. Again wishing you a pleasant time, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. R. BODWELL.

Hallowell, Me., Sept. 29th, 1886.

BANGOR, Sept. 28th, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,—I very much regret my inability to meet the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry at their annual reunion at Showhegan. I am detained by business which I cannot avoid, otherwise I would gladly accept your courteous and kind invitation.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

Col. Z. Vaughan, Skowhegan.

CHAS. HAMLIN.

THE JOURNAL OFFICE, BOSTON, Sept. 27th, 1886.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN VAUGHAN,—Accept my sincere thanks for an invitation to be present at the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association. Were I the master of my time, I should surely be at Skowhegan to see the "historic remnant" of a regiment which would have given the dear old State a most brilliant place among those which stood for the Union, if all Maine's other favored commands had made no record whatever. The First Maine Cavalry! What associations it recalls! What deeds of daring! What splendid achievements! Every Maine soldier remembers it with admiration and accords it every tribute because he knows that too much of praise cannot be said of its brilliant and patriotic record.

Permit me to refer to one occasion when its rare courage saved the division, I was in from slaughter if not from capture. It was the twenty-seventh of October, 1864, on the Boydton Plank Road. Our advance division had been nearly surrounded by the Confederates. In front and on two sides we had all that we could cope with and even more. To our left and rear the Confederate cavalry were closing in upon us, when suddenly there fell upon our ears a sharp crack of Henry rifles which soon became a roar of musketry. It was brief, for the gallant First Maine Cavalry had said to Gen. Hampton, "no

thoroughfare" and sent him to the rear in confusion. But for your gallantry on that occasion, I might not now write you this letter. The next day, retiring from the field, I saw at the head of a new-made grave the inscription, "Lieut. Winfield S. Collins." He was killed in that gallant repulse of the enemy — a friend of my boyhood and one of those gallant and soldierly spirits which made your regiment famous, and honored the State of Maine by their patriotism, their valor, and too often by their martyrdom.

Again I thank you for your very flattering remembrance of me and beg you to extend to your illustrious comrades my heartfelt regards and congratulations.

Sincerely yours,

Z. A. SMITH.

As the clock indicated that Sept. 30th would soon give way to the rapidly approaching Oct. 1st, Major Brown got in some talk that was about as warmly complimentary to Skowhegan and to Skowhegan ladies as could reasonably be expected from a modest Bangor man, two hours after supper; and, with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and cheers, the First Maine Cavalry "broke ranks," apparently thoroughly pleased with their reunion at Skowhegan.

A pleasant episode occurred at G. A. R. hall, Thursday morning. F. J. Savage, an old color sergeant, got his eye upon the old colors while carrying which he was disabled and carried from a Virginian battlefield. He had not seen the flag since that day. When his eye caught that particular "Old Glory" he said eagerly, "Let me see it! Let me get hold of it!" He did get hold of it, and carried it joyfully and proudly in the parade, as he had on the field of battle borne it heroically.

The train Friday morning bore the visiting veterans homeward, after they had given parting shots of successive cheers to the "Skowheganites," who went to the station to bid them good-bye. Should they again visit that village, their welcome will be none the less warm, albeit the ranks may be thinned by time's ruthless hand.

Among the former Skowhegan young men who were in attendance on the reunion, were C. A. F. Emery of Boston, and Nat Owens of Cambridgeport. It was with pride that they spoke of the manner in which their old comrades of the First Maine were entertained by the resident members, Russell Post, Ladies' Relief Corps, and the citizens at large.

It should be stated that on the return home, the day after the reunion, the comrades residing east of Waterville went to Augusta and visited the old camp-ground — Camp Penobscot — where they located the company streets after an absence of twenty-five years, and agreed to meet on the same ground twenty-five years hence.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

In accordance with the action taken at the business meeting, requesting the wives and daughters of the comrades to form an auxiliary organization, fifteen ladies assembled at Hotel Hesleton for the purpose of organizing. They were addressed by Gen. J. P. Cilley and others, upon the pleasures and benefits accruing from such an organization,—the meeting at the annual reunions of the regimental association, the becoming acquainted with each other and with the comrades, the joining in the festivities of these reunions, etc., when they decided to organize under the name of the “Ladies’ Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry,” and elected officers as follows:—

President,— Mrs. C. E. Moulton, Auburn.

Vice-President,— Mrs. Dow Baker, Skowhegan.

Secretary,— Miss Ettie M. Vaughan, Skowhegan.

The fifteen present at the meeting joined the association, and subsequently nine others added their names to the rolls, and the “Ladies Auxiliary” started out with twenty-four members.

The meeting adjourned to the next reunion.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

On the nineteenth of September a number of the comrades residing in Boston and vicinity met at the hall of Post No. 7, Grand Army of the Republic, in that city, and formed a temporary organization by the election of Adjutant Thaddeus Little as President, and Charles A. F. Emery as Secretary. The President and Secretary were appointed a committee to make arrangements for transportation to this reunion, and it was decided to effect a permanent organization at the next meeting,

which was fixed for the evening of the twenty-seventh inst., at the Sherman House. At this adjourned meeting a permanent organization was formed under the name "First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts," by the choice of the following officers: —

President, — Thomas J. Long.

Vice-Presidents, — Henry C. Hall, Thaddeus Little.

Treasurer, — Albion C. Drinkwater.

Secretary, — Charles A. F. Emery.

The officers were authorized to draw up a constitution and by-laws, and report at the next regular meeting.

The committee on transportation to the reunion at Skowhegan reported that they had made satisfactory arrangements with the Boston and Maine Railroad, (Eastern Division) for one fare for the round trip, which report was accepted, and the meeting adjourned. As a result of this action quite a number from Boston and vicinity were present at the reunion. The new organization started out with fifty-five members.

GREGG'S CAVALRY FIGHT

ON THE

RIGHT FLANK AT GETTYSBURG.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS DELIVERED OCTOBER 15th, 1884, UPON THE OCCASION OF THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENTAL SHAFT ERECTED UPON THE SITE OF THE CAVALRY ENGAGEMENT ON THE RIGHT FLANK OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, JULY 3d, 1863, DURING THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BY WILLIAM BROOKE-RAWLE,

[Formerly Captain Third Pennsylvania Cavalry and Brevet-Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V.]

We have gathered together, my comrades, to commemorate the good work done here twenty-one years and more ago. What that work was is briefly told by this Monumental Shaft of enduring granite which we are now dedicating to the truth of history. Its inscription tells us that

**THIS SHAFT
MARKS THE FIELD OF THE ENGAGEMENT
BETWEEN THE
UNION CAVALRY
COMMANDED BY BRIG.-GEN. D. McM. GREGG
AND THE
CONFEDERATE CAVALRY
COMMANDED BY MAJ.-GEN. J. E. B. STUART
JULY 3d, 1863.**

What memories do these simple words recall! As we stand here, looking upon this beautiful landscape, surrounded by these well-remembered hills, and fields, and woods, the recollections of that bright summer day crowd thick and fast upon us. Let us go back together in our thoughts to the eventful time when first we met on this historic field, and sanctified it with the blood then shed, the trials endured, and sacrifices made in defence of the Nation's Cause.

I have told the story of the fight before.* Here, upon

*The account here given is substantially the same as that published for the first time in *The Philadelphia Weekly Times* of September 14th, 1878, in the series of "Chapters of Unwritten History in the Annals of the War," under the title of "The Right Flank at Gettysburg," but revised with the aid of additional information and official records, and again revised since the address was delivered.

the ground where it occurred, I venture to tell it once again. It is a simple and an unvarnished tale, with no words of eulogy of men, or of exultation over the defeat of a gallant foe.

The objects had in view by the Confederate authorities when, after the battle of Chancellorsville, the invasion of the North was projected, in the spring of the year 1863, are well known. To transfer the seat of war, permanently if possible, or at any rate temporarily, to the country north of the Potomac, thus giving to those who remained at home a chance of securing the harvest from the fields of Virginia, and at the same time making probable the recognition of the Confederate cause by the hesitating powers of Europe, was a bold game to play. No time was lost in setting about it. In the early days of June, the Army of Northern Virginia began to show signs of activity. The cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had returned worn out and jaded from Stoneman's raid, but after a short rest was again put in motion, and was kept actively engaged in watching the movements of the Confederate army. On the 9th of June the cavalry battle of Brandy Station was fought, and the intended invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania was discovered through Confederate dispatches captured upon that occasion. Reconnoissances-in-force and scouting in all directions daily followed that brilliant passage-at-arms. The equally well-fought cavalry battles of Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville ensued. Hard work and starvation told heavily upon both men and horses, and when Buford's and Gregg's Divisions, covering the rear of the army, crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry during the afternoon of the 27th of June, their physical condition was far short of what could have been desired. After crossing the river Gregg's Division, consisting of the brigades of Colonel McIntosh (First), General Kilpatrick (Second), and Colonel Irvin Gregg (Third), started on the march about dusk, and, keeping it up steadily all night long, reached Frederick, Md., early on the morning of the 28th.

During a short halt at that place, General Kilpatrick was ordered to take command of Stahel's Division of Cavalry, which, as the Third Division, was assigned to duty with the

Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and Generals Farnsworth and Custer were appointed to command the two brigades of which it was composed.

In the movements of the Army of the Potomac after crossing into Maryland, the Cavalry Corps, with its three divisions, operated in its front and on its flanks. General Buford with the First Division took the left flank, General Kilpatrick with the Third Division the centre, and General Gregg with the Second Division the right flank. On June 30th, Kilpatrick, having taken the direct and shorter road from Frederick, struck the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia at Hanover, and intercepted its line of march to join Lee's army. Being thus headed off it was compelled to move over to the right, with Kilpatrick in close pursuit.

In the concentration upon Gettysburg, Gregg, with the First and Third Brigades of his division, left Hanover at day-break on the 2d of July, and about noon, after a tedious and exhausting march, took position on the Hanover (or Bonaugh-town) Road near its intersection with the Low Dutch Road, about three and a half miles east of the town — McIntosh's Brigade on the right and Irvin Gregg's on the left.

These two brigades were constituted as follows: —

The First Brigade, commanded by Colonel John B. McIntosh of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, consisted of his own regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Edward S. Jones, the First New Jersey Cavalry under Major Myron H. Beaumont, and the First Maryland Cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Deems, with Captain A. M. Randol's Horse-battery E — G, First United States Artillery, of four three-inch rifled guns. It was temporarily deprived of much of its strength by the loss of the First Pennsylvania and First Massachusetts Cavalry regiments, which had been detached for special service with the Reserve Artillery and the Sixth Corps respectively. A section of a mounted battery (H) belonging to the Third Pennsylvania Artillery, under command of Captain William D. Rank, and the Purnell Troop of Maryland Cavalry, under Captain Robert E. Duvall, were also serving temporarily with the First Brigade,

having, on the evening of June 28th, while proceeding from Frederick to Baltimore, been cut off by the Confederate cavalry, and, narrowly escaping capture, having fallen in with the brigade. The Third Brigade, commanded by Colonel J. Irvin Gregg of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, consisted of his own regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel John K. Robison, the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel William E. Doster, the First Maine Cavalry under Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Smith, and the Tenth New York Cavalry under Major M. Henry Avery. The Second Brigade of the division under Colonel Huey had, on July 1st, been sent back from Hanover Junction for the purpose of guarding the rear of the army, and protecting the trains which were to assemble at Westminster.

After crossing the Potomac the column had marched steadily day and night, and, having been for many days without food or forage, the two brigades arrived with wearied men and jaded horses upon the field of Gettysburg. The long march had been a terrible one. The intense heat had at times been almost unendurable, the dust almost impenetrable. Horses by the score had fallen from exhaustion along the road. Officers and men, begrimed past recognition, could have been seen tramping along on foot, leading their worn-out horses to save their strength, well knowing how much depended upon it. Those whose horses had fallen dead or dying had struggled along, some carrying their saddles and bridles, in hopes of being able to procure fresh mounts, others with nothing but their arms. All had been straining their energies in the one direction where they knew the enemy was to be found.

As has been stated, Gregg's column closed up near the intersection of the Hanover and Low Dutch Roads about noon of July 2d. Two regiments of infantry belonging to the Eleventh Corps were found in the advance, deployed as skirmishers along Brinkerhoff's Ridge, which crosses the Hanover Road nearly at right angles, about two miles or more east of Gettysburg. In their front, there was a considerable force of Confederate infantry. About three o'clock the Union infantry line was relieved

by the Tenth New York Cavalry regiment of Irvin Gregg's Brigade, and Rank's two guns were unlimbered and loaded in the middle of the Hanover Road on a hill near the Reever house. The officers and men of the command sought what rest and shelter from the scorching heat they could, while from the hills they watched the conflict between the infantry and artillery of the opposing armies. Some of the men groomed their horses to freshen them up; some allowed theirs to nibble the rich clover; whilst others, thoroughly worn out, tried to obtain a little sleep.

During the afternoon there was some skirmish firing between the opposing lines, and about six o'clock Colonel Irvin Gregg ordered fifty men of the Tenth New York Cavalry to advance dismounted and clear the front. A regiment of Confederate infantry was at once sent out to meet them, and drove back the small party of cavalymen. Suddenly a party of the enemy appeared on the top of Brinkerhoff's Ridge where it crosses the Hanover Road. In a second Rank's men were at their guns, and put two shells into the midst of the party, causing the Confederates to fall back instantly under cover of the ridge. "To horse!" sounded at once, and the Third Pennsylvania, advancing at a trot along the road toward Gettysburg, formed close column of squadrons in an orchard back of the Cress house. The first two squadrons were quickly dismounted to fight on foot, advanced at a run, and in a few minutes were deployed at close intervals as skirmishers on the summit of the eastern spur of Brinkerhoff's Ridge north of the road. The Purnell Troop and two battalions of the First New Jersey, under Major Janeway and Captain Boyd, followed, and deployed dismounted on the left of the road on the prolongation of the same line, with the third battalion under Major Beaumont in reserve. A strong, well-built stone wall ran along the top of the ridge on the right of the road, with a field of tall wheat just ripe for cutting on the other side of the wall. This wall was the key of the position, as each of the contending parties at once perceived, and by the time our men reached it a line of Confederate infantry was seen making for it at full

speed. The fire of Rank's guns had delayed the enemy's advance for a sufficient length of time to enable us to get there first, and give a withering reception with our breech-loading carbines to the infantrymen, who were not more than twenty feet off from the wall when we reached it.

After vainly attempting to drive our men back, the enemy retired to a more sheltered position, along the edge of a piece of woods some two hundred yards distant, where he remained until after dark, the opposing forces and Rank's two guns meanwhile keeping up a brisk firing. Later in the evening the Confederates, taking advantage of the darkness, turned our right unobserved, and dislodged a portion of our line, which, however, was re-established after some trouble. Our adversaries proved to be the Second Virginia Infantry, of General Walker's celebrated "Stonewall Brigade," which latter was supporting it, close at hand, acting as a flanking party of Johnson's Division of Ewell's Corps, in its advance to the attack of Culp's Hill. The threatening position occupied by the cavalrymen, and their vigorous fight, compelled the Confederate brigade to remain on the ground until too late to participate in the assault of Culp's Hill* which came so near proving successful, and which, had it succeeded, would have rendered the heights south of Gettysburg untenable.

About ten o'clock in the evening the line was withdrawn, and the two brigades moved over to the Baltimore Turnpike, where it crosses White Run, near the position of the Reserve Artillery, and there went into bivouac, in accordance with orders from Cavalry Corps headquarters, to be available for whatever duty they might be called upon to perform on the morrow.

On the morning of July 3d, General Gregg was directed to resume his position on the right of the infantry line, and make a demonstration against the enemy. Upon reaching the ground occupied by him on the previous day on the Hanover Road, he found it in possession of the Second Brigade of the Third Cavalry Division.

*Generals Johnson's and Walker's Reports, Official Records of the War of the Rebellion, Vol. XXVII. Part II, Pages 504 and 518.

This brigade, known as the "Michigan Brigade," of which Brigadier-General George A. Custer had taken command on June 29th, was composed of the First, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Michigan Cavalry regiments, commanded by Colonels Charles H. Town, Russell A. Alger, George Gray, and William D. Mann, respectively, and Horse-battery M, Second United States Artillery, under Lieutenant A. C. M. Pennington, with six three-inch rifled guns. On June 28th, the brigade had been assigned to duty with the Army of the Potomac; on the 30th it had been actively engaged with the Confederate cavalry at Hanover, and again at Hunterstown on July 2d. It was a splendid body of men; its ranks were better filled than those of the other cavalry brigades, and the greater part of it was fresh from pastures green.

General Custer, after his fight with the Confederate cavalry at Hunterstown, had spent the latter part of the night of July 2d in bivouac with the rest of the Third Division at Two Taverns, a small village on the Baltimore Turnpike, about five miles southeast of Gettysburg. His earlier movements of the following day are best described in his own words:—

"At an early hour on the morning of the 3d," he states in his official report, "I received an order, through a staff officer of the brigadier-general commanding the division, to move my command at once and follow the First Brigade on the road leading from Two Taverns to Gettysburg. Agreeably to the above instructions, my column was formed and moved out on the road designated, when a staff officer of Brigadier-General Gregg, commanding Second Division, ordered me to take my command and place it in position on the Pike leading from *York** to Gettysburg, which position formed the extreme right of our line of battle on that day. Upon arriving at the point designated, I immediately placed my command in position, facing toward Gettysburg. At the same time I caused reconnoissances to be made on my front, right and rear, but failed to discover any considerable force of the enemy. Everything remained

*General Custer in his report erroneously calls the Hanover Road the York Turnpike, and the Low Dutch Road the Oxford Road.

quiet till 10 A.M.,* when the enemy appeared on my right flank and opened upon me with a battery of six guns. Leaving two guns and a regiment to hold my first position and cover the road leading to Gettysburg, I shifted the remaining portion of my command, forming a new line of battle at right angles to my former line. The enemy had obtained correct range of my new position, and were pouring solid shot and shell into my command with great accuracy. Placing two sections of Battery M, Second (regular) Artillery, in position, I ordered them to silence the enemy's battery, which order, notwithstanding the superiority of the enemy's position, was successfully accomplished in a very short space of time. My line, as it then existed, was shaped like the letter **L**, the shorter branch formed of one section of Battery M, supported by four squadrons of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, faced toward Gettysburg, covering the Gettysburg Pike; the long branch composed of the remaining two sections of Battery M, Second Artillery, supported by a portion of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry on the left, and the First Michigan Cavalry on the right, with the Seventh Michigan Cavalry still further to the right and in advance, was held in readiness to repel any attack the enemy might make coming on the *Oxford Road*. The Fifth Michigan Cavalry was dismounted and ordered to take position in front of my centre and left. The First Michigan Cavalry was held in column of squadrons to observe the movements of the enemy. I ordered fifty men to be sent one mile and a half on the *Oxford Road*, while a detachment of equal size was sent one mile and a half on the road leading from Gettysburg to *York*, both detachments being under the command of the gallant Major Webber, who from time to time kept me so well informed of the movements of the enemy that I was enabled to make my dispositions with complete success."

*As there was no fighting so early in the day as 10 o'clock in the morning, it has been suggested by General Kidd in his address recently delivered at the dedication of the monument erected by the State of Michigan to the Michigan Cavalry Brigade (who in giving an account of the operations finds a difficulty in reconciling General Custer's statement to the facts) that General Custer originally wrote "1 o'clock" and in the copying of the reports the "1" and the "o" were mistaken for "10." This seems to be the correct solution of the matter. The report is not printed in the "Official Records of the War of the Rebellion" inasmuch as the original is not on file in the War Department, and it was found impossible to obtain a duly authenticated copy.

General Gregg placed his two brigades to the left of General Custer's line, taking position between the Baltimore Turnpike and the Hanover Road. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, of Irvin Gregg's Brigade, was dismounted and, deploying as skirmishers, moved through the woods in the direction of Gettysburg. It had not proceeded far when a strong picket force of Confederate infantry was found. After driving in the outposts for a short distance, the cavalymen succeeded, in the face of a strong resistance, in establishing their line connecting with the infantry on the left near Wolf's Hill, and extending to the right as far as the Hanover Road. This had scarce been done, when, about noon, a dispatch from General Howard, the commander of the Eleventh Corps, to General Meade, was placed in General Gregg's hands, notifying him that a large body of the enemy's cavalry had been seen from Cemetery Hill moving toward the right of our line. At the same time an order was received from General Pleasonton, who commanded the Cavalry Corps, directing Custer's Brigade to join its division (Kilpatrick's) on the extreme left of the army. Accordingly, McIntosh's Brigade was ordered to relieve Custer's and to occupy his position covering the intersection of the Hanover and Low Dutch Roads.

While these movements were going on upon our part, the Confederate cavalry, under Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, which for some time had been cut off from all communication with the main body of Lee's army, was hastening to join it. It is needless here to follow in detail Stuart's earlier movements, but on July 2d, after having encountered Kilpatrick at Hunters-town, he arrived in the vicinity of Gettysburg, and took position on the York and Harrisburg Roads. He, too, had been marching hard and long. Men and horses had, like ours, suffered severely, but, marching as he had been through an enemy's country, his losses from straggling had, of course, been less than those of the Union cavalry.

During the morning of July 3d, Stuart moved forward to the left and in advance of Ewell's Corps, for the purpose of occupying the elevated ground east of Gettysburg, from which,

while protecting the left of Lee's army, he could command a view of the routes leading to the rear of the Army of the Potomac, and could, at the same time, be in position to move out at the proper moment, and there attack it, simultaneously with the grand assault which was to be made upon Cemetery Ridge from the other side by Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps, supported by Heth's and Pender's Divisions and Wilcox's Brigade of Hill's Corps. That this was his purpose he tells us almost in so many words.

To appreciate how well adapted was Stuart's position to such a move, one should stand on yonder hill back of Rummel's. The whole country for miles in front of him, clear up to Cemetery Hill and the Round Tops, lay at his feet. In his rear a cross-country road branches off from the York Turnpike about two and a half miles from Gettysburg, and, crossing over the high ground mentioned by Stuart, runs in a south-easterly direction toward the Low Dutch Road, which connects the York and Baltimore Turnpikes. This high ground is divided south of the cross-road by the upper valley of Cress' Run, forming two ridges, that west of the run being known as Brinkerhoff's Ridge, and that east of it as Cress' Ridge. A piece of woods crowns the easterly side of the ridge on the southerly side of the cross-road, affording protection and cover to the supports of the battery which was subsequently placed there. Screened by this and another piece of woods on the opposite side of the cross-road is a large open space on the Stallsmith farm, where the Confederate leader was enabled to mass and manoeuvre his command unobserved by his opponents.

The position occupied by the Union cavalry had none of the advantages claimed by Stuart for his own. As he himself states in his official report, the whole country for miles lay at his feet. On the other hand, the ground occupied by his opponents was less commanding, and more exposed to his view. The Low Dutch Road crosses the Hanover Road nearly at right angles, about three and a half miles south-east of Gettysburg, at the Howard house, and, continuing on about two miles farther in a south-westerly direction, strikes the Bal-

timore Turnpike about one mile and three-fourths south-east of Rock Creek and the rear of centre of our main line of battle. Another cross-country road, from half a mile to a mile nearer Gettysburg, runs nearly parallel with the Low Dutch Road from the Hanover Road at the Reeve house along the valley of Cress' run, and strikes the Baltimore Turnpike by the bridge over White Run about a mile south-east of the bridge over Rock Creek, close to which, by Powers' Hill, the Reserve Artillery and the ammunition trains were stationed. This, being the shorter and more direct road, was used by our troops in operating between the Baltimore Turnpike and the Hanover Road. By these roads the rear of our main line of battle was directly accessible. About three-fourths of a mile north-east from the intersection of the Low Dutch and Hanover Roads the cross-country road first above mentioned branches off to the north-west toward the York Turnpike and the left centre of Stuart's position. This piece of woods near which we stand, and which since the battle has been somewhat reduced in extent, covered the intersection of the Low Dutch Road and the cross-road on the side toward the enemy's position, extending about equi-distant on each road from near a lane leading down to John Rummel's house and farm-buildings on the north, to the Lott house on the south, a total distance of a half-mile or more. One side of this piece of woods faced the north-west and the enemy's position. Between the ridge on which the Howard house stands, and along which the Low Dutch Road runs, and that part of Cress' Ridge occupied by the right of Stuart's line, but close under the latter, is a small creek known as Little's run, starting from the spring-house at Rummel's. The Rummel farm-buildings eventually became the key-point of the field, which lies about three miles east of Gettysburg.

The force under Gregg numbered about five thousand men, though not more than three thousand were actually engaged in the fight about to be described. It consisted of the three regiments of McIntosh's Brigade, Irvin Gregg's Brigade, and Custer's Brigade, which, as will appear, remained on the field. On the other hand Stuart had under his command General Wade

Hampton's Brigade, consisting of the First North Carolina and the First and Second South Carolina Cavalry regiments, and Cobb's Georgia, the Jeff Davis, and Phillips' Georgia Legions; General Fitzhugh Lee's Brigade, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Virginia Cavalry regiments; and General W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, under Colonel John R. Chambliss, consisting of the Second North Carolina and the Ninth, Tenth, and Thirteenth Virginia Cavalry regiments. To this force was added, for the proposed movements of the day, Jenkins' Brigade of cavalry, under Colonel Milton J. Ferguson, armed as mounted infantry with Enfield muskets, though short of ammunition, and consisting of the Fourteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry regiments, and the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth Virginia Battalions. The artillery with Stuart consisted of McGregor's Virginia, Breathed's Virginia, Jackson's Virginia, and Griffin's Maryland horse-batteries. This entire force has been estimated by reliable Confederate authority at between six thousand and seven thousand men.

When McIntosh, shortly before one o'clock in the afternoon, came with his brigade upon the ground occupied by Custer for the purpose of relieving him, he made the necessary inquiries as to his picket line, and the position and force of the enemy. Everything was quiet at the time. Custer reported, however, that the enemy was all around, and that an attack might be expected at any moment. The First New Jersey was at once ordered out, mounted, to relieve Custer's pickets, taking position in the piece of woods on the Low Dutch Road, facing to the north-west, and the Third Pennsylvania and First Maryland were drawn up in columns of squadrons in a clover field west of the Lott house, awaiting developments. While in this position, and a few minutes after one o'clock, the tremendous artillery firing which preceded Pickett's attack began. Not being within range, however, the officers and men of the brigade, while allowing their horses to graze, looked with astonishment upon the magnificent spectacle.

As soon as the Michigan Brigade had begun to move off for

the purpose of joining Kilpatrick near Round Top, McIntosh, who had looked well over the ground, determined to ascertain what force was in his front without waiting to be attacked. Accordingly, about two o'clock, he ordered Major Beaumont to move the First New Jersey forward toward the wooded crest about five-eighths of a mile in front of him and a short distance beyond Rummel's, expecting there to find the enemy. This movement was a signal for the deployment of a skirmish line from Rummel's barn, where a strong picket force of the enemy had been concealed, and which at once occupied a line of fences a short distance in front. The First New Jersey was dismounted and took position behind a fence running parallel with that occupied by the enemy, the right of the line under Major Janeway and the left under Captain Boyd, and immediately became hotly engaged. Two squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania, under Captains Rogers and Treichel, and the Purnell Troop, were deployed dismounted to the left in the open fields, and the three other squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania, under Captains Miller, Walsh and Hess, deployed mounted to the extreme right of the whole line in the woods covering the cross-road above mentioned running toward the enemy's position — Miller on the left of the road and Walsh on the right. To meet this movement the Confederate skirmish line was strongly reinforced by dismounted men, and a battery was placed in position in front of the wooded crest back of the Rummel house.

The Confederate battery now opened fire, and Pennington, whose battery had not yet moved off, but was still in position on the Hanover Road near the Spangler house, replied with promptness. McIntosh at once sent back for Randol and his guns, at the same time reporting to General Gregg that he was engaged with a greatly superior force, and requesting that Irvin's Gregg's Brigade be sent up at a trot to support him. That Brigade was yet some distance off, and Gregg, meeting Custer on the march in the opposite direction, ordered him to return and reinforce McIntosh, and to remain on the ground until the Third Brigade could be brought up. Custer, ever

ready for a fight, was not loth to do so. Heading his column about, he moved up at once to McIntosh's support, while General Gregg came upon the field and took command of the forces.

The enemy having filled the large barn at Rummel's with sharpshooters, who, while picking off our men, were completely protected from our fire, Captain Randol, upon coming on the ground, placed in position, on the edge of an orchard back of the Howard house, a section of his battery under Lieutenant Chester, and opened upon the barn. Shell after shell from Pennington's battery and Chester's section struck the building, soon compelling the enemy to abandon it, and, as he did so, the centre of our line advanced and occupied the enemy's line of fences near the farm-buildings. Having thus pierced his line, a force was sent out to take the enemy in flank, which succeeded in driving back the portions of Jenkins' Brigade in front of our left centre. This movement caused the left of the enemy's line, held by the dismounted skirmishers of Hampton's and Fitz Lee's Brigades, to give way also. The centre and left of our line were thus advanced, and four squadrons of the Sixth Michigan went into position dismounted along Little's Run, on the left of the Purnell Troop, extending still further to the left, so as to cover the Hanover Road, the remainder of the regiment supporting them. Randol's second section, under Lieutenant Kinney, an officer of General Tyler's staff who had volunteered to serve with the battery, having come up, he placed it to the left and rear of Chester's section. By the accuracy of their fire and superior range, the two batteries soon silenced the enemy's guns on the crest back of Rummel's, as also some others in position more to our left on Brinkerhoff's Ridge.

Meanwhile a column of Confederate cavalry began to move out of the woods to make a charge upon the right of our line, but it was at once driven back, with some loss, by the effective fire of our artillery.

As the ammunition of the First New Jersey and Third Pennsylvania was becoming exhausted, the Fifth Michigan, armed with Spencer repeating carbines, was ordered to relieve them, and moved up to the front, dismounted, along the line of fences

which intersected the field lengthwise. No sooner had it reached the line than a dismounted regiment from W. H. F. Lee's Brigade advanced to the support of the enemy's skirmishers, and made a terrific onslaught upon the position. The Fifth Michigan, though short of ammunition from the beginning of the fight, and the troops it had come up to relieve, held the ground stubbornly. When the fire had slackened, the First New Jersey and the two Third Pennsylvania squadrons, which had been ordered to retire when the Fifth Michigan came up, endeavored to withdraw. The enemy, believing it a signal of retreat, advanced, first on the right and then on the left. The Jerseymen and Pennsylvanians came back upon the line and assisted in the repulse of the attack, and again and again was this repeated.

The right of the First New Jersey and of the Fifth Michigan remained at their part of the line until the last cartridge was used and the last pistol emptied, and then fell back, but not until they had suffered heavily, among the killed being the gallant Major Ferry of the Fifth Michigan. This movement was taken advantage of by the enemy, and the First Virginia, of Fitz Lee's Brigade, was ordered to charge upon our right centre. As it was seen to start, McIntosh rode over quickly to the Lott house, where he had left the First Maryland prepared for such an emergency. Gregg, however, upon coming on the field, had moved the regiment over to the right to cover the Low Dutch and Hanover Roads for the purpose of guarding more effectually that important quarter. The Seventh Michigan, which was to take its place, was just then coming upon the field from the direction of the Reeve house in column of fours. Custer, who was near, also saw the emergency, ordered close column of squadrons to be formed at the gallop, and advanced with it to meet the attack.

As the First New Jersey retired, the right of the Fifth Michigan swung back and took a position behind the fence which ran nearly parallel with the line of the charging column.

The Seventh Michigan advanced boldly to meet the First Virginia, but, on coming up to a stone and rail fence, instead of pushing across it, began firing with their carbines. The First

Virginia came on, in spite of the heavy fire, until it reached the fence from the other side. Both regiments then fought face to face across the fence with their carbines and revolvers, while a scorching fire was centred upon the First Virginia from either flank. The enemy's reinforcements at last came up, and assisted the First Virginia to pass the fence, whereupon the Seventh Michigan gave way, the enemy following in close pursuit.

The First Virginia, becoming strung out by this movement, was exposed to a terrific fire from the two batteries in front and the skirmish lines on the flanks, while a battalion of the Fifth Michigan, which had succeeded in mounting, advanced under Major Trowbridge to assist the Seventh. It was more than even the gallant First Virginia could stand, and it was compelled to fall back on its supports, which were fast advancing to its assistance.*

Just then there appeared in the distance, emerging from behind the screen of woods on the cross-road by Stallsmith farm, a large mass of cavalry — the brigades of Hampton and Fitz Lee.† Every one saw at once that unless this, the grandest attack of all, were checked, the fate of the day would be decided against the Army of the Potomac. They were Stuart's last reserves, and his last resource. If the Baltimore Pike was to be reached, and havoc created in our rear, the important moment had arrived, as Pickett was even then moving up to the assault of Cemetery Ridge.

In close columns of squadrons, advancing as if in review,

*The statement that this preliminary charge was made by the First Virginia Cavalry of Fitz Lee's Brigade is based upon the authority of General Stuart's report, confirmed by a letter of General Fitzhugh Lee. General Stuart further states that the First North Carolina and Jeff Davis Legion were sent to the support of the First Virginia, and that gradually the hand-to-hand fighting involved the greater portion of his command. On the other hand the Rev. George Beale, then a lieutenant in the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, in a letter written a few days after the battle, and published in vol. xi. Southern Historical Society Papers, p. 320, stated that the charge was made by the Ninth and Thirteenth Virginia of W. H. F. Lee's Brigade, commanded by Chambliss. General Wade Hampton states in his report that, seeing that a portion of Chambliss' command was being driven back by a large force, he ordered the First North Carolina and Jeff Davis Legion to its support, which drove our people back, but encountering our reserves in heavy force his and Fitz Lee's Brigades charged, and in the hand-to-hand fight which then occurred he was wounded.

No official reports of the battle made by General Fitzhugh Lee or Colonel Chambliss are to be found among the Confederate official records in the War Department.

†According to the writer's diary this was about three o'clock.

with sabres drawn and glistening like silver in the bright sunlight,— the spectacle called forth a murmur of admiration. It was, indeed, a memorable one. Chester, whose guns were nearest, opened fire at once, with a range of three-fourths of a mile. Pennington and Kinney soon did the same. Canister and shell were poured into the steadily approaching columns as fast as the guns could fire. The dismounted men fell back to the right and left, and such as could got to their horses. The mounted skirmishers rallied and fell into line. Then Gregg rode over to the First Michigan, which, as it had come upon the field a short time before, had formed close column of squadrons supporting the batteries, and gave the word to charge. As Town ordered sabres to be drawn and the column to advance, Custer dashed up with similiar orders, and placed himself at its head. The two columns drew nearer and nearer, the Confederates outnumbering their opponents three or four to one. The gait increased — first the trot, and then the gallop. Hampton's battle-flag floated in the van of his brigade. The orders of the Confederate officers could be heard, "Keep to your sabres, men, keep to your sabres!" for the lessons they had learned at Brandy Station and at Aldie had been severe. There the cry had been, "Put up your sabres! Draw your pistols and fight like gentlemen!" But the sabre was never a favorite weapon with the Confederate cavalry, and now, in spite of the lessons of the past, the warnings of the present were not heeded by all.

As the charge was ordered the speed increased, every horse on the jump, every man yelling like a demon. The columns of the Confederates blended, but the perfect alignment was maintained. Chester put charge after charge of double canister into their midst, his men bringing it up to the guns by the armful. The execution was fearful, but the long rents closed up at once. As the opposing columns drew nearer and nearer, each with perfect alignment, every man gathered his horse well under him, and gripped his weapon the tighter. Though ordered to retire his guns, toward which the head of the assaulting column was directed, Chester kept on firing until the enemy was within fifty yards, and the head of the First Michigan had come into

the line of his fire. Staggered by the fearful execution of the two batteries, the men in the front of the Confederate column drew in their horses and wavered. Some turned, and the column fanned out to the right and left, but those behind came pressing on. Custer, seeing the men in the front ranks of the enemy hesitate, waved his sabre and shouted, "Come on, you wolverines!" and with a fearful yell the First Michigan swept on, Custer four lengths ahead.

McIntosh, as he saw the Confederate column advancing, sent his Adjutant-General, Captain Walter S. Newhall, with orders to Rogers and Treichel to rally their men for a charge on the flank as it passed. But sixteen men could get their horses, and with five officers they made for the battle-flag. Newhall, sharing the excitement of the moment, rushed in, by the side of Rogers and Treichel, at the head of the little band. Miller, whose squadron of the Third Pennsylvania was already mounted, fired a volley from the woods on the right as the Confederate column passed parallel with his line, and then, with sabres drawn, charged into the overwhelming masses of the enemy.

The small detachment of the Third Pennsylvania under Rogers and Treichel struck the enemy first, all making for the color-guard. Newhall was about seizing the flag when a sabre cut was directed at his head, and he was compelled to parry it. At the same moment the color-bearer lowered his spear and struck Newhall full in the face, knocking him senseless to the ground. Nearly every officer and man in the little band was killed or wounded. Almost at the same moment, Miller, with his squadron of the Third Pennsylvania, struck the left flank about two-thirds of the way down the column. Going through and through, he cut off the rear portion and drove it back past Rummel's up to the Confederate battery, and nothing but the heavy losses which he had suffered, and the scattering of his men, prevented his going farther and taking it, wounded though he was.

Meanwhile the heads of the two columns had met — the one led by Hampton and Fitz Lee, and the other by Custer — and were fighting hand to hand. McIntosh, with his staff and

orderlies, and such scattered men from the Michigan and other regiments as he could get together, charged in with their sabres. For minutes, which seemed like hours, amid the clashing of the sabres, the rattle of the small arms, the frenzied imprecations, the demands to surrender, the undaunted replies and the appeals for mercy, the Confederate column stood its ground. Captain Thomas of the staff, seeing that a little more was needed to turn the tide, cut his way over to the woods on the right, where he knew he could find Hart, who had remounted his squadron of the First New Jersey. In the *mêlée*, near the colors, was an officer of high rank, and the two headed the squadron for that part of the fight. They came in reach of him with their sabres, and then it was that Wade Hampton was wounded.

By this time the edges of the Confederate column had begun to wear away, and the outside men to draw back. As Hart's squadron and the other small parties charged in from all sides, the enemy turned. Then there was a pellmell rush, our men following in close pursuit. Many prisoners were captured, and many of our men, through their impetuosity, were carried away by the overpowering current of the retreat.

The pursuit was kept up past Rummel's, and the enemy was driven back into the woods beyond. The line of fences and the farm-buildings, the key-point of the field, which in the beginning of the fight had been in the possession of the enemy, remained in ours until the end. The enemy, however, established and maintained a skirmish line on his side of the farm-buildings, and for a time kept up a brisk firing, but all serious fighting for the day was over, for Pickett's simultaneous attack upon Cemetery Ridge had also been repulsed, and the victory along our line was complete. Skirmishing and some desultory artillery firing were kept up at intervals by both forces until after nightfall, these disturbances being for the most part caused by the enemy's endeavor to recover his killed and wounded, who were lying thickly strewn over the field in our possession. At dark Stuart withdrew to the York Turnpike, preparatory to covering the retreat of Lee's army toward the Potomac. In the evening Custer's Brigade was ordered to join its division. Gregg

remained all night in possession of the field of the hand-to-hand contest, and in the morning his Third Brigade started in pursuit of the retreating enemy.*

The brunt of the fighting in Gregg's Division was borne by the Third Pennsylvania and First New Jersey Cavalry regiments, for, by the time the Third Brigade had come up, the Michigan Brigade had gotten so deeply into the fight that it could not be withdrawn. The Third Brigade, together with the First Massachusetts Cavalry, which latter, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Greeley S. Curtis, had come upon the field during the fight, and Rank's section of artillery, had consequently been held in reserve, close at hand, drawn up in column of regiments on the south side of the Hanover Road west of the Low Dutch Road, near the Spangler house. The Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry remained all day, and until late into the night, upon the skirmish line established in the morning, interchanging at frequent intervals a brisk firing with the enemy's infantry, especially about the Deodorf farm-buildings which were filled with his sharpshooters, and at one time repulsing a vigorous attack upon the line, thus efficiently maintaining the connection between our infantry and cavalry, and guarding against a flank attack from that quarter of the field. The moral effect of the presence of these troops in full view of the field of the fighting, and easily observed from the enemy's position, went far toward securing successful results of the day.

The losses of the Confederate cavalry were undoubtedly heavy, but were never ascertained. General Gregg reported his losses to be, one officer and thirty-three enlisted men killed, seventeen officers and one hundred and forty enlisted men wound-

*The Comte de Paris states (Vol III., Am. Ed., Hist. of Civil War in America, page 673, &c.) that Stuart's object was to move his command west of Cress' Ridge, so as to turn the left of the Union cavalry unobserved, and thus separating it from the rest of the army, to strike the Baltimore Turnpike without waiting for the issue of the great struggle, in order to create a panic in the rear of our main line of battle, the effect of which would be decisive on the battle-field; but that his presence having been disclosed by the debouching of Hampton's and Fitz Lee's Brigades into the open fields beyond Rummel's, and McIntosh having forced the fighting, he (Stuart) was compelled to leave these brigades to detain the Union cavalry north of the Hanover Road while he continued his movement with Jenkins' Brigade and that commanded by Chambliss, which also were soon forced to join in the fight, the consequence being that he was prevented from accomplishing his object.

ed, and one officer and one hundred and three enlisted men missing — total, two hundred and ninety-five. [Custer in his official report stated his losses to be, nine officers and sixty-nine enlisted men killed, twenty-five officers and two hundred and seven enlisted men wounded, and seven officers and two hundred and twenty-five enlisted men missing — total, five hundred and forty-two.]*

It has been said that Gregg's fight at Gettysburg was one of the finest cavalry fights of the war. To borrow the language of Custer in his report of it: "I challenge the annals of warfare to produce a more brilliant or successful charge of cavalry than the one just recounted."

Stuart, according to his custom, claimed in his official report that the Union cavalry was driven from the field of the engagement, thus insinuating that he was the victor of the fight, and the other Confederates are now doing likewise. That we, on the contrary, remained masters of the field is maintained by Generals Pleasonton, Gregg and Custer, and Colonels Town and Alger, in their official reports. In denying Stuart's unwarranted insinuation, you, my comrades, will also bear me out. †

*General Custer, in his official report of the services of his brigade in the battle, inadvertently included his losses in the whole Gettysburg campaign. Though suspected at the time the text was written, this was not definitely ascertained to be a fact until the official records in the War Department, subsequently collated, proved it to be so. The writer was careful in the text to assume no responsibility in quoting General Custer's estimate of losses. General Gregg's estimate included as well the losses of McIntosh's and Irvin Gregg's brigades as those in Custer's brigade. Owing to much fuller complement of the latter and the numbers engaged the proportion of its losses was much larger than those of the other brigades. According to the final corrected statement prepared by the War Department its records show the losses to have been as follows: July 2d, in McIntosh's and Irvin Gregg's brigades, four enlisted men killed, twelve enlisted men wounded, and one officer and three enlisted men captured and missing — total, twenty; July 3d, in McIntosh's, Irvin Gregg's and Custer's brigades, one officer and twenty-nine enlisted men killed, eighteen officers and one hundred and thirty-one enlisted men wounded, and seventy-five enlisted men captured and missing — total, two hundred and fifty-four: total on the right flank, July 2d and 3d, three hundred and nine. This estimate does not include the losses of the batteries.

In consequence of the movements of the cavalry during and following the battle, and the lapse of time before the rolls were prepared, some of the killed were included in the report of "captured and missing."

†As has been stated in the text, the Union cavalry, at one time, when the two Confederate brigades almost reached our guns, was nearly driven from the field of the main fight, but Stuart omits to report correctly what followed our counter-charge, and his words leave an incorrect impression.

Since the Union and Confederate commanders each claimed to have driven the other from the field, the Comte de Paris endeavors to settle the question by stating that the ground was abandoned by both parties.

We cavalymen have always held that we saved the day at the most critical moment of the battle of Gettysburg — the greatest battle and the turning-point of the War of the Rebellion. I know that it has not been the custom among historians to give us credit for having done so, nor, except very recently, to give us credit for having done anything. So fierce was the main engagement, of which the infantry bore the brunt, that the fighting of the cavalry passed almost unnoticed; yet this was the only battle of the War in which the three arms of the service fought in combination and at the same time, each within supporting distance and within sight of the other, and each in its proper sphere. The turmoil incident to an active campaign allowed us no opportunity to write up our achievements, and no news correspondents were allowed to sojourn with us to do it for us. But now that the official records of the campaign, both Union and Confederate, have been brought together, and, for the first time, been made accessible, and the official map of this field has been prepared, the Great Historian of the War will have at hand materials which have been denied to others. He will see the importance of the fight which I have attempted to describe, and will give it the credit due to it. Had Stuart succeeded in his well-laid plan, and, with his large force of cavalry, struck the Army of the Potomac in the rear of its line of battle, simultaneously with Pickett's magnificent and furious assault in its front, when our infantry had all it could do to hold on to the line of Cemetery Ridge, and but little more was needed to make the assault a success, — the merest tyro in the art of war can readily tell what the result would have been. Fortunately for us, fortunately for the Army of the Potomac, fortunately for our Country and the cause of human liberty, he failed. Thank God that he did fail, and that, with His Divine Assistance, the good fight fought here brought victory to our arms!

Comrades, your work here is now done — well done. This Shaft, beautiful in its simplicity, will stand when we are gone, to point out in silence, from far and near, and for all time, let us hope, the spot on which you fought so well.

Before we part, never perhaps to meet again, let us not forget to pause one moment, and in our inmost thoughts pay a reverent tribute to the memory of those brave men, our companions-in-arms, who here poured forth the full measure of their lives' devotion for the Cause they loved. And what shall I say to those who yet survive? That you, my comrades, bore each your share in that good fight will always be to you a pleasing memory, and when your children and your children's children hear and read of what you did on this historic field, it will ever be to them a source of honorable pride that you fought with Gregg on the Right Flank at Gettysburg.

“Oh! glorious field of Gettysburg!
High in the rolls of fame,
With Waterloo and Marathon
Shall men inscribe thy name!”

FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

CAMPAIGN II.

APRIL, 1891.

CALL 4.

ATTENTION, COMRADES.

With this Call ends the first year of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE. Its purpose, as you all understand by this time, is: first, to publish the reports of the reunions of our regiment, the publication of which had been suspended for many years; secondly, to present to the comrades, from time to time, such material concerning the grand old regiment and its history, as well as matters pertaining to the cavalry service generally during the war, as will be interesting to them; thirdly, and this is, after all, of the most interest and importance, to give the comrades an opportunity to tell the stories of their own experiences, in their own way, to all the comrades, and thus each one assist in the preservation of the unwritten history of the regiment. Some of the comrades have already recognized this, and have touched our elbow grandly as we have prepared for the press the copy for each succeeding Call. To such we return the heartiest soldierly thanks, and say to them, "Go on with your good work—send us

more letters and stories of the war, and thus do yourselves honor, and encourage other comrades to follow your example."

Comrades — we want you all to take hold and help us, after you have responded to the demands of Gen. Cilley. We want stories, incidents, and reminiscences, of the days of '61—'65, and we want letters written and diaries kept during those stirring days. Every one of you can give some personal recollections of the service, such as no other comrade can do. Remember that no two comrades looked upon the same thing in the same way; no two saw the same fight, the same skirmish, the same march, the same scout, the same tour of picket, the same days in winter quarters, with the same eyes, or from the same standpoint. A dozen stories of the same engagement, written by the same number of participants, would all be different, would each contain some fact or some incident that none of the others contained, and yet all would be needed to make

the whole complete. No two comrades had the same experiences. We want all those experiences, and you want us to have them all, if you will only stop to consider the matter. Consider that in this way you may put yourself on record correctly, for the benefit of history, and that your children may read, long after you have joined the majority, how their fathers fought and suffered for the country and the flag.

We want these experiences told by you in your own way. You say you cannot write them, some of you, and you honestly think you cannot. But will you allow yourselves to think that a man who served in the gallant First Maine Cavalry cannot put his service on record? You can tell of it, can you not, around the camp-fire or the hearth-stone? Of course you can, so you can write of it, if you will only think so. We do not ask for literary gems, or specimens of fine writing, or rhetorical effect, or high-sounding sentences. We want the stories just as you would tell them. Remember, your writing, good or poor, will be seen only by us and by the printer,—the comrades will not see it,—and when you see your communication, which you perhaps forwarded to us with fear and trembling, in print, you will be surprised to see how well you have told your story. You will find spelling, grammar, punc-

tuation, etc., all correct, and if you have, perchance, spelled a word wrong in writing, you will never find it in print. Tell the stories, and give the reminiscences in your own way. It is more than likely that your own mode of expression will call you back to the mind of some other comrade quicker, much quicker, than your face or your name would do. No matter if the story is long or short, tell it. Think what a treat it will be to read letters from scores of the comrades of the grand old regiment, in each succeeding Call, and make up your mind to send in your quota with the rest of them. Experiences of the camp, the field, the picket-line, the raid, the march, the hospital, the prison—of any part of the service—are what you will all like to read, and some part of which you all can write.

One of the best stories of war experience that has been printed was written by a man who went into the service a mere boy, as so many of you did. He had not the advantages of even a common-school education, in a country town. His story, when written, it was our fortune to prepare for the printer. It is safe to say that three out of five words (except the most ordinary words) were misspelled; that the rules of grammar would n't apply to three out of five of his sentences; and that the strict rules of construction would

get lonesome in reading that manuscript. We put it into shape; we spelled the words correctly, of course; we corrected the grammar except where correct grammar would weaken the force of the sentences; and as for the construction, we meddled with that very little, preferring to let the author's own quaint expressions stand. The story was printed—a small pamphlet—and in a very short time went out of print, and could be purchased only at a premium. To-day it can be purchased only at a very high premium. The secret of its success was that the comrade told his story in his own way, and that is just what we want you all to do. Do not be afraid of sending too many. When we begin to get over-crowded we will call a halt.

On the Right Flank at Gettysburg.

The comrades will all be much interested in reading the vivid description of the services of the old Second Cavalry Division (our old and loved commander, Gen. David McM. Gregg) on the right flank at Gettysburg, July 3d, 1863. As indicated in the heading, it is the historical sketch prepared for and delivered at the services of dedication of the division monument, erected on the site of the engagement, by Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. We republish

it by the kind permission of the author, that all the comrades may have a good idea of the importance to the Union cause of the services of the cavalry on that decisive day of the engagement, and with the intention of supplementing it in the next Call with an account of the remainder of the services of dedication.

Sons of the First Maine.

To show the loyalty to the memory of our regiment that exists in our sons, the following incident is given, concerning a son of Meander Dennett, of Co. K, now assistant paymaster in one of the large Lewiston mills. The little fellow was attending a primary school in Lewiston, and one day the teacher, in talking to the school concerning the War of the Rebellion, desired to bring in Gen. Grant's name and arouse an interest, and in conversation with the scholars asked them, "Who put down the Rebellion?" Instantly young Dennett's hand went into the air, and the teacher, much pleased with the ready response, asked him to inform the school who put down the Rebellion. With the utmost confidence the little fellow replied, "The First Maine Cavalry." That's the way, comrades, to bring up your children, to love and honor the old flag and what it means, and to love and honor the grand old regiment in which their

fathers served for the stars and stripes. Then take the sons to Houlton next summer and have them organize "The Sons of the First Maine Cavalry."

The First Maine and the G. A. R.

The following items from the Twenty-fourth Annual Encampment of the Department of Maine, Grand Army of the Republic, held in Portland, Feb. 18th and 19th, 1891, will be of interest:—

The number of First Maine Cavalrymen entitled to vote, either as delegates or by office, was forty-seven.

Augustus R. Devereaux was elected a member of the Council of Administration, and Jonathan P. Cilley delegate to the National Encampment at Detroit, Mich.

Comrade Devereaux has recently been appointed Postmaster of Ellsworth, Me.

Samuel Burrows, Co. B, was present and a member of the Encampment as Commander of the G. A. R. Post at Waldoboro. He is Postmaster of Broad Bay in his town.

A large number of comrades not members of the Encampment were present, among whom was C. F. Dam, Co. F, whom Portland is about to honor by electing to her Common Council.

The Department of Maine numbers one hundred sixty-one Posts. Of these fourteen are named after comrades in our regiment, viz:—

Stephen Davis Post, No. 11, Pittsfield; Vincent Mountford Post, No. 22, Brunswick; C. S. Douty Post, No. 23,

Foxcroft; Joseph E. Colby Post, No. 41, Rumford; E. H. Bradstreet Post, No. 44, Liberty; Chas. D. Thompson Post, No. 77, Springfield; N. W. Mitchell Post, No. 80, West Newfield; Ansel G. Taylor Post, No. 95, Caribou; Eli Parkman Post, No. 119, East Corinth; Louis O. Cowan Post, No. 131, North Berwick; Edmund B. Clayton Post, No. 134, Strong; Fred A. Norwood Post, No. 146, Rockport; Chas. K. Johnson Post, No. 152, Carmel; Addison P. Russell Post, No. 159, Houlton.

A Yankee Sea-Captain in Japan.

Comrade Melville B. Cook of Co. B, in his "Japan; a Visit to the Island Empire," tells the following good story, which will be appreciated by all his comrades:—

While spending an evening in Kioto with another Yankee captain, we strayed to the billiard-room and engaged in play at the one table which the hotel afforded. Soon after, four English tourists came in, two of whom were gentlemen, while the other two were inclined to be snobbish. The two latter looked upon the game for a while with disgust, wishing to have the table themselves, and evidently, by their remarks and actions, were looking for some way to mildly insult us. At last one of them backed up to the fire, which was in an open grate, lifted his coat-tails with a deal of satisfaction, and remarked so loudly that we could not fail to hear, "This is the only thing an Englishman ever turns his back upon—a good fire in a grate." The intent of the remark was so plain that it could not help being noticed, as it was at once by my friend, who turned to the Englishman, and in a quiet manner remarked, "You must have forgotten Bunker Hill and New Orleans." It occurred to him as soon as he had spoken that there might be an objection to Bunker Hill, but there was no need to make a correction, for the fellow, muttering something, left the room, followed by his friend. His other two countrymen seemed to enjoy the retort, made our acquaintance, and we four passed a pleasant evening together.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

The North American Copperhead.

There was one character developed by the war which the political writers of the present generation appear to have neglected or overlooked—a character so unnatural and so unexpected, so conspicuous and so potent in all the years of the war, as to merit a separate page to perpetuate its infamy. I refer, of course, to the North American copperhead.

The slight of a creature so overflowing with contemptuous enmity against the national government and its adherents, from whatever cause, is no less a crime against the patriotic virtue of loyal Americans than would be an equal slight of those who fought the battles and preserved the unity of the nation.

It is true, the patriotism and the purposes of the union volunteer have been recognized and recorded, and his place upon the pages of our national history is alike honorable and enviable; the brave men of the South who fought us so hard and so long are remembered in kindness and sympathy, and all honorable Americans are proud of the record of their valor and their heroism; but the copperhead, that cowardly political assassin who lurked in the rear of our armies, is passed over in comparative silence, and children in their teens to-day have little knowledge of a character so vi-

ruent and so hostile to the cause in which we were engaged. Indeed, a just and true appreciation of the services and sacrifices of the loyal men of the North is impossible without a full knowledge and a clear understanding of the purposes and practices of that persistent and implacable host of traitorous cowards who gloried in the derisive title of copperheads.

Who were they, and why were they called copperheads? In some of our southern states is found a dangerous reptile of the rattlesnake family, best known as the copperhead. His home is in dark holes of the earth, under stones and rubbish, and he is sometimes seen in the tall grass of the meadows, but rarely ever in the bright sunlight. He seldom leaves his place of abode except forced by hunger or to gratify his insatiable passion for destroying with his deadly fangs creatures above him and better than he. In his native home he is recognized and regarded as the embodiment of all that is hideous and hateful, of all that is mean and malicious, and of all that is vile and venomous. In the early days of the war, by common consent, this expressive term was most fittingly applied to the enemies of the union in the northern or free states. It is a title, it is true, that flatters him—that poorly represents the baseness of his ingratitude and that fee-

bly indicates the contemptible meanness that characterized all his political acts when the unity of the nation was trembling in the balance and loyal men were struggling with their lives to maintain and perpetuate it.

It was he who assured the men of the South in their madness that the people of the North would tamely submit to separation or slavery, and that should any resistance by organized force to their proposed scheme for separation and disunion be offered, "the streets of the North would run with gore."

It was he who in almost every county of every loyal State sent forth his vile sheets, poisoning the springs of patriotism with his venom and befouling the streams of loyalty with his slimy influence. It was he who with a passion born of unalloyed cusdedness denominated the immortal Lincoln an "ape" and loyal soldiers "Lincoln's hirelings," and publicly expressed the hope that those who volunteered to fight for the "Lincoln government" might never return. Inhuman and senseless as a Spanish bull at the sight of a red rag, the presence of our national emblem, the stars and stripes, would rouse his base passions to frenzy, and language could not express the contempt he manifested for the flag we love and for which so many of our bravest and best gave their lives to sustain.

