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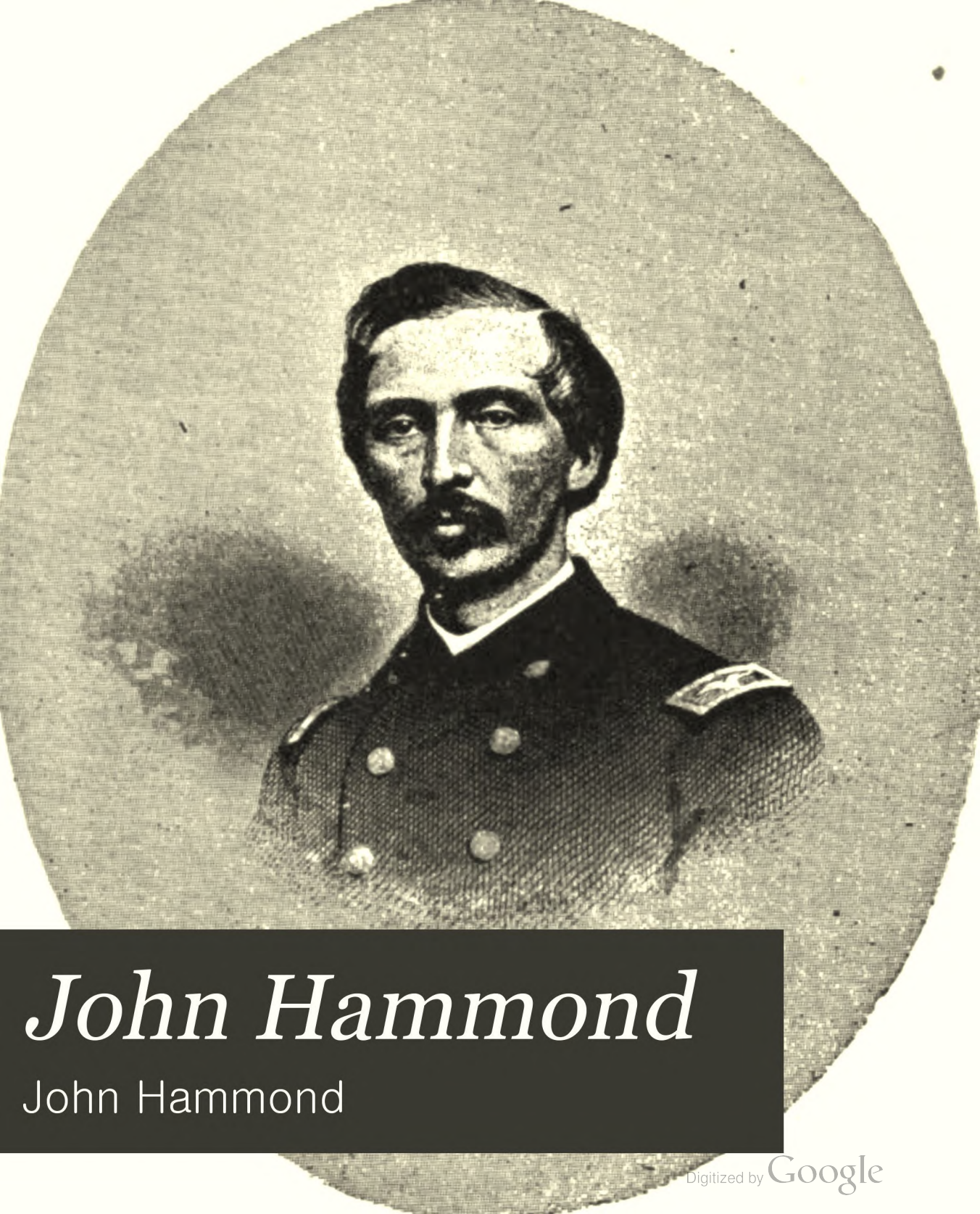
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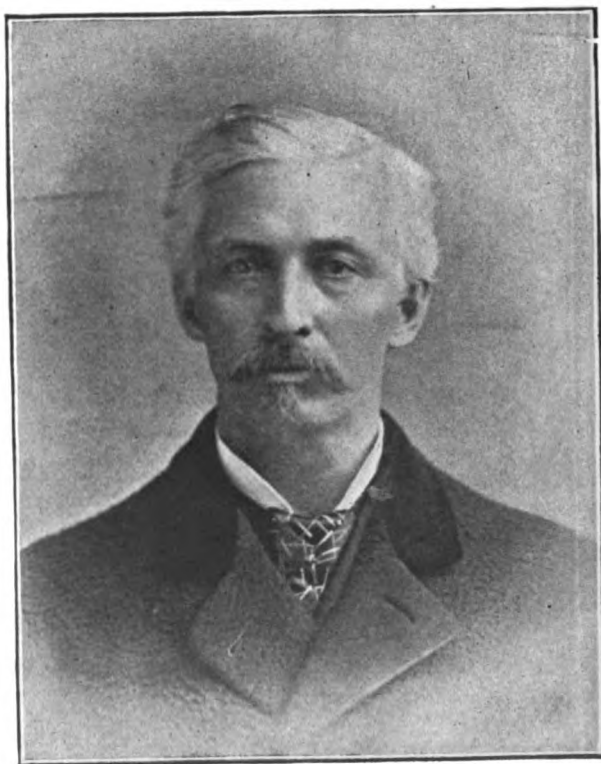


John Hammond

John Hammond



Philip Ashton Rollins



JOHN HAMMOND.
(TAKEN IN 1880.)

JOHN HAMMOND.

Died May 28, 1898, at his Home, Crown Point, N. H.

**BORN AUGUST 17, 1827, AT CROWN POINT, IN THE OLD
HOUSE, NOW STANDING, NEXT WEST OF
HIS LATE RESIDENCE.**



**CHICAGO:
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1890.**

JOHN HAMMOND.

DIED MAY 23, 1869, AT HIS HOME, CROWN POINT, NEW YORK.
BORN AUGUST 17, 1827, AT CROWN POINT, IN THE OLD HOUSE NOW STANDING,
NEXT WEST OF HIS LATE RESIDENCE.

JOHN HAMMOND was descended from Thomas and Rose Trippe Hammond of Lavenham, Suffolk County, England. Their seventh child, Thomas Hammond, came to America in 1636, and settled at Hingham, Plymouth County, Mass. For one hundred and fifty years the family lived there. His great-grandfather, Daniel Hammond, was one of those who assisted in taking Cape Breton from the French ; and during the forty-nine days siege of Louisburgh, which ended June 17, 1745, he contracted rheumatism, and for the last fifteen years of his life was completely bed-ridden.

While Daniel Hammond's wife, Lucy, is said to have been a superior woman of strong mind, she was unable to provide for her seven children ; and when he was four years old, Thomas Hammond, the grandfather of John Hammond, was bound out to a farmer named Denny, of Leicester, Worcester County, Mass. He grew up to become a soldier in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War ; after which he married Hannah, the daughter of Col. Ichabod Cross, of Shaftsbury, Vt., and settled on wild land at Pittsford, Vt. He was a member of Vermont's Legislature for ten years, a colonel in the State Militia, and for four years a member of the Executive Council of the State.

Col. Hammond's seventh child, Charles F. Hammond, was the father of John Hammond. His mother's maiden name was Jane Renne. She was the daughter of one of the earliest settlers of Crown Point, coming there from Cairo, Green County, N. Y.

Charles F. Hammond was born in Pittsford, April 24, 1798, but for more than half a century was identified with Crown Point. First in the lumber and afterwards in the iron business. A history of his life for fifty years would largely be the history of the town.

John Hammond went to the District School, which stood on Sugar Hill, afterwards to a school in Panton, Vt., taught by the Rev. James Ten Brooke, and later to the St. Albans Academy, in the same State, finishing his education at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, at Troy, N. Y., and going while there on the annual geological tour of 1847 through the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. He was a clerk in the "old brick store" of Hammonds & Co., at Hammond's Corners, Crown Point, when gold was discovered in California. He went there overland in 1849, and after three years returned to Crown Point greatly benefited in his health.

April 14, 1852, he married Charlotte Maria Cross, who survives him, and by whom he had seven children, six of whom are now living.

He was in the mercantile and lumber business at Crown Point until the outbreak of the Rebellion. Intensely patriotic he assisted largely in sending out the first company of volunteers from Crown Point, Company "H," of the 34th N. Y. Volunteer Infantry; and after the battle of Bull Run, determined to raise a company of cavalry and go to the assistance of the government himself. The appeal to the people of his native town was responded to with an ardor and promptness that has few parallels.

The fervid zeal that was inspired could not await the formal preparation of enlisting papers, or for a regular mustering in, but a written compact was at once prepared by which each man was pledged to serve the government for three years, and in an incredibly short time received the signatures of 127 of the youth of the town and its immediate vicinity. Nearly all were between the ages of twenty and thirty years, and most all of them were either farmers or mechanics. No bounties were then paid; and a bounty of only \$100 was promised to be paid by

the United States at the expiration of term of service. Under this compact, to which all implicitly adhered, the company, without officers, and without any other restraint, proceeded to New York, and were there regularly mustered into the service. The entire body of men were accepted as privates ; nor did they elect their officers until the company joined their regiment on Staten Island. Charles F. Hammond advanced the funds for the purchase of all the original horses, amounting to 108. These horses were probably superior to those of any other troop in the army, many of the men having themselves paid largely in excess of the government price, in order to get the particular horses they knew and wanted.

In the descriptive list of this company, John Hammond is described as 34 years old, dark complexion, black eyes, black hair, 5 feet 11½ inches tall. The company went from Crown Point to Whitehall on the propeller Joseph Hooker ; and there never was assembled a sadder company than covered the wharf and shores of Lake Champlain in the vicinity, to bid their soldier boys good-bye.

The company joined the Fifth N. Y. Volunteer Cavalry, on Staten Island, and became Company "H," of that organization, and John Hammond was chosen to be their captain.

Space does not permit giving an extended record of Gen. Hammond's army life. He rose through all the grades to the colonelcy and command of his regiment, and received the brevet of Brigadier General. He was twice wounded ; and of his three years of service was off duty less than thirty days.

The following letter, after a review before General Grant, tells us what was thought of his regiment by others :

HEAD QUARTERS, First Brigade, Third Division, }
Cavalry Corps, May 2, 1864. }

LIEUT. COL. JOHN HAMMOND,
Commanding 5th N. Y. V. C.,

Col.—The commanding general of this division (Brigadier Gen. James H. Wilson) desires me to express to you his gratification at the military deportment and soldierly bearing of your command at the

division review to-day. He considered your regiment, in every particular, by far the finest on the field, in which opinion I heartily concur. I am, Colonel,

Very truly yours,

T. H. BRYAN, Col. Com'd'g First Brigade.

The application of Col. Hammond for muster out was endorsed as follows :

HEAD QUARTERS, Third Cavalry Division, }
August 30, 1864. }

[Respectfully forwarded, approved.]

Col. Hammond is a most valuable and worthy officer, and has served with great credit to himself and benefit to the service,—but the regiment would be left in the hands of a good officer should he be mustered out, while the reasons urged by Col. Hammond for his leaving the service are of so grave a character as to deserve the serious consideration of the major general commanding the department.

J. H. WILSON, Brig. Gen'l.

HEAD QUARTERS, Cavalry Forces, }
Middle Military Division,
Charlestown, Va., August 30, 1864. }

I am constrained to approve this application under the circumstances ; but I am pleased to mention, from personal observation, that he is one of the most accomplished officers I have known in service, and the country can ill afford to lose the services of such an officer at this time.

Respectfully submitted, A. T. A. TORBERT,

Brig. Gen. Vols. Com'd'g Cav'y.

A few days after Col. Hammond took leave of his command, he received the following letter :

HEAD QUARTERS, Third Cavalry Division, }
Near Berryville, August 31, 1864. }

My Dear Colonel,—I am sorry you took your final farewell from the division without letting me see you again ; I cannot, however, allow your absence to prevent my sending after you my sincere regrets at losing you, and my best wishes for your prosperity and happiness.

It is no flattery to say, your loss cannot be repaired in this command except by your return to it, and I must earnestly hope for its

sake and *the cause*, that circumstances may so shape themselves as to allow you speedily to rejoin us with increased rank and authority.

There may be something personal in it, but your absence gives me special pain. Our cause, the country's, needs not only the support of stout arms and brave hearts, but that of every pure and moral nature in the land. When one such as yourself leaves the service, there is, therefore, a double loss, with more than the ordinary difficulties to overcome in repairing it. There are plenty of men who wish to advance themselves, but few that are worthy of the places to which they aspire.

In writing you this letter, permit me to assure you the sentiments I express are shared by Gen. Sheridan, as well as by every member of my staff.

With sentiments of the highest regard, I am, Colonel,

Very truly your friend,

J. H. WILSON, Brig. Gen'l.

Soon after his departure from the regiment, a letter written by Chaplain Rev. Louis N. Boudrye, appeared in the *Essex County Republican* (his home paper), from which I make the following extracts :

It is seldom we are called upon to chronicle as painful an event as that which separated Col. John Hammond from the Fifth New York Cavalry. After so long a term of service with him, we had learned not only to respect, but to love him, while we admired the great virtues which so happily blend in him. It is no wonder that there was not a dry eye among the officers who shook his hand in farewell greeting yesterday, nor difficult to account for the emotion which choked his utterance when he undertook to address us a few parting words.

It is not often we comment upon the private or public virtues of *living* men, but in this case our justification lies in derogating from our general rule.

The early call of our country for patriot soldiers, found nowhere a heartier response than in the heart of John Hammond, of Crown Point, Essex Co., N. Y. Gathering together the young men of his neighborhood, a company of as effective men as ever drew a sabre was formed, and John Hammond was chosen its captain and leader. To his men the captain devoted his attention and means. Mutual confidence and respect increased with discipline in camp and service

in the field. It was soon discovered that Capt. Hammond was no ordinary military leader. Gradually he rose from one post of trust to another. While a major he had command of the regiment more than a year. At the earliest vacancy he was commissioned lieutenant colonel, and soon thereafter colonel, and no man ever bore the spread eagle more worthily. Had not his term of service expired at a time when the call of his family was nearly imperative, we doubt not he would soon have borne the star. The commendations he has received from both division and brigade commanders, are known to us all, and are such as any man might be proud of. His fame is unsullied and extensive, his record fair and imperishable.

Few men combine in themselves so many qualifications of the *true* man and soldier. His patriotism was not a mere matter of name, as the sacrifices he made for his country fully attest. All who came in contact with him felt that this was the ruling motive of all his action. As a disciplinarian he was strict without being severe, and thorough. In preparation for, and during, a battle, none could excel him.

His plans were quickly made and well executed. His selection of positions and disposition of forces always exhibited great sagacity and military genius. He held his men in perfect control. His clear voice went like magic through the ranks, while his manly form, always in the thickest of the fight, elicited the warmest enthusiasm. His equanimity of mind was never overcome by his celerity of motion, but seemed to be equal. Rarely is so great prudence found with so undaunted courage. He had an indomitable will that would not brook defeat. The word *impossible* he never knew, when difficulties came between him and duty. He was ambitious, yet humble.

Added to all these mental qualifications was that perfect *physique*, which made John Hammond the model soldier. As an equestrian we have never seen his superior. His power of endurance was also very great. For three long years of active service he has stood with the regiment mid storm and sun, mid fatigue and danger. He was no wanderer from his men, nor lover of ease at the expense of duty. For this the men honored him ; and they loved him because in all his promotions he never forgot their wants, nor stood aloof from them. He was always the affable yet dignified John Hammond they had known in days past. The men of his late command will never forget his last words to them :—"God bless you."

Long live Col. John Hammond, and long be remembered among us his military and social virtues.

After the war he became a member of the old "Crown Point Iron Co." He was largely instrumental in securing to the people on the west shore of Lake Champlain their present railroad facilities; and was President of the Whitehall and Plattsburgh Railroad Co., when it first connected the iron mines of Essex County with the rest of the world, and so continued until it was absorbed by the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co. He was the prime mover in consolidating the properties of the old "Crown Point Iron Co.," J. and T. Hammond, and Penfield and Harwood, and the formation of the present "Crown Point Iron Company."*

He was its President from the beginning, and under his immediate management and supervision the furnaces and wharf at the Lake, the railroad (ascending 1,300 feet in going 13 miles) to the mines, and the village of Hammondville, were built, the great ore deposits of the town were developed, and an industry established which supports 3,000 people.

No better evidence of the thoroughness of the work done can be given than the report of the committee appointed on motion of Thos. Dickson, at the stockholders meeting at Crown Point, after the new works and railroad were completed.

Resolved, That to the officers of the Company, especially those resident at Crown Point, we express our high appreciation and grateful acknowledgment for the energy shown in the construction of the works of the Company, and the evident care manifest in all departments over the property and interests of the Company.

Resolved, That, upon examination, we are gratefully surprised at the completeness of the work accomplished in so short a time, and

* Iron ore was discovered in Crown Point previous to 1824, in the region now known as Hammondville, having been so named by the late President, Thomas Dickson, of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Co. The first blast furnace in the vicinity was blown in January 1, 1846. Iron from these mines was used in the construction of the first Monitor; and the first Bessemer steel made in the United States was made from Crown Point pig iron.

under the difficulties which have been surmounted, owing to the financial troubles of the times and the natural obstructions to be overcome.

Resolved, That we hereby renew and continue our unabated confidence in the skill and energy of our President, Gen. John Hammond.

In 1875, Gen. Hammond, accompanied by his wife and two daughters, revisited California. In seven days making the journey, that before took him more months to accomplish.

In 1878, he became a member of the 46th Congress of the United States, being elected by a majority of about 5,000. He was re-elected to the 47th Congress, and after four years service declined another re-election.

He was a magnificent horseman, and a great lover of horses and fine cattle. His interest in good roads was remarkable, and the roads in Crown Point are the finest I have ever seen in any country town. He was a member of the National Convention at Philadelphia, which nominated Grant for a second term as President, and of the Convention at Chicago, which nominated Blaine. He was a great admirer of Gen. Grant, and was strongly in favor of nominating him for President for a third term.

HIS HOME LIFE.

