
RAMAPO TO CHANCELLORSVILLE AND BEYOND

J. FRED PIERSON



Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond is the memoirs of J. Fred Pierson. The original document was given to my parents, Frederic and Elizabeth Scott, by my father's first cousin and dear friend, Pierson Scott, who was Fred Pierson's grandson. It was mimeographed with "General Pierson's Memoirs" and "Vol #13" both penciled on the title page.

In the spring of 2002, Mother and I worked on the memoirs. She typed the chapters, and I edited and formatted the document. We made only minor changes for obvious spelling errors, added chapter titles, photographs, added articles in the appendices, and we gave it a title.

Many thanks to Jack Amos for the cover design, to Matt Arnold for the illustrations, to Steve Wilkinson and Tom McCarter, Dan Pierson and Scott and Anne Morrill for their help.

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Where on the Web is Ramapo to Chancellorsville?

The memoirs of J. Fred Pierson may be found at:

www.Talkeetna.com

The document is in PDF formap, therefore you can print out as many copies as you like. Many of the photographs are in color.

As we hear of other locations on the Internet that have included it, we will be adding the name here, but you can always search for the book title or J. Fred Pierson.

brevet: a commission giving a military officer a higher nominal rank than that for which he receives pay.

Foreword

John Fred Pierson had two daughters: Adeline and Daisy. Adeline married Edward Walker Scott, Jr., twin brother of Thomas Branch Scott, and son of Major Frederic Robert Scott of Petersburg and Richmond, Virginia. (There were four other Scott brothers and three sisters as well, plus two Pierson sons).

“Uncle Eddie” and “Aunt Adeline” lived at Donegal (which had been his father's summer house on the James River at Warren, Va.) with their three children: Pierson, Edward (Dutch), and Augusta. Both parents were “characters”. Aunt Adeline had a Turkish corner complete with bubble pipe, and filled the house with peacock feathers in vases. My husband once counted the layers between himself and the out of doors, and it was something like seven—made the dining room very dark. Aunt Adeline never settled into Virginia domesticity but always retained her ties to New York.

Uncle Eddie ran the little bank at Esmont. The story is he showed up in Richmond looking very untidy in a ratty old suit and when rebuked he answered “It's all right—everybody knows me here”. Repeat the scene on Fifth Avenue in New York City and his answer was “Quite all right—nobody knows me here”.

In fairness, we should note that every single one of the children of Frederic Robert Scott had strong personalities and some eccentricities. Stories abound about each one of them and of course it's the quirky ones that live on. I remember telling some tale about their mother that I had heard and being rebuked by Mrs. Forsyth (Aunt Lena) who had known and admired her and had counterbalancing “good” stories to tell. I am sure that would be true of all of them if we only knew.

Daisy married George Hull and had no children. They lived at Short Hills, New Jersey and Newport, Rhode Island in a rambling Victorian frame house on Bellevue Avenue where it makes a right-angle turn toward the beaches. When Shelah Kane married Jim Scott at Wickford in 1952, a group of us stayed there for the wedding festivities. We were Tom and Carrie Scott, Pierson, Dutch, Freddy and I and maybe more. I remember Aunt Daisy's gratitude toward me because I had told her when we would leave. She told me more than once how much she liked knowing it and how seldom her southern guests ever told her their departure plans!

She was slim and attractive and a very positive person. George was an eccentric who bicycled to tea around Newport carrying his own tea in a sack on the handlebars. He didn't trust any hostess to make it right for him. The legend about him is that he disappeared for a year or so—no word came back about him, and one day Aunt Daisy woke up to find him in the bed beside her. The story is she said “Good morning, George” and that was all about it.

Pierson Scott, son of Eddie and Adeline, had a long close association with the General, his grandfather, who lived in New York in his house on 52nd Street right across from the 21 Club. Pierson said the music went on all night long. He loved and admired the General and enjoyed the introductions to the Union League Club and other old New York connections.

Toward the last the General had trouble with the stairs so they installed a tiny standup lift for him, which he hated, but had to use. He would get in it, stand ramrod straight and pretend he wasn't there while someone pushed a button and sent him aloft.

I remember also the story about my father-in-law Frederic William Scott taking General Pierson around a Civil war battlefield near Richmond and showing him “Your troops were over there—ours were here?” etc. and “Do you recognise any of it?” The General replied “Mr. Scott, when the bullets are flying the way they were that day, you pay damned little attention to the scenery”.

Elizabeth Scott

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Early Schooling

I was born at 415 Houston Street, New York City, on the 26th of February, 1839. My mother died in 1845, leaving my father with seven children. At six years of age, I was sent to a boarding school at Islip, Long Island, kept by a Reverend Mr. Coe. Mr. Coe often sent the boys out into the woods, in charge of a teacher, to pick whortle or huckleberries. They were not allowed to eat them, but were to bring them back to him. The boys being sent to bed early, these berries would be eaten by Mr. Coe and his family.



Children of Henry L. Pierson and Helen Maria Pierson, daughter of Isaac Pierson, taken in 1844.
Edward Franklin Pierson, George Bowen Pierson, Henry Lewis Pierson
Helen Maria Pierson, Charles Theodore Pierson, Sarah Elizabeth Pierson, John Fred Pierson

On one occasion, I found a silver half-dollar outside the yard of the school. I asked Mr. Coe's permission to go outside the school premises to a store a short distance off, and he asked why I wanted to do so. I told him, "To buy something." He asked what I had to buy anything with. I said I had a half dollar, and being questioned, said how it came into my possession. The reverend gentleman asked me in turn if it was a round piece about so large, and if it had an eagle on one side, and a head on the other; and then so described a silver half-dollar that I had to confess the piece answered his description. Whereupon, he called me a thief, said it was his, and that I should have brought it to him at once.

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He took me to my room, took the strap from my trunk, and having tied me to the bed, gave me a good beating accompanied with much good counsel and left me, locking the door after him.

After a time I wriggled loose. With the same strap fastened in the window sill, I let myself down and ran away. It was very dark, and I made my way undiscovered, to the grounds of a neighboring hotel kept by a Mr. Cook. Through these grounds a small stream ran through quite a large flume provided with a gate. There was but little water running through so I climbed down and crouched at the bottom of this gate beneath a timber crossing over it. Here I remained—cold, frightened, and half dead—all night.

In the morning I climbed up and peered over the top and saw a little boy about my own age not far off. I knew him to be a son of Mr. Cook. I called to him, told him my trouble, and he took me to his house. Mrs. Cook treated me very kindly, and Mr. Cook telegraphed to my father. My father came on at once and took me back to school.

