



Allan A. Kingsbury.



THE
HERO OF MEDFIELD;

CONTAINING THE
JOURNALS AND LETTERS
OF

ALLEN ALONZO KINGSBURY,

OF MEDFIELD,

Member of Co. H, Chelsea Volunteers, Mass. 1st Reg.,

WHO WAS

Killed by the Rebels near Yorktown, April 26, 1862.

ALSO,

NOTICE OF THE OTHER THREE SOLDIERS BELONGING TO THE
SAME COMPANY AND KILLED AT THE SAME TIME; FUNERAL
SERVICES AT CHELSEA AND MEDFIELD; HISTORIC AND POETIC
ACCOUNT OF MEDFIELD, &c. &c.

THIS BOOK

IS AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated to the Young Men of Medfield,
BY THE EDITOR.

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1862.

Allen A. Kingsbury.

INTRODUCTION.

Entered according to act of Congress in the year 1862,

BY E. A. JOHNSON,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Massachusetts

SOLEMN and mournful indeed are the thoughts which thrill my bosom as I read over and arrange for publication, these letters and journals of my dear departed friend! The nobleness and holiness of the cause in which he so bravely fought and so bravely fell, the cheering hope we are permitted to indulge that he has now passed on to that bright world where "wars and rumors of wars" are unheard and unknown, even these considerations cannot entirely remove from the mind the feeling of sadness and loneliness occasioned by this bereavement. And often has the question arisen, "is it possible that he, who wrote out these letters, and kept with so much care and accuracy the journals, has indeed passed from earth away? Can it be that we shall never again see his face, that we shall meet him no more here below?" Yes, it is

even so! Back from that *soldier's* grave in the beautiful Cemetery in Medfield, comes the solemn assurance that he is slumbering with the dead.

But in this hour of sorrow and darkness, methinks I hear a voice saying unto us, "Be still and know that I am God." Confident, therefore, that "He who doeth all things well, who noteth even the sparrow's fall, has some wise purpose to accomplish by this afflictive dispensation of His Providence, with uncomplaining resignation to His will, let us say with true, trusting, filial affection, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good unto thee!" And may all the relatives and friends of the deceased be ever able to say, with regard to this event,—“It is good for us that we have been afflicted.”

By a careful perusal of these letters we become somewhat acquainted with "camp life." We learn, to some extent, the hardships and deprivations our brave soldiers endure in their efforts to crush out this most unrighteous rebellion. And alas, how much they do suffer! True, some days they "fare sumptuously," and others (and doubtless there are many such,) have hardly half enough to eat, and even that of a poor quality. When marching from place to place it is not to be expected that they could fare, in all respects, as would be desirable, but I apprehend that

their suffering in this direction is greatly increased by the neglect, ignorance and inefficiency of the Commissaries. It is indeed lamentable to think that persons appointed to so responsible a position, and receiving good pay from the government for their services, and their *supplies* too, from the same source, should allow those dependent upon them to suffer. And yet such has been unquestionably the case in many instances. Will not the curse of God follow such?

We learn also, that amidst all the hardships and deprivations of camp life, the calm, cool, deliberate determination of the soldiers is to put down rebellion, and restore peace and harmony again. We see the inveterate hatred which the soldiers cherish toward that wicked institution which is the principal cause of our difficulties.

But without further comment or introduction I bespeak for the book a careful, candid and thorough perusal; and hope that the noble patriotic example of our lamented friend will be followed by others, that they will be stimulated to greater activity,—that if necessary they will, as he did, sacrifice home, friends, and even life itself, for the good of our beloved Country. We are now probably passing through the most critical and precarious period of the campaign, a period when there should be no relaxation of effort,

but when there should be the utmost unanimity, firmness and decision. The enemy is making his last desperate struggle ; let us be fully prepared to meet them, and by the blessing of Heaven the victory is ours.

E. A. J.

MEDFIELD, JULY, 1862.

JOURNAL.

CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 15th, 1861.

Received \$11.60 from the State, and prepared to march to Boston to go to Washington. When on Boston Common saw all the folks—saw father, but did not see mother. Was tired, marched to the Providence station, took the cars at 8 o'clock, was in the cars all night, and took the boat Commonwealth about 1 o'clock for Jersey City.

June 16. Arrived in Jersey City at 4 o'clock ; great reception at the depot. Take the cars for Camden, ride all night. At Camden take the boat for Philadelphia.

June 17. Arrived in Philadelphia at 5, P. M. Obtained refreshments. Marched through the city to the station. Took the cars for Baltimore ; arrived there at 11 o'clock. Marched through the city to the Camden station. Left at 12, M., for Washington. Had a pleasant ride. Beautiful scenery on the road, alongside of the Delaware river. Saw ripe peaches and cherries. Arrived in Washington at 6, P. M. Stop on Pennsylvania Avenue. Passed the night in Woodward's Building. Slept up four stories high. Some tired.

June 18. I write this seated upon a sofa in the grand reception room of the "WHITE HOUSE" at Washington. In the room are eight large mirrors, four sofas, twenty-four chairs, and three large chandeliers. The sofas and chairs are covered with red velvet. I have rambled about the city to-day considerable. Ascended the dome of the Capitol, 280 feet from the ground, could see all over the city, Alexandria, Arlington Heights, and Mt. Vernon. I then visited the government buildings, the Post Office, Smithsonian Institute, Treasury Building, War Department, Patent Office, and the Market. Help eat two quarts of strawberries with Corporal Jewett. Came back to the Regiment, rescued a negro from the police, had quite a time. Slept on the floor, and as usual slept sound. Don't think much of the city.

June 19. Two more regiments arrived. Went to the Market, got some strawberries and cream for breakfast. All we had at our quarters was hard bread and coffee. At 11 marched around the city. Passed the White House, saw "*Honest Old Abe*." Had a hard march to our camp at Georgetown Heights, about five miles. Arrived there at 3 o'clock, P. M. Pitched our tents, got supper of coffee and bread, went to bed, slept sound.

June 20. No drill, loafed all day. Built a cook shop. I was chosen second cook. Don't have to drill any now, but have to work hard to cook for 100 men. Stole the boards of which we built the shop. They are building shops all round us.

June 21. Slept under arms. Alarmed at 2 o'clock. *Sold again!* Cooked beefsteak to-day—the men growl some at their rations. Coffee and bread for breakfast,

beefsteak for dinner, coffee, bread and corned beef for supper.

June 22. Different persons from different regiments around our camp. A secessionist caught with a loaded gun, an old fowling piece. A great deal of growling about the rations, salt junk, hard bread, coffee; nothing in particular.

June 23. Inspection for the first time. General loafing time. Divine services by the Chaplain to-day at 12 o'clock. Did not have breakfast until 9, the men were mad enough. Had soup, boiled rice and salt junk for dinner, which we ate at 2, P. M. Any quantity of ice cream and peddlers on the ground. It is very pleasant, but very hot, I sleep on the ground in the open air, the moon and stars looking right down upon me.

June 24. Up early this morning. Boiled rice with sugar sauce for dinner. Fresh beef for supper, 9 o'clock, P. M., just through with supper. Have got seventy-five pounds salt junk, and twenty-five pounds salt pork for to-morrow. We raised a flag-staff this afternoon, and now the stars and stripes wave over our camp. Had quite a time raising it, the band played several national airs, and two or three speeches were made.

June 25. Hot and still, nothing new going on except building a new oven, and a nice one too, holds four or five pans. Last night our picket guard caught two mounted men and put them in the guard house. Our Captain was officer of the day. As they proved to be U. S. officers they were discharged. Heard firing over the river this afternoon, something is up, shall hear to-night.

June 26. Very warm and sultry, think we shall have showers before night. This afternoon, just as the regiment were going out to drill, it began to rain; they got as far as the parade ground when it rained so that they came back to camp "*double quick*," but it soon cleared off, so after supper they went on dress parade.

June 27. Very warm. After breakfast went out berrying, found as many blackberries and thimbleberries as I could eat: made me think of home. To-night Mr. Pickering, Jonas French, Gen. Mansfield, and Henry Wilson visited us. There is some talk of disbanding this regiment, I hope not. There is a great deal of grumbling among the men, they want to go *home*, but *I am satisfied*. It is indeed a hard place, worse than farming, but the cause is good.

June 28. Nothing of much consequence occurred to-day; received a bundle from Roxbury and a letter from home. It is awful hot here in the middle of the day.

June 29. Rainy last night and this morning. We had quite a time last night; about 11 or 12 o'clock, the whole regiment was alarmed by the cry of "Turn out Co. H," aroused me from pleasant dreams of home. But it did not prove to be much; an Irishman shot a gun at his wife, he was arrested and put in the guard house, let off this morning.

June 30. Cloudy to-day. Inspection of arms and accoutrements. Divine service at half past 11. Heard a church bell to-day for the first time since I left Cambridge, it seemed like home. I have not been very well to-day.

July 1. Fair and hot. The Co. went to target shooting this forenoon. This afternoon to dress parade, just as

they were done it began to rain. We had our baked beans out in the mess pans, six of them, when it commenced to pour; I never saw it rain harder. The boys got most of their beans, but not all, and the last I saw of them they were going off down stream at a 2.40 jog, with tin plates, knives, forks, spoons, barrels, hard bread and other miscellaneous articles. We had fourteen pounds of sugar in a pan under a barrel, the wind blew the barrel over, and the sugar melted. In the tent where I slept the water rushed through like a river, there were fifteen of us standing in it holding up our knapsacks to keep our clothes out of the water. I slept on two boards with my feet to the fire.

July 2. This morning the sun rose clear and bright; the camp was alive early—the boys were out sunning themselves. Roast beef for supper. I saw a large comet last night in the northwest. We expect a brush with the rebels now before long. Just been gazing at the comet, and at the signal lights, do not know whether they are the Federals or the enemy, think they are at Harper's Ferry. The comet is the largest one I ever saw. The Captain expects marching orders before morning. I don't know where, nor do I care if it is toward the enemy.

July 3. Hot to-day. The Col. gives orders to pack up and be ready to march to another camp. In about half an hour the order is countermanded. We had just got our beans into the oven when the order came, but we go to-morrow. An express from Chelsea with letters and bundles for the men, but none for me—did not expect any. "'Tis the night before the *Fourth*," but I can't realize it. They say we are to have a brush with the enemy to-morrow as a celebration over in Virginia.

July 4. The day we celebrate as the anniversary of our Nation's birth. Arose at 4 o'clock, the band commenced playing beneath the stars and stripes. We could distinctly hear the rattling of musketry across the river on Arlington Heights. At 7 o'clock, A. M., was mustered out for drill. After breakfast we went to target shooting. Roast beef and potatoes and lemonade for dinner. In the afternoon Gov. Andrew called upon us. At 4 had a speech from Hon. Mr. Elliot, of Mass. Expected Mr. Wilson and Gov. Andrew to address us, but they were engaged. At night we had any quantity of bonfires, fire crackers, &c. Saw immense number of rockets from Washington and Georgetown. The boys seemed to enjoy themselves, but it did not seem to me much like the 4th of July.

July 5. Hot. Examinations of companies going on to-day. Our turn to-morrow. Boiled rice for breakfast, soup for dinner, bread and coffee for supper. Some growling again about the feed. Help cut the meat for to-morrow, worked till 10 o'clock at night. Received some letters to-night, much pleased with them. A soldier's life is always gay, but it ain't so here, that's so.

July 6. Cloudy and misty this morning. My beans did not get done for breakfast, so we had beefsteak. Beans for dinner. Hon. Henry Wilson and others addressed us this afternoon. The regiment was presented with a banner from the National Guards of California, by a member of the Co. We have received some new pants to-day, dark blue. Are to have blue jackets I believe. Burnt and ground ten pounds of coffee this afternoon.

July 7. I went to Washington to-day, rode on one of

the teams that went for flour and beef. Three teams got their flour under the Capital. Rode about the city upon a horse. I wore blue pants and shirt, red skull cap, with my revolver in my belt. A fugitive slave came into camp to-day, his master was after him. It was very hot to-day. Had dinner at the Capital, had ham and eggs and green peas. Walked back to camp, arrived there at 4, P. M.

July 8. Hot. Two companies gone to Harper's Ferry as advance guard. They started at 9, A. M. At noon two wagons with provisions started, with four of our company, and four of the Fusiliers as guard. Hon. Charles Sumner and a Mr. Healy visited us just at night to-day.

July 9. Very hot and misty. On guard, about 5, P. M. there was a heavy shower. The cook had just made the tea and boiled the rice. As I write this it rains, thunders and lightens tremendously. We have awful showers here, but the guard must be out if it does rain, it is one of the privileges of a soldier's life!

July 10. Fair and hot. Came off guard at half past 9, went off scouting, swimming and picking blackberries. One of the "True Blues" died this morning, named John Grant, of Boston. Funeral at half past 4 this afternoon, the services occurred in front of the camp, under a Cedar tree. A shower came up just at the close of the services, and drove us all into our tents. The wind blew, rained, thundered and lightened terribly. Soldier's luck! supper all spoiled!

July 11. Warm. Had a good night's rest last night. Each man received forty rounds of cartridges, with caps, and a roll of red tape. Is to be a grand review by Gen.

Mansfield, aided by Gen. Tyler. Another thunder shower to-day.

July 12. Pretty warm. On guard, on two hours, off four. Countersign to-day is Camden. My post is opposite the wagons. One of the guard fired upon a man who threw a stone at him.

July 13. Rained most of the forenoon. On guard. One of the guard had a stone thrown at him, we all turned out and marched two miles, but could find no one. Another of the guard fired upon a man who was outside the lines and would not give the countersign. Did not hit him.

July 14. Fair and pleasant. Col. Wells drilled Cos. G. and H. in skirmish drill. It is first rate, gives one an appetite for breakfast. Glorious news! Gen. McClellan has routed 10,000 rebels at Beverly. Took 1000 prisoners, 60 horses and wagons, 200 tents, and everything, even to their tin cups. Glorious victory! The news was read to us by the Chaplain after dress parade.

July 15. Went out about a mile and a half on skirmish drill. Hungry when I came back. Beans, coffee and hard bread were in good demand for a while. Battle at Manassas Gap. Federal troops victorious, took 1000 prisoners. Just received orders to march to-morrow afternoon into Virginia.

July 16. Cloudy. Orders to pack our knapsacks, save out our blankets, roll them up and sling them on our backs, and to take three days' rations. 12, M., every thing in confusion, striking tents, packing knapsacks, &c. We are going somewhere sure. Started at 4, P. M.,

marched till 11, camped in an open field. There are four regiments.

July 17. Here we are camped upon the disputed soil. Lay last night on the ground upon our rubber blankets, our woollen ones over us. We marched yesterday about twelve miles. The name of this place is Vienna, it is where the rebels fired upon the Ohio troops from a masked battery; 32,000 troops with us now. At 11, A. M., halted in sight of Fairfax Court House. As we marched along we saw places in the woods where the rebels had cut down the trees to blockade the way. When we passed through Germantown saw three houses on fire, we are here in them—every body has left the country—1,800 rebel troops left the place only one hour ahead of us. There are from 60,000 to 80,000 of our men here in sight of us now, two batteries, Sherman's and the Rhode Island; four regiments in our brigade, two Michigan, one New York, one Massachusetts. On picket guard last night, very tired, never saw such roads in New England, worse than they are in Vermont. 23 JULY 1862

July 18. Started at 8, A. M. Our Co. heads the column. Gen. Tyler in command. Marched about five miles when Cos. G. and H. are sent out as skirmishers. Marched about two miles, saw some rebel troops, went another mile, saw a rebel battery. Sent back for our artillery, commenced the battle by throwing shells and balls into their camp. We have not had much to eat yesterday nor to-day, our provisions are about out, only one cracker apiece, but the boys are in good spirits and eager for a fight.

July 19. Yesterday we had an awful fight in a swamp called "Bull Run." Co.'s H. and G. were shockingly

BLACK BURNED 5000

cut to pieces, about half of the two Co.'s were killed or wounded. I am wounded, a spent cannon ball struck me in the leg, and felled me to the ground. I was also wounded internally by having a wounded man fall on me. I am in the hospital at Centreville, there are twenty here, some are fatally wounded—some are shot through the arms, legs and feet. One man had his ear shot off by a cannon ball, one was shot through the abdomen, he cannot live. One had his leg taken off by a rifled cannon ball; one was struck by a cannon ball in the thigh, he cannot live. Six of our Co. are dead, six wounded and 11 missing.

July 20. In the hospital, though not seriously injured. The Federal troops have been passing by here all day, infantry, cavalry and artillery, and one heavy gun, sixteen feet long, drawn by ten horses. The houses here are of the poorest kind, built of logs filled in with mud, with chimneys on the outside. The building we are in is a church, built of slate stone laid in mortar, the inside is as rough as the outside.

July 21. Troops are now marching past here. It is Sunday, but don't seem much like it to me. I should like to be in Medfield this morning. Left the hospital to join the regiment, but they would not let me. The battle commenced at 9, and lasted four hours. Our troops were driven in, when the retreat began—it was awful to witness. The road was filled with teams and soldiers, the men threw away their provision, guns, everything they could spare. I rode on a wagon to Washington, arrived there at 11, A. M., Monday.

July 22. Here we are again in our old camp, (Banks) and it seems like home. The Co.'s come straggling in. Some of the men are left behind on the road, probably they

are overtaken and *killed* by the rebels. Everything seems *sad* and gloomy. The men are quiet, they are tired out, and so am I. I wish I was at home.

July 23. Fair and fine, but the men did not start out *very early*, they are tired out. The battle last Sunday *was an awful one*, the Fire Zouaves and the New York 69th and 79th were frightfully cut to pieces. Of the 1000 Zouaves, only about 400 are left! In the fight of Thursday, the 18th, our Co. lost six killed, seven wounded and one missing. Co. G. lost sixteen killed and wounded. I was knocked down three times by the balls, and by a cannon ball which struck me in the knee—I am very lame now. We are preparing to remove to Arlington Heights.

July 24. Have moved across the Potomac, camped on a level plain by the side of a cornfield. It is a very pleasant place, we can see a long distance down the Potomac, and a full view of Washington. Fort Albany which we occupy, commands the road to Fairfax and the long bridge. I am very lame, and growing worse.

July 25. Fair and pleasant. Saw a balloon this morning, looked as though it had burst, it was going down at a fearful rate, there is one sent up every day to reconnoitre. Several men from Chelsea arrived to-day with an express, bringing boxes, packages, &c.

July 26. Pleasant. As the fort is not done we occupy our tents. Boiled squash for dinner, blackberries and milk for supper.

July 27. Cloudy. Received a box from home, but a jug of vinegar had got upset and broken, so most of the things were spoiled. For breakfast this morning had *beefsteak, white bread*, tea and corn cake, blackberries

and sugar for supper. Obtained a furlough for twenty days.

July 28. Sunday again, but does not seem like last Sunday when we were in the battle-field. The men have cut down a fruit orchard, they have also cut down the woods in every direction to prevent the rebels from hiding in them. Thunder shower to-night; expect to start for home to-morrow.

July 29. Cloudy and warm. Received our blue jackets to-day; expected to be paid off to-day, but the paymaster did not bring only half money enough. Heavy shower to-night.

July 30. Hot, but pleasant. A grand review to-day by Gen. McClellan. Lieut. Austin procured a chance for us to come home in the steamer Ben Deford, by way of Fortress Monroe. We start for home at 6, A. M., to-morrow.

July 31. On board steamer. Did not sleep well my first night on the water. We were towed into the stream by the tug boat Tempest, of Georgetown. The steamer S. R. Spaulding accompanied us. But few passengers aboard. At 9, A. M., went past Mt. Vernon, a very pleasant place; at 10, A. M., passed Aquia Creek, saw the rebel batteries and flag. At 12, M., passed Mathias Point, expected a shot from the rebel battery there. At 3, P. M., passed St. Mary's light off the coast of Maryland. The Spaulding fired several times below Mathias Point, she is armed with two iron and one brass gun; 5, P. M., at the mouth of the Potomac; can just distinguish the shore.

Aug. 1. At 12, M., anchored within two miles of Fortress Monroe. About half way from the fort to Sewall's

Point, which is in sight, is a small Island called Rip Raps. The government intends building a fort there; we are two miles from shore on one side, and five on the other. At 1 P. M., about quarter of a mile from the fort; there are 100 guns in this fort. Directly opposite is Sewall's Point, where there is a rebel breastwork and battery. Mr. Evans, U. S. Deputy Marshal, of Baltimore, is on board as passenger. A thunder shower at a distance; can see the wreck of the steamer California which was burnt on the 2d of July last, by the secessionists. It was employed by the Government to carry troops; was owned in Boston.

Aug. 2. Very pleasant. The rebels have erected a fort over on the Point, and are watching us pretty sharp.