In this short memorial my endeavor has been to sketch briefly what John Hammond did, using his own language whenever possible ; but I cannot forbear to speak a few words of his home life, which only his own family could know about. While he had no sympathy with the man who is on the fence, and don't know on which side to get down on, he yet could heartily appreciate the good qualities in one who was an enemy or opponent. He had no patience with laziness or procrastination any more than with unfair dealing. He was a man of strong convictions, and all his actions were based on what he believed was right. Notwithstanding his rough life in California and in the army, he was singularly pure in speech and entirely free from profanity. If he had faults, no one appreciated them so much as he. He was genial, kind and loving in his home, and he spent all his leisure time there. He was a lover of children and of music. He had been a great traveler in his own country, was a great reader and a most thoroughly posted geographer. He loved to see real enjoyment in all those about him ; and while the sterling qualities of his character, his conscientiousness and uncompromising adherence to principle, in small matters as well as great, were no less manifest in his home life than in his intercourse with the outer world, there were other characteristics best known to those who were nearest him. He loved his wife and children and grandchildren with all the force of his strong nature, considered no effort or personal inconvenience too great to promote their welfare and happiness, and was never so happy as when they were happy. He was a member of the Congregational Church, and his family were always assembled, after breakfast, to read a chapter in the Bible. As a business man he was the soul of honor, never made an engagement he did not keep, never owed a dollar he did not pay. He believed in an honest day's pay for an honest day's work. He was the

friend of the poor and unfortunate, always glad to see his townspeople everywhere, and ready to help such as needed his aid. Any Union soldier with a clean record he was a friend of, and he could not do too much for him.

OBITUARY ARTICLE FROM THE TICONDEROGIAN, LARGELY MADE UP FROM HIS FUNERAL SERMON, BY THE REV. JAMES DEAN.

Gen. John Hammond, who has been closely identified with the business interests of this part of the State, and whose name will always brighten the military annals of state and nation, died of catarrhal consumption, at his home in Crown Point, on Tuesday afternoon, May 28, 1889. For six years past his health had slowly but steadily failed, but he fought the battle of life manfully, seeking, with characteristic self-sacrifice, to ward suffering and trouble from others. For three months before his death he did not know what it was to enjoy a single night of restful slumber. Such sleep as he obtained came only in snatches while in a sitting posture.

Any one who knew his life in Crown Point cannot speak moderately of the place he filled there. Into almost every home in Crown Point death entered when he struck down John Hammond. The Congregational Church owes to his planning, foresight and generosity the conveniences of the Hammond Chapel. To his love of reading and his interest in the well-being of the community, the founding and fostering of the Chapel Library at Crown Point is due, and many another enterprise has been strengthened and better equipped for service through his thoughtful care. Of his personal kindness and generosity new evidences are continually coming to light. In no place will John Hammond be more missed than in the homes of the lowly poor. His ear and his heart were ever open to the cry of the suffering, and his hand and purse were swift to answer the call.

"To say that Gen. Hammond took a certain very rational pride in his military record, would be speaking the truth, but he also entertained a vivid interest in all subjects appealing to his patriotic instincts, and showed a tender sympathy with all those who, like himself, had worn the blue. That fact constituted a valid claim upon his good will, often including no small amount of actual labor by way of correspond-

ence, in behalf of the needy, usually supplemented with liberal donations to supply pressing wants." Money, time, personal service, all these Gen. Hammond gave liberally, and many an old hero's going down into the dark valley has been made easy by his sympathy and care.

During the latter days of his life, the almost constant inquiry was, "How is Gen. Hammond?" an inquiry confined not to Crown Point alone, but made wherever the patriotism, the tender sympathy, the ready aid, and noble manliness of the man were known, and sincere and tender grief was in every heart, when it was known that the command of the Great Commander had been heard and obeyed. Death came easily, and quietly, and none of the watchers knew when the soul separated from the body.

It was very fitting that his funeral services should be held on Memorial Day. He had hopes, almost to the last, that he might ride with the procession for at least a part of the way in its round among the graves of the patriot dead; but, instead, *his* body was committed to the grave. At two o'clock in the afternoon of Memorial Day, prayer was said at Gen. Hammond's late residence, and the sad procession made its way to the Congregational Church, where the services were to be held. To three comrades, Major E. J. Barker, C. M. Pease, E. M. Johnson, and three citizens, J. C. Brevoort, Theodore Locke and Frederick Petty, was the care of the worn and wasted body given, while a large company, including nearly every man of note in the Champlain Valley, acted as honorary bearers of the dead. Just behind the hearse was led by a groom Gen. Hammond's favorite saddle horse, with boots reversed, sabre turned, and stirrups over the saddle. The bridle and trappings were twined with crape. Chas. F. Hammond Post, No. 533, G. A. R., with visiting comrades, acted as escort to their dead comrade. At the church, the Tromblee quartet, of Port Henry, sang "Come Unto Me." Prayer was offered by Rev. Charles L. Hagar, and the quartet sang, "Jesus Lover of My Soul," to the tune of Refuge. The sermon by the Rev. Jas. Deane, from Job xiv. 5, followed. After the sermon the Tromblee quartet sang, "Go Bury Thy Sorrow," in a wonderfully effective way. The body was then borne to the porch in front of the church, and over 1,200 people looked for the last time on the form of Gen. Hammond. The procession then took up the line of march for Forestdale Cemetery, the beautiful city of the dead, which

Gen. Hammond's own thought had planned, and hand beautified. At the grave the beautiful ritual of the Grand Army was used in committing the body to the grave. Every word of the service seemed to have been written especially for the dead soldier. During all the ceremonies the coffin had been draped with the beautiful flag of the land he loved so well, and almost the last thing was to remove the banner from the casket. The body was lowered into the grave by Gen. Hammond's sons and other relatives.

Everything in the ceremonies, we think, was exactly as Gen. Hammond would have wished, could he have expressed his desire. Unostentatious, yet impressive ; orderly, yet without undue formality.

A noticeable thing was the evident manifestation by the large company gathered, of sincere respect and mourning for Gen. Hammond. Just after the casket had been lowered into the grave, the family of Gen. Hammond placed upon the box pansies, lilies of the valley, and other flowers. With the evergreen on the box and sides of the grave, with the flowers and solemn service, it seemed, indeed, as if we stood on the very threshold of the life beyond. There was beauty all around, and so, under the bending blue of heaven, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking in the life that is, we left our dead. We say *our* dead, for, in a peculiar sense, Gen. Hammond is the dead of the citizens of Crown Point. Of Gen. Hammond these lines, written by Gilder, of one whom Gen. Hammond knew and loved, are exceedingly fitting :

Come, soldiers, arouse ye !
Another hath gone ;
Let us bury our comrade,
His battles are done.

His sun it is set ;
He was true, he was brave,
He feared not the grave,—
There is naught to regret.

Bring music and banners
And wreaths for his bier :—
No fault of the fighter
That death conquered here.

Bring him home ne'er to rove,
Bear him home to his rest,
And over his breast
Fold the flag of his love.

Great Captain of battles,
We leave him with Thee.
What was wrong, O forgive it;
His spirit make free.
 Sound taps, and away!
Out lights, and to bed,—
Farewell, soldier dead!
Farewell—for a day!

[Extract from the *Middlebury Register*.]

He was a noble, courageous, patriotic and honorable man, and was a prominent figure and factor in politics, business and social life in northern New York during all the years since the war. His funeral services, by a singular coincident, were held on Memorial day, when the nation decorates the graves of its heroes with the tokens of their immortal honor, and of its own undying remembrance. On no day more fitting could a hero be borne to his grave; and no grave in all this broad land is more worthy of remembrance and adornment than that in which is deposited all that was mortal of Gen. John Hammond.

[Extract from the *New York Tribune*.]

General John Hammond, who was buried at Crown Point on Decoration Day, had a record for loyalty and bravery during the Civil War which his descendants may well feel proud of. One of his first daring exploits was on January 26, 1862, when he engaged with Moseby's guerillas at Middleburg, Va. He executed a brilliant charge, resulting in the capture of twenty-five of Moseby's men, and with the loss of only one in Major Hammond's command. Another of his brilliant dashes was on June 1, 1864, in a battle at Hanover Court House, when he was in charge of the destruction of two of the Virginia Central Railroad bridges across South Anna River. While gallantly riding up and down the lines, directing the operations and encouraging the men, Colonel Hammond received a bullet, which flattened upon his sword-scabbard, but cracked the bone of his leg just above the ankle-joint.

[Extract from the *Essex County Republican*.]

GEN. JOHN HAMMOND.—The death and burial of Gen. John Hammond gave the citizens of this and other counties an opportunity to

bear witness to his pure character, and show their sympathy with his family. The loss of such a man is a loss to the whole community, the personal loss of all who have felt the influence of his inflexible integrity and his large-hearted generosity. There was therefore no formality in the service at Crown Point on Memorial Day, no affectation of sorrow by those who followed him to his resting-place, among those he led in the service of the nation. The most signal proof of regard and affection was the assembly of his townspeople to join the mournful rites at the church and grave. Hundreds of men, women and children crowded the silent street and park, and waited for the last look at the face of their comrade, their fellow-citizen crowned with high honor, their helpful neighbor—always their steadfast friend. There could be no extravagance in such eulogy, for it spoke only through the sincerity of tears. The procession was led by the Grand Army organization, of which Gen. Hammond was a member, composed mostly of those who had served under him, and who were brave enough to witness and share his intrepid courage, when the fight was hottest. The bearers were selected from his most intimate friends, only a small portion of those who followed them could be seated in the church. There was vocal music by the Tromblee quartette, and it ought to be said that their singing was of a very high order; all who heard it were grateful for their exquisite expression of emotion, which was otherwise inexpressible. Assisted by Rev. Mr. Hagar, the service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Dean, the pastor of the Congregational Church; and his review of the life, his tribute to the memory and character of the deceased, was marked by unaffected eloquence entirely in keeping with the occasion, and very forcibly and happily expressing the estimate of Gen. Hammond by those who knew him best. That tribute needs no revisal or supplement, for it was spoken by one who had walked as his friend, who knew his devotion to duty, his fidelity and ability in the discharge of it; yet, it cannot be too often repeated, that the best legacy to the living is the memory of the noble dead. Gen. Hammond belonged to us, and his memory belongs to us still. As often as flowers lie upon the graves of those who die that their country might live, we shall indulge a feeling of exultation that his name belongs to the nation, and is inseparably associated with what is most unselfish and heroic in its history,—a feeling of justifiable pride that his patriotic services

were recognized by the gift of civic honors ; and while we live, and when we shall have followed him, his spotless character, his generous conduct, his sympathy with all that is highest and best among men, his constant loyalty to his friends, his hatred of all treason and falsehood, will remain for us and for those who come after us, a consoling recollection and a shining example.

[Extract from the *New York Graphic*].

The death of General John Hammond at Crown Point, N. Y., a few days ago, has taken a conspicuous figure from the business and political interests of northern New York. To his enterprise and effort was due the development of the mining resources of the region,—the furnaces at Crown Point and the mining town of Hammondville, back in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, being the practical result. The picturesque and historic town of Crown Point was largely owned by General Hammond, and not only the villagers but the farmers for miles about looked to the General for advice and guidance to a degree which in America is remarkable. General Hammond was a man of iron will and instant decision ; and when President Lincoln called for troops he was among the first to respond, raising a troop of cavalry among his neighbors and friends. The close of the war found him a Brigadier General with a remarkable record for intrepidity and endurance.

The farmers and hamlets about Crown Point will sadly miss the familiar sight of General Hammond's erect and military figure dashing by, superbly mounted. The funeral services with singular appropriateness were held on Decoration Day, and it seemed as though all the veterans of Essex County had gathered to do honor to their old comrade and friend, all other ceremonies being omitted.

From the speech of the Rev. Joseph Cook, delivered at Mount Hope, Ticonderoga, N. Y., on Decoration Day, 1889.

Our country has met with a great bereavement. At this moment, as I suppose, there is moving to the grave in our neighboring town of Crown Point the bodily form of the revered citizen, the heroic soldier, the noble patriot, Gen. John Hammond. His soul will always be with us. There are men in this assembly to-day whom he led on the perilous edge of battle. There are men here who have personal knowl-

edge of his bravery, generosity, energy, patriotism. His soul will animate our souls, and those of our children, as long as written history endures. Let us cherish the memory of all he did for his town and for this County, and the State and the Nation. He had a judgment so unerring, a force of character so unflinching, and integrity so commanding that men rested in him as on the granite of the Adirondack Hills. We lay our wreaths of memory on his grave, but his soul is to march on with us and our successors as long as these hills salute the sun.

**EXTRACTS FROM TELEGRAMS AND LETTERS RECEIVED AFTER
HIS DEATH.**

I like to recall him as he was during our army life. The brave, rugged and honorable soldier. Knowing no fear, and yet charitable and sympathetic to the deserving, and a "holy terror" to the fraudulent.

A. H. WHITE, Late Colonel Fifth N. Y. V. C.

He was one of the few men you find in a lifetime that could always be depended upon in any emergency. I never knew an officer who commanded the respect and confidence of his men to a greater extent than he did. Always cool and determined in action, brave as a lion, and still exercising prudence and caution sufficient to protect his men from useless exposure, and always showing great care for their general welfare.

SETH B. RYDER, Late Capt. Fifth N. Y. V. C.

His unbounded courage and iron will, combined with his experience in crossing the plains in 1849, and his pioneer life in California, made him a favorite in his command, while his advice was often sought by his superiors. He was devoted to his men, and their interests were always protected. If anything was to be had for man or beast his command always had their share. He was quick to perceive an advantage, had nerve and courage to take all the chances, and was almost always successful. He had the facility for controlling his men at all times, and whenever he said go, they always knew their commander was not afraid to go with them.

ELMER J. BARKER, Late Major Fifth N. Y. V. C.

His work was well and brilliantly done, and he has gone to his reward. His services to his country are a priceless legacy to his children.

LEVI P. MORTON, Vice-President United States.

I deeply sympathize with you and your family ; not only will you miss him, but many others to whom Gen. Hammond had endeared himself by the ties that only death can sever.

J. D. HARDY, Calera, Ala.

I have known, respected and admired your father for a long series of years, and now sympathize with you in this your great loss.

ALBERT TOWER, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

In the loss of your father the community loses a good and noble citizen, and the poor and needy a kind and generous friend.

A. McDONALD, Supt. of Mines, Lyon Mountain, N. Y.

I loved and honored your father as a citizen and friend, and greatly admired him as a soldier.

J. L. CUNNINGHAM, Late Col. 118th N. Y. V. I.

His integrity was without flaw, his courage without doubt or hesitation, and it will remain one of my best recollections that he honored me with his friendship.

FRANCIS A. SMITH, County Judge, Essex County.

The singing at Gen. Hammond's funeral by the Tromblee quartette, of Port Henry, was most beautiful. When asked for their bill, their reply was,

There is no bill. Our singing came from loving hearts, paying tribute to the memory of a generous and noble-hearted man.

ANDREW TROMBLEE, for the Tromblee Quartette.

Gen. Hammond was endeared to all who knew him ; a brave and able soldier, a wise legislator and an accomplished gentleman.

FRANK HISCOCK, U. S. Senator.

From Col. J. L. Cunningham's address Decoration Day, at Saratoga, N. Y.

Near the close of his address, Colonel Cunningham made a touching reference to the death and burial, at Crown Point, of General John Hammond, his dear friend, as he was the friend of thousands. At the beginning of the war General Hammond, with his father, raised and equipped a company of cavalry. He went out as a captain and was soon raised to be colonel of that regiment, the Fifth New York Cav-

alry. Since the war he has served as Congressman from this district and has been one of the most prominent veterans in the State. He was the soul of honor and a great hearted man—one for whom many shed tears when they heard he was gone from this life. There was especial pathos in the fact, that this knightly soldier was buried on the day given for a remembrance of the soldier dead.

Resolutions adopted by the School Teachers, May 29, 1889.

WHEREAS, The teachers of the Second Commissioner District of Essex County, in Institute assembled, have heard with deep regret of the death of General John Hammond, of Crown Point, N. Y., therefore be it

Resolved, That they realize that in his death the country has lost a man most prominently identified with its interests, and that the cause of education has been deprived of a true friend and earnest supporter.

Resolved, That his love for his native town and state, as exemplified in his constant effort to elevate and improve them, and his loyalty and devotion to his country in the hour of her peril, ought to be a constant inspiration to the citizens of Essex County and to those who are hereafter to assume the duties of citizenship.

Resolutions adopted by Charles F. Hammond Post, G. A. R.

Died, at his home in Crown Point, N. Y., May 28, 1889, John Hammond, late Colonel Fifth Regiment N. Y. Cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier General of U. S. Volunteers.

The brief notice by which the general public has been made aware of the final muster-out of another gallant veteran, has more than ordinary interest for the citizens of his own section, and the members of Charles F. Hammond Post of the G. A. R. in particular.

Born of a patriotic lineage, and himself from earliest manhood keenly alive to every true interest of his native land, it was in the very order of nature that John Hammond should stand most resolutely in defence of the cherished institutions of our country, and in the season of their peril freely devote himself thereto. In the military record thus achieved, succeeded by one equally honorable in the walks of civil life, in business and in political affairs, General Hammond has presented a noble example of that citizenship and soldiery which alike

afford elements of proud satisfaction in the history of our American Republic.

Resolved, That in the death of Comrade John Hammond, this Post realizes the loss of a valued and efficient member, whose fidelity to the cardinal principles of our Order was unsurpassed, and the memory of whose patriotism may well afford inspiration to those who are to succeed us.

Resolved, That an abstract of the personal Military History of Comrade Hammond be inscribed upon the Records of this Post.

Resolutions adopted by the Loyal Legion.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES. }
 HEAD QUARTERS, Commandery of the State of New York, }
 New York, November 12, 1889. }

At a stated meeting of this Commandery, held at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street, the following was adopted :

John Hammond, who died on the 28th day of May, 1889, at his home in Crown Point, Essex County, New York, was elected a member of the First Class in this Commandery on the 5th day of December, 1888.

He was born in Crown Point in 1827. In September, 1861, gathering together the young men of his neighborhood, a company was formed and joined the Fifth New York Cavalry as Company "H."

In the spring of 1862 the Regiment served under the command of General John P. Hatch, and joined the forces under General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, and participated in all the engagements with him, and afterwards with General Pope, when he took command of the forces in Eastern Virginia. He was in the Battle of Cedar Mountain and Second Bull Run. In winter of 1862-3, was stationed at Fairfax Court House with the forces for the defence of Washington. At the commencement of the Gettysburg campaign, his regiment joined the Third Cavalry Division, under the command of General Kilpatrick, and had a severe engagement with Stuart's Cavalry, at Hanover, Pa., July 1. In this engagement General Hammond particularly distinguished himself for bravery and courage. He served with the Third Cavalry Division until mustered out of the service, and took part in the Battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania Court House, North Anna,

Cold Harbor and Petersburg, and accompanied General Wilson on his raid to the Richmond and Danville Road, and was with General Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley.

He was a man of wonderful nerve and endurance, and was never sick during his three years of service, but being almost constantly on duty ; he was always a careful, brave and thoughtful commander, a good disciplinarian, and was strongly loved by his men.

Peculiarly unassuming and retiring in his character, a true, warm-hearted, earnest and sincere friend ; of strong domestic habits ; a loving husband and parent ; devoted to his family and home, and a genial host ; a public-spirited citizen ; generous almost to a fault.