My absence in the meanwhile, had occasioned great consternation, and I was being sought on every side. My father sent for the Reverend Mr. Coe and when he appeared seized him and gave him a thorough shaking and scolding. He then took myself and my brother Charlie away from the school.



A short time after this I was sent to a boarding school in Elizabeth, New Jersey, kept by Mr. Nutman. I did not remain here very long either, on account of a little love affair.

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Next to the school grounds lived a gentleman who had a very sweet little girl, who often played in the yard of his house which was separated by a picket fence from that of the school grounds. I had scraped acquaintance with this little girl, and quite a rivalry existed among us little boys for her favor. One day she stuck a stick through the fence and hurt my eye quite badly. The following Saturday the teacher took us to the country, and here I found an enormous frog which I captured and put in a paper box. This box I enveloped in a succession of wrappers of varied colors and finally addressed the whole to my little sweetheart, picturing to myself with great satisfaction the terrible fright she would experience when upon opening the box, the frog jumped out in her face. I felt I would be compensated for what she had done to my eye.



Fred Pierson's mother, Helen Maria Pierson
July 17, 1807 – May 7, 1845
Portrait at Cranberry Wier, Sloatsburg, New York

Taking this package to her front door, I rang the bell intending to deliver the box without going into the house, but the servant who opened the door remained so far in that I had to step in to

hand it to her; whereupon she shut the door behind me and started off to take the box, leaving me standing in the hall.

I turned to open the door to escape but found to my dismay that there was some kind of fixture on it, and do what I could, I could not open it. While tugging at it, I heard the noise of the unwrapping of the various papers going on and knew if I did not escape very soon it would be too late. Then came a loud scream, followed by the hurried steps of a man coming downstairs. I gave up the door and ran through the hall to find an escape in some other way, but I was caught by an indignant father and badly cuffed, while to add to my discomfiture my little coquette had followed him down and was encouraging him to beat me. Not satisfied with this punishment however, the indignant father told Mr. Nutman who also called me to account.

I shortly after left this school and was sent to a school at Canandaigua, New York, under a Mr. Wilson. Opposite to the academy where I went to school lived another family by the name of Wilson in which there were several boys. Their grounds were quite extensive and many workmen and people passed to and fro, so one of the little Wilson boys and myself conceived the idea of going into business; and having obtained a small sum of money we invested the same in beer. We constructed a rude little house in a rather secluded part of the grounds and sold this beer at a small profit to those passing by. We did, finally, quite a prosperous trade. So much so, in fact, as to attract the notice of the authorities, and we were suppressed. This was my first mercantile attempt.

After this place, I went to boarding school at Cornwall, Connecticut, where two of my older brothers were pupils also.

Next I went to a boarding school kept by a Dr. Porter called the Washington Institute, corner of Thirty-sixth St. and Lexington Avenue. The entire block was taken up by the school, the block being between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth Streets and Lexington and Third Avenues. All about was vacant land. This was in 1850. While at Dr. Porter's school, I used to go with my older brother, Charles, into town to my father's office, corner of Front and Broad Streets, or to where he lived at Mallard's boarding house, Broadway near Houston St. At this time I was about ten years old. On one occasion my father bought us Kossuth hats—large felt hats with ostrich feathers at the side. On such a small boy, the hat attracted great attention; this I soon noticed to my chagrin and mortification. Some street loafers at one time followed after us, shouting all kinds of names and things. Finally I could no longer stand it but stopped and offered fight. One big boy called out to me that I did not dare go across the street or he would lick me. I threw my hat on the ground, told my brother Charley to look after it, and advancing to the middle of the street, I said, "I've come my half, now come yours." The boy did not come, and we went on our way. This was probably my lucky day.

At Dr. Porter's school, at each corner on the Third Avenue side, was a barn. These barns were very old and full of holes and the cats of the neighborhood gathered in them. They were not used and were locked up, but the boys had torn off a board and used to enter through the opening thus made. It occurred to us to see how many cats we could gather in one of these barns at a time. We

fixed boards to the openings, held up by a string so that by releasing these strings the holes would be closed. These strings were carried out along the fence for some distance and fastened them, thus the trap was set. We used to throw things to eat into the barn, but did not go inside until the cats felt quite at home.

In about a week the strings were released and all the openings closed. A number of us then squeezed ourselves into the barn through our usual opening; but to come out again at once, for cats seemed to be everywhere and many ugly old toms whose fierceness we knew were among the number. Someone got a stick and suggested going in and “going for” the cats—but when it came to the pinch, no one dared to go. Although not eleven years old, my fondness for adventure came out here for, seizing the stick, I said I would go, and squeezed through alone. The cats were many and formidable, and it really required some nerve to attack them. But at it I went, and the banging and catamauling soon became appalling. Nor did I escape without some injury, both to person and clothes, for one old tom particularly made a good fight and attacked me fiercely. The signs of the contest remained on me for months afterward.

The grounds were so extensive that to many boys who wished it, a plot was assigned as a garden. I took much pride in mine and always tried to have the first flowers and the best vegetables, but even here my natural bent for adventure and mystery was shown. I dug a large subterranean chamber, and from this, other rooms, and grotesquely furnished them. One I called the Torture Chamber, one the Hall of Justice, etc. One was the Banquet Room and in this a few boys and myself would meet and bring pies and cakes. We called ourselves a Club, and made much mystery of what we did, to the great envy of our school fellows. This was in 1851 and pretty much all of the neighborhood above Twenty-third Street was undeveloped country. We used to walk over fields and stiles and go to church at Twenty-ninth Street and Madison Avenue, which was the furthest church uptown.

Next, I went to a school kept by a Mr. Weston at Tarrytown, New York, called the Paulding Institute. One of my school mates was Henry Sloat, a resident at Sloatsburg, which place adjoined Ramapo on the Erie Railroad; Ramapo was my grandfather's place.

I remember that Henry Sloat and I went to the village of Tarrytown about a mile from our school, and hired a small rowboat. This boat we rowed to a point on the riverside at the foot of a lane which ran from our school to the river. Here we tied the boat to an old dock and hid the oars under some boards. About midnight, we let ourselves out of a window at the school and went down to the boat. We got the oars, and were about to scramble down the dock to the boat when we were attacked by a large dog belonging to the owner of the dock. The night was very dark and the tide running strong, but we rowed out into the river intending to cross it and reach Piermont, from which place a branch of the Erie road ran to Suffern, near Ramapo. We could see but a short way ahead and had to guess at our direction. After pulling for hours through the darkness, we became very tired and cross, and each was accusing the other of “shirking”.