Aug. 3. Pleasant, but hot. Staid on deck last night till midnight watching the vessels signaling from the fort to Newport News with lights. We fare first rate with regard to food, live as well as we should at home. We go to Newport News to-morrow to take on board a Vermont regiment; their term of service expired on the 2d inst. Saw a balloon ascend this afternoon, it was attached to a steamboat. A novel sight truly, to see a steamboat moving along on the water, and a balloon attached to it by a rope, moving along in the air! What would people have said a hundred years ago to have seen such a contrivance. Steam and gas, one for the water, the other for the air.

Aug. 4. Pleasant. Went to Newport News this afternoon for the Vermont regiment; not much of a place. There are four or five regiments, a battery of six guns, one rifled cannon that will throw across the river.

Aug. 5. On board the steamer. We are now on our

way to old Massachusetts. As we came down from Newport News the rebels from Sewall's Point fired at the Spaulding, which was ahead of us, the shot came about 200 feet from her. The boat rolled and pitched badly.

Aug. 6. Did not sleep well last night, the boat rolled so. At 7 this morning, passed Highland light; at half past we went passed Sandy Hook. We are now going up the river to N. Y. harbor. Stop to leave passengers, and took on board a pilot to go with us up East river. Any quantity of ferry boats and tugs, plying between Jersey City and Brooklyn. Steam whistle blowing, people cheering and waving their handkerchiefs. Now on Long Island Sound. Some splendid residences along the shore. Just passed Fort Schuyler, the strongest fort in New York. 2, P. M., opposite New Haven; on each side of the channel are flats where there are immense quantities of oysters. New Haven is a great place for oysters, I should judge. Arrived at the railroad wharf; landed the troops. The main part of the town is about a mile and a half from the wharf; I did not see it. Saw the East Rock and West Rock, they are very high bluffs. A gentleman of the Vermont regiment gave me a ring and piece of wood which came off from a Mulberry tree at Newport News, under which Lord Cornwallis and his staff dined when they came to take Yorktown. It has seemed to-day that we were getting into a civilized country again. We have been on board seven nights. I shall think I am an old "salt" soon.

Aug. 7. Quite cold; it seems quite different from the air at Fortress Monroe, or at Washington. When I came on deck this morning we were passing Martha's Vineyard. Passed Holmes Hole and Nantucket; at 7 passed the

light boat Relief; now ninety-eight miles from Boston. At 8 passed Chatham, can see the high sand banks on the shore. The Spaulding is three or four miles ahead, they have plenty of soft coal, we have only hard; and but a small supply of that. We arrived at Central wharf, Boston, at 4, P. M.; Mayor Fay, of Chelsea, procured a carriage for me, to carry me to the Providence depot, where I arrived at 5, P. M. This looks indeed like a civilized country to what it does down South. I am now on the road home!

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

EAST BOSTON, APRIL 21, 1861.

Dear Father, Mother, and all friends :

Yesterday I enlisted in the Chelsea Light Infantry. There are 80 men in the Co., and a fine looking set of fellows they are. I staid at the Captain's house last night. Mr. Haydn gave me the recommendation.

Have been to meeting to-day at the Chestnut Street Church. The ladies of the church presented us with a copy of the New Testament.

We are furnished with everything we need. Will write no more now. Good bye ! A. A. K.

LETTER II.

CHELSEA, APRIL 28, 1861.

My Dear Father and Mother :

Having a little spare time I will write you a few lines. I am well, except a severe cold, but that is better now.

I shall soon be well, I think, if I keep in doors evenings ; the weather is different here from what it is in Medfield, the wind is nearly all the time east. I staid last night at Mr. Haydn's. M— L— gave me six nice linen pocket-handkerchiefs and a pin cushion. We don't have to buy anything here, everything is given us. I have enjoyed myself first rate thus far. The ladies of Chelsea gave each of the Co. a bundle containing two woollen shirts, two towels, two cotton handkerchiefs, needles, thread, buttons, yarn, and a roll of sticking plaster. I think they have done well. I expect we shall start for Annapolis, Md., next Tuesday, with Col. Cowdin's regiment. There will be about 300 of us, a pretty good Co. We are all impatient to be off, it is hard work to be round dressed in uniform, and the people all staring at us. I will write as often as I can. From ALLEN.

LETTER III.

CHELSEA, MAY 1st, 1861.

Dear Father and Mother :

We have not gone yet. We had to wait for our new uniforms to be made is the reason why we did not go yesterday. My cold is not well. Mr. Haydn sent me a rubber blanket to lay on the ground ; it was just what I wanted. If we go to-morrow I will write you from New York. We have to keep in close quarters, but then our pay is good so it is not so bad as it might be. The Capt. takes quite an interest in me. May get promoted if I behave well. Give my love to all. From

A. A. K.

LETTER IV.

CHELSEA, MAY 9, 1861.

My Dear Parents :

I write a few lines to let you know that we have not gone. There comes an order one day for us to march, and the next day it is countermanded. Gen. Scott has issued an order not to enlist volunteers except for three years or the war. Almost every man in the 1st regiment is ready to serve three or five years.

Yesterday we visited Boston and South Boston ; there were seven Co.'s, about 600 men. Our Co. carried a banner on which was inscribed, "Chelsea Volunteers, Capt. Carruth, Co. H. Ready to serve in the United States army three, five, or three times five years." We had a good time ; at South Boston we had a lunch, beer, crackers, cheese and fish. Love to all. Good bye.

A. A. K.

LETTER V.

CHELSEA, MAY 16, 1861.

Dear Father and Mother :

We are here yet. Last night the steamer Cambridge came in, and all we are now waiting for is to have her get ready to go. We shall go by water to Fortress Monroe or Annapolis, and from thence to Washington. Every day we go to some of the towns in this vicinity ; we went to Chelsea Beach to a target shoot, had clam chowder at the "Ocean House." This afternoon we have been to Malden, we stopped to see an old soldier of the war of 1812, named Pratt. We saw a rail that was made from one of the masts of the British man-of-war Lion, which was cap-

tured in the Bay, by the Chelsea and Malden soldiers. There is a high hill here called "Powder Horn," from the top of which we can see all over Boston, and far down the harbor, a very pleasant place.

Sabbath forenoon attended church ; the text was, "They who strive for the mastery, shall not be crowned unless they strive lawfully."

Will write again before I go, if I can. Give my love to all inquiring friends.

A. A. K.

LETTER VI.

CHELSEA, MAY 23, 1861.

Dear Father and Mother :

I received your letter this morning. There are 101 men in our Co. Ours is the *crack* Co. in the regiment, and the section that I am in is the *pony* section, for we are all of a size. There is one man in the Co. who is six feet and six inches in his stockings. We call him the *giant*! Friday, May 24. Yesterday afternoon we were all sworn into the United States service for three years, so I am one of Uncle Sam's men now, and there is no chance to get away if we wanted to. We were marched down to the Square, and ranged in double ranks around the flag-staff. As our names were called we stepped two paces in front, carried arms, and then ordered arms, then each man took off his hat and held up his right hand, while the United States officer read the oath to us. We shall not probably stay here long as we are now mustered into service. The Capt. says we shall be put into the thickest of the fight ; I hope so. Good bye. Love to all.

A. A. K.

LETTER VII.

CAMP ELLSWORTH, JUNE 5, 1861.

Dear Parents :

Having a few spare moments I will write to you and let you know that I am yet alive and well. I have just come off guard, having been on since 10 o'clock yesterday, two hours on and four off, so to-day I can rest. I was on guard last night from 10 till 2. Some of the officers came round dressed so that we should not know them, to try us. We put our 1st Lieutenant into the guard house. He was trying us, and tried to run guard. It is an awful place here, fresh pond on one side and a bog hole on the other, and is damp and foggy all night. If we stay here a week longer we shall all be sick with the cholera, for aught I know. There are quite a number now sick with the fever and ague. I had a slight attack of it the other night ; I took some Cholera Preventative, and it cured me. We did not have half enough to eat the two or three first days, nothing but bread and meat, and a pint of coffee morning and night. Some of the meat smelt so bad that we could not eat it. One of the Co.'s buried theirs under arms !—they had a great time. Since then we have had better food. This morning we had boiled eggs, with bread and coffee for breakfast. I don't know when we shall leave for the South ; I think they act rather droll about this regiment. The papers last night stated that we had been ordered forthwith to Washington by rail, but I don't believe anything these days.

Give my love to all. Good bye. A. A. K.

LETTER VIII.

WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 18, 1861.

Dear Parents :

Here we are in the great city of Washington. We arrived here last evening about half past six. Had a pleasant time coming, came through Baltimore about noon ; the streets were full of people, but all were still and quiet, you would not have known there was anybody there if you had not seen them. Our guns were loaded and capped. If they had made any demonstration we should have fired upon them.

When we left Boston we went by railroad to Groton, Ct., where we went on board the steamer Commonwealth. Started at daylight and passed down Long Island Sound. It was a pleasant day, I enjoyed it very much. We arrived at Jersey City at 2, P. M. We had refreshments, bread, meat and coffee ; at 5, started for Philadelphia, where we arrived at 6 in the morning, June 17 ; we then had some refreshments furnished by the Germans. As we were marching through the streets I had one of the most splendid bunches of flowers that I ever saw presented to me by a young lady. It was a most splendid thing, I wished I could send it home ; there were roses, honeysuckles, and many other kinds I did not know. After we left Philadelphia for Baltimore I was put on guard on the platform at the car door, so I had a good chance to see the country as we passed along. We went through some very pleasant places along the Delaware river ; there is a great deal of grain growing all through this part of the country, wheat, rye and corn. The corn looks backward, but the other grain looks well.

There are any quantity of darkies here in this city; there are four in the room where I am now, they are selling cakes, pies, milk, oranges and lemons. There are not as many people about the streets here as there are in Boston. The streets are a great deal wider than they are in Boston. I have not been about the city much yet, when I have, and have an opportunity, I will write you and give a description of the city, and of the places through which we passed as we came here. I could see the Federal camp from the car window as we passed on the railroad through Maryland. There are guards stationed along the line—they have their camps about one or two miles apart. They seemed to enjoy themselves; they cheered us heartily as we passed along. I am in tip-top health, but have not slept much since last Friday night.

Love to all.

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

LETTER IX.

CAMP BANKS, GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, JUNE 24, 1861.

Dear Parents:

Having a few leisure moments I will write you to let you know that I am alive and in good health and spirits, and am *cooking* the best I know how. We had beefsteak for supper to-night, and rice for dinner; the rice was boiled first rate. I made some sugar sauce to put on it. We are not allowed molasses, we have sugar but twice a day, but I got some to-day by flattering the Commissary, so the boys fare well, but some days we don't have half enough, and that not fit to eat. The meat is salt and dry, the bread is dry as chips, but we have coffee, three pounds at noon, and three at night, and twelve pounds of sugar

per day. I have got seventy-five pounds of salt beef, and twenty-five pounds of salt pork for to-morrow. To-day we had ten pounds rice, and one hundred and twenty-five pounds fresh beef. I have my hands full, overseeing the cookery and getting the provisions. I have to keep a strict account of every thing I get, from soap to candles, inclusive. For the *slops* I get my own washing done, and also that of some of the rest of the boys. I endeavor to look out for the best interest of the Co.; I find I have the good will of the Captain and all the men, for I try to serve them all alike. Col. Cowdin came along the other noon as I was serving out the dinner, and went off and told that Co. H. had a young fellow that served out the provisions in style; he said it was the best conducted cook house in the camp. So you see I don't lose anything by being accommodating.

We have not seen any fighting yet, but we may soon, for we are told that the rebels are marching towards us. We have 15,000 troops around us and at Washington.

I went into the woods in front of our camp to-day and dug some blood-root; there is any quantity of that and other medicinal roots and herbs here, and lots of flowers. I have not been on parade since I have been here, but they keep me cooking; well, I guess I can do it. We raised a flag this afternoon, and I climbed to the top of the pole and fastened the rope; *so I fastened the first flag rope of the 1st regiment in the South!*

Yesterday we had religious services by the Chaplain, the band played and the men sung. There is one of the largest reservoirs here that there are in the country. It covers between sixty and seventy-five acres of land, forty-

eight acres are water. It is built for the city of Washington; has been in process of building almost two years.

June 25. I have just received your letter; you ought to see the rush there is here when the mail comes in. If the people at home knew how much we thought of a letter they would write oftener. I send you some flowers that I gathered; the honeysuckles grow wild, there are two kinds, the other is a thistle. Did you get those leaves and flowers I sent you before? they came from the *President's garden*. There are lots of grapes here all along the Potomac. We have not had a *potato* since we have been here. As for the news, you get that sooner than we do. There is more about the times, the war, &c., in the "*Boston Journal*" than there is in a dozen of the Washington papers. I took some of *Dr. Johnson's medicine*,* and it cured me; it is first rate, I had the cholic.

June 30. I am as well as ever to-day. The head cook got mad this morning and would not cook any more, so I am chief cook now. Last night we had one hundred and twenty-five pounds fresh beef sent to us, and to-day I roasted six pans full of it in our brick oven. It was done nice, so we had a tip-top dinner. The rest of the meat we boiled, and shall have it cold for supper. To-morrow we are to have *flour* and make our own bread; I shall then have to set my wits to work. I wish I had some of the California yeast. But no more now. My love to all, write soon.

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

* A notice of this medicine will be found at the close of this book. It is prepared by the Editor.

LETTER X.

CAMP BANKS, GEORGETOWN, D. C., JULY 4, 1861.

Dear Parents:

I received your letter this morning. Glad to hear that you are all well, I am now, though I have been quite unwell with the dysentery, which is the prevailing disease here. It is very warm here to-day. This morning the band commenced playing as soon as it was light—played an hour, then went out to drill—then came breakfast of rice, *soft tack and coffee*. After that went to target shooting two hours, then returned to camp and laid around till dinner time; we had roast beef and *pulverized potatoes*. The potatoes are ground and dried, we then boil them in water, but it does not taste much like potatoes. Had lemonade, which was furnished by some of the officers. To-day is the Fourth of July! but I don't realize it, though I hear the guns all around us. We expected a fight to-day over in Virginia, I was in hopes it would come off. We have orders every night to have our guns and knapsacks where we can put our hands on them at any moment. To-day I suppose the fight commences in Congress. Gov. Andrew, Henry Wilson, and several others are here to-day, and are to make some speeches. Monday, July 1st, we had quite a time, there had been a shower gathering all the afternoon in the west and north, and just as the men were coming for supper (they come in *messes*, each mess has a certain number of men,) it began to rain, and it did rain, for I never saw it rain so in my life, it came down in buckets full. There is a little brook which comes from the reservoir and runs past our tent and cook-shed, and in a few moments after it commenced raining it

was quite a river ; you may well suppose that we were flooded. Our cook shop is made of four upright posts, with boards nailed round top and bottom to hold them up, and covered with bushes and leaves, so it would not keep very dry in a hard rain. I left for a tent. I had baked some beans, and I left a pan of them on a board in the shop. In a few moments I looked out of the tent and saw the beans sailing down stream toward the Potomac, (they were *secession beans* and were trying to escape, but the guard stopped them) ! Pots, pans, dishes, barrels, &c., were all washed away. I left fourteen pounds of sugar in a pan, and it all melted, so I had a pail full of syrup, all I had for our coffee next day. It thundered, lightened and blew tremendously. It was a real Southern thunder shower. The water was knee deep in our tent on one side, so none of the men slept there that night. Some of them slept in the other tents, and some in the *Irish barns* just outside the lines. I made up a roaring fire by the side of the oven, laid down a board, put some sticks of wood on each side, and a box for my pillow, rolled my blanket around me, laid with my feet to the fire, and although I was wet through, I was soon asleep. I went into it *hunter style*. Towards morning I awoke, and the first thing I saw was the great *Comet* ! Oh ! how splendid it did look. The tail reached clear across the sky, I went to sleep again, but awoke at 4, the time I get up every morning.

We built a brick oven, the best one on the ground—it will hold six pans. Going to have baked beans to-morrow. There is a great deal of grumbling among the men, but they must come to it ; I do not complain, I find we do better to keep quiet. To-night the guard is doubled, we

have heard heavy firing towards Fairfax Court House, which is only seven miles from here. Col. Cowdin has just received sealed orders. I do not know what they are. But I must bid you good-bye.

Yours, affectionately,

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

LETTER XI.

CAMP BANKS, JULY 5, 1861.

Dear Parents :

Among other things you will find in the box, is my *hard bread* ration for one meal ; we shall use our teeth all up if we have to eat much of this stuff. As our letters are all opened at Washington before they go, I cannot write how we fare ; if I should tell *all the truth* about it *the letter would not be sent* ! But as this will come by express, and will not be opened, I can tell you that we fare *hard* enough, and no mistake ! Some days we live first rate, and the next we don't have half enough. Up at the hospital if a man has some *tea* he must *pay* for it out of *his own pocket*. But these things won't last forever. Gov. Andrew was here yesterday, and I guess he saw some things that were not just right about the food. But I must close. I shall probably come home some time if I don't get shot. My love to all. Good-bye.

ALLEN.

LETTER XII.

CAMP BANKS, JULY 8, 1861.

Dear Parents :

I received your letter Saturday night ; glad to hear that you are all well. I am in tip-top health now, and *black*

as a nigger. Yesterday I went with the teams for flour to Washington. I have dark blue pants, (our new uniform) blue shirt, red scull cap with a long blue tassel, and my revolver in my belt. The people and soldiers flocked around me, they thought I was one of the "Ellsworth Zouaves." I did not enlighten them, I looked rather cross and savage. The people stared at me; it was somewhat funny.

I send you a piece of the *flag-staff* that *Ellsworth* cut down at the Marshal House in Alexandria, also a piece of the *stair* he stood on when Jackson shot him. Our Lieutenant went to Alexandria and got them; he made the guard turn his back while he chipped off a piece with his dirk knife. I *begged* a piece of him and send it to you; be careful of it, show it to the people as a trophy of war. I worked hard to get it.

Saturday they had a fight at Fairfax Court House; large number killed on both sides, such is the rumor. Two of our Co.'s started this morning at 6; went towards Harper's Ferry. Last night there was a fight about 15 miles from us. Ten dead bodies were brought down this morning in the canal boat.

Latest news. Our two Co.'s that went out this morning have been fired into by the rebel picket guard. One Capt. wounded, one private killed. The camp is all confusion. The fight has commenced; I can't write any more now. Good-bye.

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

LETTER XIII.

CAMP BANKS, JULY 10, 1861.

Dear Parents:

In my last letter I said that our Co.'s that went out on Monday had been fired into by the rebels, and one wounded and one killed, but it is not so. The rebels did indeed fire into them, but did not hit any one. Co. A. of Roxbury, killed two rebels last night, and one this morning. There were but two dead bodies brought down the canal, instead of ten.

We had another dreadful shower last night, it thundered, lightened and rained tremendously for an hour. Things in camp all afloat again. I have left off cooking for a few days, it was very hard work. I went on guard last night for the first time since we left Mass.; was out nearly all night.

One man in Co. C. died this morning at 2 o'clock, of dysentery and congestion of the lungs. The surgeon did not know what ailed him till after he was dead. A pretty man for a *surgeon* in an army.

I went out blackberrying this forenoon. Got a lot of them, some of them are an inch and a half long, the high ones. There were apples, gooseberries and currants in front of a large brick house. The owner was a secessionist, and has left. The rose I send you I picked from the garden there. Good-bye.

ALLEN.

LETTER XIV.

CAMP BANKS, JULY 14, 1861.

Dear Parents:

I received your letter this morning, for I went to bed last night before the mail arrived. I had been on guard the

night before. I will now give you a description of the guard duty which we perform. The "guard mounting" comes off at 9 o'clock in the morning. From sixteen to twenty men are taken from each Co.; after breakfast we put on our equipments, belts, cartridge-box containing forty rounds of ball cartridges, cap-box, containing one hundred percussion caps, and our canteens, which hold more than a quart of water; they are made of britannia. We then get all the men who are on guard in our Co. into line in front of our tents, and as soon as the band commences playing we start for the line in "double quick time" to see which Co. will get in place *first*. When we get into line we open our ranks and our guns are inspected by the Lieutenant of the guard. Those whose guns are right remain, those whose are not, are sent back to the tents for better ones. After our arms are inspected, we march in rows before the officers of the day, the Adjutant and Col. We are then marched to the guard tent and divided into *relieves*. The quarter guard is taken off first. They are stationed in front of the staff officers' tents, hospital and commissary's tents. They are called the *quarter guard*, the rest are called the *main guard*. These last named are divided into relieves; first, second and third relieves. The first relief goes on guard immediately after we are divided. They are on two hours, and are then relieved by the second relief, who stand two hours and are relieved by the third relief. So each is on two hours, off four. Each man has a beat of about five or six rods, in the night the distance is somewhat shorter. After 8 o'clock in the evening we begin to "challenge." If any one comes within a rod of us on the outside of the lines before 10 o'clock we *halt* him, that is if he is trying to

get in or out. After the "tattoo" is beaten on the drum we challenge any one who comes near us. Thus, "Halt! who goes there?" If he says "*friend*," we say, "advance friend and give the countersign." If he can give it right we let him pass, but if not we call for the Corporal of the guard. The posts are all numbered, so if it is No. 12, we call out, "Corporal of the guard, post No. 12." If the man we halted starts to run after we have called for the Corporal, we fire at him, and if he does not stop the first time we halt him, we call three times, and then if he does not stop we shoot him if we can. We have our guns loaded all the time, night and day. The night I was on guard, about 2 o'clock in the morning some one threw a stone at one of the guard and hit him in the leg. He saw the man run over a hill, he fired at him but did not hit him. The third relief was just turning out; I was among them; we went "double quick time" a considerable distance, but did not find any one.