It was he who opposed with

every device devils could invent or suggest, every means and every measure designed to augment or to make more efficient our armies in the field and our fleets upon the sea. When we were sad in defeat and when thousands of our comrades were lying lifeless on the field; when other thousands were wounded and dying, and still other thousands less fortunate were on their way to the prison pens of the South, there to suffer the tortures of slow murder; and when our homes were filled with sorrow and anguish, mourning their sad losses, he would come forth from his abode with a satanic smile upon his fiendish face and dance and howl with joy until the scene was changed — until our armies were again victorious.

Ay, it was he who in the darkest days of the war, when our armies were depleted and unpaid; when the moral influence of every civilized nation of the whole earth, save one, was against us; when England, whom we have been taught to revere as our worthy maternal ancestor, proved a remorseless old mother-in-law and while affecting neutrality as between the contending parties, openly aided organized rebellion in its efforts to destroy the only remaining republican government in all the earth, and with her men and means directed by a Confederate pirate, swept the ocean of our commerce, the sad effects of which we yet suffer and deplore;

when the cloven hoof of the degenerate Frenchman was upon the neck of prostrate Mexico and in threatening attitude he stood impatiently waiting the expiring breath of the last republic, that he might leap forth to plunder and to share the spoils of a broken union, of a ruined republic!—it was then the depraved reptiles, the brazen copper heads, met in joyful conclave, animated and controlled a great political convention that voted the war for the suppression of the rebellion a failure and demanded peace at any price, even to the planting of despotisms upon this freedom consecrated soil of ours. Then it was, the autumn and early winter of '64, we experienced our supremest peril, and well for us our sight was veiled, that we knew it not; but now we tremble as we realize how near we stood to the slippery brink of the dark abyss of disunion, anarchy and woe. During all these days of doubt and of danger, when all the elements of darkness seemed conspired against us, the copperhead was in ecstasies, but Five Forks and the consequent evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg in the spring of '65 drove him hopeless to his hole, from which he emerged in a body to curse the nation but a single time more. When Appomattox was won and the men in gray who had fought us in vain so long willingly laid down their

arms and gladly returned to their homes, when a single flag with many stars waved over a nation reunited and free indeed, when we realized that the great object for which we had so long contended had at last been accomplished, and when the whole patriotic North was ablaze with patriotic joy and delight, intelligence flashed forth from the Capitol that our beloved President had been shot by the hand of a confederate assassin! Never in the life of any nation were grief and gladness so suddenly commingled. Instantly strong men were weeping in their smiles and smiling in their tears. Brave Confederates who had sought so persistently to disrupt the union of the states, freely expressed their great sorrow and deep regrets for this causeless crime that had bereft a nation of its lawful head, and cast a cloud of gloom over all the land. But it was a gala day for the copperheads—their last glad day on earth. They were insane with joy, and insulted every loyal soul they met with blasphemous expressions of pleasure and delight. They even praised God! their god, the devil, for this crowning act in the closing scene of all those tragic years.

In his memorable address at the dedication of the monument at Gettysburg, President Lincoln gave expression to the pure sentiments of his great heart when he said “with malice

towards none, but with charity for all," etc. But I am constrained to believe that he had in mind only the erring men of the South who freely offered their lives for the cause in which they were engaged. In any event, when I remember that through the acts and influence

of the accursed copperheads the war was extended more than two long years, and in consequence more than 200,000 loyal lives were lost, I am free to confess that my charity ends and my malice begins at small-pox, yellow fever and copperheads.

H. C. HALL.

WHAT THE COMRADES HAVE TO SAY.

A Comrade's Story.

At the engagement of Black Run, while the regiment was drawn up in line on the crest of the hill, Gen. Smith, Col. Cilley and Maj. Chadbourne were dismounted and seated at the foot of a large oak tree, to the front of the regiment and about half-way down the hill, preparing to make a square meal from a ten cent box of sardines. A short distance to the right stood James T. Williams, acting orderly, who had one eye on that box of sardines and the other on his horse, thinking, no doubt, how he could capture that box. Just about that time Col. Cilley looked up from his dinner, and seeing Williams, ordered him to bring them some hard-tack to go with the sardines. As Williams turned to his horse, there was a yell from the woods below, and a column of graybacks came charging out upon the road. Gen. Smith and Major Chadbourne immediately sprang upon their horses and dashed up the hill to the regiment. Col. Cilley was less fortunate. His horse had started down the hill in the direction of the Johnnies. He called to Williams, who was already mounted, to bring his horse. Williams immediately dashed down the hill at the top of his horse's speed, overtaking the colonel's horse within ten feet of the rebs, who ordered him to surrender, but with a "Go to —"

he wheeled and dashed back to where Col. Cilley stood, revolver in hand, amidst a shower of bullets. Col. Cilley was soon in the saddle, and both he and Williams escaped without a scratch. What troubled him most was to know what became of that box of sardines.

(See pp. 290 — 292, History.)

Letter from James T. Williams.

SALISBURY POINT STATION,

Feb. 14th, 1891.

My Dear General, — The BUGLE received; many thanks. I do not know whether I gave you a dollar for the same at our last reunion or not, the boys were all after me so when I arrived, but to make sure, I will enclose \$1 as I do not wish to be behind in anything that will tend to keep the gallant old First Maine Cavalry before the public. I wrote Comrade Tobie a few days ago, giving him an account of your narrow escape at Black Run with sardines thrown in. I shall be pleased to assist you in any way; you have only to command; you know I was always a good boy to obey orders while under you. I was unable to attend the last banquet on account of sickness; had not been out for a week at the time. Shall hope to see you at Detroit if not before.

Yours forever,

J. T. WILLIAMS.

(See p. 523, History.)

Letter from W. W. Williams, Co. D, Tenth New York Cavalry, and Orderly for General Gregg.

ROME, N. Y. Sept. 1st, 1890.

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

Dear Comrade— I received a copy of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE not long ago and I am greatly pleased with it— not with the book alone, but with the object aimed at. In the course of time you will be able to publish a full and correct history of the gallant old regiment. I have a copy of your history and I have discovered a few errors and omissions.

(Page 170, Comrade Co. M.) The night of June 20th, Gen. Gregg's headquarters were in Middleburg at the hotel. About eight or nine P. M. he called for an orderly. I answered the call. He called me into a room and said, "I am going to send you to Thoroughfare Gap to bring up Col. Taylor's brigade; here are the orders; read them so you will be sure to remember them, then hide the despatch in the lining of your clothes, and if you see there is a probability of your being captured, be sure and destroy the despatch; then if you succeed in getting through you will know what the orders were; better take a man with you, and hurry back." I took Parker G. Lunt. We got through all right. It must have been past midnight when I found Col. Taylor. I asked him how soon he would start. Said he, "As soon as light." Parker and I were very tired, so we lay down to get a little rest. If the brigade started that early we would get back to headquarters soon enough. Gen. Gregg got uneasy because we did not come back as soon as he thought we should, and concluded we had been "picked up." So he sent a sergeant and ten or twelve men, but they did not get half way before the Johnnies

run them back. After they reported, then the general called for a squadron, so you see the First Maine was instrumental in bringing the brigade.

(Page 229, Jan. 1st, 1864.) The division, under command of General Gregg left Warrenton about noon, camped the first night in a grove near Orleans. The grove might protect a person from the sun in summer, but it was no protection from cold that night. I froze both great toes so that they peeled afterwards. Next day, going over the mountains at a place called Black Rock we found a small distillery. Those in advance, most of them, got their canteens full of the liquor, but when headquarters came up the orders were to destroy it. When the barrels were overturned the whiskey ran out on the frozen ground and every imprint of a hoof or foot filled with whiskey, and the soldiers got down on their bellies and drank it off the ground. We camped at Front Royal that night. Next morning I saw about a squadron move out. I thought it was the advance guard, and decided to go with them. When we had fairly entered Manassas Gap I saw some horses on the side of the mountain to my left. I caught the best looking one, and the owner came and begged of me not to take the horse as it was a broken-down army horse that General McClellan gave him, and that was all he had to "make his crap with." When I had talked with him a few minutes, I looked for the advance guard, but they had passed out of sight, and I could see nothing of the main column coming. The thought came to me that I had better look for friends. When I rode down into the road again I saw a cavalryman with a blue overcoat on ride down the mountain on my right. He rode along the run in the direction I was going; I thought

him one of the advance guard. I could see where he would cross the run by a mill and come into the road where I was, by a house. I thought to overtake him and ride along with him. When I arrived at the house he was about eight or ten rods from me. I stopped and was about to call to him to hurry up, when he raised his revolver and fired at me. I got my revolver as soon as I could, and when we had exchanged a couple of shots apiece, two men came out of the house. I thought they might be loaded for me too, so I got out of range. When I had ridden a while I met a squad coming back to ascertain the cause of the firing. When we had overtaken the rest, I learned that what I had supposed was the advance guard was a hundred men detailed to go through to Warrenton with despatches that night, and Captain Wallstein Phillips was bearer of the despatches. He gave me some fatherly advice about foraging on my own hook. At Salem in a large white house we found quite a party of young people assembled, and among them were four or five rebels with their new uniforms on. When our men took them out there were many tears shed by the ladies. Those that were not crying were hurling their choicest epithets at us. We rode on a few miles farther and found a rebel soldier that had been with the army of Northern Virginia for two years. He had just put his horse in an old shed and was in the house ("too cold to sit on fence that day") shaking hands with his mother and sister, when he was ordered to fall in. We arrived at Warrenton about dark; Captain Phillips procured a fresh mount and escort and then proceeded to Cavalry Corps headquarters.

(Page 275.) "Went into camp on some fine bottom lands belonging to

an old lady, who was terribly exercised about it," etc. Not very old, about thirty-five or forty. The house stood on a ridge or terrace like, with a piazza facing the command. When General Gregg and staff came on the piazza she came out of the house, and stood for a minute or two looking at the cavalry (it was a beautiful sight; I remember it well—horses up to their knees in clover,—soldiers, some carrying rails, some driving stakes, some starting fires, others, with canteens, looking for water,) then she turned to the General and said, "I wish my bottom would open and swallow all you cavalry." General Gregg bit his lips and all the staff turned their heads.

(Page 223.) Courier being captured. If I remember right, this courier was Parker G. Lunt; it may have been Joseph A. Clarke,— he was captured between Fayetteville and Bealton Station almost within sight of camp. His horse was killed,— a fine mare that he got on Stoneman Raid.

Fight at St. Mary's Church, June 24th 1864— General Gregg's headquarters were by the battery towards the right of our line. When the rebel infantry attacked our cavalry the general sent me to start the ammunition and headquarter wagons toward Charles City Court House. When I had them started, I started to go back where I left the general. I had gone but a short distance when I met Major H. C. Weir, A. A. G. He asked where I was going. I said, "Up where the general is." Said he, "Come with me." He started in the direction of the left of our line. We had hardly got started when we saw Captain Phillips coming from the direction of the general. He seemed to be in the act of speaking to Major Weir when a solid shot passed back of his right leg, through his horse, and took his left leg off close to his

body. (He was riding obliquely across the field.) Horse and rider went down in a heap. The major dismounted as soon as he could and threw his bridle-rein to me, and then attempted to pull Captain Phillips from under the horse, for the horse was kicking him. Not being able to extricate him alone, he called two soldiers that were passing to assist, and while they were at work a shell burst over our heads and wounded the two men. Captain Phillips was put on a caisson and taken to Charles City Court House. He was buried under a tree and I used the only blanket I had to make him a shroud.

I think if you will investigate, you will find that Franklin McCauslin, of Co. C, was orderly at General Gregg's headquarters the winter of '64 and '65. At the battle of Hatchers Run, Feb. 5th, 1865, during a lull in the fight, General Gregg heard a newsboy calling out his papers back in the rear. He sent Frank to get him one of each kind. Frank got the papers and folded them, then put them inside of his jacket. I was going to General Warren's with despatches and met Frank on his way back. When I had got nearly within speaking distance of him I heard a "minnie" pass my left ear; the next instant I saw Frank tumble off his horse. I got to him as soon as possible. He was dead, apparently. I saw where the bullet had entered and the exclamation I made was, "Shot through the heart." When I unbuttoned his jacket and pulled the papers out the bullet dropped on the ground. It was flattened, and over his heart was a spot about the size of a silver dollar. It was nearly two weeks before he realized anything.

There was a man from the First Maine named H. Hurd detailed at Gregg's headquarters. I have heard him tell of Great Falls, N. H. and

Great Falls, Me. The river separated them. He said he lived in Great Falls, Me.

I would be much pleased to hear from the First Maine comrades that were at division headquarters. Excuse errors, etc.

Yours in F. C. and L.

W. W. WILLIAMS.

Formerly Co. D, Tenth N. Y. Cav.

P. S. Can you give me Major H. C. Weir's address.

(See pp. 293 — 300, 508, History.)

Letter from Lieut. H. S. Libby, Co. C.

MELROSE, MASS., Feb. 23d, 1891.

DEAR COMRADE TOBIE—More than a quarter of a century has passed away since we were "mustered out." How the events of that grand and eventful period, when we were fighting for "old glory" and the perpetuation of our glorious union, "one and inseparable," come crowding on the memory when we sit ourselves down by the evening lamp light and think of those days when we were marching through the dust and heat of summer, or the winter's cold and snowy blast. Do you recall the Mine Run campaign, that occurred in November, 1863? Do you remember that Thanksgiving morning—it was "Thanksgiving" in our good old State—cold, bleak and dreary, when we crossed the Rapidan at Ely's Ford and pushed our way to White Hall—and all the events that followed that dismal and cheerless episode, which was a part of our army life? But we never lost heart—never doubted the final triumph of the "Stars and Stripes," and all that it stood for. When we fell back you will doubtless remember that our regiment was the rear guard of the army crossing at Ely's Ford. You will further remember that we

were not molested by the enemy. It was said at the time, that, in some way, they had learned we were protecting the rear. They had too much respect for us and did not care to stir up a "hornet's nest." However that may be, they kept at a respectful distance. And soon after we had crossed the ford they came out of the woods—I can see them now. in my mind's eye, Horatio!—and deployed skirmishers, and moved forward slowly and cautiously as though they expected opposition from some source. But what I started out to relate, was some incidents that occurred after we had returned to our side of the river. Late in the afternoon Co. C was detailed for picket duty at the ford, and along the banks of the river. I was in command of the reserve which was in bivouac in the woods near a house which was "guarded." Near the house the cattle were herded in a small enclosure.

The pickets were not posted until after dark. I had two posts near the river, two men on each, located on quite high ground, with a deep depression between them, and quite near each other. I had just reached the reserve after instructing them, when a shot was heard from the direction of the picket lines, followed quickly by another. Orders were given and the reserve were soon mounted, and we proceeded rapidly to the river. We heard a commotion on our left and soon learned that it was one of the pickets, who informed us that a boat-load of the enemy had crossed over and landed, or had attempted to do so. I told him to fall in and we would find out what it was, but after a thorough search we failed to discover anything. The pickets resumed their positions and we were not again disturbed during the night.

After we returned to our bivouac, one of the men came to me and asked permission to kill some of the cattle in the pen near the house before mentioned. Of course I could not give it, but I did not make any objections. We had not drawn fresh beef for several days.

But I cheerfully remember that we had a very enjoyable breakfast of fresh beef and no questions asked. But very soon thereafter, there was much excitement. The "guard" was searching for the culprits, but the evidence of guilt had quickly disappeared in the deep woods.

Directly after this little event we drew fresh beef from our venerable and wealthy "Uncle Sam," who never allowed his soldiers to go hungry when he could reach them.

"Old Secesh" never knew *who* got his beef, but was, no doubt, satisfied *where* it went. We were highly satisfied and ought to feel grateful to him that we had such an opportunity to "confiscate" his cattle!

During the forenoon the picket was approached by a woman, who asked the occasion of the firing the night before, and was informed, as stated, of what they thought had caused it. She then said that her husband and brother worked in a mine on the opposite side of the river; that they lived on this side and crossed over in a boat and returned at night. Of the fact that a picket line had been placed at this point they were not aware, and took their boat as usual to return home—reached the shore and attempted to land, when the pickets fired at them, when they wisely returned from whence they came. That was her thought about the matter, and she no doubt was quite right.

I recall another incident of picket firing that happened at Turkey Run—

our winter quarters, 1863-64. It was a very dark and cloudy night. We had a small fire at the reserve, around which we were taking as much comfort as possible, when suddenly a shot came flying just above our heads. I mounted my horse and rode out to the picket and asked him what he was firing at. He said that some one approached his post and fired at him, at least he thought so. In the dark he had fired in the wrong direction, and taking the little flashes of our camp-fire for the flash of an enemy's gun, blazed away. He was a new recruit!

Yours in F. L. and C.,

H. S. LIBBY.

Letter from Major Hall.

WOBURN, MASS.,

February 4th, 1891.

E. P. TOBIE :

Dear Comrade, — I want to see more of that kind of letters written by Comrade Kenney. It is just what I tried hard to get when I was President of the association for the annual pamphlets, but was not satisfactorily successful. We are all pleased with and proud of our regimental history, and when we examine it we meet with two surprises: first, that we find so much of history and other important and interesting matter; second, that we find such a dearth of personal incidents in which the old regiment was so rich and full, which were, indeed, the warp and woof of its real and true history. Now, to my mind the BUGLE is a supplement to our valued history, in which the true or full history may be completed and perfected, if the remaining comrades will but perform the duty they owe to themselves and to posterity. Surely you and Gen. Cilley have undertaken a generous and patriotic work in giving the comrades an opportunity of placing a record of their ser-

vices in a form that shall be true, gratifying and enduring. You have already merited and won success, and yet there is a mountain of material before you, waiting only for the comrades to put it in form for use.

Very truly,

H. C. HALL.

(See p. 478, History.)

Letter from Lieut. Col. William Brooke-Rawle, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.,

February 6th, 1891.

EDWARD P. TOBIE :

My Dear Sir, — I have received your letter of the 3rd instant, together with the number of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE, for which please accept my thanks. I certainly can have no objections to your reprinting in your magazine my address delivered at the dedication of the cavalry shaft at Gettysburg in October, 1884. Indeed I would be very much gratified to see it done. I do not quite understand from your letter whether it is the intention merely to reprint that address, or to reprint the whole of the proceedings at the dedication. If you wish a copy of one or the other for the printer, let me know and I will send it to you.

I am very much pleased with the BUGLE. You may perhaps remember that copies of the reports of reunions of the First Maine Cavalry were sent to me. I do not remember which is the last one that I received, as the reports are up at my house, but I will send you word which is the last one I have, and if any reports of reunions have been issued since my last one I would like to have them. I would also like to receive the back numbers of the BUGLE as well as the future ones.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM BROOKE-RAWLE.

Letter from R. R. Bangs, Co. L.

WESCOTT, NEB., Feb. 24th, 1891.

TO EDITOR FIRST MAINE BUGLE:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find description of an incident that happened at the battle of Deep Bottom. If you care for such, I shall be pleased to have you use it.

As members of Co. L have furnished but few notes for the History, I am afraid the readers of the History will be led to believe that Co. L had not the same fighting qualities that some of the other companies had. I can relate an incident that will show that there was one man in Co. L that could fight. It was at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16th, 1864. After the rebels were reinforced and were making sad havoc among our men and horses (we being mounted at that time and the rebels close upon us), the command was given to "fours right-about!" in order to fall back as I suppose and dismount and fight on foot. After the command was given, but before we had time to execute it, Edmund Whitney's horse was shot dead. Whitney was my tent-mate at that time and was riding at my right hand. After we executed the command, I looked back to see if he was all right, but saw that his horse had fallen on his leg and that he was unable to get out. The rebs were but a short distance from us and they were sending their bullets around us pretty lively, and about that time opened on us with artillery, and were making it rather hot for us. I did not stop to think of anything except that I must get Whitney out, so I rode back to him, dismounted and gave him hold of the halter of my horse, then I took hold of his dead horse's head and tried to roll his horse up so he could get his leg out, but failed in my first attempt. When he saw that I had failed to release him, he requested me to leave

him and get out before I was taken prisoner, but I told him I would try once more. I did so, and got my knees down under his horse's neck and lifted every pound I was able to, and had the satisfaction of seeing him pull his leg out and stand on his feet. We could see the rebels but a few rods from us through the scrub pines, and knew that we were liable to be taken prisoners any moment.

I asked him to get on my horse, but he said no, that he was all right but for me to mount myself. I did so, and looked around to see what had become of him, when I saw him crouched behind a stump taking aim at a reb. I called to him to come on, and just at that moment a bullet struck my horse and he went down. We both got out dismounted. Just as my horse was shot, Sergeant Webster of our company came back to see if we were likely to get out, and ordered us to get out of there double quick. But what I wish to show is the fighting qualities that Whitney showed. After lying under his horse and expecting it to be the rebs that would take him out, and after getting out and knowing that he was likely to be taken prisoner every moment, still he was ready to fight. He had a very nice horse and he was mad to think the rebs had shot it, and I believe he would have faced a regiment and fought to the last moment. Hoping to hear from some of Co. L boys through the Bugle, I remain,

Yours in F. C. and L.,

R. R. BANGS,

Late Co. L, First Maine Cav.

Letter from James V. Wood, Co. I.

DAVID CITY, Nebraska, 1888.

Our history, page 612, speaks of Winsor B. Smith, of "K" Co. (of Portland, formerly department commander of Maine, and now deceased)

being left with General Wadsworth at Gettysburg, and I beg leave to claim to be the other orderly who was left with the general. Every staff officer was either away, dismounted, or wounded. My brother, J. P. Wood, also Co. I, was color bearer; his horse was killed early in the fight, before Reynolds fell. Several times during the day each of us (W. B. S. and myself) were left alone with the general, the general sending one or the other of us to different parts of the field to perform such work as would usually fall to a staff officer. Occasionally some of the staff would be with the general. They were kept busy that day. At the last stand on Seminary Ridge, where we were out-flanked right and left, Wadsworth says to me, "orderly, help limber up that gun." It was the right-hand piece of the 2d Maine Battery, or it may have been Stewart's Battery B, 4th U. S. Artillery.

I did as ordered, the general holding my horse while I did so. The rebels were so near and were so sure they had us captured that they quit firing and were crying "Halt! Halt!" when General Wadsworth put spurs to his little chestnut sorrel mare and rode off the field, and turning in his saddle emptied his revolver at the rebels. I

tried to do the same, but only two chambers would go off.

JAMES V. WOOD.

(See p. 608, History.)

Letter from Frank J. Savage.

FAIRFIELD, ME.,

February 10th, 1891.

Dear General, — Enclosed I send you \$1 to pay for the FIRST MAINE BUGLE. I received mine last Sunday, and was very much interested in it. I prize it very highly. Perhaps I may contribute something of my experiences later.

Truly yours,

FRANK J. SAVAGE,

Late First Sergeant, Co. M, First Maine Cavalry.

(See page 646, History.)

Letter from Capt. William E. Miller, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

CARLISLE, PA.,

February 2d, 1891.

EDW. P. TOBIE:

Dear Sir, — I have your favor of January 30th; also the copy of the FIRST MAINE BUGLE sent me. I will read with interest the latter, as the First Maine was always a favorite with me, and I feel an interest in anything relating to it.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM E. MILLER.

OBITUARIES.

The following letter tells its own sad story:

NO. ABINGTON, March 8th, 1891.

COL. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of my beloved father, Calvin B. Benson, who died very suddenly on the 24th day of February. He was unwell for about a week with a severe cold, but got much better and was able to go out of doors. On the evening of the 24th he was present and took an active part in a caucus, and was apparently quite well (although he had not been well for some time past, but had been at his business most of the time), but late in the evening he was taken with severe pains in his side and chest and was conveyed home, when two doctors were summoned and all was done that was possible, but he passed away at 11.30 that night. The doctors' report was that he died from rupturing the aorta. His death was very sudden and a great shock to his friends as well as family. He leaves a widow and three sons. Mr. Edgcomb of Boston and others have asked me to let you know of his death, so I have done so. Enclosed please find \$1.00 to pay for the last "BUGLE," and I wish you would continue sending them to me and I will forward money as directed.

Yours respectfully,

FRED. F. BENSON,

P. O. Box, 421. No. Abington, Mass.

Comrade Benson was buried February 28th from his residence, McPherson Post No. 73, G. A. R., Department of Massachusetts, of which he was a comrade, turning out in large numbers and officiating at the grave.

Following is the action of his Post, concerning his death.

HEADQUARTERS MCPHERSON POST }
73, DEPARTMENT OF MASS., }
G. A. R. }
ABINGTON, MARCH 10, 1891. }

Whereas, it has pleased the Supreme Commander to call hence the soul of our beloved comrade, Calvin Bisbie Benson; therefore,

RESOLVED, that we reverently bow to the divine behest, acknowledging that even in the afflictions which He permits to befall, He doeth all things well; and we would take this opportunity to record a brief account of the life of the deceased, and express our high appreciation of his excellencies of character.

Comrade Benson was born in Hartford, Maine, August 25th, 1838. He came to Abington in '57-8 and worked at shoe-making. April 16th, 1861, he enlisted in Co. H. M. V. M. Infantry. He was discharged July 22d by expiration of his term of service. October 10th he enlisted at Canton, Maine, for three years or during the war, as a private in Co. G, First Maine Cavalry. He was promoted to corporal March 1st, '62, and to Q. M. Serg't October 28th. He was made a prisoner at Brandy Station June 9th, '63, and taken to Libby prison. He was, however, detained less than a week, being paroled and sent to Annapolis, Md., June 13th. He was exchanged, and rejoined his Company January 16th, 1864, at Warrenton, Va. He was promoted to First Lieutenant February 9th, '64, and commanded an attachment of picked men on the Dahlgren raid just after. He also was in command of his company during May in the Wilderness and with Sheridan on his raid toward Rich-

mond. He had a horse shot under him in a skirmish at Beaver Dam Station, May 10th, and had another shot under him and was sunstruck and ruptured in action at St. Mary's Church, Va., June 24th. He was discharged for disability November 1st, and returned to his home in Hartford, Maine, in such a condition of health that many thought he could live but a few months.

He was with his regiment in action some sixty times, and was in so many skirmishes besides, that he could count up, as he did, over one hundred and sixty occasions in which he was under fire. All this was because he was a picked man, with a detachment of picked men, often ordered out for special scouting, or other such duty. This all shows the high grade and character of the man.

January 6th, 1865, he married Rosabel Cushman at Sumner, Maine, and five children were born to them, three sons and two daughters, the sons surviving him.

In November, 1866, he moved to Abington, where he has since remained. He was a member of the First Maine Cavalry Association, and of this Post of the G. A. R.

As the chief traits of comrade Benson's character, we would name courage, strength, and kindness; the two former being displayed conspicuously in his military career as outlined above; the latter being manifested partly in that warm-hearted spirit of comradeship which awakened such an affection for him among his companions in arms that he became a general favorite, and partly in that sympathetic tenderness of heart which led to his being made for so many years a member of the relief committee of this Post.

The expressions which have fallen from the lips of various comrades since the departure of comrade Benson, show that he had so warm a place

in the regard of his fellows, that few among us would be missed as he will be.

RESOLVED, that to the widow and sons, and all the surviving kin, we tender our sympathy, and assure them that while the deceased must have been far more dear to them than he could be to us, and their loss is altogether beyond what we can feel, yet nevertheless they have the comfort of the memory of the happy companionship with such a man, and the assurance that while his comrades remain an affectionate recollection of him will not fade from among men.

(Signed.) In behalf of the Post,

JESSE H. JONES,

J. P. BEAL,

ALEXANDER McDONALD,

A. W. WRIGHT,

} Com.

The news of the sudden death of comrade Benson comes to us with a deep sense of personal loss. During his entire service in the grand old regiment, he was in the same company with ourself, and we knew him well. Indeed, more than once he proved himself to be a friend indeed, and that at times when "being a friend" meant something—meant sacrifice to him, and possibly lasting benefit to us. We tender our sympathy to his stricken family, feeling at the same time the futility of mere words. As long as life lasts we shall remember comrade Benson and honor his memory, and at the last grand roll-call, we trust our name will, as it was a quarter of a century ago, be on the same muster roll as his.

(See pp. 257, 558, History.)

With unfeigned sorrow we record the death of W. F. Fuller, at Portland, Me., July 20th. The death of such a man is a public calamity. Though still a young man, Mr. Fuller had by industry and perseverance, by his integrity and strict attention to business, won a place in the front rank among business men in this vicinity. When it was announced a few months since, that Mr. Fuller would move to Portland, the regret in the community was universal. Mr. Fuller was born in Jay, in 1842, on a farm in full view of the railroad just below the North Jay station.

In the year 1861 he enlisted in the First Maine Cavalry, where he served till the close of the war. It is an honor to any man to be a member of the First Maine Cavalry. Mr. Fuller came to Phillips about the year 1865, to engage in business.

In 1867 he married Miss Eldora, the youngest daughter of the late Darius Howard, of Phillips. He leaves a wife and four children.

Mr. Fuller engaged in the hardware business in 1865, which he continued with success until he sold out to Parker & Prescott, a few months since. He had held various positions of trust, had been treasurer of the town of Phillips for some years, and was a director of the Phillips Savings Bank. He was a large stock-holder in the Sandy River Railroad, was at the time of his death a director of the railroad, and of the Union National Bank. In each and every position he had acquitted himself with honor, and had won a reputation as a safe and level-headed business man.

On Saturday noon Mr. Fuller left his store in Portland, with the purpose, as was supposed by his clerks, of going to Phillips. On Sunday morning he called assistance from his window,

after a night of great suffering. A physician was summoned and repeated efforts made to notify his family; but communication by telegraph had been cut off by the storm Saturday night. We understand that Mr. Fuller was conscious during the day and exceedingly anxious to see his family, that he expressed a wish that Joel Wilbur, his brother-in-law, take charge of his business. He died Sunday evening. The Portland papers report that he died of heart disease.

The special train that went for Mr. Fuller's remains on Tuesday afternoon was beautifully decorated by the ladies of Phillips. In the head-light of the engine was a Masonic emblem, embedded in roses, while the engine was draped its full length with black and white. A good number of the Masons of the Phillips Lodge, of which Mr. Fuller was a member, went to Farmington to bear home what was left of the departed brother. A very large number of citizens were waiting at the depot when the train returned to Phillips at a quarter before seven.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Livermore, at the Union Church, Thursday, at eleven o'clock. A select choir, led by Mr. N. P. Noble with Mrs. Joel Byron at the organ, furnished music both sweet and appropriate. The address of Mr. Johnson was tender and well timed, suited to the sad occasion.

The casket rested in front of the altar, completely shadowed by the growing oleander and other flowers placed around it. At 12 m. N. B. Beal, Esq., who conducted the funeral gave the public a chance to view the remains of their former neighbor.

The burial service of the Masons was conducted at the grave, and at half past one o'clock all that was mortal of W. F. Fuller was committed to

mother earth. He is mourned by a grief-stricken family and a large circle of friends. — *Phillips Phonograph*, July 25, 1884.

On Saturday, the third of July, 1886, this community was shocked at the painful intelligence that Dr. FRANK BODFISH was stricken with insanity. Day after day the people anxiously waited and hoped for the recovery of him who was one of our most beloved citizens. But the Doctor's vitality was not strong enough to rally from the severe attack upon his nervous energies, his sickness being the result of long-continued ill-health, ending in nervous prostration. In the evening of Tuesday, the thirteenth, he sank into a stupor, from which he never aroused. His death occurred at 11 o'clock Friday night, July 16th. The funeral services were held at his late residence on Elm street, Sunday afternoon, Rev. John Kimball, pastor of the Universalist church, officiating. The Doctor was buried with Masonic honors by Northern Star Lodge of Freemasons, of which he was a member. Gen. Ord Post, G. A. R., of which he was also a member, acted as escort to the procession, composed of the relatives of the deceased, one hundred and twenty Masons, and a long line of carriages containing citizens of this and surrounding towns. A special train from Norridgewock brought many Masons and others from that town and Madison, while many came with teams from Madison, Embden, Solon and New Portland. There was a large concourse of people. Drs. Twaddle and Wing of Anson, Drs. Stevens and Bennett of New Portland, Dr. Hussey of Norridgewock, and Comrade George F. Moore of Anson, were the pall bearers. All the people

seemed eager to show their respect to one they liked so well.

Dr. Bodfish was born in Fairfield in 1841, but passed the most of his youth in Gardiner and Waterville. He graduated from Waterville College (now Colby University) in 1862. Immediately after his graduation he enlisted in the Twenty-first Regiment of Maine Volunteers, and was assigned to the position of hospital steward, it being his business to compound medicines. After a while he left the army to enter upon medical study, with a view of returning to the army. Accordingly, he graduated from the Maine Medical School at Brunswick, in 1864, having previously studied with Dr. Boutelle, of Waterville. After his graduation he re-enlisted, and was assigned to duty as assistant surgeon in the Fifty-sixth Illinois Regiment of Volunteers, and was with Sherman on his march to the sea. Later he was assigned to the same position in the First Maine Cavalry, with which he served to the close of the war. Afterward he attended a course of medical lectures at Harvard and at the Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. In 1866 he came to this village to establish a drug store, and has built up, in the last twenty years, a large and lucrative business. The doctor leaves a widow, the daughter of Hon. Albert Moore, and one son.

On account of his feeble health and a natural shrinking from the responsibility and hardship attending the practice of medicine as an exclusive business, the doctor preferred the quieter life of a druggist; but his thorough medical education, sound judgment, and great caution abundantly qualified him as a safe and able medical adviser. His extreme diffidence and lack of conceit forbade his exhibiting his knowledge, but those that have sought

it have always been benefited thereby, and many have from time to time urged him to abandon the drug business and enter upon the regular practice of medicine and surgery.

As a friend he was true and constant; as a man, honorable in his dealings, free from gossip and slander, friendly to every one, and every one was friendly to him. Mild and pleasant and kind-hearted, it would have pained him to hurt another by his tongue or his acts. He led a quiet, unobtrusive life, content with enjoyment in his happy home and among his friends. He believed in God and a happy future, and died as peacefully as a child falls asleep on the bosom of his mother; then his weary, troubled spirit felt once more the joy of returning reason.

ANSON, 1886.

S.

(See p. 459, History.)

The following list of the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry belonging to the Department of Maine, Grand Army of the Republic, who have died during the year, is taken from the report of the Department Chaplain, presented to the Encampment at the session in Portland, February 18th and 19th last:

Post 2, Andrew S. Fisher, age 54 years, 7 months, Co. F, died Aug. 12, 1890.

Post 7, Geo. W. Hussey, age 58 years, Co. E, died March 24, 1890.

Post 17, Abiezer Veazie, age 58 years, Co. B, died Aug. 14, 1890, at Malden, Mass.

Post 36, John H. Bickford, age 66 years, Co. K, died July 30, 1890.

Post 44, Geo. D. Palmer, age 68 years, Co. B, died Feb. 12, 1890.

Post 84, William H. Gray, age 70 years, Co. B, died Sept. 20, 1890.

First Maine Bugle Supplement.

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

Campaign II.

April, 1891.

Call No. 4.

“Blow, Bugle, blow, set the wild echoes ringing.”

Published Quarterly, July, October, January, and April. Price, one dollar a year, or twenty-five cents a “Call,” by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, Rockland, Me.

TEMPEST IN A TEAPOT.

In July, 1890, your treasurer, in accord with the U. S. Statutes, made an application for the admission of the First Maine Bugle into the U. S. mails as second-class matter. This application received the scrutiny of the Postmaster at Rockland and was supposed to be all right. To the surprise of all concerned it came back rejected, accompanied by several pages of Postal regulations marked in a very impressive manner with red ink. These “marked” regulations were carefully considered. The several pages with their numbered paragraphs were applied seriatim to the application as made. Your treasurer failed to find where there was any conflict, and so wrote the Post Office department at Washington, and finally after requesting our congressman, Hon. Nelson Dingley, Jr., to call at the Department and ascertain what the row was, I received word from our Representative that in my application I had made a technical error, I had followed the words of Chap. 180, Laws of 1879, and said “four times a year” when I should have said “quarterly.” You have probably all noticed this change in our title page and will undoubtedly say with me, “Great is red tape!” Finally, on the 22d day of August last, the First Maine Bugle received a temporary permit to go into the mails as second-class mail matter. In January, 1891, I made application with great care, throwing one side the U. S. laws and carefully keeping in line with the Postal regulations (marked in red ink), and Jan. 26th, 1891, I received a permanent permit, “valid while the character of the publication remains unchanged.” Have you noticed any change?

Well, April 22d, 1891, I received notice from the Assistant Postmaster General, that the First Maine Bugle could not be admitted as second-class matter because *it did not state what the subscription price was, and that the temporary permit of Aug. twenty-third was revoked.*

Your treasurer could not have been more astonished had he been blown to the earth by a paddy hurricane. He had the impression that every mother's son of the old regiment who had received the Bugle knew from language plain and emphatic that the price of the Bugle was one dollar a year or 25 cents a Call, and that they were to "ante up" or quit the game.

Now, comrades of the old regiment, do you propose to submit to such red tape humbug? The subscription books of the Bugle have been inspected by the Postmaster at Rockland, and I have made an exhaustive reply to the P. O. officials at Washington.

While indignant and annoyed by the above conduct, I feel the comical side of the issue, and I want the Third Assistant Postmaster-General to understand fully and emphatically that the First Maine Cavalry boys were, all the time from Sept. 3d, 1861 to Aug. 11th, 1865, just spoiling for a fight, and ever since their discharge have carried a chip on each shoulder, desiring nothing better than that some one should attempt to knock it off.

Now, I want every member of the grand old regiment to arm himself with the biggest goose-quill he can find, and if necessary, to sling ink as effectively as he unslung carbine, years ago.

If we enforced the search and seizure part of the Maine Law at Newport News, Va., in August, 1865, we do not propose to be balked by the merest kind of a merely technical construction of the Act of March 3d, 1879, Sec. 14.

In fact when it comes to a question of technicalities, the Third Assistant Postmaster-General is much more disabled than our association, for the revoking of the temporary permit of Aug. 23d, 1890 does not invalidate the permanent permit of Jan. 26th, 1891. That Mr. Red Tape is way off his base by his own forgetfulness.

If the wolfish appetite of Mr. Red Tape, who stands up stream from the lamb-like First Maine Bugle, propose to find cause for eating the lamb, by accusing him of making the stream so muddy that he cannot drink from it, then twice a thousand men from Maine shall know the reason why.

Turn now to something more refreshing and worthy of endeavor; consider the advance we have made during the past year, and how

much closer we stand because the generous subscription of the reunion at Skowhegan assured the publication of our magnificent History.

Since that inspiring endeavor we have grown fat on the viands of the Revere House and City of Boston food at Deer Island, and as each Call of the Bugle has reached us "four times a year," we have held a figurative but effectual Dress Parade.

Now then, we are going to hold these imaginative Dress Parades with fuller ranks and better music, till the answering echoes shall warm the coldest heart. "Blow, Bugle, blow, set the wild echoes ringing."

OBITUARIES.

Mrs. Edward P. Tobie.

The funeral of Mrs. Addie (Phipps) Tobie, wife of Edward P. Tobie, local agent of the Journal, was solemnized April 28th, 1891, at the residence of her husband, No. 148 Broadway. There was a large gathering of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends present to pay their last tribute of respect to the deceased. There were also present a number of the members of Tower Relief Corps, W. R. C., of which the deceased was a member, besides several of Mr. Tobie's newspaper friends. The remains rested in a cloth-covered casket and appeared very life-like. On her breast was pinned the badge of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry Association, of which the deceased was a member, and also, the badge of the Women's Relief Corps. Rev. J. J. Woolley, pastor of the Park Place Congregational Church, officiated and spoke in eulogistic terms of the life and character of the deceased. Mr. and Mrs. John R. Trafton sang "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," and "Shall We Meet Beyond the River." The gathering was given an opportunity to take a parting look at the deceased, after which the remains were conveyed to Swan Point Cemetery, where they were buried in the family lot. Messrs. Charles A. Lee, of the Gazette and Chronicle, Frank E. Greenslitt, of the Evening Telegram, Col. Alonzo E. Pierce and Capt. Henry F. Jenks, serving as pall-bearers. The floral offerings were numerous and appropriate, and included a combination pillow and bouquet with the phrase "Dear Wife" inscribed thereon, from the husband; a reclining cross upon which was the word "Mother," from her two children; a bunch of roses and mignonette, from her niece, Miss Grace E. Tobie, of Portland, Maine; bouquet of roses, from Miss Clara E. Baker; bouquet of roses, from Mrs. Avah Starbird; a large bouquet of callas tied with white ribbon, from Mrs. Jacob W. Mathewson; a sickle of roses, from Mr. and Mrs. Jacob W. Mathewson; a basket of roses, from Josiah W. Seabury; a bunch of roses, from the employees of the local branch office of the Journal; a massive reclining anchor, on the base of which was the word "Rest," from the "Newspaper Fellers"; a massive cross, from Tower Relief Corps; a wreath, from Tower Post, No. 17, G. A. R.; a basket, from Misses Charlotte and Kate O'Reilly; a large basket, from the school committee; and a bouquet of roses, from Miss Laura Roberts.—*Providence Journal.*

DEATH OF A BRAVE AND TRUE MAN.

PROF. N. B. WEBB AT LAST GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE AND RECEIVES
HIS REWARD.

The death of few persons in Boulder would cause such universal sorrow as that of Prof. N. B. Webb, which occurred Sunday afternoon, April 19, 1891. His disease was consumption, from which he had long been a sufferer. The funeral services were held at the Rogers block, where he and his wife had rooms, on Tuesday afternoon, conducted by Rev. Davis, of the Baptist church. Hundreds of his former pupils attended, each carrying a floral offering, and a large procession of them marched to the cemetery. The members of the school board acted as pall-bearers and the teachers and people generally attended, showing the strong hold the deceased had upon all.

Nathan B. Webb was a native of Maine and in the forty-ninth year of his age. He served honorably through the Civil War, enlisting September 20, 1861, in Co. D, the first Maine Cavalry. He participated in all the marches and battles of that noted regiment, until June 17, 1863, he was taken prisoner at the cavalry battle of Aldie, Va. He remained in prison until Sept. 12, 1863, when he was exchanged and rejoined the regiment. March 11, 1864, he was promoted to Sergeant for meritorious service, was wounded at Deep Bottom, Aug. 16, 1864 and, on November 25, 1864, was mustered out by reason of expiration of term.

During his service was laid the foundation of the disease that finally caused his death.

He afterwards chose the profession of teaching, which he followed for seventeen years, the last seven being spent in Boulder schools, resigning last February. He had a gift of inspiring pupils with an enthusiasm and love for their work possessed by few, and was a teacher in the truest sense of the word. Prof. Webb was a modest, unassuming man, but one who did his duty under all circumstance and remained at his post long after nature ordered him to retire. His work and his memory will long survive him, and the universal respect and sorrow of the hundreds of pupils whom he instructed is perhaps the best indication of his real character and of the influence that it will exert in years to come.

On July 24, 1890, less than a year ago, he was married at Cambridgeport, Mass., to Miss Amanda M. Power, an excellent lady, who has the sympathy of all in her early sorrow.—*Boulder Col. Paper*.

His., p. 515. Picture, p. 513.

Errata Call No. 1.

Page 75, under date of Feb. 7, 1887, strike out B, and have it read "3 groups of officers."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 18, page 215 Co. L, add "Carson center."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 18, strike out 173, Co. C, and insert "page 488, Co. B, Burton center."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 25, strike out 215, and insert "page 632, Co. L, Ricker center."

Page 76, under date of Aug. 8, strike out 22, and insert 644.

The account as printed, would indicate that page 215 of pictures was paid for twice, also that page 173 was charged twice, hence the need of the above corrections.

Comrades of the grand old Regiment, widely separated as they are and must remain, have gradually been forming into line as Call after Call of the Bugle has reached them.

They do not move with the alacrity they were accustomed to move over a quarter of a century ago, but have all felt in a greater or less degree the reawakened touch of comradeship and personal interest of each other.

Tobie during much of the last campaign acted in a dual capacity of sergeant major and adjutant, and in a similar dual capacity as editor and adjutant, he has brought you into line and reported

“ Sir, the Parade is formed.”

Now let me take command for a moment.

“ ATTENTION, BATALLION.”

1st. Every member of the regiment is desired to report by letter if he wish the Bugle to continue its call.

Answer.

2nd. Will you pay for the same now or write when you can do so?

Answer.

3rd. If unable to pay for same do you desire it sent you by some comrade?

Answer.

4th. Will you have your picture appear in the Bugle, and if so can you name the time?

Answer.

5th. Will you write your personal reminiscences or experiences of the service from time to time as you have opportunity?

Answer.

6th. Will you contribute to help pay for Bugle to send to comrades who are financially unable to pay for same, and if so, do you desire a list of such comrades sent you in order to select the one you thus wish to supply? It is essential for the success of this plan that the one who gives and the one who receives the gift should know each other; it is not the design to form a general charity fund but a series of

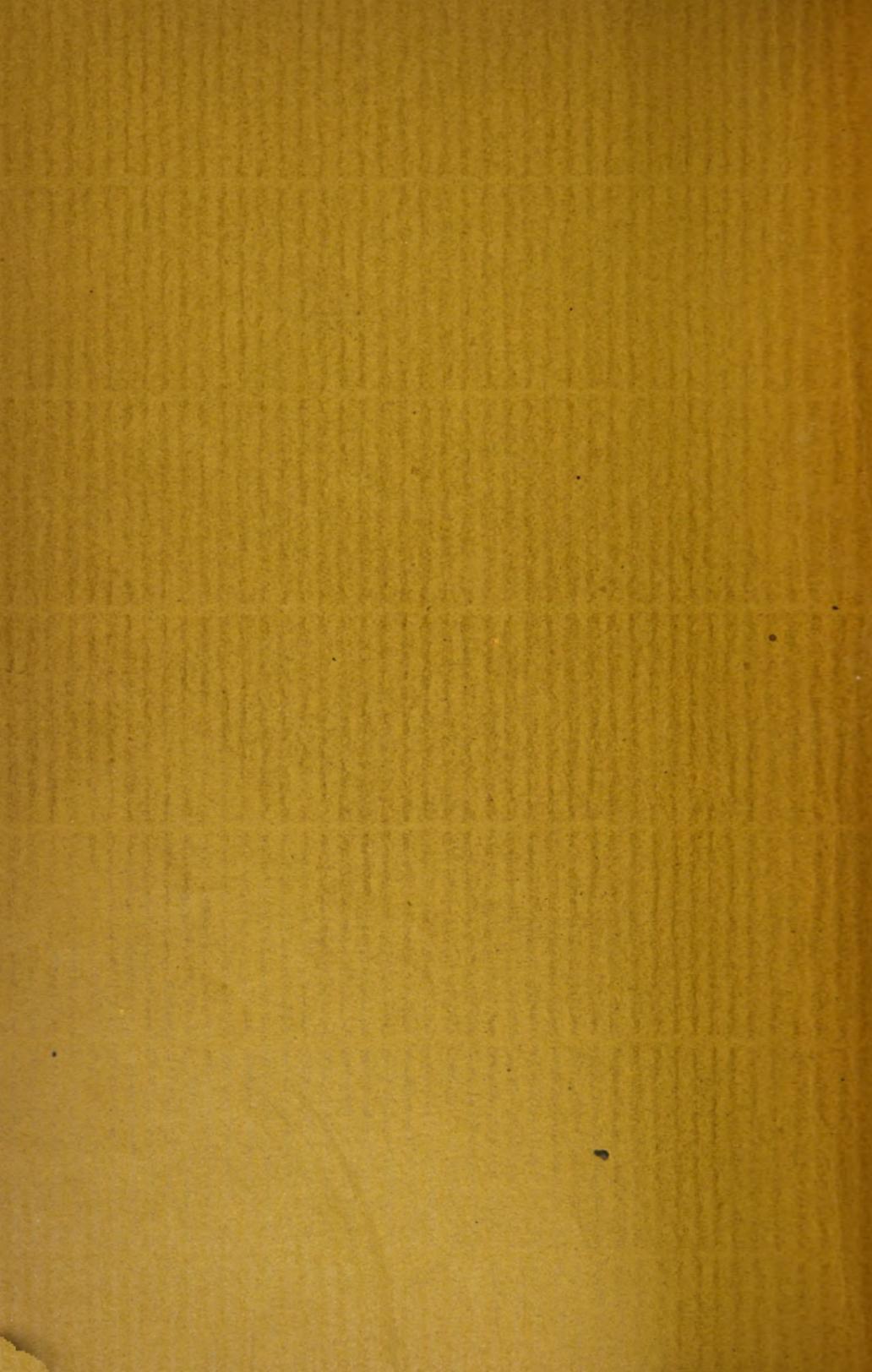






FIRST MAINE BUGLE

The title "FIRST MAINE BUGLE" is printed in a bold, serif font, oriented diagonally from the bottom-left to the top-right. The text is enclosed within a decorative border consisting of two parallel lines with ornate, swirling flourishes at the ends. Interspersed between these lines are stylized floral motifs, including starburst-like flowers and clusters of small dots, adding a decorative touch to the title's presentation.



FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

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

CAMPAIGN II.

JULY, 1891.

CALL 5.

“The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle’s stirring blast.”

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL
CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO
THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTER-
EST TO ALL OF ITS MEMBERS.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

REUNION AT BANGOR,

October 4th, 1887.

SERVICES AT THE DEDICATION OF THE

CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

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



ATTENTION!

THIS IS BREAKFAST CALL.

Fatty, Fatty, Fatty, Fatty,
Not a mite of lean,
Soupy, Soupy, Soupy, Soupy,
Not a darned a bean.

Comrades, many of you have acted as if Reveille was a request for you to turn over and go to sleep on the other side.

Stable Call only induced you to snore the louder; while at Roll Call you were as dumb as the wooden horse left by the Greeks before the walls of Troy.

Call No. 4 found you among the "led horses," still asleep. My only recourse is now to sound "Breakfast Call" in hopes you will open your mouths even if your eyes remain closed in slumbers. I know from practical observation, when it comes to a matter of eating, you are a brilliant success. It has been repeatedly demonstrated to those who have entertained us, that you can act well the part of the aforesaid wooden horse and eat as if you had a regiment of hungry men safely locked within, demanding full rations. You ate \$1,000 worth of provender at the Revere House and almost bankrupted the City of Boston by your lunch at Deer Island the next day.

We have fed you during the past year with quarterly Bugles, full and juicy. Like Oliver Twist you call for "more," all of which is delightful and commendable, but why do you not, like a good chicken, walk up to the dough dish and settle your bill?

The last time I stood in imagination before you, I told you frankly just how I felt and how anxiously I waited for the returns from the adjutant's office. That date was Feb. 2d, 1891. It is now June 2d, 1891, and behold the returns received up to this date:

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, in account with the

FIRST MAINE BUGLE	Dr.	Cr.
To Cash from 127 Subscribers for the Year	127 00	
" " 67 " " individual Calls	16 75	
By Cost of Printing Call One		154 05
" " " Two		95 00
" " " Three		175 37
" " " Four		98 60
Postage, Express and all Expenses except Ins. on Hist.		36 89
Balance Due	416 16	
	559 91	559 91

This apparent cloud of doubtful financial success is disheartening, but I tell you it has a silver lining, rich and promising. Comrade after comrade has contributed to send a Bugle to comrades earnestly desiring the same, but unable to spare the money to pay for it. Thus the heart of him who has given has been enlarged and the heart of him receiving has been made happy, and our regimental association has felt a glow of life akin to eternity.

No matter if these gifts have been few they are in the right direction and are bright with fresh fragrance.

I was led to propose the plan by receiving a letter from a comrade who served in another company and at a different time, and who had not a personal acquaintance with the comrade, saying, "I have read the letter of John F. Lord in the January issue and I desire you to send him a History and charge the same to me, but I do not want my name mentioned."

The question came home to me, are there not other warm hearts in the regiment? Are not other comrades "flat on their backs"? Thus the ball started, and may it keep on rolling.

Tobie now gives you a larger Bugle as a promise of the coming year and the comrades are gradually rousing themselves to bring their tithes to this our storehouse, till its "right to left" shall extend through a portly volume. Besides incidents of army life, it is hoped that hereafter it will also give us a view of your own present life, with what you are doing and the names of your wife and children, what comrades live near you, and still better, your own picture. It will not be long before the portraits of our wives and children shall adorn the pages of our quarterly.

It is now proposed to run "Campaign Two" till we work up our past reunion proceedings at the rate of one in each Call. This will make ten Calls. Campaign Three will then commence and we shall be ready for any improvements that the Association in its personality may determine as most fitting and appropriate.

If you will only "fall in" and keep step to the Calls of the Bugle, we will add some literary triumphs of peace to a war record second to none.

I will now ask you to attack the Breakfast Call with a good appetite and just enjoy what you eat and pay for the same or write that you desire some one to pay for you.

Your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY.

Leaves found in the Bottom of the Teakettle after the Tempest.

It is the same old story. Adam said it was Eve who asked him and Eve said it was the serpent who tempted her.

Mr. Red Tape in the P. O. Department blames the "unfamiliar clerk" and the "unfamiliar clerk" says the "Debil".

All of which is very clear and you reply that the serpent's head was bruised, but where is there any precedent or authority for putting the official heel of Mr. P. O. on the head of the First Maine Bugle?

This can only be explained by showing that the new revised edition of the book of Genesis on file at headquarters can be so read, that instead of the serpents head being bruised, the innocent apple was crushed and made into cider.—

"And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home again.
Hurrah!"

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The sixteenth annual reunion was held at Bangor, Tuesday, October 4th, 1887, it having for some reason been deemed impracticable to hold it at Hallowell in accordance with the vote at the previous reunion. Headquarters were at the Windsor Hotel, where the comrades began to gather Monday evening. Tuesday morning the number was largely augmented as the trains arrived, and before noon there was more than two hundred comrades present at the reunion,—a reunion which one of the local papers pronounced “one of the best and most successful reunions in the history of the Association.” As usual many old acquaintances were renewed, sometimes in cases where the comrades had not met each other since they were mustered out of the service.

BUSINESS MEETING.

At two o'clock the Association held a business meeting in Grand Army Hall, which was closely filled by as fine a looking body of men as are often seen together.

The meeting was called to order by the President of the Association, Colonel Samuel H. Allen, of Thomaston, and Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, acted as Secretary.

The first business was the appointment of a committee to nominate officers and to present the names of three places for the meeting next year. The committee was as follows: Field and Staff, Major George M. Brown, Bangor; Co. A, Sergeant

Milton C. Chapman; B, Captain Jacob B. Loring, Thomaston; C, Sergeant William A. Winter; D, Corporal Simeon A. Holden, Tremont; E, Sergeant Lorenzo B. Hill, Augusta; F, Sylvanus L. Hanscom, Bucksport; G, Sergeant Volney H. Foss, Bangor; H, Private Charles Smith; I, Private Albert McDonough; K, Lieut. George F. Jewett, Boston; L, Private Augustus L. Ordway, Boston; M, Lieut. Edward Jordan, Bangor.

The names of Bar Harbor, Houlton and Pittsfield were presented and Bar Harbor was unanimously selected.

The committee presented the following names for officers of the Association, and they were unanimously elected:

President, - - - - EDWARD P. TOBIE, Pawtucket, R. I.
Vice-President, - - - - AUGUSTUS R. DEVEREAUX, Ellsworth.
Secretary, - - - - CHARLES A. F. EMERY, Boston.
Corresponding Sec'y, - - - - ORRIN S. HASKELL, Pittsfield.
Treasurer, - - - - GEN. J. P. CILLEY, Rockland.

The following committee was appointed to obtain designs and erect a monument on the Gettysburg battlefield to commemorate the position held by the First Maine Cavalry during the battle, with full power to act: Major Sidney W. Thaxter, Col. Samuel H. Allen, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Major Henry C. Hall, and Dr. John P. Sheahan.

Major S. W. Thaxter in speaking on the subject announced that General Charles H. Smith had given \$100 toward the expense of the monument in addition to the amount given by the State, and stood ready to help make up deficiencies. The announcement was greeted with applause.

A committee consisting of Comrades J. P. Cilley, Albion C. Drinkwater, George M. Brown, George F. Jewett, and William S. Howe was appointed to select and adopt a design for a badge for the association.

THE BANQUET.

At half-past six o'clock the comrades formed in line at the Windsor Hotel, and, to the music of the Bangor Band, marched down Harlow street, across Kenduskeag bridge, through Central street and Central bridge to Norembega Hall, making a fine appearance and attracting much attention. When they entered the

hall, whither they had been preceded by those of the comrades accompanied by ladies, seats were at once assigned at the tables. These were six in number, five extending lengthways of the hall and one across the hall in front of the stage, and the hall had been very prettily and appropriately decorated for the occasion. Three hundred and twenty-five plates were laid and they were speedily occupied. The galleries were soon crowded with Bangor people, friends of the comrades, who were admitted by ticket.