One thing led to another and finally oars were thrown down and a fight took place, during which the boat was swept along at the pleasure of the tide. Fortunately, at the moment, the noise of the paddlers of a river steamboat was heard so close at hand that it seemed to be on top of us. This stopped the fracas, and we again seized our oars, but it seemed impossible to tell which way to pull.

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In the darkness and quiet of the night the noise of the paddles seemed to come from every side and every moment it was louder.

Suddenly the steamer emerged from the obscurity and our boat seemed right in its path. We both began to holler as loud as possible and then the necessity of keeping the head of the boat to the wake made by the steamer came to both of us.

The steamer passed like a huge phantom, and we lay rocking dangerously in its wake. Not until five o'clock in the morning at daylight did we reach the shore, three miles down the river from where we wished to do. When we finally reached Piermont, we were pretty tired. We had no money and had to take the train for Ramapo, some seventeen miles away, and concluded to steal our way on a freight train about to leave. Jumping on this, we dodged the conductor until well on our journey, but he finally discovered us and asked for tickets. As we could produce none, he told us we should get off at the next stop. This we did in the sight of the conductor, only to climb on a car when his back was turned. In this way, playing hide and seek, we reached Suffern, our destination, and for there walked to Ramapo about two miles away.

My father was much surprised to see me and still more at the way we had come, and ordered me to go back to school again at once. My schoolmate, Sloat, who had a similar reception, came after me in short order, and we started on our return. We crossed the river this time while it was still light, reaching our dock at Tarrytown by dark. Here we had another encounter with the dog, but armed with the oars we drove him off and reached school before it closed for the night.



Fred Pierson's father, Henry L. Pierson

More Schooling, a Duel, and Off to Work

In 1823, a Mr. Ryerson owned all the iron mines and property now at Ringwood. These mines were about the first worked in this country. The ore was worked in an open furnace, and the chain that was stretched across the Hudson in the Revolution was made of links so forged from the iron mines at Ringwood.

Ryerson failed, and all the property was to be sold at auction, the time of sale, etc., was advertised. The Piersons at Ramapo were determined to buy it and add this adjoining tract to their property and works at Ramapo. Jeremiah H. Pierson directed his son, Henry L. Pierson (my father) to attend the sale and buy it all in.

My father started on horseback from Ramapo for Ringwood in ample time to reach there for the sale which he thought to be at two o'clock p.m., provided with funds, etc. On his way, his horse threw a shoe and thinking he had plenty of time, he stopped at a country blacksmith to have the shoe replaced. The blacksmith was very slow and took so much time that my father, when he reached Ringwood, found that the sale was just over, and the property had been bid in by Peter and William Cooper of New York. He wanted the sale reopened and offered an advance over the sum obtained which the Coopers refused; they admitted that they bid only the amount of the mortgage they held on the property and my father would certainly have bought it at his price.

This property which has since belonged to the Coopers and Hewitts, is some 20,000 acres in extent and had furnished great profits. It is today worked to the extent of 200 tons of ore a day.

At Ramapo, when I was very young, an incident occurred that made a great impression on me. Among the boys a report was started that the Devil had been lately seen on the mountains around about. Stories were told of the different forms he took and many of these stories were told by people who absolutely declared they had seen him, and only just eluded his grasp. One afternoon I had been with some larger boys to a lake some two miles away for some fishing. Before we had proceeded far on our return, darkness had settled down. Suddenly, one of my two companions gave a start and screamed and hid behind a large stone near the road, declaring he saw the Devil standing by a huge rock up the mountainside, peering at us with eyes like balls of fire.

Soon his statement was confirmed by the other boy who, with real or affected horror and fear, pointed out to me the location of the alleged apparition, describing his looks, etc. They declared he was coming towards us and was not alone. They tried to point out to me several other devils who had emerged from a cave. Trembling with fear and deceived by the growing darkness and my excited imagination, I soon thought I saw all they claimed to see. My hair seemed to stand on end. Though I wanted to run away, I could not move from the spot. My companions fell on their knees and began audibly to pray, asking the good Lord to protect them from the Devil. I also fell on my knees and, with clasped hands and tearful eyes, joined the chorus.

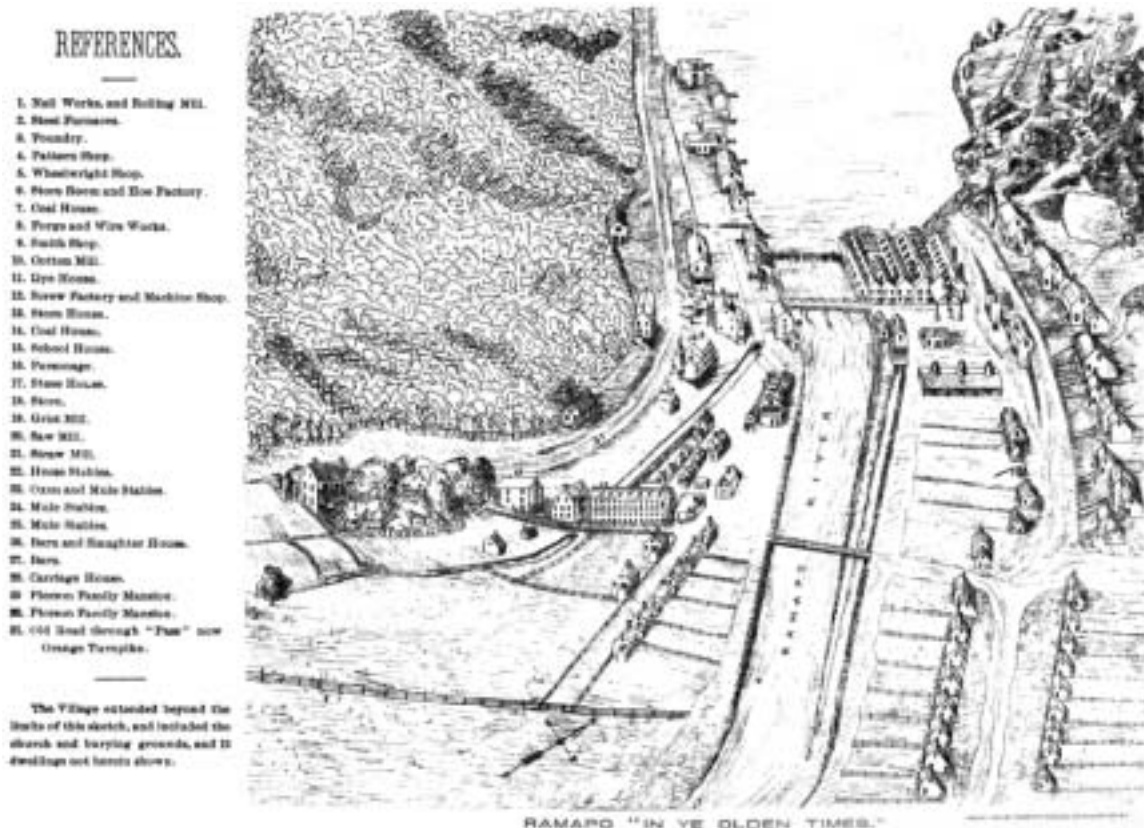
We then distinctly saw the foliage move not far off and heard a noise in the woods. At this my companions gave a shriek, at the same time starting at full speed down the mountain. Up I jumped and started after their retreating figures, but it was now dark and my foot hit a stone. I lay sprawling in the road, much more dead than alive. Something seemed to jump on top of me, and

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then I remembered no more. I had swooned.