He was an honored and faithful representative in Congress for four years, and was many times honored by his neighbors in places of trust.

In memory of our departed Companion, who was a loyal and liberal member of the Grand Army, and of our Order, the Committee propose the following resolution :

Resolved, That this Commandery, in this testimonial, expresses sincere regret at the death of Companion Hammond, and tenders to his bereaved family its sincere sympathy.

From the address of Judge Francis A. Smith, delivered at Crown Point, May 30, 1890, Decoration Day.

One year ago this very day, in such sunlight as this, amid the impressive silence of assembled friends and the eloquent grief of a whole community, our procession halted here to take up and bear to his last rest our beloved comrade,—the leader on many heroic fields, of those who fell and those who survive, the faithful public servant, who, even in political life, was "without fear and without reproach ;" the generous citizen whose hand was always open, the true friend whose heart beat in sympathy with all worthy effort and all deserving need. Fitting day for such a funeral ; fitting funeral for such a man ; that so the flowers that yearly crown his grave may mingle their perfume with the incense which a grateful nation offers to all that is greatest, and bravest, and best in her history. His eulogy has been spoken in better words than I can use, and the echoes of that graceful tribute abide with us still, but neither the partiality of friendship nor the usual extravagance of sorrow need be urged on this occasion

to excuse the effort, however vain, to call back one who so lately stood in our ranks, erect, and every inch a soldier, but who no longer answers our roll-call as we gather to celebrate this festival,—the man whose name dwells in every heart and rises to every lip to-day. His best legacy to the living is the record of a worthy and a noble life, and the best memorial we can give him is the simple rehearsal of his deeds. Because he knew no fear, he always led his men ; because he shared their devotion to duty, he always shared their hardship and deprivation. In the noisy camp and the silent bivouac, on the weary march and at the dangerous outposts, he never lacked that quiet firmness which easily and always commanded obedience, nor that ready sympathy with the rights and needs of subordinates which make obedience but the expression of active and personal good will. He knew neither doubt nor hesitation when duty commanded action, and as the sabres flashed along the line, when the bugle sounded the charge, his soul kindled with enthusiasm which no orator ever uttered, his courage inspired heroism which no poet ever sung. Such men are fortunate even in death. For most, whose lives are passed in the pursuit of peace ; for most, even of those who win high places among their fellows, there is no lasting memorial ; however earnest their purpose, however worthy their achievement, their memories die in the minds of those who survive, as the echoes of the funeral bell die among the hills or as the bloom fades from the flowers that mark their graves ; but oblivion cannot overtake the name of John Hammond.

The following beginning of an account of his California trip was found among General Hammond's papers after his death.

Regarding his reasons for making the overland journey, his health was delicate, and he said, "My ambition was to see my country, and I had an inspiration of its magnitude from reading a condensed account of Lewis and Clark's trip from the Mississippi to the mouth of the Columbia River."

To California in 1849.

I left Crown Point early in February, 1849, by stage to Whitehall, thence by rail to Albany, with Robert Elliott, a brother clerk with me in the employ of Hammonds & Co. I was twenty-two years old, and Elliott about twenty. His home was in Albany. I stopped with him there while he made a short visit with his father and family. While there we found a number of young men were meditating going to California. On talking with them they decided to join us. They were Frederick Townsend, Mr. Baldwin of Baldwinsville, New York, fifty years old; Van Ingen, a young lawyer; D. McCown, a cousin of Elliot, of Albany. We went to New York City, there we were joined by John Thorn, about eighteen years of age, a relative of Townsend.

Some time was spent in New York City buying an outfit for the overland trip, and a large amount of stuff to go by sea on the ship Robert Fulton, such as portable galvanized iron houses, carts, harnesses, shovels, spades, picks, hoes, barrels of pork, hardtack and no end of rubber goods (this was about the time the Goodyear rubber goods were put on the market). For the overland trip we had full suits of rubber—long boots, short boots, overcoats, caps, gloves, canteens, haversacks, drinking cups, flour bags, a rubber boat to carry four men, pontoons in the sides laterally with an adjustable calash frame, to be folded separate from the outside so as to be carried on a pack saddle. It was some time before we decided as to our route, but overland we were bound to go. Little was known about the country, but few



JOHN HAMMOND.

(TAKEN IN 1848.)

people had any knowledge of the great country west of the Mississippi River.

We sought information of military men. Mr. Baldwin and myself were sent to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington to see U. S. army officers, but got no information of the least use to us. We were told by one officer, in a nonchalant, knowing way, "O, there is no trouble; get you a good pair of horses and a buggy, and you will have no trouble in driving right through."

We returned to New York City and reported, and it was decided to go *via* Fort Smith, Arkansas, or near there, and complete our outfit. Mr. Baldwin and myself were delegated to go on. About the fifth of March we started at Baltimore, Baldwin left me to go to Washington and was to overtake me at some point east of the Mississippi. In connection, I will say that we rather looked up to Baldwin, from his age and supposed experience in roughing it in the Southwest; although our confidence had been shaken by his having fallen into the hands of confidence men, and lost quite a sum of money. Baldwin never joined me till he came on with the other comrades a month later. From Baltimore the railroad only extended to Cumberland, where the passengers were transferred to six-horse Concord stages. There were a great many people on their way home from the inauguration, as President, of General Zachary Taylor, whom, I am proud to say, I cast my maiden vote, as a Whig, for, I being then about three months over twenty-one.

There was a large number of surplus stages at Cumberland to meet the returning westerners, but the coaches were crammed and overloaded. I had a place on the back end of a coach, perched on one side on the shoulder of a burly Kentuckian. The McAdam roads were good from the summit of the Alleghenies down the slope towards the Ohio River. We made excellent time; the scenery was grand. Two days and one night brought us to Parkersburg, Va., where I took steamer for Cincinnati. This was the first time I had ever seen a high-pressure steamer. The great difference from our steamers east made it a novelty to me. Arrived at Cincinnati I went to a hotel, the Burnett

House, I think. The next morning I looked the town over, and later, sought for mule saddles, both for man and pack, bacon and other supplies, but found nothing that agreed with my ideas of what we should have. I was much too far east to make up the proper outfit. From there I went on steamer to Louisville, Ky.; stopped at the old Gault House, a much better hotel than the new one, to my mind, for pleasantness, comfort and good living. I spent several days here with a good deal of pleasure; all was new to me—the negroes, horses, mules and the peculiar ways of the people. After a few days I took passage on a New Orleans steamer for Napoleon, at the mouth of the Arkansas River. The steamer was a good one, and, to my mind, furnished the best table I ever sat down to, the products of the cold, temperate and the torrid regions being in bountiful supply.

I soon made the acquaintance of two Arkansas gentlemen, living in my place of destination. One, whose name I have forgotten, was of a pleasant appearance, about fifty or sixty years of age; he told me that he lived at Fayetteville, Ark., about fifty miles north of the town of Van Buren, which is on the river five or six miles below Fort Smith, on the borders of the Indian Nation. He said that he had been to New York City to buy goods, that were on their way by ship to New Orleans, thence to Napoleon by river, where they were trans-shipped on to the small Arkansas River stern-wheelers, five hundred miles up the river, to Van Buren, thence by wagon to Fayetteville, where he had a store and large plantation, with lots of niggers. He told me that there was a good place to buy mules and ponies at a small figure, and should I come there he would help me to get them. The other gentleman, Mr. Brown, was a lawyer and slave dealer; a pleasant, fine, tall man with a kindly face, about thirty or thirty-five years old. He lived two miles out of Van Buren, and urged me to stay with him if I decided, as he wished I would, to go to Van Buren. Both gentlemen thought it a better point for me than at Fort Smith. From Louisville, all the way to Napoleon, there was great talk of the ravages of the Asiatic cholera at New Orleans, and every up-

going steamer was hailed for news of it, and asked if there were any cases on board. Later on, Mr. Brown and the merchant said to me, after quite a friendship had grown up between us, that I must have quite a sum of money with me, and that if so, I would want to be careful of making a confidant of any one I might meet on the trip about my business, etc., etc. I said I had some New York paper, that I hoped to get cashed at some place when ready to use it. I did not tell them I had around my body two thousand or more dollars in gold and New York City bank bills. I was much interested in the sights along the river, the novelty of an immense steamer puffing and belching out constant volumes of black smoke, and the boat running up to the shore anywhere to take on a passenger. Sometimes large families with their belongings, husband and wife, numerous children, their slaves, wagons, mules and horses, pigs, cows and their entire outfit, going beyond civilization to new homes.

At many points the country was under water; long-haired men and women, boys and girls, with their sickly, yellow faces, sitting on rail fences and on top of their cabins, some playing the fiddle and banjo, and sitting and smoking. Cattle, hogs, and horses wading and swimming for shallow places. All seemed to be used to it, and not at all despondent. Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio River at its junction with the Mississippi, was a most dilapidated looking place at that time, having been wrecked by an earthquake some years before. Some parts sunken below the natural level, the entire place seemed at that time lower than the bed of the river. Buildings were shattered, many of those standing were in every possible condition, leaning this way and that way, and rent with great cracks. Arrived at Napoleon, the mouth of the Arkansas River, a place of a few worthless shanties almost submerged under water, not over one-half acre of land to be seen, we were put off on to a wharf-boat, it being a large, old, dismantled, passenger Mississippi boat. All landing places for passengers on the Mississippi River and its affluents were on wharf-boats, made necessary by the great rise and fall of water. We found a number of Southerners on the wharf-boat

bound for California, and there were a number also on our boat. We each took possession of a state-room, organized a picket for the protection of our property and lives, Napoleon being known as one of the worst places on the continent for robbery and murder. There had been rumors, and a great deal of talk on our way down the river, of the yellow fever and of the possibilities of its reaching up the river. Every boat going down was warned by the people, and where we landed at towns or for wood, they were anxious for us going towards the dreaded Asiatic cholera, and for themselves, when steamers hove in sight coming up the river from New Orleans. Soon after we were esconced on the Napoleon wharf-boat, a big steamer boomed up to it and landed a few whites for California and points in Arkansas, and some Cherokee Indians. Old chiefs, bucks, braves, squaws and pap-pooes, with their Indian agents, being conveyed to the ceded Indian Territory west of the Arkansas, after they had been driven by sword, bullet and fire from their homes in Georgia and Alabama. Two old chiefs and one squaw were dead of cholera; the bodies had been stuffed into rough, wooden boxes, and were thrust aboard our wharf-boat, and before we knew what was up the steamer pulled away and we had the dead and living Indians with us. We must be rid of the dead, so we helped the agent and Indians to get, by small boat, where we could find earth enough above water to get them under the sod. A number of free negroes with their belongings, their wives, children, horses, mules, cows, family goods and farming implements in crude and small proportions, were also with us. In spite of all we could do to help these poor people and others, the hell-hounds of Napoleon debauched the young women, beat the males, and stole all they could get hold of. Pistols and shot guns were in free use night and day. One or two steamers a day arrived, each of the three days we were waiting here for an Arkansas river steamer.

At last, a small stern-wheel steamer arrived in the evening. The cabin boys on her had an old grudge against the wharf-boatman, and began to circulate around him, but waited till

after dark, then they moved on him, pistols and knives in hand, the ringleader having a lighted lantern in his hand which he mashed on the boatman's head, then the shooting commenced for an instant, and then it was as silent as death. Later, towards midnight, when we were about to start, a big river steamer from New Orleans came alongside to put on to our boat some people with the cholera ; we resisted at the point of the pistol, and made our captain start us up the Arkansas towards the head of navigation, or as far towards California as he could go, which was Fort Smith, five to six hundred miles. Our forward lower deck was covered with the Indians ; amidships, aft the boilers, were the negro families and their animals, with quite a number belonging to others. On the state room and berth deck were ten to fifteen persons going to California, and about twenty others, including two or three ladies, who belonged in Arkansas or adjoining country.

All went well the first day, enjoying ourselves as best we could, after our troubles on the wharf-boat. The next morning, after breakfast, myself and others were on the outer or hurricane deck shooting at a mark on a perpendicular board ; a doctor from Petersburg, Va., a very large and profane man, said to me "Wait till I go into the cabin and get my pistol and I will shoot with you." The first thing he saw on entering the cabin was a young man from Philadelphia, who was on his way to Little Rock to superintend the management of a lead mine ; he had just been taken with cholera, and was stripped and being put in a tub of hot water and mustard. He was in spasms and quite black.

Word had come up on the hurricane deck before the doctor went down, that the Philadelphian had the cholera. The doctor swore fearfully, said he was simply frightened, that it was but dysentery, etc. When he saw the man he was at once taken sick, and went and laid down in his berth. A little while after he got up, and with an oath, said he was not sick, turned back, and in a short time we were working over him. The Philadelphian died in a few hours. We got some lumber and built a

box, ran the boat ashore and buried him ; the captain of the boat read the funeral service, and we went on. The doctor died the same night ; we left him at a little hamlet where we took on wood. Some of the Indians, negroes and whites, and even the cattle and horses, seemed to have the cholera, and some of the latter seemed to be crazy and would break their halters and ropes and plunge overboard. One Texan on board became almost crazy, and had to be restrained from jumping overboard. One of the young Indian braves amused us a good deal. He would jump off the boat at landings with his gun, and keep along in the woods and shoot small game for hours, keeping pace with us till we made a landing, when he would come on board.

Arrived near Council Bluffs, Arkansas, the citizens would not allow us to land. We came to Little Rock, the principal town of the State, and capital, after dark. We were not interfered with. Mr. Brown, the merchant and myself went to a hotel, thinking to rest better than on the steamer. We found ourselves so weak from the strain on us for three days and nights, that we could hardly walk, although we did not feel so on board the steamer. I had a room to myself ; I found I could not sleep, the cold sweat rolled off of me in streams. I walked the floor nearly all night. There was a fire-place in the room with a little charcoal in it, which I kept eating all the time. I had every symptom of Asiatic cholera, and believe that it would have been serious had I not fought it out with the charcoal. A number of native gentlemen proposed to leave the boat here and go to Fort Smith by land, to escape the cholera.

On the boat with them was a pretty young lady, Miss Logan, about sixteen or seventeen years old, related to some of the parties going. They expected, as a matter of course, she was going too, but to their great surprise she refused, saying she would not desert the sick and dying, that she was young, and if she did die it would be little loss to the world, that her duty was to remain on the boat. This made her male friends ashamed, and they remained. I had noticed before this that she was very

helpful in the care of the sick. I think I was told that her father was an officer in the Mexican War. She had a great number of ardent admirers among the young men on board, although she seemed to care for none of them. Several times I thought there would be a fight among her jealous admirers.

Our steamer was a stern-wheeler ; the Arkansas River had pretty much emptied its spring flood, its head waters being well to the south. We had many detentions, owing to shifting sands forming innumerable sand-bars. All steamers on the western alluvial waters are flat-bottomed and high-pressure, and as used to be said, could make good headway on a morning dew ; at any rate, many a sand-bar was surmounted by the pilot reversing the engine, thereby throwing the motion of the wheel forward, flooding the bar, and by a quick reversal he would work her over. With all our misery we had our fun. The people of that country were a novelty and study to me. Life, by the shot gun, the pistol, rifle or bowie knife, seemed to them of little value ; but cholera or natural death seemed to be a terror, making some insane or nearly so.

One morning I was in the wash-room ; there were two citizens of Arkansas in it washing ; by their conversation I found one was a United States Senator, the other a United States Representative. There were eight or twelve cabin boys, waiters on the boat ; the Senator called one to him and asked him to bring him some clean towels (all these boys were armed with pistols and knives) ; the boy looked at the Senator with perfect indignation, and said "You go to Hell, God damn you ; if you want towels, go and get them." The boy left with an air of having been insulted. After his departure, the Senator turned to the Congressman with a laugh, and said, "I like that ; that's the kind of boys we raise in Arkansas, and just what our people should encourage."

On the sixth day we approached the town of Van Buren, six miles below Fort Smith, then occupied by U. S. troops. Van Buren seemed to me to be quite as large as Little Rock, the capital. As we sighted Van Buren, every cabin-boy was lashing on to his body his fighting furniture and placing himself in

the fore-front of the boat as we neared the wharf-boat. By inquiry I learned that they had left an unfinished battle on the way down, and proposed to finish it on their facing the landing. From appearances the Van Buren boys got all they wanted on the down trip. The cabin boys paraded the shore jubilant, and were the pride of many admiring young girls. I went ashore here with my friend Brown, and the merchant and planter of the Ozark Mountains. Mr. Brown invited me to make his house my headquarters while there, or until my comrades came. The steamer pushed on up to near Fort Smith. The news of cholera on board had reached there, and the military ran out their field artillery ordering the boat not to land, or if they attempted to do so they would sink her. The result was the steamer dropped down a mile and hitched to the other shore ; so I learned a few days after on going to Fort Smith on an Indian pony I had bought for the overland trip and for present use.

April 2, 1849. I made several trips to Fort Smith on the lookout for mules, for myself and companions, to take us across the continent by way of the then called unexplored region, on the old maps of that day also called the Great American Desert, or Staked Plains. Why it was called the Staked Plains I have never been able to learn, as I am sure if there had been any wooden stakes, we should have pulled them up to cook our coffee and bacon with instead of using buffalo dung.

In one of my trips to Fort Smith, I saw a line of black dots strung across the river. At first I thought them to be ducks ; soon they came nearer the shore, and I saw they were forty or fifty of the faithful mules. As they emerged from the water I saw they were very small and thin in flesh, all of them. As they struck dry ground they dropped down and commenced rolling and grunting in the dirt ; after a little they would get on their feet, shake themselves, and bray with seeming joy, as would other animals if they were clothed with fat instead of being, as they were, with pack-saddle sores and their skins sticking to their bones like wet paper on a wash board. None of

them would weigh over seven hundred pounds, some not over five hundred pounds. I was told that they had just come in from Sante Fé, New Mexico, a winter's trip. I turned away from them in disgust, little thinking I was making a great mistake, as was proved later on. These mules belonged to one Christom, an Indian trader with the wild Indians of the Great Plains and the Mexicans—a half-breed, half Creek, half white—as I learned afterwards. I turned my pony's head down the river for Van Buren, had a pow-wow with my friend Brown at his home, where he had kindly invited me to live with him, two miles back of Van Buren, a beautiful place on the north of the Arkansas.