Col. S. H. Allen, the retiring President of the Association, occupied the head of the main table. On his right was seated Governor Bodwell, and on his left Major George M. Brown, who was to preside at the post-prandial exercises. The rest of the seats at the table were occupied as follows: Judge T. H. Haskell, Ex-Gov. Davis, Gen. Charles Hamlin, Hon. C. A. Boutelle, Gen. J. P. Cilley, Gen. Henry L. Mitchell, Col. Jasper Hutchings, Gen. J. S. Smith, Col. A. B. Farnham, Major W. L. Whitney and wife, Capt. B. H. Putnam, of Houlton, Capt. W. S. Howe, of Lewiston, Major Sidney W. Thaxter, John L. Crosby, Esq., Col. James Dunning, Charles S. Pearl, Esq., Mrs. Calvin S. Douty, wife of the late gallant colonel of the regiment, Dr. D. A. Robinson, Hon. E. C. Burleigh, of Augusta, Col. A. C. Hamlin, Col. J. B. Peaks, Mr. E. M. Blanding, Mr. J. Swett Rowe, of the Whig, and Mr. C. S. Lunt, of the Commercial. At seven o'clock Col. Allen called the comrades to order, and said:

“Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry: I congratulate you one and all most heartily upon the highly flattering circumstances under which you assemble this evening upon your sixteenth anniversary. And in accordance with your time honored custom to open your reunion by returning thanks to a kind Providence, and as our State and people have been bountifully blessed and prospered in the past year, let us earnestly supplicate continued blessings. I now have the pleasure of calling upon comrade and Professor Sewall, of Bangor, who will invoke the Divine blessing.”

In his invocation Prof. Sewall referred to those of the regiment who are no more with us but who gave their lives in the defense of their country, and asked God's blessing and wisdom upon those remaining. After grace had been said Major Brown

said the comrades needed no instructions as to the next movement, and an assault was at once made, "company front," on the delicacies with which the table was loaded.

After an hour had been devoted to a discussion of the repast provided, which was served to the company by a bevy of bright-eyed young ladies, most of them daughters, if not of the regiment, of soldiers of the war, the company was again called to order by the President and the post-prandial exercises were begun.

Major George M. Brown, chairman of the local committee of arrangements, was introduced and in behalf of the comrades in that city extended a cordial welcome to their comrades. He referred to the pleasure afforded by the presence of their comrades, and their wives and daughters. He also referred touchingly to names inscribed around the hall — names of engagements in which the regiment took part during the war, names merely to outsiders, but fraught with terrible meaning to surviving comrades. Major Brown made a most touching allusion to two comrades of the regiment who lay side by side, one pierced with a sabre cut and the other by a gun shot wound, and who met again for the first time at this reunion.

Col. Allen responded to this address substantially as follows:

"Comrades, in justice to my own feelings and in confidence that I voice yours, I desire to thank Major Brown for his eloquent address of welcome, so generous, hearty and bountifully extended to us;" and addressing Major Brown he said: "I assure you that when we veterans go to our homes we shall carry with us a vivid and grateful remembrance of your words of good cheer so gracefully bestowed on this occasion." Then addressing the assemblage, Col. Allen said: "Ladies, gentlemen and comrades: We have with us our distinguished comrade, scout and forager, who never got left, or left a chicken to encourage the enemy. I have the pleasure of introducing Major Brown, who will preside as your toast master."

Major Brown in accepting the position, said there would be no toasts, but that short speeches and poems would be given and that though some expected were not present there would be enough to occupy all the time. In some felicitous remarks, and his manner of introducing the speakers throughout the even-

ing was very happy, he introduced as the first speaker Col. and Dr. A. C. Hamlin.

Col. Hamlin responded in his characteristic manner, full of wit and sentiment, beginning by saying he never saw Major Brown in quite so high feather and with quite so much war paint on since the time when he captured the noted southern spy, Belle Boyd. The doctor made some apt remarks and told some apt stories of the war, and spoke with much feeling of the work of the First Maine in the Army of the Potomac. In that army were thousands of men from Maine and our good citizen, Gen. Hodsdon, stood god-father to them all. At this point Dr. Hamlin was interrupted by Major Brown who proposed three cheers for Gen. Hodsdon and they were given with a will. Dr. Hamlin eulogized in the most eloquent words the work of the Army of the Potomac.

Major Brown read a letter from Gen. Charles W. Roberts and a telegram from Judge Foster expressing regret at their necessary absence.

The Major then introduced Governor Bodwell, who was received with cheers. Governor Bodwell said it was very gratifying to him to be present on such an occasion and he esteemed it a great privilege to be there. He thought it his duty to represent the State at such a time. "To these valiant comrades is due more gratitude than can ever be given and the Chief Magistrate of Maine should ever recognize their services by his presence at every reunion. I told a friend of mine in Washington, as I, with him, watched you march through that city to the front, that one of the best regiments that would be in the war was passing. In appearance you were one of the best, while the record of your battles show how you fought, and it is a matter of history that the First Maine Cavalry was one of the best in the field. But I do not care to take your time. I feel that there are many others whom you would care to hear from more than from me."

Comrade Francis E. Saunders, of Co. M, formerly of Dover, but now of Lowell, Mass., was next introduced, and made some earnest remarks. This was the first reunion of the Association which he had been able to attend, but he promised to be present with his wife at the future reunions. He closed by reading the following original poem, which was loudly applauded.

DO YOU REMEMBER, COMRADES?

Do you remember, comrades, in the spring of sixty-one,
 How the sharp and fierce report of the first rebellion gun,
 When fired from old Fort Moultrie's wall by treason's bloody hand
 Across the quiet waters at Fort Sumter's little band,
 Went echoing and echoing, again and still again,
 O'er hill and dale, from east to west, and out across the plain,
 Until within the heaving breast of every loyal man
 There rose a strong desire to firmly by our country stand,
 And to be true as long as treason showed her ugly head
 And 'gainst our country and the flag confederate armies led?

Do you remember, comrades, how we rallied to the flag;
 And when we heard the call of country none of us did lag?
 It was not pleasant, certainly, to leave our homes and all,
 But, ah! that silent monitor within said, "Heed the call;"
 And so we signed the roll and then put on the army blue,
 And by that act we signified that ever we'd be true.

Do you remember, comrades, that first little fight?
 'Twas but a skirmish with the Johnny rebs at night,
 While the main forces gathering were in battle array,
 To open the carnage awful at the break of day;
 'Twas a time to be remembered long, that first great fight,
 And many a heart was glad to see the shades of night
 That settled o'er the field so often lost and won.
 From early morn until the setting of the sun.
 So weary and so tired as we laid down to rest —
 Alas! some one beside the comrade in whose breast
 The thrill of duty would be felt again no more,
 For his last fight was fought, his spirit had passed o'er,
 While his body was numbered with the silent dead
 Who in that first battle so gallantly fought and led.

Do you remember, comrades, as days came and went,
 Of the many weary marches on which we were sent?
 Sometimes it was in full retreat o'er hill and plain,
 And then 'twould be "about face" and return again.
 And so we marched, now forth, now back, for four long years,—
 Years which were full up to the brim of hopes and fears,
 For oft we heard the welcome news of victory won,
 And then of sore defeat would the sad story run.

Do you remember, comrades, as I repeat to-night
 The name of many a terrible and gallant fight?
 Shiloh, Antietam, Vicksburg and Gettysburg, too,
 Were places where our noble men stood tried and true;
 Nor yet must we ever forget the western plains,
 Where many and many a glorious battle was fought and gained.
 Nor forget Sherman's grand Atlanta to the sea,
 Nor Grant's onward to Richmond grand, which made us free.

Do you remember, comrades, how we used to do,
 While tramping and fighting, dressed in the nation's blue?
 How was it with us when the hard tack run so low,
 And we had still many a weary mile to go?
 How was it when we slept on two fence rails at night,
 And dreaming were of home and that all things were right,
 We heard a voice which said, "The rebs are in our front,
 Fall in, boys, lively, and we'll go upon their hunt."
 Ah! comrades, those were days that sorely tried our souls;
 No wonder that they often made us feel quite old,
 Footsore and weary, hungry, aching, tired and wet—
 Those, comrades, were the days we never shall forget.

Do you remember comrades when the war
 Was o'er, and we had to tramp, tramp no more,
 How our hearts thrilled at that word, glorious, "peace,"
 And we knew that the civil war had ceased?
 "Tis finished," then we heard the statesmen say;
 "The northern soldier, brave, has won the day;
 For this our nation in her sorest need
 Has been protected by her patriot's deeds;"
 But what, comrades, I ask, has all this cost?
 How many gallant, precious lives were lost?
 How many comrades brave, who signed the roll
 Who never heard the story of victory told,
 For in the thickest of the stubborn fight
 They gave their lives for God and for the right?
 And yet methinks if we could part the veil
 We should not hear from them one plaintive wail,
 But rather see a land of sweet perfume
 Coming from flowers which always are in bloom;
 A land wherein the tree of life is growing,
 And soft and gentle breezes ever blowing;
 A land where music sweet is heard afar
 Echoing through the pearly gates ajar.
 To that beautiful land our comrades were led
 By the kind hand of Him who, it is said,
 Calmed the angry waters and stilled the storm
 On sacred Galilee's tempestuous morn.

Oh, beautiful, beautiful land,
 A place where all is fair and bright
 A place that's full of God's pure light,
 Oh, beautiful, beautiful land.

Letters of regret were read from ex-Mayor E. B. Nealley, and Gen. Richardson, of Gardiner.

Gen. Charles Hamlin was next introduced as the chairman

on the part of the State of Maine, of the Gettysburg Monument Association, and made a telling speech. He said that the First Maine Cavalry was peculiarly the representative regiment of the State, having been raised from every part of the State and containing citizens from every walk in life. It early made a record and had never lowered it. The State of Maine takes great pride in that noble record. Its record was a matter of history that no words of his could add to or detract from. Gen. Hamlin spoke of the work of the regiment at Gettysburg, and hoped that it might have proper recognition, and very soon, by a suitable memorial to mark the spot. He urged the comrades to keep alive the great loyalty for which they were noted. They fought for liberty and union, they did not fight for pensions. Gen. Hamlin was loudly applauded at the close.

Major Brown next read a letter from Gen. Charles H. Smith, of Eastport, the old commander of the regiment, who expressed his regret at being unable to be present, and sent many a kindly word to the comrades.

Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, of Rockland, was next introduced and was most heartily received. He spoke eloquently and feelingly, and interspersed his remarks with humorous sayings and funny stories, two of which are here given, which, by their personal and pat hits on those present were received with laughter and applause. Referring to his college mate, Gen. Hamlin, who had just spoken, he said, "Gen. Hamlin has told you how he raised a large portion of the men who went into Co. D, from Bucksport and Orland, of his bringing Gen. Spurling and Capt. Montgomery into the regiment, and how near he came himself to being a member of the regiment, and finally drifted into the Eighteenth Maine, and First Maine Heavy Artillery. "Now this remarkable flirting with the Cavalry wherein he came near being the father of Co. D, but afterwards allied himself with both the Infantry and Heavy Artillery, reminds me of an old bachelor friend of mine, a man of most estimable character and peculiar constancy, who, disappointed in his early affections, remained a bachelor, and true to his ideal. One day he met a bright looking boy on the street whose countenance fascinated him and called to mind the lineaments of one whom he had once loved. Patting him on the head he asked his name. The boy readily gave it and my bachelor friend, speaking his

thoughts by some involuntary action, said, 'Ah! Did you know how near I came to being your father!' 'How was that?' said the bright little fellow. Recalled to his senses, my bachelor friend stammered, 'I—I tried to court your mother.'"

Near the close of his remarks he paid a generous tribute to the services of Col. Allen, the president of the Association, recalling the aid and encouragement he had received from him in raising and organizing Co. B, speaking of the proximity of Allen's (who was then major) tent at Augusta to his own in the line of Co. B, recalling the reverence with which he looked up to him when he was made colonel of the regiment the last of that cold winter on the fair grounds at Augusta, and related his first detail and service away from his regiment in these words. "The winter had nearly passed, we were well drilled and in good condition for active service, lacking only experience. The orders had been received or were in the air that we were soon to move to the front. Every heart in the regiment was throbbing with patriotic expectations. Late one afternoon, an orderly came to my tent and reported that Col. Allen sent his compliments and desired to see me at his quarters. Buckling on my belt and side arms, in accordance with military etiquette, I reported with military salute and stood at attention to receive instructions or orders. The colonel, who was always deliberate in his utterance, spoke more deliberately than ever. 'Captain,' said he, 'orders have been received to send one battalion to Washington immediately; the other two will follow as soon as possible. I have known about you longer than I have any other officer in the regiment. I have a great deal of confidence in you and believe I can trust you. (Did I not feel proud?) I have engaged the best horse and sleigh at the Augusta House stables and I want you (speaking slower and slower) I want you to go to Thomaston as rapidly as you can and bring my wife to Augusta to see me.' My expectations of glory were lowered, but I knew his wife was a most beautiful lady, and there were also hosts of friends in Thomaston I wished to see before I left the State. Suffice it to say that by midnight the fastest horse in Augusta was in Thomaston, fifty miles away, with orders to have him carefully rubbed dry and ready for a return trip on the morrow, and I surprised

and roused my good aunt and cousins in Thomaston to a midnight chamber reception that was as laughable as it was surprising. The next morning I called on Mrs. Allen, who was mightily glad to see me because I had come from her husband and was to take her to see him, but of course I appropriated all this pleasure at seeing me to myself personally. She had quite a number of things to perform for the colonel and I had half a day or so to see my friends in town. It was the afternoon before we got started for Augusta and in the meantime the weather had become cold and stormy.

“Mrs. Allen was always, as she is now, a most beautiful woman, but never did she look so beautiful and joyous as when I tucked those ample buffalo robes the colonel had provided, around her and took my seat beside her. How short seemed the time returning. I wished several times that the horse would become lame or get stuck in a snowdrift. At evening we had a nice supper at Bryant’s, in Windsor, and were waited on by his comely daughters of Juno like proportions. Again I tucked the robes around her and occupied the seat at her side and the last ten miles of the journey to Augusta were before us. I had lived all winter in a canvass tent without fire, and during the short time I was in doors at Thomaston I was nearly killed by the apparent hot condition of the atmosphere in houses, but as I sat by the side of Mrs. Allen, I involuntarily shivered. She said, ‘Are you cold?’ I said, ‘I feel shivery.’ She said, ‘Let me put this shawl around you.’ I thanked her and she put the shawl around me and pinned it nicely. I kind of nestled up to her so as to keep out of the cold, and with the bells a ringing, the keen air blowing, the swift motion of the horse and beauty of the snow, I thought what a magnificent colonel, Allen was. What a pleasure it was to serve under a man of so much discrimination, and I resolved then and there to stand by him, to follow him to the fore front of battle, and even to death, and then—and then—to get a pension for his widow.”

Major Brown next called upon Mr. J. S. Rowe, of the Bangor Whig, who read a letter written June 3d, 1862, by Governor Washburn to Colonel John Goddard, directing him to proceed to the front and look after the sick and wounded of the Maine soldiers, and to particularly inquire after the fate of Major J.

P. Cilley and Captain Black Hawk Putnam, and if dead, as was then supposed, to secure their remains if possible, it being a happy coincidence that both these gallant and brave officers were present at this reunion. Major Brown supplemented the reading by some happy remarks touching the wounding of the two officers and their subsequent restoration to the service.

Lieut. E. P. Tobie, Historian of the Association was next called up, and after returning thanks for the kindness shown in electing him President for the ensuing year, he told a story about a certain military order given by Gen. Smith one evening, while on Gen. Sheridan's raid toward Gordonsville, and then read the following original poem :

A STORY OF HOME IN WAR TIMES.

One day the news flashed o'er the wires a battle had been fought,
 And many a loving heart that night was filled with anxious thought,
 For it might be their own brave boys perchance were in the fight,
 And if they were God only knew what then might be their plight.
 Three days passed by—a letter reached a little home in Maine;
 'Twas written in a stranger hand and filled that home with pain;
 A comrade of their soldier boy the letter wrote, and told
 How bravely he had fought—but when the tide of battle rolled
 Against them, he was missing—left a prisoner to the foe;
 He had been wounded, that they knew—how bad they did not know;
 The letter closed with words of hope that he might be all right—
 At all events, he nobly did his duty in the fight.

As day by day passed by with no relief to the suspense,
 The strain upon the heart and nerves grew cruelly intense;
 The gray-haired father said but little, and sadly shook his head
 Whenever any one inquired if he'd got any news from Ed,
 But all the time his heart and soul went out in earnest prayer:
 "If come this sorrow must, O give us strength the blow to bear,
 And faith to see 't is for the best; O, God, protect our son—
 Preserve him if it be thy will—thy will, not ours, be done."

The mother gave no outward sign of grief; her faith was strong,
 And hope sang ever in her heart a sweet and cheerful song;
 But yet there was a tenderer tone in every word she said,
 And something in her face that told her thoughts were all of Ed;
 She oft withdrew to her own room, and there awhile remained,
 And now and then when she returned her eyes with tears were stained.

The elder sister, Sarah, tried the other's hearts to cheer,
 Yet oft while speaking words of hope, she brushed away a tear;
 She seemed to feel her mission was to comfort all the rest—

Well she performed this work of love and greatly was it blest;
Her faith and hope were ever strong in God and in the right,
And never once in these dark hours did she of these lose sight.

Another sister, Mary, nearer him in thought and years,
Who'd been the sharer of his early manhood's hopes and fears—
Ah! close the ties that bound these two—naught stronger on the earth
Than love like that she had for him o'er whom she'd watched since birth;
A better, gentler, kinder heart than hers was never known—
The sorrows of the ones she loved were added to her own;
She uttered words of cheerful hope, but ever and anon
The tears that mingled with her smiles showed hope was well-nigh gone.

A brother, 'Roy, who'd just returned from two years service done
In camp and field, and nobly done, who'd seen fields lost and won,
And better knew war's dangers and war's chances—he, too, tried
To make himself and those he loved look on the brighter side;
He kept stout heart, firm tone and cheerful face when they were by,
Nor let them e'er see him with quivering lip or moistened eye,
But in his heart was all the time, this purpose, firm and strong,
Oft spoken through his teeth, "If we don't hear from Ed e'er long,
I swear, I'll re-enlist."

In all these anxious hours, not one
Of those he loved expressed regret that he to war had gone;
They were all proud that he went forth in freedom's cause to fight,
Although e'en now he might have died for country and for right.
And still no word; one day they sat in silence, and it seemed
As if the strain could not be longer borne; the faith that glamed
So brightly when he went to war was growing dim; and hope
Was fading fast; and each one felt they could no longer cope
With this uncertainty. Then Mary the sad silence broke—
"Well I don't care—I'd rather be where he is," she spoke,
"Than here at home, skulking around, in terror of the draft."
With these brave words their hearts concurred; with one accord they
laughed—
The first laugh in that home for days; and with that laugh returned
Faith, hope and trust, and cheerfulness—all once more brightly burned
In every heart; and though the sorrow yet remained, they ne'er
Again lost hope;—ere long word came which brought them glorious cheer.

Major Brown held up a bouquet saying it had been presented
with a note from a friend of Lieut. George S. Kimball, who
was killed in battle, "in loving memory of my friend and com-
rade," and called upon John L. Crosby, Esq., who was his
college class-mate to speak. Mr. Crosby made some most per-
tinent remarks, paying a high tribute to the mother of the de-

ceased comrade, and closed by reciting Bishop Burgess' beautiful poem on "The Old Blue Coat the Soldier Wore," as follows:

THE BLUE COAT OF THE SOLDIER.

By Rt. Rev. Bishop Burgess, Late of the Diocese of Maine Protestant Episcopal Church.

You asked me, little one, why I bowed,
 Though never I passed the man before?
 Because my heart was full and proud,
 When I saw the old blue coat he wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

I know not, I, what weapon he chose,
 What chief he followed, what badge he wore,
 Enough that in the front of foes,
 His country's blue great-coat he wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps he was born in a forest hut,
 Perhaps he had danced on a palace floor;
 To want or wealth my eyes were shut,
 I only marked the coat he wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It mattered not much if he drew his line
 From Shem or Ham, in the days of yore;
 For surely he was a brother of mine,
 Who for my sake the war-coat wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He might have no skill to read and write,
 Or he might be rich in learned lore;
 But I knew he could make his mark in fight,
 And nobler gown no scholar wore
 Than the blue great-coat, the sky-blue-coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

It may be he could plunder and prowl,
 And perhaps, in his mood, he scoffed and swore;
 But I would not guess a spot so foul
 On the honored coat he so bravely wore:
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

He had worn it long and borne it far,
 And perhaps on the red Virginian shore,
 From midnight chill till the morning star,
 That worn-great coat the sentry wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

When hardy Butler reined his steed,
 Through the streets of proud, proud Baltimore,
 Perhaps behind him, at his need,
 Marched he who yonder blue coat wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps it was seen in Burnside's ranks,
 When Rappahannock ran dark with gore ;
 Perhaps on the mountain-side with Banks,
 In the burning sun no more he wore
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Perhaps in the swamp was a bed for his form,
 From the seven days battling and marching sore,
 Or with Kearney and Pope 'mid the steely storm,
 As the night closed in that coat he wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

Or when, night over, as Jackson dashed,
 That collar or cape some bullet tore,
 Or when far ahead Antietam flashed,
 He flung to the ground the coat that he wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat that the soldier wore.

Or stood at Gettysburg, where the graves
 Rang deep to Howard's cannon roar ;
 Or saw with Grant the unchained waves
 When conquering hosts the blue coat wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

That garb of honor tells enough,
 Though I its story guess no more ;
 The heart it covers is made of such stuff,
 That coat is mail which that soldier wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore,

He may hang it up when peace shall come,
 And the moth may find it behind the door,
 But his children will point when they hear a drum
 To the proud old coat their father wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

And so, my child, will you and I,
 For whose fair home their blood they pour,
 Still bow the head, as one goes by,
 Who wears the coat that soldier wore :
 The blue great-coat, the sky-blue coat,
 The old blue coat the soldier wore.

A letter from General C. P. Mattocks was then read, expressing his regret at not being able to be present.

Judge Haskell, of the Supreme Court, was next called up. He felt it an honor to be present upon this occasion. "The names of battles about the hall are not meaningless to private citizens. They indicate the places where many brave men laid down their lives for the country. Braver men never have fought than these veterans. Why? To maintain the unity of the government. These meetings should stimulate the veterans to better perform their duties as good citizens; to throw their influence in favor of purity of the ballot, an honest vote and a fair count. We should carry ourselves as becomes men whose fathers have bequeathed to them the heritage of a free government. You veterans have defended it, and I hope it will be conveyed to future generations spotless as it has been handed down to us." He also referred incidentally to the youthful appearance of the comrades, which was so generally remarked upon during their stay in Bangor.

Congressman Boutelle was loudly applauded on being called up. He wished he was a member of the First Maine Cavalry, but as he was not he was proud to have among his constituents so many of the brave men who composed it. He did not need to eulogize the First Maine Cavalry. As Daniel Webster said of Massachusetts: "There she stands. Her record is before you." That proud record of names of places in which the regiment was engaged was not only the pride of the regiment, but the pride of the State and the nation. The First Maine Cavalry taught the South that it was not in them that dwelt all the chivalry. Than the lamented Col. Douty and the gallant Boothby, no braver or more gallant men ever lived. He closed his remarks by reading the following story as told by a grim

old field piece that had been battered at Cedar Creek, of the repulse of the Union troops on that eventful morning, from the poem entitled "The Songs of the Guns," written by Francis M. Finch and by him read at the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at Albany, New York, June 18th, 1879.

They sacked our camp ; they took our flag ;
 They tore our empty tents to rags ;
 They turned on us our captured guns,
 While blood from rill to river runs ;
 They swept our wagon train away
 And crowned with victory blackest day.
 But where the leader, mad and grim ?
 Some one has framed in battle-hymn
 The story of his angry ride,
 With spurs drove deep in charger's side.
 Bays for the poet who sweetly sings !
 But this is the way a war gun rings !

COMING, BOYS.

Hurry, Phil Sheridan !
 Ride ! Fly !
 Race with the wind,
 Out-gallop the river,
 To the columns thinned
 And the lines in a shiver.
 Ride ! for the gleam of your fortunate star
 Will blaze new hope on the valley afar ;
 Ride ! 'Tis a rout of cannon and car
 Like a drift in a storm of cordage and spar ;
 Ride ! or the glory just born of the war
 Will bleed with the bullet or blush with a scar.
 Sheridan, ride !
 With blood on the spur,
 And blood in the air ;
 Ride ! Ride !
 With your helmless hair.

Coming is Sheridan,
 Hot, wild ;
 A speck on the hill,
 A shadow far flying,
 Incarnated will,
 Disaster defying.
 Coming ! where threatens the cataract's roar,
 And crossing his gallop the wild waves pour ;

Coming! where blows of the lightning tore
 The oak behind and the pine before;
 Coming! though fiends from the fiery shore
 Brigade in his path the furies of yore.

Sheridan comes!
 With blood on spur
 And death in the air;
 Comes! Comes!
 With rage in his hair.

Hurry, O, Sheridan!
 Ride! Fly!
 Rowel the steed
 Till the wild hoofs rattle;
 Yonder they bleed
 In the storm of the battle.

Ride! or your flags in the valley will fall,
 Torn with the bayonet, riddled with ball;
 Ride! or the ranks that have answered your call
 Will famish, and die in bondage and thrall;
 Ride! or the smoke will wind in its fall
 Gun, cannon and flag, hope, glory and all.

Sheridan, ride!
 With blood on the spur,
 And flame in the air;
 Ride! Ride!
 With your streaming hair.

Coming is Sheridan!
 Halt! Form!
 His steed in a foam,
 At the front he is riding;
 The master at hand
 All the battle is guiding.

Halt! and the fear and the terror are dead,
 And they harden to heroes who hopelessly fled;
 Form! and the front of the battle is spread
 Where the blood of the moaning morning was shed;
 Charge! and the foeman have bitterly bled,
 And the sun that was clouded sets splendid and red.

Sheridan, Charge!
 With blood on the spur,
 And death in the air;
 Charge! Charge!
 'Tis a banner, your hair.

Glory for Sheridan!
 Name! Fame!
 Bays for his brow
 And straps for his shoulder,
 Never we bow
 To warrior bolder.
 Fame! for the army he galloped to save
 From the bar of the prison, the mould of the grave;
 Fame! for the nation whose banners he gave
 New flashes of freedom from mountain to wave;
 Fame! for the lesson the proud worlds crave
 That "the land of the free" is "the home of the brave!"
 Sheridan ride!
 With gold on the spur
 And fame in the air;
 Ride! Ride!
 We laurel your hair!

Rev. Dr. A. K. P. Small, of Portland, formerly of the First Baptist Church of Bangor, was the last speaker, and his words of thrilling and burning eloquence showed that he had lost none of his old time power with which he used to sway the hearts of the multitude in the days of rebellion and send forth men to battle for their country filled with resolve to do or die to save the nation. His references to the war meetings that used to be held in old Norombega and in public squares of the city were deeply affecting and brought tears to the eyes of many of his hearers. His speech brought forth loud and prolonged applause and was a happy termination of a most interesting and successful reunion.

The song "Marching Through Georgia," accompanied by the Band, brought the exercises to a close.

During the evening the exercises were interspersed with choice music by the Bangor Band, stationed in the balcony.

Mrs. Douty, widow of the beloved Col. Calvin S. Douty, was present and received much attention from the veterans.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The second annual meeting of the "Ladies' Auxiliary of the First Maine Cavalry" was held in the parlor of the Windsor Hotel on the afternoon of this reunion day. In the unavoidable absence of the officers, Mrs. Olive M. Long was chosen President pro tem, and Mrs. Emma L. Bickford secretary pro tem. After the usual

routine business, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows :

President, . . . MRS. OLIVE M. LONG, Boston.
Vice-President, . . . MRS. EMMA L. BICKFORD, Skowhegan.
Secretary & Treasurer, MISS ETTIE M. VAUGHAN, Skowhegan.

There were thirty-one ladies present, and the meeting was an exceedingly pleasant one. Adjourned to the next reunion of the regimental association.

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY ASSOCIATION OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts, which was formed of the comrades residing in Boston and vicinity just prior to the reunion at Skowhegan, is proving itself to be a lively association, affording much benefit as well as pleasure to the comrades of the grand old regiment who are so unfortunate as to reside outside the good old Pine Tree State. On the evening of November 16th, 1886, the association tendered a reception and banquet to Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley and Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, and others, at the Crawford House, Boston, the occasion being the first meeting of the committee on the publication of the history. The evening was a most enjoyable one. The Boston Globe of the 17th gave the following account of this gathering :

A jollier set of veterans have not met for many a day than the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry regiment who reside in Massachusetts, who gathered at the Crawford House last evening. The First Maine Cavalry has an unexceptional record. It had during its terms of service 3500 officers and men on its rolls. Of that number 625 were killed or died in service, and its total lists of casualties footed up 1987. The regiment was engaged in 107 battles and skirmishes, and proudly carries on its flags three more battles in number than any other command in the Union army. The meeting yesterday was an impromptu affair, complimentary to its old commander, Colonel (now General) J. P. Cilley, of Rockland, Me. and Lieutenant E. P. Tobie of Pawtucket, both of whom were present to receive the greetings of thirty of their old comrades. The supper was served at 8 o'clock, and later speeches were made, and stories told and songs sung. President Thomas J. Long presented as the first speaker, General Cilley, who received a rousing welcome. The general made a capital speech and convulsed the boys in his narration of Comrade Tobie's experience with a black horse battery, which could have thrown broadaxes, had any ammunition of that kind been obtainable. Comrade Tobie next responded to the call and retorted by relating personal reminiscences of the colonel's experience. He closed by stating that the regimental history would be ready for the public at the next reunion of the regi-

ment. Other speeches were made by Col. Zimri Smith, of the Boston Journal, Adjutant Thad Little, Col. A. C. Drinkwater, Major Hall, P. F. Shevlin, George A. Ordway, Henry Little, Charles E. Jack, and Comrade George H. Patch of the Globe. All the comrades of the regiment rendered thanks to the officers of the association for calling the meeting, and expressed the hope that another winter meeting be held. Notice was given at the table of the death of Sergeant Ansel Drew, one of the bravest of the brave.

A meeting of the association was held in the Sherman House, Boston on the twenty-eighth of September, at which it was voted to attend this reunion, going by the Boston & Maine Railroad (Eastern Division) and to charter a Pullman car for the purpose, a committee having already made the necessary arrangements.

Comrade Thaddeus Little, from the committee appointed for that purpose, presented the report of the committee with the draft of a constitution and by-laws which were adopted. These provide that the name of the association shall be the "Massachusetts Branch of First Maine Cavalry Association;" that its object is "the binding ourselves together to perpetuate the memory of our services in the late rebellion, and for the mutual benefit of all our beloved comrades of the First Maine Cavalry wherever located;" that "any member of the First Maine Cavalry or First District of Columbia Cavalry from August 1861, to August 1865, is eligible to membership in this association;" together with the usual provisions for officers, and their duties, meetings, dues, etc.

It was voted to hold the annual meeting on the second Wednesday of the following December, and Comrades Albion C. Drinkwater, Thaddeus Little and Charles A. F. Emery, were appointed a committee to make arrangements for said meeting.

The secretary was authorized to procure a badge for the association, to read "Massachusetts Branch."

By reason of the work of this association, a large number of the comrades and their families from Boston and vicinity were enabled to attend this reunion comfortably and all together, a privilege which all appreciated.

THE HISTORY.

The committee on the publication of the History of the Regiment which was appointed at the reunion in Portland in 1885, and reinforced at the reunion in Skowhegan in 1886, made their report at this reunion in the form of the printed book, handsomely bound, and more profusely and better illustrated than any other regimental

history yet published. Therefore a brief sketch of the work of this committee seems to naturally find a place in connection with this reunion. The committee consisted of Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Major George M. Brown, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Albion C. Drinkwater, Charles A. F. Emery, Charles F. Dam, Samuel W. Lane, John French, Augustus L. Ordway, and Nathaniel L. Owen. The first meeting was held in Boston on the sixteenth of November 1886, when a long consultation was held, different views were expressed, an estimate of the cost obtained from printers and binders, and a decision arrived at to prepare to print one thousand copies. The Historian reported, as he did at the reunion in Portland, that, through the kindness of Gen. Charles H. Smith, he had been supplied with complete rosters of the seven companies the rosters of which he did not already have, and therefore had all the material necessary; that copy for the history proper could be made ready for the printer at short notice and the rosters by the time they would be needed, and that he was ready to commence the work at any time the committee might direct. He was directed to commence at once. The matter of illustrations was talked over freely, and was finally placed in the entire charge of Gen. Cilley, as was also the financial part of the work. Of the latter portion of the programme Gen. Cilley has already told the story in Call 1 of the Bugle, while of the former he will tell his own story of struggles and triumphs a little later. Sub-committees were appointed for various parts of the work, and the work was fairly inaugurated. This meeting of the committee was rendered peculiarly pleasant from the fact that the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts tendered a reception and banquet to Gen. Cilley and Lieut. Tobie, at the Crawford House as related on pages 23, 24.

Another meeting of the committee was held in Boston a few weeks later, at which the committee were encouraged by reports of interest in the publication of the History from comrades every where, and decided to have fifteen hundred copies printed — one thousand with illustrations, for the comrades of the regiment and their relatives, and the remaining five hundred without illustrations, or with only a few, for the general public, should the general public wish. The sub-committee on printing gave the contract for the work to Comrade Charles A. F. Emery, of the committee, who was about going into business in the firm of Emery & Hughes, and right glad was the committee to be able to give the work to a com-

rade of the regiment, as well as proud to have a comrade able to do so nice a job of printing. The appearance of the book is ample evidence that the committee were wise in their choice. At this time a fair start was made in the work. Several other meetings were held, all in Boston, before the work was completed, and it is probable the members all realized before they finished, that there was more work to do for a committee on publication than they had imagined.

The Historian at once went to work to prepare the copy. And right here he wishes to thank the members of the committee, one and all, for their unvarying courtesy and kindness, and for the assistance rendered him all through the work of preparation. To comrades of every company of the regiment he also wishes to express his thanks for their assistance, their prompt replies to his scores of letters seeking information about this or that comrade, this or that engagement, this or that expedition, and their careful revision of the rosters, all which were of benefit not only to him but to the history and memory of the regiment. His relations with the printer, too, in preparing copy, reading proof, and matters of type, style, etc. were of the most cordial from first to last.

When the Historian came to prepare the manuscript, he found he had a greater amount of work before him than he was aware. He had supposed the copy for the History proper was complete, and would require only a slight revision. So it was at the time it was done, some years before, but he found, on looking over his papers, which had been accumulating all these years and having been filed away had been forgotten, that he was in possession of many facts which he had not then known. This necessitated a large amount of work, but it made the History so much the more complete, and proved conclusively that the regiment had gained greatly by not being in a hurry about getting the History published. There were not many inaccuracies of importance to be corrected, but there was a large quantity of new material to be woven into the original text, and while doing this it was found necessary, in order to reconcile conflicting statements, to open correspondence with many of the comrades of the regiment, from Gens. Smith and Cilley all along the roster, as well as with our loved Gen. Gregg, and other officers of the Old Second Division. Only courteous treatment and prompt replies from them could have enabled him to prepare the copy so as to keep the printer supplied fast enough to complete the work in season. But he was enabled to do it, and from the first pages

forwarded to Comrade Emery until the last page in the book, the printer did not have to wait. The work of printing was commenced in April, and the Historian went to Boston and set some of the type of the first chapter with his own hand. From this time the work went along smoothly, without any delays, until it was finished. The preparing of the rosters was a long and oft times monotonous work. While the Historian was in possession of the complete roster of each company, it was necessary for uniformity that all should be arranged in the same way. This necessitated rearranging and rewriting nearly all of them, and after this was done, every one (with the exception of that of his own company) was sent to one, two, and sometimes three or more comrades of each company for revision and in the hope of bringing out more facts. But to go into all the details of the work would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that the work was completed in time to supply the comrades with copies at this reunion, and that the Historian was well pleased that through the kindness of the committee his work was presented to the comrades in so fine and enduring form.

The work of the sub-committee on pictures for the history can best be told in circulars sent forth from time to time by such committee.

Circular letters were mailed to each member of the association Nov. 26th, 1886, as follows:—

ROCKLAND, ME., Nov, 26th, 1886.

DEAR COMRADE:

The publication of Lieut. Tobie's History of the First Maine Cavalry before our next reunion in a form that will do honor to the regiment is assured by a generous contribution from Gen. Smith. I say "assured," because I know you will follow his leadership and do your part as good comradeship demands. It will make a large volume of some 700 pages 6x9½ — an ornament to any table and an honor to any library. Money is needed for maps and illustrations to make clear the text, to bring the price low, to secure good work, and to have enough volumes printed to supply calls for some years to come. Tobie gives his labor. Every dollar contributed goes to the sole benefit of the history and comes back to you embodied therein. A full report of contributors and cost of the history will be printed either in the history or the succeeding reunion pamphlet. Please decide at once what you can and will do and write me.

Now about pictures. These are paid for by each member who appears, or by his relatives and friends. The Twenty-third Massachusetts and a few other regiments have included a large number of pictures in their history, both officers and privates. The result has been most happy. Every comrade will on reflection say, "I shall be glad to see the pictures of my comrades in the book. If this is so is it not selfish to decline to furnish your own picture? Finally,

concerning these pictures as concerning the whole history, I am dead in earnest, and do not wish to waste a single word. I say this, the present opportunity to secure pictures of comrades in the First Maine Cavalry is probably your only and last opportunity; that if you do not place your picture with the others in this history, your wife will regret it, your children will regret it, your friends will regret it, and your comrades of the regiment will both miss and regret it. Please not delay. The time is limited and is fast passing away.

Write me at once. If nothing more, give me the names of comrades in your own town and vicinity. It is no small labor I have taken on my shoulders but I will do it with gladness if you will respond with soldierly promptness.

Your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY,

For Committee on History.

Jan. 29th, 1887, the following letter was sent, viz:—

NOW ABOUT PICTURES OF THE COMRADES.

No other regiment ever dreamed of undertaking what is now being accomplished by our own. From \$1000 to \$2000 worth of heliotype portraits will go into the history. Men and officers as of yore will stand side by side. The record of the humblest is as sacred as the rank of the most fortunate. No more lasting testimonial could be given any departed brother. No more honorable mention could be deserved by any living member than fac simile picture in a history read and treasured by hearts loyal to the "First of Maine."

These pictures do not add to the cost of the book but are paid for entirely by the comrades who there appear. The comrades, as a rule, go in 5 to 7 on a page. Whether you can afford to be left out is a matter for your own personal determination, but whatever you do—don't procrastinate. Let the spirit in the refrain of the old song find some utterance:

"For we belong to Gideon's Band,

And here's my heart and here's my hand."

There are many tin types of army groups and army scenes in hands of comrades that we desire to secure. It is also desired that you show or make known this letter to members in your vicinity.

April 12th, 1887, the last circular was sent, as follows:—

ROCKLAND, April 12th, 1887.

Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry:

Your committee, calling renewed attention to the previous circulars, would now further report that the history by Lieut. Tobie is now being rapidly printed by the new firm of Emery & Hughes, 146 Oliver St., Boston, the head of which is comrade Charles A. F. Emery, of Company A, and formerly a member of the band.

Your committee reports that they not only secured better terms, but the history will be printed with new type and have the personal supervision of Comrade Emery, to whose firm the history comes as its "first born;" that, as far

as mechanical execution is concerned they expect the history to be as nearly perfect as possible.

Your committee have found it necessary to add to the cost of the work in one respect: it was found that cloth binding would not be strong enough to hold the large number of pictures going into the work, and it would be necessary to bind in morocco in the best manner. Still with this binding, which adds nearly a dollar per volume to the cost, the price of the history to comrades will be only \$3 for a volume containing some 700 pages 6x9½ which is cheap for a work having a limited edition.

Lieut. Tobie does not intend, nor do the committee require, nor will any comrade on reflection expect, to have everything that each one saw fully recorded. If such a thing were possible it would resemble an encyclopedia in the number of volumes needed for such a record.

Your committee do assert that Lieut. Tobie has given his best endeavors to present as full, fair and complete a history as it is possible for any one comrade to write; that he, as a faithful mother hen, has brooded over this work for years; has carefully laid and covered all the eggs he could produce or attain, and tried to put life into them. Now if he does not succeed, will not the blame rest on you roosters of the regiment who had the needed material and failed to communicate it as desired, time and again, by Lieut. Tobie.

Now while it is simply impossible to represent the miniature views of our service that each comrade personally saw, there is one thing the history will show by as faithful photographic process as the highest state of the art will admit, viz., the heliotype portrait of each comrade's countenance just as accurate as the tin type or photograph showed it while in the service or at the present time. Whatever imperfections there must be of necessity in any man's narrative, the pictures will meet this commendation, "There is comrade so and so just as he looked while in the service or as he looks now." On this subject of pictures the chairman of your committee feels like flopping his wings and going through the gyrations of the old chanticleer on the highest pile he can find in the barnyard. He only fears that the association will douse him with cold water for his exuberant antics when they come to the knowledge of the immense slaughter of postage stamps he has made to attain fifty pages of pictures for the history, an expense rendered necessary because comrades have not replied until they have received the ninety-and-ninth communications. But what comrade in the place of your committee would not feel glad way down to the bottom of his boots when such comrades as Tristram Andrews of Co. E give \$40, chiefly for pictures of others than himself; when Gen. Smith besides his generous subscription of \$100, puts in two pictures of himself at the expense of another \$100; when Capt. Cole in addition to his subscription pays \$55 for picture of himself and groups of his brother officers; when F. S. Douty, son of our Colonel, gives \$52 for the insertion of his father's picture; and the many others who besides paying for their own have helped pay for the pictures of comrades who stood by their side in the service.

Some members of our regiment thought your committee "too previous," when they stated in the former circular, "that no other regiment ever dreamed of undertaking what is now being accomplished by our own." They

forgot for the time being that never during the four years' service of the regiment in the war of the rebellion had the command "forward" been heard but it went forward and accomplished the object commanded; that never since the close of the war has any pecuniary or other demand ever been made upon the Association but has been more than fulfilled. The single inquiry has been "What is the sum you want?"

There are many pictures of mounted men, of army groups, and of regimental encampments we desire to secure. We have heard of several pictures of our encampment near Petersburg in winter of 1864-5, but have been unable to secure one. We desire the help of comrades in this particular as well as all along the line. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Besides these circular letters every picture obtained required from the committee from three to seven letters. One picture required five full four paged letters of nearly an hour's work on each letter.

Like much of our fighting in the service, the mounted men in line or the men in front had the brunt of the battle.

In one sense it was unjust, but in this way only could the large number of pictures be obtained. In some cases three or four comrades of a company clubbed together and purchased a whole page of pictures and beside their own secured pictures of loved comrades whose lives had gone out either in service or since, thus paying them a delicate and loving tribute such as they could do in no other way. All who paid full price helped to put in pictures of deceased comrades and those financially unable to bear such expense, to the extent of one fifth the amount paid by them. Without the benefit of this 20 per cent discount the pages could not have been arranged by companies or some other unity of design, as they are in the history. Even with the benefit of this discount the treasurer was obliged to advance \$59.31. In fact at the time he paid the Heliotype Co. the last payment he was out of pocket some hundreds of dollars and under the inconvenience of such a state of facts, wrote some rather savage letters to delinquent comrades, for which he has since asked pardon.

The prompt payment of the bills for the Heliotype Co.'s portraits and those in the history has attracted the attention and won marked approval from other regimental associations.

That the comrades may see what others think of the history and of the grand old regiment, the following letters and newspaper notices are given.

READING Pa. Feb. 8th, 1888.

Mr. E. P. TOBIE,

MY DEAR SIR:—I have just finished reading the History of the First Maine

Cavalry, and quit the book for the present, feeling that the author is entitled to the fullest commendation from every reader who had ought to do with the regiment during the war of the rebellion. I must restrain my pen lest it should run off in expressing my unbounded admiration for your old regiment. My object in writing is simply to express the pleasure your book has afforded me. Notwithstanding the condensation enforced by the limits of the single volume, our old battles and skirmishes are graphically and truthfully described.

Among the engraved illustrations I recognize many pictures of familiar faces. That of Colonel Boothby struck me particularly. Some how I seem to remember the colonel particularly well, and all these years since his death I have cherished his memory with the same high regard as that of Captain Phillips, of my staff.

You may well be proud of your work, and in its accomplishment you have placed under obligations to you all the survivors of your regiment and friends of the deceased. Indeed, your associates in the Second Cavalry Division gladly accept the obligation resting upon them that you have so fairly described the campaigns of the division. With best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

D. M. M. GREGG,

(Major General commanding Second Division Cavalry Corps A. P. in which the regiment served for more than two years.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, Nov. 5th, 1887.

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

DEAR SIR:—Please accept our thanks for the copy of "The History of the First Maine Cavalry," which you are kind enough to send us, and which we have no doubt will be of use to us in connection with the editing of "The Century War-book." Your volume strikes us on first impression as being a model regimental history in its arrangement and materials.

Very truly yours,

R. N. JOHNSON,
Associate Editor.

KINGSTON, NEW YORK, Feb. 5th, 1888.

MY DEAR TOBIE:—I do not know just how to thank you for the copy of "First Maine Cavalry," that reached me yesterday morning.

I have seen and read many histories of the war of the rebellion, general and special, political and military, of corps, regiments, battalions, and companies. Of them all, I have seen none so complete in its particular field as is this work of yours, and the committee of which you were the moving spirit and the working force.

I have had time only to look it through and admire the mechanical execution of the work, and at the same time to become charmed with the excellent idea of presenting so many portraits of old comrades as they appeared in the field. These portraits of the old haversacks and sabres, as well as the faces above them must awaken in the minds of the old comrades memories of more than an ordinary nature and bring to them a graphic retrospect of 1861-65.

The gathering of material and making the record, I own was a work of love on your part, for you always took great pride in the old regiment and its deeds, and it was a justifiable pride which I sympathized with heartily from my personal knowledge of the organization in the field.

One may well feel proud of being able to say "my regiment," of such an one as that was, and of its surviving members as comrades, and they in turn may feel proud that they have had such a historian.

Yours truly,

J. ALBERT MONROE.

(Civil Engineer, formerly Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac.)

PORTLAND, ME., NOV. 11th, 1887.

MY DEAR TOBIE: — Your book came to me in due time and I sat down to examine, read and admire. I wanted to read it through before answering yours, but I find I am sorely pressed for time and shall not be able to do the justice to it for some days to come, which I wish to do.

So Tobie, accept my thanks, listen to me while I hurrah! You have certainly got the best regimental history I have seen yet, and I have a goodly number, you know. All I have shown it to have expressed great interest in it, too.

One thing especially comes to me, and that is the gain by delay — by taking time to have it right and good. I wish I could try mine all over again — but then I might as well wish to live life all over.

Well, Bro. 'Tobie, you may "swell with pride" now as much as you please. You have built a monument for the old First Maine Cavalry that will endure when all these granite affairs have crumbled.

Yours etc.,

JOHN M. GOULD.

(Historian First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine Regiments, and Secretary regimental association.)

General and Ex-president RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, writes: — "I recall no regimental history that is equal to it. The great number of excellent portraits is especially noticeable and to be commended. Maine seems to be ahead, if we may judge by Major Gould's First Tenth and Twenty-ninth Infantry and this volume.

J. S. PIERSON, New York, writes: — "I must express, in a line, my admiration for the beauty and cheapness of your First Maine Cavalry just received. I get every regimental history that appears, and can recall none quite its equal in print, illustrations, and general getting up."

N. M. RITTENHOUSE, late of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, of Baltimore Terra Cotta Works, Md., writes: — "The book is better than anything of the kind I have yet seen, and I am very much pleased with it and would not be without it."

C. M. WILES, secretary of the tenth New York Cavalry Association, Cortland N. Y. writes: — "It is one of the best regimental histories that I ever saw.

True, your grand old regiment *made history* for itself, but your author has admirably collected it and placed it in form. I only wish our old regiment could have as good a record of their service."

E. O. VAN BROCKLIN, late Bugler Co. 1., Tenth New York Cavalry writes General J. P. CILLEY: *Dear General*:—Your circular calling my attention to the history of your excellent regiment is at hand. I have just finished reading it, and do not hesitate to say that it is without any exception the most interesting, the best prepared, and finest history of any regimental organization that I have had the pleasure to read. Again thanking you, the committee, and Mr. Tobie, also members of your veteran organization for having such an excellent historian, and for being permitted to read such a truthful history of this most superb cavalry regiment.

Lieut. MARK BROWNELL, late of Tenth New York Cavalry, 58 Greenbush St., Cortland, N. Y., writes as follows;—"J. P. CILLEY:—*Dear Comrade*:—The history is at hand and I have sat here since I had my tea at six, and it is now eleven, devouring its contents. It is grand, magnificent, and the deeds it records fill me with pride that I was indirectly associated with such a grand regiment. Please convey to the author my hearty thanks, and assure him of my thorough appreciation of his work. It is a monument to every man in the command.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES.

A FASCINATING STORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.—When one takes up the latest regimental history — that of the First Maine Cavalry — he will consider that he is getting a good deal of bulk for his money, and later he will not quarrel with the quality. It is a pretentious volume of 737 pages, though 250 of these are taken up with a very elaborate and painstaking roster and interesting statistics. The volume is remarkably well printed by Emery & Hughes, and is published by the regimental association. Lieut. Edward P. Tobie is the historian, and associated with him on the publishing committee are such men as Gen. J. P. Cilley, and Col. A. C. Drinkwater. This association, unlike some which might be named, evidently recognizes the value of its historian's efforts, and the work of Lieut. Tobie is certainly valuable. He has demonstrated his peculiar fitness for this work. It is a history manifestly intended for the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry, being undeviatingly devoted to the details of the regiment's experiences. The story is vigorously told, and does not aim at literary finish. There are graphic passages here and there which will catch the eye of the alien reader, such as the following wherein the author depicts the incidents of the first "mount" after receiving the horses in the initial camp at Augusta: "Most of the horses had never before been ridden on the back, and most of the men knew as little about it as did the horses. There was kicking and rearing, and running and jumping, and lying down and falling down on the part of the horses, and swearing and yelling, and getting thrown and being kicked, and getting hurt and sore in various ways, by the men. There was crowding in the ranks, and getting out of place, and striving to get back into place, and pushing for-

ward and hanging back, and going backward and sideways, and all ways but the right way, and all sorts of haps and mishaps, amusing to look back upon now."

The young American of the post-bellum generation has a sort of vague idea of the hardships of the great war, but has no conception of what some of the Union's defenders endured before they even got into the enemy's country. Strange, indeed, sounds the story that these Maine cavalymen camped all winter —'61 and '62— at the capital of their State in open tents, and much of that time without any stoves. The historian says: "It was estimated on good authority that the regiment lost that winter more than two hundred men by death and disability on account of the cold weather and the insufficient means of protection."

This regiment was raised in September, 1861, but did not get to Washington until the last of March, 1862. General Butler wanted the horses for some of his batteries, and persistently strove to have the First Maine Cavalry dismounted and discharged. Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House in the Maine Legislature, took a hand, and after he had had several set-toos with Secretary Stanton, the First Maine Cavalry was left on its horses.

In the organization of this regiment there were some peculiar features. Col. Goddard issued two orders, either of which would have rendered "Scott's 900" thoughtful, and both of which would have driven every member of the 178th New York to an insane asylum. One was that the colonel would allow of no profanity by officers or men. The other was that "he would recommend for commission in the regiment, no man, or recognize as such any non-commissioned officer, who did not sign a regimental temperance pledge." The character of the men in this organization may be inferred from the fact that most of the men took the pledge — in one company every man signing it.

Five months after organization, these warriors got their sabres, and began to catch an inkling of real war. Their first real shaking up was in Banks' spring campaign of 1862 in the Shendoah valley. One may guess the regiment, or some portion of it — like many another green cavalry command — was not very well handled by field officers. After this time, the command shared in the vicissitudes of the Potomac army to the end.

Lieut. Tobie has done an admirable piece of work in writing this history, and he has enjoyed the advantage of tapping sources of information more generous than those within reach of most such historians. It is possible that this book, good as it is, may not be so complete and true a "history" as it should be to deserve that name. In the note of the committee on history appears this passage: "One of these negative determinations was that no unpleasant thing should appear relating to the personal record of any comrade." Now there was a total of 103 officers and 3226 men in that regiment from first to last; so that it seems impossible that, governed by the above determination, the historian could write symmetrical "history" in true perspective. Perhaps it was the intention to present a satisfactory story of this regiment with all unpleasant facts eliminated. This volume is far ahead of any other of its kind in the feature of portraits. An excellent portrait of Gen.

C. H. Smith stands for the frontispiece, and there are 69 pages of pictures, a large proportion of them being of the best sort for such a work—i. e., showing the officers and men as they looked when in the service. Unstinted praise is due to this happy effort to immortalize the soldier countenances of this command.

One of these portraits is unusually sad in its suggestion. At the foot of the picture is the inscription: "Capt. John A. Heald; killed in the charge on Lee's train, April 6, 1865." This officer was one of the last victims of the rebellion. Two days more, and no fatal bullet would ever again come from Lee's army. ["History of the First Maine Cavalry 1861-1865." By Edward P. Tobie. Published by the Association; 8 vo. pp. 737. Press of Emery & Hughes, Boston, 1887.]—*Boston Herald*, Dec. 13th, 1887.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. A great many regimental histories have come under our observation during the last fifteen or twenty years, but we do not remember one in the long list which was superior in literary or mechanical workmanship, more painstaking or more interesting, than that of the First Maine Cavalry. The volume is written by Mr. Edward P. Tobie and is published under the auspices of a committee of the regimental association,— whose countenances, as they are grouped in a portrait at the close of the volume, seem to reflect an honest and justifiable pride in the success of this undertaking. The imprint of Emery & Hughes, 146 Oliver street, appears upon the title page. The book is an octavo of over 700 pages, printed from large, clear type, and bound substantially in half morocco, with marbled edges. Not the least noteworthy feature of the book is the multitude of portraits of officers and men—nearly three hundred in all, which are scattered though it. These add a special personal interest to the narrative of the occurrences in which these men and their comrades were participants. The regiment had a dashing and gallant career. It bore upon its flag the names of twenty-nine battles in which it had an honorable part, and these were in addition to many minor engagements. Fully half of the regiment were killed or wounded, or died from disease or in prison; and it is not surprising that the survivors cherish with pride the memory of the brave achievements with which the history of the regiment is filled. The author was second lieutenant in Company E, and was a sharer in all the experiences of the regiment from the enlistment to the mustering out after the war was over. The basis of his history is a diary which he kept at the time. His account of the battles in which the regiment was engaged is clear and vivid. He has enlivened and diversified the history by narratives of personal experience or episodes of life in camp or in the field, contributed by comrades. The roster has been prepared with great care, and biographical details are given concerning most of the members of the regiment who are dead. Altogether, the book not only reflects credit upon all concerned in its preparation, and upon the regiment whose experiences it chronicles, but it has a broader interest from the side-light which it throws upon the military movements in which the regiment took part, and, from this point of view, is to be reckoned an addition to the literature of the war.—*Boston Journal*, Feb. 10th, 1888.

At the annual reunion of 1886 of the First Maine Cavalry, a committee was

appointed on the publication of the history of this famous Maine regiment, which took part in the largest number of engagements of any regiment in the service during the war. How well the committee performed this duty is shown in the handsome volume of 765 pages, just issued. The compilation and editing of the work was a labor of love by the historian, being Comrade Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R.I. Three hundred and seven portraits of comrades, a complete roster and list of engagements, aside from the narrative of the regiment's eventful history, make it a valuable souvenir of the war to the veterans of the First Maine.— *Boston Globe*.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. By Lieut. Edward P. Tobie. Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association. No cavalry regiment in the army which crushed the rebellion played a more conspicuous part than the First Maine. It was organized in the fall of 1861, of as good material as could be found in that grand old State, and served until the surrender at Appomattox, doing splendid work on every field on which it was engaged. The story of these momentous four years has been most admirably told in a book of seven hundred twenty-seven pages, gotten up in the best style of typography by the firm of Emery & Hughes, Boston, and illustrated by three hundred and seven portraits and other pictures. No amount of expense or care has been spared in making this a book worthy of the regiment and its history. It is as fine a volume as is turned out by any publishing house, and the matter in it is well written, well compiled and well presented. The book is a model for all other regimental histories. We cannot hope that any one can do better, but we trust many will equal it.— *National Tribune, March 1st, 1888*.

Every Maine veteran, wherever he may now be located, will be greatly interested in this noble work. The members of the First Maine Cavalry, those who survive, and those who can rightfully claim by inheritance a share in their fair fame, may well be proud of the book. It is a large, well printed volume, with illustrations comprising three hundred and seven portraits of comrades and scenes in camp and field. Many of the illustrations are full-page. As these pictures are from photographs and drawings taken during the war, they are far more interesting to the veterans than any recent pictures would be. They show the old uniform, equipments, horses, camp scenes and surroundings, which bring back the old times most vividly. The author of the history has evinced the utmost patience in research and examination of documents, and the greatest assiduity in obtaining testimony so as to fill out the narratives of every campaign and every battle. There are some four hundred and forty-eight of these large pages of the history proper. Then comes a full roster of the regiment. Then is added the names of the battles inscribed upon the flag and the celebrated order of General Meade, specifying all the organizations of the Army of the Potomac entitled to have the names of the battles upon their colors. An alphabetical index to the roster makes it easy to refer to any name. Some of the portraits are not only excellent as likenesses but are remarkably well engraved—such for instance, as that of Chaplain Tefft, Col. C. H. Smith, and Gen. J. P. Cilley.