The next thing I heard was voices about me—the voices of my companions, who, finding I did not come, had returned and deluged me with water from a brook nearby.

They had not returned alone however; a man and his dog accompanied them. It was the dog who had jumped on me in my dazed state. The hunter and dog accounted for the apparitions we had seen. Never before or since have I prayed with such unction as I did at this time as a small child.



I passed my vacations from schools at Ramapo, where my grandfather had large works, a country store, and many houses for the employees. These works were for converting iron into blister steel. They were large stacks that extended twenty feet or more beneath the ground, and many more above it. The fires were maintained from these holes, using wood as the fuel and were very hot places. I used to take from the store crackers, eggs, tobacco, and with my boy companions, would climb down these furnace holes to cook our eggs in the ashes.

One day I took from the store some common clay pipes and common tobacco, and we concluded to learn to smoke. Almost at once, I felt nauseated, but as the other boys were puffing away, my pride would not let me succumb, so I continued.

The next thing I knew a deathly sickness came over me. Then I lost consciousness. On coming to my wits, I found myself lying on hay in a barn I had often played in some distance from home. I was still very sick and miserable and felt unable to move. It seems a man named Haycock who

worked at the plant was called by the boys and persuaded to carry me out to a boat on the lake nearby. The boys took me to the barn and left me, being pretty sick and scared themselves.

I remained in the hay all that night and crawled out in the morning, still miserable. They had been hunting everywhere for me, and I escaped punishment only because I seemed so sick. From that day ever after, I could never smoke a common clay pipe and common tobacco.

About 1853, when my father lived at 90 Fifth Avenue, I was sent to A. Poignet's school on Broadway near 13th Street. At this time I was thirteen years old but older in my feelings and went with boys older than myself. Some of these boys wore high silk hats, so I resolved to have one. Having bought one at the store, I put it on and left the shop. I felt that everyone was looking at me and was too miserable and conscious to walk home, so I hailed a stage that was already full of passengers, expecting to stand on the steps. After only a block a passenger got out and I started to enter the stage to take the place made vacant. Alas, I forgot about my hat and it struck against the top of the stage which forced it almost over my eyes. With some trouble I extricated my hat, to my great mortification and confusion, as I felt the smiles of the passengers about me. Once more, on getting out, my hat was crushed against the top of the stage and door, and it presented a sorry appearance on my arrival home. I did not try another for a long time.

I also went to school at New Haven, kept by a Mr. Russell. This was a military school and nearby was a church with a high old-fashioned steeple. Once, some of the scholars were talking of climbing to the top of the spire but all concluded it was impossible to do without extraneous help. I affirmed it could be done and was detailed to make the attempt. I took off my coat, and climbing to the top, placed my hat upon the point of iron of the lightning-rod projecting above it. Afterwards, several attempts were made to take it down, but it remained there until removed by men with ladders and ropes.

On Sunday the boys were all expected to sing hymns. These hymns were given out by Mr. Russell and one of the teachers walked up and down between the desks to see if every boy did his share of singing. I had no ear or voice for music and could never carry a tune. It was impossible for me to join in the singing, and Mr. Russell sent for me to come to his studio, where he scolded me. He did not accept my reason, but dismissed me with the warning that I must sing or be punished.

The following occasion I tried to obey orders but soon the leader stopped and said there was a terrible discord somewhere. Taking up the tune again, I tried to sing, and again the discord was pronounced. Again, for this I was reported to Mr. Russell, and he said I was contumacious and he kept me from all privileges for a week. If I sang, I was to be punished, and so I refrained. This led finally to my leaving the school.

I also went to Charles Bartlett School at College Hill, Poughkeepsie, New York. In looking back, I recognize how hard is the life of one who keeps a boys boarding school, for we must have occasioned poor Mr. Bartlett many a *mauvais quart d'heure*. "Boys will be boys wherever they be but the College Hill boys are the boys for me", was the refrain we all had at that time. This refrain was often on the lips of the fair students at Tookers and McLane's, two seminaries at Poughkeepsie for girls.

Around the village of Poughkeepsie were many farms, some with good fruit orchards. On these we laid heavy contributions. About a dozen of us associated ourselves into a secret society called the "P.P.'s", understood by ourselves to be "Pick Peaches", but generally interpreted by outsiders as "Pick Pockets". We made excursions to the peach orchards around us, and often would return with full loads of the luscious fruit. At a certain hour of the night, when all about us were asleep, we would arise, and, by means of ropes, descend from our windows to the ground; our coats and trousers were turned inside out, and masks and whistles were carried. Our captain would give us the watchword, and we had a certain rallying cry. We would meet beneath a certain large elm tree at a safe distance from the school where we received instructions from our captain (who was elected weekly), as to what peach orchard was to be honored by our visit, and given all the data and orders as to both attack and retreat. The captain had the previous week visited the farm and studied its points. On several occasions some of our number had been captured but, on giving the rallying cry had always been restored to liberty by the combined attack of the rest.

We had several assistant teachers, one of whom was called "A.B." by the boys, and had made himself much disliked on account of his detective qualities. He had obtained some knowledge of our organization and was relentless in his efforts to find out more. Disliked by all the boys, he was the especial aversion of the P.P.'s. Finally, through him, one of our brotherhood was expelled from the school. Beneath the elm tree we held a confab at which it was unanimously resolved that the dignity of the brotherhood should be asserted by some terrible retaliation upon the person of A.B.