At 5 o'clock this morning our Co. and Co. G. went out to skirmish drill, under Lieut. Col. Wells; we went about a mile from camp and drilled till nearly 8 o'clock, when we came back "double quick time," over brooks, fences, &c. It gave us a good appetite for breakfast of coffee, hard bread and beefsteak, a good breakfast enough if there had been enough of it. We have a meeting at 1 o'clock this afternoon. To-day has seemed more like Sunday than any day yet. We have evening meetings, and they are very good ones. The text to-day was the 2d verse of the 9th chapter of 1st Cor., "Know ye not that they which run a race, run all, but one receiveth the prize. So run that ye may obtain."

The way I sleep now is on three pitch pine sticks, turned bark down ; it makes a very good bed, only not as *soft as white pine* would be. Give my love to all the friends and neighbors.

From your Son,

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

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LETTER XV.

Battle of Bull Run.

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, JULY 25, 1861.

My Dear Parents :

Yesterday we moved from Camp Banks across the river to this place, which is just below Washington, and between Forts Corcoran and Albany. To-morrow our regiment will go to Fort Albany, which is about a mile from here. It is one of the outposts, and a very pleasant place ; it commands the long bridge, the road from Fairfax to Washington, and the Potomac. It is in fact the post of honor !

I will now give you a description of our march to the field of battle, and of the battle itself. Tuesday, July 16, orders came to pack our knapsacks, and prepare to march. We rolled our rubber and flannel blankets up together and slung them across our shoulders in light marching order, filled our canteens with water and our haversacks with hard bread and salt pork for three days' rations. I put some coffee and sugar into my pocket for my own use, and it came very convenient, as we shall see. We left our knapsacks in the care of the sick and those who were not able to march. We started from camp about 4, P. M. ; went past the Michigan regiment's camp ; they went with us. There were four regiments, the Mass. 1st,

the Michigan 2d and 3d, and the N. Y. 12th. We were under command of Col. Richardson and Gen. Tyler. The first place of interest which we past was the chain bridge across the Potomac. It is quite long ; on the hill above it are several cannon, in the centre of the bridge is a draw and a gate covered with wrought iron, with *port holes* through which to fire the cannon. The bridge is also fixed so that when a crowd of rebels get upon it, it can be pulled and precipitate them into the river, which is about thirty feet from the bridge, and is very rocky. As soon as we filed off the bridge our band struck up "Yankee Doodle." As we stepped upon the "sacred soil of Virginia" we marched at quick time, and there was some *cheering* I can tell you ; but we little knew what we were to pass through. We marched on, however, over some of the worst roads I ever saw, worse, if possible, than the road to the top of Noon Hill. The roads are full of stones and gullies. Virginia is indeed a desolate country ; most of the buildings are built of logs, the logs are hewed on the sides and placed above the other, and the cracks are filled in with mortar or mud ; the chimnies are built on the outside, they are composed of large stones. Again I say it is a rough looking country ; but I never saw blackberries so thick before. Would frequently "fall out of ranks," hop over the fence (Virginia fence) and pick our tin pots full in a very few moments, and then such large ones, it was perfect fun to pick them, and not at all unpleasant to eat them. We marched till 10, P. M., when we halted for the night. We camped on a low, marshy piece of ground in a place called Vienna, where the rebels fired upon the Ohio volunteers. We got to sleep about 11, P. M., we were so tired we did not eat any supper. We arose at sunrise

next morning, prepared our breakfast of hard bread, salt pork, and cold water, but I had a cup of coffee, owing to the foresight of putting some in my pocket. We got under way as soon as possible. Saw the cars which contained the above soldiers when they were attacked by the rebels, the cars were riddled with bullet holes. The boys in my tent went out "*grubbing*" and brought in *peaches* and potatoes, so we had *peach sauce*, soft bread and new potatoes; quite a treat for us *half starved men*! We then proceeded on our march; were very much troubled for the want of water. I never suffered so much from thirst before. When we came to a brook or spring the soldiers would break their ranks and run for the water, but it was mostly so muddy and rily that it was hardly fit to drink, but yet it was *water*! Our regiment headed the column. As we came upon the top of a hill it was a splendid sight to look as far as we could and see the road filled with soldiers, horses and wagons. We went through places where the rebels had had their camps and where they had felled the trees across the road to prevent us from passing, but they were soon cut away by our pioneers, who went ahead armed with guns and axes. We stopped that afternoon at 3 o'clock, in a fine place where we staid all night; there were 60,000 or 70,000 troops around us. We marched about ten miles that day (Wednesday) and then I had to go on *picket guard* all night; had about *one* hour's sleep; very good after marching all day.

We were placed in a piece of wood with orders to fire upon any one who should not halt and tell who he was. We did not see any one, but could hear people walking about in the woods. We got into camp about sunrise Thursday morning, found the boys all alive and stirring

about getting breakfast and preparing to march. I made some nice coffee, which went first rate. At 8, A. M., we started; as we went along saw places where the rebels had had their camp; near noon we came to places where their camp fires were burning. In some places they had cooked dinner, but in their hurry to leave they had thrown it away. In one place a wagon loaded with flour was stuck fast in the mud; they had unloaded it, stove in the heads of the barrels and left the flour in the road. We were hurried forward as fast as we could go. Between 1 and 2, P. M., we stopped to reconnoitre and to send scouts ahead. In about half an hour they returned and reported *rebels ahead*! We were up in a hurry, and two Co.'s of infantry and one of cavalry were sent forward. When we ascended a hill we could see men in a field about a mile distant—we could see the glittering of their bayonets. The General sent back for three pieces of artillery; when they were ready we opened fire upon them; you ought to have seen how they scattered and run into the woods. We fired some three or four rounds among them, when very suddenly a battery opened upon our left about a mile from us. We were then ordered about, and taking a circle came out at the left of our battery. We were then ordered into a field near some woods. Two Co.'s, G. and H., with our pioneers who had been ahead, commenced firing. Our Co. and Co. G. were then ordered into the woods; we did not know what was there, but we soon found out. We had got perhaps three rods into the woods when a murderous fire was opened upon us by the rebels from a masked battery; several of our men were killed and wounded. Three of my comrades fell dead at my side. Our Capt. then ordered us ahead, and on we

went. I saw a battery on a small hill. I saw an officer on the embankment beside a cannon; I brought my rifle to my shoulder and fired at him. He threw up his arms and fell headlong down the bank. A perfect volley of rifle shot then rained around me; one bullet struck me on the breast, went through my blanket and hit the eagle on my cross belt, and knocked me down. Another ball cut off my cap box. Our Capt. then ordered a retreat, and we started for the open ground. The balls fell like hailstones around us, but I did not mind them; was as cool as ice. When I had got out of the woods and was walking along, a cannon ball struck the ground about a rod behind me, and rebounding, hit me in the joint of the knee, upon the under side, and knocked me down. I did not know where I was for several minutes. When I got up I could not stand. Two of the N. Y. 69th took me up and carried me to the wagons. I did not think I was hurt much, but I found I could not walk, so I was carried to the hospital at Centreville, where I staid till Sunday, when I went out to join my Co., but they would not let me, so I remained with the wagons. At 5, P. M., an order came for the wagons to retreat back towards Fairfax. I got on board one of the wagons, rode all night, and next morning found myself in Washington. I am quite lame now, so that I don't go round much. I do not know what they will do with me. *I shall try to get home if I can. No more this time. Don't worry about me! Love to all.*

ALLEN.

JOURNAL.

MEDFIELD, SEPT. 11, 1861.

Left home at 2 o'clock this afternoon for the depot on the Charles River railroad, to take the cars for Boston, *en route* for the seat of war. Father and Uncle Davis accompanied me to the depot. I reached Boston at 6, P. M.; staid over night at Mr. A. M. Robbins'.

Sept. 12. At Roxbury. Fair and bright, but rather cool. Went to Chelsea to see Sergeant Gerrish; saw several others who had enlisted, and were going with us. At half past 5, P. M., started for Providence via Boston and Providence railroad. There were twenty-four of us under the care of Sergeant Gerrish; Grover, Huse and myself being the "old sogers." Stopped but once, at Mansfield, between Boston and Providence. As we passed over the Canton Viaduct I could see *Old Noon Hill* [a high hill in Medfield, a short distance from his father's residence—Ed.] in the distance; *I kept my eyes upon it as long as it remained in view, and I thought of the home and friends I had left behind. How long will it be before I look upon its pleasant top again? And will the star-spangled banner wave over it then, or the pirate flag of traitors? If*

not my country's banner, then let me never see it again:
[A more touching and sublime expression of devoted patriotism is hardly to be found in our language—Ed.]

At 9, P. M., we left Providence for Groton; stopped at Kingston, Ct. At Stonington we took the boat Plymouth Rock at 10 o'clock, P. M., for New York. After stowing away our things as best we could, I went to look for my rations. In the cabin found a table covered with good things, so down I sat and began to eat; hunger makes a man cheery, I was somewhat so. A man came along for tickets; charged half a dollar for the supper. Paid him. Guess I ate half a dollar's worth! Laid down on the floor of the lower deck, by the side of a big box, my head on my knapsack, and went to sleep. Awakened by loud talk between the Captain and an officer from New York; came near having a fight, but did not.

Sept. 13. Arrived at New York at sunrise this morning. As the quarter-master was absent, our *guide* gave us fifteen minutes to procure breakfast; after traversing half a dozen streets we came to an eating house, got something to eat, returned, but found we were too late for the cars for Philadelphia; roamed about the city, visited Barnum's Museum, spent two hours pleasantly looking at the sights. Left New York at 6, P. M.

Sept. 14. Arrived at Baltimore at 4 this morning. The boys were furnished with refreshments by the Union Relief Society of Baltimore. At half past 8, A. M., started for Washington, where we arrived at 11, A. M. In camp, took up my abode in Tent No. 1; pleasant place.

Sept. 15. In Camp Union, Bladensburg, Md. Pleasant. Seems like getting among old friends to be in camp again.

Sept. 16. Very pleasant to-day. Last night we were called out to strike the tents and send them to the Co. who had gone to Frederick, Md. We went to the camp of the 11th regiment.

Sept. 17. Bright and fine. Our tents came back, the Col. would not have them, so this morning we went to work and pitched the tents, and are now in them.

Sept. 18. Fair and hot. Live easy now the regiment is gone; rained like sixty to-night.

Sept. 19. Fair and hot. The Lieut. set eight of us to work cleaning old guns. I cleaned two and left.

Sept. 20. Visited the new fort. It is very long; a great many workmen at work upon it.

Sept. 21. Cloudy. Received the first letter to-day that I have had since I left home; glad to hear from the people.

Sept. 22. Cold and cloudy. Laid cold all night; saw a large fire at the Southeast, in the direction of Baltimore. The Lieut. said the Gen. would inspect us to-day, but he did not come, so the Lieut. did it alone.

Dec. 25. Christmas day. Well, here we are in Camp Hooker. A fine day for so late in the season.

"The path of glory leads but to the grave."

Jan. 1, 1862. Camp Hooker, Budd's Ferry, Md. Here we are yet in the union army, and here likely to be for a season. It is as pleasant as it is in April. Our Co. have not finished their house, yet we have a good roof to sleep under. I wonder *where we* shall be next year at this time. *Who knows!*

Jan. 2. Fair and cold. The wind blew severely last night; we have very high winds here. Our house is most

done, I have been plastering up the cracks. At 10, A. M., we heard firing on the river, went up the hill, saw the steam gunboat *Anicostia* shelling the battery on Cockpit Point. Some of the shells burst right in the rebel camp.

Jan. 6. Cold and cloudy. Tremendous cold washing in the brook. The rebels on Cockpit Point fired two shots at the old fish on Stump Neck.

Jan. 7. Cold. On guard. At night I went with Billy Davis down to the boat house to get some oysters from a sloop that lay in the river. Went on the ice to the sloop, when almost there the ice broke and down I went so that my feet touched bottom. I caught hold of the side of the vessel and climbed upon deck; was some wet, but I got the oysters.

Jan. 8. Cold but pleasant. Went on guard at 5 o'clock this morning. Between 5 and 6 heard heavy firing down the river towards Aquia Creek; heard a *robin* singing at sunrise this morning.

Jan. 9. Warm and pleasant to-day, the ice and snow have melted, and it is very muddy.

Jan. 10. Raining and foggy. Mud knee deep on the parade and camp ground; been at work in the cook shop.

Jan. 11. Warm and pleasant, but very muddy. Been cutting pine logs for the cook house. Salt junk and potatoes for dinner. Made a stool from a pine tree, quite a fancy seat.

Jan. 12. Warm and pleasant. A high south wind. The *Pensacola* went down the river to-day, the rebels fired at her; she had a lot of hay on the rebel side to prevent their shots from injuring her.

Jan. 13. Cold and fair. This is my birthday, I am 22 years old. How time flies; it does not seem as though I was 22. Only a few years ago I was a boy and going to school, now I am a "soger" in Uncle Sam's army. How long I shall be here I do not know. Where was I last year at this time? Having a good time at home with those I love, but alas! where am I now?

Jan. 14. Cold and snowing. Must go on guard to-day in this storm. Well, so goes the world.

Jan. 20. Foggy and raining. Awful muddy. "*Johnny*" has been firing at a schooner that ran down as far as Stump Neck. Quite a thunder storm to-day.

Jan. 22. Raining. On guard to-day; stationed at the guard house to guard the prisoners.

Jan. 24. Cold, cloudy, and wind northeast. Snowed in the morning, rained in the afternoon, and hailed in the evening.

Jan. 25. Fair and pleasant. First fair day we have had for twenty days past. Some grumbling in the camp yet.

Jan. 26. Fair and pleasant. Rebels fired a few times at a schooner which came down the river.

Jan. 28. Rainy in the morning, fair in the afternoon. Been sick and dizzy all day. "*Johnny Rebel*" has been firing at one thing and another to-day. Our regiment have got to build a road to the landing. That don't look much like leaving this place.

Jan. 31. Cloudy and stormy. A sad accident occurred to-day; one of the men in Co. I was practicing bayonet drill, and not knowing that his gun was loaded,

he snapped it, when it exploded and struck a man named Barlow, killing him instantly.

Feb. 1. Another month has commenced. Rain and snow. No prospect of an immediate movement, don't think there will be before spring.

Feb. 3. Snowing like sixty. I joined the "Fay Literary Institute to-day." They have quite a library of books.

Feb. 5. Fair. On picket guard at the boat house. Went on guard at half past 3, off at half past six, on again at 12, and staid till 6, A. M. Countersign is Moscow.

Feb. 6. Rainy. Came off guard at 6, did not get up to breakfast till half past 9; was hungry and sleepy.

Feb. 7. Cloudy. To-day heard of the capture of Fort Henry on the East Tennessee, 55 miles from Columbus. *Hurra!* This cuts off the communication with the rebel army on the Potomac.

Feb. 9. Very pleasant. I would like to be at home or in Roxbury this morning, but that can't be.

Feb. 12. A splendid day. Dr. Bell, the Division Surgeon, died last night. The rebels have been firing pretty smart; no damage done. The news of the fight on Roanoke Island was received to-night.

Feb. 13. Another splendid day. As warm as it is at home in April or May. The band have been playing at the Temperance meeting this evening; they are now playing at Col. Cowdin's head-quarters.

Feb. 14. Cloudy. Went to the Chapel Tent to practice on the bugle. Had flatjacks for supper.

Feb. 17. Cloudy and rainy. Glorious news to-night.

The capture of Fort Donelson with 15,000 troops, and three rebel Generals. The band came out and played all the national airs. The camp is all excitement.

Feb. 19. Rainy. Last night the band serenaded Col. Wells. He made a speech; said we had the most dangerous position of any Division on the Potomac; that we might expect to see some hard fighting in a few weeks, and perhaps in a few days. Col. Cowdin came back to-day and took command of the regiment.

Feb. 20. Fair. Bets are plenty that we shall be in Boston by the 4th of July, but I "don't see it." We may be at home in a year from this time, I don't think we shall before.

Feb. 21. Fair. General inspection and review by Brig-Gen. Neagles. Two of Whitworth's patent breech loading guns for this Division came down from Washington to-day. They are nine feet long, and will throw a 34 pound ball seven miles. The rebels are leaving the other side of the river.

Feb. 22. Rainy. Heard the roaring of cannon at Washington, celebrating the birthday of the "Father of his Country." The gunboats and battery have been firing considerable to-day, but can get no response from "Johnny."

Feb. 23. Raining. A barrel of apples was distributed amongst our Co. to-day, five apples to each man. It was presented to us by the Messrs. Hall of Chelsea, who were here a few days ago.

Feb. 24. Fair and windy. I have been over in the woods practicing the *calls*. Came up a shower; I crawled under a bush, did not get wet any. Went down to the

cook house and fried some flatjacks from Baltimore and Philadelphia flour.

Feb. 26. Fair and pleasant. Had apple dumplings for didner. Received a box from ———, containing pies, cakes and gingerbread.

March 2. Fair in the forenoon, hailed and snowed in the afternoon, and fine this evening. "Johnny" has been firing at the balloon.

March 4. Fair and bright. Fifty new recruits for this regiment and the 11th came here to-day. At dress parade to-night, Col. Cowdin received a splendid sword, epaulettes, boots, &c., a gift from his friends in Boston. They were presented by a Mr. Mason, of Boston.

March 7. Fair and cold, so cold that we did not drill. The Whitworth guns were fired this afternoon at the Timber Barrack battery. The rebels responded, but could not throw their balls any where near us, so it is no use for them to try.

March 11. Beautiful morning. The birds were singing gaily at sunrise. I came off guard at 8, A. M. Thirty men from each Co. have gone over the river.

LETTERS.

LETTER XVI.

CAMP UNION, BLADENSBURG, MD., SEPT. 14, 1861.

Dear Parents :

I have just arrived in the land of *salt junk* and *hard bread*. We left the Providence depot in Boston on Thursday, at half past 5, P. M. Arrived at Groton, Ct. same night at half past 10. Went on board the steamer Plymouth Rock for New York. Had a pleasant time crossing the Sound. Arrived at New York at 6 next morning ; did not sleep much during the night. Went up into the city to get breakfast, there were twenty-three of us. One of the boys got left behind, and by waiting for him we were too late for the cars to Philadelphia, so we had to stop in the city till 6, P. M. I went to Barnum's Museum and Fulton Market, and saw a few of the wonders and sights of Gotham. At 6, P. M., we started for Philadelphia ; arrived at 9 in the evening, left immediately for Baltimore ; arrived there at 4 next morning, and at half past 8 started for Washington. Reached our old

camp at 11, A. M.; learned that our regiment had gone to Aquia Creek on a scouting expedition. I am more lame than I was, probably it is owing to walking on the pavement so much. I found all my things except my gun.

Yours in haste,

ALLEN.

LETTER XVII.

CAMP UNION, BLADENSBURG, MD., SEPT. 22, 1861.

My Dear Parents :

Not having much to do, and not having heard from you, I thought I would write again, as you might not have received the one I wrote before. Had a very pleasant time getting here, and have not done anything since I have been here, as our regiment has gone to St. Fredericks, about 60 miles distant. They are breaking up the small parties of rebel cavalry, hunting up concealed arms and ammunition. They have taken quite a number of arms, some of them were hid in churches, and some buried in the woods. They have taken several prisoners and a great number of horses. They search every house they pass. I should like to be with them. I enjoy myself as it is, all I have to do is to *read*, (if I can get anything to read) eat my meals, and go *champing* sweet potatoes, melons, persimmons, &c. *I live high!* Had baked beans for breakfast this morning! wanted some brown bread with them.

We are camped in sight of the railroad; can see every train that passes. There have been two and three regiments pass towards Washington every day since I have been here, and one day six past during the day and night. I

don't see where they all came from, or what they do with them all. The rebels come nearer every day, but they *can't* take Washington; it is entirely surrounded with Federal troops, and forts are built on every side. There is a fort just below us, and one on the top of the hill, with trenches on each side more than a mile long. What an immense amount of money it will cost the United States for all these fortifications! We hear heavy cannonading every day, but it is at the navy-yard, out at the forts, and in the city. It is done for a blind to prevent the enemy from knowing where we make the attack. When the attack is commenced, it will not close except with the total clearing out of all *Secessia*. Good-bye for the present.