The house was of logs, one story high, with a log kitchen, detached. Brown's office and bedroom seemed to be about all there was of the main building, being about thirty by forty feet. I think the dining room was off the main building, but am not certain. Brown had a bedroom by himself in the northeast corner, and in the southwest an old gentleman and his wife lived. They were his housekeepers, and good they were. I have never seen such good cooks as they were, for such as they had. Wild turkey were plenty; wild turkey for dinner every day, with corn cake cooked in the most delicious way; also sweet potatoes, quail, partridge, venison and all the luxuries of a country alive with game, both on the earth and in the waters. Mr. Brown had in his home a colored man called Colbert, that he had bought at Fort Gibson. This fort was named after Major Gibson, who served under Gen. Andrew Jackson in the Indian Wars, in Georgia and Alabama, which resulted in the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Cherokees and Creeks being transplanted to what is now called the Indian Country, west of Arkansas, as beautiful a climate and country as I have ever seen. Col. David Crockett served under Gen. Jackson and Major Gibson, in driving the Indians to their present home. I find, in reading the life of the noted David Crockett—hunter, warrior and Congressman—that he speaks of Capt. Hammond, with his rangers, bringing on the fight with the Cherokees on the Coosa River. Crockett tells, in his biog-

raphy, that he was born on the 17th day of August, 1786. I was born on the 17th day of August, 1827. This confirms my idea that I ought to have been born forty or fifty years earlier, if born at all, that I might have had a larger scope in the semi-savagery of frontier life.

Mr. Brown was very kind in introducing me to the better class of people of the town, the leading family of it was that of Judge Drennen, whose daughter was a belle in society, named Johanna. I made the acquaintance of a gentleman born in Albany, N. Y., who was an Indian agent of some of the tribes in the vicinity. He had been a clerk in the department at Washington. We became great friends. He said to me that he had no standing in the better class of society until he had killed his man, which he claimed was in self-defense.

Colbert, the slave of Brown, was, I should say, about twenty-three years old, and very intelligent. Brown said they became afraid of him at Fort Gibson, as he had too much spirit to submit to all the abuse put on him and so they sold him to Brown. He was of great service to me in helping me to break the unbroken, corn-fed mules I bought. He begged me often to buy him. He was worth from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. Brown would sell him to me, to take to California, for a thousand dollars. If I had had the money to have bought him with I should have done so. He would have been of great help to me and our party overland. I told Colbert I would be glad to buy him at once, but could not see my way clear to do so. He then said, "I will be sold to some planter down on the Red River, where they work colored men under the lash, which I will never submit to, and that means death." What became of him I have never learned. Mr. Brown also had two little negro children, as pretty as any I ever saw, about ten years old, a boy and a girl. They used to bring water to our room in the morning, and take our boots out to clean. Sometimes Brown would make them kiss each other in his presence; they were as coy and bashful in doing so as any children could be. They were not brother and sister.

When I met Brown on the Mississippi River he was on his way home from St. Louis, Mo. He could not say enough of the great difference as between the North and the South—the North's fine cities, well-dressed people, splendid hotels, public and private buildings. I said, "You have not seen the North. You have but been in a border state and a slave state." He said he was aware of that, yet it showed that its being bordered on the free states had given it a marked advantage over states farther South. Brown used to talk very plainly to me, in his log palace, about the curse of slavery, and often said, "Hammond, if the people of Van Buren or of Arkansas knew the sentiments of my heart, as I honestly talk them to you, they would kill me; and I warn you never to lisp one word of our conversation here or hereafter." He said, "I know slavery is the bane of the Southern States and of my future, for I can't get away from here. I was born under the institution of slavery; what I have is invested in slaves; I buy and sell human flesh; it hurts me as much as it does you. I would give you Colbert if I dared or could, but I cannot meet my obligations if I were to do it. I have shown you my will and wish, in offering him to you for five hundred dollars less than I can sell him for to-day." He said, "I like you, you have told me so much of that grand old country where all are free—of its grand cities, its schools, its churches, its railroads, its magnificent ships—I tell you here and now, if I can shake off the shackles, I go to the free states. I shall not sell Colbert till you are gone; you can have his services at any time you require him with no expense to you."

After looking over the possibility of getting animals for the overland trip in the vicinity of Van Buren, which were not to my mind, I determined to back my Indian pony and go and find Mr. —, the merchant trader and negro breeder. It was a beautiful morning that I was to start for Boonesville in the Ozark Mountains. The distance was about fifty miles to the north. Boonesville later, in the War of the Rebellion, became noted for the desperate battle fought there by Gen. Lyon; and

Col. Franz Siegel made his first and best fight there. They were opposed, as history recites, by Bishop General Leonidas Polk, Ben McCulloch and other leading Southern officers. After I had mounted my pony Mr. Brown said, "Where are your pistols?" I said, "In our room." He says, "I tell you you can't leave here, if I can help it, unarmed." I asked "Why?" He said, "Hammond, your route is just along the border of the Indian Nation, and the great resort of the worst desperadoes on this continent." I went and got my pistols. At that day there were no revolvers. Before leaving Crown Point, I bought a pair of silver mounted single barrel pistols of an Englishman, a tanner, who was working for Mr. J. C. Brevoort. I stuck one in my belt under my coat, the other in the leg of my knee boots, and cantered off to the north.

The road was rough and rutted badly by the big schooner wagons so famous in the West, being the house and home of the teamster and of the emigrant and his family. The mules, horses or oxen are fed from the long trough put across the hind end of the wagon box. The wagon box is as long as an old Spanish galliot, high at each end and covered with canvas, and carries all the effects of a large family, and the family. Usually the team is a mixture of all the draft animals, namely, horses, mules, oxen and, in emergency, cows. I kept a "right smart chance" of an eye and ear out, but few openings of cleared land and houses did I see. After five or six hours on the road, I came to quite a place, house, shed and corn-crib, all covering one-fourth, or a half, an acre; the whole worth, to buy, say about two hundred dollars. I saw no one about, but smoke from a stick and mud chimney gave me courage that there was a woman at the foot of the smoke, and something to eat. I rolled off my nag, walked to the door, and was ushered in by the evident mistress of the ranch. Her pose and figure, with a corn-cob pipe in her mouth, was reassuring. I have always found cheer and good-fellowship in a pipe and tobacco. My courage was brought up to a high point when I saw the pipe in her mouth, but I felt a little uneasy in not seeing any men about as,

from the surroundings, it was evident that there were many of them, and more women, near by. I asked for fodder for my pony and food for myself, and if she would lend me her pipe for a smoke. This seemed to please her, and she got me some ears of corn for the horse, and went about getting me some bacon and eggs and hoe cake. After my horse was rested and fed, I paid the woman in silver, which seemed to please her. I told her I was a friend of Judge Brennan, of Van Buren, and was going to see my friend, Mr. —, at Boonesville. This seemed to make her think I was quite a fellow. She gave me the road to follow, and away I went.

Several times in the afternoon I was a little at fault, but kept right on. There was such information as I could gather from negroes and whites, that at long intervals I met. Towards evening my pony showed evident signs of being tired out. I had favored him all I could up hill, but there were lots of swamps and sloughs, and it told on him. Just at dark I turned square to the left, to cross a ridge of the Ozark. On the right of the indefinite trail road was a rail fence well covered with low brush. After getting up a little, I saw a man creeping along at right angles to me, sneaking up under cover of the fence. I jabbed the spurs into my poor tired pony. I had one of my pistols in my right hand, and the other in my right boot-leg. I let loose with my pistol in the direction whence I knew he was, and as I got opposite I twitched the other pistol out, but did not fire, as were he to come for me I would have nothing to shoot with; but whether I hit him or not, I got by his location. You see, I had over \$2,000 in gold and New York City bank currency in a leather belt around my body, that belonged to the company and myself. I got over the ridge by dark and then turned to the left in a southwesterly direction in a brushy, unfenced country.

In about an hour I sighted a light and made for it. By this time my pony could not go out of a walk, and at times I walked and led him. As I neared the house half a dozen bloodhounds commenced baying, and as I approached a bench in the fence

used by the women to mount and dismount from, they covered it and seemed determined not only to tear and devour me, but the pony too. I yelled at them, and a man came out and succeeded in calling them off. He was a young man of pleasant words. I asked could I stay there over night, that I was a stranger to the country and wished to get to Mr. —, as I knew him; that my horse was used up, that I had ridden from Van Buren since 9 A. M. He said that was wonderful, that they called it a two days' ride, etc. He said he was a schoolmaster, and was boarding there for the present. If I would come in he would see. The house seemed to be a long, one-storied frame building. There seemed to be a large family. I first saw the housewife and two girls, one or two boys, and some small children. The schoolmaster sketched my wants while the family were looking over the young Yankee. I had a favorable opinion of my chances for supper and lodging from the expression of the faces about me, but the master and father must be consulted. The schoolmaster was delegated to see him, but when he returned I saw he was disappointed. The master said that he could not keep me, the house was full and they didn't keep a tavern. This riled me, and I said if they would direct me on the way to Mr. —, I would go on. Those about me seemed disappointed, and some of the females went out evidently to see the daddy. The schoolmaster said I could sleep with him. Soon the father came in, a stubborn looking man of middle age. He stated what had been said before, and I thanked them all and started for the door. He then half-way invited me to stay, but I wouldn't, and went out, the schoolmaster following to bid me a generous good-bye and to keep the dogs from tearing me. I mounted and left on the wagon way for my destination, thinking I had rather lay down under a bush than to accept a place under the roof of this specimen of Southern generosity and chivalry.

I had little trouble in finding my way for ten miles to the cross-roads and store, and my friend's house near by. I pounded at the front door, arousing a score of dogs. At last a

negro appeared ; I told him to give my name to his master, who soon came with a smile to me, and wonderment in his eyes at seeing me at so unreasonable an hour, midnight. The pony was taken away and cared for, and eatables furnished, while the good man sat down and talked of the terrible scenes we had passed through on the boat. I was given a good bed, and at crack of day I was up and out looking over the surroundings.

It was a pretty neighborhood, the trees were in leaf and bloom. I soon became acquainted with the male colored house servants, of whom there were many, and quite intelligent. I found they loved their master and his family. Soon Mr. — came, and when breakfast was ready I was introduced to his wife, a comely woman, and their children. After breakfast the family were gathered for prayers and reading of the Bible. They made me so much at home, that in a day or two I was like one of the family. During the morning Mr. — sent out some of his colored boys to notify the surrounding people of the vicinity, that so and so would meet them at his store to buy mules and horses for the overland trip to California. I gave what money I wanted to put into live stock to my friend, thinking he could buy them cheaper and get better animals, and at the same time he could collect some of his debts due him from the farmers, and thus make it profitable for him. For about four days the cross-road was full of animals. I selected such as I liked, buying seven horses, one for each of the members of the party for their own riding, and some twenty-five mules. I had lots of fun in seeing the mules and mustangs shown. Many of them had never been ridden. I would buy none that they could not ride, and such performances I never saw. More than half had never been backed or broken to the halter ; the air and ground was alive with mules, white men and negroes, all ambitious to show how well their animals were fitted for my use. I laughed so much I had to sit down half the time. A good many had bruised bodies and shins. I have often thought that those that did not make a sale must have cursed the young Yankee.

(Here the manuscript ends).

The following letter was found in the files of the Albany *Evening Journal* of forty-one years ago :

OVERLAND ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

ALBANY EVENING JOURNAL, December 29, 1849.

We are indebted to a lady of this city for the following interesting letter, written by a young California adventurer, from Essex County, to his father :

PUEBLA DE LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA, }
September 5, 1849. }

My Dear Father,—It gives me great pleasure to be enabled once more to address you. You have all been undoubtedly somewhat anxious about me, not having heard from me in so long a time. This is the first opportunity of writing that has presented itself since leaving the States, about the middle of April last. Our journey has been of unparalleled length, in proportion to what was expected it would be,—it being, from the time of our departure from Fort Smith to the time of arrival, about four and a half months, and another half month or more will elapse before we reach the mines of San Francisco.

The hardships of the overland route were but little known. But few who left the States anticipated the dangers we have met with from the Indians, from hunger and thirst, and from the crossing of rivers swollen by the melting of the snows in the mountains. Our little party have been most fortunate, more so than any other party, large or small, that I have met with ; and it gives me pleasure to inform you that we have been enabled to give such assistance to some of our fellow-beings on this trip as has saved their lives. There are many who started that will never reach California. Many parties have been attacked by the Apaches. Almost all weak parties have lost some of their numbers at the crossing of the Colorado by the Youmkas Indians.

A great many have been plundered of everything,—mules, money and provisions,—and left to find their way over a barren desert of one hundred and twenty-five miles. I hear it reported that four hundred men are to leave San Diego to punish, if not to exterminate them. We have all enjoyed the most perfect health, not one of us having been sick a day. We are among the first of the emigration. It is probable that about two thousand have arrived by the overland routes. We arrived as soon as those who started a month and a month and a half before us. We came with pack mules all the way. Most of those that started with wagons abandoned them in Mexico. To get a good idea of our trip, you would do well to purchase Emory's Narrative,—he who went with General Kearney. We took this work for our guide, and had no other, and a most excellent guide we found it. Our troubles were just about the same as his, having the same difficulties to overcome. The country from about two hundred miles this side of Fort Smith, until we struck the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is nothing but a desert, the most fertile parts of which support nothing but a few wretched Mexicans and Indians. This vast space of country is watered by but few rivers or streams ; and all the land that is cultivated has to be irrigated, as it scarcely ever rains. I do not think it has rained a dozen times since the first two weeks of our journey. I venture to say no emigrant would pass over it for ten times its value. It is now near six months since I slept under anything but my two blankets and the sky above, and never have I slept more sweetly. I have not averaged over four hours sleep in twenty-four in that time,—guard duty is indispensable.

Each man had to stand guard two hours every night. The Mexicans stole two of our mules the first night we were in New Mexico, at a little town called San Miguel, and a horse and mule before passing the Rio Grande. The Mexicans are as great thieves as the Indians. Horses cannot endure the hardships of this trip. The eight horses we started with all gave out before reaching this place. We yet have three mules per man, which is all sufficient. We lived for the first two months of the trip

on bacon, and cakes made of flour and water, fried in bacon grease ; also coffee and sugar. From Santa Fé to the Pimos villages, and the Maricopa Indians on the Gila, seven hundred miles from the Rio Grande, our food was nearly the same, until within a few hundred miles of there, when our bacon failed. At this place we laid in more supplies, such as wheat and corn flour unbolted ; and from that place, until we passed the Sierra Nevada Mountains, we lived on nothing but cakes, and coffee made from parched wheat. When on the road we never eat but twice in twenty-four hours, and very often but once. A great many times we have gone without eating for thirty-six hours, as the necessity of our situation compelled us to do, for very often we had to drive our animals for that length of time without grass or water. In such cases we drove day and night, taking off the packs two or three times for an hour or two to rest our tired and famished animals.

The heat on these barren plains is almost insupportable. Our thermometer stood 150° at the Pimos villages. Our usual time of traveling, for the last eight hundred miles, has been in the night. The water for the most part of the way is of the very worst kind, and very scarce at that ; a number of times our packers have been compelled to drink their own urine. And when at last they came to water, they would drink so much as to vomit it up, and then lay down and drink again. These are no exaggerations, although they may appear so to those living in a land of plenty, like our own dear country. The water of the Gila became so heated by the sun and sand along its banks, as to be unpleasant to bathe in ; even the fish in its waters are so overcome by its heat they are caught without difficulty with one's hand. The country along the Gila is of the most barren kind, producing little else than rank weeds. All the Indian tribes between the Rio Grande and Sierra Nevada eat horse and mule flesh. I sold my poor and broken down horse at the Colorado for twenty dollars, as I was sure he could not live across the big desert. The Colorado is very near as large as the Hudson at this season of the year, and much more rapid. We took

our packs over on rafts of our own construction, and swam our animals,—a feat I never wish to attempt again. A Texan and myself swam forty mules and horses over at one time. The Texan rode one of the strongest animals ahead; I followed in the rear, hanging to the tail of the hindmost, yelling like an Apache; next came the raft with part of our packs. The tide was so strong that our landing had to be made half a mile below. We then had to pass up the river again about a mile, throw ourselves into the river again and reswim, it being impossible to get our raft back. Another raft was constructed, and we at last had the pleasure of seeing everything on the opposite bank. In getting over our rafts every man had to swim, pull and push with all his strength. We were a day and a half in crossing. Never could I believe men could endure so much fatigue as we endured here.

I have eaten almost everything outlandish but horse flesh, and have come pretty near to that. I will enumerate some of the different kinds. I can assure you it makes but little difference, if it but affords sustenance. Deer, buffalo and antelope on the Grand Prairie; and on the Gila, dog, panther, grizzly bear, quails, turtle doves, etc., etc. The road has been filled with Mexicans ever since we crossed the Colorado to this place, returning from the mines to Sonora. I will tell you what our fellows saw. One man had over two and a half bushels of gold ore. They paid extravagant prices for arms, or anything we would sell them. I sold my pistols, which cost me \$18, for \$40. After crossing the Sierra Nevada, the whole country is changed from that of a barren waste to one of the most fertile in the world; and I venture to say that no country can produce such horses and cattle, and in such quantities. As far as the eye can reach, over the hills and through the valleys, countless herds of both horses and cattle roam at pleasure. Beef can be had for the killing, or for a trifling compensation. Mares are worth from \$5 to \$15, horses from \$80 to \$200. Mares have never been used here, and horses before the gold excitement were worth from \$5 to \$20. The climate is delightful, heavy dews fall at

night. The rainy season commences in December, and is not so bad as represented, as it is but seldom that out-door labor cannot be performed. Grapes grow abundantly, and are cultivated for wine. Pueblos De Los Angeles is a beautiful town about twenty-five miles from the sea coast, containing 7,000 inhabitants. There are a good many Americans here, some established in business. One merchant here, who three years ago was worth nothing, is now considered worth one million.

Flour here is worth \$12 per hundred ; sugar, \$25 ; coffee, \$25 ; clothing not very high. In San Francisco it is reported to be as cheap as in New York. The market there is said to be flooded with everything. I have been informed by those just from there, that the streets are piled full of all kinds of goods, which are being sold off at auction ; and that all kinds of provisions are going to waste on the shore and in the streets for want of owners and storage. One half of the town is said to be built of canvas ; but of these things I can tell you more anon, when I have seen for myself. There is no doubt of the richness of the mines, as we every day see those returning who show their wealth. I have seen men just from the mines spending from \$500 to \$700 a day at the gaming table, and in every way that money can be spent. These men are Mexicans and Californians, who are the greatest gamblers in the world. Wherever you find one he has cards in his hands, both poor and rich. Wages are very high at this distance from the mines. Mechanics make from \$4 to \$8 per day, clear of expense. Many Americans are stopping to replenish their purses before going any further. Day laborers get from \$30 to \$50 per month. The natives have got above work. I can advise no one with regard to coming here, they must draw their own conclusions from what they can gather from the different sources of information. I can never think of going over the same trip I have just made ; and yet I am here as soon as some who left New York in January, by the Isthmus and Vera Cruz routes. Those who took shipping at Panama, have, many of them, been detained by head winds, until they became discouraged of ever reaching Califor-

nia, and left the ships some three hundred miles below here. There is a good deal of sickness at the mines ; but I think that those who have stood the trip across the country will be proof against everything but death itself. You would be surprised to see what quantities men will eat on a trip of this kind. When not traveling they commence early in the morning, and it would trouble one to find them idle until they go to bed again ; but when on the road they eat but little. We are on the road from six to fifteen hours, being governed by circumstances. Grass and water is what we are always seeking for. Those reports of the large quantity of gold and precious stones to be found on the Gila, are all false. We are nearly four hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco, and are stopping for the purpose of recruiting our animals. We are the only company that I have heard of that has come into California without breaking up. Companies that started, numbering from fifty to two hundred strong, come scattering along in parties of four or five, some a month in advance of others. There has been an immense quantity of property lost, thrown away and destroyed. We threw away more than \$250 worth to lighten our packs. Wagons are strewn all the way, and to count the dead and broken down horses and mules, would be impossible. This destruction is greatest between the Colorado and the Sierra Nevada.