Now A.B. had enormous prolongations of the pedal extremities, which had acquired for him the sobriquet of "Canals"; and as he was by nature so well provided wherewith to walk, he was a great walker. His favorite promenade led through an extensive piece of woods almost a mile from the college, and his walk was towards evening. We determined to ambush him. The night was appointed. We assembled like a set of bandits in the woods. Our faces were blackened by a preparation of soot which we had brought. We donned red shirts and turned our trousers inside out. Some even had patches on their faces, and one of us, with a terrible red wig and whiskers, looked singularly considering his face was as black as ink. We were provided with ropes and rags, the first to tie him with and the second to put over his eyes and to serve as a gag. All being arranged, we repaired to designated positions and places to await the coming of our victim. Four of our party were great strong fellows with muscles developed far in excess of brains and these four were to begin the attack by an attempt to throw a slip-noose around him, pinioning his arms. A.B. was a strong man and after all, we were only boys. Our suspense was becoming intense when we heard his step which was not to be mistaken. Suddenly, he was pounced upon from behind and a rope was about his body, whereupon a struggle ensued both serious and ludicrous. We were like a dozen black birds attacking a big crow. Had we not taken the precaution to pinion his arms by the suddenness of the assault, we should probably have been worsted for as it was, it was a long struggle from which none of us escaped without some bruises. Not a word was spoken—all was pantomime. At the end he was prostrate on the ground, blindfolded and gagged, and with ropes crossing and re-crossing all over his body.

We dragged him a distance down the path and tied him securely upright to a tree. We removed his shoes, filled each with soil, and planted a vigorous sapling in each, placing them on each side of him. His hat was likewise used as a flowerpot, and his pockets, being stuffed with soil, grew some shrubs. He looked as though he had suddenly taken to sprouting all over. We left him there to his reflections.

At prayers, three of our party were missing, having retired to their rooms on pleas of indisposition but really because the contusions on their faces would have possibly led to unpleasant questions. Of course, the absence of A.B. was commented upon and our principal was much worried since A.B. had charge of the dormitories.

About noon of next day the mystery was solved. A.B. had succeeded in removing the gag from his mouth and had attracted the attention of a passing farmer, who had released him. The school was convened in an inquisition to find out the culprits and kept in session for a long time but none peached and A.B. had no clue. This incident, however, fast drew the attention of Mr. Bartlett, the principal, to the existence of the P.P.'s since A.B. strongly suspected us, and the next break we made led to the expelling of two of our number.

In the main schoolroom, and about midway on one side, was a platform which supported the throne of the principal, Charlie Bartlett. From here he could survey the room and in turn, be surveyed by all. One of our society discovered quite accidentally that this platform rested upon what had formerly served as a trap door. An examination showed it was only nailed up and that on the other side were hinges which were still good. The door had two bolts to which were attached strings that we could pull. Upon a designated evening, a strong cord was attached to the two strings and was carried past many of the desks so that no one pulling it could be identified. Directly beneath was a large hall not much used and on the evening in question, this hall beneath the trap door had been strewn with mattresses taken from the dormitory. We had an evening for study. After this, Charlie, as we called Bartlett, was accustomed to make comments and give notices, always ending his remarks with the expression "That's all". This was to be the signal for a general and hard pull at the rope.

He had finished his remarks and had said, "That's —", when there was a crash, and he disappeared from view. In an instant the room was a scene of confusion. The lights were extinguished and a paper of assafaetida and cayenne pepper was thrown into the stove. This caused sneezes and coughs, so that the room was emptied in spite of the efforts of two of the sub-teachers, who were taken aback by the events and almost suffocated by the horrible and pungent odors.

We had a rather sentimental boy at school who, slight of frame and small of stature, was given to making rhymes and was recognized as the Poet Laureate of the school. Rather oddly, he affected at the same time a sporting disposition and talked of horses, of the prize ring, of betting, etc. We shall call him "H". We had another comrade of a very opposite character. He believed that Brains, in comparison with Muscle, was of little significance and that the former was only valuable in finding out and teaching the best means of developing the latter. If you looked in his desk you would find "Fistiana" on top of the "Olmsted", and "Arithmetic" beneath a French Fencing Handbook. At dinner he would eat potatoes because it contained phosphorus and would make bone, and reject turnip because it contained too large a percentage of water. Rare meat he devoured to make blood and muscle, while he avoided fish since it made less of either.

In fact he would descant all day on his favorite hobby and to illustrate his point, would invite one to put on the gloves and "test" the matter. This way of *argumentum ad hominem* would satisfy one beyond doubt. Now from sworn friends, H. and this last boy P. became enemies, and P. itched to disfigure the poetic physiognomy of H. P., however, was a large rawboned fellow whose expansion of chest and development of biceps were fearful for little H. even to contemplate. To equalize the powers of the combatants, a duel was hit upon. H. chose his second and provided with a

challenge, this second called upon the doughty P., and by him was formally referred to his friend to arrange all preliminaries. All was done *bona fide*, and meant business and gore. The date was settled, the place and details:

Time - 5 1/2 o'clock a.m.
Place - beneath the "Elm"
Arms - Pistols, six-inch Colts
Distance - 20 paces

As second to H., I called the evening before the encounter upon Dr. V., a very respectable surgeon of the town and engaged him to be on hand and bring his case of instruments, linen, etc. This he promised to do. As the time approached both principals became notably uneasy, though assuming an air of bravado and indifference. The evening before the day set, I went over to the seat of my friend H. I found him nervous and frightened. He confided to me a letter which he said was his last will and testament and gave instructions as to the disposal of his corpse, etc. He wanted me to see his mother and break the news gently. Then he suddenly changed his humor and tried to be boisterous and gay saying, "Well, after all, my chances are as good as his. At my last practice I did splendidly, and I hear the big bully is awfully nervous. Then, too, he is twice as big a mark to fire at as I am. Besides practising, I have been reading up, and I am much better prepared than he is and naturally feel perfectly easy". To prove that, he gave a forced laugh that sounded very contradictory.

I accompanied him to his cot and left him with the advice to go to sleep at once that his nerves might be steady in the morning. I told him not to worry about oversleeping as I would wake him myself, and see that everything was prepared, including pistols and a surgeon. To comfort him again I told him the name of the latter and how skillful he was in amputation, probing, etc.

At four a.m., I was again at his bedside and found him with eyes wide open, with a pale, distressed face. He had evidently passed a very disagreeable night. I assisted him to dress and the appointed hour found us on the ground. P. and his friend soon arrived, but we had to wait some little time for the surgeon, who arrived shortly before six o'clock. This delay seemed interminable to the two principals who were at each moment becoming more demoralized. The ground was paced, pistols loaded in the presence of the two actors, and care taken that each should see the bullets placed in the barrels of the pistols.

The men took their places and received the pistols from the hands of their seconds. I was to give the signals, and as I pronounced "Ready", "one, two", I could see how the pistols shook in the nervous hands. At "three", both fired and at the report, poor H. fell prostrate on the ground. We went to him. His eyes were closed and blood slowly trickled down his breast and shirt. F. too went over to him, saw the blood, the pale face of his former friend, and sank dismayed upon the grass.