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

LETTER XVIII.

CAMP UNION, BLADENSBURG, MD., SEPT. 29, 1861.

My Dear Parents :

My knee is so lame that I can't drill or march with the Co. at all. It don't do me any good laying on the ground these cold nights. The nights are very cold; I do wish they would send us our winter clothes. We are told that the rebels are getting very much dissatisfied, for they have to live mostly on *potatoes* and salt, and we don't live much better some of the time. When we have money we buy milk and butter; but milk is ten cents per quart, and butter thirty cents per pound. We have been paid off. I have sent home a large part of mine. Some of the boys *lost* all their two months' pay *gambling!* We have a *kitten* in our tent; we give it milk night and morning when we have it, otherwise she takes *camp fare*.

Good-bye.

ALLEN.

LETTER XIX.

CAMP UNION, BLADENSBURG, MD., OCT. 9, 1861.

My Dear Parents :

Having a few leisure moments I will improve them by writing to you. Last Thursday I left camp with twenty others and a train of twelve wagons loaded with tents and provisions, for the regiment at lower Marlborough, some forty or fifty miles distant. The first day we marched twenty miles to upper Marlborough, which is considerable of a place, containing a court house, two hotels, three stores, two bakeries, one dry goods store, and two printing offices. We arrived there at 8, P. M. ; went to the hotel for supper. Paid fifty cents, but I ate my money's worth. Had hot biscuit, cold ham, fried liver, and coffee. Slept that night on the *piazza* of the hotel ; was lame enough in the morning. About one o'clock in the morning Lieut. Austin arrived from Camp Union, (which we left the morning before) with orders for us all to return back to camp immediately. They all started back, but five others and myself were left on guard ; what we had to guard was knapsacks, hard bread, and salt beef ; it was stored in the hotel yard. I had a fine opportunity to look about the town ; there are some very pretty residences here. The largest hotel is kept by Medley & Dyer, and is called the "Marlborough House." The other hotel is kept by John Gardner, and is called the "Farmer's Hotel." On the road from Camp Union, after we left the river, there is nothing but tobacco plantations. There are acres and acres of it ; some of it was picked and hung up in barns to dry, and immense quantities of it still green and growing. I send you some of the tobacco plants. There are

not many fences along the road, but at the end of each man's plantation is a gate, so in travelling all day we have to open nearly a hundred gates. On some of the farms the road went right through the cornfields, or tobacco patches, with no fence on either side. In the cornfields we could not see anything on either side but corn. It is very sandy down in "that part of the country," a sort of red sand. In some places in the road it is nearly knee deep ! Saturday the regiment all came back from lower Marlborough, and we all marched back to Camp Union. We slept out in the open air last night ; as it was not cold we got along very well, though my knee was very lame in the morning. Had tea and hard bread for supper, and hard bread and tea for breakfast.

A. A. K.

LETTER XX.

BUDD'S FERRY, MD., OCT. 27, 1861.

My Dear Parents :

I thought I would write you as our Commissary goes to Washington to-morrow ; I can send the letter by him to have it mailed there. We have just had a long, hard march of sixty miles ; we started Thursday at 7, A. M., marched twelve miles that day ; camped over night in some heavy timber. Started next morning at 7, marched twenty miles that day to Piscataquia, where we camped for the night. We built bush tents to sleep under both nights. Saturday morning started at 7, marched till 8, P. M. ; we halted for dinner of hard bread, only two apiece (crackers and meat). Some of the boys had none at all. We marched twenty-five miles that day, when we arrived in camp. I was so lame and tired that I could

not raise my hand to my head without groaning. We carried our knapsacks on our backs, which weigh about fifty pounds. I did not carry a gun as I am bugler; I march at the head of the regiment. The roads here are awful; some places the mud is nearly knee deep, and in it are all rocks. I thought the march to Bull Run a hard one, but this was a much harder one. I think you would laugh to see us in our bush tent; two of us are writing, one is asleep, and the other smoking in the door way of the tent. We have straw to sleep on. A bayonet stuck in the ground with a candle in it is our light.

Give my love to all. Good-bye.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXI.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., NOV. 7, 1861.

My Dear Parents:

I am alive and in good health, except a slight cold. My weight is 140 pounds, I am getting fat on hard bread and coffee, six hard breads and a pint of coffee night and morning. We have our tents now; can keep warmer than in our bush tent. We have a mail three times a week. The rebels are very still on the other side of the river, opposite our camp. They have not fired any shells at us since last Sunday. There are ten of us who play on the bugle; we go out with the regiment in the forenoon, and practice together in the afternoon; we can make noise enough. There are great quantities of persimmons here. *I wish I had sent some of them home.* The ripe ones are tip-top, but those that are about half ripe will pucker up your mouth so that you would not know whether you were

whistling or singing. There is a great deal of fever bush here. Lots of coons and rabbits.

Love to all. *Write often.*

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

LETTER XXII.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., NOV. 15, 1861.

My Dear Parents:

I received your letter last night. We have not had a mail before for a week; there were four bags full. We came very near having a fight yesterday. The opposite side of the river is lined with rebel batteries, and they fire upon any boat that passes. The other day an oyster schooner went up the river, and the rebels fired thirty shots at her, but did not hurt any one. Well, yesterday morning as a schooner laden with wood was going up towards the city, she got past all the forts, when she got stuck in the mud, right opposite a point of land on the other side, and about half a mile from this side. As soon as it was light enough for them to see, the rebels ran a battery of six pieces of artillery down upon the point, and commenced firing at the schooner. They fired some thirty shots, when they launched four boats and started for her. As soon as our men saw the boats, the bugle sounded the assembly for them to "fall in," when twenty men of Co. H started for the shore opposite the schooner. They had to go about five miles, two by water, and the rest by land. They got there just as one of the rebel boats did. They commenced firing upon the rebels, but they got on board and tried to set the schooner on fire, but Co. A went down in boats and put it out. Our men fired six shots apiece;

they killed three of the rebels. Two pieces of artillery were sent down to the shore, but did not get there till after the rebel boats had got back to the other shore. As soon as the artillery got down to the shore they fired across to the other shore, which was *black with confederate soldiers*. As soon, however, as the artillery fired on them they left. The first shot struck in the water, but the second struck right in amongst them, and they began to leave in a hurry.

We can see a regiment drilling every day on a hill opposite us, across the river, and when it is still at night we can hear them talk. The other night our pickets and theirs talked together all night. They told us to bring over our horses and get some hay! They took one of our vessels loaded with hay a short time before we came here. But I must close now. Love to all.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXIII.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., NOV. 22, 1861.

My Dear Parents :

Mayor Fay came here Wednesday with four other men from Chelsea, and brought us a Thanksgiving dinner. There were three hundred pounds cooked turkey, two hundred plum puddings, cakes, cheese, oysters, apples, cranberry sauce, nuts, rasins, and everything for a tip-top dinner. We had the dinner in an *Old Secesh's* barn, a little way from camp. It was owned by Mr. Perry. We had enough to eat, and some to spare; we enjoyed ourselves first rate, but not quite as well as we should at home! The Mayor brought out blankets, stockings and drawers. I got me a new thick blanket, my old one was

rather thin, for it is very cold here now, but I shall be quite comfortable in our log house with two blankets.

We had fine times here yesterday, chasing a *greased pig*. There were four or five of them let loose on the parade ground for us to chase, and such sport I never saw, but *I cannot run*, it tires me and makes me limp.

Last night the men had orders to sleep with their guns in reach, to turn out at a moment's notice. The Col. sent word to me to sleep with one eye open for any orders that might come to me to sound the bugle to turn out, as he expected an attack. My respects to all.

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

LETTER XXIV.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., DEC. 8, 1861.

My Dear Parents:

The other day the rebels came very near throwing a 64-pound shell into our camp. It came within a hundred feet of the hospital building and burst. It made a hole in the ground five feet long and two feet deep. They were firing at a balloon we have here, and came in range of our camp. At the time it was fired the regiment were drilling in the field opposite the camp. At the instant it came over us, for it came directly over our heads, I was sounding the "retreat" on the bugle. As soon as I heard it coming I fell flat on the ground; it made a tremendous noise when it came. The day it was fired Gen. Wigfall, of Texas, was in the rebel battery from which it was thrown. We fired three or four shells, one of which burst right amongst them, dismounting one of their cannon, and killing one of their men.

I bought me a pair of opera glasses last Saturday, and this morning I had a good chance to try them. I went out upon the hill in front of the camp to take a look upon the river. Three of our gunboats and the Harriet Lane were in the stream. As I sat looking at them, one of them, the *Yankee*, steamed out into the middle of the river, and fired a shell up into the woods on Freestone Point. I kept watch toward the woods, and after six or seven shots from the gunboat, I saw a regiment of rebels with three wagons leave the woods at a "double quick" gait. I could see the shells explode, and the rebels flying in every direction. There was a continual roar of the guns and explosions of the shells for an hour or more. After that, one of the boats went down and the men went on shore, but the rebels were all gone. A house filled with Quarter Masters' and Sutlers' supplies was set on fire. They took down a flag from a house which the rebels, in their haste to get away, had left.

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

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LETTER XXV.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., DEC. 29, 1861.

Dear Parents:

The rumor of war with England makes a great deal of talk in camp; some think we shall have to fight British troops as well as Southern rebels. I think we shall probably have a long war, not with England, but with the South. There are too many traitors in office under the Federal government.

There are a great many people who know nothing about the army only what they read in the papers. They don't see what *we see* who compose the army.

Christmas was very pleasant. Some of the tents were trimmed up and looked first rate. I wish I could send you some of the *holly trees*, they are splendid; they have green leaves and red berries. I am in good health, weigh one hundred and fifty pounds; well I don't do much, but whittle, smoke and read. We have soft bread now, baked in the regimental ovens, each man has one loaf a day, about the size of the five cent baker's loaves at home. This lasts for three meals. At noon we sometimes have soup, roast beef, or salt horse (salt beef). Three times a week we have baked beans for breakfast. On the whole, we live pretty well just now. I send you some seeds—the black ones are morning glories. The three small white ones are a species of *cactus* that grows on the banks of the Potomac. I could not find any more ripe seeds. The leaves are in the shape of a heart. The darkies say the blossoms are red and white. You can plant the seeds, perhaps they will come up.

Well I must now close and go and get some *feathers* to sleep on. Said *feathers* are *cedar boughs*! They make a tip-top bed, but won't last long. They soon get dry and crumble up. We have a funny little stove in our tent, it is shaped like an *inverted tunnel*. It stands in the centre of the tent; the pipe goes two thirds of the way to the top; it warms up the tent finely.

Give my love to all. ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

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LETTER XXVI.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., FEB. 6, 1862.

Dear Parents:

I received your welcome letter of Feb. 2d last night. Glad to hear from you, and that you are all well. My

cold is some better, but my knee pains me very much. Sometimes it aches so that I can't sit still, but have to keep moving about. I am rather sleepy to-night, did not get any sleep at all last night. I went on guard at 12 o'clock at night, and remained till six this morning. *Six* hours on and *six* off. Rather hard, but such is life. Our regiment is helping build a road from here to the landing on Mattawoman Creek, about five miles. Each regiment does a certain part of the work. We have got a new flag, a *garrison* flag, which means that some of the regiments will remain here. I hope it will be ours, for we have nice comfortable quarters now, dry and warm. I have joined the "Fay Literary Institute," a sort of Lyceum. We have a library of about 500 or 600 volumes of good reading, so I can read when I have nothing else to do. It is very pleasant, all the boys in my section belong. It is not cold here now, the birds singing every day as merrily as they do at home in May or June.

Love to all.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXVII.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., FEB. 14, 1862.

Dear Parents :

We have just heard of the capture of Roanoke Island. The boys are quite excited by this and the capture of Fort Henry in Tennessee. We heard also last night of the burning of Elizabeth City. Our troops are now on the straight road to Norfolk. Gen. Hooker told Col. Cowdin that he (Col. Cowdin) and his men would be on Boston Common in May, but I don't see it in that light. The war may end about the 4th of July, but there will be a

standing army for years, and this regiment will probably garrison some fort.

We are at work building a road, as I told you before. The way we do is, we cut pine and cedar brush, cart them up to where we are building, large logs are laid down each side; we then fill in the brush and cover over with dirt. It makes a first rate road. It astonishes the Marylanders to see the Massachusetts men make roads, *something which they have never done!*

Love to all. Good-bye.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXVIII.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., FEB. 21, 1862.

Dear Parents :

It has been very pleasant here to-day. We have been reviewed by our new Brig.-Gen., Neagles. He is worth \$500,000, and bought his commission. To-day there were two cannon brought down from Washington for this division. They are Whitworth's breech-loading rifled guns. They were presented to our government by the loyal Americans in England. There are four others of the same kind, and which came from the same source, now at Washington. They will throw a thirty-four pound conical ball seven miles. They are on the hill in front of our camp; to-morrow they will pay their respects to "Johnny Rebel." By the way, however, the rebels are leaving the other side and moving further back; they have been burning their barracks to-day, and moving some of their guns. Three schooners went down the river to-day and were not fired upon, a thing which has not been done since we have been here. Rumor says they are concentrating their forces,

and will try to cross the river, break our lines and get into Washington. Should like to see them try it, perhaps they would have a good time doing it. We may have a battle soon; our regiment is under marching orders. I hope we shall be in one more battle; I want to see *one victory* myself. Some of the boys think we shall be at home by the 4th of July, but I don't think so.

My love to all.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXIX.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., FEB. 27, 1862.

My Dear Parents:

It rains here quite hard to-night, but I am in the cook house by a good fire, with a barrel and a large box cover on it for a table. There are three of us around it, all writing letters. Yesterday they tried the new guns which I wrote about in my other letter. They fired at the rebel battery on Shipping Point. The first shot fell short of the battery and struck in the water; the second shot went plump into the battery. Every shot after that struck either in the battery or in their camp back of the battery. With our glasses we could see the effect the shots produced upon the rebels. I guess they thought we had got Queen Victoria's *pocket piece* that threw a ball across the straits from Dover to Calais, (France) which is 21 miles.

Our Lieut. said we should see fighting in forty-eight hours, but I don't see it so. There will be no forward movement on the Potomac for some time yet. As long as these rains continue to come we cannot move. It is an utter impossibility for an army of 70,000 or 80,000 men to march over such roads as these.

We are not to be paid off till the first of April. As there is not money enough in the treasury to pay all the troops, what money there is will go to pay the western troops who have been fighting so much of late; well, I am willing. I see by the papers that there is a bill before the Senate to send home the first three regiments from each State, but I hope this will not be done till rebellion is crushed; it is now in its last throes if I am right.

Good night.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXX.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., MARCH 9, 1862.

My Dear Parents:

This has been an eventful day, one long to be remembered by the 1st Regiment. Just after dinner I went out upon the parade ground to look over and see "Johnny Rebel." I had not been there long when our gunboat *Anicostia* came down from the upper flotilla and commenced firing shells into Timber Bench battery. They fired some twenty-five or thirty shots, but could get no answer from the rebels. They then sent a boat loaded with men to the shore; they landed without any trouble, and finding the battery deserted they waved the stars and stripes over it. At the moment the boat reached the shore we saw smoke at Shipping Point battery; it grew larger and larger; very soon we heard explosions of powder, and soon smoke from the rebel steamer *Page*. It began to blaze, and soon was all on fire. It was a splendid scene; the heavy smoke and frequent explosions, and the timbers, dirt and stones flying in every direction. We thought the rebels were leaving in earnest. At 3, P. M., the barge

started loaded with boys from all the Co.'s but Co. H. They went to the gunboat which towed them down to Shipping Point where they landed, but found no one. The works were all burnt and blown up. All their largest guns were loaded to the muzzle with powder, and then spiked, and covered up with wood and set on fire, so that the guns might get hot and explode. There were ten large guns and *two large sticks of wood painted black and made to represent large cannon!* They burned up thousands of dollars worth of ammunition. The boxes of ammunition would get on fire and go off like cannon, and then rattle like musketry. Our boys saw the magazine on fire when they got there; *there was a fuse leading to the powder on fire, but our boys cut the fuse and saved the powder!*

Everything is in confusion in camp to-night. You must watch the papers now for a big battle; perhaps it will be fought soon. The sooner it is fought, the sooner we shall be at home. *But we may never see another battle;* but I hope we shall, for I want to *wipe out the Bull Run retreat!* And if the Massachusetts 1st get a chance, they will do it with a will; there will be no cowards to run this time!

Give my love to all.

A. A. K.

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LETTER XXXI.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., MARCH 14, 1862.

My Dear Parents:

I informed you in my last of the evacuation of the rebel batteries on the opposite side, and that all our regiment except Co. H, who were left on guard, had gone across to

them, but we went over on Wednesday. We crossed in a ferry boat and barges, and such a sight as met our gaze! There was a fence along the shore eight or ten feet high, so that if a force was landed on the beach they could not get over. After we got inside we found the ground covered with shot and shells, and the wrecks of gun carriages which had been blown up. There were twelve large guns, some of them in good condition, except being spiked. The houses were built *under* ground. They dug into the side of a hill, crected logs for pillars, and logs over the top, and then covered over with dirt three feet deep. They are damp, dark miserable hovels to live in. About a mile from the battery was the camp ground of the 22d North Carolina regiment. Their huts were like those at the battery, only they were covered with tents, and had a fire-place in each. From four to six men *bunked* in a house. The men in each house cooked for themselves. The ground was strewn with pans and kettles of various sorts; there were Dutch ovens, &c. At the Commissary's were two beef creatures killed and cut up ready to be dealt out to the cooks. There was rice, unroasted coffee, flour, &c. The rebels left in such a hurry that they could not take it with them. A little farther on was the camp of an Alabama regiment; near this was a *Sutler's shop and post office*. The keeper had left stores to the amount of 4000 or 5000 dollars; but I tell you the boys did not leave everything as they found it. There was sugar, flour, tea, coffee, candles, clothes, knives, nuts, preserved peaches, candies of all kinds, and in fact about everything usually kept in a country store. I did not get many things as I was with a scouting party, and had to keep near the Col. with my bugle. I got a *violin*, box and all, a lot of violin

strings, some fish lines, buttons that I found in the Carolina camp, a book, a lot of letters, and some combs.

But I must close. Good night.

ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

LETTER XXXII.

CAMP HOOKER, MD., APRIL 4, 1862.

Dear Father and Mother :

We have not left here yet, but this is the last night we shall stay here. We start at 7 o'clock to-morrow morning. The schooners and transports are now laying off the shore in readiness for us. We are going to Hampton, near Fortress Monroe. Everything has been given out to us to-night; every two men have a tent for themselves. We shall have to carry them on the top of our knapsacks. The tents are in two pieces, one man carries one half, and the other man carries the other half. We use our guns for tent poles. Each piece is five feet square; ten feet square when buttoned together. Yesterday one of the New Hampshire boys was shot dead while on the other side of the river by a rebel scout. One of the New Hampshire Co.'s were across the river digging up some cannon balls; three of them strayed off some distance from the rest, when they were fired upon by a party of rebel scouts, and one killed. To-day about 1000 of Sickles' brigade went across and captured fifteen men and thirty horses of a rebel cavalry Co. One of the rebel prisoners had his hand shot off, and he acknowledged that he was the one who shot the New Hampshire man.

My love to all inquiring friends.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXXIII.

SHIP POINT, BUCK RIVER, VA., APRIL 12, 1862.

Dear Father and Mother :

Here I am again upon the "sacred soil of Virginia." We left Camp Hooker last Saturday morning; went on board the steamer "Kennebeck," but as it stormed we did not sail till Monday. We went as far as the mouth of the river, (Potomac) and it blew and stormed so that the Capt. of the boat dared not go out in the bay. We lay at anchor till Wednesday night, when it cleared off and we set sail, but it was tremendous rough on the bay. We reached Fortress Monroe Thursday at 9, A. M. There was a large fleet of vessels here; we went alongside of the *Monitor*. I can assure you she is a curious looking thing. We saw the places where the shots from the *Merimac* struck it and made dents in it. We saw the Stevens' battery and the steamer Vanderbilt, which is made to run twenty-two knots per hour, double engines and steel prow. At 1, P. M., Thursday, we left the fortress for York River, Va.; but we are now this side of Buck River, in a small creek called *Buck River*. The ground is very low here, but we are encamped in some pine woods. All day yesterday steamers were coming in with troops; there are 120,000 right around us now. It was one of the greatest sights I ever saw, to see the camp fires last night. As far as I could see the land seemed covered with men and horses. Close to us is a brigade of cavalry, 3000 men; they have a mounted band with them. We are only five miles from Yorktown where there is a large force of rebels. Gen. McClellan is in command here now, in person; I have not seen him yet for he is on the out-

posts. He sent a flag of truce the other day to Gen. Magruder, the commander at Yorktown, for him to surrender. Gen. Magruder returned answer that he would make every house in Yorktown a *hospital* before he would surrender. We have rather hard fare ; some of the regulars on the outposts did not have anything to eat for two or three days, but we get something every day as yet. The nights are cold, but the days are warm and pleasant. The peach trees are in full bloom, and there are lots of them. I have but just got up and my fingers are so cold that I can hardly hold a pencil. I will close now and go and get my breakfast of coffee and hard bread. Will write as often as I can get a chance to send a letter.