I think my prospects pretty fine for the future, although it may be otherwise. In whatever direction a man may turn his attention, a fair prospect of ample remuneration is afforded for every exertion he may make.

From your affectionate son, J. HAMMOND.

The receipt of this letter in Crown Point is thus acknowledged by his father :

CROWN POINT, December 20, 1849.

My Dear Son,—It is now ten months since you and Robert took your departure, and the last three months have been long and anxious months to me and to many others, up to the 12th inst., when we had the unspeakable pleasure and satisfaction of

receiving two letters from you, one dated September 5, at Pueblo de Los Angeles, and one October 5, at San Francisco, both came by the last California mail. We feel very much indebted to you for your long and very interesting letter of September 5. The mail arrived here at midnight that brought your letters, and as soon as Esquire Fenton [the postmaster] discovered that they were superscribed by you, he started for our house and called us up, and Frank [Franklin H. Dyke, a cousin], at the store, and Fenton and Frank stayed until Frank had read them both to us, and a happy time we had. Thomas [brother of J. H.] and I had watched the mail for a long time ; and Thomas would have sat up the night they came, if I had not prevailed on him to retire to his bed, saying that I did not think the mail would arrive before morning. * * *

Further on he says :

When I first started for myself I lost all, but I lost no sleep by it, and never mourned or complained. And after struggling three years in a strange land, returned to my father's house with \$500 less than I had when I left, and was well satisfied, having no regrets, and I may say I was worth some thousands, although I had only about \$500 in cash. I then thought it a rather dear school, but a good one ; but it has proved to be a very cheap one.

And again :

What a curse and evil slavery is. They have not done anything yet in Congress but quarrel about slavery and California. The people in California have taken a noble stand for freedom, and we in the North rejoice in their firmness and patriotism, and will sustain them.



JOHN HAMMOND,
COLONEL COMMANDING 8TH N. Y. V. C.

These extracts are from letters to his wife and children during the war. They were largely written in lead pencil, and some of them are so blurred as to be almost undecipherable. When not noted otherwise they were to his wife.

Letters, 1861-4.

BALTIMORE, November 21, 1861.

I have drilled the men on horses twice a day since here. We all look forward to a speedy close to this unhappy war. The net is well spread and must soon have its desired effect on secession.

CAMP HARRIS, Near Annapolis, Dec. 15, 1861.

I cannot write you with regard to Lieut. Benedict's death, as it is too unpleasant to again go over. Lieut. Penfield, who has gone home with the widow and remains, will give you all the particulars. It will be a sad day in Crown Point,—the return of one of her noblest sons. He was very highly esteemed by the regiment. The women of Annapolis wear anything but pleasant faces for the Union soldiers. Wednesday we sent two wagon loads of sick from Company H to the hospital at Annapolis. My health is excellent. My life in crossing the continent and in California, well fitted me for what I now and will hereafter meet.

CAMP HARRIS, Near Annapolis, Md., }
January 12, 1862. }

The government only gave us shoes entirely unfit for service in the saddle. I have just received an invoice of cavalry boots through George Royce, who, in his kindly way, got them for us at about half price; the men will pay me for them when they are paid. It was a sight to see how happy the men were, and the men of other companies all flocked around looking regretful at not having the same. One or two companies have asked me to do for them as I have done for Company H. I shall write at once for them.

BOLIVAR HEIGHTS, Near Harper's Ferry, Va., }
 April 13, 1862. }

Our company horses are kept in as fine houses as are in Essex County. Everything shows the desolation of war.

CAMP BOLIVAR, Near Harper's Ferry, Va. }
 April 16, 1862. }

I think there will not be a cavalry regiment in the field so well armed as we shall be. Our regiment is now supplied entirely with McClellan saddles, Colt's pistols, Ames' sabres and the cavalry rifle (afterwards the regiment was supplied with the Spencer seven shooting gun). The poor horses in the regiment have all been culled out, so that now all horses are A No. 1. I have just returned from Col. Lewis Washington's late residence, about four miles from here. It is located in a beautiful region with a rich soil. The wheat and clover fields are as green and luxuriant as you will see them in our country by the first of June. The house and surroundings are fine. The house is finely furnished, some of the furniture is very costly. I saw one painting of a brother of George Washington, who died when quite young. Most of the paintings have been taken out of their frames and carried away by the rebels. The family are all with their rebel friends South. Capt. Green tells me that the whole country around Strasburg is devastated, and that it is almost impossible to get forage for horses; that the Vermont regiment's horses are getting very poor, and actually suffer for food. The inhabitants that are left behind are almost all secesh, and more particularly the women are very bitter, and even insulting to the Union soldiers. I certainly would not desire a better body of men than Company H, and I believe they would not willingly part with me.

HARPER'S FERRY, May 27, 1862.

We have had a great defeat, and what is left of Gen. Banks' Division is mostly at Williamsport. Four companies of our regiment retreated here. We have about forty men to a company, the rest are scattered, but I think my company will mostly

turn up again. We commenced our retreat from beyond Strasburg at one o'clock Saturday morning. We had the enemy in our front. Gen. Banks had escaped with his infantry, and the cavalry with two pieces of artillery were left in the rear. The rebel Gen. Ewell was in our front, commanding the road, with fifteen to twenty thousand men. Ewell first attacked a detachment of Shield's men in the Luray Valley, on Friday, near Front Royal, cutting them up badly. Captain White, of Company D, whom you will remember serenaded you,—was killed. Lieut. Dwyer, of Company B, was also killed, and about one-half of the two companies were cut to pieces. Ewell came into the Shenandoah Valley before we were aware, and cut off our retreat. We were terribly cut up. Company A, of the First Vermont, Capt. Platt, lost at least half its men. Two Maine companies of cavalry were nearly annihilated. Capt. Wheeler's horse was shot in the head. Our baggage wagons were all lost, but we succeeded in burning them before the enemy could get them. John French, who drove our mule team, killed two men after he was taken prisoner, and made his escape. His lead mules were killed by a shell. I reached Winchester about three o'clock Sunday morning. The enemy commenced shelling us at daylight, and soon after the fight became general. After four or five hours fighting they flanked us on both right and left. Soon we were in full retreat to Williamsport. It was a second Bull Run. Our horses will not average more than three hours from under the saddle each twenty-four hours for the last twenty days. Sometimes they have not had their saddles off for forty-eight hours at a time. We have lost everything we had but what we have on our backs and on our saddles. We all hope soon to be on our way back to crush out the blood-thirsty rebels.

The following incident occurred at this time, which is here given in Gen. Hammond's own words :

On the day of Bank's retreat from Winchester, Company H, of which I was captain, with other companies of the Fifth, was

moving through the woods and fields, acting as flankers on his retreating column. I took the advance with some ten men as scouts, and let down fences, etc. I was riding a powerful horse that I took from home with me, and am so fortunate as to have now. In passing over a wooded hill I noticed in my front eight mounted men. Being satisfied they were rebels I shouted to them to halt, immediately they put spurs to their horses, firing their pistols as they fled. We pursuing, I soon came up with the rearmost of them, a large, powerful man. We exchanged several shots at close quarters, but without effect on either side, owing to the fearful pace we were going through the timber. My pistol became useless from a cap fouling it. He had two charges left. My blood was up, and I determined to capture him at all hazards. Bringing my horse close along side, I attempted to strike him with my pistol, but fell short of his head, and my pistol fell to the ground. I then seized him with both hands by the back of his coat collar, and pulled him backwards off his horse. My horse went from under me at the same time. When we struck the ground I was on top of him with one hand at his throat, the other hold of his pistol-barrel, he hold of the butt trying to shoot me. He was a most obstinate fellow and would not surrender. By this time Phil Hazelworth, of Company "F," came up and fired at him as he laid on the ground, just grazing his scalp, at which he gave up, and was taken along a prisoner. The balance of his party were all taken within a short time. I have often thought since, what could have possessed me to have closed with him, when I could so well have hauled off and let him go. But no such sensible thought entered my brain. All was centered in one idea, not let him get away. The party proved to be some of Ashby's scouts. When my company came up, Sergeant E. J. Barker had the impression that I was wounded, and was hardly to be restrained from running him through with his sabre.*

*In this connection I will give two other instances, one before and one after the War, illustrative of John Hammond's courage and prompt action.

In the winter of 1856, a large party of Irishmen and some women from

During Banks' retreat, Capt. Hammond's family were in great distress, Capt. Perkins, of the First Vermont Cavalry, having telegraphed that he (Capt. Hammond) was missing; but, after three days, the welcome news reached Crown Point that he was alive and well.

CAMP, Near Gaines Cross-Roads, Va., }
July 11, 1862. }

I find that, in my absence, Col. De Forest has presented my name to the Government for appointment as major,—I am told, at the request of Gen. Hatch.

CAMP AT CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, VA., }
July 22, 1862. }

We left here about three in the afternoon, in a heavy rain storm. We had not marched two miles before we were beset by the most furious hailstorm I ever experienced. The hail was of the size of walnuts and larger; the force of the storm was such

the town of Moriah, were returning from the burial of one of their friends in the town of Ticonderoga. Driving up to the Crown Point House, they insisted on being served with liquor and were refused. They immediately set about cleaning out the house. The hotel was owned by Hammonds & Co., and was primarily a boarding place for their lumber teamsters. John Hammond happened to be near by, and after a bloody and desperate fight, with the assistance of a few men, succeeded in driving the rioters to their teams. Although the bones of one of his hands were broken, he immediately organized a pursuing party, and following after them in sleighs overtook them when near Port Henry. Driving past them, the pursuers took the guilty parties from their sleighs, and soundly horsewhipped every man in the party.

The only strike that has ever taken place among the employes of the Crown Point Iron Co. occurred in 1874, when some of the Scandinavian miners at Hammondville struck, and marching from pit to pit, compelled the other miners to join their ranks. Gen. Hammond happened to be at the mines. He telegraphed to the Lake for some of his old soldiers. Half-a-dozen men, with Spencer rifles, quickly boarded a waiting locomotive, and in half an hour were at the mines. With them he met the strikers, about 75 in number, picked out the ringleaders, and disarmed those who were armed. Putting the most turbulent on a train, he ordered the others back to their work. He was obeyed. The chief fomenters of the trouble were sent to jail, and there has never been another attempted strike in the history of the company.

that for some time the column was completely broken, our horses became frantic with pain and with terror, and could scarcely be controlled. Many of them had their ears lopped down by the force of the hailstones, but we struggled on as best we could ; after some half an hour the hail ceased and the balance of the day we rode in a drenching rain, fording swollen streams, over the most impassable roads ever having the semblance of roads, and, by the way, I must tell you we have none of the fine stonepikes of the Shenandoah Valley here. Three-fourths of the country is covered with a dense forest, and such a thing as a passable road is not known. We groped our way through the rain and darkness and reached the Rapidan Ford about ten at night, and found our way into a wheat field in front of the mansion of the rebel colonel, Tallifaro, where we sat and lay on the muddy, miry earth until dawn, holding our poor, wearied horses. At daylight we commenced swimming the river, as the water had risen so high it was not fordable. We crossed in safety, a few troopers getting pretty well ducked and having to swim for their lives. Getting over, we passed on to Orange Court House, which we occupied about noon. We had quite a brush here, but the rebels were quickly driven back. We threw out strong picket forces on all the roads for the night. The whole command was in the saddle all night. It still continued to rain. Two companies went to within four miles of Gordonsville, but meeting the rebels in force were compelled to fall back. We learned, by prisoners and by contrabands, that the enemy were thoroughly alarmed and were running troops up from Richmond. We also found in the telegraph office a telegram, giving our numbers and the time of our crossing the river. In the morning we beat a retreat for the ford. On counting up our losses on arrival there, we found that the Michiganders had lost about twenty men, our regiment thirty, mostly of Company A, Capt. Greene, all of whom were taken on picket. The night being intensely dark, the rebels, being familiar with the ground were enabled to surround our men in force before they were aware of it. We fell back to the Rapidan without further loss,

followed by Rebel infantry and cavalry. We crossed the river in safety, although it was more swollen than when we first crossed. We remained here over night, our men resting on their arms as best they could. It still rained; the enemy appeared with a strong force in about two hours after we had crossed the river. We dismounted some of our men to guard the ford. They kept up quite a brisk skirmish through the evening. During the night we received orders from Gen. Hatch to rejoin him at Madison Court House, which we did, through mud, mire and rocks. Arriving there, we were not allowed to unsaddle, but found Hatch's division ready to move for this place by way of Sperryville. We arrived here last night, having been gone six days, three and a half days of which our horses were not unsaddled, nor did we have a ration with us on the whole march, but lived on such food as we could kill or get from the inhabitants. I suppose that our part of the programme was all that it was expected to be, but the main object was frustrated by the heavy rain. The intention was, as near as I could learn, that our division under Gen. Hatch should all have gone, where only the advanced guard succeeded in going. I am told that a grand movement was prepared, under the supervision of Gen. Pope. Gen. Hatch was to march on Orange Court House and threaten Gordonsville and draw the attention of the rebel forces, while Banks and Sigel, with their united forces, were to march by way of Sperryville on Gordonsville, and take and hold it, cutting Richmond off from their communication west and southwest; at the same time relieving McClellan by drawing off some of the rebel forces about Richmond. But the rain was such that Hatch could not follow us with his artillery and baggage wagons. Neither could Gen. Banks reach Sigel, owing to the Rapahannock being so swollen as not to be fordable. So here we are again. We have just got orders to be ready to march again, with two days' cooked rations, where, I know not. The inhabitants say Generals Longstreet and Jackson are on the way hither and are now on this side of the Rapidan with a large force, but I think they will have to go to the wall if they

get in this vicinity. It is raining again to-day very hard. When will it ever cease ; it has certainly rained two-thirds of the time since I have been in Virginia. We are hard at work to-day getting our horses shod. At least one-half of them in the regiment were shoeless when we got here and in a most sorry condition, footsore and sore-backed. We must have more men ; our regiment has not been recruited at all. The force of our cavalry companies is very much reduced in numbers. They certainly have not more than one-half what they had when they crossed the Potomac. We are still worse off for effective men. There must be at least 250 of our regiment off on sick leave and absent without leave ; and then there are the deaths, some killed and some wounded, and a good many discharged from sickness and disability ; and ours is but a specimen of the whole grand army of the North. It looks bad for our cause, and a bold policy and vigorous effort must be made at once or the rebels will never be brought back to their allegiance. My hope now is, since Congress has adjourned, that Old Abe will push matters to extremity. We must have more men and more heart in this matter. There are many good and true men in the field, men who feel that they have a duty to perform for their government and for the cause of freedom, but even they are getting almost disgusted with the apathy of our people.

August 2, 1862.

Orange Court House stands on a hill ; when we were within about two miles of the town I was ordered, with Companies G and H, to cross the country and get on the Gordonsville road, which comes in from the southwest. I saw and heard nothing of the brigade afterwards until the action was over. After getting on to the Gordonsville road I ordered my men to draw sabres, and told them it was the first time we had had a good chance to use them, and that we would carry the place or die if they but used their hardware well. We charged into the town at full speed, were met by a withering discharge of musketry on the outskirts, but nothing could withstand us. The rebels were

driven back to the open place about the railroad depot, where they rallied for a moment and then fled, most of them taking a road leading west and to the fields. We could have captured four times our number if we had any way to secure them ; after gathering together those we had been able to keep from running off after they had once surrendered, we marched down through the town on the same street the brigade had attempted to enter on. Then we first became aware that any fighting had been done there, by the dead and wounded men and horses lying in the streets. After getting outside of the town I discovered the brigade at a distance in a field, drawn up in line of battle. I was astonished, and could not comprehend what was up. As I neared them, Lieut. Levi Curtis, of Company F, rode towards me with tears in his eyes and says, "Hammond, God bless you, you have saved us from a shameful disgrace." I was now completely mystified, but was immediately enlightened by the Lieutenant. He said they had been shamefully beaten in their attempt to enter the town, and driven back in confusion ; that they had formed a line of battle as I saw, expecting an attack, and supposed it was the enemy when they saw me emerging from the town on the same street on which they had been driven out on. Gen. Crawford's mistake was in moving cavalry at a walk into a withering fire, the enemy being under cover. My success was owing to the enemy being perfectly surprised, and my charge so impetuous that nothing could withstand it. I was much amused in this charge to see our company cook, Henry Spalding. I had told him he could stay behind, as he was leading a pack horse, his back strung with camp-kettles, fry-pans, etc. He was determined to go in, and guiding his horse and leading the camp horse, with his sabre in hand, he kept well up with us, and I have sometimes thought the din of the camp-kettles and the yell of our men was about as effective as our sabres.

CAMP NEAR CULPEPPER COURT HOUSE, VA. }
August 4, 1862. }

We are just returned from another raid to Orange Court House, in which we took fifty-seven prisoners, and killed and mortally wounded some thirty more. You will find in the *New York World* an account of our dust there. I believe that myself and command have the credit of taking the place, while our main body was repulsed. I was ordered to the rear of the town with my company and Company G. We made a charge, and routed the enemy completely. Lieut. Gear, Company G, was shot through the lungs, but he is doing well; two Company G privates were dangerously wounded, and in our company Eugene Hayward, Charles Curtis and G. A. Baker were slightly wounded. We also had seven horses shot, but all will do good service yet. We killed and captured nearly all that were killed or taken, and took the town from the enemy after our main column had been repulsed. We were highly complimented by Gen. Crawford. Our men fought like devils and yelled like savages. We charged, sabre in hand, with such impetuosity that we swept everything before us. The bullets flew about us like hail, but our brave boys were irresistible. We expect soon to march, a hundred thousand strong, on Richmond. We are all eager for an end to this suspense. Will not our people come forward and fill up our regiment? We are weak in numbers. No praise of human tongue can do justice to the rank and file of those men now left to stem the current of almost constant defeats. There are unworthy leaders, but the men are ever ready and eager to renew the conflict for the mastery.