The surgeon tore open the shirt of H. who still lay scarcely conscious, and applied bandages to his chest. Some brandy was then given him, and he faintly asked the surgeon, "Can I live?" Upon being assured affirmatively, he brightened up a little but remained very quiet. F. was advised to return to school as we would take care of H., so he left with his second. The surgeon affected to make another examination of the wound, after which he stated it to be his opinion that H. could safely walk if he would try. H. tried, but sank to the ground with a groan and covered his face

with his hands. The dilemma was an awkward one as it was necessary to be back at the school.

Dr. V. said, "It seems extraordinary you cannot walk. I have never seen such a case. Why, having looked carefully, I cannot find where you are hurt. You have a little bruise on your chest, but nothing more."

H. sat up and answered the doctor quickly, "What do you mean? That I am not wounded? Then where does the blood come from?" and he sought the bandage with his hand.

"From this sponge, I guess," I interposed, and showed H. a small sponge I held in my hand, still red with the blood of a bullock I had obtained from a butcher in the village.

"What do you mean?", asked H.

"I mean," said I, "that the corks would not hurt anyone, and you are only shamming."

"What corks?" he asked.

"Why," said I, "that the bullets in the pistols were of cork, not of lead, and I blackened them myself."

H. started to rise. His face became suddenly crimson. He tore off the loose bandages from his chest and saw a slight abrasion only. He looked daggers at us, and saying, "I'll pay you for this", started for school. Then he stopped and asked, "Does P. know about this, or am I the only dupe?"

I said, "P. does not know unless his second has told him since they left here."

Dr. V. and I sat down beneath the elm and fairly rolled with laughter for, while the doctor was older he was a wag, and a pretty one.

At Poughkeepsie was a girls' boarding school, and I had fallen quite a captive to the charms of a girl named Emma T. We agreed that a trip to New York would be agreeable and consulted with much secrecy how to accomplish it, concluding to take a train that left there about daylight. Feeling that I must have a confederate, I selected a school fellow by name of D. who was a day scholar. He said he too had a sweetheart in the school, and at his suggestion, it was so arranged that they might join the party. There was little opportunity of escaping in the day time, and it was fixed for a certain night. At a paint shop not far from the academy, I had observed some ladders in the yard and the gate of the yard was left either open or unfastened. My innamorata, E.T., occupied a room on the second floor of the building, not very high from the ground, which she shared with a girl she did not dare to confide in. It was to be arranged that her friend and the friend of D. should occupy her room together on that night. When this was accomplished we were to be advised of it by means of a handkerchief hung from the window sill.

We obtained our ladder and succeeded in getting the girls down without accident or discovery. We then replaced the ladder and walked to the railway station. The train was late. The day was to be a beautiful one, but we wanted only to be away, fearing every moment that someone would

suspect us.

At last we were off. Arriving in the city we took the girls to the home of my friend E.T., and left them there. The girls were now pretty well frightened and the 'fun' seemed to have somehow escaped from the affair. We agreed to call in the afternoon and take them back if they wished to go. When we did not we were informed they were not there, and the door was closed in our faces. Upon returning to Poughkeepsie, we found the village in a great commotion.

The girls did not go back there. Sometime afterwards I called by appointment on my sweet E.T., for we kept up a correspondence, and I believed myself more in love than ever. At this visit, I discovered that one of her thumbs was much larger than the other—and my sentiment went with the discovery.

After leaving Bartlett's in the autumn of 1855, I had to determine whether I should go to college or select a mercantile career, and chose the latter. My brother got me a place as "boy" in the office of Atwater, Mulford & Co., wholesale grocers, in Water Street. I had to be there at seven o'clock in the morning, sweep out and arrange the offices. During the day I went to the Post Office, ran errands, made bank deposits, etc. The salary was to be \$50.00 the first year, but after working hard for about six months without receiving one cent compensation, I became somewhat dissatisfied. I used to collect accounts, and called several times on Babcock & Co., a very rich and respectable firm, to collect a sum owing by them, but they claimed an allowance on the bill and would not pay it until this was arranged.

I told Mr. Harding, one of my employers, who consulted Mr. Mulford, and they called me up and told me to allow the claim. I was to collect the account but was to write in the receipt that Atwater, Mulford & Co. made a present to Babcock & Co. of the sum claimed. This I did, was paid the money and reported back. Shortly afterward Mr. Babcock came to our office very excited and angry, and said "Where is that rascally clerk who insulted us?", and told Mr. Harding about my receipt. Mr. Mulford now came forward and, to appease Mr. Babcock, said it was very wrong of me. They were sorry, he said and that I had no business to have done it. At this, I appeared from behind my desk and facing them all, I said, "I only did as I had been ordered. Mr. Mulford himself gave me the instruction, and has no right to throw the blame on me now." I was mad, too. Mr. Babcock turned on his heel and my employers looked daggers at me, but nothing more was said.

Mr. Mulford was the fastest letter writer I ever saw. He used a quill pen and wrote very short letters. Soon after the above incident, I was copying letters for him in the press book when, hurrying to get up to him, I blotted one. I should say that he wore three different wigs—one black, which he put on in January; one somewhat gray, which he put on in May; and one very gray which he put on in August. He turned angrily to me and said, "If you cannot do better than that, I will get someone else to do it."

I picked up the copy book and threw it at him, saying, "You'd better do so then." It struck the top of his head and carried away his wig. He jumped for me, but I was too quick and ran out of the office. The appearance he presented with his head smooth as a billiard ball, when just before he had had an enormous crop of bushy hair, was so ludicrous that everyone had to smile, which made

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him the more violent. A few days later I went back and asked Mr. Harding for my salary, never having been paid anything. He finally gave me \$25.00, and I felt as rich as a millionaire. I invested \$2.50 in a cane I had seen in a window of a hat store and had coveted.

On May 17, 1856, I went as clerk to E. D. Morgan & Co., in Front Street, New York City.



Fred Pierson, 16 years old with E. D. Morgan Tea 1855

Mr. Solon Humphreys, the active partner, who was a director with my father in the Metropolitan Bank and a warm friend of his, had told my father he would take me as a boy in his office. My father always called him Solon. One day he told me to call at 57 Water Street and see "Solon", who would give me a position. I accordingly called and inquired for Mr. Solon, but the bookkeeper told me there was no one there of that name, and I was considerably "guyed" before I was asked if I did not mean Mr. Humphreys? This was my introduction to the clerks, and it was a long time before I heard the last of it. From office boy, I soon worked my way up to assistant bookkeeper, and sometimes shipping and outdoor clerk.