It must not be supposed that this volume would possess an interest and value to no one except members of the First Maine Cavalry. It is, to be sure, a model as a regimental history. But in the account of the famous Dahl-

gren raid, for example, it is substantially the history of all the troops engaged or in anywise related.

So, also, of the "Wilson Raid," "Brandy Station," and all the various campaigns, forced marches, skirmishes and battles—they all have their close relations to the movements of the entire army and the great work of the Army of the Potomac will be better understood by reading such a detailed and exact account. You find an almost indispensable side light upon the Gettysburg campaign, "the Wilderness," the campaigns around Petersburg and even Appomattox and Lee's surrender. Some of the accounts of participants in various engagements are quoted and are wonderfully clear and vivid. As an instance of this is the narrative of Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley of the heroic doings of the regiment at Dinwiddie Court House, the last of March, 1865, paving the way for the great victory at Five Forks the next day. The regiment then belonged to Sheridan's command and its conduct was commended by him: "where Smith's brigade so gallantly repulsed the enemy," and by its brigade commander: "The conduct of the First Maine is deserving of special mention." Among the officers who originally belonged to the First Maine Cavalry but afterwards were promoted in other divisions of the army, was Lieut. Llewellyn G. Estes, who became the adjutant general to Major General Kilpatrick and held this important position when Kilpatrick commanded Sherman's cavalry on the famous march to the sea. Estes was brevetted brigadier-general for his gallantry. Among the enlisted men of this regiment who survived the war and have since been distinguished in civil life may be mentioned Hon. Daniel F. Davis who became Governor of Maine. Kind expressions of appreciation of the book have been received from surviving comrades from all parts of the country. Any native of Maine who retains an affection for and pride in his native State will want a copy. Every veteran of whatever State who is desirous of having a clear and interesting and reliable record of the old campaigns cannot go amiss in sending to General Cilley for this handsome volume.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*. Chicago, Dec. 21st, 1889.

We have received from Comrade E. P. Tobie, the historian, a copy of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a very large volume, nicely printed and bound, and profusely illustrated. It is the finest regimental history that ever came to our notice. Comrade Tobie and his comrades of the regiment may well feel proud of it.—*Veteran's Advocate*.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, 1861-65, by Edward P. Tobie: published by the First Maine Cavalry Association. This book, prepared by Mr. Edward P. Tobie, historian of the association, was presented to the writer as a Christmas present and also as a token of friendship. It is a valuable history of the First Maine Regiment, and the writer returns his heartfelt thanks for the valuable gift. The book contains seven hundred and sixteen pages, carefully indexed, and more than three hundred photographs of the officers and privates of the regiment, and also camp scenes. The photographs represent the members as they were in the field, and as private citizens after the regiment returned. It is a book that will be especially valuable to the members of the association, and a valuable addition to the history of the rebellion.—*Central Falls Visitor*, December 30th, 1887.

DEDICATION

—OF THE—

CAVALRY SHAFT AT GETTYSBURG.

[Condensed from the Official Report published by the Committee, and used here by permission.]

Appreciating the importance of bringing more prominently into notice and of perpetuating a proper recognition of the services of the cavalry and artillery, which contended so successfully on the right flank of the Army of the Potomac during the Battle of Gettysburg with the confederate cavalry under General J. E. B. Stuart, and which, by their gallant fight on July 3d, 1863, contributed largely to the momentous victory of that day, a convention of the survivors of that portion of the battle was held at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, on September 17th, 1881. It was then proposed to mark the field of the fight with a plain but conspicuous granite shaft, having upon it a simple inscription. In furtherance of this object the following executive committee was chosen, to which was conceded full authority to decide upon the design of the shaft, the inscription to be placed thereon and the location, to raise the necessary funds therefor, and to superintend its erection:—

GENERAL JOHN B. MCINTOSH, late commander of the first Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, chairman.

GENERAL J. IRVIN GREGG, late commander of the Third Brigade, Second Cavalry Division.

COLONEL GEORGE GRAY, late of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry, Custer's Brigade, Third Cavalry Division.

GENERAL ALEXANDER C. M. PENNINGTON, formerly of the Second, now of the Fourth U. S. Artillery.

COLONEL CHARLES TREICHEL, late of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, First Brigade, Second Cavalry Division, treasurer.

In order to assist the executive committee in its labors a local committee was appointed, consisting of:—

CAPTAIN WILLIAM E. MILLER, of Carlisle, Pa., chairman.

CAPTAIN SAMUEL C. WAGNER, of Newville, Pa., and

PRIVATE WILLIAM H. MARTIN, of Chester, Pa.

As soon as the subscriptions warranted the erection of the shaft designs and proposals were asked for, and those submitted by Mr., P. F. Eisenbrown of the Eagle Marble and Granite Works of Reading, Pa., were adopted, and the shaft was ordered. It is cut out of light gray New Hampshire granite, in nine pieces, weighing in all twenty-six tons, and stands twenty-nine feet in height, the base being seven feet broad. In accordance with an arrangement with the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, that body purchased a piece of ground on the Lott farm sixty feet square, with a carriage road approach from the Low Dutch road of the width of twenty feet. In selecting the site the executive committee had in view the importance of so placing the shaft as to render it visible from a distance, and at the same time to mark the place upon which the great hand-to-hand sabre-fight took place. The shaft can be distinctly seen from East Cemetery Hill, from which point the greater part of the entire battle-field is visible. From that position the relative importance of the cavalry fight can best be judged, and the effect of the resistance of the attack of the confederate cavalry can best be appreciated. *

The day selected by the executive committee for the dedication of the shaft, Wednesday, October 15th, 1884, proved to be a most favorable one. The bracing atmosphere, mellowed by the genial rays of the sun, and the brilliancy of coloring in the landscape, heightened by the beautiful autumnal tints of the foliage, combined to make the day one long to be remembered. The admirable arrangements for the exercises of the dedication, made by Dr. Theodore T. Tate, of Gettysburg, formerly assistant surgeon Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, left nothing to be desired. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the hour appointed for the beginning of the exercises, a large assemblage was gathered around the shaft. Conspicuous among those present were General David McM. Gregg, who had commanded the Union cavalry in the fight which took place on the ground on July 3d, 1863; Generals John B. McIntosh and J. Irvin Gregg, who had commanded two of the brigades engaged, and General Henry J. Hunt, the chief of artillery of the Army of the Potomac during the battle of Gettysburg. The occasion received additional interest from the fact that the annual reunions of the Associations of the Third and Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry Regiments were so timed as to take place at Gettysburg on the date of

* See page 176 History for picture of shaft and inscription.

the dedication of the shaft. The "State Capital Band" of Harrisburg, Pa., was in attendance, and discoursed excellent and enlivening music during the proceedings.

The meeting was organized by Captain William E. Miller, the chairman of the local committee, who announced Major-General David McM. Gregg, as the presiding officer of the day. The President called upon the Reverend Percy Clinton Webber, S. T. B., M. A., Rector of St. Andrews' Protestant Episcopal Church, Tioga, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, to open the exercises with prayer, after which President Gregg spoke as follows :

ADDRESS OF GENERAL D. MCM. GREGG.

MY FELLOW-SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—There are times and occasions in the life of every man when he is possessed of feelings and emotions that are well nigh indescribable, and at such times it would be especially difficult for one to express the feeling of another. I regret that I can but so lamely express what I feel at this time. You will believe, however, that I do not employ the expression in any conventional sense, when I say that this is one of the very happiest days of my life. And why should it not be? Am I not again, after nearly twenty years' separation, united with soldiers, with some of whom I served for more than three years in the war of the rebellion, and whose fortunes I shared, whether on the march, in camp, or engaged in battle; united again with those whose friendship I prize more highly than that of any other men on earth.

To-day I meet representatives of the Second Cavalry Division, in the persons of two of its distinguished brigade commanders—alas! the gallant and lamented Custer of the Third Division, having given his life on a later field, cannot be with us—representatives of the same division and the Michigan Brigade, in the persons of regimental commanders and other officers of various grades, and, to our especial happiness, in a large number of private soldiers. We would extend our cordial greetings to all veteran soldiers of all arms of service. Would that it had been possible for every survivor of the command that fought on this field in 1863 to have been with us to-day.

On July 3d, 1863, we stood on this field, armed men, to resist the advance of an enemy with whom we had made trials of strength oft times before, and of late at Brandy Station, Aldie, Middleburg, and Upperville. Our gaze was directed to the northward as we watched the approach of the columns of the enemy. Right gallantly did they come sweeping on, with such well aligned fronts, and with such tremendous pace, that it seemed as though nothing could stand against them. There was a meeting of the blue and gray, and for a time the issue was held in the balance.

The struggle was ended by the retirement of the enemy to his starting point, discomfited by failure, with ours in hot pursuit. Severe as was the engagement, it could not be asserted that the Union forces that participated were never in a severer. These fought too many battles in that long war for

such a comparison. But all will agree they never fought on a fairer field. Neither party asked nor expected aid from the main armies beyond. Our enemy had the advantage in numbers and position; we the moral advantage of fighting on our own heath. It can safely be said that on no other field did Union cavalry, whether on foot or in the saddle, do more effective and brilliant fighting than on this. Had it fought less well here, the victory would have been with the enemy rather than with us.

Then our ears were filled with the sound of cannon, the rattling fire of carbines, and with the defiant shouts of foemen of well tried gallantry. To-day we stand here the most peaceful of citizens, and the usual quiet is only broken by the hearty and joyous salutations of long separated comrades, who are met to view this shaft which marks the field on which twenty-one years ago they proved their valor and their devotion to their country. In after years our sons will proudly point to this the indicator of the field on which their sires fought, and will go hence, having pledged anew their devotion to their country. More than twenty-one years ago we saw these fields occupied by thousands of horsemen in battle array. To-day they are the scene of a happy reunion of those whose cause triumphed after a war of four years' duration.

After today we will again part, not to meet again. Let us preserve as long as life shall last, even in separation, the friendship formed amid the stirring scenes of war, and renewed at this shaft. Let us stand more closely together as the close of the day of life draws on, and even in the twilight we catch the notes of the last tattoo. Nor should we forget our comrades who fell on this field, some of whom quietly repose in yonder cemetery, but will keep green their memories.

The necessity of rearing a cavalry shaft on the extreme right of the line of battle at Gettysburg had long been apparent to those who had served there. Its purpose is to serve as a guide to visitors, even from far distant points. This required height, massiveness, and prominence of position, but not elaborate ornamentation. The shaft is not memorial, else other effects would have been studied. It stands as solid as the line of blue-coated cavalymen that once stood there.

Before closing, you will allow me to mention that the successful completion of this work is mainly, aye entirely, due to the exertions of one of our number. More than four years ago he first mentioned the project, and from that time to the present he has labored without ceasing. No matter what discouragements arose, what indifference on the part of others he met, he passed them by, only looking to the end. Expecting no other reward than that which he this day enjoys, of being present at the dedication of this shaft, he is the happiest of men. No one knows so well as I the vast amount of work he has done, and therefore I do not hesitate to ask that you will give your thanks to one who twenty-one years ago on this field proved his valor as a soldier, and is to-day proved a successful builder. You will all know that I mean Captain William E. Miller, of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry.

The shaft will now be transferred to the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association by one who needs no introduction at my hands. I refer to the distinguished officer who so ably commanded the brigade of the Second Cavalry

Division which did such magnificent fighting on this very field, on the afternoon of July 3d, 1863. You will at once recognize Brigadier-General John B. McIntosh, U. S. A., who will proceed to discharge the duty assigned to him.

ADDRESS OF GEN. JOHN B. MCINTOSH.

MR. BUEHLER, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.—It becomes my pleasing duty this day to transfer to the care and keeping of your association this beautiful shaft, erected by the survivors of the Second Cavalry Division and General Custer's Cavalry Brigade, who were participants in the engagement which took place here on July 3d, 1863. The inception of the project originated with the Third Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry, a regiment conspicuous on the day of the engagement for its continued and superb fighting. On the 17th of September, 1881, a convention of cavalymen was held at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, and at that meeting an Executive Committee was appointed, consisting of General John B. McIntosh, General J. Irvin Gregg, General A. C. M. Pennington, and Colonel Charles Treichel, to whom was conceded full authority to decide upon the design of the shaft, the inscription to be placed thereon, its location, and to raise the necessary funds and to superintend its erection. Subsequently a sub-committee was appointed by the executive committee, to assist in the work, consisting of Captains William E. Miller and S. C. Wagner, and Private William H. Martin.

That the shaft is completed and ready for dedication this day is due very largely to the untiring efforts of Captain Miller, of the sub-committee, and to the generous and splendid contribution of Colonel George Gray of the Sixth Michigan Cavalry. To your hands, as the representatives of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association, we consign the custody of the shaft, which will stand a silent sentinel to proclaim to this and succeeding generations the martial deeds of a patriotic people, who here on this field met a determined foe bent on the destruction of this fair Republic, and hurled him back broken and defeated. It will stand as the right flank of that noble army, which, fresh from the defeats of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, here determined that a victory should be won which would reanimate our country and be the harbinger of final victory. It will stand as the cenotaph of those valiant and loyal men who here laid down their lives in the interests of humanity, and for the safety, honor, and welfare of this people. Accept this trust, which we confide to your care, and guard it well, as you have those heretofore placed in your keeping.

The shaft, which was enveloped in a large American flag, was then unveiled, while a salute was fired from a field-piece by a detachment of Corporal Skelly Post G. A. R., of Gettysburg.

Mr. David A. Buehler responded on behalf of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial Association as follows:—

ADDRESS OF DAVID A. BUEHLER, ESQUIRE.

MR. CHAIRMAN, VETERANS OF THE SECOND AND THIRD CAVALRY DIVISIONS—LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—The chill atmosphere of this chilly afternoon, and the interesting exercises yet to come, as indicated by your programme, admonish me that it would not be proper to detain you with unnecessary remarks. I may be permitted, however, on behalf of the association I have the honor to represent, to express the very great pleasure it gives us to have this magnificent monument intrusted to our care. Although more than twenty years have passed since the great struggle which swept with fire and blood these hills and slopes and fields, the interest in the battle-field and the great principles here contested for, instead of diminishing, is increasing as years roll by, as is attested by the constantly swelling numbers who come hither year by year to gather inspiration from the great deeds and heroic sacrifices that have consecrated these grounds to an immortality of fame.

It so happens that in the overshadowing magnitude of the infantry operations, popular interest has centred around Seminary and Cemetery Hills, Culps Hill and the Round Tops, the Peach Orchard and Wheat Field, while the relations of the cavalry to the great struggle have been largely ignored. Until within a year or two, few of those who came hither seemed to be aware that on this field occurred one of the heaviest and most desperately contested cavalry combats of the war. Fewer still have realized the vital relation of that combat to the final desperate assault of Lee on the Union lines, or what disasters might have ensued had Gregg's gallant troopers failed in duty on the ground on which we now stand. *You* understand and fully appreciate all this, and a grateful country is coming into full recognition of what you did here. It is eminently fitting, therefore, that to-day you rear this imposing memorial shaft.

It has been the privilege of our association to have committed to their care numerous memorial structures, but I can assure you that we accept this one with peculiar pleasure, and promise for it somewhat at least of the same loving and watchful care which you have given to its preparation. Long may it stand as a memorial of the grand deeds here performed, and of the heroes who here gave their lives that the nation should under God, "have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

The President then said: "An historical address will now be delivered by a comrade, who, in addition to a very accurate general knowledge of the great battle of Gettysburg, derived from the study of the best authorities, is particularly well informed as to the details of the engagement which took place on this field on July 3d, 1863, he having participated therein as an officer of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry. I have the pleasure of presenting Captain and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel William Brooke-Rawle.*"

* The Historical Address was published in the April Call.

Upon the conclusion of the reading of the address, the President announced that Colonel John B. Batchelder, the historian of the Battle of Gettysburg, was present, and would be glad to meet representatives of the different regiments and batteries engaged, for the purpose of determining their positions on the field during the battle, in order that they might be correctly represented in the official map recently issued by the War Department, and that the meeting would be reconvened at the court house in Gettysburg, at 7.30 o'clock in the evening.

In the evening, at half-past seven o'clock, the meeting reconvened in the court room, which was filled to its utmost capacity. General Gregg, the president, in calling the meeting to order said:—

FELLOW-SOLDIERS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:—Owing to the very general desire on the part of those who were present at the exercises on the field this afternoon to stroll over the battle-field, the continuation of the meeting was postponed until this evening. We are again assembled to enjoy together the hour or two remaining before many will have to take the train to return to their homes. We will now resume the order of exercises as set forth on the programme. A gallant comrade was invited to write a poem for this occasion, and we had hoped that he would be present to read it himself. In the absence of the poet, Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie, of the First Maine Cavalry, I call upon Major J. Edward Carpenter, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, to read the poem.

LINES

Written for the reunion of the Second Cavalry Division, and Custer's Brigade of the Third Division, Army of the Potomac, at Gettysburg, October 15th, 1884, held for the purpose of dedicating the shaft erected on the field of the cavalry operations on the right flank, July 3d. 1863.

BY EDWARD P. TOBIE,

Of Pawtucket, R. I., formerly Second Lieutenant First Maine Cavalry.

Along through more than twenty years,
 The echoes of the past
 Come rushing down, and fill our ears—
 Aye, thick they come, and fast—
 The bugle note, the sabre clash,
 The cannon roar and carbine crack,
 The myriad hoofs in onward dash,
 The squadrons surging forth and back.

The aroma of heroic deeds
 Fills all the air around—
Deeds done by men of all the creeds,
 On this historic ground—
Of bravery that would do and dare,
 Of courage pure as e'er was known,
Of striving each to do his share
 As though the cause were his alone.
This shaft will send these echoes grand
 Adown the years to come,
And breathe the aroma o'er the land
 Long after we are dumb,
Telling the story o'er again
 Of this Republic's dreadful strife,
Telling the story of the men
 Who offered life for nation's life ;
Telling the story of the field
 Whereon to-day we stand,
Where foemen brave was forced to yield
 In contest hand to hand,
Where sabre blows fell sharp and fast,
 Where charge and counter-charge were given—
The foe was driven back at last,
 The field was ours—give thanks to heaven.
Teaching along the coming time,
 So all may understand,
That love of country is sublime,
 And patriotism grand ;
That loyal hearts and loyal arms
 Will aye respond to country's call
Whene'er she sounds stern war's alarms,
 And with her stand or with her fall.
The comrades we left here that day,
 A hundred, good and true,
Now dwelling in their bright array
 Above the ethereal blue,
Are looking down upon this shaft
 Raised on the field whereon they fell ;
To us the heavenly breezes waft
 Their sweet acclaim—"Comrades, 'tis well."

The President then said, "There is present another of the brigade commanders of the old Second Cavalry Division. Behold the man ! General Irvin Gregg will now address you.

GENERAL J. IRVIN GREGG'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE RIGHT FLANK, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is entirely unexpected to me to be called upon to address such an audience as this, and particularly so that I should attempt to tell you what General McIntosh has not told you. And if, as that distinguished officer says, General Gregg's tactics or strategy have turned his right flank, he has by this movement got upon my left, and if it was not for the Second Brigade of the Third Division, the gallant "Wolverines," which happily we have in reserve, we would be completely enveloped and hopelessly entangled, for our infantry are too far off and have too much to do looking after their own flanks and centre to give us any assistance.

Now, comrades and friends, does it not seem like asking a good deal for your distinguished presiding officer to call upon me to say what General McIntosh, Colonel Brooke-Rawle, Mr. Buehler, and himself have left unsaid, about the glorious events that took place upon this sacred and historic ground twenty-one years ago, particularly when they were talking under the inspiration of the memories and recollections called up by the very scenes amid which, and the very field upon which, took place that glorious combat so long misunderstood and still so little appreciated by the great mass of people of this country.

There is another reason why I should not be expected to say much about what has not been said, and that is, that the brigade which I had the honor to command was held in reserve—that it did not actually participate in the combat—consequently any support which it contributed, or any influence it exercised upon the issue of the fierce contest going on under its view, was entirely moral. How important a factor two thousand fresh troops massed upon the flank of the contending forces would be, every soldier will understand and appreciate. The part assigned to my brigade on that memorable third of July was not an unimportant one. Some time during the forenoon, perhaps about nine or ten o'clock, it moved up the Baltimore pike to the vicinity of General Meade's headquarters, where it was met by your presiding officer and ordered to proceed up the Tannytown road and develop the enemy, as General Meade was in doubt as to the position of General Lee; but before the the command was fully in motion the order was countermanded, as General Meade had received the information he desired in reference to General Lee's position and intentions, and I was ordered to return to and take up the position of the previous day, on the right flank. In compliance with this order I took a position on the east end of Wolf's Hill, my left connecting with the right of the infantry, the enemy being immediately in my front, occupying the buildings of Mr. Deodorf. Here I remained until nearly three o'clock P. M., the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, some squadrons of which were on the skirmish line, keeping up a sharp fire with the enemy and repulsing one or two spirited attacks.

About this time I received an order to move the remainder of my brigade, as rapidly as possible, to a point on the Bonaughtown road, west of the Spangler house, where the road leading from the Baltimore pike, near White Run bridge enters it, mass it, and keep a sharp lookout on my left, towards

Gettysburg, and Rummels' farm buildings on my left front, which appeared to be the right of General Stuart's position. In this position my brigade occupied the gap of nearly two miles between the left of our forces engaged with General Stuart and the right of our infantry. The position was taken up in full view of the enemy, whose batteries opened upon us for a short time, wounding several men in the Tenth New York Cavalry.

Comrades, I am exceedingly gratified after the lapse of twenty-one years to meet so many old comrades, to renew the friendships formed amid scenes of danger and suffering that tried men's souls, and to know that yonder stately shaft which we dedicated this day will perpetuate to future generations the fame of the brave men who on that July day, more than one-fifth of a century ago, so nobly did their whole duty in the defense of their country in that extreme moment of its deadly peril.

The President then introduced Col. Bachelder, the Historian of Gettysburg, who said, substantially :

COL. JOHN B. BACHELDER'S REMARKS.

The monument which you have this day dedicated marks the locality of a distinctive feature of the Battle of Gettysburg, comparatively unknown, yet one of the most important in its results. That it was the design of General Stuart to turn the right flank of the Union army and attack it in rear is undoubtedly true. Had the attempt succeeded, the entire character of the engagement, and probably the result of the battle, would have been changed. That it did not succeed is due to the desperate daring and brilliant gallantry of the men whom you, sir, had the honor to command, and hence the importance of erecting a monument to mark the spot where that event transpired must be patent to all. I also desire to congratulate these veterans upon the good judgment displayed by their committee when it was decided to erect the monument on the field where the battle occurred. I know there were those who, for fear it would not be seen in its present location, would have placed it as a battle monument on Cemetery Hill, and marked the present site with a tablet. This in my opinion, would have been a public misfortune. It is the identical field, made historical by your valor, which should be preserved to history. There are too many who would thoughtlessly surrender now the ground on which they fought, and erect their monuments in more conspicuous positions. If the only design had been to have had it seen it might well have been erected in the city of Reading, where it was cut; but your committee chose well when it was decided to place it on the field where the tide of battle surged, the field which the historian will describe, where your comrades fell, and the field which your children, and your children's children will visit with pleasure in the long years to come, and point with pride to the shaft which marks the spot moistened by the blood of their fathers. Again, sir, I congratulate you upon the successful erection of this imposing monument.

The President then called upon Colonel Rawle, who spoke briefly, as follows :

COLONEL WILLIAM BROOKE-RAWLE'S REMARKS.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES:—I thank you most heartily for the kind but vociferous manner in which you have called me to my feet. I know very well that you have heard enough from me to-day, even were I not reminded of the fact by what my friend, General Irvin Gregg, has said. I could not address you now if I would, for, as you perceive, I have no voice left. I suppose that it is still being wafted around our shaft out there on the right flank with that "aroma of heroic deeds" of which our poet has so beautifully sung this evening. I have certainly lost it some where, and must ask you to excuse my saying more than again to thank you.

Col. John P. Nicholson, Recorder of the Commandery of Pennsylvania, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, spoke briefly on behalf of that order, and then Capt. David M. Gilmore of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry was introduced, and thus spoke.

CAPTAIN DAVID M. GILMORE'S REMARKS.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND COMRADES:— This is the first time since the war closed that it has been my privilege to meet you. Frequently I have longed to attend your reunions, but distance and business have heretofore prevented. To be present on this occasion I have traveled hundred of miles, and now that my hopes are realized, and I have once more grasped the hands of former comrades, and revived the friendships of army days, "my cup of joy runneth over," and, with the ancient maiden on her glad marriage day, I sing:—

" This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

It is fitting and proper that we should meet from time to time, and talk over the experiences of the past. Far too little credit has been given to the cavalry arm of the service for the hardships and dangers it encountered, and the mighty achievements it wrought. In the camp or in the field, it was the ever sleepless eye of the army. Its work was ever in the front or on the flanks or rear, and where the reporter was seldom present as an eye witness. This fact, added to the proverbial modesty of the cavalymen, has left their deeds "unhonored and unsung."

It is not my purpose to, nor would I, pluck a single leaf from the immortelles which surround the brows of infantry or artillery, but I do maintain that for laborious work, patient endurance, hard fighting, the cavalry is entitled to a full and equal share of credit and glory.

Many of our noblest men and greatest generals received much of their military education in the cavalry. McClellan, Kearney, Sumner, Sedgwick, Harney, Thomas, Gregg, Averell, Sheridan, McIntosh, Irvin Gregg, Custer and a host of others, carved with their sabres their names high on the roll of honor.

It is not generally known that during the war of the rebellion the cavalry force of the government was larger than ever belonged to any nation on earth, and the achievements of its members rivaled any of history or song. It has become entirely too common a custom to seek in foreign countries

and by-gone ages for examples of daring skill or chivalry, while our own times and country are replete with heroic examples. Murat, with waving plume and glistening sabre, never surpassed Custer, with fair flowing locks and crimson necktie, leading his "Wolverines" in the thickest of the fight. Our hearts thrill with emotion as we read of the Earl of Cardigan and his "immortal six hundred" riding to death and glory at Balaklava, but for daring intrepidity this achievement was more than equaled by the dare-devil Phil. Kearney with his "two hundred," charging the whole Mexican army of thirty thousand before the gates of their own capital city. The gallantry of Major Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, charging boldly into the head of Stonewall Jackson's advancing corps at Chancellorsville, or of Zagonyi at Springfield, Mo., was never surpassed by the dashing Russian Skobelof, who with white uniform was ever in the forefront of battle. Of downright hard fighting, where hard knocks were given and received, the cavalry during the war had its full share. Averell's fight at Kelly's Ford; Pleasonton's, Buford's, and Davies' at Beverly Ford; Gregg's at Brandy Station; the battles of Middleburg, Upperville and Aldie—all are instances where cavalry met cavalry in hand to hand encounters. But amidst all these various engagements, few, if any, have equaled, and none excelled, the magnificent fight on the right flank at Gettysburg, where the three brigades of McIntosh, Irvin Gregg, and Custer, under General D. McM. Gregg, met and repulsed the four brigades of confederate cavalry under General Stuart, on July 3d, 1863, which attack was simultaneous with and virtually part of Pickett's charge. The purpose was that Pickett should break our centre, and that Stuart should turn our right and strike our rear, in which case the certain defeat of the Army of the Potomac would follow. Both attacks failed, and from that hour, which has been fittingly styled "the high water mark of the rebellion," the waves of the confederacy receded, until at Five Forks they were dashed to pieces on that cavalry rock—Sheridan.

Comrades! it is to commemorate this action that you and I are here to-day. After twenty years have passed we now meet where we fought and where we conquered, and where we now erect this beautiful shaft as our Ebenezer to which our children and their children may, through all the coming ages, point with pride as the place where their ancestors fought that the "Government of the people by the people, and for the people, should not perish from the earth."

Captain William E. Miller was pleasantly introduced by the President, and responded in a few words, thanking the President for his kind expressions and the comrades present for their warm greeting extended to him.

Rev. Percy Clinton Webber, upon being called upon, made a stirring patriotic speech, and Major H. C. Weir, so long assistant adjutant general of the Second Cavalry Division, responded to a call in a few amusing remarks.

Major J. Edward Carpenter of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry,

upon being introduced, gave a vivid resume of the scenes enacted by the various brigades of the Second Division of Cavalry, both before and after the fight at Gettysburg.

The President then introduced Colonel Hampton S. Thomas, of the First Pennsylvania Cavalry, who sang in capital style "The Regular Army, Oh!" with grand choral accompaniment by the assemblage.

The hour for separation having arrived, Rev. Mr. Webber pronounced the benediction and the President said, "Comrades farewell! God bless you all," which closed the exercises.

CAPT. BIGELOW'S VISIT TO RICHMOND.

[MELROSE, Mass., May 4th, 1891.

LIEUT. EDW. P. TOBIE:—

My Dear Comrade;— This highly interesting account of Capt. Bigelow's "Excursion" to Richmond in the Autumn of 1862 was related by him to one of our esteemed citizens, R. P. Barry Esq., and was read before the "Roundabout Club" in this town several years ago. It has the approval of Capt. Bigelow and will be very interesting matter for the columns of the "Bugle."

Yours in F. C. and L,

HORATIO S. LIBBY.]

One stormy afternoon, seated in my friend Bigelow's* office, after the completion of one of our cotton trades (which were usually of that pleasant description where the seller and buyer feel equally satisfied), the captain said to me, "Barry, did I ever tell you of my trip to Richmond, in 1862?" I replied in the negative, and said I should like to hear it. "Well it's a long story, and perhaps you haven't the time." I said I had "all the time there was" and if he would lend me a cigar, I would try to bear the narration. The cigar was produced, and the captain told me the following story, the particulars of which I believe to be strictly true, though a little remarkable, and in recording the story I have aimed at giving as near as possible his own language, without embellishment or addition of any kind.

In November, 1862, I was captain and commissary in the Second Division of Cavalry, Army of the Potomac. We were encamped near Frederick, Md., and had passed through one of those periods of comparative quiet and idleness that sometimes took place between the great movements of our armies. My wife had come down to

* See pp. 458, 542, History.

pay me a visit, and was staying with friends at the hotel in Frederick. For a day or two there had been notes of preparation in the air. I had promised my wife I would see her again, but the marching orders came suddenly, I joined my command, and we marched down to the Potomac. I thought the movement was only a change of camp, and supposed I should have opportunity to ride back and say good bye to my wife, but we marched on across the river, and down into Virginia, skirting Thoroughfare mountains, and after three days march went into camp, with some apparent intention of making a short stay, I applied to the lieutenant colonel of my regiment (the colonel, being ill at Frederick, had remained there) for twelve days leave of absence, telling him that I had some stores at Frederick that I wished to look after. The leave was granted, but he told me that he doubted if I could use it, as the general was refusing transportation to every one, and cancelling all leaves of absence. On applying at headquarters I found my colonel's surmise correct; I was refused transportation. You can perhaps conceive that I was disappointed and angry, and as I rode slowly back to my regiment an idea entered my head which I proceeded immediately to carry out. I sent my sergeant back to camp with my sword, and ordered him to say nothing of my absence till occasion demanded. I kept my pistols, and quietly rode along to the camp exit. I had made up my mind if I could pass the guards to ride alone to Frederick. The distance was about seventy-five miles, a portion of which was through a rough country and debatable ground, but we had just passed over it, I knew the road well enough, I had a good horse under me, I was younger then than I am now, and in fine I decided to go. I had as I have told you, a leave of absence from my lieutenant colonel commanding my regiment, but it was not countersigned by the general, nor had I any pass; but I passed the camp guard on the run, saluting the officer as I went through. When I came to the pickets I anticipated trouble; the man on guard stepped into the road as I came toward him, and evidently intended to halt me, but I moved on slowly, taking out my paper as I came near him; he wheeled to the right, brought his musket to his shoulder, and saluted as I passed slowly by. Once beyond the pickets I put spurs to my horse, and galloped along for some time without meeting a soul. At the first cross roads I met my old friend Nason, who was doing detached service with the Sanitary Commission. He was waiting for an ambulance containing supplies which had been for

some reason delayed, and he was evidently uneasy about its non-arrival, feared it had been captured, advised me to turn back with him. If I had been wise I should have done this, but "wilful will wi' hae its way," and I said good bye and cantered steadily along toward the Poto-mac. It was now past noon and the roads had been good, but they became a little rough as I approached the mountains, and I had to lessen my speed. I had just passed a fork in the road, and was passing through a piece of wood when I was startled out of a brown study by the thundering of horses' hoofs behind me, and low yells of "Halt! Surrender!" One glance over my shoulder showed me a clump of horsemen riding at full gallop, the leader and one or two others holding their pistols and carbines in that easy, unconcerned way in which you doubtless have seen them hold them when they are meditating a shot on the wing. I rapidly concluded that my horse was too tired to try to out-run them, even if I wanted to try it with the desultory fire in the rear from a half dozen pistols and carbines, which I certainly did not, and so I halted, wheeled my horse's nose into the road, and waited for my friends to come up. The first order of the leader was "Git off that horse," but I told him it was hardly necessary—they had a horse apiece and I had one. If I was going away with them or they with me, we could get along more rapidly if we all rode. They laughed and assented, but asked me for my pistols, which I handed over, and we went along quite pleasantly together. One of my captors had a small confederate flag in the bridle of his horse, and I remarked to him that when I made a capture, I always pulled down the flag, and at the same time took it in my hand—"Keep it captain, if you want it," said my friend. That night we slept in a barn near the road, and the next morning wound our way up one of the worst roads I ever travelled to their camp, which I found was on the very top of a spur of the Thoroughfare mountains. As we passed up the side and reached the top, one of the loveliest views on which my eye ever rested was spread out before me. In the distance I could see the white tents of an army, and I even fancied I could locate my own camp, but it was probably not so. As I reckoned I was fully twenty miles distant. I breakfasted with the captain of the men who captured me. Later in the day he sent me under guard of one of his men to Gen. Jackson's headquarters, on the other side of the range, near Winchester. At the captain's suggestion I left my horse with him, and he kindly loaned me one of his, which his trooper was to bring back after seeing me safe to Jackson.

We arrived late — I was delivered to the officer of the guard, who took me up to his mess and introduced me to his brother officers, some of whom composed the general's staff. They said they were sorry they could give me no supper, but a very good lunch of sardines, crackers, cake and wine was set out and I partook heartily. I found afterward that these niceties were a part of the contents of my friend Nason's ambulance, for which he was waiting the day before at the cross roads. That night I shared the tent of the officer of the guard, and the next day, Sunday, was invited to dine at the officers' mess. The most perfect discipline reigned in the camp. The soldiers saluted me as I passed from one tent to another. Every thing was quiet; no rowdyism or noise. Great fires of logs burned between the lines of tents, for the morning was frosty. About nine o'clock, sitting in the guard tent, an officer said, "There goes the "old man" to church." I stepped to the front of the tent and got my first look at Gen. Stonewall Jackson, who was on his way to Winchester to attend church. A stern dark man, sitting his horse squarely, his equipments plain, a uniform rather the worse for wear — every inch a soldier. I saluted. The general acknowledged it mechanically, and passed down into the valley. Later in the day I suggested to my friends that while my visit was very pleasant in every way, I felt that I must not prolong it unduly, but they replied that I must wait till Monday; the "old man" (always Jackson) did not like to have any unnecessary business brought to him on Sunday. So on Monday I had the pleasure of an audience by favor of my friend, the adjutant general, told my story, and suggested that as I had seen nothing of their army or its movements it would perhaps be just as well to just give me a safe conduct through the lines and let me go on my way as though I had not been captured. The general smiled grimly and said, "While the suggestion might be a good one from Capt. Bigelow's standpoint, the rules which governed nations at war were somewhat different, and he thought Capt. Bigelow had better be paroled and sent to Richmond, there to be duly exchanged." This terminated the interview, and the parole was duly prepared and signed by Jackson, and a clause inserted making it obligatory on all confederate officers to pass me through the lines at first opportunity. The other prisoners in camp, who had been picked up here and there by scouts and skirmishers, were to march under guard to Richmond. I did not like this feature at all, and that night over the card table I said so to my new friends. Some

of them were going to Richmond on leave of absence and one of them said, "We will get transportation for you, and you can go along with us," and to my great comfort they were as good as their word. The adjutant general gave me a letter to Gen. Stuart's headquarters, at Winchester, and on Wednesday I presented myself to the astonished officer of transportation and asked for a pass to Richmond via Stanton. The order was handed me and I had the rest of the day on my hands. I met here an old friend from Maine, of whom I borrowed ten dollars in confederate money, and the next day went by stage to Stanton, thence by railroad to Richmond. Our journey to Richmond was very jolly. We told stories, sang songs, smoked, the canteen went the rounds, and when we reached Richmond I was really sorry to part from them, the more so perhaps as I was on my way to prison and they were free men. Before separating I asked them to recommend me to a good hotel in Richmond as I never liked to go to a second rate house. This amused them immensely, and they said I must go to the Spotswood. Now this was just what I meant to do, as I had no idea of spending the night in prison if I could avoid it, so taking a carriage I drove to the Spotswood, and walking into the office, registered my name—Capt. Bigelow, Second Division Cavalry, Army of the Potomac. The astonished clerk asked me if I wanted a room. I said "yes," and as I had no baggage I would pay for one day in advance as I believed that was the custom at most hotels. The clerk said politely that it was quite optional with me. I asked him if he had any choice as to the kind of money I should pay, to which he replied that he had an objection to United States money. I told him I was equally willing to pay in confederate money, and passed over the ten dollars which I had borrowed at Winchester. After putting myself into the hands of the barber I went in to supper. The great dining-room of the hotel was filled with guests, a large majority being confederate officers. I was seated with a general on one side and a colonel on the other, and if I had not had a good appetite, the concentrated gaze of a hundred or two men might have disturbed me, but I was too intent on getting a return for the money I had just paid the clerk to permit of any curtailment of the supper. The negro waiters tumbled over each other in their eagerness to serve me. I suppose the uniform had not been seen in that room for certainly a year, (I forgot to say that just before my capture I had obtained a new uniform and was looking very fine.) After tea, as I smoked my cigar in the rotunda of

the hotel, it occurred to me that I might go to the theatre, and finding tickets were for sale in the house, I bought one and walked to the theatre, where again I was the observed of all observers. I have sometimes wondered that I was not arrested or called to account, but probably each officer thought it was "none of his business,"—at all events, I was not questioned nor molested in any way. The next day, after a refreshing night's rest, I walked down to Gen. Winder's quarters and surrendered myself, showed him my papers, and was by him sent under guard to Capt. Turner, who asked if I was the gentleman who stopped at the Spotswood the night before, to which I of course said "yes." At the call of a hand-bell a guard appeared at the door, by whom I was conducted into the officer's room in the great tobacco factory, known then and since as Libby Prison. Here I was received with a shout of welcome. Several familiar faces appeared in the crowd. I was turned about and admired, my new uniform attracting much praise. My prison friends were looking rather seedy, but seemed not at all depressed. I forgot to say that before leaving Capt. Turner I called his attention to the language of my parole, making it obligatory that I should be sent through the lines without delay, on which he said curtly that I would go north to-morrow, and sure enough the next day we went to Petersburg, and from there via City Point by steamer to Annapolis, where was situated, as you know, the parole camp, where all prisoners reported and were cared for until exchanged, when they were sent back to their respective regiments. As I had other plans however than this, I slipped on one side, and took train for Frederick, arriving there in just eleven days from the time I left camp on my twelve days leave of absence. My colonel was still here; I told him of my adventures, and by his advice wrote to the lieutenant colonel, reporting my presence at Frederick, and asking an extension of my leave of absence. The colonel suggested that this might save me from trouble and possible disgrace. I followed his advice, and afterward learned that my letter was received at camp on the afternoon of my twelfth day of absence. My wife I found had returned home, so I returned to Annapolis, but on my way down met a brother officer who advised me not to go into camp. I had previously told him that I meant to get a pass to go home and spend my Thanksgiving. He assured me that I could not get a leave of absence, and once in camp I would have to stay there. My luck had been so good up to this time that I had become a little reck-

less and to decided go to Massachusetts. But how to get away was the question. I had no pass, and the inspection at Annapolis Junction was very rigid, no officer or soldier being allowed to go north without a pass. I waited at the depot until the train arrived, keeping myself out of sight till the last moment; when the last bell rang I rushed through the depot as though I had just arrived. The officer of the guard of course stopped me—"Your pass—I must see your pass." I unbuttoned my overcoat and under coat and searched in my pockets, the train starting in meantime. I pulled out a paper, the train was well under way, "Go along, confound you, I guess its all right," I made a leap for the platform, and was off for Massachusetts. At Philadelphia I got another scare, the inspecting officer passing through the trains, but my luck still befriended me, and to made a long story short, on Thanksgiving Day I had the pleasure of carving the turkey, surrounded by admiring friends, to whom I related all my adventures.

I could make a long story of my return to parole camp, and of sundry little difficulties that I had to overcome in order to get back creditably to my regiment, but my exchange was finally effected, and I returned very gladly to active duty.

In the remaining years of the war I went through many adventures of one sort and another, but upon no incident in my soldier life do I look back with more enjoyment and satisfaction, than on my visit to Richmond in 1862.

COMRADE MONROE DAGGETT'S FIRST OVATION.

ST. MARIES, KOOTENAI COUNTY, Idaho,
May 22d, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade—I wrote you recently, inclosing \$3.62 for badge and Bugle. Since then I have received the Bugle for April, 1891, and allow me just here to state that I yield to no member of the grand old regiment in admiration of the Bugle, and in appreciation of the efforts of yourself and Comrade Tobie and all others interested in the good work of producing a work that every member and every member's relatives should help to sustain. I listen with due obedience to your command: "Attention, comrades of the First Maine!" and I appreciate every word of your remarks. I am much astonished that the three previous Calls have not brought

every man into line ; but, colonel, there is one call that you have omitted that when sounded from headquarters of the First Maine Cavalry never failed to bring every man into line, armed and equipped and ready for action. I refer to boots and saddles. Sound boots and saddles, colonel, and you will find every blue bellied mother's son in line and in position of "Prepare to mount" in the usual time of five minutes. When line of battle is formed, and the command, "Draw sabres!" is given, certainly no man will have the cheek to raise his hand from his hip without the requisite one dollar to pay for the Bugle one year. I am very far from being a traveling National Bank, but I can usually dig up a dollar or two for the Bugle, &c.

It pleases me much to read the letters of comrades, giving accounts of old times. Every man ought to lend a hand. Those stories are refreshing, indeed. Don't be bashful, boys. Come to the front and do as the lads used to do down at the front when change was short. "Ante and pass the buck."

If there is no objection I will ante to give you a starter by giving an account of my first ovation. As some of you will remember, I got dismounted (in the usual way, horse shot) at Upperville, June 21st, 1863. [See pages 169 and 172 History.] After the engagement was closed I backed my saddle back through town to where we camped that night. I walked back to Aldie with the command, but have forgotten how I got my saddle back. The afternoon before we started for Gettysburg I was ordered to fall in for Camp Stoneman (dismounted camp). We had gone but a short distance when I met my uncle, Charley Lyon, (brigade blacksmith), [See page 531, picture page 112, History.] who had an extra horse that he had picked up that day, which he gave me, and without orders I went back to the company, found my saddle, and commenced preparing for the night march. Captain Ellis [See page 526, History] examined my horse, and said: "Before morning you will wish that you had gone to the dismounted camp. That horse is played out now." I did not think so, but before we had marched an hour I did think so. Jack Heald [See page 526, picture page 416, History], a sergeant then, who was riding by my side, said: "Daggett, you are a foot cavalryman this time. Now the best thing you can do is to take it afoot until you can steal another horse." I took his advice; the boys kept my horse in the ranks and I played foot cavalryman every rod of the way to Gettysburg. I became better known on that march than before. Colonel

Smith frequently inquired how I was standing the march. I was not absent from the command one hour until the fifth of July, when we left Gettysburg for Chambersburg. About noon my old horse caved in, and I fell out, with Captain Ellis' consent, with instructions to get along the best that I could, and get to the regiment again as soon as possible; that he had no horse for me and could not help me. Jack Knapp, [See page 535, History] of Company E, a recruit, thought he had seen service enough and resigned, leaving his horse with me, an old played out animal. I sold my own horse to a farmer for \$10, and went in pursuit of the regiment on foot, leading Knapp's horse. The day after leaving Chambersburg I fell in with Bob McClain, Co. F, Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, who was in the same fix as myself. Misery loves company, so Bob and I kept together. In about two days we reached the summit of the mountains, going over into Maryland. We were then behind the rear guard—foraging was better there than further in advance. Foraging was rather short on the main traveled road, so we took a detour into the woods in search of breakfast. We soon found a cooper shop occupied by an old bachelor and two maiden sisters. We ordered breakfast and ere long sat down to a sumptuous meal. We were enjoying it hugely when I looked out of the window and saw two of Mosby's men in the act of dismounting near the house. In very much less time than it takes to tell the story we took our revolvers from our holsters and stepped out to the corner of the house, where our worthies had to come around to get us. On turning the corner the first thing that was presented to their view was two large sized Colt's revolvers, accompanied with the command "Hands up!" which they obeyed very reluctantly. We first relieved them of their arms, and then took them into the house and invited them to share our breakfast, which they did, they sitting on one side of the table and Bob and I on the other, with our revolvers by our plates. After breakfast we saddled up their horses with our own saddles, and presented the cooper with our horses and the rebel's saddles. We mounted their horses, put our prisoners in advance, and started for Wolfsville, Maryland—distance six miles—at a double quick gait. We did not believe that foraging was as safe a business in the rear as we had imagined it. We overtook the provost guard at Wolfsville, and turned over our prisoners to Sergeant D. H. Jones, Sixth Regular Cavalry, in charge of the provost guard, taking his receipt for our rebs. We joined our companies (Bob and I) in a few days more, and the first

inquiry from Jack Heald was "Daggett, old boy, where did you steal that horse?" I produced my receipt from Sergeant Jones to Captain Ellis, and soon became the center of attraction. That was the best horse that I ever threw a leg over before or since, and I have rode many times since then.

After leaving Harper's Ferry on July 15th, [See page 181 History] we went to near Charlestown, where a skirmish took place and I would have been captured only for my rebel horse. As many of you will remember, there was a low ridge or horseback between where our regiment halted in the woods and the town. Major Brown with companies M and E was sent out to see what was on the other side of the horseback, and how far Charlestown was away. Arriving at the horseback, Ross Leeman of Company M [See page 653 History] was sent to the top of the ridge on a voyage of discovery, where, without making any report, he opened fire. Captain Ellis was then ordered to send three or four men to the assistance of Leeman. I was one of the party sent, hitching my horse to a fence and going up on foot. There was plenty of rebels in sight so we all commenced firing. My carbine, (a Sharp's) soon became plugged up, and I got out my priming wire and began probing at the tube to get it into operation again. I was much interested, and time flew quickly. When I was ready for action again I found myself deserted—every man was back to his company and mounted. I had several rods to run and two fences to get over and no time to lose, as three or four hundred rebel cavalry had come through the gap in the horseback to our left and were trying to cut us off. I mounted as soon as possible, but the command was out of the reach of me and the rebel cavalry, and I was in for it. Particular attention was paid to me by my friends in gray, and before I reached the woods to the left of where our regiment was I thought that every mother's son of a reb had shot at me and in strong language ordered me to halt, which I most respectfully declined to do, and when I came to the fence along the edge of the wood my new horse sailed over it like a bird, and I was saved from Andersonville. Colonel Smith was the first man to congratulate me on my escape. This was my first ovation.

MONROE DAGGETT, Company E.

CO K IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

[Some particulars relating to Co. "K" in the Shenandoah Valley, which should have been inserted between pages 68 and 69, of the History.]

On the 31st of May at noon, Co. "K," Capt. Prince, the advance guard of Gen. Ricketts, formerly Gen. Ords', Division, Gen. Hartsuff's Brigade, arrived at Front Royal. The rest of the division, after a tedious march in the rain, arrived during the evening and night. Brig. Gen. Kimball of Gen. Shield's Division, with four companies of the Rhode Island Cavalry, had dashed into town the day before at eleven A. M., driving out the rebel forces, capturing one hundred and fifty-six of the enemy, and liberating eighteen prisoners captured from Gen. Banks. The Rhode Island Cavalry had nine killed and five wounded.

Gen. McDowell sent forward Bayard's Cavalry and the Pennsylvania Buck-tails; also Capt. Hall's Second Maine Battery with four Griffin guns, June 1st, who joined Fremont's army at Strasburg in the pursuit of Gen. Jackson's retreating army; Gen. Shields with the rest of his forces proceeding up the eastern branch or "Luray road," hoping to intercept Jackson's retreat in that direction. On the afternoon of the second, Gen. Ricketts' Division moved from Front Royal across the eastern branch of the Shenandoah, and at eight o'clock in the evening Co. K was ordered to report to Gen. Hartsuff, stationed some few miles distant on the railroad track towards Strasburg. Co. K started in a drenching rain and found the brigade headquarters at Buckton Station, where they had been stopped by the destruction of the bridge over Passage creek. Capt. Prince was ordered to proceed up Powells-Fort Valley some ten miles, and if they could cross the ford there, to take charge of a section of artillery which he would find on the opposite side of the creek and proceed on to the bridge over the western branch of the Shenandoah near Strasburg and guard the same. Co K's lieutenants were absent and Orderly Sergeant Ford acted as first lieutenant.

It was very dark and raining in torrents. After trying several places they finally succeeded in finding the ford, and crossed over about two A. M. of the third with the loss of one horse; the water running swiftly over the tops of their saddles. They arrived at Strasburg bridge about day light to find it had been swept away during the night. They found at the bridge a courier from Gen. Fremont with a dispatch stating he had captured five hundred prisoners, and requesting aid in guarding them; this message Capt. Prince sent back to Gen. Hartsuff.

The Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, the New York and Pennsylvania regiments arrived late on the afternoon of the third and went into camp near Capt. Prince's company.

On the fourth, orders came for the brigade to fall back to Front Royal, the bridges there being in imminent danger. Co. K was directed to bring up the rear and drive forward all stragglers; they left Water-lick station about five P. M., crossing a temporary bridge over Passage creek at Buckton station, and after a nights march along the railroad track arrived at the east branch about six o'clock on the morning of the fifth, to find the bridges gone. Gen. Ricketts' command had got safely over except Co. K, and some twenty infantry strag-

glers who were entirely cut off from the rest of the army and imprisoned between the forks of the river, both branches having overflowed their banks and were more than a mile wide of raging waters. On the north or Winchester side of the west fork, Col. Christian's regiment, the Twenty-sixth New York, was also cut off from the main army by the flood and were obliged to wait for the waters to subside, but they were in reach of Gen. Banks and his quartermasters stores. Companies C and D of the First Maine Cavalry were imprisoned with the Twenty-sixth New York. They had been sent towards Harper's Ferry to communicate with Gen. Banks, which they had succeeded in doing as is reported in the History, (page 69) but on their return were stopped by the flood on the north side of the west fork in company with Col. Christian's regiment. These troops on the west side of the main river were ferried across on the seventh and eighth, but Company K with their sixty-two men and horses were not able to cross until the afternoon of the ninth, having been since the second without rations for the men or forage for the horses except what scanty supply they could secure by foraging parties in a neighborhood that had been previously stripped quite thoroughly. Fortunately Capt. Prince discovered an abandoned army wagon in the woods containing several boxes of hard bread, two barrels of beans, half a barrel of salt pork and some vinegar and salt. This he hauled up to his camping ground, and the last two days of his detention the men had tolerable rations. Mr. Bennet, one of the residents, made a bitter complaint to Capt. Prince that the cavalry men were stripping him of his family stores of bacon and other food, and, as he was a Union man he thought himself ill treated. The captain replied "If you are a true Union citizen you should be willing to contribute your mite to the Union cause; we have left our offices, our work shops, and our homes at the call of the President, and yet you begrudge us a mouthful of food in our extremity." The captain gave him a receipt for the provisions taken, and he went his way apparently satisfied.

NATHANIEL S. HAWKES' ACCOUNT OF HIS CAPTURE.

Dear General:— I was a member of Company F. When our regiment ran into Hills Corps on the night of October 12th, 1863, and we moved to the rear or "fours right about," my horse fell as we passed the road down the hill, and was so injured that I had to move him to one side to prevent the other horses of the company walking over him. My horse was so tired that I was unable to ride him and his fall was, undoubtedly, the result of his exhaustion. As I led him along on the flank slowly, the command moved by me and I was soon in the rear. I remember very distinctly as I was near the rear that Col. Smith spoke to me and asked if that were Capt. Chadbourne. I told him "No; I had n't got as high as that."

In a short time, leading my horse alone and some ways in the rear of the column, I overtook Robert Preston of Company D, whose horse had become completely exhausted. He was obliged to abandon his horse, taking with

him only his blanket, surcingle and horse's bridle. After an hour or so we came across an abandoned horse which had recovered his breath by resting, and Preston put on the blanket and surcingle and bridled him and rode a couple of miles or so, when it became exhausted and had to be left.

Later in the night we met a man who told us he had been guide for the regiment and that Col. Smith had told him when he left the regiment that they would take the road towards Salem. We therefore took the road towards Salem, while the regiment had actually taken the road towards Warrenton, Col. Smith evidently not intending to give the guide correct information concerning the road taken by the regiment. Towards morning we stopped to rest, away from the road and in the rear of a dwelling. At early daylight quite a large rebel detachment went by the house, coming from the direction of Warrenton. This force was probably reconnoitering or endeavoring to find the force that disturbed the slumbers of the Twelfth Virginia Cavalry. After they were out of the way we took a horse we found in a field near the house, which Preston mounted.

After daylight we went into the woods and had breakfast, and then pushed on in the road towards Salem. When near the town, coming round a turn of the road, we came suddenly on four men riding towards us. One of them attempted to draw his pistol. We repeated the same operation, whereupon three of them trusted to their horses for safety instead of their revolvers, and the fourth remained with us. We asked him what made the others in such a hurry, and he remarked that they were probably frightened. I told him there was no need for any fear as we were good rebs, and after some conversation as to what regiment we belonged to we answered, "The Fourth Virginia Cavalry," whereupon he called the other three to return. We told them we were scouting and in reply to the question, "Did you see any Yanks?" we told them we had seen quite a large party back of us coming that way. The four rebs turned off on a side road and we proceeded to Salem. Just as we got through the town we met two more mounted men, who questioned us quite sharply about what we were doing and to what regiment we belonged and who commanded our corps. We held to our former story, and told them all we knew about Gen. Hill. In a short time we perceived several men near the railroad and one mounted man in the road ahead of us, and looking back we saw a squad of six coming up rapidly from the rear. The six men overtook us before we met the man in front, and commenced to question us again. They took our arms from us then, saying they would be returned to us as soon as we could identify ourselves and show that we were all right. In a short time, seeing that the thing was up, I told them we were Yankees and the regiment to which I belonged. They asked where the regiment was. I told them the regiment was in a good place and would take care of itself. I learned that the party that had taken me was Lieut. Nelson of Mosby's men and the others were furloughed men of different regiments, or at least said they were. As we went back through the village we met the old man whose horse we had taken, swearing mad. He recovered his horse, but it was some time before he recovered his temper. Two of the men with us were Jeffries brothers, one Brown, one Stevenson. They expected to find

their command near Culpeper Court House and took us along with them, giving us a ride from time to time and carrying us on their horses across all the streams. The first night on our way to Culpeper we stopped at a large farmhouse where they had plenty of everything except sugar and coffee, and as my supply of these articles held out they were as glad to get the sugar and coffee as I was to get their chicken and corn bread. At Culpeper we were put into the old court house, and remained there for three or four days. Before we left Culpeper the detachment of men under Lieut. Harris, which had been captured, joined us, and also others of Companies D and F and some other companies. I do not recall now any names but those of Charles Eastman, of my own company, and Martin Coakley, Decker and Nodstram of Company E. I was then taken to Richmond, was at Belle Isle a while, thence to Andersonville, Ga., and remained there until I completed thirteen months, when I was paroled and sent to Annapolis.

My stay at Andersonville was too monotonous and uncomfortable to make a pleasing story. Eastman was with me most of my imprisonment. I remember also that H. T. Henley and Samuel Tomley of Company F, also joined us at Culpeper Court House. [See pages 549, 521, 541, 548, 532, 533, 536, 544, 549, 192-206, and picture page 199, History.

MEMORIAL DAY AT ST. ALBANS.

Called to this quiet, pleasant village the thirtieth day of May last, I saw on my way Dr. O. E. Stoddard, of Company I, who is putting gold into his pockets by putting the same metal into the teeth of the good people of Belfast, who when I talked to him about the sons of the "First of Maine" organizing, said, "My sons are two daughters."