CAMP OF THE FIFTH N. Y. V. C. }
In the Pine Woods near Chantilly, Va. December 5, 1862. }

Your dear letter of December 1 just received after my return to camp. I requested my brigade commander to send me to the front. He gave me 110 men and ordered me to Leesburg. We had to be very vigilant, as there was a large body of rebel cavalry in our vicinity, of which we captured two officers and a few privates. The rebels, 400 strong, menaced us one night,

capturing five of our pickets, six horses, and killed one, but finding us on the alert did not engage us.

CHANTILLY, VA., December 7, 1862.

I love our men for their true and noble devotion to their country, their homes, families, and the flag, emblem of liberty, and protection to the oppressed of all lands. As a rule I am the one sent to face the enemy and do all detail work. I am glad of it,—this hanging about headquarters is detestable. I came here, or into the service, for a purpose, and want to do all I can to accomplish it, and return to my own matters.

WASHINGTON, January 4, 1863.

The weather for the last ten days has been most beautiful, about like our October weather, and in fact most of last month was delightful. O, what a shame that so much good weather has been lost. When will we ever get at the rebels and crush them, as we ought to have done before this. I am going to see if something can't be done before I go back to the regiment, to relieve our poor boys of so much hard work night and day. There are hundreds of regiments lying on this side of the river, and if we could but have one we could get along very nicely.

FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, June 17, 1863.

My Dear Son,—Our brigade is all back here, and as soon as Lieut. Barker is well enough to go home, your mother will accompany him. Lieut. Barker is improving very fast and is in most excellent spirits. We all love him for his daring and bravery, and only lament that we have not more of the same spirit in our army. We feel very proud of our regiment, as we believe that most of our officers and men are very brave, and have the preservation of the Union more in their hearts than the preservation of their bodies. We have had four officers of our regiment severely wounded, and the same number of men killed; also some twenty men wounded in the last six weeks; also a number of men and officers slightly wounded, and some twenty-five horses killed and wounded. We believe that it is our duty

to fight the enemies of our country with a will, and that those who do not are cowards, and are not worthy the names of men. Your mother has been doing all that she could to alleviate the sufferings of the sick and wounded, as has also Mrs. De Forest, and I am happy to say all are doing finely. The box sent to Dr. Woods by the kind friends at home, has contributed much to the comfort of all, and is much appreciated. The loyal sympathizing friends of the soldiers, in old Crown Point, have many friends in this regiment, not only in Company H, but in all the other companies, as all have more or less felt the benefit of their kindness. I suppose you have heard ere this that the rebel army has crossed the Rapahannock, and that their advance guard is in Maryland and Pennsylvania. Lee's main army, however, is lying between the Blue Ridge and the Bull Run hills, while Gen. Hooker's army is occupying a line parallel with it, his forces extending from Manassas Junction to the Potomac, between Drainville and Leesburg. A terrible battle will most likely be fought in a few days. We here are not sorry that the enemy have penetrated Pennsylvania, and wish that they would carry the war into New York, that the cowards and copperheads might have a taste of war, and that the loyal men might be quickened to do their duty. Gen. Hooker's headquarters is about two miles from here. Any hour may bring forth a battle, perhaps one of the most terrible of the war. The soldiers all seem to be in good spirits; they have been passing here since night before last. This morning, at about one o'clock, I was awakened by their passing in solid column, which continued until after sunrise. All were trudging along merrily, singing and laughing. After them came a long train of artillery, and then the ambulances and wagons, stretching out for a distance of at least four or five miles; and yet this is but a small portion of the grand army. What a waste of life and treasure to gratify the ambition of a few men! When will men learn to do unto others as they would have them do unto them!

ABOUT TWO MILES SOUTH OF GETTYSBURG, PA., }
 July 4, 1863. }

MRS. JOHN HAMMOND,

Dear Madam and Friend,—By request of the Major, I write you a few lines, he is so very busy it is quite impossible for him to write at all. His health is excellent, and he is distinguishing himself by many deeds of valor. Yesterday this cavalry made some memorable and successful charges on the left wing of the enemy. Gen. Kilpatrick spoke words of high commendation and lofty cheer to his command this morning. In yesterday's fight your friend, Capt. Harris, First Virginia, was mortally wounded. The Major cautioned me particularly to mention this item. Yesterday was the grandest day for this army, in my opinion, during the war, between eight and fifteen thousand rebels were captured,—I saw myself about two thousand. The First Vermont Cavalry lost about one hundred men. The cannonading was terrific, some say the most rapid, loud and destructive of the war. The enemy is said to be retreating, and this cavalry division is endeavoring to harass and cut them off. I am writing in a barn, while the rain is falling fast. It is a dreadful moment for the poor soldiers who are out. The wind also blows furiously, which makes the rain doubly unpleasant. I never saw the Major looking better than now. No man is better adapted mentally and physically for this arduous branch of the service than he. He is strong and cool. He is a great favorite with the men of this command. He *leads* the men, does not *send* them. This they admire. I remain your friend,

LOUIS M. BOUDEYE,

Chaplain Fifth N. Y. V. C.

SMITHSBURG, MD., July 5, 1863.

My Dear Wife,—I improve a moment to write you I am very well, but very tired after four days' bloody fighting at Gettysburg. The rebels are severely whipped, and commenced retreating on the night of the 3d. We fought them on their right flank; and on the 2d, by making a night march, we passed clear around on their left flank, and fought a large divi-

sion of them. The vigorous attack of our cavalry had great effect in winning the day. Our division lost about two hundred men. Brig. Gen. Farnsworth was killed or missing. Last night we captured a part of their wagon train, which was in full retreat for Virginia. The rebels held the gap in the South Mountain, but we flogged them out of it, and captured a train about four miles long, and one thousand seven hundred prisoners.

The following document was found among Gen. Hammond's papers after his death. It refers to the proposed removal of his regiment's monument from its present site at Gettysburg :

As Major commanding the Fifth N. Y. C., I certify that on the morning of the 3d day of July, 1863, the First Brigade of Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry division, under command of Gen. Farnsworth, reached southwest base of Round Top, and were soon placed in position as follows : The Fifth N. Y. on the right near the old road, crossing Upper Plum Run and Little Round Top. One branch of this road turns to the right down to Plum Run, thence by the J. Slyder house to the Emmetsburg road ; the other branch nearly due south to the Taneytown road. By this branch we left the battle-field, and bivouacked on or near Taneytown road. It is a fact that we were inside of a portion of the Fifteenth Alabama's line of battle unbeknown to ourselves. Law's rebel division had undertaken, the day before and well into the night, to take Little Round Top, but were repulsed by Gen. Benton during the night. The rebels had thrown up a stone wall from alongside Taneytown road, across the old road towards Devil's Den, as can be seen to-day. Farnsworth was ordered to send out scouting parties. One party of, perhaps a company of, which regiment I cannot say, followed up Plum Run and ran against a force too strong for them, turned to the right and came in by the old road at a lively gait, with quite a number of rebels who were getting the sabre over their heads to quicken their steps. These prisoners were some of the ones who had put up the stone intrenchment. As for the location, I have in part described, Elder's Battery and my command were

in the edge of an open oak forest, since cut down. Plum Run at the foot of the side of declivity. The J. Slyder house and Emmetsburg road in full view. Soon after his command was located, Farnsworth asked me to walk down with him and see what chance there was for the cavalry to charge. On our side of Plum Run was and is a stone fence, some of it having a few rails on top. On the opposite side was swampy ground heavily timbered; on inner side of the run was a range of boulders and rocks that was appalling. Farnsworth said, "My God, Hammond, Kil is going to have a cavalry charge. Its too awful to think of,—will be but a slaughter of the boys,—they have no chance for themselves." I first visited Gettysburg with my brother, in the fall of 1872. At that time I had no trouble in going direct to our location on the 3d day of July. I have had Col. Batchelder's large bird's eye view or map of the Battle of Gettysburg in my house since they were first put out. At first sight, I and others, who were members of the regiment, said he was wrong in our location. It is a significant fact that the First Vermont Cavalry had its stakes stuck to the left of the Fifth N. Y. Cavalry last year, and this faces Plum Run and Emmetsburg road, and the same with the Eighteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry. The First W. Va. Cavalry had no marker. This shows that we were placed on the same line as the infantry, on Little Round Top, and not at a right angle with our main army. Our little brigade and Merritt's regulars could never have filled the distance from Plum Run to the Emmetsburg road, as Batchelder has it. Farnsworth's charge shows that it could never have been done. It is hard to believe that those who were there have no credit of knowing anything as against Col. Batchelder, who is not nor ever was a soldier, neither was he at the battle, nor a native or resident of that country.

July 8.

We had a terrible fight yesterday with our division against one brigade of infantry and one of rebel cavalry. This morning I find I have but about one hundred and sixty men left. Captains Penfield and Lucas, Lieuts. Dimmick, Bryant and Merriman

are missing. I think James is a prisoner or killed, as he had his horse shot under him. Lieut. Dimmick, when last seen, was wounded in the arm. Kilpatrick's division must have lost three hundred or four hundred men. Buford's division, which was fighting at Williamsport, lost eight officers and three hundred men. We have now had a fight every day for the last six.

BOONESBORO, July 9, 1863.

Our cavalry had another battle yesterday between this town and Hagerstown, which commenced at nine A. M., and continued until dark. We were attacked by nine thousand rebel cavalry. They drove us about half a mile, and the fate of the day was quite uncertain, until about five P. M., when we charged them the whole length of our line, and drove them until after dark. Our line of battle was about two miles long. Our loss is light, while theirs is considerable. A portion of the Eleventh Corps arrived here about dark, and others are pouring through the gaps in the South Mountain. We expect a decisive battle in a few days. It may commence to-day, yet I hardly expect it. I wrote you in my last letter of our fight at Hagerstown. I then hoped that some of our officers would turn up, but they have not. I enclose you an account of our fight in Hanover. I believe that I have the honor, with the Fifth, of leading the first charge and fighting the first battle on free soil since this war commenced. We suffer a good deal for want of food, as our trains are all behind. This is the third day since our men were out of rations, and as their money is pretty much gone, it leaves them in a hungry condition. The officers are still worse off than the men, as we draw no rations, having to forage for our grub. For two days I had nothing except two pieces of hard tack, except a breakfast we got at a farm house, which consisted entirely of coffee, lettuce and radishes. When we went out yesterday my whole command was but one hundred and forty-four men, the First Va. one hundred and twenty. We have a great many men dismounted. The army is in excellent spirits and confident of glorious success.

HARPER'S FERRY, July 17, 1863.

I have a moment to write you a few lines. We crossed to this point last night on pontoon bridges, and this morning crossed the Shenandoah into Loudon County, in pursuit of Jeff's ragamuffins. We are worn and jaded down. The cavalry has done all the work and fighting since Gettysburg. We charged into Hagerstown, Pa., on Sunday last, and held the place for two days against a large body of infantry and cavalry, hoping Gen. Meade would attack them; but no, he waited one week from the time the advance of the rebels came into Hagerstown, which was the Monday we fought them. The result is that they have all recrossed into Virginia. We all felt that we had them and should have annihilated them. The cavalry followed them to Falling Waters and Williamsport, and charged them behind their intrenchments. We have taken in all six to eight thousand prisoners in the last week. We recaptured Lieuts. Bryant, Merriman and Dimmick. Captains Lucas and Penfield have, without doubt, been carried across the river. We have lost the best opportunity we ever had for wiping out the army of Virginia. We leave for Loudon County in a few moments in a heavy rain.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth New York Cav., }
Purcellville, Va., July 18, 1863. }

My Dear Children,—As we are resting our weary selves and horses to-day, and having just been looking at your mother's miniature and yours, I thought I would write you as a source of pleasure to myself and you. Imagine in your minds myself sitting under a tree to shield me from the rays of the sun; bivouacked about me a whole corps of cavalry, not less than ten thousand men and horses. The men are this morning all firing off their pistols and cleaning them, as the weather has been very wet, and many of their pistols are in a bad condition. The men are in addition also resting themselves as best they can; some are washing their shirts, some caring for their poor jaded horses. We have had a great many horses killed, but more have given out by forced marches and want of food. At least

one-third of the troopers are on foot. We take all the horses we can find belonging to the inhabitants, but there are but few, as the rebels have also helped themselves. Many of our old troop horses, after they have carried their riders as far as they can, and are left behind, will, when they find their mates and comrades are moving on, take their places in the ranks and struggle to keep up, until they fall with exhaustion, and are unable to rise. The chaplain also promised me to write your mother a few lines, when we were at Gettysburg, as I had no time to do so, and also to send her a Hanover paper with the account of the gallant charge of the Fifth at that place; but as he has never been heard of since that time, we think he has been taken prisoner, as he was a good ways behind when we left that town, and as we attacked the rebel wagon train that night in the mountains. The enemy being both in our front and rear, he must have been captured by them, as we lost quite a number from the division. We are in the advance of our army seizing the gaps in the Blue Ridge. We had quite a heavy fight at Snicker's Gap last night. We shall most likely be on the Rapahannock very soon. We had hoped that Gen. Meade would have captured a portion at least of the remainder of Lee's army before crossing the Potomac, as he certainly could have done, had he had the spirit of Generals Kilpatrick and Buford. They have attacked the rebels everywhere they could find them, sometimes with success, and sometimes we have been unsuccessful; yet our impudence has carried terror into the rebel ranks many times. We have suffered, but feel proud of our arm of the service. At Falling Waters, Kilpatrick's men charged the rebels in their intrenchments, and with success, although many a trooper and horse bit the dust. We drove them like sheep, and captured near two thousand of them. The night before, the First Vermont charged their intrenchments at Hagerstown, and put two brigades of infantry in great disorder, and had Gen. Meade allowed one or two brigades to go to their assistance, we might have captured ten thousand of the ragamuffins. Nothing has yet been heard of Captains Penfield and Lucas. They are doubtless by this time in Rich-

mond. Tell your mother that old Babe and Pink look rather sorry,—not much as they did last spring. Old Jeff looks very well. I ride him only when we are likely to have a fight, as he cares not much for shell and bullets. The other two I cannot hold at such times. Shell and shot sometimes play singular freaks. At Boonesboro a shell passed over my head, struck my bugler's horse behind me in the shoulder, first cutting the bugler's canteen in two, making the water fly like a fountain. The bugler was somewhat astonished but unhurt, the shell did not explode. At Gettysburg a shell exploded in the front of our regiment when in column, killing the rider of one horse,—the same piece of shell passing through the man and killing the horse of the trooper in rear of him, without injuring the rider. The next shell killed one horse. We were supporting a battery, and our men stood as quiet as though they were made of stone. We are longing to see home once more, but fear some time must elapse before we can see the faces of those we love so much. We all feel enraged at the copperheads and rioters at the North, and hate them worse than we do the rebels.

UPPERVILLE, VA., July 20, 1863.

We occupy Ashby's Gap to-day. From the summit of the gap I could see Winchester. We found but few rebels and slight resistance. The army of Lee is evidently south of Front Royal. I think we will move to Manasses Gap to-morrow. I was out on the Blue Ridge last night until 10.30 p. m., before I reached camp, and captured fourteen horses, some important papers, and about fourteen hundred dollars in Confederate money. I had eighteen men with me. Dr. Woods' health I think does not improve, and I am afraid he will never be well again; but his courage and endurance is beyond conception. I never met a man that I thought more of, and it is so with all that know him. There is no doubt in my mind but Capts. Penfield and Lucas are prisoners. I saw Penfield's horse that was killed the day we followed the rebels to Falling Waters. It is not the old warhorse he brought from home, but the black horse

with white legs that you and the other ladies used to ride. I keep his old horse with the wagon, and have Hiram Underhill and James Stacy take care of him. I write lying flat on the ground by a flickering light of an expiring fire, with an army of bugs pestering me. Good-night, dearest, and hip, hip, hurrah for the Union. We have got the rebellion by the throat, and will never loosen our grasp.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C. }
Annisville, Va., July 25, 1863. }

We arrived here on the 23d from Ashby's Gap. We passed Gen. Buford's cavalry in front of Chester Gap. He was too late to get the gap, as Longstreet and Hill's corps were passing through. Buford, however, attacked them, and succeeded in capturing from them three thousand head of cattle and sheep. We crossed the upper Rapahannock near Waterloo bridge, and camped at this place. Yesterday morning we attacked Hill's column near Battle Mountain. It was a desperate thing on our part, and the Michigan brigade came near being lost with a section of artillery. Hill's infantry got in our rear, and we had to cut our way out,—we saved our artillery,—and the Michigan brigade lost in killed and wounded about forty, thirty of whom we left on the field, being unable to get them off. I can assure you we made some tall traveling to the rear. To-day we made a reconnoissance to Gaines' Cross-Road, and we are satisfied that all the rebels are past this point that have crossed the Blue Ridge. Ewell's corps we think has kept down the valley. We have made up our mind that Gen. Meade has no idea of fighting the rebels very soon, as he certainly might have got to Culpepper before them, if he had wished. I wish, Maria, you would get from Tom a list of the conscripts from Crown Point, as it rather pleases the boys. We have the upper hand of the rebel cavalry since we have had Kilpatrick for a leader. Generals Stuart and F. Lee don't court an engagement with him. Most all of our fighting of late has been with infantry. F. Lee was to occupy this place the same night we came here, but did not see fit to dispute the point very savagely with us. The First Virginia

attacked him and drove him some distance, only having three men wounded on our side. Give my kind regards to Elmer, and say that we desire to see him back very much.

HARTWOOD CHURCH, Stanford County, Va., }
August 4, 1863. }

We arrived here on the second, just one year from the day of our fight at Orange Court House ; and yesterday was one month since the last day's fight at Gettysburg. What there is left of the First Vermont and Fifth N. Y., are here picketing the Rapahannock from Ellis or Barnet's Ford to the U. S. Ford, and from thence to the Potomac Creek. The rebels are also picketing in front of us,—they have no force on this side of the river but a few bushwackers. They have a brigade of infantry and one of cavalry at Fredericksburg and up the river ; Longstreet and Hill are at Culpepper and Cedar Mountains ; Ewell is at Gordonsville. Our army is crossing from Ellis' Ford and Beverly, and so above. The weather has been as hot as I ever saw for the last few days. I am the only field officer left with the regiment. Major Bacon is in Washington after horses ; Major White is in New York. This is the most desert wilderness country one can imagine ; the people are on the verge of starvation. I have no idea how long we shall be here. We get no mails, nor but little to eat for man or beast. Our nearest supplies are at Warrenton Junction, twenty miles distant. We picket along a front of twenty-five miles, mostly a dense forest.

HARTWOOD CHURCH, VA., August 7, 1863.