I Join the Army

On March 26, 1860, I joined "The Engineer and Artillery Corps" of the Seventh Regiment, N.Y., commanded by Captain E. L. Viele. This had been the Pioneer Corps of the Regiment, but was enlarged into the above at a meeting held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel on March 26, 1860. During the fall, I was transferred to the staff of Brig. General William Hall as aide-de-camp, as was also Thomas Pearsall, another member of the Engineer and Artillery Corps.

From the secession of South Carolina in December 1860, the war feeling rapidly increased in the North, and the firing on Fort Sumter brought this sentiment to a white heat. The ardor of patriotism seemed particularly strong among the young men. Everywhere companies were being formed and drilling going on. With a friend, Thomas H. Hidden, I obtained authority to raise a company of volunteers. With headquarters in the Seventh Avenue Arsenal, we soon had enlisted some thirty men which we selected from many applications. At the same time, he and I took broad-sword lessons and studied up tactics, etc.

Colonel Elsworth was killed at Alexandria, Virginia. His body, having been brought to New York City, was placed in state at the City Hall. The obsequies attending his funeral were very grand and impressive. All the militia of the city participated in the ceremonies under the command of General Hall, and as his aide, I was necessarily very active. After the march, General Hall and his staff went to the rotunda of the Astor House which became crowded with officers. I had told the General how anxious I was to go to the war and that I was then recruiting a company for a Cavalry regiment, but that if I could obtain a commission in any service I would gladly take it.

He introduced me to a large red-faced man with a splendid physique and presence who was Colonel William H. Allen, and who had recruited a regiment called the First Regiment New York State Volunteers, or "National Guard", which regiment was then on board a steamer, "The State of Georgia", lying in the North River ready to leave for the seat of war. General Hall informed Colonel Allen that I wanted a position to see service, etc., and Colonel Allen at once offered me a position in his Regiment with my present rank of Captain, which offer I accepted. At this time, the men of a company elected their own officers. The manner of my election I subsequently found was as follows:

Colonel Allen at once, at the Astor House, wrote the following letter:

No. 19	May 27, 1861
Major J. M. Turner	
Sir:	
You will cause Company H., Captain Brennen, to be assembled in the after cabin at 12 o'clock M. today, and go into an election for Captain. The ballots will be made out for "Fred Pierson", and if I do not arrive before that time, you will send a messenger to report the result in writing by yourself. The messenger will report to the Astor House without delay. If Captain Brennen leaves the ship previous to my arrival, you will see that he returns <i>all</i> regimental property. Mr. Pierson is a captain on General Hall's staff, belongs to a highly influential family, has good military experience, and is a gentleman and soldier—a great acquisition to the regiment.	

Colonel Allen then sent this note by a friend of his—a big, stalwart Irishman, full of devilry and

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just the kind to please such a mixed lot of Irish “Food for Powder” as were in Company H., and instructed him to pass himself off for “Fred Pierson” and ask to be elected. Major Turner therefore introduced this big fellow as “Fred Pierson”. He made them a speech in the brogue and the result was as follows:

No. 20	Headquarters 1st Reg. on board U.S. Transport State of Georgia
	May 29, 1861
W. H. Allen Colonel First Regiment N. Y. V.	
Sir:	
I have the honor to report that, agreeable to your orders of this date, an election was held in Company H of this Regiment for Captain vice. James H. Brennen resigned—which resulted in the election of Frederick Pierson, he having on the third ballot received fifty-six votes.	
F. Scott, Adjt.	James M. Turner Major First Regiment

Colonel Allen told me to report on board the State of Georgia at once. It was Sunday and the stores were closed but I happened to know someone connected with Brooks Bros., so we went to their store where I obtained some necessary articles. Late the same afternoon I hired a small rowboat to take me out to the State of Georgia lying in the stream. Allen was not on board, but I introduced myself to Major Turner and Scott, the Adjutant. Later, Allen came aboard and told me I could go away and report the next afternoon, Monday, as there was a delay. Monday morning I went to the office of E. D. Morgan & Co. and told them I was off and bid them good bye, and telegraphed to my father and family at Ramapo to say the same.

Having no time to obtain a regulation uniform of the regiment, I wore the one I had on. In the afternoon I again reported on board and during the night we got off for Fortress Monroe.

I found excuses were always made to postpone my being introduced to my Company H, and only on the second day when I insisted on it, did I learn the reason. The men had mutinied at once and said I was not the man they voted for; that I was a fraud, etc., etc., and in comparison with the splendid Irishman they really did vote for, I could not but feel they were right. This was not a pleasant way to begin, but was the least of my troubles.

Colonel Allen had been a drill sergeant of the New York police and his only recommendation was the wonderful ability he possessed for drinking brandy and yet keeping his legs. There was hardly a gentleman in the regiment among the officers the majority of whom were a pretty bad lot. The regiment itself had been recruited in the City of New York in about two weeks and had in it many hard characters from the markets and gin mills and slums of New York.

All the spare time I had I devoted to the study of the tactics, regulations, etc. When we reached Fortress Monroe, on the 29th, I was ordered by Colonel Allen to go on shore and lay out the camp

as none of the other officers knew how.

Calling for a detail from each company, we marched ashore and, about two miles out from the Fortress, laid out Camp Hamilton, of which the regiment took possession the next day. Colonel Allen had a large tent attached to the rear of his own and this he kept well stocked with whole barrels of whiskey, brandy, beer, etc. and was liberal in his disposal of same to the officers. Our camp was called "Camp Butler". On our left was the Second Regiment N.Y.V., Colonel Carr, and next to them the Fifth N.Y.V., Duryee's Zouaves.

June 9th, 1861. About midnight the assembly was sounded and the regiment hastily fell in on the parade ground and were given twenty rounds of ammunition. We marched out some four miles to the York River, but this had become impassable and the bridge over it had been burned down by the enemy, so we marched back again to camp, which we reached at three o'clock a.m.

The general alarm was again sounded at five a.m., and again the regiment fell in. This time, having found barges for crossing the York River, we continued on the Yorktown road.

The Third Regiment which had preceded us on the road had been attacked by the Seventh Regiment coming from Newport News and a number of men had been killed before the mistake had been discovered. These killed and wounded, lying in the grass along the road and in the wagons were my first introduction to the "dangers" of war.

We marched without stopping, sometimes at the double quick-over thirteen miles, when we heard the distant sounds of artillery, and an aide of General Pierce came along reporting that he had been sent back by the General to hasten our arrival as he was afraid he could not hold his position. We were off again on the double quick and the booming of cannon now became supplemented with the report of musketry.