I also, in Belfast, called at the store of Alonzo Dutch, of Company D, and found a young man in his market whom I recognized at once as a chip of the old block, or to speak more accurately, a whole log instead of a chip. I found the elder Dutch a few minutes later and we dined together. He is as big as ever and has a family as numerous as he is big. He is doing a good business, and has a happy family, saddened only by the loss of his wife.

At Burnham I found John E. Hart, of Company H, in his hotel, and had a very enjoyable conversation with him. He told me how he and Billy McFarland once put up a job on certain stores in my tent and caused my innocent darkey, Isaac, to receive all the punishment.

At Pittsfield Lieut. Oren S. Haskell came to the depot to meet me. We had a pleasant talk till the train on the Hartland road took me towards that place. He pointed out to me from the depot the building where he had his printing office and near by his dwelling place and house.

At St. Albans I met William H. Moore, of Company H, who has a farm of some two hundred acres, and a large family of boys and girls. He lives some distance from the village. I only saw his youngest son, a promising and pleasant lad.

Elisha D. Emerson, of Company H, is also a resident of St. Albans. His

farm is a small one, only 135 acres. I ran across him accidentally as he was hitching his horse, and had commenced conversing with him before we recognized each other. He is quite badly used up by rheumatism, so that he walks with difficulty and much pain.

I also met Belden Southard, Co. M, of St. Albans, but had time only to pass a word or two.

I sat at the same table and became quite well acquainted with H. A. Hurd, a prosperous merchant of St. Albans. He is a brother of James A. and Washington I. Hurd, of Company H of our regiment, both of whom lost their lives. He also had two cousins in our regiment, one of whom lost his life. Mr. Hurd was a schoolmate of Capt. Joel Wilson at Kent's Hill, Me., and told me how he and Joel went through and conquered Smyth's Larger Algebra in one term; how in one of their midnight sessions on that interesting author their fluid lamp was upset and the inflammable material was endangering the room, which was saved by a skillful and appropriate use of a pail of water at the base of the flames.

I also met Charles Whitten, Company C, of Hartland, who called to memory the time I was forced to reprimand him for expending Uncle Sam's ammunition in shooting crows. Also an incident when I threatened to send him to Dry Tortugas for an offense that was considered a proof of good soldiership before Grant told the rebels they could retain their horses for planting and farm work. Whitten is a stout built, prepossessing man, but told me he was a great sufferer from asthma, also disabled by a wound.

I also met and had a very pleasant chat with Harrison B. Allen, of Company G, also of Hartland.

I took a carriage for Pittsfield at 6.30 A. M., and had a delightful drive of ten miles or so to catch the train for my return via Augusta and Brunswick. Although the hour was early, at Pittsfield I found comrade Richard M. Daniels, of Company F, waiting my arrival, accompanied by a stout looking lad of some twenty odd years, who proved to be his son. He had a lot more of the same kind at home and told me how much he, his wife and boys enjoyed the Bugle and the History. I always know when a man says that, he is proud of his regiment and loves its service.

At Brunswick I had some two hours at the College, where I met my son, fresh from the boat races on the Charles, in one of which the Bowdoin crew had been successful, but in the contest with the 'Varsity Crew of Harvard had been defeated. He graduates this month, and will pass the summer with the Bowdoin College Scientific Expedition to the coast of Labrador.

The two days' trip through part of Maine thus closed, and I write this to tell you the comrades I met, and wish much I could tell you better how they looked and prospered.

J. P. CILLEY.

THE ASSEMBLY.

“ Well may thy scabbard rattle,
Trooper, I pant for battle;
Right eager for the fight,
I clang with wild delight,
Hurrah !”

To the Comrades.

With this Call commences the second year of the BUGLE—Call 5 of Campaign II—therefore this is a good time to say a few words to you, comrades, personally. Gen. Cilley has made his special call as treasurer on the first pages, and to that you want to pay strict attention, as we shall not here touch upon the question of finances. But after reading and digesting his facts and figures, and acting according to your best judgment, please treat us in the same way. What the BUGLE has been so far, is due in a great measure to you who have taken hold and assisted us by your stories and your letters. What this Call of the BUGLE is, and we are so vain as to think you will pronounce it the best yet, is due more than ever to you. What the BUGLE is to be in the future will depend upon what you choose to make it. The appeal in the April Call to you to send us reminiscences and letters has been nobly answered, as this Call testifies. This is encouraging, and if you all will do your duty—as a few have done—as nobly as you did in

1861-5, and you can do so if you will, then the BUGLE will be worthy of the grand old regiment. It is in your hands.

You see by this Call that some improvements have been made in arrangement, as well as in the variety of matter of interest to you all. The bungling editorial head has been discarded, and in its place you see the bugle call “The Assembly.” As in the olden days when that call was sounded, all had to respond, so we trust, when you see the call now you will all come to “attention,” and be ready to do whatever is set forth for you to do. The longer letters and reminiscences are placed by themselves, before the editor has his say, and the shorter letters are grouped together under the heading “Bugle Echoes.” These “echoes” are of interest to every comrade of the regiment, and every comrade having enjoyed the “echoes” from other comrades, should be fair about it and give the other comrades an opportunity to enjoy an “echo” or two from him. So fall in, every one of you, and “set the echoes ringing.”

The obituary notices will hereafter appear under the appropriate heading "Taps," indicating that the light is out, and the comrades are at sweet rest,— not "good-night," as some would have it.

Say not "good-night," but in some happier sphere.

Bid me "good-morning."

The Reunion at Houlton.

From all directions come indications of interest in the coming reunion at Houlton, and it promises to be one of the most successful and enjoyable reunions we have ever held. The change from the "Hub of the Universe" in 1890 to the "farthest corner of down east" in 1891, can have but a novel effect, and as long as variety is the spice of life, the change is bound to be agreeable. It will be a splendid opportunity to visit a portion of the State with which but a few of the comrades are acquainted, and the more they know of their own State, the better citizens and the more loyal to the State they will be. Why, the good old Pine Tree State could well afford to pay the transportation of all her veterans to the reunions every year, so long as the reunions are held in the different portions of the State, so much better citizens would they be. This is one of the reasons why our Association has been in the habit of going all over the State and now and then into Massachusetts, though the main reason is so as to give the comrades in all parts of the

State a chance to meet their comrades in reunion without too much expense. The benefit of this course is seen every year, and this year will be no exception. From the very nature of the case, comrades will be present this year who have seldom met in reunion, and as usual many comrades will meet who haven't met before since the muster-out of the regiment.

We hope to have the full details of the arrangements for the Houlton reunion to send out with this Call—either on a later or supplemental page. But if we do not, keep your eyes out for Gen. Cilley's circular, and be ready to respond promptly.

The Sons of the First Maine.

An endeavor will be made at the coming reunion at Houlton to carry into effect the suggestion of Gen. Cilley at the reunion in Boston last year, viz., the organization of the Sons of the Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a good idea, so all of you comrades who can, bring your sons with you, and let them, with your aid, place themselves upon a footing where they will have a personal interest in the reunions of the First Maine Cavalry, and their desire to perpetuate the reunions of the regiment will be strengthened and rendered more easy of fulfillment. A fair proportion of the pages of the Bugle will be devoted to their special use so that they can give

accounts of each other and become acquainted and mutually interested. They will be entitled to wear the same badge, the only variation being that to the printed words on the ribbon, "First of Maine," will be added the word "Sons" on each side of the lower part.

Organize.

The Comrades of Boston and vicinity, Bangor and vicinity, Skowhegan and vicinity, and Androscoggin county and vicinity, have set a good example to all the comrades where any number of them reside within a reasonable distance of each other, by organizing local associations and clubs. This is a good idea—an association in every city, or at least in every county in the State, would be a grand thing. It would serve to keep the old touch of the elbows, would keep the camp fires burning bright, would keep the old memories alive. It would give the pleasures of reunion to those of the comrades who are unable to attend the general reunion, and it would assist the general reunion by keeping the old spirit alive, and renewing interest in all the comrades and all the gatherings. It would also assist much in keeping the memory of the regiment alive among citizens of the State, especially the young. Organize, and make it one of the duties of the secretary to send an account of the organization, and account of every

reunion and every meeting of importance to the BUGLE; and the duty of every member to take the BUGLE and pay for it.

Mrs. Addie (Phipps) Tobie, President of the Ladies Auxillary, died at her residence in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, April 25th last, after an illness of two weeks, in the forty-eighth year of her age. She was born in Bradford and had been married twenty-five years. She leaves a husband and two sons to mourn the loss of a wife and mother whose whole life was devoted to the care and interest of her family. She was a member of Tower Relief Corps, Pawtucket.

By the kindness of Gen. Smith the comrades of the grand old regiment who are so fortunate as to attend the meeting of the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, at Detroit, will hold reunions at rooms 68 and 69, Buhl Block, Griswold street, August 5th and 6th.

If the comrades, one and all will send to the editor any newspaper clippings which they may have concerning the regiment or any of the comrades, notices of gatherings of the comrades anywhere, sketches of local associations of comrades and their reunions, obituary notices of comrades, etc., they will confer a favor upon every comrade who reads the BUGLE.

A Pleasant Anniversary Gathering.

On the evening of April 9th, the twenty-sixth anniversary of the surrender of Gen. Lee, there was a pleasant gathering of comrades and their wives at the residence of Comrade Frank J. Savage, on Newhall street, Fairfield, to observe the anniversary and keep alive the memories of that glorious day. The invitations were very neatly gotten up, having on the outside, in colors, a soldier on guard over the stars and stripes, with a camp ground and dress parade in the distance, while on a United States shield was the legend, "April 9—Appomatox—1865," with eagles and stars at the bottom, between which were the words "Fairfield, Maine, 1891." On the inside was a pleasantly worded invitation, and the first and last stanzas of the poem on Appomatox, published in the History. There were infantry men as well as cavalry men present, of those who were present at the surrender, and each one was to relate what they saw, the infantry leading off and the cavalry following in good order. It was a very interesting meeting and vividly brought back the old times which mean so much to the old soldier. Of the cavalry there were present the host, of course, Capt. Vaughan, of Company M, Sergt. George E. Goodwin, of Company H, and Dennis Murphy, of Company H. Capt. Vaughan gave an account of the

raid on Richmond, and Sergt. Savage an account of the last campaign as seen by him. Refreshments were served, and all had a glorious good time.

The comrades will enjoy reading the exercises at the dedication of the division monument at Gettysburg, although they took place so long ago. The formal exercises of dedication will be of interest, of course, but more than all, the comrades will enjoy reading the words of our old commanders, Gen. David McM. Gregg, and Gen. J. Irvin Gregg—names every comrade of our regiment reveres and loves. These are the only speeches of these two cavalry generals we have, and they will be carefully preserved.

Send along your camp stories and your reminiscences. See how this Call is fairly bristling with them, until, as you read them, you are living the old days over again, and if you were to sit down this very minute to write out some incident just now called to mind, you would surprise yourself to find how easily and how well you can do it, and would interest many a comrade and perhaps spur him up to follow your good example.

We have in readiness for the next Call of the BUGLE, some incidents of the fight at Middleburg, from the pen of Lieut. Horatio S. Libby, which all the comrades will enjoy reading.

First Maine Cavalry Association of Androscoggin County.

The comrades of Androscoggin County, and vicinity, met about two years ago and organized under the name given above. Comrade Charles E. Moulton was the first President. The officers the second year, up to the present month are:

President, DR. WILLIAM S. HOWE.

Vice-Pres., CHARLES H. ADDITON.

Sec'y and Treas., HENRY LITTLE.

Chaplain, REV. PERRY CHANDLER.

This association has had three meetings (probably four by the time this reaches our readers) and numbers sixty-five members. The comrades bring their wives and children and tell "what they did and what they intend to do when too old to do anything else." The last meeting was held at Custer Post Hall, Lewiston, on February 28th, last, on which occasion Gen. Cilley was present, as were also Mrs. Lane, of Lewiston, and Mrs. Stanford, of New York, sisters of Lt. Col. Boothby. The two last named were much pleased to meet the comrades and their families. Comrade Menander Dennett read "Nothing but Flags," to the delight of the gathering. The comrades are enthusiastic over their young association, as many of them cannot attend the regimental reunions and now they have reunions of their own.

The annual meeting for this year is to be held the present month at Lake Grove.

A Local Association at Skowhegan.

An invitation was extended to the comrades of the regiment residing in Skowhegan and vicinity, to meet at Hotel Heselton on the evening of Monday, April 6th, at the conclusion of the exercises in recognition of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Grand Army of the Republic, for the purpose of forming an association. The *Somerset Reporter* of April 9th gives the following account of the meeting:

Immediately after the anniversary exercises of Russell Post, Monday evening, several veterans of the First Maine Cavalry met at Hotel Heselton for the purpose of effecting a local organization of those members of that regiment who live in Skowhegan and vicinity. Many of the survivors of that famous regiment live in Somerset County, and while there are other local organizations of the regiment, it was thought wise on account of the number living in this neighborhood to form a branch association here. By invitation of the veterans several citizens of the town were present, all of whom after the organization was perfected were made honorary members of the same. Geo. B. Safford was elected temporary chairman, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President, Dr. Sumner A. Patten; Vice-President, Llewellyn Goodwin; Secretary, Sewell W. Smith; Treasurer, Zenaß Vaughan.

It was voted to hold an annual reunion of the local veterans of the First Maine and that the time and place of such meeting be left to the officers; and it was further decided that at the next reunion such steps should be taken

to strengthen the organization as the officers should recommend. The meeting then adjourned, subject to the call of the officers.

Meanwhile Landlord Heselton had prepared an elegant banquet and for two hours the old veterans and new-made cavalymen fought over the battles of the war. Such bravery was displayed by some of the new members that they were rapidly promoted with due form and ceremony through all the grades of office, and one of the honorary members was so rapidly elevated that, starting in as a corporal he came out a general, and when the feast was over he commanded the whole army.

The following gentlemen sat down to the banquet:

S. A. Patten, Zenas Vaughan, A. F. Bickford, Geo. E. Goodwin, Sewell W. Smith, Henry J. Varney, Converse L. Webb, Dennis Murphy, F. R. Buck. Lewis Anderson, W. H. Emery, Simeon Sawyer, Chas. Richards, Geo. H. Pishon, B. F. Eaton, Geo. B. Safford and E. F. Goodwin.

Quite a number of the members of Fred A. Norwood Relief Corps spent the evening with Mrs. J. Q. A. Libby, on Union street Tuesday. Mrs. Libby has been a member of the Corps since

its organization but for some time has been unable to attend their meetings on account of poor health. A fine treat was served to the visitors and a very pleasant evening was the general verdict.— *Camden Herald, May 8th, 1891.*

Mr. Libby was a member of Company C, of our regiment [See History p. 507]. Frederick A. Norwood, for whom the Corps was named was also a member of Company C [See History, p. 508, picture p. 504.]

In the October Call we shall publish the first of a series of four articles by Major Henry C. Hall, entitled "After Appomatox," giving a vivid and succinct account of the state of affairs when the war had closed, in Chesterfield county, where Major Hall's battalion for more than two months performed the duty for the county afterwards taken in charge by the Freedman's Bureau. The name of Major Hall is sufficient to ensure interesting articles, well written.

BUGLE ECHOES.

"Blow, Bugle, blow,
Set the wild echoes flying."

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 11th, 1887.
EDWARD P. TOBIE:

Dear Sir,—I am writing a history of all the cavalry that ever served with the Army of the Potomac, and have read with much interest your History of the First Maine, some of whose officers it was my pleasure to know personally. I write just now to learn, if possible, the fate of a person named Smith, who was in 1863 about thirteen or fourteen years old, who said he came out with Col. Douty. June 17th, after Col. Douty had fallen, he wanted to stay with me. I presented him to Gen. Kilpatrick, who said: "Yes; I want him on my staff." He went into one charge, and cried because kept out of another. At Hanover—June 30th—the first battle of the war on free soil—he was in the hottest of the fight with the Eighteenth Pennsylvania and Fifth New York. He killed the horse of a rebel colonel, the rider pitching head foremost into a tan vat and would have drowned but for this boy. His horse was shot in the fight, and, coming to me for a remount, he cried, fearing that he would be blamed for the loss of the horse. In the charge of Custer's body guard at Williamsport he brought in an overgrown, frowzy headed Georgian, much to the amusement of everybody. How, when or where this boy left us I cannot find out. I feel a personal interest in his fate. I should like to know what you know about him.

You may possibly remember me as a correspondent of the New York

Daily Times, and as a volunteer aid of the Third Division Staff—first under Kilpatrick and then Custer—to the end, April 9th, 1865. I was on the Stoneman raid; with Buford at Beverly, June 9th; (crossed with Davis, Eighth New York,) and on the raid to release prisoners in Richmond. At Aldie, June 17th, 1863, I was sent to order your regiment from left to right when Rosser was after Randol's two guns. I mention these facts to locate myself in your mind, if possible.

I think your history the most interesting of any work of the kind I have yet read, and I have read a great many histories pertaining to the war. Hoping to have a line from you soon I remain,

Yours truly,

E. A. PAUL,
Mt. Pleasant, D. C.

PORTLAND, March 29th, 1891.

Dear Gen.,—The Bugle of January, 1891, is received; also was the one before. Enclosed please find money order for \$1 for same. I am very glad you did not forget me. Although I am very sorry to say that I have never been present at any reunion of the regiment, please consider me as in it. It was not that I did not want to be there, but because I could not get there. Ever since I came home with the regiment my business has kept me away from home, until within two years, and I have been away most of the time since. In 1889 I arrived at Bar Harbor the day after the reunion. I tried to get there in time, but was

just too late. In 1890 I managed to get one day off, and went to Boston with G. A. R. Post No. 2, of which I am a member. I was obliged to come back the same night. I do not get any time off, and have not had a vacation for years. I have a history of the regiment. I would not part with it for anything. I got it of Comrade Dam as soon as they were published. Every member should have one. I also have a badge; got that from Comrade Dam last summer. I prize it very highly. Meant to have my picture in the history, but neglected it until too late. I have wished since it was there. I often gaze at our old battle flag in Bosworth Post Hall. It starts a thrill and brings back by-gones. If it is possible for me to be at the next reunion I shall be there. I have always been able to stand up and do my work; have not seen much sickness, but have had lots of it in my family. Have only two children left out of seven. My wife has been through a hard siege. Her life was despaired of, but she is still with me, although she will never get over the disease that gave her a long, doubtful sickness. She is up and about, but is not herself as she used to be. I would give considerable if my picture were in the history, but it is too late now; could have had it there as well as not; my own fault and neglect. Being a steamboat man and on the water all the time, I did not think of anything ashore except my wife. If I am indebted to the Association in any way please inform me and I will remit, for I wish to be a member in good standing. Yours very respectfully,

JAMES H. MERRITT,

130 Spring Street, Portland, Me.

[See page 536, History.]

HORATIO S. LIBBY, LIEUT. COMPANY
C, FIRST MAINE CAVALRY:

My Dear Comrade, — I am the member of regimental band of which you speak in the Bugle of January, 1891. I recollect the episode of which you speak very well, for when that first shot or shell struck the ground so near that both Adjutant Tucker and myself were covered with dirt—in fact nearly blinded with dirt—the impression made upon my mind was forcible. I rode a tall, rangy white horse, the same that appears with my picture in the history. Adjutant Tucker rode a black horse that day, and as we rode out of camp at Warrenton Junction there was some friendly banter as to which was the better horse. On our return to camp however it was allowed that both horses were at least speedy. We went back the next day, however, with a Dutch battery from New York, and knocked the stuffing out of them. If you were Orderly Sergeant of Company C at that time you may recall the fact that I rode by your side at the head of the company after we reformed, back to camp, as I now recollect eight or ten miles. I am by occupation a farmer, but for the past two years have been a member of the United States Customs force on this border under Hon. Albert A. Burleigh, who was a District of Columbia man and later a First Maine Cavalry man, and was discharged on account of wounds received in battle. Sometimes while riding the lines at night on the lookout for smugglers I am in my mind carried back to the days when with my old comrades I followed the guidon in the ranks of the old First Maine Cavalry. In fraternity, charity, and loyalty, yours, &c.

AUGUSTUS W. INGERSOLL.

[See pp. 463, 583, picture pp. 88, 44, History.]

SOUTH NORRIDGEWOCK, April 1st, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY :

Dear Sir,—I was most pleased to receive another copy of the First Maine Cavalry Bugle, and I hereby remit the \$1 to pay for the same. I hope they will continue to come as long as I live. It is very interesting to me to get them. I attended the camp fire of our Post last night, and as different members of the Post were called upon for remarks, each seemed to infer that his own particular regiment was the regiment that did the hardest fighting, and that he had a very prominent position in the regiment. But we of the First Maine Cavalry think we know that we belonged to the best regiment in the service, and we that remained continually with the regiment know from experience that the reason of the success that usually followed our fighting was on account of the confidence the rank and file had in their officers and in one another. I do not claim to be anything extra myself. I was a District of Columbia man, Company M, and I know there were lots of good soldiers in that regiment. Capt. Sargent, captain of Company M, killed at Reams Station, told us in Washington that he would never ask a man to go where he would not go himself, and he never did. I assisted in removing his body to City Point, where it was embalmed, and Sergt. Gerry went with the body to Athens, Me., his home. As you see by the history, I served in the Fifth Maine battery from the start to the Battle of Second Bull Run, where I received an injury to my side by the recoil of a gun, having a number of ribs broken and being otherwise injured. Very truly yours,

PLUMMER H. BUTLER,

Co. H, First Maine Cavalry.

[See page 583, history.]

ROME, N. Y., April 1st, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY :

Dear Comrade,—First Maine Bugle Call 3 has arrived. It found me in very poor health, and it acted as a tonic for I felt good and strong as I perused its precious contents and marked the names of the comrades that had served with me at division headquarters. I received a letter from John A. Hutchins a few years ago. He was then in Brookings, Dakota. He was one of the couriers at division headquarters, and he is the only one I have ever heard from since the trouble ceased. I see that you have H. H. Hurd starred. Joe Tatten was from Nova Scotia. It is a wonder that so many are alive. I will enclose postal note for Calls Three and Four. I hope to receive many more of your Bugle Calls, but the chances are now that I will hear Gabriel's bugle call before long. Hope I will be prepared to respond to the call when it sounds. I am troubled with locomoter allaxia, and have been for a number of years. It continues to grow worse, and now I am hardly able to walk. I will now close hoping this will find you in excellent health, with long life before you yet. Yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty.

W. W. WILLIAMS.

P. S. Those comrades I mentioned were at division headquarters.

[See pp, 586, 522, History.]

WEST UPTON, MASS., April 2d, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY :

Dear Comrade,—Yours received last night, and in reply will say that I have never received a copy of the Bugle until last night I received Call 3. I was much pleased with it and next week will send you a year's subscription. Would send it to-day if I had it, but, like many an old soldier, I am poor. My wife has been sick all winter, but I think she will recover. She

is helpless now and I have not been able to do a day's work, but I have not lost my grip on the First Maine Cavalry, and never shall. As soon as I have the money I want a history. I got my badge last fall in Boston, and it is something that I feel proud of.

Yours in haste,

W. A. VINAL.

[See page 596, History.]

NEWPORT, ME., April 3d, 1891.

Dear Comrade,—On this, the third day of April 1891, I will answer to roll call as per advice in Bugle. Twenty-six years ago to-day I left the company and went to dismantled camp, Lieut. Fuller being wounded and sent to the hospital. How often my mind runs back to those times, and the remembrance of them will always be kept green. I have been thinking of writing for some time, but kept neglecting. To-night I made up my mind to write, so here it is. Enclosed please find money order, one dollar, for Bugle one year. As soon as I get the money to spare I shall send for one of those badges; wish I had it now, but I hope sometime to get so that I can. I like the Bugle first rate; it seemed almost like the old times to read of the scrapes the boys used to get into. Long may the Bugle Calls be heard; but the time is coming when the last call will be heard and we shall all have passed over the silent river. May we all stand shoulder to shoulder as in days gone by and help to bear each others burdens and sorrows and smooth the pathway as best we may for those who need our care, and when the last call shall be made, may we all be able to answer, "All present, or accounted for," is the wish of your comrade,

O. M. HARRINGTON.

[See page 491 History.]

NATIONAL MILITARY HOME,
LEAVENWORTH, Ks., April 4th, 1891.

My Dear General,—As I was sitting by my bed this morning, reading the Home Bulletin, a spicy little sheet printed at the Hampton Home and devoted to the veterans, our ward master, for I am a patient in the hospital at present, came in with the morning mail, and gave me the Bugle Call 3, and I assure you that all other business was suspended and full attention given to the Bugle. I am more than pleased with it, and think it ought to be in the hands of all the boys of the First Maine Cavalry. If health permit I will be at the next reunion of the regiment. Enclosed please find order to pay for Bugle Call 3. I am, dear general, yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty.

W. S. SYLVESTER,

Co. F, First Maine Cavalry.

[See p. 553, History.]

WINFIELD, Kans., April 3d, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Enclosed please find one dollar for First Maine Bugle. The roll call, especially, is a very valuable document, as it enables us to locate many of our comrades of whom we had lost all traces. Melvin W. Eveleth, whose address you seem not to have, is postmaster at Colorado Springs, Col.

Yours truly,

S. C. SMITH.

[See pp. 594, 543, History.]

April 12th, 1891.

Dear General,—I notice in Gen. Smith's remarks that he saw one of the sergeants at the battle of Brandy Station away in front of the regiment with his regimental flag, but did not know his company or his name. I had the honor of carrying the colors that day and came near losing them as my horse got the start of me and carried me a

long ways ahead of our boys. I got him under control at last, and turned to ride back. Meeting Lieut. Hunton and some three or four of the boys, we charged back through a rebel battery or a part of one stationed near the house. We were so dusty and looked so much alike they did not know the difference until we were pretty nearly past them. When they realized who we were, they gave us some shots from their revolvers and a good deal of swearing from their lips. We turned to the right and rode into the yard of the house, jumped our horses down two or three embankments into the garden, and came to a stand before a board fence. We could not jump the fence, and just at that time a rebel officer and some men came up on the other side, and firing at us ordered us to surrender. Hunton began firing with some of the boys, while others made a break in the fence. We dashed through and captured the rebel officer, but the others got out of the way. We arrived back at the regiment all right, and Gen. Kilpatrick took the rebel's horse to ride himself. The whole thing happened in a very short time. It seemed like a dream. I cannot remember the names of those with me except Lieut. Hunton. Perhaps he would remember. I remember seeing Kilpatrick, when our regiment charged by him, waving his hat. I think he was saying some harsh words, as his horse was down and he was standing by him. I do not know what makes me feel so intensely when thinking of those old times, but there is a kind of something comes to me that makes me want to see all my old comrades and shake them all by the hand.

NELSON S. FORSYTHE,
25 Bow St., Somerville, Mass.

[See pp. 560, 588, picture p. 152, History.]

ROME, N. Y., May, 5th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY, Esq.

Dear Comrade,—Bugle Call No 4 just received—the best one yet. I think it, as they say about new wine, improves with age. I know nothing about it (the wine) only what I have heard said. I only wish it was the same with me, but I find it quite the reverse. Yours very truly,

W. W. WILLIAMS.

HERMON, ME., May 12th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—I have received two or three copies of the First Maine Bugle. I think well of it, but am not able to take part in anything. I was only a private in the regiment, and our government officials do not as a general thing give them any more attention than they are obliged to. I have found but one man among them that would give a private soldier or a poor man his attention. I do not know but there may be more, but I do not know who they are. That man most likely the world will fail to recognize until he shall have passed away, then they may look back and see what he tried to do. I did wrong in one respect, that I did not ask for help when I first came home, but I was young, and as they would call a man that received help from government a pauper, I did not like the sound of it, and for that reason I had to suffer it. I asked them for help about three years ago, and I have furnished all the evidence they have called for and more too, and still they have not helped me as yet. I suppose they help you, but I think you will not get any more than you ought. If lots who get help had passed through what you have, I should think more of them, and think they deserved it more than they do now. If you were a little fellow you showed that your courage was good, and I respect

you for it. I well remember the fight near Dinwiddie the last of March, 1865, when you stepped to the front, dismounted and bareheaded, revolver in hand, and said: "Form right in here, boys;" and I think they obeyed orders as men naturally would if the colonel were at the front. Do not ask me to take any part in anything, for I am not able to, I have never been able to meet with my regiment but once since I came home; should have been glad to if I could. That once was at Pittsfield.

Respectfully yours,

D. W. PALMER.

[See p. 475, History.]

BOSTON, Mass., May 21st, 1891.

Dear General,—I wrote D. W. Palmer as you requested, encouraging him as well as I was able, and assuring him that I would keep him supplied with Bugles so long as my circumstances would permit. I hope the feeling he expresses is not shared generally by the comrades, though no doubt many of them have a hard struggle for existence, and deserve government help. I hope you may receive many and prompt responses to your inquiries, and that an impetus may be given to the enterprise with the commencement of the new year. Yours,

GEO. F. JEWETT.

[See p. 661; picture p. 375, History.]

HOLLISTON, Mass., May 15th, 1891.

Dear General,—Enclosed I send you one dollar to pay for the First Maine Bugle. Should like to have pictures taken, but have no money to get them. I should like to write a little about myself at Aldie. Our regiment had hardly gotten into line with Company H in front, when Gen. Kilpatrick rode up and said: "What regiment is this?" "First Maine" some one said. "Fours from the right, charge!" said he, but by some means the second set of fours

got the start of the first; I was number three in the second, so it brought me in front. When we got most up to the rebs my horse made some terrible leaps, closed up the space a little in advance of the company [he being hard to manage] and brought me ahead. The first thing I knew, a pistol was aimed at my head, and a flash so near that it burnt my face, I got a slight wound on my forehead, but Mr. Reb did not have a chance to try it again for I sent him going to kingdom come. My horse was shot then. I went down and lay with the Johnny that had a sore head, the effect of my sabre, till the regiment went over me, then I got off the field with some fractured ribs. I think I can safely say that I was the first to get wounded, the first to send a reb from his horse, and the first that had his horse shot in the charge of the First Maine Cavalry that day of June 17th, 1863. Very respectfully,

LEWIS ANDREWS.

[His. pp. 582, 159-165]

PORTLAND, Me., May 15th, 1891.

Dear Comrade,—The Bugle received. Enclosed please find \$1 for the same. I have a badge and history, so shall take but a small part of the "damn" to myself, but think I can stand up and say, "Present," and you may reply, "accounted for." Don't know how much I owe for annual dues. If you will inform me, I will try and stand square on the books. Fraternally, &c.,

R. L. DODGE.

[His. p. 548; picture p. 424.]

APPLETON, Wis., May 16th, 1891.

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Please find enclosed one dollar in payment for First Maine Bugle. I am greatly pleased with it and its contents relating to members and the very active part

that the gallant old regiment took in subduing the rebellion. I have a copy of the history and it would be wonderful if there were not omissions and errors. As in my case, there is one. I have an honorable discharge, dated "Before Petersburg, Va., Dec. 5th, 1864." I served with the regiment in its many duties and active campaigns up to Dec. 5th, 1864. I have a diary that I kept from the time the regiment left the State in March, 1862, up to Dec. 5th, 1864. By this I can give in detail the many different places the regiment passed through and the dates, how long encamped in certain places, also the dates. This I prize very much for I know it could not be replaced. Hope to meet you in Detroit at the next Encampment in August. I am yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty.

ALBERT M. COLE.

(See p. 600, History.)

ST. MARIES, KOOTENAI COUNTY,
Idaho, May 18th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade,— I beg pardon for not remitting for the Bugles you sent me. I have received the numbers for June, October and January but not for April. I enclose \$1 for four and \$2.62 for First Maine Cavalry badge. As you are well aware there are many of us living west of Chicago, and the great distance to travel and heavy expense prevent us from attending the regimental reunions. Now I want to suggest the propriety of holding the reunion of 1893 at Chicago, as the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will surely be held there that year. The reunion of 1893 will be the largest that will ever be held, if it be held in Chicago, as every member wants to go to the Columbian Exposition and the National Encamp-

of the Grand Army of the Republic. I would further suggest going into camp out of the main part of the city on the line of a cable road. Expenses will be much less, besides camping would be much preferable to hotel fare at that time. All who go will want to see all that there is to be seen, which at least will take a month, and the month of September would be the most pleasant. Will you please submit these propositions for me at your next reunion. I have corresponded with several of the old boys on this coast on this subject and as far as heard from all agree to the propositions. With most affectionate regards to all the comrades.

MONROE DAGGETT.

[See p. 533, picture p. 441 History.]

PAW PAW, Ill., May 24th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Sir and Comrade :—Please find enclosed \$1 to pay for the First Maine Bugle, which is highly prized by me. I hope it will be printed as long as a remnant of the grand old regiment remains to read it. Please do not fail to mail me a copy as long as it is issued, for I don't wish to miss one, as it contains nothing that I am not interested in. Respectfully yours,

L. W. WHEELER.

(See p. 574. picture p. 67, History.)

SAGINAW, EAST SIDE, Michigan,
June 4th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY :

Dear Comrade, —That last "damn" was worth a dollar and here it is, but you can if you choose send the Bugle to my address for another year. Yours fraternally,

RILEY L. JONES.

(See p. 569, picture p. 67, History.—"Jones of G."—See Call 1.)

YORK, May, 18th, 1891.

Dear General, — I thought it was about time that I should write to you. Enclosed you will find one dollar to pay for the Bugle for the year 1890. I am very much pleased with it. Please send it right along. William H. Woodward, Company H, died May eleventh, 1890. He belonged to Post Parker, No. 99, Grand Army of the Republic, Kittery. I have not much to write but well do I remember the morning of May 10th, at Beaver Dam Station, when the noble Lieut. Col. Boothby was shot, and what he said as he was going to the rear as Company K, was going up, "Good God, what a place." Well do I remember at Camp Harlow when we made the charge through those woods and over that rail fence and up that hill, and what happened when we got on top of that hill. I know we made a short stop there. We fell back under the hill, took that fence and made breastworks of it. Well do I remember seeing Chaplain Bartlett fall from his horse; and at Todd's Tavern when they made charge in those woods and how the bullets came into those woods; also the fight at St. Mary's Church. I could put you in mind of a number of such places but I must draw to a close. Your truly,

ALBERT MOULTON.
Co. H, First Maine Cavalry.

(See History p. 625.)

28 SCHOOL ST. BOSTON, Mass.

May 21st, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY,

Dear Comrade, — You will find herewith enclosed one dollar, the same being for one year's subscription for our Bugle, from Comrade Wm. Morang, of Company M. Comrade Morang is blind but is very fond of the Bugle. He is unable to read but has a mother who reads it to him. Also find

the notice handed me by Morang of the death of Comrade Greeley also of Company M. Yours in fraternity, charity and loyalty,

G. N. HARRIS.

Greenleaf D. Greeley, carpenter, died in Roslindale, Mass. Dec. 26, 1890; heart failure. Dropped dead in a horse car; was apparently as well as usual when he left home in the morning; leaves a wife and two children.

(See pp. 652, 653, History.)

LOWELL, Mass., June 7th, 1891

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—The two weeks have passed since I wrote to you, and I will now try and fulfill my promise, and enclosed you will find \$2, one for payment of the Bugle sent me and one to pay for Comrade Kelley, and this is about the best I can do at present; but if in the future I can help any distressed comrade I will be only too glad to do so. Hoping that this small contribution will be received with that same spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty to the the First Maine Cavalry Association that it was given, I remain, Respectfully yours,

A. A. MELVIN,

17 Appleton Corp., Lowell, Mass.

(See p. 475 History.)

EAST NORTHPORT, Me.,

May 17th, 1891.

COMRADE CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—Bugle received. It is not selfishness that I do not attend the reunions. I am not able, I would like to attend as well as the next one. I lost my wife a year ago. She was sick three years. I am in debt; am sixty-six years of age, and am not able to do much myself; only get \$2 a month pension,—a little help to maintain myself and daughter. Yours in fraternity.

GEORGE M. KELLEY.

(See p. 569, History.)

BOSTON, Mass., June 16th, 1891.

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

Dear Comrade,—I have read your highly interesting article, "Personal Recollections of Gen. Sheridan." I have always said that the last campaign which led to the surrender at "Appomatox" was emphatically Sheridan's. I am of the opinion that but for his fiery energy the war would not have ended then and there. Comrades of the regiment and others would be much interested in reading it. I sincerely hope to read it in some future number of the Bugle.—Yours in fraternity, charity, and loyalty.

HORATIO S. LIBBY, 43 Franklin St.

RUMFORD, Maine, May 16th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Sir,—Enclosed please find twenty-five cents for the last Bugle. There is one error I want corrected. That is on page 48. The Joseph E. Colby Post in my town was named for J. E. Colby that was lieutenant in Company B Thirty-Second Maine Infantry. He never was in the First Maine Cavalry. He was in the Thirty-Second only a very few months, Truly Yours,

WM. H. FARNUM.

P. S. Send Bugle every quarter. I will pay for same when received.

(See p. 563, History.)

[This letter, written in the privacy of friendship, shows such unconscious pathos and courage that I send it to the Bugle, knowing all the members of his company and regiment are his brothers and esteem him as highly as he regards the regiment. It may have been the wound received at Dinwiddie March 31st, 1865, that was the actual cause of the tumor of his stomach and bowels, and that during all these subsequent years the fair proportions and uncomplaining endurance of Capt. Howe have concealed much of pain and depression.

J. P. CILLEY.]

LEWISTON, Maine, June 14th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,—Please find a check

for my picture in last First Maine Bugle, (\$10). Dear General, all the best physicians and surgeons in the State say I must soon leave my old comrades here, and join those gone before; they say in a few months. I have been breaking down for a year, and I knew six months ago that it was only a matter of time. Three months ago I was compelled to give up all business, so I am confined to the house and no income. I should have sent it before, but money comes hard, and collections are slow, and I have been to a good deal of expense. I had gotten so that I could stand in the first ranks of my chosen profession. Have by hard study and toil made myself felt. Was in my fifty-eighth year; just ready to live. And now my dear Commander will say: "Advance to a higher plane." I am sorry to leave so many comrades on this side, but if I am true to my Jesus, the great Commander, I will stand up in line with the many who have gone before, and answer to my name at the last great roll call, "Here." My trouble is a malignant tumor of the stomach and bowels, and no help. My flesh has been going for a year. In three months I have lost fifty-three pounds. I am so weak that I cannot walk any. I ride out some, but I can eat but little. I have seen the best physicians in Maine, Massachusetts, and New York. Dear General, I have been trying to act my part in life the best I could, and if I must leave so soon, I do feel thankful that I was a Union soldier and a member of the First Maine Cavalry. Tell Gen. Smith that after a command in Company D, First District of Columbia Cavalry, then put in command of his old Company, D, First Maine Cavalry, I had such a deep and loving pride to keep his company up to its standard, and so be honored to stand with such men as led us on to victory. Give him my

best love and wishes, and lots to yourself and all the rest of my comrades. Your dear son I wish to be remembered to. We enjoyed his visit at our house so much. I could not have written so

much to any one but my old general. I am respectfully yours.

WM. S. HOWE.

(History, pp. 321, 326, 342-351, 396-402, 513. Picture, p. 273, and in Call 4 of Bugle p. 16.)

REUNION AT HOULTON, ME. SEPTEMBER 10, 1891.

At this date the expense of reaching that place cannot be given. It is presumed that reductions will be made and the various ticket agents on the Maine Central and other railroads in Maine will have due notice.

Make inquiries of them, and also from them procure time tables, giving the information as to the time Houlton can be reached, &c.

The comrades in Houlton and the citizens of that place have made arrangements to make our visit and reunion enjoyable.

It may be well for the Massachusetts Branch Association, to make their own arrangements to reach Houlton, as it may be deemed best to go by steamer to Bangor.

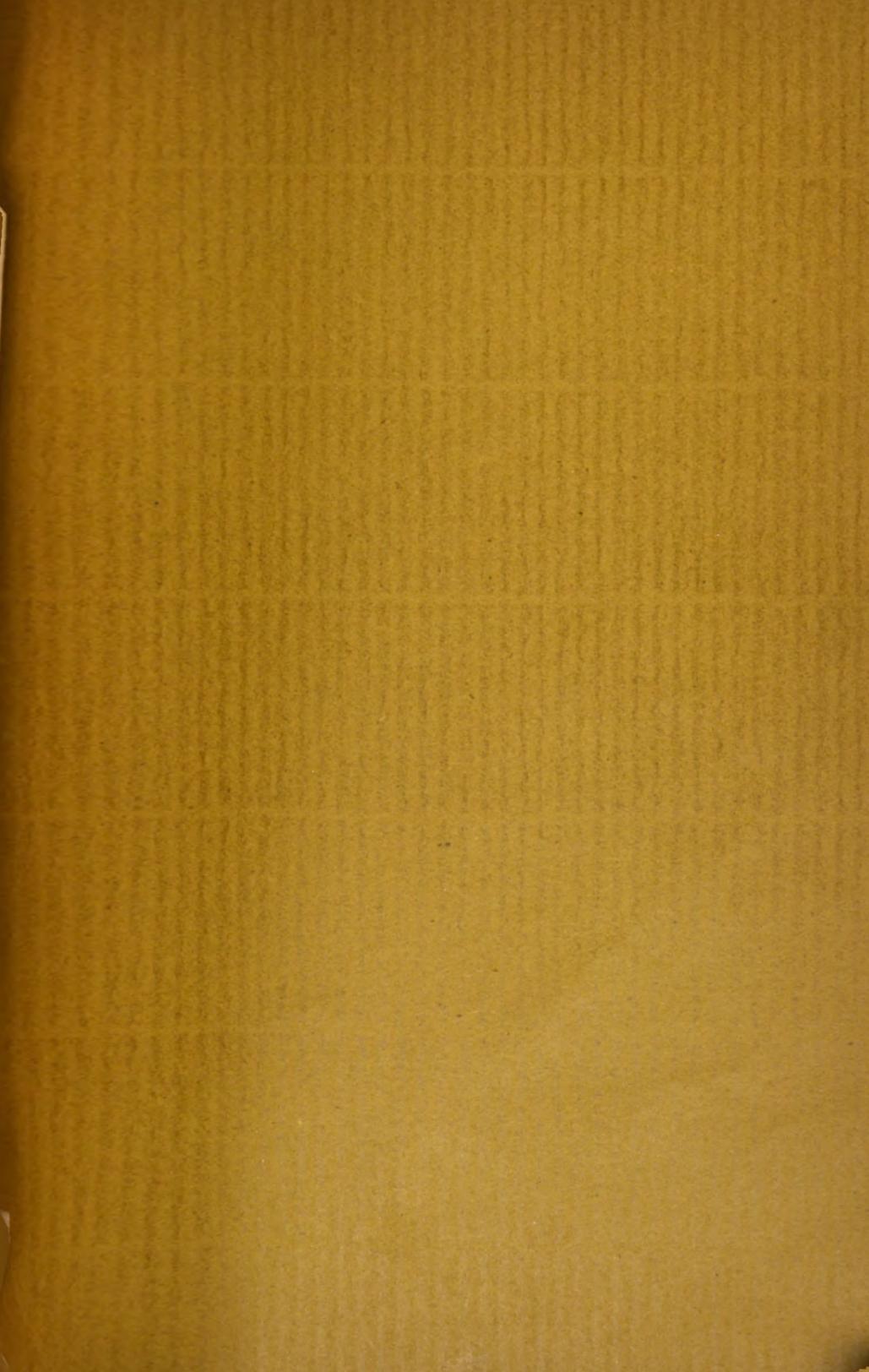
The prospects are for a large gathering of the comrades. Many have expressed their desire and intention to visit "The Garden of Maine," and unite that pleasure with the joy of meeting old comrades.

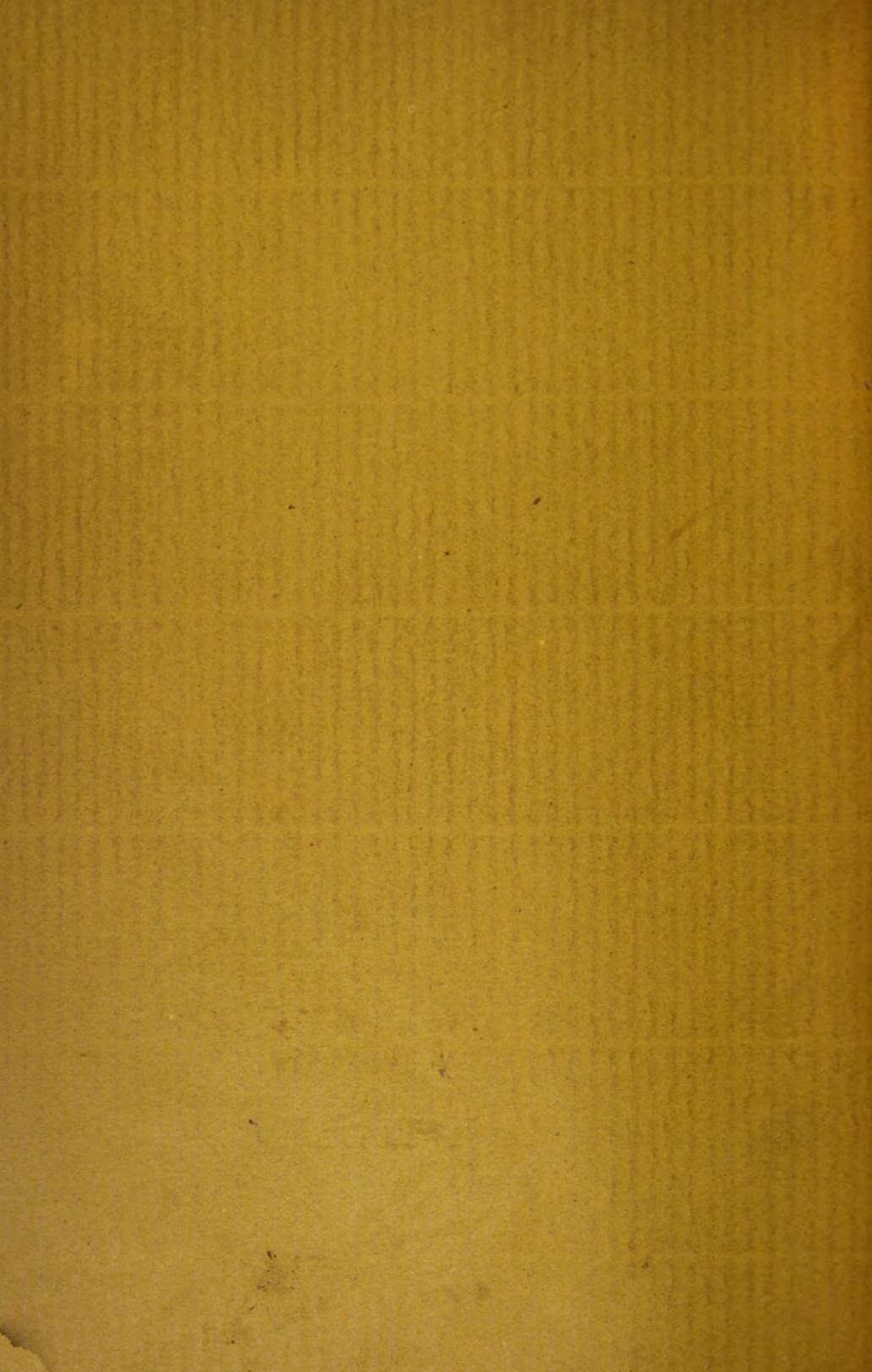
J. P. CILLEY.

A SPECIAL MEETING of the Massachusetts Branch Association will be called to make arrangements to attend the reunion at Houlton. We have one hundred members on our roll. Let every comrade make arrangements now, so that this Branch will be represented by a larger number, than ever before. Due notice of the meeting will be given.

C. A. F. EMERY, *Secy.*

Address, 38 Central Street, Boston.





FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

SUPPLEMENT.

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

CAMPAIGN II.

JULY, 1891.

CALL 5.

“The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle's stirring blast.”

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL
CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO
THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTER-
EST TO ALL OF ITS MEMBERS.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

Report of Committee on History, AND SOME OF THE COMMENDATIONS IT HAS RECEIVED.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

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

ROCKLAND, Me., 1891.

DEAR SIR AND COMRADE ;—

I would call your attention to the History of the First Maine Cavalry, believing that such works are necessary to do justice to the men and officers of each regiment, and that it is a duty as well as a pleasure to patronize other regiments and promote such efforts.

The history of the First Maine Cavalry has attempted and accomplished what no other regiment, to this date, has dared to do, viz: present steel engravings and heliotype portraits of men and officers to the extent of 307 faces and places. These pictures alone costing \$2500 for an edition of 1000 copies. It contains 827 pages, 8vo. and is bound in half morocco.

The price per copy, with full illustrations is \$5, with 35 cents for postage or express; without pictures, or rather with nine pages of pictures, \$3, with 25 cents for postage or express, both editions in half morocco.

The following account of the reception and progress of the work, in publishing the history, and the commendations it has received, are given with the hope of encouraging other associations in their efforts to perpetuate their services and record, and with the trust that your interest in the history will be aroused enough to induce you to send for a copy.

I shall be glad to hear from you.

Very truly yours,

J. P. CILLEY,

Treasurer First Maine Cavalry Association.

THE HISTORY.

The committee on the publication of the History of the Regiment which was appointed at the reunion in Portland in 1885, and reinforced at the reunion in Skowhegan in 1886, made their report at Bangor reunion in the form of the printed book, handsomely bound, and more profusely and better illustrated than any other regimental

history yet published. Therefore a brief sketch of the work of this committee seems to naturally find a place in connection with this reunion. The committee consisted of Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley, Major George M. Brown, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, Albion C. Drinkwater, Charles A. F. Emery, Charles F. Dam, Samuel W. Lane, John French, Augustus L. Ordway, and Nathaniel L. Owen. The first meeting was held in Boston on the sixteenth of November 1886, when a long consultation was held, different views were expressed, an estimate of cost obtained from printers and binders and a decision arrived at to prepare to print one thousand copies. The Historian reported, as he did at the reunion in Portland, that, through the kindness of Gen. Charles H. Smith he had been supplied with complete rosters of the seven companies the rosters of which he did not already have, and therefore had all the material necessary; that copy for the history proper could be made ready for the printer at short notice and the rosters by the time they would be needed, and that he was ready to commence the work at any time the committee might direct. He was directed to commence at once. The matter of illustrations was talked over freely, and was finally placed in the entire charge of Gen. Cilley, as was also the financial part of the work. Of the latter portion of the programme Gen. Cilley has already told the story in Call 1 of the Bugle, while of the former he will tell his own story of struggles and triumphs a little later. Sub-committees were appointed for various parts of the work, and the work was fairly inaugurated. This meeting of the committee was reudered peculiarly pleasant from the fact that the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts tendered a reception and banquet to Gen. Cilley and Lieut. Tobie, at the Crawford House.

Another meeting of the committee was held in Boston a few weeks later, at which the committee were encouraged by reports of interest in the publication of the History from comrades every where, and decided to have fifteen hundred copies printed — one thousand with illustrations, for the comrades of the regiment and their relatives, and the remaining five hundred without illustrations, or with only a few, for the general public, should the general public wish. The sub-committee on printing gave the contract for the work to Comrade Charles A. F. Emery, of the committee, who was about going into business in the firm of Emery & Hughes, and right glad was the committee to be able to give the work to a com-

rade of the regiment, as well as proud to have a comrade able to do so nice a job of printing. The appearance of the book is ample evidence that the committee were wise in their choice. At this time a fair start was made in the work. Several other meetings were held, all in Boston, before the work was completed, and it is probable the members all realized before they finished, that there was more work to do for a committee on publication than they had imagined.

The Historian at once went to work to prepare the copy. And right here he wishes to thank the members of the committee, one and all, for their unvarying courtesy and kindness, and for the assistance rendered him all through the work of preparation. To comrades of every company of the regiment he also wishes to express his thanks for their assistance, their prompt replies to his scores of letters seeking information about this or that comrade, this or that engagement, this or that expedition, and their careful revision of the rosters, all which were of benefit not only to him but to the history and memory of the regiment. His relations with the printer, too, in preparing copy, reading proof and matters of type, style, etc. were of the most cordial from first to last.

When the Historian came to prepare the manuscript, he found he had a greater amount of work before him than he was aware. He had supposed the copy for the History proper was complete, and would require only a slight revision. So it was at the time it was done, some years before, but he found, on looking over his papers, which had been accumulating all these years and having been filed away had been forgotten, that he was in possession of many facts which he had not then known. This necessitated a large amount of work, but it made the History so much the more complete, and proved conclusively that the regiment had gained greatly by not being in a hurry about getting the History published. There were not many inaccuracies of importance to be corrected, but there was a large quantity of new material to be woven into the original text, and while doing this it was found necessary, in order to reconcile conflicting statements, to open correspondence with many of the comrades of the regiment, from Gens. Smith and Cilley all along the roster, as well as with our loved Gen. Gregg, and other officers of the Old Second Division. Only courteous treatment and prompt replies from them could have enabled him to prepare the copy so as to keep the printer supplied fast enough to complete the work in season. But he was enabled to do it, and from the first pages

forwarded to Comrade Emery until the last page in the book, the printer did not have to wait. The work of printing was commenced in April, and the Historian went to Boston and set some of the type of the first chapter with his own hand. From this time the work went along smoothly, without any delays, until it was finished. The preparing of the rosters was a long and oft times monotonous work. While the Historian was in possession of the complete roster of each company, it was necessary for uniformity that all should be arranged in the same way. This necessitated rearranging and rewriting nearly all of them, and after this was done, every one (with the exception of that of his own company) was sent to one, two, and sometimes three or more comrades of each company for revision and in the hope of bringing out more facts. But to go into all the details of the work would be tiresome. Suffice it to say that the work was completed in time to supply the comrades with copies at the Bangor reunion, and that the Historian was well pleased that through the kindness of the committee his work was presented to the comrades in so fine and enduring form.

The work of the sub-committee on pictures for the history can best be told in circulars sent forth from time to time by such committee.

Circular letters were mailed to each member of the association Nov. 26th, 1886, as follows: —

ROCKLAND, ME., Nov. 26th, 1886.

DEAR COMRADE ;

The publication of Lieut. Tobie's History of the First Maine Cavalry before our next reunion in a form that will do honor to the regiment is assured by a generous contribution from Gen. Smith. I say "assured," because I know you will follow his leadership and do your part as good comradeship demands. It will make a large volume of some 700 pages 6x9½ — an ornament to any table and an honor to any library. Money is needed for maps and illustrations to make clear the text, to bring the price low, to secure good work, and to have enough volumes printed to supply calls for some years to come. Tobie gives his labor. Every dollar contributed goes to the sole benefit of the history and comes back to you embodied therein. A full report of contributors and cost of the history will be printed either in the history or the succeeding reunion pamphlet. Please decide at once what you can and will do and write me.

Now about pictures. These are paid for by each member who appears, or by his relatives and friends. The Twenty-third Massachusetts and a few other regiments have included a large number of pictures in their history, both officers and privates. The result has been most happy. Every comrade will on reflection say, "I shall be glad to see the pictures of my comrades in the book. If this is so is it not selfish to decline to furnish your own picture? Finally,

concerning these pictures as concerning the whole history, I am dead in earnest and do not wish to waste a single word. I say this, the present opportunity to secure pictures of comrades in the First Maine Cavalry is probably your only and last opportunity; that if you do not place your picture with the others in this history, your wife will regret it, your children will regret it, your friends will regret it, and your comrades of the regiment will both miss and regret it. Please not delay. The time is limited and is fast passing away.

Write me at once. If nothing more, give me the names of comrades in your own town and vicinity, It is no small labor I have taken on my shoulders but I will do it with gladness if you will respond with soldierly promptness.

Your friend and comrade,

J. P. CILLEY,

For Committee on History.

Jan. 29th, 1887, the following letter was sent, viz:—

NOW ABOUT PICTURES OF THE COMRADES.

No other regiment ever dreamed of undertaking what is now being accomplished by our own. From \$1000 to \$2000 worth of heliotype portraits will go into the history. Men and officers as of yore will stand side by side. The record of the humblest is as sacred as the rank of the most fortunate, No more lasting testimonial could be given any departed brother. No more honorable mention could be deserved by any living member than fac simile picture in a history read and treasured by hearts loyal to the "First of Maine."

These pictures do not add to the cost of the book but are paid for entirely by the comrades who there appear. The comrades, as a rule, go in 5 to 7 on a page. Whether you can afford to be left out is a matter for your own personal determination, but whatever you do—don't procrastinate. Let the spirit in the refrain of the old song utterance:

"For we belong to Gideon's Band,
And here's my heart an here's my hand."

There are many tin types of army groups and army scenes in hands of comrades that we desire to secure. It is also desired that you show or make known this letter to members in your vicinity.

April 12th, 1887, the last circular was sent as follows:—

ROCKLAND, April 12th, 1887.

Comrades of the First Maine Cavalry:

Your committee, calling renewed attention to the previous circulars, would now further report that the history by Lieut. Tobie is now being rapidly printed by the new firm of Emery & Hughes, 146 Oliver St., Boston, the head of which is comrade Charles A. F. Emery of Company A, and formerly a member of the band.