Not knowing if any news has reached Capt. Penfield's friends direct from him, I write that you may inform his friends and family that I had the pleasure of hearing from him direct last night, through a letter received from Capt. Lucas, at Libby Prison, to one of the officers of F Company. Capt. Penfield is well, as also the other prisoners taken from this regiment ; eleven of H Company boys are prisoners with him. I have written to James this morning, and shall send it to him through the rebel pickets on the opposite side of the river. Our pickets and the rebels

are very friendly, they sit on the bank and talk to each other, and swim out to each other through the river. Occasionally our men swim over the river and sit on the banks and talk with the rebels, and the rebels come over to our side to visit. They exchange tobacco, and so forth, for bread. All this appears very strange, when perhaps in a few hours they may be in deadly strife to take each other's lives. We are having quite a lively time here picking up the citizens. Those that desire to take the oath of allegiance we allow to return home. Those that do not we send to Washington. We sent forty to Washington yesterday, and about twenty home, after taking the oath.

BRISTERSBURG, VA., August 14, 1863.

Lieut. Col. J—— took command yesterday; he threatens all who are inimical to him to have them in arrest, and other wonderful things. You need not be surprised if you hear of my being under arrest soon, as I shall take no orders from him, after he has avoided all the labor, dangers and privations of the regiment for nearly three-fourths of a year. He commenced yesterday by putting Capt. Barker under arrest, and swearing at everybody that he dared to. He keeps very clear of me. I have no idea of leaving the service, although I may leave the regiment, if I can. No one can be spared from the army at the present time, and, above all, a citizen of New York. Our Governor (or the Governor) and his minions in the State, are a shame and disgrace to the civilized world, but I am thankful that the record of the brave soldiers from New York stands second to none. The record of their bravery and achievements will endure as long as time; and to-day we all stand shoulder to shoulder for the administration and for the whole glorious land of our fathers, and we are going to preserve it, whether we have any more help or not; and when we are through with Southern rebels, God help Northern traitors;—we shall not. The cup of bitterness has been put to our lips by them, and they shall drink the dregs. I can assure you that the hatred of the soldiers against the Northern copperheads is ten times what it

is against the Southern traitors. Col. De F——, I am told, has gone to New York under a strong guard. I don't believe he is as guilty as he is represented, as his principal accuser is the biggest villain in the country. I regret his situation very much, on account of his family.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., Hartwood }
Church, Va., September 3, 1863. }

We have just returned from an expedition to the lower Rapahannock to a point called Port Conway and Urbanna. There has been a division of rebel infantry at and near these places for some time, and last week they captured two of our gunboats. Gen. Kilpatrick moved his division down to engage their infantry, and, if possible, recapture the boats. We have been gone three days, marching day and night. The rebels got back to the other side of the river on our approach. The boats were also on the south shore of the river; we opened on them with shot and shell until we silenced the rebel batteries on the opposite bank, and then shelled the boats until they will be unfit for any present use to them, if not rendering them utterly worthless. It has been very dusty, so much so that in marching nine regiments and two batteries, those back of the head of the column could scarce see one rod before them. Elmer is doing finely, is on light duty, and is messing and stopping with Major White and myself. Lieut. Col. J—— is under arrest.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., Hartwood }
Church, Sun. M., September 6, 1863. }

To-day is just two months since cousin James was taken prisoner; we miss him and Capt. Lucas and the Chaplain very much. The water here is very poor and very little of it. It is almost impossible to get enough for our horses and for our own use. There is no grazing for our horses; the country from the vicinity of Warrenton to Port Conway, on the Rapahannock, is a barren, desert country, as far as water and vegetation is concerned. Dr. Woods and Major White have just started towards the river, which is four miles distant, to find a place to bathe. I am writ-

ing you in the doctor's quarters. Major Bacon lies sick on the ground before me. It's a hard place for one to be sick, so hot through the day and cold at night, and the flies are very much disposed to gobble one up bodily. A court sits to-morrow for the trial of many officers on many charges. Lieut. Col. J—— is one of the unhappy subjects. I have my hands full with disciplining the regiment. While in camp we have reveille at 5.30 A. M., and it is one steady round of drilling, camp duties, inspection, etc., etc., through the day. Major White has the First, Captain Krom the Second, and Major Bacon the Third Battalion, and we are making every effort to bring the regiment up to a perfect state of discipline, and with a good show of success. Col. Davies, of the Second N. Y. V. C., is in command of our brigade. He is a very strict disciplinarian, and has no mercy for officer or soldier who is neglectful of duty or discipline. He is very kind to me and seems to like me much ; but I have a terrible task on my hands after the loose, neglectful manner in which Col. De F—— and Lieut. Col. J—— have managed the regiment. I feel encouraged to make a reform from having such a man to back me up. He spares no one, and if he remains long with us our regiment will get thoroughly weeded. My horses are looking very fine for the work they have done. I am very anxious that our regiment shall be filled up, but as yet have got no conscripts or recruits. I have had James Campney since we left Fairfax as an orderly ; he is one of the best boys and never tires of doing for me. Dr. Woods' colored man is one of the most faithful men I ever saw, and very sensible, and I believe a sincere Christian. He has a family in Central Virginia, and if you speak to him of his wife and children, the tears come to his eyes and he turns away almost heartbroken, yet he hopes the time will shortly come when they will be free, and he may claim his own flesh and blood ; but, poor fellow, I fear he will wait many a weary day. A great many people here are fleeing North to escape starvation, and many more must go ere long. To give you an idea of the destitution, I will mention some of the daily scenes that occur. Women, young and old,

walk five, six and eight miles to beg or buy something of our commissary department to eat. An officer was relating to me that he saw a little child a few days since take up a loaf of soldier's soft bread, and hug it to its bosom and kiss it with the same affection that you would see one child exhibit for another.

RACCOON FORD, Rapid Ann River, Va., }
September 15, 1863. }

Dear Madam,—We are pushing for Richmond on a double quick; had quite a fight at Culpepper Court House yesterday, in which the Major had the first joint of his forefinger on his right hand broken. He is getting along nicely. We are quite well and feeling quite jubilant over our success so far. The Major is in command of us, and has been since he was shot; and the reason of my writing is that he can't hold a pen. He says he will write you in a day or two. Please remember me kindly to all, and with many kind wishes for yourself.

Respectfully yours, A. H. WHITE.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., }
Stephensburg, Va., September 19, 1863. }

* * * We arrived here from the Rapidan night before last, having been relieved by infantry. From what I can learn, the cavalry is to make a big raid through Central and Southern Virginia. We could not force the passage of the Rapidan, as the rebels were strongly intrenched, and had a strong infantry force. The Fifth lost one man killed and five wounded, on Sunday at Culpepper, and ten missing. The Fifth charged the rebel battery four times and were repulsed, owing to their using canister and grape on us, and to their superior numbers. Four horses were killed by one shell, cutting six legs clean from their bodies. Our brigade, however, captured three pieces of artillery. The weather is cold and wet. Captain Barker was mortally wounded near Kelly Ford day before yesterday. I suppose he is dead before this. He was shot by a guerrilla. You will excuse this short letter, as I can't use my forefinger. It is doing well, and I think I shall save it. I have not lost an hour's duty with it.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., Near }
James City, Va.; September 29, 1863. }

General Buford, with a portion of Kilpatrick's division and one other brigade, returned from the expedition on Wednesday last to Madison Court House and the south branches of the Rapid Ann. We fell in with Stuart's cavalry near Madison. Buford attacked them in front and drove them all day. We moved on their right flank and crossed the Rapid Ann in the rear of the rebels. When they found they were cut off they attacked us with great fury, taking prisoners of the Second N. Y. V. C., and wounding some sixty men. We killed of the rebels ten or twelve, and took about a hundred prisoners. I was complimented, as well as my command, by Brig. Gen. Davies, for having my regiment so well in hand at a time when some of our regiments were in a good deal of confusion. Greatly to my mortification, this army is going to fall back to the Potomac. I never could have believed two weeks ago that we should have been here at this time. It is very disheartening to the cavalry, who have done so much hard work and fighting since Gettysburg, to have to turn back. You will probably see in the papers that Gen. Custer took three guns when we came into Culpepper. Gen. Custer's brigade never took a gun. The Second N. Y., of our brigade, took them, and the Fifth N. Y. tried hard to take two more, but we were repulsed, charging four several times. Gen. Custer undertook to take the same guns that we did, and with no better success.

On the back of this letter, which is addressed to the children, is endorsed Buckland Mills, 1863.

We are now encamped nearly on the same ground where we fought the rebels one week ago last Monday. We were attacked by very superior numbers both of cavalry and infantry, and had to fall back to this place, where we made a stand and drove them back. Capt. Elder had got his cannon into position on a small hill in our rear. It had got to be almost night, and we were very hard pressed to hold our ground. When Capt. Elder opened on the rebels, firing his shell over our heads into the

rebels, this gave us all new courage, for we did not know that he was so near to support us. Cheer after cheer went up from our brave lads, as they sang out, "There goes old Elder," meaning his shell, which he was firing over our heads into the rebel ranks. Our men now charged upon the rebels,—the brave Kilpatrick leading a part of them,—and we were left masters of the field ; darkness coming on we went into camp, and the Fifth N. Y. has remained here ever since.

FAIRFAX C. H., October 17, 1863.

* * * I got me a pair of boots here. Have been nearly barefooted for some time. Otherwise am pretty well to do for clothing ; have not had my clothes off since I last saw you, except to change them. The army is all back. We hold the country from the front of Manasses to the Blue Ridge ; should not be surprised if we had another campaign in Maryland and Pennsylvania. I hope so. Good country to live in. We have had rough work for ten days past. Lost some men and many horses. Capt. Rider is a prisoner. Our men are rough, tough and full of fight. We get a little tired at times ; think our generals don't fight enough but are confident of results, such as will make us all proud of having been the defenders of our Union. We have five hundred men here of our brigade with unserviceable horses, and some without horses. Lieut.-Col. J—— is out of the service.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., near Gainesville, }
October 20, 1863. }

* * * We have had constant skirmishing and fighting since I last wrote you. Our army has again moved southward, and stretches from Thoroughfare Gap to Manasses Junction. Our division had a fight yesterday near Buckland Mills. We ran into a trap and were completely surrounded by Stuart's cavalry and Lee's infantry. We, however, cut our way out with a loss of only about one hundred men and officers. We are resting to-day.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., October 30, 1863.

My Dear Children,—I am sitting by a fire made of good oak logs. I have a chair to sit in, an army chair ; mine is about the only one in the regiment. They are made to close or shut up like a fan, so that when we are moving they take up but little room. My orderly is picking the feathers off a pair of chickens and making preparations for our breakfast. Frank is feeding my horses. I have four. Their names are Pink, Jeff Davis, Old Babe and Old Elder. They are all looking very finely. You should see the horses in the regiment at feeding time, how they call for their feed. An old cavalry horse gets very ugly and is jealous of having other horses, or even the men who do not take care of him come near him. They kick and bite terribly. When Old Elder was eating his oats yesterday morning one of the soldiers' horses that had got loose came up to get some of his oats, when Old Elder kicked him flat on the ground. We call him Old Elder because he was given to me by Captain Elder, of the regular army, who commands the battery that has served with our brigade since we have been under the command of General Kilpatrick. The soldiers of the army never felt so determined as they now do, to restore the old flag to every inch of soil that lies within the boundaries of the glorious Union. The rebel pickets tell us that Fort Sumter has gone up. We say, "Good ; you will all go up soon." I am now permanent field officer of the day for this brigade. For the present, I have to inspect the pickets on the river every day. Our pickets cover the extent of about fifteen miles. Sometimes I have to be up all night, but as a general thing my work is not over hard. The rebel pickets are very friendly, and appear to desire a speedy termination of the war. You must excuse my very poor letter, as I have to write sitting on the ground, by the light of a candle, and it's rather hard work.

CATLET STATION, VA., November 3, 1863.

I told Elmer to-night, that I wished his friends at home would not have him killed and taken prisoner quite so often, as it was getting rather stale to be killed and taken prisoner oftener

than once a month. He coincides with me, and says he tries his best to give a good account of himself twice a week, and that is the best he can do. Please give my kind regards to Mrs. Viall, and tell her we shall do our best to take care of him, and that he is to me like an own brother.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C. }
Stevensburg, Va., November 11, 1863. }

You will see by this heading that we are again on the south side of the Rappahannock. We recrossed on Sunday, just eight weeks from the time we crossed before, and just four weeks from the time we were driven back. * * * Gen. Mead took 1,980 prisoners, seven pieces of artillery and sixty-two officers at Rappahannock Station on Sunday. We (Kilpatrick's division) fell in with Gen. Wade Hampton's division and Cobb's legion about two miles before we got to this place. I had the advance with the Fifth N. Y. V. C. and drove them rapidly, under a heavy fire, for about one mile; the First Virginia was then thrown forward to support my left, and we drove them over three miles in all. Our boys got their blood up so, that it was only after Gen. Kilpatrick had ordered me to halt them three times that I could do so. The rebels had a splendid position, and shelled us severely with their English eighteen-pounder Blakely guns. The Fifth have the credit of making one of the most splendid and reckless cavalry fights of the war. One of our boys had an eighteen-pound shell pass through the entire length of his horse, bursting after it came out. He picked himself up very coolly, and said he didn't care so much for the horse, but didn't want to be scared to death in that way. I could not see where the scare was on his part. As we were fighting past a house, the woman of the house made a great outcry, as follows, "O, here comes those horrible Yankees of Kilpatrick; they say he is a devil from hell," etc., etc. We hope to do something worthy of our name soon, as we are tired of so many delays, and the weather is exceedingly cold. We had snow day before yesterday. The Blue Ridge is covered with snow. We have to fly around lively

to keep our blood warm. Gen. Kilpatrick wants to take his cavalry and go to Richmond, and release our officers and soldiers imprisoned there. We think we can do it, but the powers that be don't think it is best. I must close, dear wife, as 'tis so cold in the open air that I can scarce hold my pencil.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., near Raccoon Ford, }
December 5, 1863. }

I know you can appreciate something of a soldier's life. Next to you and the dear ones at home, I love the brave soldiers in arms for their country, for God and liberty. They are rough, but that true, manly courage which leads them to bare their breasts in defense of their country, sometimes so affects me that I can scarcely restrain my tears. Such manhood, such daring and such devotion is worthy the old patriot fathers, who so nobly conquered freedom for the oppressed of all nations. And the spirit that they manifest, the desire to fight this fight to the bitter end, is beyond anything I ever expected to realize. You ask me, my own darling, of our Thanksgiving Day. We were being shelled very roughly by the rebels, and for seven days and nights we laid on the open plain holding the ford and pouring in, night and day, our leaden messengers of death from our rifles, and shells from our batteries, on our rebel foes, and receiving the like compliments from them. * * * In regard to my promotion, I do not expect any, nor do I care much about it as matters go. I have more pride in the good opinion of my fellow officers than any rank the government can confer upon me. I know that you feel a pride in being the wife of a soldier who has but one desire, and that for his country and the whole country, for freedom and liberty. Our regiment never stood so high as to-day. Wherever we have been ordered we have done our duty and our whole duty.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., }
Stephensburg, Va., March 22, 1864. }

* * * It is a terribly bitter night. The wind has blown a tornado for the last three or four days; and since noon to-day it has been snowing, accompanied with a gale of wind from the

north, which penetrated every crack and seam in our canvas and log hut. We are expecting Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant here every day. Yesterday I received an order from brigade headquarters to have the men and horses in this regiment ready for review and inspection, as the division was to be reviewed by General Grant. We have kept ourselves busy to-day cleaning and polishing for the same.

STEPHENSBURG, VA., March 24, 1864.

* * * I received my commission to-night as Lieutenant Colonel, so that matter is settled, thanks to the efforts of my good friends, and none to Gov. Seymour. I am glad to hear that Lieut. Barker and the veterans have at last reached home after so many delays, and I hope that they may meet with a good reception.

The below ought to be good evidence as to the shooting of prisoners by their guards in rebel prisons, which is now denied :

LIBBY PRISON, Richmond, Va., March 28, 1864.

My Dear John,— * * The guard shot a man for looking out the window this morning in the building opposite.

J. A. PENFIELD.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., }
Stephensburgh, Va., April 5, 1864. }

* * * I returned last night from a nine days' scout to Falmouth and Stafford County. I was sent out for but three days, but was gone nine. Two days at a time we had nothing for our horses to eat, and but little for the men. The weather was terrible,—raining and snowing most of the time. We brought in eleven prisoners, and lost but two of my command. They were from the First Connecticut Cavalry,—of which I had one hundred men. We have received official notification of the dismissal of Col. O. De F——, from the service, by order of the President.

STEPHENSBURG, April 17, 1864.

* * * We have been having great changes in our division in the last twenty-four hours. Last night Gen. Kilpatrick gave a farewell reception at his headquarters to the officers of this division. He also visited all the camps of the different regiments, and was cheered most lustily by men and officers. He expressed many sincere regrets in being ordered away from the division to take command in the West. He paid the Fifth N. Y. Cavalry the highest compliment of all,—and in more than words. He said that the record of this division excelled that of any other in the cavalry service. Our record for the nine and a half months he has been in command of the division, is the capture of nine battle flags, seven pieces of artillery, and thirty-six hundred and forty prisoners, while the entire loss of the division in the same time has been but eleven hundred all told, including killed, prisoners and stragglers. We lose the First Vermont that we have served with so long. All these changes are very distasteful to all.

STEPHENSBURG, VA., May 3, 1864, 8 P. M.

My Dear Children,— * * We expect to move between this and to-morrow morning. A few days now will be big with great events. I enclose you a complimentary order from the commanding general of our division. Our men are joyous with the prospect of another onward movement. We hope for victory; and I think the men will fight hard. The weather is not the best. Last night we had the most fearful storm of wind and rain I ever saw. The wind came first, carrying with it a column of dirt and dust four miles in width, and reaching upwards to the skies. For half an hour we were overwhelmed with it. Tents were overthrown, boards, sticks and stones were flying through the air. The soldiers were yelling like mad with delight at having something in the way of excitement. Horses were running wild, having broken loose from the picket ropes; and as soon as the dust had passed the rain came, and then there was a general laugh, to see the dirty, uncouth appearance of all.