Love to all. Good-bye.

ALLEN.

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LETTER XXXIV.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, YORKTOWN, VA., {
APRIL 18, 1862. }

Dear Father and Mother :

I have just received your letter of April 6th ; we have not had a mail before since we left Budd's Ferry. Wednesday we left *Ship Point* for this place on the outposts. We had a hard march ; it is between four and five miles, very bad road, and tremendous hot. We did not stop but once on the way. We are within a mile of the enemy ; we are encamped on the farm of the rebel commander of Yorktown, Gen. Magruder. His house is very near us ; it is a splendid mansion, two stories high, with large chimneys at each end, and numerous barns and out-houses, all surrounded by a large garden and grove of trees. A regiment of regulars are now guarding it ; it is used for a hospital. The 18th regiment is close to us. I am going

to see Frank Bonney to-morrow. There is any quantity of infantry and artillery here. Night before last we were awakened and turned out at 4 o'clock, and stood till sunrise, the whole Division ; we expected an attack. Last night at 12, we were called out ; a sortie was made by the enemy on our left, trying to take one of our earthworks of siege guns. They fell into one of our *masked batteries* ; the roar of artillery and musketry was terrible for almost an hour. We were kept in line about an hour, but did not have to leave our camp at all ; we were then dismissed. At half past 3, A. M., they commenced again, so out we had to go, waiting for orders. We stood in line till almost sunrise, and were again dismissed. Such is a soldier's life, he knows not when nor how to sleep ! We did not have any drums, bugles, nor music of any kind. Gen. McClellan does not mean to have the enemy know how strong we are. I can see Gen. McClellan's head-quarters from my tent, but I have not seen him yet. You wish to know how many buglers there are. There is one to each Co. We watch and keep by the side of the Capt. during an engagement. It is our business to sound the advance, halt, charge, &c., just as the Capt. or Col. gives orders. This battle will be one of the hardest of the campaign. I think the rebels have their best soldiers in Yorktown. If they are defeated here, their cause is irretrievably lost, for the way is then opened to Richmond.

Col. Cowdin made a short speech yesterday morning when we were in line expecting an attack. He told every Capt. to shoot the first man who showed any cowardice, and to watch those who were *brave* and tell him, for, said he, " many who are now privates in the Mass. 1st regi-

ment will have commissions in a few months, if they behave well." I am going to try for one, so look out.

Gen. Hooker says he never saw a better regiment of regulars during the Mexican war than the 1st regiment Mass. Volunteers, now in the "grand army of the Potomac," and I think that remark is true when I compare this regiment with the others that I have seen. I had rather be a private in the Mass. 1st regiment than to hold the highest commission in any of the others, and I have heard many say the same.

Old Massachusetts may well be proud of her sons who compose her 1st regiment. It is not the same it was ten months ago; those who saw it then would not know it now. I think differently from what I did a month since; I thought then it was a great deal of boasting to say it was the best regiment, but when I hear what the members of other regiments say of us, how they look up to us in almost every thing, to hear their commanders say when drilling them, "you must come up to the Mass. 1st, don't let them beat you," it makes me feel proud to think that I belong to it. When the time comes for us to go into battle you may expect to hear a good account of this regiment, or I am sadly mistaken.

Sunday evening, April 20. This letter will go to-morrow morning. It has rained all day, and is cold and rainy to-night. Another skirmish last night about 12 or 1 o'clock; we were awakened, put on our equipments, but did not go out of the tents. I send some flowers, they came off from a tree; the woods are full of them, they look splendid. I would like to write you a great deal about the fortifications around here and the troops, but

dare not, we have orders not to. Well I must close. I will write as often as I possibly can, so good-bye for the present.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXXV.

[It will be seen by the date of this letter that it was written the day before we was killed. It was the last he wrote to his parents, but did not send it to them. It was found among his papers, at the hospital, after his death.]

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, YORKTOWN, VA., }
APRIL 25, 1862. }

Dear Father and Mother :

I received your letter of the 2d; glad to hear from you once more, and that you are all well. I am in good health, except a slight cold. Nothing of any importance, only a few skirmishes with the rebels, of which you have probably read ere this. We occupy the same ground that Washington's army did in 1781. McClellan's head-quarters are on the same spot. Near one of our earthworks is the ruins of the hospital which *Lafayette* built. There are mounds of earth and stones showing where he had dug trenches and thrown up earthworks.

There are no signs of a battle yet. We are building for our mortars and heavy siege guns and digging rifle-pits for infantry to support the batteries. *When all is ready "Johnny Rebel" will wake up some fine morning and find the shot and shell falling into his forts at the rate of from fifty to one hundred per minute; shells weighing from ten to two hundred pounds!* Our pickets are so near the rebel lines that they can hear them calling the roll. We have taken twelve or fifteen prisoners, with some who have come in and given themselves up. They

all say that the rebels are strongly fortified, but that they are very dissatisfied and are constantly fighting among themselves. A few nights ago they were fighting all night near where our pickets were; they were having a rebellion among themselves. I do not blame them, *although they fare a great deal better than we do!*

The woods here are all blossomed out. There is any quantity of *high laurel* here; the boys get it and make pipes and rings of it. When we first came here the woods were full of Whippoor-wills, they made me think of home, but they have been all scared away now. Mayor Fay has been out here. When he came the boys were all out of *tobacco*, and no money to buy any with, for we have not been paid off yet, so the Mayor went and bought us twelve or fifteen dollars worth and divided it amongst us, and yesterday our Orderly Sergeant got a lot more, so that each man had half a pound. We have got a new Brigadier-General, his name is Grover. Neagles was *arrested* three or four times, I don't know for what.

Love to all.

ALLEN.

LETTER XXXVI.

Letter to his little Sister, aged seven years.

[I hope that all the little girls and boys who read this book will read this letter over and over again, especially that part of it which tells them how the *soldiers live*. O what a dreadful thing *war* must be to make folks go way off from their homes and friends and live, as our friend who wrote this letter, says they lived where he was; and remember that he and those with him fared as well, if not even better than some of the soldiers. And will not those boys and girls try to do all they can to prevent war? Perhaps you ask how

you can do this? By *loving* each other and doing all the good you can.—ED.]

CAMP HOOKER, BUDD'S FERRY, MD., FEB. 2d, 1862.

My Dear Sis:

I am now going to write you a letter. I suppose you can read it by this time, can't you? I guess you can. Do you go to school; well, what do you study? Do you have some good times? Well you must be a good girl and learn all you can. You must learn to write as soon as you can. Have you learned to skate on your skates this winter? Do you slide down hill any with Bub?

Now I will tell you how we live here. In the morning the drums beat at 5 o'clock, and we all get up and go out and the Sergeant calls our names, and we answer to them; that is called "roll call." We then have breakfast of coffee and bread, no meat or potatoes. At noon we have soup, salt beef, or roast beef; for supper we have coffee and bread again. We then go to bed, lay on *boards*, cover ourselves with our blankets and go to sleep and sleep till morning, if the rebels don't fire their cannon and wake us up. Well I can't stop to write any more now, so good night.

From your Brother,

'LONZO.

P. S. Now you must write me a letter, will you try?

OTHER LETTERS.

Letters received by the parents of A. A. Kingsbury from the Chaplain of the regiment and Captain of the Co. to which he belonged, and also from others concerning his character as a soldier, his death, &c.

LETTER FROM REV. W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, APRIL 26, 1862.

My Dear Sir :

You have doubtless heard that your brave and noble son, Allen A. Kingsbury, of Co. H, was wounded this morning in an attack made about daylight upon one of the advance earthworks of the rebels before Yorktown.

The wound is of a very serious nature, from which he may not recover. He received a rifle ball in the abdomen as with his Co. he was marching "double quick" upon the enemy's works. We all hope and pray that he may live, but the surgeons fear that he may not, and Alonzo himself entertains the same idea. In the meantime, however, he is perfectly calm, composed and resigned, and free from acute pain. I have just called upon him at the hospital, and his only source of disquiet seems to be that you, his mother, sister, brothers and friends will suffer on

his account. If he is called away it will be your rich consolation that he received his death wound in the faithful and courageous discharge of his duty, and dies a martyr to the holy cause of liberty and law, and in defence of our common country's flag.

I am most happy to state that the gallant charge of Co. H upon the rebel entrenchment was entirely successful, and that before our men reached the ditch surrounding it, the rebels broke and fled to the woods in the wildest confusion. Our loss was killed, three, wounded, thirteen, missing, none.

As your son Allen shall grow better or worse I will write again, meantime believe me, in admiration of him, in deepest sympathy for your affliction.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

LETTER FROM WM. THORPE.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, YORKTOWN, VA.,
APRIL 26, 1862. }

Mrs. Kingsbury :

This morning at 5 o'clock the Co. to which your son is attached was ordered to take a rebel battery by the point of the bayonet, and this they succeeded in doing amidst a hot and galling fire of bullets, grape and shells, killing and wounding many, also capturing eighteen prisoners. Our loss is four killed and thirteen wounded. Amongst the wounded is your son. He was shot in the left groin. He is now lying in a very critical position. Our surgeon has strong hopes of his recovery. Alonzo bears his affliction calmly, and with a cheerful spirit, and wishes you to be of good cheer and hope for the best.

Your son has proved himself to be a good soldier, and is beloved by all who know him.

I am yours respectfully,

WILLIAM THORPE,
Co. D, 1st Reg't. Mass. Vol.

LETTER FROM CAPT. CARRUTH.

HEAD-QUARTERS CO. H, 1st REG'T. MASS. VOL. }
Camp Winfield Scott, April 26, 1862. }

Mr. Kingsbury—Dear Sir :

It now becomes my painful duty to inform you that your son, Allen A. Kingsbury, was shot through the right groin in an action on the morning of the 26th inst., and died at half past 8, P. M., the same day. I saw him about an hour before he expired, and he requested me to inform you of the fact. At the time I saw him he was conscious, calm and happy, and particularly requested me to say that he hoped to meet his father and mother in heaven! He died very easy, seeming as if he were going to sleep.

While you mourn the loss of your son, we mourn the loss of a much beloved brother and companion in arms. He was a good and faithful soldier, and received his death wound while in the faithful performance of his duty, and in a glorious cause.

Your son is not the only one who fell on that morning, for three others of his comrades were shot dead, and twelve others wounded. The action in which he was killed was a charge upon a rebel redoubt, and was a brilliant success.

Since September Alonzo has been bugler for my Co. till a few weeks ago, when an order was received that all

buglers should return to their original place in the ranks. Myself and command sympathize with you in your bereavement, and trust that our Heavenly Father in his infinite mercy will enable you and your family to bear it calmly, and truly hope that you will meet him in heaven.

Should you at any time wish for further information, you are at perfect liberty to ask, and as far as I know I will answer. I should be happy to hear from you at any time.

I am Sir, your obedient servant,

CAPT. SUMNER CARRUTH,
Commanding Co. H, 1st Mass. Vol.

LETTER FROM REV. W. H. CUDWORTH.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, APRIL 29, 1892.

My Dear Sir :

Our worst fears concerning your son Allen have been realized. His wound has proved mortal. After very little suffering he passed quietly away Saturday evening about 8 o'clock, and was entrusted yesterday with his comrades to await transportation home.

I saw him frequently on Saturday, and to the last he maintained the same composure of manner, and manifested the same heroic willingness to die in his country's service, of which I wrote in my last letter.

Among other bereaved fathers in New England, yours is now the proud privilege of feeling that you have sent forth a patriot and martyr to the holiest cause that ever appealed to man for aid and defence. May the memory

of your departed son be ever precious to all who have known him, and his example incite many to prove a worthy the heritage of independence, won during our revolutionary struggle, as he has shown himself to be.

Remember me as before, and with the deepest sympathy to the members of your family,

Sincerely yours,

W. H. CUDWORTH.

ON GUARD.

ADDRESSED TO HIS MOTHER.

At midnight on my lonely beat,
When shadows wrap the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet,
Of one at home who prays for me.

No roses bloom upon her cheek,
Her form is not a lover's dream;
But on her face so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silvered hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moonlike grace.

She prays for one that's far away,
The *soldier* in his holy fight,
And begs that heaven in mercy may
Protect *her boy* and *bless the right*.

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
The silent incense of her heart,
Steals o'er my soul with breath serene,
And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet,
Of *her* at home who prays for me!

ALLEN.

{From the Dedham Gazette.}

THE YORKTOWN FIGHT.

The following communication from Dr. Monroe, of Medfield, enclosing a letter received by him from his son, the efficient Surgeon of the First Regiment, cannot fail of deeply interesting our readers :

MEDWAY, MAY 12, 1862.

Mr. Editor :—I send you some extracts from a letter of the Assistant Surgeon of the 1st Regiment Mass. V. M., which may be thought of sufficient moment for a place in your paper, particularly that relating to the case of Allen A. Kingsbury, the Medfield hero. The grand concert announced by the writer did not take place for want of an audience.

Yours respectfully,

ALEX. LeBARON MONROE.

CAMP WINFIELD SCOTT, APRIL 30, 1862.

“Last Saturday morning we had a little skirmish. It was judged necessary to destroy a rebel earthwork, in order that we could construct another parallel; there were no guns in it, but it was manned by riflemen. *Three* Co.’s from our regiment, and *two* from the 11th, were detailed, under the command of Lieut. Col. Welles, to do the job. The affair was to take place within a mile of camp, and the wounded immediately brought in. The men did not (or were supposed not to) know where they

were going, and thought they were to go out on picket; but they had an inkling of it, I suspect. The party was turned out at 2, A. M., so as to be ready to commence the attack at day-break. From four to five I heard the volleys of musketry and the discharge of cannon, and soon the wounded began to come in. I was soon busy enough; but there were no cases requiring amputation—all musket wounds—no shell. In two cases the ball remained in, and could not be found. Eighteen were hit, of whom three were killed, and one—*Allen A. Kingsbury*—died at evening. He was shot through the body, just above the umbilicus of it, at the right side of the spine. I gave him morphia, so that he died easily, though conscious to the last; there was no help for him, and I never felt so for a patient before; he was so gentle and uncomplaining, and hardly uttered a groan. I told him, before noon, that he would not live. Talking and reading of heroic deaths make no impression upon the mind, compared to that of the reality. Most all were struck below the middle; five in the thigh, three in the leg, one each in the foot, shoulder, and head. The three killed were hit in the chest, head, and abdomen, respectively. No bones were broken, or large arteries severed. In the afternoon, eleven (the severely wounded) were taken to the Landing and put on board the Commodore hospital boat. I went down to see them yesterday, and found them all doing *very* well in the ladies’ cabin, and provided with the *best* medical care and attention. Sisters of Mercy nurse them.

“The capture of the work was bravely done. Co. H charged across an open space of five hundred yards, not firing until they reached the edge of the ditch, then deliv-

ering their fire, and scrambling through the ditch and over the parapet to find—only one rebel, who said he did not run ‘because he had no orders.’ The rest fled just as our men reached the ditch, when they might have killed every one of us, for we did not anticipate a ditch. Then the Co.’s of the 11th came in and levelled the work, under the fire of rebel artillery.

“Sunday I went on picket with the regiment. We were exposed to fire all day—no one hurt on our side. I have a bullet in my pocket that struck within three feet of me. I had a fine view of their works. It takes nine thousand men to picket our front. Great works are going on, and in a few days down go the trees from behind the batteries, and begins the roar of three hundred guns and mortars; it will be a fearful concert.

“This afternoon gunboats are shelling the rebels, their shots passing over our heads. Working parties are out constantly—six thousand from our division. The weather continues bad. Three killed on picket last night.

“Your affectionate son,

“F. LeBARON MONROE.”

CHELSEA'S HONORED DEAD.

RECEPTION OF THE BODIES.

The following account of the solemn and imposing funeral ceremonies at Chelsea, together with the letter from his Honor Mayor Fay, copied from the “Chelsea Pioneer and Telegraph,” cannot fail to be read with deep and affecting interest:

Our record of the events of the week—so far as relates to the reception and interment of the remains of the Chelsea Volunteers who fell at the capture of the lunette at Yorktown—is already familiar to our readers: the whole population of our city—men, women, and children—united in the demonstrations and felt this second visitation of the calamity of war.

The bodies of these brave men—George A. Noyes, William D. Smith, Walter B. Andrews, and Allen A. Kingsbury, members of Co. H, First Mass. Regt., locally known as the “Chelsea Volunteers,”—arrived in Boston by the shore route Tuesday morning, and were received by a committee of the City Government, consisting of Aldermen J. B. Dufur, E. W. Lothrop, and John T. Hadaway, and Councilmen E. C. Fitz, John Buck, and Mark Graves. Having deposited the remains in two hearses, each covered with the National Flag, they drove in carriages to Chelsea bridge, where they were met by a procession of citizens, which had formed at City Hall, and under escort of the Chelsea Rifle Corps, commanded by

Capt. A. J. Hilbourn, marched thither, attended by the Chelsea Brass Band, and an immense concourse of citizens, who lined the sidewalks, the balconies and windows being also crowded.

After receiving the remains in the usual manner, the procession was re-formed under the marshalship of Tracy P. Cheever, Esq., with William A. Williams, Chas. J. White, Chas. M. Avery, John Whittemore and E. F. Perkins, Esqs., as assistants.

The line was headed by the band, playing the old English dirge of "Roslin Castle" in a very impressive manner, followed by the Chief Marshal and a long procession of citizens marching four abreast. Then came the carriages with the Committee of Arrangements, followed by a platoon of riflemen, with arms reversed, escorting the two hearses containing the bodies, which were flanked by riflemen without arms, and followed by a second platoon with arms reversed.

The procession proceeded direct to the City Hall, where, after a prayer by Rev. Dr. Mason, the bodies were removed from the hearses and carried into the Hall. The Rifle Corps then detailed from their number a guard of honor, the duties of which they performed until the funeral took place the following afternoon at 3 o'clock.

The bodies were embalmed by order of Mayor Fay, and arrived in boxes packed in sawdust. They were subsequently placed in coffins of polished rosewood by Mr. Chas. White, undertaker, and lay in state so as to afford opportunity of friends for a parting look. The faces were swollen, and identity difficult.

The flags of the city floated at half-mast. As the cortege passed through Boston, many of the people stood un-

covered. The citizens of Charlestown, also, made every demonstration of sympathy and respect.

Although the boys and children of our city were out in full force—the public schools having been closed for the day—a perfect stillness was voluntarily observed by them during the passage of the procession. Tears flowed from many eyes.

THE FUNERAL.

At three o'clock, on Wednesday, a procession of citizens, with Gov. Andrew and staff on foot, was formed at the City Hall, under escort of Chelsea Rifle Corps, Capt. A. J. Hilbourn, and marched to the Chestnut St. Church, where the principal rites were solemnized.

Chestnut St. had been thronged for hours with ladies anxious to obtain admittance, the church not being large enough to contain all.

The church was decorated in a tasteful manner. Behind the pulpit we observed an immense lift of funereal shade, broad at the base with converging folds of sombre drapery, contracting at the top like a cornice, and surmounted with the words,

"OUR HONORED DEAD."

The American flag (the flag used by the Co. before their departure) was interwoven with the folds forming the canopy, the brilliance of its colors being, however, repressed by the surrounding shade. The pulpit was draped in black, and overlain with the national emblems. In front, upon the altar, enclosed in dark rosewood coffins, with silver mountings, rested the honored dead. Flags partially covered them; wreathes of flowers and bouquets decorated

them. A silver plate upon each coffin bore the following inscription :

"Allen A. Kingsbury, aged 23 years ; private Co. H, 1st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Killed at Yorktown, April 26, 1862."

"George A. Noyes, aged 40 years, 1 month, 6 days ; private Co. H, 1st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Killed at Yorktown, April 26, 1862."

"Walter B. Andrews, aged 23 years, 2 months, 12 days ; private Co. H, 1st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Killed at Yorktown, April 26, 1862."

"William D. Smith, aged 25 years, 1 month, 26 days ; private Co. H, 1st Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers. Killed at Yorktown, April 26, 1862."

In front of the organ gallery was inscribed in letters of gold, between two shields :

"WE MOURN FOR DEPARTED HEROES."

In like manner, upon the sides of the chief galleries, were the names, "SMITH AND ANDREWS," "NOYES AND KINGSBURY," in golden letters, a shield on either end. Festoons of black and white muslin stretched from point to point, with banners and flags tastefully devised and draped.

The relatives and friends occupied places in front. Near the pulpit were four soldiers of the Mass. 1st, wounded in recent battles. The body of the house was filled with the City Government, the military, Gov. Andrew and Staff, Adj. Gen. Schouler, and Commodore Hudson, and citizens. The ladies filled the galleries.