Your committee reports that they not only secured better terms, but the history will be printed with new type and have the personal supervision of Comrade Emery, to whose firm the history comes as its "first born;" that as far

as mechanical execution is concerned they expect the history to be as nearly perfect as possible.

Your committee have found it necessary to add to the cost of the work in one respect; it was found that cloth binding would not be strong enough to hold the large number of pictures going into the work, and it would be necessary to bind in morocco in the best manner. Still with this binding, which adds nearly a dollar per volume to the cost, the price of the history to comrades will be only \$3 for a volume containing some 700 pages 6x9½ which is cheap for a work having a limited edition.

Lieut. Tobie does not intend, nor do the committee require, nor will any comrade on reflection expect, to have everything that each one saw fully recorded. If such a thing were possible it would resemble an encyclopedia in the number of volumes needed for such a record.

Your committee do assert that Lieut. Tobie has given his best endeavors to present as full, fair and complete a history as it is possible for any one comrade to write; that he, as a faithful mother hen, has brooded over this work for years; has carefully laid and covered all the eggs he could produce or attain, and tried to put life into them. Now if he does not succeed, will not the blame rest on you roosters of the regiment who had the needed material and failed to communicate it as desired, time and again, by Lieut. Tobie.

Now while it is simply impossible to represent the miniature views of our service that each comrade personally saw, there is one thing the history will show by as faithful photographic process as the highest state of the art will admit, viz., the heliotype portrait of each comrade's countenance just as accurate as the tin type or photograph showed it while in the service or at the present time. Whatever imperfections there must be of necessity in any man's narrative, the pictures will meet this commendation, "There is comrade so and so just as he looked while in the service or as he looks now." On this subject of pictures the chairman of your committee feels like flopping his wings and going through the gyrations of the old chanticleer on the highest pile he can find in the barnyard. He only fears that the association will douse him with cold water for his exuberant antics when they come to the knowledge of the immense slaughter of postage stamps he has made to attain fifty pages of pictures for the history, an expense rendered necessary because comrades have not replied until they have received the ninety-and ninth communications. But what comrade in the place of your committee would not feel glad way down to the bottom of his boots when such comrades as Tristum Andrews of Co. E give \$40, chiefly for pictures of others than himself; when Gen. Smith besides his generous subscription of \$100, puts in two pictures of himself at the expense of another \$100; when Capt. Cole in addition to his subscription pays \$55 for picture of himself and groups of his brother officers; when F. S. Douty, son of our Colonel, gives \$52 for the insertion of his father's picture; and the many others who besides paying for their own have helped pay for the pictures of comrades who stood by their side in the service.

Some members of our regiment thought your committee "to previous" when they stated in the former circular, "that no other regiment ever dreamed of undertaking what is now being accomplished by our own." They

forgot for the time being that never during the four years' service of the regiment in the war of the rebellion had the command "forward" been heard but it went forward and accomplished the object commanded; that never since the close of the war has any pecuniary or other demand ever been made upon the Association but has been more than fulfilled. The single inquiry has been "What is the sum you want?"

There are many pictures of mounted men, of army groups, and of regimental encampments we desire to secure. We have heard of several pictures of our encampment near Petersburg in winter of 1864-5 but have been unable to secure one. We desire the help of comrades in this particular as well as all along the line. All of which is respectfully submitted.

Besides these circular letters every picture obtained required from the committee from three to seven letters. One picture required five full four paged letters of nearly an hour's work on each letter.

Like much of our fighting in the service, the mounted men in line or the men in front had the brunt of the battle.

In one sense it was unjust, but in this way only could the large number of pictures be obtained. In some cases three or four comrades of a company clubbed together and purchased a whole page of pictures and beside their own secured pictures of loved comrades whose lives had gone out either in service or since, thus paying them a delicate and loving tribute such as they could do in no other way. All who paid full price helped to put in pictures of deceased comrades and those financially unable to bear such expense, to the extent of one fifth the amount paid by them. Without the benefit of this 20 per cent discount the pages could not have been arranged by companies or some other unity of design, as they are in the history. Even with the benefit of this discount the treasurer was obliged to advance \$59.31. In fact at the time he paid the Heliotype Co. the last payment he was out of pocket some hundreds of dollars and under the inconvenience of such a state of facts, wrote some rather savage letters to delinquent comrades, for which he has since asked pardon.

The prompt payment of the bills for the Heliotype Co.'s portraits and those in the history has attracted the attention and won marked approval from other regimental associations.

That the comrades may see what others think of the history and of the grand old regiment, the following letters and newspaper notices are given.

READING, Pa., Feb. 8th, 1888.

Mr. E. P. TOBIE,

MY DEAR SIR :- I have just finished reading the History of the First Maine

Cavalry, and quit the book for the present, feeling that the author is entitled to the fullest commendation from every reader who had ought to do with the regiment during the war of the rebellion. I must restrain my pen less it should run off in expressing my unbounded admiration for your old regiment. My object in writing is simply to express the pleasure your book has afforded me. Notwithstanding the condensation enforced by the limits of the single volume, our old battles and skirmishes are graphically and truthfully described.

Among the engraved illustrations I recognize many pictures of familiar faces. That of Colonel Boothby struck me particularly. Some how I seem to remember the colonel particularly well, and all these years since his death I have cherished his memory with the same high regard as that of Captain Phillips, of my staff.

You may well be proud of your work, and in its accomplishment you have placed under obligations to you all the survivors of your regiment and friends of the deceased. Indeed, your associates in the Second Cavalry Division gladly accept the obligation resting upon them that you have so fairly described the campaigns of the division. With best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

D. McM. GREGG,

(Major General commanding Second Division Cavalry Corps A. P. in which the regiment served for more than two years.)

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, THE CENTURY MAGAZINE,
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, NOV. 5th, 1887.

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

DEAR SIR:—Please accept our thanks for the copy of "The History of the First Maine Cavalry," which you are kind enough to send us, and which we have no doubt will be of use to us in connection with the editing of "The Century War-book." Your volume strikes us on first impression as being a model regimental history in its arrangement and materials.

Very truly yours,

R. N. JOHNSON,

Associate Editor.

KINGSTON, NEW YORK, Feb. 5th, 1888.

MY DEAR TOBIE:—I do not know just how to thank you for the copy of "First Maine Cavalry," that reached me yesterday morning.

I have seen and read many histories of the war of the rebellion, general and special, political and military, of corps, regiments, battalions, and companies. Of them all, I have seen none so complete in its particular field as is this work of yours, and the committee of which you were the moving spirit and the working force.

I have had time only to look it through and admire the mechanical execution of the work, and at the same time become charmed with the excellent idea of presenting so many portraits of old comrades as they appeared in the field. These portraits of the old haversacks and sabres, as well as the faces above them must awaken in the minds of the old comrades memories of more than an ordinary nature and bring to them a graphic retrospect of 1861-65.

The gathering of material and making the record, I own was a work of love on your part, for you always took great pride in the old regiment and its deeds, and it was a justifiable pride which I sympathized with heartily from my personal knowledge of the organization in the field.

One may well feel proud of being able to say "my regiment," of such an one as that was, and of its surviving members as comrades, and they in turn may feel proud that they have such a historian.

Yours truly,

J, ALBERT MONROE.

(Civil Engineer, formerly Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac.)

PORTLAND, ME., Nov. 11th, 1887.

MY DEAR TOBIE:—Your book came to me in due time and I sat down to examine, read and admire. I wanted to read it through before answering yours, but I find I am sorely pressed for time and shall not be able to do the justice to it for some days to come, which I wish to do.

So Tobie, accept my thanks, listen to me while I hurrah! You have certainly got the best regimental history I have seen yet, and I have a goodly number, you know. All I have shown it to have expressed great interest in it, too.

One thing especially comes to me, and that is the gain by delay — by taking time to have it right and good. I wish I could try mine all over again — but then I might as well wish to live life all over.

Well, Bro. Tobie, you may "swell with pride" now as much as you please. You have built a monument for the old First Maine Cavalry that will endure when all these granite affairs have crumbled.

Yours etc.,

JOHN M. GOULD.

(Historian First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Maine Regiments, and Secretary regimenta association.)

General and Ex-President RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, writes:—"I recall no regimental history that is equal to it. The greater number of excellent portraits is especially noticeable and to be commended. Maine seems to be ahead, if we may judge by Major Gould's First, Tenth and Twenty-ninth Infantry and this volume.

J. S. PEARSON New York, writes:—"I must express in a line, my admiration for the beauty and cheapness of your First Maine Cavalry just received. I get every regimental history that appears, and can recall none quite its equal in print, illustrations, and general getting up."

N. M. RITTENHOUSE, late of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, of Baltimore Terra Cotta Works, Md., writes:—"The book is better than anything of the kind I have yet seen, and I am very much pleased with it and would not be without it.

C. M. WILES, secretary of the tenth New York Cavalry Association, Cortland N. Y. writes:—"It is one of the best regimental histories that I ever saw.

True, your grand old regiment *made history* for itself, but your author has admirably collected it and placed it in form. I only wish our old regiment could have as good a record of their service."

E. O. VAN BROCKLIN, late Bugler Co. 1., Tenth New York Cavalry writes General J. P. CILLEY: *Dear General*:—Your circular calling my attention to the history of your excellent regiment is at hand. I have just finished reading it, and do not hesitate to say that it is without any exception the most interesting, the best prepared, and finest history of any regimental organization that I have had the pleasure to read. Again thanking you, the committee, and Mr. Tobie, also members of your veteran organization for having such an excellent historian, and for being permitted to read such a truthful history of this most superb cavalry regiment.

Lieut. MARK BROWNELL, late of Tenth New York Cavalry, 58 Greenbush St., Cortland, N. Y., writes as follows;—"J. P. CILLEY:—*Dear Comrade*:—The history is at hand and I have sat here since I had my tea at six, and it is now eleven, devouring its contents. It is grand, magnificent, and the deeds it records fill me with pride that I was indirectly associated with such a grand regiment. Please convey to the author my hearty thanks, and assure him of my thorough appreciation of his work. It is a monument to every man in the command.

NEWSPAPER, NOTICES.

A FASCINATING STORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.—When one takes up the latest regimental history — that of the First Maine Cavalry — he will consider that he is getting a good deal of bulk for his money, and later he will not quarrel with the quality. It is a pretentious volume of 737 pages, though 250 of these are taken up with a very elaborate and painstaking roster and interesting statistics. The volume is remarkably well printed by Emery & Hughes, and is published by the regimental association. Lieut. Edward P. Tobie is the historian, and associated with him on the publishing committee are such men as Gen. J. P. Cilley, and Col. A. C. Drinkwater. This association, unlike some which might be named, evidently recognizes the value of its historian's efforts, and the work of Lieut. Tobie is certainly valuable. He has demonstrated his peculiar fitness for this work. It is a history manifestly intended for the survivors of the First Maine Cavalry, being undeviatingly devoted to the details of the regiment's experiences. The story is vigorously told, and does not aim at literary finish. There are graphic passages here and there which will catch the eye of the alien reader, such as the following wherein the author depicts the incidents of the first "mount" after receiving the horses in the initial camp at Augusta: "Most of the horses had never before been ridden on the back, and most of the men knew as little about it as did the horses. There was kicking and rearing, and running and jumping, and lying down and falling down on the part of the horses, and swearing and yelling, and getting thrown and being kicked, and getting hurt and sore in various ways, by the men. There was crowding in the ranks, and getting out of place, and striving to get back into place, and pushing for-

ward and hanging back, and going backward and sideways, and all ways but the right way, and all sorts of haps and mishaps, amusing to look back upon now."

The young American of the post-bellum generation has a sort of vague idea of the hardships of the great war, but has no conception of what some of the Union's defenders endured before they even got into the enemy's country. Strange, indeed, sounds the story that these Maine cavalrymen camped all winter — '61 and '62 — at the capital of their State in open tents, and much of that time without any stoves. The historian says: "It was estimated on good authority that the regiment lost that winter more than two hundred men by death and disability on account of the cold weather and the insufficient means of protection."

This regiment was raised in September, 1861, but did not get to Washington until the last of March, 1862. General Butler wanted the horses for some of his batteries, and persistently strove to have the First Maine Cavalry dismounted and discharged. Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the House in the Maine Legislature, took a hand, and after he had had several set-toos with Secretary Stanton, the First Maine Cavalry was left on its horses.

In the organization of this regiment there were some peculiar features. Col. Goddard issued two orders, either of which would have rendered "Scott's 900" thoughtful, and both of which would have driven every member of the 178th New York to an insane asylum. One was that the colonel would allow of no profanity by officers or men. The other was that "he would recommend for commission in the regiment, no man, or recognize as such any non-commissioned officer, who did not sign a regimental temperance pledge." The character of the men in this organization may be inferred from the fact that most of the men took the pledge — in one company every man signing it.

Five months after organization, these warriors got their sabres, and began to catch an inkling of real war. Their first real shaking up was in Banks' spring campaign of 1862 in the Shendoah valley. One may guess the regiment, or some portion of it — like many another green cavalry command — was not very well handled by field officers. After this time, the command shared in the vicissitudes of the Potomac army to the end.

Lieut. Tobie has done an admirable piece of work in writing this history, and he has enjoyed the advantage of tapping sources of information more generous than those within reach of most such historians. It is possible that this book, good as it is, may not be so complete and true a "history" as it should be to deserve that name. In the note of the committee on history appears this passage: "One of these negative determinations was that no unpleasant thing should appear relating to the personal record of any comrade." Now there was a total of 103 officers and 3226 men in that regiment from first to last; so that it seems impossible that, governed by the above determination, the historian could write symmetrical "history" in true perspective. Perhaps it was the intention to present a satisfactory story of this regiment with all unpleasant facts eliminated. This volume is far ahead of any other of its kind in the feature of portraits. An excellent portrait of Gen.

C. H. Smith stands for the frontispiece, and there are 69 pages of pictures, a large proportion of them being of the best sort for such a work—i. e., showing the officers and men as they looked when in the service. Unstinted praise is due to this happy effort to immortalize the soldier countenances of this command.

One of these portraits is unusually sad in its suggestion. At the foot of the picture is the inscription: "Capt. John A. Heald; killed in the charge on Lee's train, April 6, 1865." This officer was one of the last victims of the rebellion. Two days more, and no fatal bullet would ever again come from Lee's army. ["History of the First Maine Cavalry 1861-1865." By Edward P. Tobie. Published by the Association; 8 vo. pp. 737. Press of Emery & Hughes, Boston, 1887.]—*Boston Herald, Dec. 13th, 1887.*

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. A great many regimental histories have come under our observation during the last fifteen or twenty years, but we do not remember one in the long list which was superior in literary or mechanical workmanship, more painstaking or more interesting, than that of the First Maine Cavalry. The volume is written by Mr. Edward P. Tobie and is published under the auspices of a committee of the regimental association,— whose countenances, as they are grouped in a portrait at the close of the volume, seem to reflect an honest and justifiable pride in the success of this undertaking. The imprint of Emery & Hughes, 146 Oliver street, appears upon the title page. The book is an octavo of over 700 pages, printed from large, clear type, and bound substantially in half morocco, with marbled edges. Not the least noteworthy feature of the book is the multitude of portraits of officers and men— nearly three hundred in all, which are scattered though it. These add a special personal interest to the narrative of the occurrences in which these men and their comrades were participants. The regiment had a dashing and gallant career. It bore upon its flag the names of twenty-nine battles in which it had an honorable part, and these were in addition to many minor engagements. Fully half of the regiment were killed or wounded, or died from disease or in prison; and it is not surprising that the survivors cherish with pride the memory of the brave achievements with which the history of the regiment is filled. The author was second lieutenant in Company E, and was a sharer in all the experiences of the regiment from the enlistment to the mustering out after the war was over. The basis of his history is a diary which he kept at the time. His account of the battles in which the regiment was engaged is clear and vivid. He has enlivened and diversified the history by narratives of personal experience or episodes of life in camp or in the field, contributed by comrades. The roster has been prepared with great care, and biographical details are given concerning most of the members of the regiment who are dead. Altogether, the book not only reflects credit upon all concerned in its preparation, and upon the regiment whose experiences it chronicles, but it has a broader interest from the side-light which it throws upon the military movements in which the regiment took part, and, from this point of view, is to be reckoned an addition to the literature of the war.—*Boston Journal, Feb. 10th, 1888.*

At the annual reunion of 1886 of the First Maine Cavalry, a committee was



appointed on the publication of the history of this famous Maine regiment, which took part in the largest number of engagements of any regiment in the service during the war. How well the committee performed this duty is shown in the handsome volume of 765 pages, just issued. The compilation and editing of the work was a labor of love by the historian, being Comrade Edward P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R.I. Three hundred and seven portraits of comrades, a complete roster and list of engagements, aside from the narrative of the regiment's eventful history, make it a valuable souvenir of the war to the veterans of the First Maine.—*Boston Globe*.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY. By Lieut. Edward P. Tobie. Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association. No cavalry regiment in the army which crushed the rebellion played a more conspicuous part than the First Maine. It was organized in the fall of 1861, of as good material as could be found in that grand old State, and served until the surrender at Appomattox, doing splendid work on every field on which it was engaged. The story of these momentous four years has been most admirably told in a book of seven hundred twenty-seven pages, gotten up in the best style of typography by the firm of Emery & Hughes, Boston, and illustrated by three hundred and seven portraits and other pictures. No amount of expense or care has been spared in making this a book worthy of the regiment and its history. It is as fine a volume as is turned out by any publishing house, and the matter in it is well written, well compiled and well presented. The book is a model for all other regimental histories. We cannot hope that any one can do better, but we trust many will equal it.—*National Tribune, March 1st, 1888*.

Every Maine veteran, wherever he may now be located, will be greatly interested in this noble work. The members of the First Maine Cavalry, those who survive, and those who can rightfully claim by inheritance a share in their fair fame, may well be proud of the book. It is a large, well printed volume, with illustrations comprising three hundred and seven portraits of comrades and scenes in camp and field. Many of the illustrations are full-page. As these pictures are from photographs and drawings taken during the war, they are far more interesting to the veterans than any recent pictures would be. They show the old uniform, equipments, horses, camp scenes and surroundings, which bring back the old times most vividly. The author of the history has evinced the utmost patience in research and examination of documents, and the greatest assiduity in obtaining testimony so as to fill out the narratives of every campaign and every battle. There are some four hundred and forty-eight of these large pages of the history proper. Then comes a full roster of the regiment. Then is added the names of the battles inscribed upon the flag and the celebrated order of General Meade, specifying all the organizations of the Army of the Potomac entitled to have the names of the battles upon their colors. An alphabetical index to the roster makes it easy to refer to any name. Some of the portraits are not only excellent as likenesses but are remarkably well engraved—such for instance, as that of Chaplain Tefft, Col. C. H. Smith, and Gen. J. P. Cilley.

It must not be supposed that this volume would possess an interest and value to no one except members of the First Maine Cavalry. It is, to be sure, a model as a regimental history. But in the account of the famous Dahl-



gren raid, for example, it is substantially the history of all the troops engaged or in anywise related.

So, also, of the "Wilson Raid," "Brandy Station," and all the various campaigns, forced marches, skirmishes and battles—they all have their close relations to the movements of the entire army and the great work of the Army of the Potomac will be better understood by reading such a detailed and exact account. You find an almost indispensable side light upon the Gettysburg campaign, "the Wilderness," the campaigns around Petersburg and even Appomattox and Lee's surrender. Some of the accounts of participants in various engagements are quoted and are wonderfully clear and vivid. As an instance of this is the narrative of Gen. Jonathan P. Cilley of the heroic doings of the regiment at Dinwiddie Court House, the last of March, 1865, paving the way for the great victory at Five Forks the next day. The regiment then belonged to Sheridan's command and its conduct was commended by him: "where Smith's brigade so gallantly repulsed the enemy," and by its brigade commander: "The conduct of the First Maine is deserving of special mention." Among the officers who originally belonged to the First Maine Cavalry but afterwards were promoted in other divisions of the army, was Lieut. Llewellyn G. Estes, who became the adjutant general to Major General Kilpatrick and held this important position when Kilpatrick commanded Sherman's cavalry on the famous march to the sea. Estes was brevetted brigadier-general for his gallantry. Among the enlisted men of this regiment who survived the war and have since been distinguished in civil life may be mentioned Hon. Daniel F. Davis who became Governor of Maine. Kind expressions of appreciation of the book have been received from surviving comrades from all parts of the country. Any native of Maine who retains an affection for and pride in his native State will want a copy. Every veteran of whatever State who is desirous of having a clear and interesting and reliable record of the old campaigns cannot go amiss in sending to General Cilley for this handsome volume.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*, Chicago, Dec. 21st, 1889.

We have received from Comrade E. P. Tobie, the historian, a copy of the First Maine Cavalry. It is a very large volume, nicely printed and bound, and profusely illustrated. It is the finest regimental history that ever came to our notice. Comrade Tobie and his comrades of the regiment may well feel proud of it.—*Veteran's Advocate*.

HISTORY OF THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, 1861-65, by Edward P. Tobie: published by the First Maine Cavalry Association. This book, prepared by Mr. Edward P. Tobie, historian of the association, was presented to the writer as a Christmas present and also as a token of friendship. It is a valuable history of the First Maine Regiment, and the writer returns his heartfelt thanks for the valuable gift. The book contains seven hundred and sixteen pages, carefully indexed, and more than three hundred photographs of the officers and privates of the regiment, and also camp scenes. The photographs represent the members as they were in the field, and as private citizens after the regiment returned. It is a book that will be especially valuable to the members of the association, and a valuable addition to the history of the rebellion.—*Central Falls Visitor*, December 30th, 1887.



FIRST MAINE BUGLE.

ROCKLAND, Me., 1891.

DEAR SIR:—

I will send you, if desired, on receipt of price, a copy of the First Maine Bugle, in hopes that the quarterly may interest you, and that your desire to promote the object of such Bugle will prompt you to subscribe for the same. Its purpose and matter is of course narrowed to the history and acts of our regiment, but its effects are to encourage an Esprit de corps in all other Regimental Associations, and increase the honor and love due the multitude of regiments taking pride in their record.

Among other things, the design of the publication is to publish a page of portraits of comrades in each issue, portraits accurate and the best produced in this state of the art. These portraits are of great value and will increase in value in coming years.

The price involves the free gift of the labors of the Editor and Treasurer, and only covers the cost of printing and postage, viz: one dollar per year.

If the above commend itself to your approval, I desire much, in behalf of the Association to receive your subscription.

Very truly yours,

J. P. CILLEY,

Treasurer First Maine Cavalry Association.

GENERAL ORDER No. 10.

Headquarters Army of the Potomac, March 7, 1865:

This order is the only authority for the various Regiments in the Army of the Potomac, to inscribe or bear on their colors the names of battles.

It contains the names of 263 Regiments, and is a most valuable and interesting record.

The original order was never circulated in any wider manner than through the regular army channels, and hence is entirely out of print and cannot be obtained.

To meet the general demand for copies of this order from G. A. R. Posts, and old comrades from every part of our land, it has been reprinted by the First Maine Cavalry Association, and is offered through the Treasurer of that organization, at a price that will only cover the cost of reprinting and distribution.

It is in pamphlet form, making 24 pages, 6x9 inches.

Price 10 cents, or 20 copies for \$1.00.

Will you please call the attention of your Post to this authenticated list of battles, and see how many members will take a copy?

FIRST MAINE BUGLE

A decorative banner with a double-line border, featuring stylized floral motifs and scrollwork. The banner is oriented diagonally across the page.

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CAMPAIGN II.

OCTOBER, 1891.

CALL 6.

“The neighing troops, the flashing blade,
The Bugle’s stirring blast.”

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY, JULY, OCTOBER, JANUARY AND APRIL, AND WILL
CONTAIN THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE YEARLY REUNIONS OF THE
FIRST MAINE CAVALRY, MATTERS OF HISTORIC VALUE TO
THE REGIMENT, AND ITEMS OF PERSONAL INTER-
EST TO ALL OF ITS MEMBERS.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, OR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A CALL.

REUNION AT BAR HARBOR,

September 5th, 1888.

EDITOR, EDWARD P. TOBIE, PAWTUCKET R. I.

Published by the First Maine Cavalry Association.

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



THIS CALL IS "BOOTS AND SADDLES."

Comrade Monroe Daggett suggested in our last number that this call "would bring every man into line, armed and equipped, and ready for action." The need was a financial mounting. At that time the only financial horse I could see was a metaphorical saw-horse like those used for sawing wood for our Sibley stoves in our Sibley tents at Augusta, in the winter of 1861 and 1862, where our robust Col. Goddard supplied us with wooden laths for sabre practice. Now, "Boots and Saddles" is blown with the assurance that our financial backing is near by, even at the picket line.

The Grand Old Regiment in the grand old way has repeated what she enacted on many a battle-field of the South, and, "instead of doubt and confusion, certainty stands exultant."

The financial success of the BUGLE is rendered certain by a road accidently opened to us by the generous act of Comrade Hill of Augusta. In that road Comrade Perley Lowe, of Chicago has advanced with a gift of eight dollars to send BUGLES to our members not so successful as the eminent lumber dealer of that city. Dr. Pulsifer, of Yarmouth, Mass., sent four dollars for comrades of his old Company D. Other comrades have moved out on this road. Only one thing is needed to make this flank movement a glorious success, viz:—that our comrades receive these gifts as gladly as they are given, and write the donors or the treasurer a letter of simple thanks. Receive it as a gift from a comrade to a comrade.

If you want to square the account or should fortune favor you, select some deserving comrade and make him a similar present. Let all these remembrances have something of the family flavor about them, so that the giving and receiving shall be equally enjoyable.

At Houlton, before the glad faces of comrades gathered from far and near, I spoke, just as I felt and would now look each of you in face and say: Will you answer to your name at roll-call? Will you stand up and be counted as each call of the BUGLE "sets the wild echoes flying?" No regiment in all the land is so happy in its memories as our own. To let these memories pass out of the affections and lives of our comrades is solemn death. Are you going to halt and surrender because it costs something to be alive? Compare the cost of membership in the First Maine Cavalry Association with that of other associations. To join the Society of Cincinnati, in Massachusetts costs seven hundred dollars. To join the Sons of Revolution costs one dollar and one dollar each year. You all know the fees and dues in the Grand Army of the

Republic. The Society of the Army of the Potomac costs two dollars a year, and seven dollars for the banquet yearly. The Cavalry Society costs one dollar a year and is not worth a snap. The Loyal Legion costs twenty-five dollars to join; all the way from five dollars to twenty-five dollars a year thereafter. Now, in our association, it costs nothing to join; the annual dues are discretionary; the only obligation is to take the BUGLE, enjoy it and pay for it. If it is not worth over a dollar a year in the pleasure and comfort it gives you every three months, just sit down and write out some of your own experience and send it to Tobie, the editor.

I have in my mind now an article soon to appear, in which the hand-writing, spelling and grammar were utterly bad, but with these corrected you have a picture with no foreground or background, a narrative from which the element of time is squeezed out. You do not perceive, because the writer himself was not aware of the fact, that the charge or gallop he made covered over a mile of distance, but you see just exactly what the soldier saw; it looks meagre, and as though no one else was on the field, but it is just the fight the fighter sees. Such stories are never old and never die. History asks no better material. Now look at the pictures of comrades which appear in the BUGLE. Are they not worth the price to look at, to store away for lasting keeping, to show your friends and children? Again, as each comrade answers the final tattoo and roams

“ On the slopes of the mountain
That only by angels are trod,”

is it not worth the price of the BUGLE to have his obituary appear on its pages? It adds yet another bond to your affections. Should you, from sickness, family cares, misfortune or any cause, find it inconvenient or a hardship to pay for it cash down, don't close your heart to aid and sympathy; write frankly to the treasurer and tell him your desire to have the BUGLE, and some comrade will send it to you. Again, should fortune favor you, or your heart be large, find some comrade to send the BUGLE to, or remit to the treasurer and ask him to find some one. The good book says: “ The greatest of these is charity, it blesses both him that receives and him that gives.”

O, voices, winter clear awake
In all the wild familiar shrines,
In thunder on the great shores break,
Call from the deathless mountain pines
The notes that close the bivouac rest.
The bugle call to heart and brain
Wake echoes down each cliff and crest,
For these, our boys, the First of Maine.

Your comrade and friend

J. P. CILLEY

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REUNION

OF THE

FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.

The seventeenth annual reunion was held at Bar Harbor, Wednesday, Sept. 5th, 1888. The Bar Harbor *Record*, in speaking of the reunion, said:—

Wednesday, the fifth inst, was a great day at Bar Harbor. It was the occasion of the annual reunion of that gallant regiment, the First Maine Cavalry. For days previous the local committee had been busy making preparations for the suitable reception and accommodation of the comrades and their friends. Mr. S. A. Holden, of Bass Harbor, chief of the committee, was especially zealous in the work, and the imposing form of comrade A. R. Devereaux, of Ellsworth, was a familiar figure on our streets. Mr. Holden was actuated in his efforts by a twofold consideration — he was of course anxious that his comrades should be well entertained, and he gratified a perfectly justifiable local pride in making the beautiful island, of which he is an inhabitant, a prominent feature of the day. With this end in view he planned numerous little pleasure excursions for the guests, personally pointed out to them the natural beauties of the place, and sent the visitors home (especially those who had never before visited Bar Harbor) well pleased with their rambles and thoroughly satisfied that of all the beautiful places on God's footstool, our island was the Eden *par excellence*. So well did some of them enjoy themselves that they extended their stay to Saturday, taking every opportunity to improve their acquaintance with the place and its inhabitants. The weather on Wednesday was all that could be desired for the occasion, and the first train brought a number of the veterans with their families. The Rodick House was the headquarters of the organization, and the wide verandas were the scene of many affectionate and interesting meetings as each train and boat brought in its load of arrivals. Hearty and warm were the greetings of comrades, some of whom had not met for years. Old army sobriquets were resurrected, and the familiar names which had furnished amusement around many a camp fire were bandied about on the piazza as their owners met. Friendships which had been formed during the stirring years of hardship and danger were renewed amid scenes of peace and pleasure, and those who had fought and bled together clasped hands with a warmth

intensified by old associations in more troublous times. The streets looked gayer than they had been for some time, and the village put on a holiday appearance. The piazzas and large hall of the Rodick were thronged with the veterans and their families, and local members of the Grand Army of the Republic and other military organizations who had met to welcome them. Everywhere you would meet with the yellow ribbon badge of the First Maine Cavalry, and a number of the ladies of the Ladies' Auxiliary lent their gentle influence to the occasion."

BUSINESS MEETING.

The business meeting was held in the music room of the Rodick at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, the president, in the chair. In the absence of the secretary, Henry R. Cowan of Co. I was chosen secretary pro tem.

The following were appointed a committee to report three places at which to hold the next reunion: Field and staff, Major H. C. Hall; Co. A, Albert Edgecomb; Co. B, Capt. Jacob B. Loring; Co. C, Lieut. Horatio S. Libby; Co. D, Sergt. Gilbert N. Harris; Co. E, Capt. Black Hawk Putnam; Co. F, Corydon O. Stone; Co. G, George L. Duston; Co. H, Sergt. Goodwin; Co. I, Lieut. Smith; Co. K, Corp. Blake; Co. L, Comrade Snell; Co. M, Sergt. Alanson M. Warren. This committee reported the names of Boston, Newport and Houlton. A number of the comrades favored the selection of Boston, and Boston was unanimously chosen. The same committee was appointed to nominate officers for the ensuing year, and reported the following list, which was adopted and the officers elected:

President—ALBION C. DRINKWATER, Braintree, Mass.

Vice President—Lieut. HORATIO S. LIBBY, Boston.

Treasurer—Gen. J. P. CILLEY, Rockland.

Recording Secretary—CHARLES A. F. EMERY, Boston.

Corresponding Secretary—Lieut. ORRIN S. HASKELL, Pittsfield.

Gen. J. P. Cilley, treasurer, presented his report (which will be found in Call 1), and made a partial report of matters connected with the History, which reports were accepted.

An invitation from the local Post, Grand Army of the Republic, to make a short parade at the close of the meeting was accepted, as was also the tender of the Post as escort.

A vote of thanks was tendered the citizens of Bar Harbor for their courtesies, and thirty tickets to the banquet were tendered to the com-

mittee of arrangements for the use of citizens. A vote of thanks was also tendered the Grand Army Post, a comrade of the Sixteenth Maine, and others.

The committee on badges were, at their request, given a year's further time in which to make their report.

The meeting then adjourned for

THE PARADE.

The line was formed in front of the Rodick House, under the direction of the president, Lieut. Edward P. Tobie, assisted by Henry R. Cowan, of Co. I, as adjutant. Escorted by the Grand Army Post and the Bar Harbor Cornet Band, one hundred and ten of the veterans of the First Maine made a parade through the principal streets, showing conclusively that they had not forgotten how to march in all these years since their service was over.

THE BANQUET.

In speaking of the banquet, the *Record* said:—

The crowning feature of the day's entertainment was the banquet in the evening. The large music hall of the Rodick was selected as the scene of the festivity, and three rows of tables were set up lengthwise of the room and illuminated with candles stuck into bottles and embellished with colored tissue paper. These were suggestive of camp life, and the viands also hinted of that, for the principal dish was baked beans and brown bread. Supplementary to these were cold meats, cake, coffee and ice cream. On either side of the hall the names of the battlefields in which the regiment had lost some of its men, were displayed. These were one hundred and thirty-six in number—seven more battles than any other regiment in the service participated in. At the back of the stage, pinned on the United States ensign, were the names of the commissioned officers who fell in battle. The stage was occupied by the Bar Harbor Band, who played several selections during supper in a manner which elicited great applause. The bugle calls, in a selection of national airs, seemed especially to appeal to the audience, and great was the enthusiasm which each familiar note aroused. There were at supper two hundred and thirty guests, and a happier and more jovial party was never entertained at the Rodick House. A goodly number of the citizens of Bar Harbor partook of the hospitality of the regiment, and we know that we voice the sentiments of those of our people who were present when we take this opportunity of publicly thanking our entertainers for the kindness and cordiality displayed toward us on that occasion. In glancing around the room we could not help thinking that the fair ladies of Maine were as patriotic as the sterner sex, for it was noticeable that many of the fairest had rewarded the gallant defenders of their country in the most acceptable manner—with their hand and heart. The younger generation also seemed

to inherit the beauty and gallant bearing of their parents, and doubtless would not be behind hand in similarly rewarding bravery; but may a similar occasion never present itself.

The president, Edward P. Tobie, called to order, and divine blessing was invoked by Comrade Francis E. Sanders, of Lowell, Mass. Then the seventeenth annual "action" began—the sword and carbine exchanged for the knife and fork.

While this peaceful though destructive engagement was in progress, the Bar Harbor Cornet Band enlivened the air with some choice selections excellently performed. "Recollections of the War"—bugle calls—brought down the house with rounds of applause, recalling the old camp life in most vivid style.

When this "charge of the light brigade" had resulted in the utter rout of edibles, the president called out Comrade Simeon A. Holden, of Co. D, chairman of the committee of arrangements, who delivered the address of welcome. Twenty-seven years ago the summons was issued for the organization of a cavalry regiment in the state of Maine. Within thirty days of the call, twelve hundred men were in line, who, with uplifted hand, took oath to do or die in defense of our common country. Depleted in the field by death and disease, the grand State of Maine stood back of them, and sent twice twelve hundred men, good and true, to fill the wasting ranks. He bid the survivors of the war welcome to the hospitalities of Bar Harbor, and described the beauties of the island of Mount Desert in glowing terms. As an illustration of the changes that take place in a generation, he pointed to the fact that when "the boys" went to the war, the valuation of the entire estate comprised within what is now known as Bar Harbor was less than that of single cottages that now adorn the village.

The president responded to this very hearty welcome. Moreover, he was glad to know that these reunions fostered the pleasant rather than the sad reminiscences of the bivouac. He then introduced the new president—

Col. Albion C. Drinkwater, who was at a loss to know why they had elected him as president of their honorable association, unless it was a job put up on him in recognition of his reputation as a forager. If it had already been determined to meet in Boston next year, he would accept the election as a just tribute of appreciation. For, without doubt, he understood that department of camp life better than any other. Fully believing in his personal qualification to fill

the larder, he extended a most pressing invitation for the whole association, together with their wives and daughters, for it would be a delight to once more test his quality as a provider, and he wished it to be put to the severest test. Massachusetts was made up largely of Maine men and women—there are nearly a hundred of “the boys” in Boston and vicinity. Come, one and all, and you shall receive a most loyal reception. He closed by thanking the association for the honor conferred upon him.

The president vouched for the colonel’s avowed qualifications, and then introduced Col. Samuel H. Allen, who had served as military governor in Virginia. Col. Allen said, “During the day he had noticed that the First Maine boys were still true to their old-time instincts. Formerly, when, in pursuance of his official duties, he was obliged to make excursions into the surrounding country, it was universally true that some of “the boys” had been there ahead of him. Especially was this true if there were ladies about—the First Maine was proverbially gallant. He had started on a tour of inspection of this new territory, but wherever he turned “the boys” had already been there, and the gallantry of “ye olden time” was still their guide—the ladies were just as attractive as ever. Some one remarked that we are growing old; but it is not so. Incidentally he had referred to the wife of one of the comrades, when a lady present exclaimed, in astonishment: “Why, he isn’t married, is he! he doesn’t look old enough.” But young or old, our war record is something to be proud of. Had it not been for the part we and others played, it is doubtful if we should have a country now, or a flag. All honor to the gallant First Maine!

The president knew a man who was too small to hide behind, as when on duty once he had tried it. He introduced—

Col. Cilley. He referred to Gen. Hooker’s question, “Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?” The trouble was that they could not be killed. Comrade Holden was run through by a sabre, another was shot through the body—both are lively as any one here to-night. A cavalryman was picked up on the field of Gettysburg and was about to be buried, but objected on the ground that he was not dead. It would seem a valid reason. He related in an inimitable manner many incidents of army life, and, pointing to the blood-red cards that hung along the sides of the hall, said, these are emblematic of the blood and carnage of battle; and, turning toward the white cards at the end of the hall, these the eternal camping ground they have gone to prepare.

The Auxiliary Association was called upon and the president, Mrs. Zenas Vaughan, introduced Miss Lorenza Haynes, who spoke in impassioned tones. She did not belong to the association because, under the constitution of the body she was ineligible, as to become a member required that the lady should have had a husband, son, or brother, in the regiment. She had no husband, and of course no son. A brother she had, but he was in the Massachusetts State prison at the time, and Governor Andrew would not let him go. He carried the keys, however. But she had consented to represent the noble sisterhood for her great regard for the most noble lady who was president. The men who went to war suffered, it is true, but she reminded these survivors of the battles' carnage that the women of those bloody years suffered also. You went to the tented field—they remained at home, did their own work in the home and much of yours in the harvest field. They gave up their husbands and sons, and their sacrifices nearly equalled yours. They appreciate the sacrifices you made and hope that you appreciate theirs. They did a noble work in your absence, by preparing the boys for patriotic endeavor if the government should ever need them in the tented field, which God forbid. May the veterans of the First Maine enjoy many more seasons like the present, and may these noble women share in your festivities as they have shared in your sorrows.

After music by the band, the president referred to the field of Aldie, said there was present a man who was born there, and introduced Prof. Taylor, of Virginia. In the presence of the First Maine Cavalry he boasted that, though born in Virginia, he had never drawn a disloyal breath. When you came to Virginia twenty-seven years ago it was not a very hospitable reception you received—come now and you will receive a different welcome; for there is a new South, a South of enterprise and work. Now we invite you to our state—we need your energy, your capital, your indomitable perseverance. Come and help us make the waste places to bloom as you have your own homes. He had come to learn all he could of New England, and should embrace every opportunity to become acquainted with the secret of her thrift and prosperity. You helped to crush rebellion; but the patriotism that sent you on that mission is no less needed in the years of peace, in which its grandest and most enduring trophies are won.

From the more formal addresses the president turned to the regi-

ment and announced that he should call upon representatives of each of the companies, and that the comrades called upon must either make a speech, tell a story, or find a substitute.

In response to calls, Co. A was represented by Comrade Charles E. Jacks; Co. M by Lieut. Edward Jordan; Co. B by Capt. Jacob B. Loring; Co. G by Comrade Perry Chandler and Co. K by Comrade Melvin Preble, both of whom gave interesting sketches of the famous free school which these two comrades started and carried on successfully at the factory village of Ettricks, near Petersburg, during the last days of the service of the regiment, as related in the history of the regiment, pp. 446, 447; Co. E by Capt. Black Hawk Putnam; Co. H by Capt. Henry C. Hall, who gave an interesting sketch of the famous rebel Black Horse cavalry (which is to be published in the *BUGLE* in the series of sketches entitled "After Appomattox"); Co. I by Comrade Benjamin P. Lowell; Co. C by Comrade Patrick F. Shevlin, and the other companies by comrades whose names have been forgotten, as the notes of the banquet have been mislaid. In the midst of these addresses, which were chiefly camp reminiscences, the band led the regiment in "Marching Through Georgia." The closing exercise, at about 11 o'clock, was "America," in which all joined with fervor.

Says the *Record* further:—

The entertainment was not concluded till past eleven o'clock, and all agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable reunions in which the regiment had ever participated. All were loud in their praises of the management of the affair and felt themselves especially obligated to the Messrs. Rodick for the hospitable manner in which they placed themselves and their premises at the disposal of the visitors. It was a scene which will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of witnessing it—the long rows of tables surrounded by the bronzed and in many cases the handsome faces of the veterans, and the pretty faces of their wives and daughters; the enthusiasm which lighted up the features of the soldiers as some familiar national air was played by the band; and the long list of battlefields, each recalling to the minds of some of those present the memory of some beloved comrade who had fallen there in defense of his country and home. The noble dead had a prominent place in many hearts that evening.

We have had occasion to mention Mr. Edw. P. Tobie of Pawtucket, the master of ceremonies. Mr. Tobie is a newspaper man, and the historian of the regiment. His magnificent history of the First Maine Cavalry speaks for itself. He follows the regiment from its organization at Augusta, in 1861, through the fiercest battles of the war to the expiration of their service. We find that the First Maine took part in more battles than any other regiment

in the service, did splendid work for the country and lost many a gallant fellow in the good cause. Originally composed of twelve hundred, the ranks were filled up with recruits as the vacancies occurred until the roll of the regiment showed thirty-six hundred names, or three times the original number. No better proof could be adduced of the mettle of the regiment than the fact that it was kept up to its standard in numbers in spite of its heavy losses. The members were all picked men and volunteers. We trust that Bar Harbor may again be honored at no very distant period with a visit from the gallant survivors of such a noble body, and we are certain that they have carried away with them pleasant memories of the hours spent in our island paradise.

The Sullivan Harbor correspondence of the *Record* also had the following interesting paragraph:—

Hon. Eugene Hale and Hon. Mr. Kasson of Iowa addressed a small but appreciative audience on the political issues of the day, Thursday afternoon, on the front piazzas of the Waukeag House. The West Sullivan Cornet Band of eleven pieces was present and played some fine selections. The First Maine Cavalry also made us a call that day and a curious incident connected with it is worth relating. One lady had her badge fastened with a silver pin, the inscription of which attracted the attention of some one of the party, and she related the following story of it: Her husband wore the pin during the war and lost it on the battle-field at Stony Brook, below Richmond. About six years ago it was ploughed up by a farmer and sent by a young man in Richmond to the postmaster at Topsham, thinking the soldier must have been killed and inquiring for his people, knowing they would treasure the lost badge. The owner answered the letter himself with due acknowledgement of the thoughtfulness of the young man. The inscription was "A. C. Drinkwater, 1st D. C. Cavalry, Topsham, Me."

The next morning very many of the comrades took a ride up Green Mountain, and greatly enjoyed the prospect from the height. Among these were Comrades "Charley," Jacks and "Jim" Williams, who went up on horseback and who were promptly nicknamed "Buffalo Bill" and "Capt. Jack," to the amusement of all. By noon the greater number of comrades started on their return trip. A few remained, however, to take in the beauties of Bar Harbor more at leisure. During the day the idea arose that it would be pleasant to acknowledge Comrade Holden's courtesies during their entire stay and his services as one of the committee of arrangements, in some substantial way. The idea found ready acceptance, and in the evening, while all were assembled in the parlor, Miss Haynes called on Comrade Holden and ordered him to step out from the ranks. She said, "I am about to do something I never did in my life before; give a man a *caning*. I hope he will be able to bear it." She then, in a few well-chosen remarks, presented Mr. Holden

with a handsome cane. The captain was so overcome by the words of the speaker that he nearly broke down while returning thanks for the handsome present and the kindly motives which it represented. But this was not enough. Before Comrade Holden had fairly recovered from the cane presentation he was again called up by Lieut. Tobie, who called his attention to one day, on a march from Frederick, Md., to Washington, early in 1863, when he asked the speaker the meaning of "redundancy" and the latter could not tell him. Lieut. Tobie continued, "I think, Comrade Holden, that you may get an idea of the meaning of the word now," and with this he presented him, in behalf of those present, as a further token of appreciation of his services in their behalf, with a bound volume containing all the reunion pamphlets which had been published up to that time. As the tears filled Comrade Holden's eyes, he confessed that he did begin to understand the meaning of the word "redundancy." And those who were present will always remember with pleasure the reunion at Bar Harbor.

THE LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The third annual reunion of the First Maine Cavalry Association of ladies met in the parlor of the Rodick House, Bar Harbor, on the same day as the regimental reunion. The meeting was called to order by the president, Mrs. Olive M. Long. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

President—MRS. ZENAS VAUGHAN, Skowhegan.

Vice-President—MRS. CELIA EMERY, Hampden.

Secretary and Treasurer—MISS GRACE T. CILLEY, Rockland.

Eighteen ladies joined the association. A communication was read from Mrs. E. L. Bickford, and it was voted to hold the next reunion at the same time and place as the First Maine Cavalry.

THE MASSACHUSETTS BRANCH.

A meeting of the "Massachusetts Branch of the First Maine Cavalry Association" was held in the hall of Post No. 7, G. A. R., Boston, on the evening of August 11th, 1888, for the purpose of making arrangements to attend the reunion of the regiment at Bar Harbor. The meeting was called to order by the president. Comrades Charles E. Jacks and Charles A. F. Emery were appointed a committee to arrange for transportation to Bar Harbor, to report at the next meeting, and an adjournment was taken for two weeks. At the adjourned meeting the committee on transportation reported

that the fare for the round trip by rail would be \$11, and by steamer \$4. It was voted to go by steamer. The officers of the association were authorized to call a meeting as soon as practicable after the reunion, to which the ladies were to be invited. This meeting was called for the evening of November 26th, the following report of which appeared in the Boston *Globe* of the next day:

MAINE CAVALRYMEN—ANNUAL ELECTION OF OFFICERS AND BANQUET AT THE CRAWFORD HOUSE.

Of the three thousand two hundred and twenty-six men whose names were borne during its term of service on the rolls of the First Regiment of Cavalry, Maine Volunteers, an organization that was engaged in more than fourscore encounters with the enemy, some twenty-five, representing the First Maine Cavalry Association of Massachusetts, assembled at the Crawford House last evening to hold their annual reunion.

The business meeting was held at 8 o'clock, President Thomas J. Long in the chair. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Gilbert N. Harris; vice-presidents, Captain H. C. Hall and Lieutenant Thaddeus Little; secretary, C. A. F. Emery; treasurer, Colonel A. C. Drinkwater; executive committee, Albert Edgecomb, Patrick F. Shevlin, Charles E. Jacks, Henry C. Whitney and Thomas J. Long.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the attendance was not as large as was expected; nevertheless, a pleasant evening was passed. At 9 o'clock the veterans and ladies marched to the dining-hall, where, after Comrade Ordway had invoked the divine blessing, an hour was passed in the enjoyment of the banquet. At the table were seated President Thomas J. Long; Brigadier-General Jonathan P. Cilley, who commanded the regiment during the war; Commander C. H. Whitney of Charles Russell Lowell Post 7, G. A. R.; Colonel A. C. Drinkwater; Lieutenant Edward P. Tobie, the regimental historian; H. C. Whitney, C. A. F. Emery, George P. Phillips, P. F. Shevlin, S. S. Goodhue, A. L. Ordway, Albert Edgecomb, G. H. M. Barrett, J. McCleary Perkins, Calvin B. Benson, G. N. Harris, James Hatch, Isaac C. Buck, D. W. Gage, N. L. Owen, George W. Gray, C. O. Stone, A. C. Souther, W. R. Lincoln. Also the following ladies: Miss Grace T. Cilley, Mrs. Ellen M. Edgecomb, Mrs. Olive M. Long, Mrs. Edward P. Tobie, Mrs. Kate Shevlin, Mrs. C. S. Harris, Mrs. A. C. Souther, Mrs. Rose Benson, Mrs. Abby G. Gray, Mrs. Jennie S. Ordway.

At 10 o'clock President Long called the company to order, and after a brief speech of welcome introduced Brigadier-General Jonathan P. Cilley, the old regimental commander, who was heartily received by the men who had served under him. He related incidents of the war and referred to the proposed cavalry monument on the battle-field of Aldie. Colonel A. C. Drinkwater followed with interesting remarks, alluding to the proposed reunion of the survivors of the regiment in Boston next fall, and to co-operation with the First Massachusetts Cavalry Association in the erection of the Aldie monument.

Lieut. Edward P. Tobie of the Providence Journal, and historian of the association, spoke in a humorous vein, introducing anecdotes of Thanksgiving in the army; Secretary C. A. F. Emery read letters from Hon. Harrison Hume, commander of Gettysburg Post 191, G. A. R.; Major Joseph R. Curtis of Portsmouth, N. H.; W. E. Barrett, and others. Brief addresses were made by Gilbert N. Harris, P. F. Shevlin, Commander C. H. Whitney of Charles Russell Lowell Post 7, G. A. R., A. L. Ordway, Calvin B. Benson, W. R. Lincoln and others,

AFTER APPOMATTOX.

BY MAJOR HENRY C. HALL.

When the rebel armies had all surrendered and war had ceased, all secessia was without a civil government or a single governmental officer; consequently martial law was proclaimed and military men ruled until the old governments could be resuscitated or new ones created. Department, district and sub-district commanders were appointed, the last of whom appointed provost-marshals to command in their several counties. It fell to my lot to be appointed a provost-marshal in the sub-district of the Appomattox, and, with one battalion of our regiment, assigned to the command of Chesterfield county, that part of the Old Dominion that lies between the James and Appomattox rivers from a point above Richmond on the former to a point above Petersburg on the latter, and to the confluence of the two rivers. My instructions were "You will administer the oath of allegiance to all entitled to it who desire it; acquaint yourself as soon as possible with the condition and necessities of the county; distribute and explain fully General Orders No. 11, Headquarters United States Forces, Petersburg, Va.; keep the negroes, so far as possible, with their old masters where arrangements can be made satisfactory to both parties; establish an employment agency from which laborers can be obtained by those desiring them; repress all disorders and disturbances, and so far as possible prevent pillage; look properly to the interests of the people and contribute in every way possible to the security, comfort and prosperity of the county."

We left camp at Ettricks, a suburb of Petersburg, on Sunday morning, May 21st, 1865, agreeably to orders, arrived at the Court House, twelve miles distant, a little past noon of the same day, and immediately went into camp in the court yard. The Court House we found a plain, two-story, brick structure, unadorned and unimposing, situated in the middle of a grassy lawn and surrounded by graceful trees. In the second story was the spacious "judgment hall," where I thought to make my abode, and when the evening came I spread my scanty bed upon its dusty floor and lay down to needed rest. But I had scarcely closed my eyes for sleep, when I had a hint that I was an intruder; aye, that the apartment was already occupied; indeed, that it was densely populated; and that it would not be conducive to my comfort to longer make my abode

there. I did not like to leave in the face of the foe without some show of resistance, but when I could no longer suffer in silence the pains inflicted by my *angnawing* tormentors, I arose, lighted a candle and prepared for action or retreat. Then all was still. No sound of clattering hoofs! no yell of rebel raiders! no enemy in sight! As I sat there in the quiet of that lone room, with its high bare walls which had long echoed the voices of Virginia's venerable judges and eloquent attorneys, its prisoners' box from which the condemned culprit had received his merited sentence, and its dust-bedimmed windows through which the light of no friendly star could come, the scenes of a four-years' strife which I had seen closed but a few weeks before flitted through my mind, and thoughts of peace, of home, of friends and of a country *saved*, filled me with feelings no tongue can express nor pen portray. At length, tired with my musings and unconscious of real danger, I put out my light and again turned in. But, oh, scarcely had I wound my blankets about me when I received a murderous assault from a mighty host — a force innumerable, invisible, invincible! In an instant they were above me, beneath me and all over me! cannibals all! "To be or not to be," was a question I had but a moment to ponder. Ah! I had endured the hardships incident to the long struggle for national life and perpetuity, and had at last seen a single flag with many stars waving over a nation reunited and free indeed, and now must I die like a dog and no longer live to share the gratitude a grateful people proffer to those who saved and preserved them a nation? I resolved "to be," and with an extra effort effected my escape. I went below, eaten, beaten, sore and sad, and rallied by the trunk of a large tree in a distant corner of the yard, whose leafy branches would shelter me from the falling dews of night, spread my blankets and closed my weary eyes once more. Visions of that horrid encounter disturbed my slumbers, and when the bugle broke the stillness of the morning air, I awoke not half refreshed and with unpleasant reflections of the ordeal through which I had passed. But the new duties, the new cares and the new responsibilities imposed by my new command soon dispelled all these, and they were remembered only as incidents in the struggle of life.

In the corner of the yard to the left and rear was the clerk's office, a one-story brick building, in one part of which was the record room and in the other chairs, tables and desks for the convenience and accommodation of those who had business there. It was here I

had my headquarters and office. The man who occupied when we arrived had been in possession thirty consecutive years as clerk of the county courts. We found him frank and friendly but feeble and failing, and he did not survive the summer. For some years he had been ably assisted by a deaf and dumb son, a worthy and intelligent young man, who soon endeared himself to all our men by his kindly nature and his unfortunate condition. In looking among the record books one day a good-sized flag was found—the stars and stripes—where it had been concealed in the early days of the war by the hand of the faithful old clerk, that it might not be destroyed by deluded men. After its four years of darkness it was brought to the light of day, the dust shaken from its still bright stars, attached to a suitable staff, and placed where it was wont to wave in the Union as it was. It was, indeed, a welcome sight to those who had so often seen it in danger and had had a hand in rescuing it from ruin, and it gladdened the eyes of those, too, who had battled so hard and in vain for secession and slavery, for now they saw in its shining folds that welcome word “peace.”

In the corner of the yard to the left and front was the dungeon, with its thick granite walls and heavy iron door. No windows, crack or crevice, when the door was closed, to let in a ray of light. A dark, damp, dreary den, indeed! It was here prisoners were kept while awaiting trial, sentence or incarceration. In front of the dungeon was the barbarous post to which the friendless bondman suspected of crime was wont to be tied to receive the cruel lash, that Virginia Justice might be appeased and satisfied.

Ten or twelve houses, a little white church half a mile to the northward, and a parsonage half the distance, constituted the settlement about the county seat. With few exceptions, the citizens were social and friendly, who accepted the situation most cheerfully, and rejoiced with us that war's red work was done. One notable exception was a Methodist clergyman, an original rebel and, the boys would have it, a descendent of *the* original rebel. I think he could and did hate the old flag and the Union blue with more malignant intensity than any man I ever met. He was treason itself incarnate. The other clergyman we found as social and friendly as his neighbor was cold and contemptuous. He came to our quarters often, and the respect he had for us and the law we represented soon begot in us respect and affection for him. He preached in the little white church, and we “heard him gladly.”

That little church was situated in a beautiful grove of oaks, on a little eminence and close by the roadside. Its construction was peculiar and odd, unlike anything we had ever seen. Its length was twice its width, and the audience room was divided by a partition wall across it about seven and a half feet high and equidistant from either end, so that two equal-sized square rooms were formed. The first or front room had comfortable box seats, and was used exclusively by the white people, while the other had rough benches and was used only by the colored people. The pulpit was a stage elevated about three feet high at the middle of the partition wall on the whites' side, and contained a slight desk and other articles for the accommodation of the speakers. At the services the music was all vocal and by the congregation, in which the negroes joined most heartily. The rich and mellow voices of the darkeys were in marked contrast with the thin and feeble tones of the whites, and they sang with a fervor and enthusiasm that were truly enjoyable. I remember the sound of one soprano on the colored side the first time I was there I mistook for a violin, and that when the services were concluded I asked a gentleman who stood beside me at the door to point to me the darkey who played the violin so finely. He laughed, and said there was no violin there, that what I had heard was the peculiar voice of a colored woman. When he told me I was not the first stranger who had been so deceived I had not so unfavorable an opinion of my musical ear.