Maria, I hope to write you in my next a victory gained by our arms that shall make the hearts of all loyal people glad ; but none can tell the events that are to come.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., Near }
Chancellorsville, May 12, 1864. }

* * * This is the eighth day since this great battle has been being fought, and to-day it has been terrific. I think we have gained a decisive victory, although I cannot give particulars, as our line of battle is about twelve miles in length. We,—that is the Fifth New York,—commenced to fight on the Orange Court House road, on the 4th inst., eight days ago. We fought Hood's division for five hours, holding them in check until the infantry came up. We were detached from our brigade to hold the road, while the division and brigade went in another direction. We lost some forty or fifty men in killed and wounded. Poor Capt. McGuinn was killed or mortally wounded. We could not bring him off the field, as we were so closely beset ; since then we have not seen our brigade, and are attached to the Ninth Army Corps, Gen. Burnside. I have had command of three regiments of cavalry since the 5th of this month, by order of Major General Meade. They are the Fifth New York, Twenty-second New York, and Second Ohio. The battles of these eight days' fighting have been the most severe ever witnessed, and the killed and wounded will be immense. We are all confident, and feel sure of crushing Lee and driving him out of Virginia, if not crushing the Rebellion. Never has such desperation and determination been exhibited since the world was. I hope soon to write you from the James River.

P. S.—May 13, 1864. We send to-day over thirteen thousand prisoners to the rear, and have captured fifty-four pieces of artillery.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., Near }
Chancellorsville, May 14, 1864. }

* * * Charles Hildreth is missing since the day of the fight when Capt. McGuinn was killed. I cannot find out by his comrades, and neither do they know whether he is a prisoner, or

wounded and a prisoner. Frank La France and John Connor are missing, and we don't know their fate. I will send list of any others that are not with us from our vicinity, as soon as I can ascertain. All others of "H" Company are here and well that left Stephensburg, except Thomas Finney, slightly wounded, and John Redman, wounded and a prisoner. You may think it strange we don't get along faster ; but we are on duty on the left-flank of the army, and our line of battle extends Richmondward some twelve miles. Lee is contesting every inch of ground with terrible tenacity, and we as yet have all we can contend with. The loss on both sides will far overtop anything in the annals of this war. There was but little fighting yesterday, each army manœuvering for position, intrenching and caring for the dead and wounded. Cannonading is going on now, but further off than it has been. This is a horrible country to fight in. The country everywhere being about as closely covered with dense forest as it is out about Long Lake in the Adirondacks. This is the tenth day of this great battle, and how much longer it will last no one can tell. We hope not long. Our horses have been saddled constantly since the third instant, and have had no forage since the fifth instant. We are encamped on the same ground where Stonewall Jackson was killed, and where he turned Gen. Hooker's flank. The ground is dotted with graves and human skulls and bones. While I write I am sitting on the grave of some poor fellow. We are all hoping for the best, and every nerve is being strained to win victory. But it will be gained only by the most terrible sacrifice.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., }
 Paumunkey River, May 29, 1864. }

* * * We are getting along most gloriously. We are now within twenty miles of Richmond with no rivers to obstruct our course. This is the third time we have flanked Gen. Lee. We got to the North Anna almost as soon as the rebels. Prisoners say that they were run all the way from Spottsylvania Court House, and had hardly time to get in our front before we

were upon them, and now we have done the same again. We think they will not stop again this side of Richmond. We are all in high spirits. The army feels glorious, and we all have confidence in our ultimate success.

PAUMUNKEY RIVER, near Hanover Town, Va., }
May 30, 1864. }

* * * We have been marching in dust so thick to-day that one can scarcely see one rod from him, and now that we are bivouacked we look more like dirty rebels than ourselves. Our immense wagon trains are nearly all across the river. I hope soon to have the satisfaction of being in front of Richmond. We learn to-day that Capt. McGuinn is alive and in Richmond, his leg amputated near the hip. Mrs. McG. has been for some time at Fredericksburg trying to get inside the rebel lines to get his body. Now she has gone back to Washington in a much better state of feeling. I am now again with our brigade. We have six regiments in the brigade. Ours is one of the largest. Dr. Woods is with us and looks well. I saw Dr. Edson a few days since. He is now with the 17th Vermont Infantry, and ranks as Major. Our men and officers are all well and hearty. We get very little sleep, which I think agrees with us. We always turn out at two or three o'clock and get ready to move. We look forward to the events of the coming week with a great deal of interest.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C. }
Near Hanover Court House, June 2, 1864. }

* * * We had a very severe cavalry fight yesterday at Ashland, sixteen miles from Richmond, on the right of our army. Major White was severely wounded. We fought a largely superior force and were compelled to fall back on our reserve. Jimmie Brydon is wounded in the foot. We are all in good spirits and good health. You would laugh your eyes out to see your t'other half sunburnt and rough as an Arab; but then I feel well and that is everything. I had my leg bruised by a spent ball yesterday. The ball first struck my saber scabbard, which broke its force and saved my leg. It made me limp

a little, but I kept on duty and shall be entirely well of it in a week. [This wound caused him much pain and suffering to the day of his death.]

CAMP, near Mechanicsville, Va., }
June 5, 1864. }

I wrote you a hasty note a few days since, giving you a short account of our cavalry fight at Ashland. Gen. Grant has issued a complimentary order to our brigade, and it is said to have been one of the most desperate cavalry battles of the war. Our loss was heavy, and the rebels suffered terribly. Our men fought like demons. We were completely surrounded, and it was a matter of life and liberty, or death. We drove them and rejoined our army. Our orders were to burn and destroy the bridge on the Virginia Central and the Fredericksburg R. R. on and about the South Anna and its branches. It is very gratifying to the old soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, to have officers and men, from Gen. Grant down to private soldiers, say they never saw any real fighting until they came here. Our division had a fight here yesterday of the most terrible nature. We had two colonels wounded. Colonel Preston, of the First Vermont Cavalry, was killed. A braver man never lived. We lost largely in officers in the line, but we drove them and whipped them so that they were glad to get back. We have perfect confidence in our ultimate success, but 'tis at a most terrible sacrifice. We are tired and exhausted but our will is inexhaustible. Gen. Lee made an attempt, last night, to break through our lines, but was repulsed and driven back with slaughter. It's horrible, this night fighting, it being quite dark, and in these horrible pine forests makes it doubly bad. About forty recruits, veterans, etc., joined us last night, among whom was Sergeant Renne. We are glad to receive all such reinforcements, as it helps to fill up the gaps. We hope in a few days to be across the James River. I don't think Gen. Grant will try to drive Gen. Lee out of his entrenchment about Richmond on this side, as they are very formidable and would cause us an immense loss of life.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., South Side James River, }
Ten miles from Petersburg, Va., June 17, 1864. }

Our division has covered the rear of our army in crossing the Chickahominy and James Rivers. This is the first hour of rest we have had in four days. We have had some severe fighting to hold the rebels in check, as they had an idea we were whipped and were going home down the Peninsula, in which idea we encouraged them. We have flanked them, and their line of communication for supplies is in our hands. I suppose many at home think we ought to have cleaned out the rebel army before this. It cannot be done but by wearing them out and maiming and killing them. Of course we suffer in like ratio ; but there is more of us in the North, so we shall eventually win the day. Our loss, since we crossed the Rapidan, is about fifty-seven thousand ; theirs is about the same. If any of the people of the North think we are slow, let them come on ; there is room for all. James Riches, of our town, was killed yesterday. I enlisted him last winter. Dearest, I kiss you in thought, and send you all my love. The bugle sounds to horse, and I can write no more. Good bye. JOHN.

CAMP, Fifth N. Y. V. C., Old Church, Va., }
July 2, 1864. }

We are encamped on the James River, a few miles below City Point. Arrived here last night from a raid on the Petersburg and Lynchburg, and on the Richmond and Danville Railroads. We have been gone just ten days, marching night and day in the most intensely hot sun and dust such, as you never saw. We have traveled about three hundred miles ; passed through eleven counties, and destroyed effectively about fifty miles of railroad, destroying depots, two locomotives with trains, a large amount of cotton and tobacco. Our force consisted of Gen. Kautz's division and Gen. Wilson's division, all under the command of Gen. Wilson. We have lost probably a thousand men, two thousand horses, fourteen pieces of artillery, twenty-seven army wagons, fourteen ambulances, and about two hundred and fifty of our wounded were left in the rebels' hands. The rebels, find-

ing we had stolen the march on them, and had made such havoc, determined on annihilating our whole command on its return, and stretched a line of infantry and cavalry all along the line of of the Petersburg and Weldon R. R. We attempted to cut our way through ten miles below Reams' Station, fighting them all night, but could not. We withdrew at daylight, pushing northwards for Reams' Station, but were too late. We were confronted by over five times our force. Here we met our great disaster and were crushed back, losing as I have stated. We countermarched at dark, moved southward rapidly to Jarett's Station, not far from the North Carolina line ; then crossed the Nottaway River ; then moved northward to the Blackwater River, and reached here as before stated. About five hundred contrabands came in with us. Had we been able to come in without loss, we should have brought in at least fifteen hundred. You cannot conceive how they flocked into our columns from the first to the last day, of every description, from the little babe at the breast in the mother's arms, up to old gray-heads. By looking at a map you will understand better our operations. As we went out we struck the Petersburg and Lynchburg R. R., first at Ford's Station. At Nottaway Station the rebs contested our march. Kautz's division got ahead of them, and reached the junction of the two great railroads at Burkeville, our division fighting the rebs at Nottaway Station from midday until daylight the next morning, when we withdrew and joined Kautz, who had destroyed the railroad at the Junction, and had moved down the Danville R. R. We joined him at Mehenin Station, and from that point to Roanoke Bridge, on the Staunton River, we destroyed every inch of the road, so that it will have to be entirely built again with new material. The Roanoke Bridge we attempted to burn, but it was so stubbornly held by the rebels that we had to abandon it, as they had attacked us fiercely in our rear. We had no more serious fighting until we neared the Petersburg and Weldon R. R., as I have related. Could we have got back without having to fight so superior force on the railroad, it would have been the most successful raid of the

war. I am told that Gen. Grant is well pleased, and counts the loss on our side as nothing compared to the damage inflicted on the rebels, as these two roads cut their last railroad communication with the south and west. I never saw men and officers so completely worn out. Some were deranged with want of rest, sleep and food, as for five days we had to subsist on the country. Our men for the last three days, when drawn up in line of battle, would drop down and go to sleep, and nothing but beating them severely with a sabre would wake them. Some of the time on the line of march you would hardly find a man awake in the saddle. It is said that some of the rebel prisoners taken by us stated that Gen. Lee was determined on the capture of every one of us, he was so terribly incensed at the havoc we had made in his rear. But, thank Heaven, we are once back again, and our loss in men may prove much less than I have stated, as many are yet coming in. Sergeant Chillson is wounded, also Corporal Joseph Wooster; both, I think, slightly, as they were able to ride their horses in. We hear nothing more of Major White; suppose he has been sent further South; have reason to believe him alive. I have not received my commission yet, although Major Bacon has had his for twenty days. I suppose it is withheld by Col. North, in Washington, at the instigation of Senator Harris and De Forrest. Our men are now enjoying themselves bathing in the river, washing their worn and dirty clothes, and resting from their weary labors. Our horses are in terrible plight, with loss of flesh and sore backs. Pink* and Jeff are both with

* General John Hammond, of Crown Point, N. Y., has just erected a handsome monument over the grave of his old war horse, "Pink," who died last winter at the age of thirty-one. The monument is built of Westerly granite, and is twelve feet in height, and suitably inscribed. It faces the Crown Point Soldiers' Monument, which stands in the village park. Old "Pink" had a remarkable history. He was a grandson of the noted Morgan "Black Hawk," of Bridport, Vt. The dam was of Hambletonian blood, and Pink was her eighteenth colt that reached maturity. He was taken South by General Hammond at the opening of the Rebellion, and was present at eighty-eight skirmishes and thirty-four battles, notably, Winchester, Harper's Ferry, Orange C. H., Second Bull Run, Hanover, Pa.; Hanover, Va.; Gettysburg, Hagerstown, Boonesboro, Brandy Plains, Buckland

sore backs and thin flesh ; have lost their gay looks, but have not lost their spirit and vigor. My orderly, carrying my field-glass was captured ; and it is quite singular that it was just one year from the day that my orderly lost my field-glass in the fight at Hanover, Pa.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., }
July 4, 1864. }

It is now just sunrise. Yesterday, just after having mailed your letter, I received my commission as Colonel. I also received commissions for Bacon, as Lieutenant Colonel ; Penfield, Major ; Barker, Captain ; Eugene Haywood, First Lieutenant ; James Murdoch, Second Lieutenant ; Charles N. Chillson, Second Lieutenant ; and other commissions for parties you don't know. Although our progress is very slow, we must have patience. Such persistency and stubbornness was never shown by two armies. Sometimes thousands are killed and wounded in efforts to gain a few feet of vantage ground. We were a year ago to-day pursuing Lee's advance on his retreat from Gettysburg, ago and one year to-night attacked his train in the Monterey Pass.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., }
Near Lighthouse Point, Va., }
July 17, 1864. Sabbath A. M. }

There must have been a great deal of excitement North over the late rebel raid, from what we read in the papers. If I was to say it had hardly excited a comment here, you would doubtless say that our indifference was only equalled by our obduracy and want of sense to comprehend immediate danger to the very vitals of our nation. This may be accounted for in many ways, but first, more than all else, our unbounded confidence in U. S.

Mill Races, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Milford Station, North Anna, Ashland, White Oak Swamp and Kerneyville. During his severe army service, and indeed, his entire lifetime, old Pink was never known to show fatigue. He was treated during his last years with as much tenderness and care as if a human being ; and, up to the day of his death, retained his early fire and courage. He has a record of service for his country that any man might be proud of.—*N. Y. Tribune, Nov 23, 1886.*

Grant has given us this quiet indifference, in the belief that he was not unaware of the movement, and had the sagacity to cope with it without interfering with his plans and movements here. I think results will show that our confidence has not been misplaced. We have no rain yet. It is now nearly two months without rain enough to lay the dust. The south side of the James River is a much finer and more open country than on the north side, although it is very much covered with timber. Here there are many very pretty residences, but most of them have been deserted and, as usual in such cases, have been completely gutted by our vandals; for I must confess that we have many in our army that are the worst class of plunderers, and commit deeds, in spite of all efforts, that would make a decent man blush. I have not a word to say against the deeds enacted by Rebel raiders in Maryland and Pennsylvania. They cannot over-match these hell-hounds that disgrace our cause; and when you hear of watches, jewelry, etc., being received North, and of any other effects not strictly war material, you can well look upon it with suspicion as having been plundered from defenceless women. Shame on such. Thank God I have no such trophies to show. The word capture, so much used, covers a vast amount of stealing and pilfering. It is right to take all that is necessary from the enemy's country that would contribute to our benefit and to their disability in what constitute the materials of war, such as forage for horses, food for our men, horses, mules, etc.; but this stealing women's clothing, jewelry and a thousand other things, not necessary to the cause, and appropriated by private individuals is most damnable. Two of the soldiers in the Seventy-second N. Y. I. were hung day before yesterday for committing a rape on a woman in this vicinity. Strong efforts are made to suppress pillaging and other crimes, and where the facts can be elicited justice is meted out with a strong hand. Many of our generals are too lax and indifferent, but the greater part are true to justice and right even to our enemies. One month from to-day is my birthday; I shall then be thirty-seven years old. Just think of it, my love,

ere long they will begin to call us old. Well, if so I am counted, my body, my heart and my love is as young as ever in feeling.

CAMP, Fifth N. Y. V. C.,
James River, July 18, 1864. }

My Dear Children,—I can scarce help but envy you in your mountain home, when I think of the green fields, rambling brooks, cool springs and comfortable homes of Crown Point. We have a comfortable place now, for the men and horses are in the oak woods. It is so much better than to have to encamp in the open fields, that the men seem to be very happy and even the horses appear to partake of the same spirit. We have been having a long rest, some ten days now, with the exception of doing picket duty for three days near what is called Old Church. This church is said to be next to the oldest church in Virginia ; there is one at Jamestown older. It is made of brick that was brought from England, and they are of so excellent a quality that they are as bright as new ones, although the church must be 175 years old. There was a little creek near us called Powell's Creek that emptied into the Potomac River, the men found that there were a great many fish in the creek, and they caught a great many by sewing grain sacks together, to make something like a fish net. They would take off their clothes and go into the stream. A part of the men held the net while the others drove the fish into it. There were a great many large, black snakes in the water, but they being perfectly harmless the men did not mind them at all. We have some real, genuine copper-head snakes here, which we have quite as great a dislike to as have the loyal people of the North for copperhead traitors. These traitors have got their name from this detestable creature, and many of them, in character I think, must resemble the snake.

LIBBY HOSPITAL, Richmond, Va. }
July 25, 1864. }

LIEUT.-COL. JOHN HAMMOND, Fifth N. Y. V. C.

Dear Colonel,—I am happy to write you that I am improving slowly ; my wound has healed and I am getting some use of

my left leg. I sit up, and move around a little on crutches. Geo. Durno, Co. H, is taking care of me. If you have opportunity, I wish you would send me, by flag of truce boat, a change of underclothes from my carpet bags, also a pair of pants, vest, a pair of light boots and some stockings, and anything else you think I may need. William can attend to it. If there should be a prospect of exchange, don't send them. Send an invoice of what you do send. If you can get any Confederate money, send me some; get the new issue of February 1, 1864. Remember me to all, especially Dr. Armstrong. Will be glad to hear from all.

Yours truly,
A. H. WHITE, Major Fifth N. Y. C.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C. }
Camp Stoneman, near Washington, }
August 9, 1864. }

You will notice we have changed our position materially since my last to you. I arrived here yesterday. The first division, Gen. Torbert, and our division, the third, Gen. Wilson, has been sent from the James to operate on the Potomac or against the rebel raiders wherever they may be found. We came by steam transport from City Point here. You possibly hear, dearest, many growlers about our not winning all the battles, and that our cause is hopeless. We have many such, even here in the army, but they are not the true men. One who cannot withstand reverses is not worthy the great cause we are fighting for. All will be well yet, although the sacrifices and trials are great.

GRISBORO POINT, near Washington, }
August 12, 1864. }

As we are about leaving this place, I hasten to write you a few lines. It is rumored that we go to Winchester, I think we go somewhere in that vicinity. I enclose you a likeness of Dr. Armstrong, of our regiment, that gave himself up a prisoner that he might attend and look after Major White when he was so severely wounded at Ashland.

HEAD QUARTERS, Fifth N. Y. V. C., }
August 15, 1864. }

We arrived here yesterday, having been detached from our division to make as rapid a march as possible to this point, to escort a dispatch bearer from the Secretary of War to Gen. Sheridan, commanding our forces in this valley. We left the vicinity of Chain Bridge at about daylight, and arrived here yesterday morning, coming by way of Snicker's Gap, making about seventy miles in less than twenty-two hours.

This is the last letter we have been able to find.

NOTE.

Mosby, in "His War Reminiscences," says, "I came very near being caught here in the same trap that I got in at Warrenton Junction, May 3, 1863. If Col. Gray, of the Sixth Michigan, had followed the example of Major Hammond with the Fifth New York at Warrenton Junction, and charged us when we were in disorder, and scattered over the field, that would, in all probability, have been my last day as a partisan commander."

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John W. ...