The exercises commenced with a voluntary upon the organ, followed by a select hymn by the choir. Rev. Mr. Leonard read appropriate passages from the Scriptures ;

after which Rev. Mr. Mansfield made a brief address. He referred in a feeling manner to the disinterested patriotism which caused the deceased soldiers, whose memory they had come to honor, to sacrifice their lives for their country. They went forth as private soldiers. Nor rank nor lucre tempted them. They were brave men—ready at the call of duty to make the sacrifice of their lives. Their names were henceforth a part of the history of their country and their State, interwoven with the nation's honor and reputation. His intimate acquaintance with Mr. Noyes caused the speaker to dwell particularly on him. When the rebellion broke out, he said he should be ashamed not to fight for his native land. When offered a Lieutenant's commission in another regiment he declined, remarking that he was satisfied as he was, feeling that the noble principles it was his privilege to defend gave sufficient honor. The speaker read extracts from Mr. Noyes's letters, showing that he was a man of strong patriotism and impassioned zeal in the defence of liberty, and a determined enemy to human slavery. When the speaker alluded to family ties, that bind the soldier to his home as well as other men, and the violence which absence imposes upon the heart—not that he loves the family less, but his country more—audible sobbings rolled, wave after wave, over the assembly.

Rev. Mr. Mallalieu followed, commencing in a reminiscence of a Sabbath in June, a year ago, when the Chelsea Co. gathered to listen to the preaching of God's word by him in this city. And when they went hence, with benedictions, all hearts from city and State followed them, as they took their place in the front rank of the battle. It was not necessary to recount that the blood of the Chelsea

Co. was the first shed in Virginia. They were next on the Potomac awaiting developments. They came. We follow the Chelsea Co. to Yorktown. He did not know how it was—but so it was—on the 26th of April Co. H, Chelsea Volunteers, are again led straight into the face of the foe—where death menaced them in the fiercest forms, and we had undoubted evidence that not a man of them proved craven; right on they marched in the face of a deadly fire, and gallantly carried that rebel redoubt at the bayonet charge. History would tell the story to all-listening time.

Rev. Mr. Plumb, pastor of the church, made the next and closing address. He eloquently portrayed the services and death of the deceased, who had laid down their lives in a noble cause. The citizens of Chelsea, their friends, and all who had patriotic hearts, would not fail to honor their memory.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Mason, of the Baptist Church, after which the choir sung the hymn, "Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish," and the services were closed with a benediction. A procession was then formed, as follows:

- 1—Chelsea Rifles, acting as escort.
- 2—Four hearses, with sixteen pall-bearers, eight from the returned Boston Fusiliers, Mass. 1st, and eight from the returned Chelsea Volunteers, of which the deceased were members.
- 3—Relatives and friends in carriages. (About twenty carriages.)
- 4—City Authorities of Chelsea.
- 5—Governor Andrew and Staff.
- 6—Citizens generally.

The cortege moved through Chestnut, Williams, Broadway, Bellingham, Shurtleff, Central Avenue, and Shawmut streets to the Garden Cemetery, where the bodies were placed in a tomb, three volleys having first been fired over them. The ceremonies were of a most impressive character.

It is but proper to add, that the Rifle Corps, under Capt. Hilbourn, made a remarkably good appearance, and their firing over the grave was done with marked precision. The Chief Marshal and his aids were very efficient in the management of the procession, which was conducted with becoming propriety and regularity.

The following dispatch was received just as the services at the church were closed:

"WASHINGTON, MAY 7, 1862.

To Tracy P. Cheever, Esq.:

I have just arrived from Yorktown. I saw the Chelsea wounded on board of the Commodore yesterday morning. They are all cheerful and improving. I have made arrangements for their going home soon on furlough. I heard of Monday's engagement, and the participation therein of Hooker's Division, just as the boat was leaving. It is reported that *the losses are principally in the New Jersey regiments*. I regret that other duties have called me here, and will call me home, but I will return if needed. The whole army praise the bravery of the Chelsea boys. I join in spirit with the ceremonies in honor of the dead, and in sympathy for the bereaved.

FRANK B. FAY."

FUNERAL SERVICES AT MEDFIELD,

CONNECTED WITH THE BURIAL OF ALLEN A. KINGSBURY.

The procession which followed the remains from Chelsea to Medfield were met at the town line of Medfield by the Medfield Cornet Band, and Fire Co., and escorted to the residence of the parents of the deceased, on Thursday, May 8.

On Friday, May 9, at 1 o'clock, P. M., brief services were held at the house, consisting of remarks and prayer by Rev. S. W. Bush, pastor of the Unitarian Church in Medfield. A procession was then formed under escort of the Band Fire Co., and proceeded to the church. The large edifice, capable of holding nearly a thousand people, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and there were probably as many outside, who could not obtain so much as a standing place within. The services were as follows:

Singing by the choir. Prayer by Rev. J. W. Lathrop, of the Baptist Church; reading of Scriptures by Rev. A. Bigelow, of the Congregational Church; singing by the choir, of the hymn, commencing, "Rest, Brother, Rest, &c.;" Address by Rev. C. C. Sewall, Unitarian; prayer by Rev. S. W. Bush, Unitarian; singing by the choir; benediction by Rev. J. M. Merriek, of Walpole, Unitarian. The services were solemn and impressive, and the excellent address of Mr. Sewall, which is published in this book, was listened to with profound attention.

After the exercises in the church a procession was

formed, which, under the escort of the Band and Engine Co., moved to the Cemetery, where the following hymn, written for the occasion by Mrs. O. M. B. Tilden, of Medfield, was sung:

Soldier rest! thy warfare's ended;
Bravely thou hast fought and died,
Bravely home and right defended,
'Twas thy glory and thy pride.

Soldier rest! thy bugle calling,
Comrades never more will hear;
For to-day sad tears are falling,
O'er thy *young*, thy *honored* bier!

Tears, and shall we bear him weeping,
To a soldier's patriot grave?
When with calm heroic feeling,
Freely his young life he gave?

Yes, with tears, but not repining,
Bear him to his early tomb—
Strong men wept to see him dying,
See him meet the hero's doom!

Fold the dear old flag around him,
Lay him gently down to rest,
Duty, early, willing found him:—
Go! like him your country bless.

A few impressive remarks were then made by Rev. Mr. Bush, and then all that was mortal of the faithful soldier, devoted patriot and heroic martyr was lowered into the grave, there to rest till the voice of the Archangel shall call him and all the sleeping dead forth to judgment.

His associates then filed past the grave, each depositing a sprig of evergreen upon the coffin. A simple, but touching ceremony.

Some of the buildings were draped in mourning, the flags were lowered, and in various ways did the people in Medfield and vicinity manifest their respect for the honored dead, their sympathy for the mourning relatives and immediate friends, and the deep interest they feel in the great and holy cause in which he so bravely fought and so bravely fell.

The pall bearers at the funeral were Messrs. Joseph Steadman, Lucius W. Allen, Lewis Goulding, of Medfield, and Edmund Hill, of Medway, all of whom were three months' volunteers. The duties of Chief Marshal were admirably performed by Mr. Moses Hartshorn, of Medfield.

E. A. J.

MEDFIELD, AUG. 1862.

ADDRESS.

[The Address of Rev. C. C. SEWALL, delivered at Medfield, on the occasion of the funeral of Allen A. Kingsbury, published below, is copied from the *Dedham Gazette*. The Editor, H. O. Hildreth, being present at the funeral.]

*Fellow Citizens,—Kindred and Friends of the brave,
lamented dead:*

The service to which I have been suddenly called, and for which I have felt myself inadequate, is one that makes larger demands upon the heart than upon the intellect. Else could I not have consented to be the medium, through which the emotions, now swelling the breasts of this whole assembly, should find utterance on this occasion. Events like that which has now brought us together, make us feel, I know, that we "all have one human heart," to be melted by sorrow and to be humbled in the presence of death; one human heart to be thrilled also with the story of the patriot's noble deeds, and stirred to emulate his heroic self-sacrifice, by the patriot's calm and fearless death. Words are little needed here. The tears of loving and admiring eyes will speak more forcibly than any language. The sympathy of tender emotions will effect what the most brilliant rhetoric might utterly fail to accomplish. It is with feelings like these that I am here, friends, to give such expression, as I may be able, to a few thoughts, suggested to my mind, as I doubt not they

already are to yours, springing out of and befitting this occasion.

Before us are the cold remains of a youth well known in this place of his birth and education, who, at the instant of his country's call for a volunteer army of defence against the designs of rebellious traitors, leading on their bands of deluded or envenomed followers, sprang forth with willing heart and eager step to enlist in the perilous service. Scarcely had the day closed on which the call of the President was issued, before he, with other brave young men of our village, had not only decided to obey that call, but had actually completed a hasty preparation to forsake all the endearments of home, and, bidding farewell to parents, kindred and friends, took their departure for scenes which had never yet been presented to their imaginations, and to engage in employments and encounter perils which had never been experienced or apprehended before. Well do I remember—as I presume others now present remember—that lovely morning, when our young friend and his comrades left their homes and us. Well do I remember, how early were many of the citizens abroad, whom the story of the noble enthusiasm of these young men had roused to a feeling of deepest interest in the object they had in view, and in the fortunes that might await them. How warmly beat the hearts of all who saw them, in admiration of their patriotic devotion, and in sincere though unuttered prayer for their unsullied honor, their fearless courage, their safety in exposure, and their speedy and happy return! What cordial grasps of the hands were mutually offered in token of the kindest farewell; and what cheering shouts of applause followed their departure! Such a demonstration was an honest, though but a feeble

display of that mighty and almost universal outburst of feeling, which soon after betokened the uprising of the whole people of the Northern States, against the attempt to overthrow the Constitution and the Union. I remember observing him, whom we now commemorate, as he quietly contemplated the scene then before him, while tender thoughts, I imagined, were filling his mind, as tears filled his eyes, till he passed from the place where his whole life had been spent, where his warmest affections were centered, and where his presence might never be seen again. Little did I then apprehend the moral firmness and daring bravery of his young and tender heart.

One of these young men, to whom I refer, had enlisted in a regiment that was immediately ordered to Washington, and passed on its way through that riotous and barbarous mob in Baltimore, the very mention of which still causes our blood to grow cold. But, having escaped the danger which fell by surprise on him there, and having afterwards been in honorable service through the term of his enlistment, he returned unharmed to his home and his anxious friends. He, for whom we mourn to-day, being fresh from the labors of the farm and wholly inexperienced in military service, enlisted in a different regiment, and remained for several weeks engaged in military drill and discipline, until his Co. was ordered to join the army of the Potomac. No member of that Co.—which has so highly distinguished itself in several engagements—went forth, I venture to affirm, from the camp to his perilous service, with a lighter or a firmer heart, with nobler purposes of duty, or with calmer anticipation of the possible result to himself.

At the far-famed, if not honorably-famed battle of Bull Run, our young friend was among the foremost in the fight. In his eagerness to encounter the enemy, he received several shots which barely avoided his life, and at last was struck by a cannon ball, the force of which was erroneously supposed to be spent, and disabled from standing any longer at his post. But, after falling at the moment when he might not have been charged with cowardice had he instinctively shrunk from further peril, he coolly reloaded his gun and deliberately shot an approaching officer of the rebel troops. His coolness and bravery on this, as on other occasions, did not fail to attract the notice and admiration of his fellow soldiers and their commanding officers, and was honorably mentioned in the published accounts of the battle. Borne from Bull Run, a wounded sufferer, though his wound was then supposed to be comparatively slight, he spent several weeks in the hospital and then returned home on a furlough. Here, visiting once more the familiar scenes of his early days, and sharing the care and attention of kind parents and friends, he gradually recovered his strength and healed his wound. At the expiration of his furlough, he unhesitatingly and with unabated enthusiasm returned to his regiment. He thenceforward shared all the marches, the labors and the perils of the army—many of which we know were of no ordinary character—until, in the late battle at Yorktown, and in the perilous position of one of a Co. which had been ordered to march at double quick and make a deadly charge upon an entrenchment of the rebels, he was mortally wounded.

Here opens upon us a scene in the closing history of our young friend, which commends him most strongly to our

affectionate remembrance and warmest regard. Having fallen mortally wounded, and already experiencing those peculiar and indescribable sensations which usually follow such wounds—to say nothing of the remembrances and the apprehensions which will crowd upon the failing mind—our young friend calmly resigned himself to his fate, uttered no groan of anguish, wasted no thought in vain regrets. He spoke only the words of kindly cheer to others, who would survive him, and of entire acquiescence in his own different lot; and then gathered up his thoughts of his fellow soldiers, his home and his God. For the former, he rejoiced in the assurance of their entire success in the gallant charge which cost him his life. For his loved home, and the friends who would soon hear and mourn his fate, he inwardly breathed, we doubt not, as fervent a prayer as the chills of approaching death could permit; and then, directing his thoughts to the change towards which he was rapidly passing, he sought in the volume of inspired truth, those words of promise and consolation, which alone are fitted to sustain and cheer the parting spirit. Perceiving, probably, by some new sensations, that the hour had come when he must drop the veil of flesh, he requested an attendant, it is said, to give him a pin, remarking that his arm was numb. Then thrusting the pin into the flesh, he calmly said, “it is dead.” Expressing now the hope which filial love and piety prompted, that he might meet in Heaven the parents whom he could see no more on earth, and particularly requesting that these, his dying words, might be transmitted to them, and so they might know that

“—— the last pulse of his heart
Beat true to filial love,”

he quietly sank into the arms of God's messenger, Death, and was borne, we trust, through the mercy of God, to that better home, where the cry of battle is never heard, and the rage of human passions is never known. There, we trust, also, through the mercy of God, upon whom the hope of every human heart must ultimately depend, will the hope of our dying friend be realized, and parent and child meet never to weep, never to part again.

I have purposely forbore to speak of the birth, parentage and domestic training of our young friend, because such facts, it may be presumed, are already well known to those who have been residents here, during the whole brief period of his life. His public education was only of that limited character to which education is usually confined among a population like ours. But, from his letters, and from his daily journal, which had been faithfully kept during his absence, proof enough may be gathered to show that what means of education he had enjoyed, had not been wasted upon him. Speaking from a somewhat close observation for many years, of his character at school, I am able to say that he ever manifested there those traits of imperturbable good humor and unaffected benevolence, which endeared him far more to his companions, than would, perhaps, an engrossing love of study, or any very marked progress in the attainment of learning. His abilities were good, and his attainments respectable. His thoughts, however, were chiefly engaged, I believe, upon the free, unfettered exercise of his limbs and muscles abroad, and his chief delight was in the pursuits and pleasures of the sportsman. But these exercises, mingled with the usual labors of the farm, were admirably fitted to prepare him for endurance of fatigue on the march, and

for active service, or for courageous adventure, on the field of battle. And, in these qualities, it is universally admitted by his companions and his superiors in arms, he greatly excelled; doing thereby good service to his country, and winning for himself an honorable fame. From his commanding officer, and especially from the beloved chaplain of the regiment, we have the most gratifying assurance of the universal esteem and respect in which he was held; of his admirable deportment in the camp and field, and of his perfectly calm, composed and resigned spirit in the mortal hour; having then but one source of disquiet, the fear that his parents and kindred might suffer on his account.

Time forbids me to say more—though much more it were in my heart to say—of our friend and in commendation of his claim to our cherished remembrance and regard. I pass, therefore, to advert briefly to the inspiring calls and the strong encouragements to duty, and to the abundant consolations in the sacrifices which duty may require, suggested by the occasion and by the events of the times.

The condition of our country, in the terrible conflict in which we are now involved, demands of every good citizen, and especially of the young and the vigorous, the devotion of all their energies, and if need be, the sacrifice of life itself, for the defence of our free institutions and the restoration of absolute, unlimited control of the Constitution and laws over every portion of our territory. Until this is achieved, let no one imagine that peace and prosperity will ever again be established throughout our borders. Let no one imagine that any compromise of essential justice and truth, or any tender mercies that may be heaped by forgiving hands upon the parties who have planned,

stimulated and guided this rebellion against our government and laws, will ever secure a substantial and cordial reunion of the now divided and contending portions of the Republic. From the events with which we are already familiar, in the history of this civil war, from the events now taking place, in the progress of our army, under the direction of its wise, calm and energetic commander, and in accordance with the will and judgment of the Executive of the government; and more especially from scenes and events like that we are here to notice, to-day, what inspiring calls to the devoted service of his country reach every good citizen, every good parent, every conscientious and able young man! Here, at least, is one impressive proof of an enthusiastic devotedness to the cause of his country by him whose cold remains are soon to be deposited in their final place of rest. Here, at least, is one inspiring proof of the free surrender of parental hopes and affections by those who now mourn the bereavement of their first-born son. Here, at least, is one evidence which cannot escape the observation of every thoughtful mind, or fail to touch every feeling heart, which speaks to us in monitory tones, of a duty higher than any which self-interest embraces, and of claims stronger and more imperative than any which domestic engagements or household tie can create. Let the calls of our country be heeded and with alacrity obeyed. Let the ranks of our army, broken and thinned by thousands who have fallen in the camp, the hospital and the field, who perilled and sacrificed their lives in defence of their country, be restored and whole by fresh offerings on the altar of christian patriotism. Let the Commonwealth still have the right to claim, and the honor to receive the glory and fame of unlimited and un-

selfish devotion to the cause of our national institutions, and of the Constitution and laws. Over the ashes of their fallen brother, let our young men resolve to devote themselves as he did to their country's service. And if they shall perish, as he has perished, in the faithful and courageous discharge of their duty, let them remember that no other offering—if this be made in christian faith and sincerity, can be more acceptable to God, or will more certainly and more worthily obtain for them an honored and cherished remembrance in the place of their homes, and in the hearts of their fellow men.

Nor will their resolution and their deeds be without abundant encouragement in the hope of complete success of the final extinction of treason and rebellion. The events of the times and the history of the past few weeks, fully authorize the belief—nay, afford an assurance—that complete victory will eventually crown the valor of our arms. The formidable boasted preparations for our defeat at New Orleans, at Yorktown, and at Williamsburg—but recently inspiring many hearts, whose loved ones might be compelled to mingle in the fight—with painful apprehensions of the result, have all quickly yielded to the bravery and self-sacrifice of the federal troops. Not in vain have been the toils, the privations, sufferings and achievements of those noble men, whom loving friends now cherish in their heart of hearts. Not in vain has been a single battle for the Union, though at the cost of many precious lives. Not in vain was that daring onset which brought to the dust, with others, the youth whose death we here lament. The gallant charge of his Co. upon the rebel entrenchment, was entirely successful, the works were destroyed and the enemy dispersed. Similar is the story of

every recent battle, and victory has crowned the federal arms.

Our country will be saved. The union of the States will be restored. Our national banner—the emblem of freedom, peace and right—shall finally wave in triumph again over every city, town and hamlet in the land. Universal liberty, security, prosperity and happiness shall yet be the possession and the glory of the American people.

But this end, so much to be desired, and so—almost beyond a doubt—ultimately sure, may not be nigh. More terrible battles may have to be fought; more sacrifice of life and love to be made; more bitter hostility and envenomed prejudice to be overcome; more and greater conquests to be achieved. The conflict may yet be deadly and long protracted, before the end, for which we look, shall be accomplished. The will of Heaven may permit disaster to follow recent victory; unnumbered deaths, ghastly wounds, and heart-rending sufferings, to embarrass the progress of the army, and to spread sorrow and apprehension among the people. Even so, Father! if it be thy will. Not more surely does the sunshine follow the storm, or the day the night, than will the mission of sorrow and disaster operate to unite more entirely the sympathies of the people, and to rouse them to noble purposes, more glorious achievements. The wise ends of all we have hitherto suffered, or may be permitted to suffer, will yet be demonstrated and acknowledged as the very means which have wrought out our national salvation, and secured the honor and glory of the land. Even they who may have cause to bewail such bereavements as that which this day commands our heartfelt sympathies and prayer, shall have cause yet to say,—even as the parents of our

young friend have said, and will again and again in trusting thankfulness say, “it is good for me that I have thus been afflicted.” It is a righteous cause to which we yielded the child of our affections and hopes, and to which he willingly sacrificed his life, and we will not bewail the event. He died for his country. He died trusting in the God of his Fathers—the God of his country’s worship and trust. He died for a glorious end; for the preservation of our Constitutional Union and government; for the triumph of liberty and law; for justice and humanity.

The poet’s imagination has described the paths of glory as leading only to the grave. But the christian’s faith foretells the blessedness of that reward to which the paths of glory, when sought with manly devotion to freedom, justice and truth, shall, through the grave, conduct the seeker, who may perish there. Be that path our aim. Be that blessedness our reward.

The veneration of a heathern warrior for the great philosopher of his day led him, we are told, to offer homage to the gods, in token of his gratitude that a son was given him at a period when that son might receive instruction from the philosopher’s lips, and share the inestimable advantages of his conversation and example!