When we had been absent from our regiment a month or more, our chaplain came up to make us a visit. As he would stop over Sunday, I went with him to call on the minister of the little white church. The meeting of the two was most cordial and friendly, and before they parted it was agreed that our chaplain should preach in the pulpit of the other the following Sabbath. That Sabbath came, and how beautiful its morning! All things seemed animate and vocal with joy and praise. The fragrant air was filled with happy song, and the rays of the summer sun seemed to be searching the dark places of earth for imprisoned germs that, perchance, lay waiting in silence for some friendly force to give them strength to burst their cold cells that they might spring forth to life and beauty and join the glad songs of peace and praise. The rustling of the green leaves in the morning air seemed holy whisperings of peace and love, and the joyous birds, unscared by sounds of war, seemed to sing sweeter songs to sacred melodies. A little flower that had

struggled through the weeds and grass by the wayside had turned its tiny petals to the smiling sun, and a loving ray was kissing from its pearly face a sparkling tear that had gathered there in the long, dark night, and it seemed to be saying with expression more eloquent than speech, to the little colored passers-by, who so lately were struggling in hopeless bondage, "See, I, too, am free; and I rejoice with you that your long, dark night has passed; that the sunlight of liberty has gladdened your souls, and that the angel of peace has kissed the last sad tear from the slave child's face."

Word had gone out that a Yankee minister in uniform would preach that day, and the house was filled. The pastor was promptly present, and kindly aided in the opening exercises. When Chaplain Merrill stepped forward to the desk and with impressive voice said, "Let us pray," as was their custom whether members of any church or not, every form was bowed in prayer. The old man, always eloquent, seemed inspired with the scenes of the morning, and especially with the worshipful attitude of those before him. He did not forget the kneeling ones beyond the partition wall in their new condition, their new relations and their new cares and responsibilities, nor was he unmindful of the sorrowing and sad ones before him bereft by the war, who had come there for consolation and comfort. All appeared impressed and many affected by the fervor and pathos of that prayer, but when he invoked the blessing of the Almighty upon the President of the United States he touched a chord that was not in harmony with the feelings of all present, and one lady who had been bowed as low as the lowest and was yet mourning the lost confederacy and the humiliation of its chief, exclaimed in a whisper so loud as to be heard by all about her, "No, I won't! I won't! There is poor old Jeff Davis a prisoner at Fortress Monroe!" at the same time assuming a rigid, upright posture, which she maintained to the close of the services. His sermon, though prepared for another time and occasion, and one of his best, was eminently fitting that time and occasion, and at its close many were the words of commendation and expressions of admiration it received from those who never before had heard a pulpit utterance from the mouth of a Northern man. Even the brave woman who so publicly manifested her love and loyalty to "poor old Jeff in prison" went away a wiser woman if not a happier and better.

The land in the central portion of the county was poor and unproductive, and the poor people who inhabited it had been dis-

travelling impoverished by the pitiless hand of the rebellion. A large part of Lee's troops and trains on their last grand retreat passed through this way and appropriated every article of food or forage that would support the life of man or beast that lay in their line of march, and the suffering citizens were compelled to subsist for a time upon the green things that were just growing from the ground. There was neither corn nor grain for food or seed, and no animals to plow the land if there had been seed to sow it. As soon as I had learned the actual condition of the inhabitants and their most urgent needs, I notified General Smith, commanding the Sub-district, who immediately sent a load of provisions with instructions to serve them to the suffering and needy, irrespective of station or color. Other loads came as they were wanted, and in a short time he sent a hundred horses and mules, some of which were yet unserviceable but only required a little rest and care to make them valuable animals again, which were given to those who would be likely to treat them kindly and who had land to till or other important work to do. The rations were an immediate relief to the hungry and helpless and the animals, and encouragement and a promising help for the future.

A large part of the men who volunteered or were conscripted into the rebel army from this county were of Picket's command when he made that fearful but futile onslaught on our impregnable lines at Gettysburg, and consequently but few able-bodied men recrossed the Potomac and returned from the surrender at Appomattox to occupy the old homes and to aid and comfort the sorrowing and helpless. Most of the negroes who remained were women and children and worn-out old men. Many of the children were entirely naked and some of the old men had scarcely clothing to cover the decrepit old bodies that were now their own. Many of the deserted farm houses had been taken possession of by the negroes in large numbers, who were carrying on "ole massa's" farm as best they knew. Some, by travelling long distances to procure a little seed, had planted little patches of corn and had worked over the old gardens and were growing sweet potatoes and other vegetables. In some cases the actual owners returned and demanded possession of their premises but in every case the negroes refused to quit without pay for their little "craps," nor were they required to without compensation or some satisfactory equivalent. Their condition was indeed pitiable—without house or home, and destitute of everything

but freedom and poverty — and yet they always seemed cheerful, hopeful and happy; happy with the thought that they were free; that they were no more to call any man master; and when the evenings came they would meet to talk over the incidents of the day and sing their simple songs.

A WEDDING JOURNEY REVISITED.

The following comrades wore the yellow and gold badge of the First Maine Cavalry at the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Detroit, August 3rd to 7th, most of whom were present in the room prepared for our reunion at No. 69 Buhl Block. The rooms were central and attractive, and evidences of the liberality of the citizens of Detroit were manifest in the form of certain refreshments.

Roscoe R. Bangs of Co. L was present from Westcott, Nebraska, tall and erect as when he was with the regiment, and showing evidence of prosperity in his furniture business.

Jesse Barber, Co. M, came from the East equally prosperous in the boot and shoe store, and has one recruit for the Sons of the First of Maine.

George W. Barnes of Co. A was present but has been so disabled that he was unable to walk the entire route of the procession. He has a large family of four boys and three girls, who generously paid their father's expenses from Winslow, Maine, to the city once besieged by Pontiac. He was known in the service by the members of his company as the one "shot off a log."

Capt. Andrew M. Benson was also there enjoying the fat of the land, courteous as ever and as ready to aid his friends.

Aaron F. Bickford of Co. H, Skowhegan, was adjutant of the battalion of Grand Army boys from Maine. He very gladly detailed all the First Maine Cavalry boys to march by themselves, and one platoon was filled by the wearers of the yellow regimental badge.

Albert M. Cole of Co. I came from Appleton, Wisconsin. He was charter member of the Post at that place, has filled most of its subordinate offices and was commander of same at the Encampment at Milwaukee in 1889.

Artemas Coombs of Co. I, of Battle Creek, Michigan, met with his comrades for the first time. He told of his strong desire to obtain a furlough while near Petersburg, and at a time when such re-

quests were not favorably considered, he applied personally for the same to Gen. Smith, at brigade headquarters. Gen. Smith very kindly referred him to regimental headquarters, where Col. Cilley as kindly told him he must make application through the orderly sergeant and captain of his company; that by this time he felt abashed and confused and hardly dared to apply to his captain for fear he would tell him to go to his own quarters; however, he obtained his furlough and at the same time obtained better information concerning army regulations than he knew before. As he told this incident to Gen. Smith at Fort Wayne, Gen. Smith narrated a similar incident, where he, in the earlier part of his service, had applied directly to Gen. Gregg. Gen. Smith, in the conversation following, stated that he had inspected the State Militia of Michigan at Battle Creek last year, whereupon Comrade Coombs remarked, "Was that you? Why, I saw your name, but supposed it was one of the Smiths." At this Gen. Smith laughed, and told how at his first introduction to Gen. Sherman, the general in his brusque and almost harsh manner, looked him in the face, and said, "Gen. Smith! Smith! I commanded a whole brigade of Gen. Smiths during the war," and then pausing and bringing his peculiarly frank tone of voice into exercise, "and they were damned good fighters, too."

William D. Cowan of Co. M, another resident of Michigan, was present. He is prospering on a one hundred and sixty acre farm in Ludington or Wiley, Michigan, has built himself a fine dwelling house this last year, and has two daughters sixteen to twenty years of age to encourage the Sons of the First of Maine towards home organizations.

George A. Davis of Co. M was present from Abbott, Me., and in line of the idea just presented, it may be well to say that he is under fifty, unmarried, and should be cared for by some one, or should have some one to care for.

Saginaw, Mich., was well represented by Alonzo Dunning, Co. F, and Riley L. Jones—"Jones of G"—brought his son with him, and boasts of a family of three boys and one girl.

Nathaniel S. Emery, Co. G, travelled all the way from Waterville, Me., and had his enjoyment doubled by taking his wife with him. They have three children, two girls and a boy.

Charles E. Gardner of Co A, Chicago, Ill., No. 1107 Fifty-first street, met his comrades from Maine for the first time and had the privilege of wearing the regimental badge.

Stephen S. Goodhue of Co. K came all the way from Haverhill, Mass. ; though not a giant in size he is quite voluminous in conversation and jokes, and when he found that there were three First Maine Cavalry men present who were undertakers, promised us a first-class funeral as far as their united efforts would contribute towards that end.

Another Massachusetts comrade was present, Charles H. Hooper of Co. K, of Lynn, Mass., who has a boy and girl to roll his name along.

Frank E Jewett, Co. K, No. 6700 Glades Ave., St. Louis, was also present, who made a mistake in bringing his wife only part way. He has three boys and a girl.

Uriah Raymond Lincoln of Co. E, of Somerville, Mass., was there. He was entertained at Fort Wayne by one of the sergeants of the Regular Army there because he was a member in Col. Smith's old regiment. He has two girls and a boy.

Charles A. North, Co. A, of Gen. Berry Post, Malden, Mass., was so busy caring for the members of his Post and so faithful to his duties, as he ever was in the service, that he did not know that the First Maine had a reunion at Detroit and did not meet a comrade till on their return via Montreal, where he met me. I can say I had a royal good ride around Montreal with Commander Bush and wife and others of the Malden Post.

Alfred Pierce of Co. F, of Arlington, was present but very busy. He and Lieutenant Andrews had several conferences on the salt question.

Hollis Simpson, Co. D, of Waterville, was present and has two recruits for the Sons of the First of Maine.

Charles Smith of Co. H, of Skowhegan, helped bear the honors of the large delegation from their Post.

Besides Lieutenant Andrews the only representative of Ohio was George W. Snow of Co. A, of Cleveland, Ohio, who met his comrades for the first time.

Alanson M. Warren of Co. M also travelled all the way from Dover, Me., to the city between the lakes. He has a happy family of four boys and one girl, and is so esteemed by the people of his county that he has been honored with the position of Registrar of Deeds for nine years. Evidently the citizens of that part of Maine know a good thing when once they have found it.

Capt. Black Hawk Putnam of Co. E was also present, whom we

are all glad to point out as a perfect specimen of a down east man.

Gen. Smith had his house full and was kept very busy entertaining the various visitors to Fort Wayne, especially as that of the Secretary of War Proctor and that of Gen. Miles were official and involved a review and inspection of his troops. His Post is a most pleasant one and all the comrades of his old regiment were most gladly welcomed and entertained. His wife, son and daughter added much to make the occasion a most happy one. His daughter is a very interesting young lady who had almost a romantic if not tragic rescue from death this last year.

I met other comrades, but the confusion, rush of the various duties, and amusements of the week prevented me from retaining their names. Col. Benson, who has a knack in so doing, showed us many favors, and we were brought together at divers times and places with agreeable surprises and pleasures, the last being at a sort of special Sunday service at parlor Z at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, at which were present the Treasurer of the State of Maine, the Insurance Commissioner of New Hampshire, the purveyor of beauty and interior decorations for Boston, with several judges and eminent men from Massachusetts. Several ghost stories were told, among which was one by Benson of the orator who could not remember names and had written the names he intended to mention on the lapel of his coat.

In Artemas Ward's celebrated lecture on "The Babes in the Woods" he returns time and again to his subject by saying, "All this I would have said had not my subject been 'The Babes in the Woods,'" and closes in the same manner.

My wedding journey was the conventional one (see Howell); it included the Niagara Falls, across the lake, among the Thousand Islands, down the Rapids to Montreal and through the White Mountains. I again saw the White Mountains, but this time from the rear of an observation car, was a few hours at the falls where a week was passed before, missed the Thousand Islands and the Rapids by a delay of train, and at Montreal found St. Lawrence Hall left in the shade by the Windsor Hotel. It was a quarter of a century ago.

J. P. CILLEY.

MIDDLEBURG AND UPPERVILLE.

MY DEAR COMRADE TOBIE:— I have thought that some incidents of the fight at Middleburg on the 19th of June, 1863, would be interesting.

You will remember our position, under the crest of the hill in the woods on the left of the pike (Cos. C and G were in the same battalion at this time), where the bullets and shells were thickly flying through the trees. I do not remember the length of time we were there dismounted, but it does not matter. Orders came to mount and we moved up over the crest and charged down the other side and up another slight rise into a small open field directly in front of a growth of timber.

The enemy were massed in a cut in the road. We used the carbine for a while, when they were observed to be falling back. Thereupon Major Boothby gave the command to drop carbine and draw sabre, and by that time they were out of the cut. We followed them at a charge up the road. Capt. Brooks, Lieut. Kimball and myself were at the head of the column in the order named from the right. We pursued them through a belt of timber until we came to an opening on our right, in which a large force were in line at right angles to the road. As soon as they saw us they began to make a movement towards our flank. Lieut. Kimball commanded "Fours—right about!"—probably his last words. When we went back I saw Corporal John W. Neal dismounted in the woods on the right of the road. He was there found dead. Capt. Brooks' horse took the bit in his teeth—as he did at Brandy Station — and he was taken prisoner, but escaped and went with a rush through the forest, when he struck a low branch and was swept from the saddle. A confederate came down upon him, and hitting him over the head with his sabre cautioned him to "lay low," which he wisely did, and when they were again driven back he was safe in our lines.

Just before we made our first movement Lieut. Kimball put a roll of bills into an inside pocket in his vest, calling Capt. Virgin's attention when he did it. The enemy held the ground sufficiently long to strip his body of sabre and belt and pistols, hat, coat and boots. His vest they did not take. The money was found covered with his blood.

We numbered twenty-three in this engagement, of which two were killed and seven wounded. We were now without a commis-

sioned officer, and our number so few that we were temporarily assigned to Company G.

I was recently interested in reading the life of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, by his Adjutant General, H. B. McClellan, and was particularly interested in what he writes relating to the fight at Upperville, which I quote :

The last charge of the day was made by Col. P. G. Evans' regiment of North Carolina Cavalry, of Robertson's brigade. This was the regiment which had become disordered in retiring through the town. Col. Evans was determined to atone for this disgrace. Placing himself at the head of his column of fours in the narrow lane, and pointing with his drawn sabre toward the enemy, he cried, as with the voice of a trumpet, "Now, men, I want you to understand that I am going through!" He kept his word, but fell mortally wounded in the midst of the enemy, whose ranks he had penetrated too far for the recovery of his body. A feeble attempt to follow this regiment as it returned from the charge was checked by Hampton's brigade and darkness closed down upon the scenes of this hard-fought day.

Accepting the statement in regard to the action of Col. Evans, I beg to differ in the other particulars; Evans *did* penetrate our lines but he came *alone*. I write from personal observation. It made a vivid impression that I shall never forget. The picture of the field in the history of the regiment shows the ground on which it occurred. Our battalion had charged up to the stone-wall—the one running at right angles to the pike on the right and centre of the picture—and dismounted. A number of the enemy was seen on the gentle rise just beyond the wall. We did not stay there long but were ordered elsewhere. I held on, however, and discharged my pistol at some scattering ones I saw in the tall grain or grass. I think a Co. B comrade was with me. After emptying my pistol I mounted and started to follow the battalion. Looking in the direction of the gap—the rise in the background—I saw a column of the enemy in the road and noticed an officer in their front *facing* them. In this position he may have said the words, as stated. However that may be, he soon faced about and dashed for our line. His hat was blown off as he rushed down the pike, and his long gray locks were flying in the wind as he passed near where I was standing, about the centre of the field on the right. The poltroons did not move, but stood right there in column of fours on the pike and saw their gallant commander dash for our line without making any movement whatever. If I remember correctly we were not making "feeble attempts" at that time, or any other in my memory.

During the Maryland campaign, 1862, after we reached Frederick, a detail from Co. C was doing escort duty under General Rodman. After "Antietam" we rejoined the regiment at Frederick. Soon after we were detached on duty at Monocacy Junction, where we remained until the forward movement begun which ended so disastrously at Fredericksburg.

Yours in Fraternity, Loyalty and Charity,

HORATIO S. LIBBY.

[See pp. 165-172, and picture pp. 199, 264, 173, 448, 173, History.]

WHAT'S A CAMP-FIRE?

BY WINSOR B. SMITH, CO. K.*

Well, I won't be offended;
 'Tain't no wonder such selfish minds
 As yourn can't comprehend it.
 I reckon you's one of them fellers that didn't go nigh,
 Though you must have bin about as old as I.

You was a little lame;
 Had symptoms of *very coarse* veins,
 And your mother on you depended.
 Well, perhaps you was right;
 That vein might have busted in some fight,
 And your country—well, thank God, was defended.

What do we do at these camp-fires?
 Well, now, I can't hardly tell,
 But it makes my old bosom swell
 When we sing those old army airs,
 And there's a spot way down in my heart
 That kinder burns like a spark
 When we open them with the old chaplain's prayers.

Some of the boys makes verses,
 And some on em, too, is pretty fair,
 But such fellers as you can't understand them no how
 Cause, you see, you warn't there.

They tell of the tough times, and the fun
 That we used to have out in the field,
 When we's Uncle Sam's blue-bellied pets,
 And 'twan't no crime for sodgers to steal.

We fight the old battles all over again,
 And crack the old jokes anew;
 We remember the pleasant things longest,
 Though the hard knocks warn't by no means few.

*Died June 24, 1885. See p. 612 and picture p. 220, History.

We feed on the old army rations again,
 Same's we used to years ago.
 The boys are wide awake when the old pipes come out,
 And I tell ye times don't go slow.
 Then there's a feeling that can't be explained
 When some comrade speaks softly of the dead and the maimed,
 Of the widows and orphans the cruel war made—
 Something *you* can't feel who close at home stayed.

Stirs up the old feeling!
 Well, what if we do!
 We had stirring times before
 But it didn't seem to start you.
 We *do* stir the old feelings,
 You're just right there,
 And it makes us more willing the burdens to bear.

Why keep it alive?
 Well, we can't much longer;
 The tumult against it grows stronger and stronger;
 We are fast dropping off, who stood shoulder to shoulder.
 And soon the last veteran under the sod will moulder.

Let uslight our old camp-fires a few times more,
 Ere we leave forever this earthly shore;
 Forgive us, if at our boisterous meetings
 We have done or said aught to wound your feelings;
 We shall soon lose our number in the jolly old mess,
 "For, fortunately, the soldiers are growing less."

We'll soon be listed in another army,
 Under the great Captain up above,
 When again we'll meet around the camp-fire
 Burning brightly with brotherly love.

THE MORNING AT APPOMATTOX.

[The following letter was written for the reunion at Bar Harbor, and finds its place appropriately in this Call. It has not lost any of its interest by time.—ED.]

COEUR D'ALENE, Idaho Territory.

July 18th, 1888.

Gen. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Old Comrade :— Your last letter of date February 21, was received in time, but for many reasons I have omitted to reply. Now that the time of the reunion of the First Maine Cavalry is drawing near I must reply and contribute my little mite to the personals

of that (to me) most revered of all organizations on earth. I would like so much to be with you at your next meeting and, in fact, every meeting; but it is out of the question this time. Business with me is rushing, and we must make hay while the sun shines. The winter of life with all of the First Maine Cavalry boys (but we are all boys yet) is fast approaching. And every comrade that has a word to say had better be about it for he may not be able to tell his story at the next reunion. If there were not more than one thousand miles between us I should be there. I have one old comrade near me, Albert Small of Co. E, the head of the firm of Small & Colby, one of the largest lumber firms in this Territory. I will come down to what is to me one of the most important subjects—the last campaign.

I am glad indeed to receive from you light on the subject of the colored division at Appomattox Court House, but we were there also, which, by the way, is not disputed. You want to know the position of the Eleventh Maine that morning—which side of the Lynchburg road we were on. That morning we were the extreme advance infantry regiment. On the eighth, at noon, the Twenty-fourth Army Corps passed the Fifth and I think the Sixth Army Corps, and took the advance, and we were close by them. That night, when Custer's scouts brought in a captured train and issued rations, my regiment was but a few rods away and we got some of the plunder. The next morning, the ninth, we were within hearing of your guns and went immediately to your relief. R. S. Foster's division, the Second, and G. B. Dandy's brigade, Third brigade of Second division, were respectively in the advance, and the Eleventh Maine was the advance of the Third brigade, and consequently the advance infantry regiment. I am not quite sure about the road that we were on, but always thought it to be the Lynchburg road, until I saw it referred to as a turnpike. We were not on a turnpike. We passed your wagon train on the road a mile or so before we came to your regiment. The teams were halted. James Rukan of Co. E was driving a team. Your firing grew sharper and we were ordered to double quick which we did for about a mile. Your regiment was on the right of the road and a few yards from it when we reached you. You were falling back slowly, and contesting every inch of ground. You were dismounted. I did not see your horses. When we reached you we moved out of the road by the right flank and Co. L passed back through my command. I spoke to some of the boys I

knew. We went but a short distance when we resumed our previous order of march. On the appearance of fixed bayonets the rebs fell back, and in a few moments we formed line of battle and charged; I always thought you could hear our cheers as we went out of the woods, but we might have been too far away.

I find that twenty-three years is causing us all to forget a great many things, and I may have forgotten some of the principal features of that memorable morning, but I have always believed and think so still, that we made the last charge.

In the first charge our brigade was repulsed by artillery, and my regiment, under Capt. Adams, H. C. (Col. Hill was lying on the field wounded), rallied and charged a second time, and with great success. That certainly was the last charge. Generals Gibbon, our corps commander, R. S. Foster, our division commander, and Geo. B. Dandy, our brigade commander, all gave us much praise for so gallantly making the last charge. General Ord complimented my regiment to me personally in San Francisco in 1870, for making the last charge, and Gen. Geo. B. Dandy, in a letter given me to President Grant in 1870, referred to my regiment as being one of his brigade that carried Fort Gregg on the second of April and made the last charge at Appomattox Court House on the ninth. We heard the colored division when they charged, but I always supposed them to be white, as I did not see any colored troops on our way up, and never thought that there were any there. But we certainly charged before and after they did. The heavy firing that took place about that time or immediately afterwards was done on receiving the news that Gen. Lee had surrendered. I remember well of seeing a courier riding down the line at full speed, waving a white flag and giving the news that Lee had surrendered. Such cheering I never heard before and never expect to again. And there are a few more things I remember full well, among which is how fearfully hungry we got before our trains got back, which took them nearly a week on account of the heavy rains, and we had only two days' rations after Gen. Grant supplied Lee's army.

I went up to the Court House to see the rebs stack their guns, and I have never forgotten the expression of their countenances. I do not remember of seeing one that looked as if he wanted to whip a Yankee.

Fraternally yours,

MONROE DAGGETT.

A COMRADE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF ALDIE.

CORNVILLE, June 27, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade, — This is my first attempt to say what I saw in Company H, First Maine Cavalry, wherein I held the rank of corporal.

The 17th of June, 1863, we camped at the south side of the railroad, and west of Bull Run stream a short distance—on memorable ground. We were up and astir early that morning. I can plainly see now Colonels Douty and Boothby, as I sat on my horse. The sun shone brightly through a thin mist of fog, and the air was getting warm. We started, my company in its place, for Bull Run stream, reaching it above the railroad bridge at the ford. Some of the regiment went up the bluff; my company, most of them, crossed the stream and halted, and I remember Corporal Emery's horse reared up and spilled him in the stream. It was then "right about," and we marched back to near where we started, and then took our course on the pike close to the Bull Run battle-fields, in a north-west direction. Some of the men in the company speculated on the course while crossing at the ford, that Alexandria was the point; we all directly changed our minds; two or three said we were heading off the rebel cavalry from Washington. Our horses walked lively on the pike and the dust began to rise. I remember seeing on the right of the road near us a dead soldier, bare-headed, the rain having washed off the dirt; and a short distance on the left, in the bushes, there laid a skeleton of a soldier all in good order; further on we came to a creek with a very little stagnant water—yellow stuff. We were ordered to dismount and stop for a few moments. We were very thirsty, and our horses must have been, but there was no other water. Near here, one of my company, who had served in the Second Maine Infantry, pointed out the ground on the right of the road where they charged up the rise towards the woods. It was a pretty field; at the top of the rise was the black woods, from whence the confederates sent their deadly aim into the Maine boys that stood and faced that black woods, yet the Second Maine held them, so he said. Directly we were ordered to mount and moved on up the rise and through the same black woods; the next place of interest was a creek of good, clear water that ran across the road; there were no banks, and Capt. Summat led us up stream. A

few rolled partly off their horses, got a few swallows of water. It was only a moment's halt. A captain of the regular battery followed us. The rear company drove us out. In a short time we came out on a cleared ridge of land with buildings near by. The regiment left the road and bore to the right toward the buildings. "Fours—left!" and we were facing the town of Aldie; we could see the cannon and hear report of small arms. The captain immediately gave permit for a man with canteens to go to the buildings for water. I with some others, who had Sharp's carbines, put caps on the tubes and cracked. The captain said that was all nonsense and stopped us. We were afraid the tubes were not clear. The water came and I got two swallows. In a hurry, directly, by "fours, left," we moved down into the town,—one street, with few buildings; wounded men were coming back. The right of the regiment took a wagon path on the left of the street, crossed a ditch on our flank, and came into field, looking up a cleared hill; a little to our right was a rebel battery. The regiment halted and they gave us two shots; we were so low that they passed over and no one was hurt; directly, an orderly passed, rode up to the right, and back came Colonel Douty. "Fours—left about!" that brought Company H left in front, and so through the regiment. Back we went, crossed the street, and took a wagon path. A few rods near a barn or stable, the Colonel to the left, up the rise we went, and at the top the order was given, "Form squadron—halt—draw sabre!" General Kilpatrick passed, saying, "Where are six men that will follow me?" The command, "Charge!" was given at that minute, and our battery was at our left and front. We kept to the right of the battery and bore towards the dirt road that the rebels were coming down. The New York regiment that the rebels were driving we reached after going a few rods. As we came to the New York regiment, Captain Summat gave orders to stop those men. We on the left halted and tried to rally them, but they went through our ranks like wild men and passed by and left us. When clear of the New York men, it was dust and smoke, yelling and shouting. The first man I saw was a Johnny, who had just turned his horse to retreat; I came right up on his left side with my horse, on a clean jump. I gave him a cut on the back of his neck; he yelled out and came very near going out of his saddle. William Young and Elisha D. Emerson took him prisoner. My horse was so wild that I could not hold him. This was in the right dirt road, near the rise. On

I went, about as excited as my horse, down the descent into a hollow, jumped a ditch and lost my cap. I think my hair stood up and pushed it off. I reined my horse to the left, and came towards the road fence, and on the next rise my eye caught two Johnnies under lee of the fence. I said, "Surrender!" One of them stuck to it,—all he had was a scabbard hung to him. When the other went to rise, he reached for his haversack. "What have you in there?" said I. He pulled out a Remington revolver and passed it to me. It had been fired all but two chambers, and the caps on them were gone. At that instant Adjutant Tucker said, "Corporal, take those men to the rear as quickly as you can." I was ordered by the adjutant to deliver them up to a man who had one prisoner, and report to my company. I then went up the dirt road and came to Sergeant Heald. He ordered me to go back and order an ambulance up. Colonel Douty and Captain Summat were killed, and Corporal Emery was badly wounded. I went down the hill and the adjutant said (all the ambulances were on the other side of the town) the killed and wounded must be brought up on horses. I went back, and Captain Summat was carried back to the edge of the town on my horse.

Yours in Fraternity, Loyalty and Charity,

DAVID H. WHITTIER.

[See pp. 155-164, 581, History.]

THE WINTER AT CAMP PENOBSCOT.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 1st, 1891.

MY DEAR GENERAL:

"Time and tide wait for no man," and now is the accepted time for me to tide over my shortcomings, and respond to your many kindly calls for responses from all members of the grand old regiment, the gallant First Maine Cavalry, of which I am proud to say I was a humble member. I want my voice to be heard through the columns of your greatly-appreciated *BUGLE*, the sound of which should ever be welcome to all First Maine cavalymen, especially those comrades of the early years of the regiment's history. How well I remember the first winter at Augusta—the duties we young ones and green ones were called upon to do—camp duty, in all its forms and variations, from the soldier in full dress on guard duty at head-quarters, to the soldier in undress doing duty at the stables. And the green officers, many of whom were greener than the privates,

but panned out well after all. Oh! how well do I remember how my rebellious spirit would assert itself at what I thought was "putting on airs," and how justly I got rebuked for my insolence. My officers, Captain Nathan Mayhew, First Lieutenant Stephen Boothby, Second Lieutenant Jarvis Stevens and Orderly Sergeant Walstein Phillips, were unusually good, patient and true men and soldiers, and as I now recall them I have only the kindest thoughts towards them. If I could have had my way they should all have lived and been generals to day. I think they deserved the honor. How well I remember the drills on green horses; what a spectacle! such bobbing in the saddles, and, oh, the crowding! Why, my legs ache to think of it. Just as we would get quieted down and in decent marching order, away would blaze the cannon, the report of which would again disturb the equanimity of our noble steeds, resulting in great bobbing in the saddle and more chafing. How sore and lame I was. It was many days before I could sit at meals. How gallantly and fearlessly we charged that cannon with laths for sabres, no one knows better than myself. How proud we felt when drawn in line for dress parade. The old colonel, John Goddard, I can now see as he sat his horse in front of the regiment receiving the officers' salutes. How many times I have stolen to the rear of the encampment, where a board had by some mysterious means become displaced, leaving ample room to crawl through the fence, and once out it was an easy matter to find the way to the city, where time and money, too, were spent as only a soldier can tell. Who in those days did not run guard or steal away? I remember how very diligent were some of the officers, and in their diligence were indulgent, for no sooner had they gathered in the boys than they would turn their backs to let the boys escape again. That first winter at Augusta, when we were for weeks buried in the snow, was good training, and made men and soldiers of what were, only a few months previous, raw recruits from country towns.

I was much interested in Nat. Hawkes' letter giving an account of his capture and prison life; but I must say I felt just a little hurt to think Nat. had forgotten me, as I presume he had, by not mentioning my name. But I am willing to forgive him because I had forgotten he was a prisoner at Andersonville the time I was. I remember Charles Eastman, who shot the rebel officer who thrust him through with his sabre, Gustavus Grant, Enoch Sampson, and Hiram G. Allen as being prisoners, and all died there except East-

man. I was with Grant when he died. I sat by his side upon the ground where he lay breathing out his noble life till death claimed his body. Gustavus Grant was one of the noblest of soldiers. I am glad to speak of him because I feel sure all of his comrades will agree with me when I say no young man in Company F or in the regiment stood higher in good morals and true manliness. I think of him as he was when a member of Company F, true, strong, and brave, and in his young manhood a perfect type of Maine's loyal sons who offered their lives a sacrifice, and I ask the question, Can there be too much done to perpetuate the names and memories of such heroes?

Yours very truly,

C. W. SKILLINGS,

Late Co. F, First Maine Cavalry.

[History, p. 544.]

A First Maine cavalryman had reason to be proud,
For they many battles saw and many a soldier's shroud.

Day and night and night and day
Saw them saddled and riding away;
Away on the flank of the line they'd appear
Or else could be seen in the enemies' rear,
Destroying tracks and cutting wires,
Attacking supply trains with their fires.

Death and destruction those brave boys saw
While constantly hearing the tocsin of war.

C. W. S.

THE FIRST FIGHT.

The recent death of Comrade Webb brings to my mind his first experience in battle, as related to me by himself several years after the war. When we were encamped at Camp Bayard he and I used to ride occasionally for recreation a few miles, when he would enjoy the scenery and remark upon the romance of our position — he had not been baptized with blood then.

But now, when all the tumult of war was past, he had lost all love of war's romance and regarded it as cruel and barbarous. "Nath." was one of our bravest First Maine Cavalry boys, and this is saying all concerning bravery. He was modest, kind and sensible, well educated, a graduate of Bucksport Seminary; he was a good fellow every way.

I forget the name of the battle, but it was a hand-to-hand sabre fight with Stuart to which he alluded. A terrible, savage, bloody fight, in which both sides were all mixed up — perhaps some of his comrades will remember — cutting and slashing — earnest, determined, death-dealing blows on every hand.

While the fight was raging, and he had just got inside, he said he felt dazed, as if he were in a dream, and made no effort, but was carried with the crowd, hurled this way and that like a chip on the waves. Blood was flowing in streams, men and horses falling in every direction, shrieks of wounded, rebel yells and Yankee huzzas, riderless horses dashing at full speed, wildest and savage confusion. He was called to his senses by a comrade who yelled, "Look out, Nath. Webb!" A rebel was coming for him with upraised sabre, *full chisel*. Nath. had just time to parry the stroke, and as the rebel passed, launched a blow with all his force, cutting down through hat, head, neck, sinking his sabre clean to the chest. The whole thing was so sudden and unlooked for, that he seemed to realize nothing until he "felt the sabre crunching" through the vitals of his foe. He said the sensation was so awful as he felt his weapon "crunching" through a living human being, that he nearly fainted, and he again subsided into his former condition, when another voice shouted the warning as before, "Look out, Nath. Webb!" Another rebel, a friend and chum of his first assailant, assaulted him in almost the same manner. Nath. parried his blow, giving him a cut across the neck, sinking down into his lungs, the blood spurting, and a second victim fell from his flying steed, dead, to the ground. He said the shock to his nervous system was such as he never before experienced. From that moment he went in for all he was worth, but could never banish from his mind the terrible crunching sensation he felt when he took the first human life.

S. A. FULLER, Chaplain.

Hubbard, N. H., Aug. 28th, 1891.

[See p. 515, and picture p. 53, History.]

THE LOSSES IN THE CAVALRY.

MELROSE, MASS., APRIL 6th, 1891.

Dear Comrade Tobie:— I wonder if it is generally known among the comrades that our regiment suffered the heaviest loss in battle of any cavalry regiment in the entire service. I quote from a very interesting article in the *May Century*, 1888, by W. F. Fox, who has given the subject of losses in battle thorough and careful investigation.

"Of the three principal arms of service, the infantry loses the most men in action, the cavalry next and the light artillery the least. The heaviest cavalry loss seems to have fallen on the First Maine Cavalry, it having lost fifteen officers and one hundred and fifty-nine enlisted men killed. Next comes the First Michigan Cavalry, with fourteen officers and one hundred and fifty enlisted men killed. Of the two hundred and sixty cavalry regiments in the Northern army, there were fifteen others whose loss in killed exceeded one hundred. The percentages of killed are also less in this part of the service, the highest being found in the Fifth Michigan Cavalry with its eight and nine-tenths per cent and in the Sixth Michigan with eight and three-tenths per cent, both in Custer's Brigade. Cavalrymen go into action oftener than infantrymen, so their losses being distributed among a larger number of engagements do not appear remarkable as reported for any one affair. Still in some of their fights 'dead cavalrymen' could be seen in numbers that answered only too well the famous question of Gen. Hooker,— "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" At Reams Station, the Eleventh Pennsylvania Cavalry lost twenty-seven men killed, and at Todd's Tavern the First New York Dragoons lost twenty-four killed, not including the additional casualty list of wounded. The number of cavalry officers killed in some regiments was excessive, as in this arm of the service, more than in any other, the officers are expected to lead their men. Although the cavalry did not suffer in killed as badly as the infantry, still they participated in more engagements, were under fire much more frequently, and so were obliged to exhibit an equal display of courage. The Fifth New York cavalry lost eight officers and ninety-three enlisted men killed in action, but it was present at over one hundred engagements, and lost men either killed or disabled in eighty-eight of them. The muster-out rolls of the various mounted commands show there were ten thousand five hundred and ninety-six "dead cavalrymen" who were killed in action during the war, of whom six hundred and seventy-one were officers, the proportionate loss of officers being greater than in the infantry."

Yours in F. C. and L.

HORATIO S. LIBBY.

Right here the following letter from Mr. Fox will be of interest.

ALBANY, NEW YORK, MAY 18th, 1889.

General J. P. Cilley :— I am already familiar with the pages of the History of the First Maine Cavalry; we have a copy of it here in our State Library which, by the way, was ordered at my request. Not long before the publication of the book, "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," I spent considerable time in reassuring myself as to the fact that, in the matter of loss in action, your old regiment headed the list of all the cavalry regiments in the Union army.

For a second time, I went carefully over the records of your regiment as printed in the reports of the State of Maine, 1862-66; and also examined the roster appended in your regimental history. I was pleased to note that the

result agreed substantially with the figures which I had previously received from the War Department at Washington. These figures established the fact that the First Maine Cavalry encountered the heaviest fighting of any cavalry regiment in the war, or at least, they braved the greatest danger. Some writers affect to pooh-pooh any connection between casualties in action and hard fighting; but I believe all, from its number of battles, will agree with me that the extraordinary loss in action of your old regiment was the result of facing the music early and often, and standing up to the rack like brave men.

Yours fraternally,

WILLIAM F. FOX.

Mr. Fox's "Regimental Losses" gives the following cavalry regiments which sustained the heaviest losses in killed in battle:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
First Maine	15	159	174
First Michigan	14	150	164
Fifth Michigan	6	135	141
Sixth Michigan	7	128	135
First Vermont	10	124	134
First New York Dragoons	4	126	130
First New Jersey	12	116	128
Second New York	9	112	121
Eleventh Pennsylvania	11	108	119

LETTER FROM THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDER AT ALDIE.

[The following letter from Gen. Thomas T. Munford, who commanded the Second Virginia Cavalry, and afterwards a brigade of cavalry, who was a brilliant fighter and a brave man, is given because it throws a side-light on the fight at Aldie, and because it has a view of human nature in it that makes all the world akin—his pride in his old regiment: "I ask no prouder epitaph than to have commanded for three years the Second Virginia Cavalry."—ED.]

LYNCHBURG, Va., July 19th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Sir,—I have to thank you for your letter and the papers connected with your old regiment, which afforded both pleasure and interest. You are correct in supplying me with the language: "I wish I could see my old regiment so supplied." Alas! *we* are *scattered*, and if there was a general disposition to gather up the fragments, I doubt the ability of its members to supply the means; those who have given themselves up to money-making are too fond of it to waste it on others. There are bright exceptions, but I found most help from those who had been the heaviest sufferers.

We have had occasional reunions, but it is different with those who have a government in full sympathy and able to assist the needy, and the others who neither expect nor ask such assistance. Many a poor fellow with his armless sleeve or wooden leg is seen toiling as cheerfully as those who have pensions. I have never seen a confederate soldier asking alms; occasionally we have a call from some comrade to help a poor devil along, but it is rare. We have a confederate home at Richmond, where a few are maintained who cannot support themselves, and the State of Virginia has provided for some of the most helpless. The spirit of our people has been to submit to the fate of war and to meet it like men who knew what they undertook. We all favor a pension for the maimed Union soldier. I have never seen a true confederate who was not ready to do anything in his power, consistent with self-respect, to oblige or help a Union soldier.

I thank you for your invitation to write my recollection of some of the engagements in which we crossed sabres with the First Maine. I commanded at Aldie when Colonel Douty of your regiment was killed. I saw him when he was shot, and was within forty steps of him. He could not have expected anything but death; he deliberately rode up to a post and rail fence and fired his pistol at an old, gray-headed fellow in my regiment, and ordered him to surrender and come to him, calling him a conscript. But he had unfortunately mistaken his man. He shot him as deliberately as he would have shot a deer in his native hills, walked up to the fence and jumped t, taking his sabre and belt, and spurs, and a flask which was about half full of whiskey. I do not remember who kept the sabre, but believe I could ascertain. Hubbard, who killed Colonel Douty, was afterwards killed at Spottsylvania Court House, seventh of May. The men of his company could tell all about it. I have never seen any report of that fight on the Union side. Stuart, in his report, gives Fitz Lee the credit of it, but Lee was not there. I had four squadrons of the Second Virginia, the Third Virginia, four squadrons of the Fourth Virginia, the First Virginia, and the Fifth Virginia, and two guns of Breathed's battery. The First Virginia was supporting one gun on the Middleburg road and was not engaged, except its sharpshooters. I had a fine position, was concealed by the formation of the country, and assure you I had no idea of leaving until I had orders from General Stuart (who was back at Upperville after Duffie) to fall back on the pike and await his orders. I have never seen any Federal account of our

fight at the second battle of Manassas, which was a regular sabre fight.

Lieut. Col. I. W. Watts, who commanded the Second Virginia at Aldie, as gallant a cavalryman as ever flashed a blade, was wounded severely by the First Maine, and permanently disabled. I owe them a grudge for depriving me of this "right bower" soon afterwards, though his successor, Major Cary Breckenridge, stepped squarely in his shoes, and his bruised arms and maimed face were ever in the foreground of every conflict where manly bearing could call for his presence; and the color-bearer of the Second Virginia was severely wounded by the First Maine in the same fight.

Any information that I can give you for any of your men will afford me pleasure, and if any questions are asked that can be reasonably ascertained, I can refer to the roster of my old regiment and see where they are and send the question to them to answer. You deserve the best thanks of your men, and I doubt not enjoy their affection. I shall ask no prouder epitaph than to have commanded for three years the Second Virginia Cavalry.

Do you know of a good working farmer who would like to come South, where he could make a good living with half the toil he has to expend in the cold winters of Maine? I have a plantation (two of them) in Hale County, Alabama; it is just as healthy there as it is in any part of Maine. I have three sons living out there and I go out every winter and spend six or eight weeks at a time. We have a plenty of negro help, and it is *first-rate*, easily managed and gives no trouble. I need a man to farm, make hay and stock-raise, not to plant cotton as every one does out there. I will furnish good, first-class land, stock, house and garden. We have as good milk and butter there as they can have anywhere.

A man can work every day in the year unless it rains too hard. It is really the finest country in the United States for working people. Any respectable, working white man can get a good place in that country, and in a little time become a landed proprietor if he saves his means. It is cheap and easy living. Poultry can do better than anywhere.

If you know of any first-rate old cavalryman who would trust his son with an old Second Virginia Cavalry officer, send him to me. No trouble with the negroes—they can make cotton and corn but nothing else; a good grain farmer could do well out there.

Yours truly,

THOMAS T. MUNFORD.

GODDARD'S CIRCUS.

Soon after getting into camp at Augusta, in 1861, there enlisted in Company G a man named Moses Y. Richards. He was fresh from the lumber regions, and knew nothing of drill or keeping time or step. The first time he went on drill, his file leader, Charles T. Duley, becoming vexed at having his heels stepped on so frequently, called out to him, "Tangletoes." The name stuck to Richards, who rather liked it and adopted it. During the winter the following lines were circulated about the camp, and created much amusement. Who was the author of them was not known at the time except to the comrades of Company G.

[See p. 572, History.]

GODDARD'S CIRCUS.

'Tis Abraham Lincoln's circus
 That's pressing on my mind;
 So great a show of wisdom
 You'll seldom ever find.
 John Goddard for a leader—
 A portly looking man;
 He was designed for a lumberman,
 And not for Uncle Sam.

He can't command this regiment
 Upon a battle-field,
 For how can you hone a razor
 That has the lack of steel?
 Our officers most all do lack
 A soldier's drill and courage;
 Now, do not think I mean to try
 To any one discourage.

We have some boys within this camp
 Who've travelled in the South;
 They've been in the field of battle,
 And faced a cannon's mouth.
 We have some privates in the ranks
 Who'd do better in command;
 This regiment they'd not disgrace,
 But conquer, sword in hand,

Of our officers I wish to speak,
 And don't the writer blame,
 If he is open-hearted,
 And simply calls their name.

The captain of Company A,
 Warren L. Whitney, by name,
 He cannot do his duty
 For which his wife's to blame.

You know he's lately married—
 It makes his bride feel grand
 To think how nice it sounds abroa
 Her husband's in command.
 Capt Cilley he is worthy
 To defend our country's cause;
 If I say it, it is true,
 He respects the army laws.

Capt. Dyer I will mention;
 It is time he goes the rounds,
 To attend to others business
 Lately married from our grounds.
 If he wishes to have it plainer,
 Of M. Y. Richards, I say beware,
 For to give him Hail Columbia,
 His mental powers he will not spare.

Of Capt. Smith, what can I say
 Of one so brave and true?
 There is no praise that I can add,
 But you'll acknowledge, too.
 Capt. Putnam is a soldier,
 You'll observe it in his ways,
 He reminds me of the heroes
 That have served in other days.

Capt. Mayhew is a Christian,
 So his company all say;
 I know he takes a fine position
 When he's officer of the day.
 Our captain's name is Burbank,
 From Lewiston he came,
 He is as fine a looking man
 As we have here in Maine.

He has a military air and form,
 Besides, he's brave and kind;
 Another so respectable,
 It would be hard to find.
 Capt. Summat is a soldier,
 If there's any to be found,
 For he's counted the best rider
 That there is upon the ground.

Of our editor, Mr. Cowan,
 There's nothing that I know,
 Only Satan is preparing
 Him a station down below.
 Capt. Prince, the "Talma Hunter,"
 Better take his corporal out,
 Go over to the hospital,
 And rouse the sick and lame about.

Of Capt. Brown, there's but little
 In his favor I can say;
 I know there's nothing he likes better
 Than to be officer of the day.

They say this war is ended
 I hope it is not so,
 But give this First Maine Cavalry
 A chance some shot to throw.
 You may think I'm in for fighting,
 No, I'm only in for fun,
 For we have many a youngster
 Who never shot a gun.

To sign my name I'm not disposed
 They sometimes call me

"TANGLETOES."

BOWDOIN BOYS IN LABRADOR.

BY A SON OF THE FIRST OF MAINE.

ON BOARD THE "JULIA A. DECKER,"
 Port Hawkesbury, Gut of Canso,
 July 6th, 1891. }

Here the staunch Julia lies at anchor waiting for a change in the wind and a break in the fog. To-day will be memorable in the annals of the "Micmac" Indians, for Prof. Lee has spent his enforced leisure in putting in anthropometric work among them, inducing braves, squaws and papooses of both sexes to mount the trunk that served as a measuring block and go through the ordeal of having their height, standing and sitting, stretch of arms, various diameters of head and peculiarities of the physiognomy taken down. While he with two assistants was thus employed, two of our photographic corps were busily engaged in preserving as many of their odd faces and costumes as possible, making pictures of their picturesque camp on the side of a hill sloping toward an arm of the Gut, with its round tent covered with birch and fir bark, dogs and children,

and stacks of logs or wood — from which they make the strips for their chief products, baskets— cows, baggage and all the other accompaniments of a comparatively permanent camp. They go into the woods and make log huts for winter, but such miserable quarters as these prove to be on closer inspection, with stoves, dirt and chip floor, bedding and food in close proximity to the six or eight inhabitants of each hut, suffice them during warm weather. We found that they elect a chief, who holds the office for life. The present incumbent lives near by St. Peter's Island, and is about forty years old. They hold a grand festival in a few weeks somewhere on the shore of Bras d'Or Lake, at which nearly every Indian on the Island is expected, some two thousand in all, we are informed, and after experiencing our good-fellowship at their camp and on board they invited us one and all to come down, only cautioning us to bring along a present of whiskey for the chief.

The Gut, in this part at least, is beautiful sailing ground, with bold, wooded shores, varied by slight coves and valleys with little hamlets at the shore and fishermen's boats lying off the beach. The lower part we passed in a fog, so we are ignorant of its appearance as though the Julia had not carried us within a hundred miles of it, instead of having knowingly brought us past rock and shoal to this quiet cove, under the red rays of the light on Hawkesbury Point, and opposite Port Mulgrave, with which Hawkesbury is connected by a little two-sailed, double-ended ferry-boat built on a somewhat famous model. It seems that a boat builder of this place, who, by the way, launched a pretty little yacht to-day, sent a fishing boat, whose model and rig was the product of many years' experience as a fisherman, to the London Fisheries' Exhibit of a few years past, and received first medal from among seven thousand five hundred competitors. The Prince of Wales was so pleased with the boat, which was exhibited under full sail with a wax fisherman at the helm, that he purchased it and has since used it. Later, when the United States fish commission schooner Grampus was here with the present assistant commissioner, Capt. Collins, in command, the plans were purchased by our government on the condition that no copies were to be made without Mr. Embree's consent. A little later yet, a commissioner from Holland and Sweden came over, bought the plans and built a perfect copy of the original, the seaworthy qualities of which has caused its type to entirely displace the old style of small fishing boats in those countries. The boat's abilities in heavy waters have been tested many times, and have never failed to equal her reputation.

But, meanwhile, the Julia lies quietly at anchor, as if it were mutely reproaching your correspondent with singing another's praises when she has brought us safely and easily thus far, in spite of gales, fog, and headwind, calm, and treacherous tide, and even now is eagerly waiting for the opportunity to carry us straight and swiftly to Battle Harbor in the straits of Belle Isle, where letters and papers from home await us, and then up through the ice fields to Cape Chudleigh.

Our real start was made from Southwest Harbor, Mt. Desert, the Monday after leaving Rockland. Saturday night, after a short sail in the dark and a few tacks up the Thoroughfare to North Haven village, we anchored and rested from the confusion and worry of getting started and trying to forget nothing that would be needed in our two and one-half months' trip. Sunday morning was nearly spent before things were well enough stowed to allow us to get under weigh in safety, and then our bow was turned eastward and, as we thought, pointed for Cape Sable. Going by the hospital on Widow's Island and the new light on Goose Rock nearly opposite it, out into Isle au Haut bay, we found a fresh northeaster, which warned us not to go across the Bay of Fundy if we had no desire for an awful shaking up. In view of all the facts, such as green men, half-stowed supplies and threatening weather, we decided that we must not put our little vessel through her paces that night, and chose the more ignominious, but also more comfortable course of putting into a harbor. Consequently after plunging through the rips off Bass Head, and cutting inside the big bell buoy off its entrance, we ran into Southwest Harbor and came to anchor. In the evening many of the party thought it wise to improve the last opportunity for several months, as we then supposed, to attend church, and to one who knew the chapel-cutting proclivities of many of our party while at Bowdoin, it would have been amusing to see them solemnly tramp into church, rubber boots and all. It is a fact, however, that every member of our party, with a possible exception, went to church in this place yesterday largely for the same reason.

Our little Julia rewarded our action of the night previous by taking us out by Mt. Desert Rock at a rattling pace Monday morning, bowing very sharply and very often to the lofty spindle-like tower on the rock, as she met the Bay of Fundy chop, and at the same time administered a very effective emetic to all but five or six of the

Bowdoin boys aboard. She is wise as well as bold and strong, and so after nightfall waited, under easy canvas for light to reveal Seal Island to our watchful eyes. Shortly after daylight the low coast was made out, the dangerous rocks passed, and Cape Sable well on our quarter. But there it stayed. We made but little progress for two days, and employed the time in laying in a supply of cod, haddock and pollock, till our bait was exhausted. Then we shot at birds, seals and porpoises whenever they were in sight, and from the success, apparently, at many when they were not in sight; put the finishing touches on our stowage, and kept three of the party constantly employed with our long bamboo-handled dip-net, in fishing up specimens for the professor and his assistants. As the result of this we have a large number of fish eggs which we are watching in the process of hatching, many specimens of crustacea and of seaweed. The photographers, in the meanwhile, got themselves into readiness for real work by practicing incessantly upon us.

Thursday, we made Sambro light; soon pilot boat number one hailed us and put a man aboard, whom we neither needed nor wanted, and we were anchored off the market steps at Halifax. The run up the harbor was very pleasant. Bright skies, a fresh breeze off the land, and vessels all about us made many lively marine pictures. The rather unformidable, appearing fortification, on account of which Halifax boasts herself the most strongly fortified city of America, together with the flag-ship Bellerophon and two other vessels of the Atlantic squadron, the Canada and the Thrush, the latter vessel until lately having been commanded by Prince George, gave the harbor and town a martial tone that was heightened upon our going ashore and seeing the red coats that throng the streets in the evening. Halifax, with its squat, smoky, irregular streets is well known, and its numerous public buildings, drill barracks, and well kept public gardens, all backed by the frowning citadel, probably need no description from me. After receiving the letters for which we came in, and sending the courteous United States Consul General, Mr. Frye, and his vice-consul, Mr. King, Colby '89, ashore with a series of college yells that rather startled the sleepy old town, we laid a course down the harbor, exchanged salutes with the steamship Caspian, and were soon ploughing along, before a fine south-west breeze for Cape Canso.

While our little vessel is driving ahead with wind well over the quarter, groaning, as it were, at the even greater confusion in the

wardroom than when we left Rockland, owing to the additional supplies purchased at Halifax, it may be well to briefly describe her appearance, when fitted to carry seventeen Bowdoin men in her hold in place of the lime and coal to which she has been accustomed. Descending, then, the forward hatch, protected by a plain hatch house, the visitor turns around and facing aft, looks down the two sides of the immense centreboard box that occupies the centre of our wardroom from floor to deck. Fastened to it are the mess tables, nearly always lighted by some four or five great lamps, which serve to warm as well, as the pile of stuff around and beneath the after-hatch house cuts off most of the light that would otherwise come down there. On the port side the table runs the whole length of the box; two wooden settles serve for dining chairs and leave about four feet clear space next the "deacon's seat" that runs along in front of the five double-tiered berths. These are canvas-bottomed, fitted with racks, shelves, and the upper ones with slats overhead, in which to stow our overflowing traps.

At the after end, on both sides of the wardroom, are large lockers coming nearly to the edge of the hatch, in which most of the provisions are stowed. At the forward end, next the bulkhead that separates us from the galley, are, on the port side, a completely equipped dark room in which many excellent pictures have already been brought to light, and on the starboard side a large rack holding our canned goods, ketchup, lime-juice, etc. Along the bulkhead are the fancy cracker boxes, tempting a man to take one every time he goes below, and under the racks are our kerosene and molasses barrels. Between the line of four double-tier berths on the starboard side and the rack just described is a handy locker for oil clothes and heavy overcoats. Lockers run along under the lower berths, and trunks with a thousand other articles are stowed under the tables. A square hole cut in the bulkhead, just over the galley head, lets heat into the wardroom and assists the lamps in keeping us warm. As yet, in spite of some quite cold weather, we have been perfectly comfortable. Sometimes, however, odors come in as well as heat from the galley, and do not prove so agreeable. If to this description, clothes of various kinds, guns, game bags, boots, fishing tackle and books, should, by the imagination of the reader, be scattered about, promiscuously hung, or laid in every conceivable nook and corner, a fair idea of our floating house could be obtained. On deck we are nearly as badly littered, though in more orderly fash-

ion. Two nests of dories, a row boat, five water tanks, a gunning float, and an exploring boat, partly well fill the Julia's spacious decks. The other exploring boat hangs inside the schooner's yawl at the stern. Add to these two hatch houses, a small pile of lumber, and considerable fire wood snugly stowed between the casks, and you have a fair idea of our anything but clear decks. A yellow painted bust, presumably of our namesake Julia, at the end of figure-head, peers through the fog and leads us in the darkness; a white stripe relieves the blackness of our sides; a green rail surmounts all; and, backed by the forms of nineteen variously attired Bowdoin men, from professor, their tutor, alumnus, to freshmen, complete our description,

Meanwhile the night, clear but windless, has come on, and we drift along the Nova Scotia coast, lying low and blue on our northern board. The Fourth dawns rather foggy, but it soon yields to the sun's rays and a good breeze which bowls us along toward the Cape. An elaborate celebration of the day is planned, but only the poem is finally rendered, due probably to increased sea which the brisk breeze raises incapacitating several of the actors for their assigned parts. The poem, by the late editor of '91's "BUGLE," is worthy of preservation, but would hardly be understood unless our whole crowd were present to indicate by their roars the good points in it.

At night our constant follower, the fog, shuts in, and the captain steering off the Cape, we lay by, jumping and rolling in a northeast sea, waiting for daylight to assist us to Cape Canso Harbor and the Little Ant. About six next morning we form one of a fleet of five or six sail passing the striped lighthouse on Cranberry Island, and with a rush go through the narrow passage lined with rocks and crowded with fishermen. Out into the fog of Chedebucto Bay we soon pass and in the fog we remain, getting but a glimpse of the shore now and then, till we reach Port Hawkesbury.

JONA. P. CILLEY, JR.

THE ASSEMBLY.

ATTENTION,—BATTALION!—
On first squadron form close column — MARCH!!

The Reunion at Houlton.

The full report of the reunion at Houlton, on the tenth of last month, will appear in the *BUGLE*, next July Call, after the reports of the previous reunions have all been printed, so it is only necessary to refer to it briefly at this time. This reunion was one of the pleasantest of all, and the promise of Captain Putnam and the comrades of that vicinity, that if the reunion was held there the comrades should have a good time was well fulfilled. The attendance was as large as was expected, when the great distance and the fact that the State Fair was held in Lewiston the same week are considered. Though there may not have been present so many of the comrades from the western part of the State as usual, there were more from the eastern portion, and thus the object in holding the reunion in Aroostook county was accomplished. There was the usual number of meetings and greetings of comrades who had not seen each other before since the muster-out; and there was the usual amount of handshaking, and cordial greetings and

kind words—yes, more than usual, because there was more time and opportunity for it. The weather was all that could be desired, and the good people of Houlton succeeded admirably in making it very pleasant for the boys. The reception of the comrades was cordial and hearty, and their treatment was generous and hospitable. The comrades felt at home as soon as they arrived there, and they departed with a sort of “leaving home” feeling. The comrades were pleased with the people, with the town and with the surrounding country, for all had ample opportunities to ride about the country, carriages being at their disposal all the time during their stay. In short, it was a glorious reunion—as was said in the first place, one of the pleasantest of all—and its memories will long last with the comrades so fortunate as to be present. Comrade Gilbert N. Harris, of Boston, was chosen president, and it was voted to hold the reunion next year at Washington, D. C., at the time of the National Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic, with a view to visiting some of

the old camp grounds and battle-fields. Following is a list of the comrades present :

Perry Arnold, Bangor.
 F. C. Adams, Lowell, Mass.
 A. A. Burleigh, Houlton.
 Oscar L. Bean, Monticello.
 Geo. H. Briggs, Monticello.
 Elijah H. Briggs, Monticello.
 Theodore J. Batchelder, Houlton.
 Geo. Cary, Houlton.
 Geo. M. Case, New Gloucester.
 J. P. Cilley, Rockland.
 Sidney W. Clark, Masardis.
 Llewellyn Copeland, Dexter.
 H. R. Colesworthy, West Gorham.
 E. C. Clifford, Bangor.
 C. F. Dam, Portland.
 James Donnelly, Washburn.
 J. B. Daley, Patten.
 A. C. Drinkwater, Braintree, Mass.
 E. B. Deering, Knightsville.
 Washington Daggett, Hodgdon.
 J. M. Emery, Hampden.
 John Emery, Hampden.
 Thomas S. Estabrooke, Houlton.
 J. W. Freese, California.
 S. A. Fuller, Hubbard, N. H.
 G. W. Gray, Houlton.
 A. W. Ingersoll, Houlton.
 C. N. Lang, Portland.
 C. W. Lyons, Houlton.
 Horatio S. Libby, Melrose, Mass.
 Dennis Murphy, Skowhegan.
 Alex. McDougal, Fort Fairfield.
 Laurel Monson, Houlton.
 Sarge Mansur, Houlton.
 C. H. Miller, Lincoln.
 C. L. Packard, Orient.
 Melvin Preble, Bangor.
 F. W. Pearce, Houlton.
 Jona. T. Pollard, Masardis.
 George Prince, Boston, Mass.
 B. H. Putnam, Houlton.
 John L. Rogers, Fort Fairfield.
 George C. Randall, Washburn.
 S. B. Newbegin, Old Town.

William Small, Houlton.
 Rodney Sparrow, Portland.
 C. W. Skillings, Portland.
 W. R. Snow, Woodstock, N. B.
 F. J. Savage, Fairfield.
 C. O. Stone, Charlestown, Mass.
 S. K. Stetson, Houlton.
 S. W. Smith, Skowhegan.
 Charles Smith, Skowhegan.
 Isaac Shields, Linneus.
 John P. Sheahan, Dennysville.
 John E. Faulkner, Monticello.
 Volney H. Foss, Bangor.
 John McFarlin, Woodstock, N. B.
 A. D. French, Waltham, Mass.
 Charles R. Gould, Hampden.
 S. E. Griffin, West Pembroke.
 D. W. Gage, Cambridge, Mass.
 Stephen S. Goodhue, Haverhill, Mass.
 George E. Goodwin, Skowhegan.
 O. S. Haskell, Pittsfield.
 John E. Hart, Burnham.
 David H. Whittier, Athens.
 G. N. Harris, Boston, Mass.
 Frank H. Ingram, Houlton.
 C. E. Jacks, Boston, Mass.
 Sylvanus Judkins, Athens.
 W. A. Jordan, Bangor.
 Edward Jordan, Bangor.
 S. E. Keene, Lincoln Centre.
 John Lovering, Houlton.
 Frank Lewis, Orono.
 Chas. S. Luce, Monticello.
 G. A. Savage, Fairfield.
 Wm. Trimble, Calais.
 E. P. Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.
 A. Young, Bangor.
 Wm. Young, Boston, Mass.
 E. C. Wilder, Calais.
 John E. Ward, Calais.
 Wm. Weiler, Bangor.
 Gilbert Wiggin, Winn.

Among those present who had not met with the boys before since the muster-out, was Capt. John W. Freese, of Company A, and right royal were the greetings

which he received. The captain has resided in California for years, and has thus been unable to attend the reunions. He looks the same as ever, and is as jolly, albeit he is suffering from illness, and came very near crossing the pontoon bridge over the last river a few weeks before, by an accident.

Dr. J. P. Sheahan and Sergt. Sidney W. Clark told some good stories, and new ones, at the evening gathering, and both these comrades have promised to write the stories out for the benefit of the comrades. As every First Maine man always does as he agrees, the comrades may look for these stories in some future call of the BUGLE.

Perry Arnold, of Company C, was present, and looking as young as when in the field; indeed, it was remarked that he "looked young enough to be the son of himself."

Charles R. Gould, of Company A, was also present. He was wounded in the fight at St. Mary's Church, the bullet going through the centre of the chest to the back, and being cut out at the back. He has the bullet in his possession now. He was an invalid for two years on account of the wound. This wound is not mentioned in the History, by some inadvertence.

Augustus Young, of Company A, was at the reunion. He was within four feet of General Cilley

when the latter was wounded, in the fight at Middletown, in the spring of 1862.

Lieut. Edward Jordan does not look a bit older than when he stood picket near Bealton, in the spring of 1863.

The boys from Androscoggin county and vicinity were sadly missed, but they were excusable, as the attractions, social and business, of the State Fair, were very strong.

John A. Bryson & Son, photographers, made some good pictures of the comrades and ladies grouped in the grove after dinner, and also of the "Sons of the First of Maine."

Capt. George Carey, of Company K, also met with the boys for the first time since the war. He is a resident of Houlton, and a physician with an extensive practice. It was indeed pleasant to meet him, and we enjoyed a nice chat with him at his office.

The absence of "Jim" Williams, of Company D, postmaster of the regiment, was greatly deplored, the comrades missing his voluble flow of fun, but this was compensated for in part, as will be seen by reading further.

Gen. J. P. Cilley, as usual, was busy with his duties as treasurer, and his enjoyment of the pleasures of reunion must consist mainly in the consciousness of duty well done.

The following kind words are

from the Aroostook *Times*, and it is a pleasure to know that they are well deserved:

The Cavalry "boys" in the late reunion have set a good example by their sobriety and gentlemanly behavior during their stay, worthy of all commendation and praise, and they had a good time, too.

"Captain Jack" at the Houlton Reunion.

The tricks and manners of Charles E. Jacks, of Company A, (more familiarly known as "Captain Jack") at the Houlton reunion, are worthy of notice by themselves. Comrade Jacks left his home in Boston with a determination to furnish his share of fun for the comrades as well as to have a share himself. He succeeded beyond all question. He watched anxiously while on the train for the appearance of Comrade "Jim" Williams, his chum in fun and frolic, but in this he was doomed to disappointment, as Jim for some reason did not appear. But instead of discouraging him, this only spurred him on to higher efforts. He felt, as he expressed it, that as Jim was not present he must take Jim's place. And he succeeded. He kept things lively on the train until it was somewhere near its destination, when he penned and sent the following dispatch by telegraph:

WYTOPITLOCK, Sept. 9.

To Chief of Police:

Lock up all chicken coops. First Maine Cavalry on a raid.

CHAS. E. JACKS, CO. A.

When the boys arrived at Houlton, they found this dispatch posted on the street corner, to their great amusement and to the amazement of the citizens of Houlton. The first afternoon Captain Jack distinguished himself by appearing clad in a leather hunting suit, armed with a gun, disappearing in the distant woods, and along towards night re-appearing with a solitary crow. The number of ways in which the boys averred that crow was killed would have made any one else vexed, but Captain Jack, in the consciousness of his own rectitude, took all their remarks calmly, simply pointing to the fact that there was the crow. This crow he mounted, and it was proudly borne aloft in a burlesque procession, and triumphantly carried away with the returning comrades. That evening, comrade Jacks was somewhat under the weather and did not join in the out-of-door festivities, but added his mite by firing salutes from the hotel as the procession departed and returned. The next morning he was up bright and early — before any of the comrades — and preparing for the pleasures of the day. Not half-a-dozen comrades had made their appearance on the

hotel piazza before a strange object was seen approaching from the further corner of the square. This stranger had a decidedly grotesque appearance. It wore a very wide-brimmed hat, a jacket of immense checks in bright colors, hunting trousers, and moccasins. It was armed with a very long-barreled gun and an old cutlass. It approached with a cautious, stealthy step, throwing its eyes warily in all directions as if looking for game or fearing a foe. It was cow-boy, scout, hunter—all in one. As it approached nearer it was discovered that it was Captain Jack, and a shout greeted this discovery. For half an hour or more, in this strange garb and with this combination of strange manners, did he perambulate in the square, furnishing amusement to the fast-gathering crowd. As the stage-coach drove up to the hotel, he "held it up" in the most approved style, and turned the plunder over to the comrades with graceful dignity. All day long he was everywhere present, doing excellent work when needed, and keeping every one in good humor whether at work or at play. In the grove, at dinner and after, he performed good service and aided digestion by the fun he served with the food. He made himself generally useful, and sprinkled fun all along. He stopped his work and his fun to make a few earnest remarks on

the question of locality for the next reunion, and then returned to his fun, keeping an eye always upon the business before the association. He was active and efficient in preparing the groups for the photographer, and in everything else. When the line was forming for the return to the village from the grove, he formed the famous "five spot," consisting of four sons of the First of Maine at the corners, and in the centre a daughter of one of the comrades, liberally decked with yellow ribbons and waving the stars and stripes, and this five spot led the procession and the band in fine style. Later in the afternoon, Captain Jack gave a wonderful display of horsemanship in the square, with Captain Putnam's horse, of the most awkward sort, but never offensively awkward. But his great effort may be said to have been made in the evening. While the Houlton Band was giving an open-air concert in the square in front of the Snell House, Captain Jack appeared, bearing a hand-organ, and leading at the end of a chain, Dan Gage, grotesquely dressed as a monkey. To see the captain manipulate that hand-organ, and make that monkey perform by pulling the chain, would have cured the worst fit of blues that ever rested over a resident of Aroostook county. The fun grew fast and furious, and lots of it.

Everybody had to laugh, but the captain kept a serious face and the monkey grinned and grimaced seriously. After a while, the organ-grinder and his monkey drew away from the hotel, when he found himself followed by a crowd of small boys. He stopped, set down his organ, and proceeded to deliver to those boys a lecture on astronomy—a lecture which one of the residents of Houlton pronounced wonderful. Indeed, so earnest was his talk, and so interested were the boys, that, as he concluded, they seriously and honestly thanked him for it, a proceeding which, he afterwards said, was so entirely unlooked for that it came near breaking him all up. An hour or more later, when called upon to speak at the gathering in Music Hall, Captain Jack arose to his feet and made the most earnest, eloquent, elegant address of the evening, upon the love of the comrades for each other, astonishing even the comrades who thought they knew him well, and completely mystifying the good people of Houlton, who had enjoyed his pranks during the day and evening, and who looked upon him simply as a clown, though they had recognized the fact that whatever he did in the way of fun he did in a gentlemanly manner.

It should be stated that Captain Jack was ably seconded in his work of furnishing fun by com-

rade Daniel W. Gage, of Co. G, who was an excellent aid to an accomplished leader.

Our Trip to Houlton.

We are happy to say that we went to the reunion at Houlton, and that we took our two sons with us; also our niece from Portland. We enjoyed the reunion as much or more than any previous one which we attended, and we have missed only two of them. There was a spirit over it all, and a flavor to the greetings, the proceedings, the fun, and the formal exercises, which to us surpassed everything before. But it is not of this reunion we propose to speak. To write all that memory brings up from it would fill all the pages of this Call and deprive it of the variety which it is the purpose to give and which the comrades enjoy. A general idea of the reunion is given in this Call, and a full report will be given later. It is of the trip, or rather of the visit to Houlton, that we propose now to speak. First, let us say that we took our sons with us for the purpose of giving them some idea of the extent and beauty of the grand old State where their father was born, and of the woods and fields and hills of that State; and the ride from one end of the State to the other, and the rides about Houlton did this, sending them home with new ideas of Maine which they

will always retain. Then we wished them to be present at the organization of the "Sons of the First of Maine," and this wish was granted. So that though we were furthest from Houlton than any of the comrades, and took the greatest trouble to go, yet we are well satisfied with the trip.

We were so well pleased with Houlton and its surroundings that we decided to stay there a few days after the reunion, in order to see more of that grand country. So when the comrades left there on Friday morning, we remained behind. A large portion of that day was spent in the newspaper offices, assisting the editors in the preparation of their reports of the reunion. This was a good deal like work, but it was well worth doing, in order that the comrades might have the pleasure of reading full and correct reports, and it more than paid in courtesies we subsequently received from the editors. By the middle of the afternoon this work was over, and we took a drive into the country, accompanied by Mrs. Munson, wife of comrade Munson, and by comrade A. C. Drinkwater and wife, who also remained over one day. The ride was a beautiful one, with grand scenery all around, and with evidences of thrift everywhere. It looked odd to see, here and there, men engaged in digging potatoes, and picking them up — not into bas-

kets in the old way, but into barrels. This digging potatoes by the barrel was new to us, but is the custom in that great potato country. Right here it may be said that three thousand barrels of potatoes were sold in the square at Houlton that very day, and a like quantity the next day, while we were told that fifty thousand barrels had been sold there in a single day. After enjoying a ride of about five miles, we turned into the woods and in a few moments were very much surprised, in spite of the general orders issued in the winter of 1862-3, making it a serious offence for a cavalryman to be surprised. Way up there in the woods, one hundred and seventy-five miles from a daily paper, and ninety miles from salt water, was a cozy little summer resort, on the borders of a beautiful lake, with handsome and tasteful cottages all about, with row-boats, sail-boats, and a steam-boat on the lake, with swings and other amusements, and with an attractive building for dinners, dancing parties, etc. It was a complete surprise. Why, it had seemed to us that Houlton itself, with its pleasant drives, its grand scenery, and its pure air, was a good enough summer resort for any one, and we had seriously considered making it the Mecca of our summer vacation hopes; but here, close by, was a veritable "shore resort." A row across the lake, an

outside inspection of some of the cottages, including one of logs which cannot be surpassed anywhere, and we left this charming spot even before we had fully recovered our surprise at finding it there. We continued the drive a few miles further, returning by another road, finding new pleasures, new scenes of interest, all the way.

Saturday, with our little family, we drove to Woodstock, in the Queen's dominions, and looked over the town with a good deal of interest. It was strange to see a fountain in the square, surmounted by a crown and dedicated to "Her Majesty Queen Victoria," and to see the names "Queen Street," "King Street," "Bank of London," etc., but otherwise the town did not appear to be much different from Maine towns, except that there was a dull, dead appearance over all — a remarkable absence of life and energy. Two of the comrades are in business there — John McFarlin of Co. D, and William R. Snow of Co. E. We met the former on the street, and had quite a chat with him, but the latter was out of town that day. We purchased a dozen "Woodstock pipes" here for comrade friends at home, in memory of the days in the service when this kind of a pipe was a prize eagerly sought. A few hours here, and a dinner in this foreign town, and we returned to

Houlton, every moment of the drive and of the visit having been pleasant, with only three dollars to pay for a span of horses and a carriage all day long.

The next day, by invitation of George H. Gilman, of the Aroostook *Pioneer*, we spent in the woods, gloriously. The weather looked somewhat threatening in the morning, but the ladies of the party were firm in the belief that it was not going to rain, and their faith triumphed, much to our pleasure. The party consisted of Mr. Gilman and wife, Frank Rogers and wife, and our little family. The teams were loaded with mysterious looking bundles, and the party set out before eight o'clock. The ride was a pleasant one of course — all rides in the vicinity of Houlton are pleasant — and in due time Corcoran's lake was reached. This lake is in Titcomb, within sight of Smyrna. The horses were stabled, a fire-place of rocks was made and an ample quantity of wood provided, when the ladies prepared for their duties and pleasures on shore, and the men started out in a boat to catch some of the pickerel for which this lake is famed. As this is not a "fish story," it may be said that it was not a good day for fishing, the wind blowing too strongly, and only one was caught — a lonesome perch, which was hooked by a man from Rhode Island. But the stories of the fish

that had been caught in that lake were very encouraging. This sort of thing began to grow somewhat monotonous after lines had been cast pretty nearly all over that lake, and the fishermen returned to shore. In due time the picnic dinner, prepared by the ladies, was served, and never was dinner in the woods more enjoyed. There was chicken stew, of the best; green corn, the finest eaten this year; hot coffee—in short, everything a hungry mortal could ask for. It was a grand dinner. After dinner we were content to lie on a blanket and gaze upon the beautiful scenery all around, but the other males wanted some hunting. Into the woods they went, and soon the reports of guns came from the woods. In half an hour they returned with six plump partridges, as the result of their brief period of sport. There was more hunting during the afternoon, but no more success. The drive back to Houlton was pleasant, and well rounded out a complete day in the woods. It was a day long to be remembered. The next morning we left Houlton on our homeward way, carrying with us the pleasantest of memories of the place, the people, and the surroundings, with a feeling that it would be pleasant to remain there always, and a strong hope to be able to pay another visit at no distant day.

During this whole trip we felt

as young as thirty years ago, and we thought we must look young, when a lady at the hotel inquired of our niece if the three fellows (meaning our two sons and ourselves) with her were her brothers. Well, the fine weather, the bracing air, the meetings and greetings of the comrades, the kindness of the people, the pleasant drives, the quarters and rations at the Snell House, the charming scenery, pleasant thoughts, everything, tended to make one feel, look and act young.

We wish to return our thanks to the comrades residing in Houlton, to the editors of the *Pioneer* and *Times*, and to the people we met, for their courtesy and kindness and their successful efforts to make our stay pleasant. To Mr. and Mrs. Gilman are thanks especially due for pleasures given us from the first day to the last of our stay.

God bless Houlton and its people.

The Ladies' Auxiliary.

The sixth annual reunion of the Ladies' Auxiliary was held at Houlton, and the meeting was called to order by the secretary, Miss Grace Eveleth Tobie, of Portland, Me. Mrs. Susie Drinkwater was elected President *pro tem*.

It was voted to draw resolutions of sympathy on the death of the president of the society, Mrs. E. P. Tobie, of Pawtucket, R. I.

It was voted to hold the next reunion at the same time and place as the First Maine Cavalry Association, and to extend thanks to the people of Houlton for the cordial welcome to and entertainment of the society.

The following officers for the coming year were elected:

President, Mrs. Laurel Monson, Houlton.

Vice-President, Mrs. Volney H. Foss, Bangor.

Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Grace Eveleth Tobie, Portland.

Fourteen were admitted to membership.

We had the pleasure, during a recent visit to Portland, to be shown about the Grand Army Hall of Bosworth Post, and were gratified to see a handsome memorial window in memory of our loved comrade, Sergt. Winsor B. Smith of Co. K; and also to find upon the walls of the cozy hall a fine, large portrait of Comrade Smith, while in one of the reception rooms, carefully preserved in a substantial case, was the old battle flag of the regiment, presented to the regiment by citizens of Portland, which was Sergeant Smith's special care until he died. These facts will be gratifying to every comrade of the regiment.

In the next Call of the BUGLE will be the second sketch of the series entitled, "After Appomattox," by Major Henry C. Hall, which will treat of Judge Cox and Col. Ball—the loyal judge and the Black Horse Cavalry.

Attention is called to the letter headed "Bowdoin Boys in Labrador." It will be of particular interest to the sons of the comrades, as it is written by a son of Gen. Cilley, who spent the summer on the coast of Labrador with the Bowdoin College Scientific Expedition and it contains many facts of general historical interest. Young Cilley is one of the vice-presidents of "The sons of the First of Maine."

The following three items are taken from *The Piscataquis Observer* of August 13th, 1891.

The Maine division in the grand parade formed on John street, and at the time appointed to repair to that point it looked as though the Pine Tree State would not show up very well, as Gen. Cilléy of the First Maine Cavalry and our distinguished townsman, A. M. Warren, were the only ones to follow the colors from headquarters; but they all got there and made a very good showing.

The First Maine Cavalry was well represented in the parade, forming the larger part of the second platoon, with Gen. Cilley on the right.

Gen. Smith, now Colonel of the Nineteenth United States Infantry, and stationed at Fort Wayne, had the forces under his command reviewed by the Secretary of War, Monday. Gen. Alger and Ex-President Hayes were present, with Generals Cilley and Beal, of Maine, and a good delegation from Gen. Smith's old regiment, the First Maine Cavalry. Gen. Alger took the Secretary of War and all guests to Camp Sherman in his beautiful steam yacht "Vita." Gen. Smith also entertained members of the First Maine Cavalry at his residence at Fort Wayne.

The famous First Maine Cavalry held a large reunion for a regiment one thousand miles from home, some twenty-two comrades being present, General Smith, General Cilley and Lieutenant Andrew being among the number. Gen. C. H. Smith, Nineteenth United States Infantry, stationed at Fort Wayne, invited his old comrades and all their representatives from Maine to attend a dress parade of the Regulars in the morning, which they accepted.—*National Tribune*.

Col. J. B. Peaks, of Dover, has not recovered from his throat trouble, from which he has been suffering nearly a year and may have to go South to recover from it fully. Although the trouble is

not attended with any pain, he is more or less hoarse all the time, and any considerable use of his voice aggravates the difficulty.—*Bangor Commercial*, Aug. 16, 1891.

A wedding of interest to Grand Army and Relief Corps workers, particularly of Iowa and Ohio, was that on June 9th, 1891, in Russell Street Baptist Church, Columbus, the couple being Rinnie C. Holliday, Past Department Senior Vice President, W. R. C., of Steubenville, O., and Col. M. T. V. Bowman, of Des Moines, Iowa, late commissary of the First Maine Cavalry. After a summer's sojourn in Maine they will take up their abode in the Colonel's delightful home in Des Moines. The bride was the widow of the late Col. Holliday, of Steubenville, O., a woman of lovely character and many accomplishments, and one who has stood very high in Grand Army and Relief Corps circles in the Buckeye State. She is warmly commended to her Iowa sisters.—*National Tribune*.

The Sons of the First of Maine.

The sons of the comrades of the regiment did not gather at Houlton in so large numbers as would have been pleasant, but there was a sufficient number present to form an organization, under the name, "The Sons of the First of Maine." Officers

for the ensuing year were elected as follows :

President, Edward P. Tobie, Jr., Pawtucket, R. I.

Vice-Presidents, Field and staff, J. P. Cilley, Jr., Rockland; Co A, Louis O. Haskell, Pittsfield; Co. B, Clarence H. Sparrow, Portland; Co. C, Horatio A. Libby, Melrose, Mass.; Co. D, Stephen R. Wilder, Calais; Co. E, John L. Putnam, Houlton; Co. F, Ed. L. Dam, Portland; Co. G, Herbert C. Foss, Bangor; Co. K, J. Melvin Preble, Bangor; Co. L, Geo. B. Colesworthy, New Gloucester; Co. M, Frank J. Savage, Fairfield.

Secretary, Willis Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.

Executive Committee, Samuel A. Fuller, Charles Smith, Horace R. Drinkwater.

It was voted to elect a committee of three to draw up by-laws and to present them at the next meeting. The three chosen were Messrs. J. P. Cilley, Jr., of Rockland, Me., Edward P. Tobie, Jr., of Pawtucket, R. I., John L. Putnam, of Houlton, Me. Edward P. Tobie, Jr., was elected to ascertain the names of the sons of the veterans of the First Maine Cavalry, and extend them an invitation to be present at the next meeting. Secretary Willis Tobie moved that a committee of three be appointed to select badges, not to be costly but appropriate, to designate the members and to be present with them at the next meeting. The committee consisted of Messrs. Louis Haskell, of Pittsfield, Me., Willis Tobie, Paw-

tucket, R. I., and John L. Putnam, Houlton, Me.

Mr. Haskell moved that we, as sons of veterans of the First Maine Cavalry, extend our hearty thanks to the people of Houlton for their hospitality in this, the first meeting of our organization. This motion was carried, and the meeting adjourned to meet again next year with the First Maine Cavalry.

All the sons of the comrades of the First Maine Cavalry may become members of this organization by sending their names and address, and the name and company of their father, to the Secretary, Willis Tobie, Pawtucket, R. I.

The next call of the BUGLE, January, 1892, will be the Roll Call, and in addition to the Roll Call of 1891, will contain the date, place and manner of death of all the comrades who were killed or died in the service, and those who have died since so far as we can ascertain them. Every comrade can assist in making the Roll Call complete by forwarding to Gen. Cilley, or to the editor, at once, notice of the time and place of the death of any comrade who has died since he left the regiment, through all these years. There is no way in which this can be done except by the assistance of every living comrade, or by the friends of the deceased comrades. Comrades, honor the memory of those who have been finally mustered-out, by seeing that their muster-out has been properly placed on record.

BUGLE ECHOES.

Hark! I hear the Bugle sounding.

LETTERS FROM THE COMRADES.

BANGOR, ME., Sept. 4th, 1888.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

My Dear Sir,—I very much regret that important business that cannot be postponed will prevent me from meeting you and other survivors of the First Regiment Maine Cavalry, who will assemble at Bar Harbor to-morrow. Although I shall be deprived of the great pleasure of meeting comrades this year, I shall think of you, wish to be with you and look into those honest faces once more. I shall never forget that each of you was once a part of that great army of brave, loyal men of the North, who left home and all that was dear to man and at your country's call faced the enemies of the Union, of the best government on the face of the whole earth, on the field of battle, and held aloft the flag of the nation, through that terrible storm of shot and shell that was aimed at the life of the nation from 1861 to 1865, until you carried that flag to victory. The government and the people of this nation are indebted to the men who fought in the field from 1861 to 1865 for the government that we now have, and for all we enjoy under the protection of that government. The United States of America owes you a debt that it can never repay, for it owes its very existence to you. But for those who bravely met the enemy in the field during those trying times, there would not be a United States of America to-day. We are indebted to those brave men who fought in the field for the blessings

that we enjoy under the protection of our nation's flag, that to-day proudly floats in the breeze from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean, over sixty millions of free, happy, united and prosperous people, enjoying peace and plenty. It cost about one million precious lives to found the principles and government that our flag represents, and the stars and stripes are cemented thereon with the life blood of more than a million of as brave men as ever lived. Why should it not be dear to every loyal American? No wonder that it is dear to you. It is a fact that should fill each citizen with just pride to know that the First Maine Cavalry was always found at its post of duty, no matter what danger it had to face. As evidence that it did its duty, is the fact that it stands at the head of the two hundred and sixty cavalry regiments that were in the Northern Army during the war, in its loss in killed and wounded in battle. In other words, this regiment lost eleven more men, in killed and wounded, than any other of the two hundred and sixty cavalry regiments that served in the United States Army during the war. To be able to say, "I was a member of the First Regiment of Maine Cavalry," is an honor that any man may well be proud of. I wish you, each of you, much happiness and enjoyment at this reunion, and I sincerely hope that all may meet again next year.

Very respectfully,

HENRY L. MITCHELL.

[See p. 493, picture p. 225, History.]

SOLDIERS' HOME,
LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.,

June 20th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY :

Sir,—I received the second, third, and fourth numbers of the *FIRST MAINE BUGLE*, for which you have my thanks, and I enclose one dollar as subscription for ensuing year. It is like a message from the past to see so many familiar names in print, and read of incidents, many of which had slipped my memory, and more that are as fresh there as if they had occurred but yesterday. I am the only First Maine man in the Home, and in the throng of six or seven hundred that are here I feel alone. It is not like being with the boys with whom I marched, boot to boot, with whom I fought and frolicked, feasted and fasted, from 1861 to 1865. I still have hopes of buffeting with the adversities of life outside of this, as I am not far advanced on the shady side of life, but three gun-shot wounds and an injury caused by being thrown from my horse have made almost a wreck of me.

You wish reminiscences and personal experiences. I am not a writer, cannot delineate, but my personal experience is blended with that of the regiment from first to last, and there are many others who know my record and career as well as I do, who could write more interesting articles. This Home is all that can be expected, but not pleasant to one of my age, however well the treatment. A something besides a simple round of animal functions is desired.

Respectfully yours,

CHAS. H. BELL.

P. S.—There is one item probably worth stating. I was in every engagement except one (St. Mary's Church), that the regiment was, and with Gen-

eral Sturges as orderly, at Antietam, South Mountain, and Fredericksburg.

C. H. B.

[See p. 515, and picture pp. 513, 441, Hist.]

YARMOUTH, MASS., July 25th, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL :

I enclose a little sketch of one of our boys. I wait impatiently for the time to come when we shall all round up at Houlton. I hope to be there with my wife and children. Please give me credit on *BUGLE* account for one dollar, the balance, four dollars, you may place to credit of some of Co. D, on account of *BUGLE*.

Edward F. Morrill joined us in the fall of 1862. Our long experience in the army suggested the name of "Johnny Raw" for him; this was done more to emphasize our ripeness as soldiers than any reflection upon him. He was in no sense a dude, neither was he a city rough; in fact, he was more redolent of the haystack than of the saloon. He hailed from the town of Jay. I am not well grounded in the history and geography of Jay, but I can say that if Edward F. Morrill was a fair specimen of its inhabitants it must be a good place to live in. Although he was not of a large stature, his strength was enormous. The whole company would often stand in wonder at the immense oak butts that Morrill would bring in on his shoulder with which to replenish his fire. His good nature was as remarkable as his strength. Morrill was nowhere more peculiar than in a fight. His ideas of war had been drawn from florid pictures of carnage and battle such as were never seen in reality, so he was sadly disappointed at the tameness of our engagements. His first encounter with the enemy was in what we considered a smart brush, but Morrill

said, "That ain't nothing; I want to see a fight where I can smell powder." We always asked him after every fight if he smelt any powder, but he always acknowledged his disappointment. I remember the last fight in which I saw him. It was a duel between a part of our regiment and a battery of artillery at carbine range. Morrill's horse, like some soldiers, seemed to think there was something very desirable in the direction opposite to the enemy. He expostulated with him in this way: his arms widely extended, a rein in each hand, he shouted to him, "Haow there! stand up here and face the music!" The battery was soon glad to change its position, a result to which Morrill contributed his full share. He was killed at Dinwiddie Court House, March 31st, 1865. I often think of that hearthstone in the good town of Jay, how it must be saddened by the remembrance of the strong young man who went out from it never to return; but if they knew him as we knew him their grief would be softened by the thought of the noble offering they had laid upon their country's altar, "a soldier without fear and without reproach."

Very truly and respectfully,

THOMAS B. PULSIFER, Co. D.

[See pp. 513, 521, and picture p. 273, History.]

CARMEL, June 23rd, 1891.

DEAR GENERAL AND COMRADE:

I have received three copies of the BUGLE, which I esteem very highly. The BUGLE reminds me of the past and of the brave boys who fought so nobly and bravely in defense of their country and flag. I hope and trust when the last BUGLE shall sound at the last grand reunion, that every boy in blue shall fall in. Not long ago I visited the well-marked spot where our brave Col. Calvin S. Douty rests, and

as I stood and looked upon his last resting place, my heart swelled with grief as I thought of that noble commander, so brave and so true. Blood never flowed from a more noble man than he, and many others of our noble boys who sleep in Southern soil. We are falling out, one by one. Soon the sound of the BUGLE will be heard no more, but while I live I shall continue to enjoy the pages of our most noble History, and the faces of our fallen and surviving comrades contained therein. I expect to be at our next reunion at Houlton, and trust to see many of our old comrades whom I have not seen since the close of the war. Lieut. Col. Boothby, Captain Phillips and Lieutenant Harris of my company gave their lives in the time of the war. I often think of them. It seems only a short time, but they fell more than twenty-five years ago. I will not trespass on your patience longer.

I remain yours,

ORRIN L. GARRETT,

Saddler Co. F, 1st. Me. Cav.

[See p. 546, History.]

SKOWHEGAN, ME., July 26th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade, — I received the BUGLE yesterday; it makes the fifth one I have received, and I am ashamed to think I have not paid a cent for them yet. Now, the fact of the matter is, if a fellow cannot do better than that he ought to be *damned*. I like the BUGLE very much, and hope I shall always receive them. I enclose one dollar.

Very respectfully,

CONVERSE L. WEBB, Co. H.

[See p. 581, History.]

NORTHAMPTON, MASS.,

July 27th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find two dollars to pay one year's subscription to the BUGLE to be sent to some comrade selected by you, and for one year's to be sent to myself.

Yours truly,

J. P. THOMPSON, Co. M.

[See p. 655, History.]

WINTHROP, ME., July 28th, 1891.

J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Sir and Comrade,—Enclosed find \$4.62 in payment for First Maine Cavalry badge, postage on same, last year's BUGLE and next year's BUGLE. I take pleasure in reading the BUGLE when it comes. Although I was in the regiment but a short time, I feel proud that I was at all. I was a private in Co. D, Twenty-first Maine Infantry, and served my time and came home; but I wanted to try the cavalry so I thought I would go into Company C, as I had a brother, Wm. B. Shaw, who died in November, 1862, while I was in service the first time. So I went, and to-day I feel proud of the old regiment. Should like to meet you at Houlton, Me., but cannot for I am poor in health and money, too. But I am in hopes to meet you sometime if I live. I joined the regiment in the spring of 1864, and I saw some service as you know. Yours in Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty,

C. W. SHAW.

[See p. 509, History.]

EAST BOSTON, MASS.,

July 30th, 1891.

GEN. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,—You may think it strange to get a letter from a lady in regard to the BUGLE, but my husband is away,

and I see it is time to send for the BUGLE for next year, so you will find money to pay for it. I can never write words to express what joy it gives me to read the BUGLE and all the comrades' letters, and the noble deeds done by the First Maine Cavalry—we are all proud of their record. I attended the reunion last year; it was the first one I ever attended, and I enjoyed myself so much, for every one seemed happy and cheerful; but there were some moments when I felt sad to see the tears fill their eyes; some had not seen each other since the war. Well do I remember the war. I was very young, but my dear father went to war. It was sad for us to have him go, and we saw many a sad and lonely hour while he was away. He left mother with five children to go and fight for his country, but at last the war was ended and father came home. He never got hurt, and was in a great many battles. He came home sick, not the same fresh-looking man he was when he went away. He died five years after the war with a sickness he had while in service never being a well man afterwards; but I feel proud that I can tell my friends that my father was in the war over four years. I was pleased to read your talk of having your reunion of 1893 in Chicago, for that is my native place. I lived there in war time. Little did I think that an unknown man was in the war fighting for his country then, who happened in after years to be my companion through life. I am proud that he was in the war, for I do think that of all men, the men who left home and loved ones and went to save their country ought to be loved by everybody. Whether an officer or private, they were all there for the same cause. Last year I met comrades of my husband—some he had never seen since

the war. I joined the Ladies' Auxiliary last year, and got the First Maine Cavalry badge. Captain Merrill has one of them. We have the History of the First Maine; I have not had a chance to keep it in the house we lend it so much to friends. I should like to attend the next reunion in Maine; do not think we can, for my health is not good; have not left my room for six weeks, and while sitting here reading the BUGLE, it has cheered me to read of the noble deeds done in the war. God bless the boys who were so brave. Captain Merrill is a sea-going man, not home much of the time, so I took the liberty to do this for him. I wish I could shake hands with many of the noble men.

A COMRADE'S WIFE.

[See p. 588, History.]

W. SULLIVAN, ME., Aug. 2nd, 1891.

GEN. CILLEY and COMRADE: "

There is nothing I prize more highly than the History of the old First Maine Cavalry, and the BUGLE, and none would be more ready to respond to the call of the BUGLE than I if finances would admit. If the time ever comes when I can remit, none will be more willing than your old comrade. I am many times obliged to some comrade for the BUGLE to date, hoping the time will come when I can repay. You may think it strange I should be so low in financial affairs. My health has been poor for a long time and my wife and daughters have been under the doctor's care for over five months, and nothing to do with but my hands and the small pension I draw.

Yours truly with F. C. & L.,

LORENZO C. HOOPER, Co. M.

[See p. 652, History.]

ELLSWORTH FALLS, ME.,

Aug. 6th, 1891.

MR. CILLEY:

Dear Sir,— My husband wishes me to write and let you know that he received the BUGLE in due season, and was so very much pleased to receive it. He enjoys reading them much. Every time he thinks he will be able to send you a little toward it, and I hope in the near future he can pay for his and help another that will be as pleased to receive it as he is. But now, as the old saying is, it is a "rub and a go" with us, for Mr. Varnum has been sick to be under the doctor's treatment over three years, and so we feel poor, as he cannot work at all; though for six weeks he does seem to gain very little. But our doctor does not tell me he can ever expect to be well again. Even for that we would be very thankful if he could be comfortable, which he is not; for days he will be distressed dreadfully, and then perhaps he will be quite comfortable for as many; that is the way he is all the time.

Very respectfully,

MRS. JOSEPH G. VARNUM.

[See p. 522, History.]

SURRY, ME., Aug. 23rd, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear Comrade,— I will try and answer to Roll Call for the first time, and will say that the First Maine BUGLE is the best thing I ever saw or read in my life, and I want it as long as I live. I will send you a dollar next month. I am poor, have a large family of eleven— nine boys, no girl. I was pleased to see in the BUGLE a letter from W. A. Vinal. He was a sergeant of my company, I, and I think I never saw a better soldier than he was. You must not think I have lost the grip of that grand First Maine Cavalry. I feel proud of the name

As soon as I can I will send for the badge. I get a large pension of \$4 a month. When our regiment charged into Farmville, April 7th, 1865, I had my horse shot and I was wounded in the right hand. I served two years in the Second Maine Infantry, and nearly one year in Company E, First District Columbia Cavalry, and the remainder of my time in the First Maine Cavalry. I was not a hospital bummer. I was wounded in the left foot in the Second Maine Infantry, and in the right hand in the First Maine Cavalry.

Yours truly,

JAMES H. CARD.

[See p. 597, History.]

CHICAGO, Aug. 26th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY:

Dear General,—I have received the last two copies of the BUGLE, but have been almost too busy to read them, and think it about time to answer to "roll call." I have faint hopes of being with you at the next reunion; will do so if possible. Enclosed find my check for \$10, which credit what I owe on the BUGLE, and put the rest "where it will do the most good."

Yours truly,

PERLEY LOWE, Co. H.

[See p. 587, History.]

[In compliance with the above letter \$2 was credited to Comrade Lowe for two years' subscription, and the remaining \$8 was used to send the BUGLES to the following comrades: Thompson M. Brown, E. Hampton; Jas. P. Carr, Brunswick, Me.; Wm. R. Locke, Etna Corner, Me.; Mrs. Greenleaf D. Greeley, Roslindale, Mass.; David M. Haley, Sebago, Me.; Robert A. Heal, Lincolnville Centre, Me.; Chas. S. Lowell, Dexter, Me.; Horatio B. Soule, Yarmouth, Me.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.,

Aug. 28th, 1891.

MY DEAR COMRADE:

Thanks for the First Maine BUGLE. I shall at once subscribe. I want to read every word printed about the old First Maine Cavalry. Was with it in the charge way up the hill at Brandy Station, June 9th, 1863, and at Aldie, where Colonel Douty was killed. God bless the survivors of the First Maine.

Yours sincerely,

E. W. WHITAKER,

Late A. D. C. of Gen. Kilpatrick.

PITTSFIELD, Me., Sept. 6th, 1891.

GEN. CILLEY:

Please find enclosed a check for \$2 for the First Maine BUGLE. I have got Calls 2, 3, 4 and 5, but have not got the 1st. That pays for eight numbers. I see by your reports that I am among the missing, but I am among the living yet, so you had better change that report. I was in Company G, First District Columbia Cavalry, transferred to Company L, First Maine Cavalry. Cromwell Carter of my company died at Andersonville, and it is in the History, "discharged by order, 1865." Sergt. B. F. Carter died at Braidentown, Fla., where he lived about five years ago. Capt. W. S. Howe was brought here from Lewiston, and buried last week, so we have lost one good soldier and Grand Army of the Republican man.

Yours, in F. C. & L.,

ALBERT L. SYLVESTER.

[See p. 643, History.]

MELVERN, KAN., Sept. 8th, 1891.

GEN. J. P. CILLEY;

Dear Comrade,—I will surrender as I cannot withstand such persistency. I perceive you still have the same "grit" always displayed during the war by Maine boys, to never surrender. I en-

close \$2 for the BUGLE, past, present and future. Please send me last April number if you have it. I wish to second Comrade Daggett's suggestion that our regiment hold its reunion in '93 at Chicago. Yours and all the comrades in love.

CYRUS CASE.

[See p. 501, picture p. 504, History.]

Personal Recollections of Boydton Plank Road.

The twenty-seventh of October, as all old veterans of the First Maine Cavalry know, when there was any obstruction in our way in the shape of rebels with guns, it was First Maine to the front. Well, I commenced work at daylight when we charged their picket line. When we formed in line at the foot of that hill, the second fight of that day, waiting for artillery to get in position, I think I was the first man next to the road on the left. We were firing some, but every time I would rise to fire, whiz! a ball would go past my head, until Private Henry L. Farrington, who was next to me on the left, got one plum through the face. Oh, no! I did not get up to fire again until the order to charge, and when we got half way to the woods I met an old

comrade from a regiment we were in before. What do you suppose we did? We shook and sat right down, pulled our pipes and lighted them—of course we were talking all the time—and then double-quickened to catch up. Of course you all know the day's work we had in the Bull Pen, down in the pines; I came near getting left. There was only one man on my right and he fell; it was Gustavus K. Estes (His. p. 567), I started for him to get the sixteen-shooter, but the Johnnies got there first, so I retreated in good order. When I turned, our boys were some ways off, and I was between the two lines, but I skulked around amongst the trees and got back with them—recollect that this was at dark. The only way we knew where the rebs were was by the flash of the guns. We got through after a while, and of course it rained as usual, but I got two rails and laid down, probably slept one or two hours, with the bridle wound around my leg.

This is only a short sketch of this racket, but let some of the other boys come up and say something and I will try again.

FRANK C. NEEDHAM,
Co. G, First Me. Cav.,
Bethel, Me.

[See p. 571, History.]

TAPS.

Oh, under the blossoming clover,
When the march and the conflict are over,
Your sleep will be sweet after Taps.

The Martyr of Freedom.

Suggested by the death of Horace Sylvester of Augusta, Maine, who died in South Boston, Mass., March 1st, 1867. Aged 27 years, 7 mos.

BY MRS. P. A. HANAFORD.

So young to die, and life so fair to him!—

How hard to say "farewell"!

Only thy hand—oh, Father! can sustain

When billows round us swell,
And the wild waters of affliction's tide
Forbid the thought that earthly joys abide.

He joined the army of the true and brave,

When Freedom called her sons,
And for the Right he bravely risked his life,

With all her noble ones,
But he was spared to reach his home again,

Though with a heritage, there won, of pain.

Now hath his soul ascended, and though he

Fell not in Freedom's fray,
Yet we must feel a patriot is at rest,

Who died for Liberty;
God bless each loved one of the mourning band,
Till they shall meet him in the better land!

[Co. I., 1st D. C. Cavalry, Transferred to Co. G., First Maine Cavalry, History, p. 573.]

Stephen Willis Patten was born in Portland, Me., March 21st, 1843; died in Alameda, Cal., Dec. 27th, 1884. He arrived in San Francisco, Cal., Septem-

ber, 1869. Shortly after his arrival he entered the office of Wells, Fargo & Co., where he held an important position in the money department until his decease. He was married in San Francisco, Dec. 25th, 1869, to Miss H. M. Rhodes, of Lowell, Mass. They had one child, a daughter, who died young. He was enrolled as a private in Capt. Robert F. Dyer's Company C, First Regiment of Maine Cavalry, November 20th, 1861, and was discharged by reason of surgeon's certificate of disability, July 19th, 1862.

[See p. 508, History.]

Died in S. Exeter, from dropsy, Jan. 20th, 1890, Hiram Peavy, Co. A, aged sixty-nine years.

Hiram was a great sufferer for a long time. He seemed to bear it patiently. The funeral was well attended by sympathizing friends, and the services were conducted by Hon. F. W. Hill. Mr. Peavy leaves a widow, one daughter and four sons to mourn his loss, and a large circle of friends.

[See p. 475, History.]

Died in York, Me., May 11th, 1890, William H. Woodward, of paralysis, aged 47 years. Comrade Woodward enlisted in Co. K, First Maine Cavalry, Jan. 2nd, 1864, was mustered into service Jan. 4th, and went into camp at Camp Berry, Portland. Left for Boston, Jan. 12, where they arrived on the 13th, and stopped one day. On the 18th, they arrived in Alexandria. Jan. 22nd, they joined the regiment at

Warrenton. On Feb. 27th was detailed for the memorable "Dahlgren Raid." Woodward was wounded and taken prisoner at Black Creek, March 20th. He distinctly remembered seeing the negro guide, who led them into ambush, dangling from the limb of a tree, a terrible warning to all such. On the way to Richmond they stopped at a house kept by an old woman and her daughter. This old woman, he said, would have surely killed both him and a wounded comrade who was taken with him but for the intervention of a Confederate officer, who perhaps felt responsible for the safe delivery of his prisoners. From there they were taken to Richmond, where he was assigned to the hospital connected with "Libby." After suffering all the horrors of a wounded prisoner, he was finally paroled, Apr. 16th, 1864, and left Richmond for Baltimore. He was mustered out of United States service, June 20th, 1865, and was honorably discharged at Augusta, Me., July 9th, 1865. Comrade Woodward was a member of Porter Post No. 99, Grand Army of the Republic, of Kittery, Me., having joined September 5th, 1889. At his burial the Post was in attendance, many of them being members of his own company. As an upright citizen, ever ready to extend aid and sympathy to the afflicted, he will long be remembered.

Wm. H. Woodward, son of George Woodward, born Apr. 26th, 1843, married Nov. 27th, 1866; Mary E, daughter of John and Hannah Gowen, born Oct. 11th, 1844.

CHILDREN.

Carrie M. born,	Apr. 5th, 1867.
Julia M. "	May 11th, 1869.
Geo. D. "	Jan. 12th, 1871.
Annie M. "	Nov. 27th, 1872.
John E. "	Jan. 22d, 1875.
Laura G. "	Oct. 9th, 1877.
Lizzie H. "	Sept. 16th 1880.
Wm. H. "	Apr. 3d, 1887.

[See p. 627, picture p. 220, History.]

Horace P. Holyoke was born in Brewer, Maine, January 26, 1840, and on the 24th of Oct., 1890, in Sheldon, Iowa, he calmly passed to his reward above. His going was like the closing of the autumn day on which he rested from his labors. Having in early youth sown the seed of truthfulness, honesty, temperance and godliness, his setting sun cast a golden light upon the harvest field of a fully ripened, thoroughly developed Christian character. His is a practical illustration of the truth of the Bible: "He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

At the age of 21 years' in answer to his country's call, he enlisted October 3rd, 1861, as private in Company F, First Maine Cavalry. In 1862, he was promoted to the rank of corporal, and in 1863 to that of sergeant. June 19, of the same year he was severely wounded at Middleburg, and in the following December he was discharged on account of disability, bearing on his person the scars from five rebel bullets. As a soldier, he was fearless in battle, faithful in duty and loyal to the flag. Soon after the close of the war he came to Iowa, in which State he lived until he got an honorable discharge from the duties of life. Being one of the early settlers of this section, he had a large circle of acquaintances, and being a man of pure principles, sterling integrity and strong convictions, he was loved and respected by all who knew him. His private character and social relations give to his death ground for peculiar grief to those who knew him best. Although modest and unassuming, he was straightforward, turning neither to the right nor the left, but every day walking direct as a line heavenward. When the path of duty diverged from that of profit or pleasure he never hesitated, but pressed bravely forward, with the gentle yet unwavering courage of his convic-

tions. His name is his best memoir, and whenever it is mentioned to those who knew him it will always have the power to call up the recollections of his virtues, and to the eye of affliction bring the tear of undissembled sorrow. In this community and in the Congregational church, of which he was a deacon and faithful member, he will be greatly missed. Yet there is comfort in the thought that our loss is his eternal gain, and that, although he is gone, the influence of his words and deeds remains to speak for truth and righteousness. He lived not in vain because his philosophy taught him that this life is not the end, only the beginning of a higher and nobler state of existence, a state into which he joyfully entered, having left behind him a monument of Christian character which will inspire others by a holy emulation of his goodness to strive for the same blessedness and peace. In his demise we are again reminded of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and are solemnly admonished to make our own calling and election sure; also to "let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven."

REV. G. L. HANSCOM.

WHEREAS, Our Heavenly Father has removed from our midst by death our brother in Christ, Horace P. Holyoke,

Resolved, That in this dispensation of Providence the Congregational church of Sheldon, Iowa, has lost one of its most trusted, devoted and worthy members, and the church and community a thoroughly Christian man and an upright and exemplary citizen.

Resolved, That as this church mourns his death it sincerely condoles with friends and relatives over this great affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to each of our city papers for publication; also copies sent to the relatives of the deceased; also that these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this church.

Approved by the church and Y. P. S. C. E.

[See p. 543, picture p. 545, History.]

The long and rapidly progressive illness of Dr. W. S. Howe of Lewiston, was followed by his death at midnight, Monday, Aug. 24th, his disease being cancer of the stomach, and his death being far less painful than is usual in such cases.

Dr. Howe came to Lewiston with his wife and daughter in 1885, from Pittsfield, Me., purchasing the fine estate of Deacon Phetteplace, on the corner of Ash and Horton streets, in Lewiston, and establishing himself in the practice of medicine as a homœopathic physician. Excepting one or two brief visits to the West, where he had business ventures, he has been a resident here ever since, has been identified with many interests, and has been a very wide-awake and active man. A few months ago, comparatively, when planning a trip West for his health, the truth came to him that he had a complaint which must in the course of a comparatively short time prove fatal, and since then he has been gradually sinking until his death on Monday night.

Dr. Howe was born in St. John, N. B., Feb. 9th, 1834, and was therefore about 58 years of age. He was educated in Fredericton and Horton, and entered Acadia College in New Brunswick, but did not graduate. He entered the Baptist ministry and was in active work therein until the war broke out, when he enlisted in the D. C. Cavalry, and was with it until its

consolidation with the First Maine Cavalry, and served with that until wounded at the battle of Five Forks, near the close of the war.

He was a commissioned officer in the First Maine—captain of Co. D, the same company previously commanded by the gallant Captain Smith of Eastport, afterward Colonel and Brigadier General. In the history of the First Maine, Capt. W. S. Howe figures in no small way. If in doubt as to his war record, ask some of the boys of the First Maine Cavalry, and they will say, as one of them said to the writer, Tuesday, "He was a brave man, a good fighter, a magnificent soldier, and the boys all liked him." This is not a small tribute from an old soldier. Dr. Howe was taken prisoner at the famous cattle-raid, and for nine months was a prisoner in Libby. At the battle of Five Forks he was shot through the body, and the bullet is among the possessions of the family at this time. For a time his life was despaired of, but he recovered, although he has always been a sufferer from the wound.

At the close of the war, Dr. Howe was in such poor health, that he did not return to the ministry, but took up the study of medicine. He graduated at the Bowdoin Medical School in 1869, and in 1870 at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, in New York. In 1883 he graduated at the Hahnemann School of Homœopathy in Philadelphia. He practiced in Pittsfield, Me., from 1870 to 1885, when he came to Lewiston, where he has since been in practice.

He was a member of the Baptist church, although not transferring his membership to the church in this city. He was a member of the Blue Lodge and the Chapter in Masonry, and will be buried under the direction of Rabboni Lodge of Lewiston. He was

a member of the Golden Cross, by which his family receives \$2,000 in insurance. He carried also insurance in several other companies, and will leave quite an estate. He was a staunch Republican in politics, and so pronounced in views that it is mentioned as a characteristic of the man. He was cordial in his manner, and a devoted friend to the Grand Army and its interests. A portrait of him appeared several months ago in the *BUGLE*, published in the interests of the First Maine Cavalry, and his memory will be cherished especially by the boys who rode behind him in the long ago when death was in bullets, and when every man faced it inevitably as he faced the morning sun in the east.

Dr. Howe leaves a wife and one daughter. Two children have died— one of them a son about to enter the study and the practice of medicine.

The funeral will be attended Thursday, at 10.30 A. M., and under charge of Rabboni Lodge F. & A. M. The remains will be taken to Pittsfield by the 12.13 train. Burial will be at Pittsfield, Thursday afternoon, on arrival of the train.

By request, there will be no flowers.—*Lewiston Journal*.

[See History, pp. 321, 326, 342-351, 396-402, 513; picture p. 273, and p. 16, Call 4 of *BUGLE*.]

Mrs. Caroline Cameron died on Tuesday morning, June 30th, 1891, after a short illness. Mrs. Cameron was the widow of the late George Cameron, Co. C, who was killed on board the bark J. H. Bowers, some six months ago. She leaves three young sons, now doubly bereaved, to mourn her loss.

[See History, p. 505.]

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer in Account with First Maine Cavalry Association, Sept. 17, 1889, to Aug. 11, 1890.

To Dues Collected,	\$210.00	By Expenses of Band, 23 pieces,	\$86.25
To Contributors to pay debt on History, General Smith, \$1; Major Thaxter, \$5; Captain Ford, \$20; Lieut. Merrill, \$1; G. A. Savage, \$1; F. W. Green, \$1; Geo. Phillip, \$1; Norman Snell, \$1; George W. Gray, \$1; W. R. Lincoln, \$1; A. C. Souther, \$1; D. W. Gage, \$1; S. F. Davis, \$1; J. P. Cilley, \$1; Frank E. Towle, \$1; G. N. Harris, \$1,	39.00	By Freight, &c., on History and printing notices,	12.91
To Ribbon Badges sold,	19.10	By Postage Stamps,	14.00
To Collections to pay Band,	34.86	By Postage, express, carting books and mailing Bugle,	16.20
To Contribution for Banquet by Boston Comrades,	937.75	By insurance on Histories while being bound, omitted before,	19.75
		By insurance on Histories one year from Jan. 2, 1888,	10.00
		By insurance on Histories one year from Jan. 2, 1889,	20.00
		By cost of Banquet in Boston,	937.75
		Balance,	123.85
	<u>\$1,240.77</u>		<u>\$1,240.71</u>

We have carefully and fully examined the above account, had the Treasurer come to Boston for that purpose, and find them correct. In order to save expenses in printing, the several items examined by us in detail have been consolidated, and this same method is advised hereafter.

A. C. DRINKWATER.
GEO. H. JEWETT.
A. L. ORDWAY.

J. P. CILLEY, TREASURER, ACCOUNT WITH BADGES RECEIVED.

July, 1890, Received in Portland,	25.00	Sold by G. N. Harris,	25.00
July, 1890, Received by G. N. Harris,	25.00	Sold by Treasurer,	160.00
Aug. 11, Received in Boston,	173.00	Balance in Treasurer's hands,	38.00
	<u>223.00</u>		<u>223.00</u>

ACCOUNT WITH BADGES SOLD.

July, 1890, To 9 sold in Portland, at \$3,	\$27.00	By cash paid Henry Guild & Son,	\$446.00
Aug., 1890, Sold by G. N. Harris, at \$2.50,	62.50	By balance,	43.50
1890 and 1891, To 160 sold by Treasurer, at \$2.50,	400.00		
	<u>\$489.50</u>		<u>\$489.50</u>

ACCOUNT WITH PICTURES FOR HISTORY.

By balance due him for report of auditing committee, page 64 of Call 3,	\$59.31	Feb. 27, 1890, To cash from Cyrus T. Reed,	\$6.00
		Balance due Treasurer,	53.31
	<u>\$59.31</u>		<u>\$59.31</u>

J. P. CILLEY, Treasurer, In Account with money received and paid for Portraits in BUGLE.

1890.		Helotype Printing Co., 3 pages portraits, at \$32,	\$96.00
Apr. 2, To cash, Monroe Daggett, \$5,		Balance,	2.76
Alfred Pierce, \$5,	\$10.00		
July 12, To cash, N. L. Owen, \$5,			
Herman R. Green, \$5,	10.00		
July 14, To cash, F. E. A. Weadock, (Major Curtiss),	12.00		
Aug. 21, To cash, Mrs. Flora E. Haines,	4.00		
Oct. 1, To cash, J. P. Thompson,			
John B. Perry, John M. Warren,	15.00		
Oct. 10, To cash, Leander H. Paul,	5.00		
Dec. 6, To cash, Chas. E. Jacks, self and brother,	10.00		
1891.			
Mar. 24, To cash, C. E. Moulton, \$11.26, Cyrus B. Kimball, \$4,	15.26		
Apr. 29, To cash, Geo. P. Day, \$3.75,	7.50		
Mrs. John B. Kelsey, \$3.75,	7.50		
June 28, To cash, Capt. W. S. Howe,	10.00		
	<u>\$98.76</u>		<u>\$98.76</u>