Christian parent! let faith in the providence and promises of God kindle in your breasts a more fervent gratitude for the lives of your sons, at a period like the present, and amid such events as are now taking place, when they may do something to rescue their country from evils which have threatened its ruin; when the history of brave and devoted men is philosophy teaching them by example; when their brows may be graced with the laurels which the common heart of a grateful people will prepare for all

who defend their country in the hour of peril; when the names—should it be their lot to perish in the service—may be inscribed upon the imperishable record of a nation's history and a nation's glory.

To you, friends, the parents and kindred of our your friend, we offer all the sympathy of hearts, which, sharing the benefits achieved by the event which touches you tenderly, and the admiration so universally accorded your noble son, would also, in sincerity, share in your bereavement. May the God of the sorrowing and suffering for a righteous cause support and comfort, heal and bless your wounded hearts! May the tender hope your dying son be at last fulfilled when parent and child shall meet in Heaven.

A TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF ALLEN ALONZO KINGSBURY, OF MEDFIELD,
MASS., A PRIVATE IN CO. H, CHILSEA VOLUNTEERS, WHO
DIED AT YORKTOWN, APRIL 26, 1862.

Toll out your saddest strains,
O deep-voiced village bells,
Wake the silence of your hills,
The echoes of your dells.
Sigh to the listening ear,
Another soul has fled,
A fair young life has passed away,
A mother's son is dead.

Ring out your loudest peal,
O clear-toned village bells,
Ye never knew a nobler task,
A prouder tale to tell.
Say to the ambient air,
Earth in June glories drest,
A brave true heart has reached its goal,
A hero is at rest.

When first our Northmen rose,
To battle for the right,
To tread the Southern serpent down,
And keep our banner bright;

While other hearts stood still,
 With terror and dismay,
 This staunch young patriot left his all,
 To join the cruel fray.

Nor chilling midnight storm,
 Nor noon-day's burning heat
 Could quench that loyal spirit's zeal,
 Or stay those tireless feet.
 "Forward for God and truth,"
 Was watch-word far and wide,
 For "God and truth" he fought and bled,
 For "God and truth" he died.

Then ring an exultant peal,
 O glad-tongued village chimes,
 Clearer than bugle call to war,
 Sweeter than Poet's rhymes.
 Say to the summer morn,
 By balmy winds caressed,
 The victor's brow has won its crown,
 The victor's soul is blest.

FANNIE STEVENS BRUCE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1862.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF ALLEN ALONZO KINGSBURY.

Hark ! hark ! from the far off battle-field,
 Sad news is borne along ;
 It tells of one whose fate is sealed,
 Of another hero gone !

Of one, who for his country bravely fought,
 Battled for the truth and right ;
 The place by him most fondly sought,
 Was "the thickest of the fight."

Where "the leaden rain and iron hail,"
 Were spreading death around,
 Where stout hearts began to quail,
 He calmly stood his ground !

But as he fearless rushed upon the rebel foe,
 The fatal ball was thrown,
 Which laid our gallant Brother low,
 And made us weep and mourn.

'Tis sad that one so young and brave,
 Who fought for "God and truth,"
 Should find so soon a martyr's grave,
 In the bright morn of youth.

But Heaven decrees it so to be,
 O let us not complain ;
 For though it strange may seem to be,
 Yet God will make it plain.

But now our Brother is at rest,
 We shed the tears of love ;
 And trust that he is with the blest,
 In the bright world above.

MEDFIELD, JULY, 1862.

E. A. J.

OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

LETTERS FROM MAYOR FAY OF CHELSEA, AND OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, CITY HALL, }
 Chelsea, June 10, 1862. }

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Kingsbury, Medfield, Mass. :

FRIENDS :—I enclose with this a copy of the resolutions passed by both branches of our City Council, expressive of their sympathy for the families of the "Chelsea Volunteers" who died for their country on the 26 of April. The resolutions but express the sentiments of the *whole* people.

While being human, you cannot but grieve the loss of your son, yet it must lessen the sorrow when you know that he died in a good cause and like a soldier.

I am yours, truly,

FRANK B. FAY.

—
 CHELSEA, MAY 29, 1862.

In Board of Mayor and Aldermen.

Resolved, That the gallant charge of Co. H, 1st Mass. Regiment, our own "*Chelsea Volunteers*," on the 26th of April, before Yorktown, has added new honors to their record, and reflected new credit upon our city. Our gratitude for the reputation cherished, our admiration for the bravery displayed, and our sympathy for the loss they suffered, are fully due, and are cordially tendered with the

hope that they may be spared to enjoy the honors so nobly earned.

FRANK B. FAY, *Mayor*.

EUSTICE C. FITZ, *Pres. Common Council*.

—
CHELSEA, MAY 29, 1862.

In Board of Mayor and Aldermen.

Whereas, The City Government have learned with feelings of deep sorrow of the death of George A. Noyes, William D. Smith, Walter B. Andrews, and Allen A. Kingsbury, members of Co. H, (of Chelsea,) 1st Mass. Regiment, who were killed in making a gallant attack in front of the rebel lines at Yorktown, it is therefore

Resolved, That we, in common with our fellow citizens tender to the families of the "Heroic Dead" our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That their gallant conduct on the field of battle, deserves our warmest thanks, and should stimulate us all to noble deeds, and that although dead, the memory of their patriotism will still live.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions, signed by the Mayor and the President of the Common Council, be transmitted to their respective families.

FRANK B. FAY, *Mayor*.

EUSTICE C. FITZ, *Pres. Common Council*.

[From the Boston Journal, July 23, 1861.]

BRAVERY OF A MASSACHUSETTS SOLDIER.

The following account of the bravery of a Medfield soldier in the first fight at Bull Run is from a private despatch:

"Lieut. Austin, of the Massachusetts First Regiment, tells me that a Medfield boy named Allen A. Kingsbury behaved very bravely in the engagement at Bull Run. He was tripped up by a spent cannon ball, but sprang to his feet uninjured, and shouted: 'That was rather a low ball, but I caught it!' The next minute a minie ball passed through his blanket, which he wore partly in front of him, and took the buckle from his shoulder strap, merely grazing the skin. Just then one of the secession officers on horseback dashed ahead of his men, and waving his sword, urged them forward. Kingsbury exclaimed, 'somebody has got to pay for my blanket,' and taking aim at this officer, brought him down. The officer was carried off by his men, but some of Kingsbury's men secured his sword, which he dropped as he fell from his horse. The officers speak very highly of Kingsbury, and I am proud that the old Medfield blood is of the right color."

NOTE. In this account, as published in the *Journal*, it is stated that Kingsbury was from *Medway*, but that is a mistake. A correction of which may be found in this book in the article headed "Honor to whom Honor is Due," which was published in the *Journal* soon after the above account.—ED.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

To the Editor of The Boston Journal:

In the account of the "Bravery of a Massachusetts Soldier," it is stated that he was from *Medway*. That is a mistake. The soldier there alluded to is Allen Alonzo Kingsbury, of Medfield. He was the first volunteer from this town. He left home about the 2d of April alone, unaided and unasked. In reply to his mother, who said to him she hated to have him go, he said: "My country calls and *I must go*." He went to Boston, enlisted in Company H, Chelsea Infantry, Capt. Carruth. He soon won the confidence and esteem of both officers and men. He is about 21 years of age, fine personal appearance, a countenance beaming with intelligence, cheerfulness and good nature—a splendid head, worth more than the South would be able or willing to give for it—very prepossessing in his manners, an agreeable companion and an unfaltering friend. His act of shooting the rebel officer, although equalling if not surpassing in real bravery that of the lamented Ellsworth, is perfectly characteristic of the person, and such as we who knew him best would expect of him. In his own account of it, as contained in a letter to his parents, he says: "Companies G, H and F were ordered into the woods to skirmish. We had not gone ten rods when a murderous fire was opened upon us from another masked battery. Our men fell awfully. Three of my comrades fell dead beside me. I jumped over a fence and found myself very near their battery. I saw an

officer standing on the bank, near a cannon. His sword was drawn; he waved it over his head, telling us to come on, sons of ——. I drew up my rifle and fired. He threw up his arms and pitched head foremost down the embankment. I aimed at his heart, and probably shot him dead. After I fired, a perfect volley was aimed at me. One ball passed through my blanket, struck the eagle on my cross-belt, and knocked me down. Another struck sideways on the brass clasp of my belt, glanced off, cutting off my cap box, and turned me round. I staggered and thought I was shot. It was a miracle that I was not shot dead. The balls flew like hail around me, but I did not think anything of them. I was cool as ice; did not fire but once, for my caps were all gone."

We do not wonder that Boston claims him as hers; for a person who could perform a deed of such cool, deliberate courage, under such circumstances, is deserving the honor of the city, the Commonwealth, yes, of the whole country.

But let all the honor of being the birth-place and home of so brave a youth be given, as it rightly belongs to the good old town of Medfield, Massachusetts. E. A. J.

MEDFIELD, JULY 29, 1861.

In connection with the above I wish to give here a few items of some importance. Although some of them have been alluded to elsewhere, yet it is deemed proper that they be stated more clearly and perfectly:

Allen Alonzo Kingsbury, the eldest son of Mr. James A. and Mary A. Kingsbury, of Medfield, Mass., was born in that town, Jan. 13, 1840. On the breaking out of this rebellion he felt it his duty to join the federal army.

Accordingly he left home April 19, 1861, with but *sixty cents* in his pocket, barely enough to pay his fare to Boston, not waiting to know whether the town, the State, the general government, or any body was intending to give anything more than the regular soldier's wages. What a rebuke to those who refuse to enlist unless they are sure of having a bounty paid to them immediately of one, two or three hundred dollars! April 20 he enlisted in the Chelsea Light Infantry, Capt. Carruth, Mass. 1st Regiment.

On Thursday, July 17, in an engagement with the rebels at Bull Run, he was wounded. He soon after returned home on a furlough, and might have felt himself honorably discharged from any further service in the army, but such was not his desire nor his destiny. On the 11th of Sept. he left home to return to the seat of war, but the lameness occasioned by his wound, disabled him from performing fully the duties of a soldier, so that he was soon appointed bugler in the Company to which he belonged. This position he held till Gen. McClellan gave orders that all buglers should return to their places in the ranks. And although quite lame and suffering at times excruciating pain in the wounded limb, yet he cheerfully returned to the ranks and faithfully discharged his duties as a soldier. On the morning of the 26th of April, in a brave and gallant charge upon the rebels, he received the fatal wound of which he died the same evening. Thus died at the early age of 22 years, 3 months and 13 days, one noble hearted patriot and deeply lamented friend. In regard to his views and feelings upon some subjects, especially those of a religious nature, we can better judge by what he did than by what he said for he was not a person who said

much about such things, yet it is evident he thought considerably of them. The selection of pieces of poetry and the like found among his books and papers, his calling for and reading his testament during his dying hours, endeavoring apparently to sooth his feelings in those solemn moments with the "consolations of the gospel," prove that he was not a stranger to pious and religious impressions. While he was remarkably free and easy in conversation, he did not disgrace what he said with profane oaths nor obscene jests. One of his school teachers remarked to the writer, a few years ago, that she "cherished a very high respect for him for he was a boy of such *good habits*." A gentleman of high standing and extensive information said to me a short time since, in speaking of our friend, "that a nobler and more generous hearted boy he never knew." The purity of his patriotism cannot be doubted. A short time before he expired he asked Capt. Carruth, who stood near his bed, if we had beaten the rebels? The Capt. replied that we had. Then said our friend, "*I am satisfied*." An expression worthy a place by the side of that of the lamented Gen. Wolf, at the battle of Quebec.

He was an ardent lover of nature, and may we not believe that he "looked through nature up to nature's God?" Plants, flowers, trees, rocks, rivers, mountains, the ocean, the thunder storm, yea, all the works and convulsions of nature awoke in his mind pleasing and sublime emotions.

I will here insert a few verses which were found in one of his books after his death, they serve, as has already been remarked, to illustrate his thoughts and feelings.

WHERE SHALL MY GRAVE BE MADE?

BY J. B. HOAR, M. D.

Oh! where shall be my resting-place,
 When life's dull scenes are o'er?
 Will it be 'neath the willow tree,
 Or 'mid old ocean's roar?
 Will this frail form at last repose
 Beneath the crested wave?
 Or shall I by a sylvan bower,
 Rest in a quiet grave?

Must I alone, unpitied, die?
 My eyes will strangers close;
 And in the lonely churchyard lie,
 In gloomiest repose?
 Will friends stand round my dying bed,
 The last farewell to give?
 Or shall I die in unknown lands,
 Where none my fate will grieve?

If but at last the portal gates
 Of Heaven shall ope to me,
 And glory's crown rest on my brow,
 When death shall set me free—
 It matters not where'er, at last
 This mouldering form shall lie,
 If but my spirit may be borne,
 To realms beyond the sky.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On the last leaf of Alonzo's last journal the following lines selected by him, we found written in pencil mark:

"Be still my heart and cease repining,
 Behind the cloud, is the sun still shining;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,
 Into each life some ruins must fall."

"In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling."

Here is a copy of the Card which some, and I would hope all the soldiers have. It is called the "Soldier's Prayer." It is truly rejoicing to every lover of the souls of his fellow creatures that the Christian people of the loyal States have endeavored to supply our brave, self-sacrificing soldiers with so much good religious reading matter.

"Ask and it shall be given you. Matt. 7: 7."

THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

"O, Father in Heaven, receive a penitent who cries to thee; wash me in the Saviour's blood, and make me clean. Give me a new heart, and fill me with Thy Holy Spirit. Forgive all my past sins, and after death receive me to dwell with Thee; for His sake who bled and died upon the cross to save me, Thy Son Jesus Christ, our only Saviour and Redeemer. Amen."

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. Romans 10: 13."

THE GLORIOUS FIRST.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

Hurrah ! for the glorious first,
 Every mother's son of them ;
 Three cheers for the gallant first,
 And *God* bless every one of them !
 Women be proud of the sons you rear,
 Daring dangers, brave and true ;
 While you tremble in love and fear,
 They carve out glory for you.

Hurrah ! for the gallant first,
 Every mother's son of them ;
 Three cheers for the gallant first,
 And God bless every one of them.
 Heroes and martyrs of such are made,
 Each stern brow for the laurel meet ;
 Never their loyal deeds shall fade,
 Blazoned on history's sheet.

Hurrah ! for the gallant first,
 Every mother's son of them,
 Three cheers for the noble first,
 And God bless every one of them.
 Forward ! close to the cruel guns,
 See how the hot balls cut the air ;
 Old Massachusetts's heroic sons
 Flinch not at hiss or glare !

Hurrah ! for the gallant first,
 Every mother's son of them ;
 Three cheers for the noble first,
 And God bless every one of them.
 God gave victory—honor to him,
 And shame to the traitorous foe accurst ;
 But never shall faintest shadow dim
 The fame of the glorious first.

LIEUT. AUSTIN'S DESPATCH.

The following despatch was received from Lieut. Austin, of the Chelsea Volunteers :

WASHINGTON, JULY 20, 11 A. M.

HON. F. B. FAY, Mayor of Chelsea :

I left Centerville yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock, and have just arrived here. Our regiment was first in the fight at Bull's Run, and fought nobly. Companies G and H were in the thickest of the fight, and lost the most men.

Those killed in our Company are Sergeant Thomas Harding, Philander Crowell, T. Needham, J. H. Murphy, and G. Bacon, (bodies not received). The wounded are George W. Gray, P. Crowell, Wm. Grantman, Orville Bisbee, George G. Learned, W. D. Grover, Nelson S. Huse, and A. A. Kingsbury, struck by a "spent ball" on the knee. Gray and Grantman are seriously injured. Gray cannot live, Grantman may recover. Crowell died yesterday morning. The others injured are principally from flesh wounds. They will be brought here to-day. Albert F. Wentworth, of our company, is missing. Cannot say whether or not he is a prisoner. Our men fought like tigers, never flinching or falling back until ordered, and then reluctantly. Capt. Carruth fought with his pants rolled up, and sleeves to his shoulders, like a lion, showing himself as brave as the bravest. He, with Lieut. Col. Wells, Lieut. Ward, of Company G, and Capt. Adams, of Company F, were the furthest in advance of the whole regiment,—up to the mouth of the enemy's cannon, where

bullets fell like hail stones. Lieut. Saunders (Chelsea Volunteers) is indisposed by over exertion and fatigue. He brought nearly all the wounded men out from the fight, carrying them on his back to the rear where the ambulance wagon was. Needham died on Lieut. Saunders's back. G. H. Hood is here. A. A. Kingsbury shot a rebel officer. Bisbee loaded and fired twice after he was shot. Grantman shot three rebels. Grover, when wounded, handed his gun to Lieut. Col. Wells, who loaded and fired twice at the rebels.

CONCLUSION OF THE BIOGRAPHY.

In the preceding pages we have portrayed before us the life, character and early death of a brave young patriot. Of one who cheerfully left the comforts of a good home, the society of kind and loving friends, all the endeared scenes and associations of his childhood and youth, enduring the hardships and deprivations of "camp life," braved the horrors of the battle-field, and at last yielded up life itself, all for his country's holy cause. What an example for the young men of his native town, of the Commonwealth, and of the country! As I stood by his grave in the beautiful Cemetery in Medfield, I felt that Medfield had indeed laid upon her nation's altar a noble and a costly sacrifice.

Again, as was said in the introduction, we learn something of the sufferings of the soldiers. Take for example the "Bull Run" affair, so graphically described by our lamented friend. Think, O ye, who are at your homes, lolling upon your soft yielding sofas, treading upon plushy carpets, languidly sipping your coffee, and perhaps your wine, partaking of the rich bounties of Providence, with which your tables are daily supplied, as though those bounties were hardly good enough for you, surrounded by all the comforts and pleasures which can make life desirable, think, I say, of our poor soldiers marching long, weary miles, over rough roads, with but little to eat, and that of a poor quality, suffering from thirst, and water scarce and difficult to be obtained, sleeping in the open air, upon the

bare ground, exposed every moment to the treacherous and murderous fire of the rebel foe, and all for what? why to defend *your rights* and secure *your liberties* as much as their own. O! what a debt of gratitude do we owe to those brave fellows. How cheerfully and willingly ought we to do all in our power for their comfort. How earnestly ought we to pray God to have them in His holy keeping, and to shield and protect them from the innumerable dangers to which they are constantly exposed.

And may our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom and mercy hasten the time, when, as a nation we shall return to our allegiance to Him, when this fearful and cruel rebellion shall be crushed out, when the glorious old flag, the beautiful emblem of our nationality and of universal freedom, shall again wave its silken folds over every part of the American Republic, when pure, permanent, heaven-born peace shall again "be within our borders," and when we shall again become that great, happy, united and prosperous "people whose God is the Lord, the joy and wonder of the whole earth." E. A. J.

MEDFIELD, AUG. 1862.

HISTORY OF MEDFIELD.

Medfield may be reckoned among the oldest towns in New England. It was the forty-third that was incorporated in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. It was originally a part of DEDHAM. Tradition says that the *name*, which may signify "Meddle-field," was so called on account of the large, beautiful field, or elevated plain, which forms the middle of the town. Or as ancient records spell the name "Mead-field," it might have been so named from the extensive *meadows* on the banks of the Charles River, which passes by it on the west, or from its pasture lands in general, as the word *Mead* signifies. Nearly the whole territory of the present town of Medway was formerly a part of Medfield. The territory comprising the towns of Sturbridge and Southbridge, Worcester County, was originally owned by persons in Medfield, and for a number of years that territory was called *New Medfield*.

Medfield was incorporated Jan. 1st, 1650. The land was originally purchased of Chickatobutt, an Indian Sachem in Stoughton. It was again bought in 1685, of his grandson, Charles Josias, alias Josias Wampatuck, for the valuable consideration of £4 10s.

The first minister was John Wilson, Jr., the oldest son of Rev. John Wilson, of Charlestown. The Rev. John Wilson, of Medfield, when a child, was wonderfully preserved from instant death. He fell from the loft of a building four stories high, into the street, struck upon his head, was supposed to be lifeless when taken up, and his

restoration was attributed to the prayers of his father. He graduated in the *first* class of Harvard Collge, 1642.

The first house of worship was erected in 1656. It was "thatched with straw," and by constant repairs lasted fifty years. The second one was built in 1706, and lasted eighty-three years. The third, the one now used by the Unitarian Society, was erected in 1789. There was a church bell in the town in 1676, but in 1684 Zac. Barber was hired to beat the *drum* on Sabbath days for half the year. The first school house was built in 1666.

In 1683 the town hired Mr. Johnson to keep *school* one year for £11; twenty shillings of it to be paid in money within a fortnight, and the rest in town pay, with leave to be gone two weeks in the spring to *practice* physic, and he was to deduct all other time so lost from his wages. In 1723 the town voted £26 for a grammar school.

The first settlers of this town had many and severe hardships. The greatest were those inflicted upon them by the savages. The burning of the town by the Indians under Philip, was doubtless the severest. Monday morning, Feb. 21st, 1676, was the fatal period. On Sunday they had been seen on Mount Nebo and Noon Hill as the people came out from public worship. During the night the Indians had spread themselves over every part of the town, skulking behind fences and buildings. At the first dawn of day about fifty buildings were set into a blaze at the same instant. The damages were estimated at 9,000 dollars. The best houses and the garrisons were saved. Eight of the inhabitants were killed, four mortally wounded, besides three soldiers killed, in all fifteen. John Fussell, aged about 100 years, was burned in his own house. The names of the killed and wounded were John Fussell, Henry

Adams, John Bowers, John Bowers, Jr., Thomas Mason, Zachariah Mason, Jonathan Wood, and Elizabeth Smith, were killed, and three soldiers, William Williams, John Cooper, of Boston, and Edward Jackson, of Cambridge. The wounded were Margaret Thurston, Samuel Thurston, Daniel Clark, and Timothy Dwight.

With regard to the healthiness of the town, we find by visiting the Cemetery and reading the names and ages of persons buried there, that nearly a hundred were between the ages of seventy and ninety, and about twenty between ninety and one hundred. One female, Mrs. Margaret Wight, lived to the great age of *one hundred and three years*.

The Baptist Society was formed here in 1752. Their first meeting house was built in 1772, and the Church was constituted in 1776. Their first minister was Rev. Thomas Gair.

In the *Revolutionary* war the inhabitants of the town contributed a full share of support, and took a spirited part in the maintenance of its principles. Several of our citizens have lost their lives in each of the wars which have been waged, the French and Indian, the Revolutionary, and the war of 1812.

The following are the *prices* of some articles in the *old tenor currency* so called. In 1700 a barrel of powder was £8; sixty pounds of bullets 6s.; three hundred flints 6s. 8d.; boarding for thirty-eight days, £1 2s.; sweeping the meeting house two years, £1. In 1699 cider was 8s. per barrel, apples 1s. per bushel, seven pounds hog's lard 1s. 9d., flax 1s. per pound, one plough 5s., four hundred and thirty rails £1. In 1702 rye was 4s. per bushel, wheat 5s., corn 2s. 6d., three pounds of tobacco 7s., day's work

for man 2s., hat and band 5s. 6d., making a coat 4s., a bible 5s., binding an old one 3s., men's shoes 5s., women's shoes 4s. 6d., a bonnet 1s. 6d., butter per pound 7d., a man's year's service £10 1s., one year's board for a student at Harvard College, £10.

The first grist mill was erected in 1652. Samuel Bullen built the first house, and his family were the first that moved into the town. The house stood a few rods north of where Mr. Daniel Hamant now lives. The first settlers had from six to twelve acres assigned them in the middle of the town, and pasture and mowing lands at a distance. In 1697, of those who attended town meeting, ninety-eight were proprietors. Witches, weavers and slaves were anciently numerous in this town.

The above historical facts are selected from a sermon preached in Medfield, Jan. 5, 1817, by Rev. Daniel Clarke Sanders, D. D., pastor of the Congregational Church in Medfield.

EDITORIAL REMARKS.

After a five years' residence in Medfield I can truly say that it is a beautiful town, most pleasantly and delightfully located,—altogether too beautiful and too delightful to be the dwelling place of those who sympathize with the South in the present rebellion. It is with no small degree of sorrow that I learn that there are such in this place. I had hoped that there would not be found a man mean enough in the town of Medfield, a town which has ever been so devotedly attached to the Union, which generously and liberally gave her money and her men in the days of

that other revolution to establish the Union, the Constitution and laws, for the defence and support of which we are now earnestly contending. I say I hoped that in this brave old town there would not have been a man mean enough to be on the side of this wretched, suicidal rebellion. But the day of their retribution is at hand, and may God grant that the righteous indignation of an insulted people be administered without mercy upon *all such*. One reason of the strength of the South is the firm and decisive manner in which they have dealt with all those who spoke, wrote, or did anything against the interests of the Confederate government.

Let the example which they have thus set us be followed. Whilst our brave soldiers are fighting to put down rebellion at the South, let us who remain at home put down secession at the North.

But a word more about Medfield and I close this article. Its natural scenery, rural beauty, the neatness, harmony and good order which generally prevail, the almost entire absence of loafing and rowdyism, the morality, intelligence, benevolence, industry and sobriety of the inhabitants, all conspire to render Medfield a delightful place of residence, and I think that gentlemen in the cities who would like a quiet, pleasant home in the country, would find this to be one of the loveliest and prettiest places to be found. The remarks here made will enable the reader the better to understand the poetic description given in these pages. With my best wishes for the health and happiness, peace and prosperity of the dear people of this town, I subscribe myself their friend and fellow citizen,

E. A. J.

MEDFIELD, AUG. 1862.

POETIC DESCRIPTION OF MEDFIELD.

Come readers, one and all, and hear me tell
Of the good old town in which I dwell ;
Medfield is the name by which 'tis known,
A finer one in the land cannot be shown.
It dates its birth far back "in days of yore,"
As far, at least, as two hundred years and more.*
The Indian sought to destroy it then,
His war-whoop rang through forest and glen ;
King Philip, the great Sachem of the red man's race,
Marshalled his hosts within this place.
He vowed a vow most awful and dire
That the town he'd destroy with sabre and fire.
He laid his plans with wisdom and skill,
The dwellings to burn and the people to kill.
As the sun on that dread morn arose,†
What a scene did his radiance here disclose !
Sadness and gloom o'er the town was spread,
Some of the people were wounded, others were dead !
Their houses and barns were in ruins laid,
Oh ! the doleful work the savages made.
The " Peak house " is e'en now presented to view,
From which affrighted the Indians withdrew ;
And thus was it spared on that dreadful day,
And a visit to see it will well repay.

* The town was incorporated in 1650.

† The town was burnt by the Indians Monday morning, Feb. 21, 1657 ; an account of which is found in this book.

But the red man has long since been gone,
 And the white man has here built a beautiful town,
 Where the good people dwell in comfort and ease,
 Surrounded by pleasure, plenty and peace.
 Here the farmer tills the rich fertile soil,
 Which amply repays for his trouble and toil,
 And the fine crops he raises of grasses and grain,
 Are equal to most in New England's domain.*
 The mechanic too, here finds employment good,
 By which he can earn his raiment and food,
 And lay up a few of his dollars and dimes
 To help when he is old or in other "hard times."
 We make here bonnets and hats of palmleaf and straw,
 As charming and fine as ever you saw;
 This business is managed in that excellent way,
A plenty of work and first rate pay!
 Here carriages are made of an extra kind,
 Equal to any you may elsewhere find—
 They reflect much honor upon their spirited makers,
 For where are such wagons as Cushman & Baker's!
 We have a "tin shop," and O! what a racket they make,
 But we will excuse them for the "good people's sake,"
 For there we shall find "stoves and hardware" so shiny
 and nice,
 All latest in fashion and lowest in price.
 We have a Baker who makes beautiful bread,
 And sends around weekly to see that we are fed—

* In 1857 *one ninth* of all the premiums awarded by the Norfolk County Agricultural Society were awarded to persons in Medfield.

His white loaves and crackers, his cookies and buns,
 Are eaten by mothers and daughters, fathers and sons,
 And right good they are too, "you'd better believe,"
 And our pockets of "change" they often relieve.
 Two Butchers have we, who pass daily around,
 Selling their meat by the carcass or pound;
 And when their beef, pork and mutton I chance to inspect,
 I think unless grossly mistaken,
 That e'en good Doctor Graham would hardly object,
 To a slice of their excellent bacon.
 We have a Tailor, who will "fits" to his customers give,
 For that's the best way such tradesman can live;
 His work, rest assured, is all done "tip-top,"
 As good as is done at any other tailor's shop.
 Blacksmiths and Wheelwrights we have a choice few,
 Without whom what would the good people do?
 For on out-of-town jobbers they should not depend,
 Their horses to shoe, and their wagons to mend.
 Here are those who take good care of our feet,
 By making boots and shoes that cannot be beat!
 We have hewers of stone and layers of brick,
 Who do up their work both neatly and quick.
 Of Painters and Carpenters we have a good share,
 Millers and Weavers and makers of Cabinet ware.
 Near the central part of this "good old town,"
 May a first rate *tannery* be also found;
 A few other trades some attention receive,
 Though most have been named I really believe.
 We have churches of *three* different creeds,
 Each the "right way" professedly leads;
 With a "neat house of worship," each church is supplied,
 Where the rich and the poor meet side by side;

A bell in each tower calls the people to meeting,
 An organ in each house gives them a musical greeting.
 Three excellent schools where the children and youth,
 Are taught rich lessons of wisdom and truth ;
 And may they become both learned and good,
 Fit to stand in the places where their fathers have stood.
 Of School Teachers, we have a good number, I know,
 Who are loved and respected wherever they go ;
 They honor the town to which they belong,
 And are worthy the praises of the old and the young.
 We have those who teach *music*, that beautiful art,
 That cheers up the sad and sorrowing heart ;
 To them it seems especially given,
 To help make earth resemble heaven !
 Fairs and Pic-Nics are by no means complete,
 Unless furnished with *music* charming and sweet ;
 And I believe 'tis acknowledged on every hand,
 That such music is furnished by the "*Medfield Band*."
 In the Village is Uncle Sam's Post Office found,
 Where news can be had from the country round ;
 And where all, of whatever party or creed,
 Can find something useful and proper to read.
 And there is a good "public house" where the stranger
 finds a home,
 Undisturbed by the noise and confusion of *rum* !
 Just give them a call, and as true as I'm a sinner,
 You'll be sure of getting a grand, good dinner.
 Three stores where dry goods and groceries are sold,
 And exchanged for "good paper," or silver and gold,
 And where people are "waited on" with kindness and
 pleasure,
 And receive in their dealings "good weight and measure."

A Livery Stable you'll find kept here,
 The horses of which you may drive without fear,
 They'll leave the road behind as fast as you please,
 And bear you thus onward in safety and ease.
 If to the great City you are wishing to send,
 Here are men on whom for that you may safely depend—
 They will do up your business with "care and despatch,"
 For what they do is done right up to the scratch !
 Should our buildings chance to take fire,
 And threaten destruction fearful and dire ;
 We've a company of young men, active and brave,
 Who will from such ruin our property save.
 For its fine rural beauty the place is renowned,
 And also the quiet and neatness which largely abound ;
 The people are intelligent, industrious and steady,
 To help "the poor and needy" they ever seem ready.
 And though we don't make the fuss that some people do,
 Yet we are *patriots*, honest, faithful and true ;
 Some of our "boys" are with the army of "braves,"*
 Who are fighting against rascals, traitors and knaves,
 And they prove to be of pure "Yankee stuff,"
 And handle the rebels confoundedly rough.
 Our girls and young ladies are modest and pretty,
 Outvicing all the *Belles* who dwell in the city ;

* A good number of persons from this town are now in several divisions of the army, most of them in the "Army of the Potomac." The first call for 300,000 was responded to by twelve persons, two more than the town's quota, and several have also enlisted in other towns, so that while other towns receive the *honor* of making up their quotas, the brave little town of *Medfield* should receive full credit for the assistance she has thus afforded.

No man here need live a single blest life,
 So easy is it to get a *good wife* !
 Our boys and young men I am happy to say,
 Though they are sometimes lively, merry and gay—
 Yet I think they aim to do about right,
 And are not very apt to quarrel and fight.
 The good, noble manners of our Puritan Sires,
 Which love and humanity ever inspires,
 Are such as in Medfield the traveller meets,
 At home or abroad, in the work-shop or streets.
 Reader, if a place for a *home* is what you are seeking,
 Remember the *Town* of which I've been speaking ;
 For what I now tell you is true to the letter,
 That go where you please you *can't find a better* !

E. A. J

MEDFIELD, AUG. 1862.

THE REBELLION.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is not intended in this hastily written article to enter into an elaborate argument concerning the causes of the rebellion, nor to explain how or by what means it can the soonest be brought to a close. Suffice it to say with regard to the cause, that so far as the South was concerned there was no real or just cause for it. That there had been things said at the North upon the subject of slavery calculated to irritate the South, I will not deny. But if history is to be believed, yea, if we can rely upon what we know to have actually taken place by the action of the general government upon the subject of slavery, the South certainly have not been deprived of a single privilege that constitutionally belonged to them.

Whatever they demanded they have received. They asked to have the Indians removed from within the limits of the slaveholding states, because their settlements formed a sort of rendezvous for the runaway slaves, and the Indians were removed at the expense of the general government. They asked to have Texas annexed, and it was annexed, and upon the shameful condition that there might be four slave states made from its territory, provided those states did not extend north of 36 degrees, 30 minutes north latitude. The annexation of Texas, just as had been predicted by our most sagacious statesmen, Gen. Jackson and Mr. Van Buren among others, led to the disgraceful war with Mexico, our sister *Republic* ! And as in all the

wars before, so in this, the North furnished the largest amount of men and means for its prosecution.

Not satisfied, the South demanded that the good loyal, law-abiding, liberty-loving, slavery hating citizens of the North should be compelled by congressional enactment to unite with their blood-hounds to catch runaway slaves, and even a law to this effect was passed, and a more infamous act does not disgrace the statute book of the nation. Not only was the law passed, but it has been executed also. Yes, in the free (?) north, even in Massachusetts, in the city of Boston, the metropolis of New England, the great literary Emporium of the nation, the very Athens of America, even through her streets has been marched the wretched victim of Southern oppression, chained and manacled, between two files of United States soldiers stationed there to prevent an enraged and insulted people from interfering to rescue him. Yes, northern men and northern money have been extensively and repeatedly used to recapture the poor, panting fugitive, drag him back South and replunge him into the hell of slavery!

At last the South proposed that the Constitution should be so amended that slavery should be permitted or recognized south of a certain degree of latitude. But the North somewhat aroused to their danger and duty, for once said, No! Soon there was

“Ground and lofty tumbling.”

Members of the Federal Congress withdrew from that body, States seceded, the public property was seized, loyal citizens were inhumanly butchered, and all the horrors of civil war burst upon the country. The people were awakened, alarmed and hurried to the rescue. The loyal States seemed determined to outvie each other in

their efforts to defend the Union and the Constitution. Men by thousands, and money by millions were immediately proffered to the aid of the government. From ocean shore to mountain top, from the wayside and the fireside, from the work-shop and the counting-room, from the seminaries of learning and the sanctuaries of God, from the pulpit, the press and the platform echoed and reechoed the call, “To arms! to arms! for our country’s defence!” Husbands and fathers, sons and brothers left their homes, their friends and all that man holds dear on earth, and joined the “embattled hosts.” All the horrid enginery of human warfare was put into operation.

Battle after battle has been fought. Multitudes of brave, noble-hearted patriots have fallen in death upon the field of conflict. Many once happy homes have been made desolate, thousands of once joyous hearts have been saddened by the loss of loved ones who have thus gone down to the grave. And still the war goes on—the end is not yet. The great and all-absorbing question now before us is, how and when will the rebellion cease, and the war be brought to a close? As I am no military character, and consequently not acquainted with military tactics, I certainly am unable to give any instructions relative to the movements and other arrangements of the army, nor to direct how, when and where battles should be fought. But notwithstanding all the numerous blunders and mistakes which some of our “wiseacres” accuse our officers and “those in authority” of making, yet I feel that the business is much better managed than it would be even by some of the wonderfully sagacious fault-finders, who seem not to have either courage enough or patriotism enough to ‘go to the war,’ but had rather stay at home and pick flaws

with those who have gone. And by the way, there are some who seem to think it their especial mission to hurry up all the errors of our national officers, and keep them constantly before the people. It is astonishing how much such persons pretend to know, although perhaps in a their lives they never saw a military parade, much less battle, and yet they would try to make us believe that they know more "about war" than Scott or McClellan ever thought of knowing! But probably the fewer such persons we have among us, and the less confidence we place in them the better for us. In the days of the "other revolution" there were those who even found fault with Washington. Yea, there was a strong party against him, both in the camp and in Congress, and to such an extent did the feeling go at one time that his successor in command was named. But at length the people rallied around the renowned Chieftain and a glorious victory soon followed. Heaven grant that the people may do so now. There are undoubtedly errors and imperfections in our army affairs, but does cavilling and sneering at them remove them? We are told that there are many traitors in the army. However true this may be, I am fully satisfied that there are many traitors and Southern sympathizers at the North, and to overcome and subdue such would be one step, a mighty stride toward putting down the rebellion and closing the war. I would counsel no acts of violence, but if it is right to put down rebellion at the South, it is equally right to put down those who sympathize with and countenance it at the North. But how shall we know them? Those who are sneering at our government, finding fault with its officers, discouraging and preventing enlistments in our army, lauding and prais-

ing the talent, heroism, bravery and patriotism of Jeff. Davis and his traitorous crew. Such I think may be considered by no means friendly to our country.

If, therefore, there are traitors in our army, or traitors at the North, as no doubt there are, let them be punished as they deserve, and let their property, if they have any, be used to support the government which they have despised and disgraced. Better, far better that every rebel and traitor, North and South, should perish, than that another single loyal citizen should be killed.

As so many who ought to know more about this matter than I do, have so often predicted the time when the war will close, and their predictions have as often failed, I will not undertake to tell when the glorious, and long looked for event will occur. But as this awful war is a judgment of God upon us for our sins, a righteous punishment which just Heaven has deemed necessary to inflict upon us for our numerous and fearful iniquities, we cannot expect that the judgment will be averted, or the punishment removed until, *as a nation, we repent of our sins, and return to our allegiance to God.*

That slavery is the great, crying sin of the land, that it was the immediate cause of this rebellion, there can be no doubt; but this is not the only sin of which, as a nation, even we are guilty. Sabbath-breaking, profane swearing, licentiousness, intemperance, gambling, and all their kindred evils are rife among us. And are there any signs of repentance of those sins? Are we, as a nation, repenting even of the sin of slavery? Is not the fugitive slave act a law which sets aside some of the plain provisions of the Constitution of the country, such as the right of trial by

jury, and some others. Is not this law, I say, recognized by our rulers as of binding force, and is it not executed by the federal authorities in the federal Capitol? And are not the other evils to which I alluded, as common as ever? Are not our hearts frequently pained by hearing the "profane oath and obscene jest," and by witnessing the wanton disregard for the Bible, the Sabbath and the sacred, christian institutions—institutions which God has ordained, and which our fathers loved, cherished and supported? Are not pride, fraud, deception, lying and cheating common, seen in every day life, countenanced too by some in high standing in the community, the church and the country? Are not the official reports and other public documents of the different officers of our government and our army sadly and mournfully deficient in that recognition of the hand of God in our country's affairs which become the rulers and representatives of a great, *Christian* people? Is there not a painful difference, in this respect, in the writings above referred to and those of Washington and his subordinates? I do not refer to this matter in the spirit of bigotry or fault-finding, but rather with deep heartfelt sorrow, and if I have wounded, may the wound be healed with reform.

We have indeed enlisted and sent into the field a vast, powerful, multitudinous and well disciplined army, superior to anything of the kind the world ever saw. But vain and futile will be the operations of this great army unless aided and assisted by a higher power than any of earth. And can we expect that God will bless us, that He will cause peace, happiness and harmony to result from these our efforts to crush out this fearful rebellion, while

we are thus sinning against Him? Patriotism is not piety. We may love our country, but not our God. Let us then seek to become not only devoted patriots, but also devoted Christians. Let us not only be faithful soldiers of the Union, but faithful soldiers of the Cross. Let us not only enlist under the banner of the nation, but also under the banner of the gospel. Let us humble ourselves before God, and deeply and unfeignedly repent of all our sins. Let us return to the "good old ways" of our fathers, and then, and then only may we expect that the blessing of our fathers' God will be upon us.

Having thus hastily and briefly glanced at the rebellion, I must close, hoping that my indulgent reader will freely excuse all the imperfections that may be seen in this article. The subject is far from being exhausted, though my time and space may be. Had circumstances permitted, I would gladly have been more explicit upon some points, and I greatly fear that the brevity with which I felt myself obliged to treat them may lead to some misunderstanding, but will hope for the best.

May God in His infinite mercy grant that this fearful rebellion may soon cease, that this dreadful, desolating war may soon terminate, and that peace may be again within our borders. And when the great campaign of life is closed, with each of my dear readers, may they, by repentance of all their sins, and faith in our blessed Redeemer, be permitted to share that "peace that passeth all understanding," and to enjoy that "rest that remaineth for the people of God." May death to each of them prove but an easy passport to that "better land" where there will be no more war nor bloodshed, and where part-

ings and separations are never known, where sin and sorrow can never come, where pain and death are known no more. That this may be the happy portion of each and all, is the sincere wish, heartfelt desire, and humble prayer of their most unworthy friend,
E. A. JOHNSON.

MEDFIELD, SEPT. 1st, 1862.