Soon, at each report, smoke in masses arose above the tops of trees and curled up into the air. We were on the main road covered by the enemy's entrenchment, and the shot and canister came very fast but fortunately for us, too high, passing over our heads. We came into line by the side of the road and were ordered to be ready to charge bayonets not to fire. Between fire we advanced and our closeness to the enemy's fire saved us greatly. We remained so exposed for almost two hours. Two companies of the Zouaves had shortly before made an assault on the position ahead of us, but had been repulsed. The dead bodies of several of them were lying in the orchard to our front. We could at times see the rebels and hear their orders. We had but two guns on our side under Grebble, and these, placed in the road, were soon silenced by the converging fire of the enemy. We were then ordered to retreat, and in doing this, I brought off with my company the two guns which had been abandoned in the road.

We had marched thirty-six miles and had a fight thrown in, between the hours of midnight and five o'clock p.m. The next morning at one o'clock, the general alarm was again sounded. The regiment was formed in line and marched to the bridge leading to the fort, expecting every moment to be charged by the enemy. After waiting two hours, the alarm turned out to be a false one, and we marched back to camp. This was June 11, 1861.

On the 18th of June, my brother, Henry, made me a visit from New York.



Henry L. Pierson, Jr.

Colonel Allen, Captain Clancy of Company B, Captain Coles of Company C., and other of his, the Colonel's, especial pets, were pretty constant customers at the rum casks of the Colonel, as was also Lt. Colonel Dyckman. Under this influence, Allen did many foolish things. Among others, he burned property of residents who held protection papers from General Butler, etc. This caused a rupture with Butler, and the latter part of June he preferred charges against Allen for drunkenness, etc. Allen was arrested and confined in Fortress Monroe as a prisoner.

Lt. Col. Dyckman then took command about June 24, 1861. The Major Turner had resigned in New York and did not come with the regiment. To this vacancy I was appointed. On the 5th of July, 1861, the regiment went to Newport News, Va., from Camp Butler. On the 8th of August I was made Major and assumed command of the regiment as Dyckman had gone to New York. Colonel Allen did not return to the regiment, having been tried and dismissed from the service.

With very few exceptions, the officers were intemperate. Encouraged by the example of Allen, Dyckman, Clancy, Coles and the rest, the demoralization extended to the men. Our chaplain, P. Franklin Jones, made a report at that time in which he stated that his efforts for the welfare of the men

met with an almost insurmountable obstacle. It is the example of the officers in the constant and excessive use of intoxicating drinks. When I sought to show the folly of it to the men, they replied, "Talk to the officers. They set the example." I am glad to say, however, that there are honorable exceptions among the officers, but those who are exempt from this evil are becoming dispirited and disheartened, etc.

Taking command of the regiment as Major, and being made so over the heads of all other captains, I at once took severe measures to break up the evil. The result was that I received ten challenges to fight within a fortnight. The first challenge I had received to fight a duel was from the Captain of Company H sometime in June. My company was on picket duty some two miles from camp. The officers often returned to camp for dinner. My first Lieutenant, by name of Hamilton, was a large good-for-nothing fellow, morose in disposition and a constant drinker. He

left the picket line for camp without my permission, and I gave him a good rating. When we returned to camp, I was seated in my tent when a visitor was announced, one Shaw, a tall lieutenant of Coles Co. With much formality he handed me a card from Hamilton and said he would be pleased to confer with any officer I might name as my second. I had always at my hand a stout stick which I had found useful on several occasions for I had little to do with these dissipated officers. I seized this stick and told Shaw what I thought of him and those like him and ended by giving him one minute to get out of the tent, or I would give him the greatest beating he had ever had. He saw I meant what I said and went off.

These several challenges I now received as Major I met in different ways—generally with contempt, tearing up the cartels in the face of the envoy and saying to him that if his principal had anything to say to me, to say it to my face, and he would receive satisfaction on the spot. One of these challenges I accepted, as it came from an officer whom I respected. Being the challenged party, I chose swords. We met some two miles up the river very early in the morning. I saw at once he was no expert with the sword, and I soon had it wrenched from his hand and deposited on the ground some distance from him. He was at my mercy, but I only gave him a few words of advice.

For some time I had been noting the disgraceful conduct of some of these officers and had preferred charges against them. Some of them, rather than meet these charges, had resigned. I had then written to Albany asking the appointment of some of my former comrades in Company K, Seventh Regiment to fill these vacancies.

Francis L. Leland and William Wallace arrived September 12th, 1861, and John H. Coster and Edward d'Hervilly September 13, 1861. Coster was a magnificent fellow, an athlete. When he arrived I assigned him to Co. A. The former captain was one Leon Barnard, a Jew. One day Barnard shot one of his men who was too slow in taking his position when the company was forming line in its street and who was impudent to Barnard who had reprimanded him. The rest of the men attacked Barnard, who instead of holding his ground and shooting his next assailant, threw his pistol down and started on a run. At once, not his company alone but pretty much the whole regiment, were hot in his pursuit. Fortunately for him it was late and under cover of darkness, he disappeared.

The next morning I received a note from Morris, commanding the U.S.S. Congress which, with the Cumberland and Minnesota, lay just off my tent not far from shore. The note said an officer by name of Barnard had swum out to the Congress the night before and had been taken on board. Had he returned to my regiment he would have been torn to pieces so I sent him to Fortress Monroe and subsequently he was exchanged into another regiment. It was his place that Coster took.

The day after Coster was put in charge of his company his men were forming for evening parade when one of them was late. Coster spoke sharply to him. The man was impudent and Coster, walking up to him asked him what he said. The man, muttering something, was knocked down promptly by Coster with a straight left and partly rising, was again knocked down. Then Coster ordered him to his tent under arrest. After this, his boys would do anything for him.

While here, we had a visit from General Butler. He came up on a boat from Monroe and asked all the officers of the first Regiment to meet him on his boat. We all went down and formed a line or

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circle about him. He said the intemperance of the officers had reached his ears and was demoralizing the camp and must be stopped. He concluded with asking them to agree not to use intoxicating drinks. Whereupon, Lieut. Hyde, who had been a gambler and rounder in New York, stepped from our ranks and addressed Butler in a way so direct and impudent that even Butler was non-plussed. Hyde said that others could do as they wished but he proposed to drink whatever and whenever he wished; that if report spoke true General Butler himself was a good drinker, and at any rate, Butler had no business to interfere with their personal rights, etc.

Butler turned very red and dismissed us. Hyde came to me afterwards and gave his resignation, which I gladly received. The next morning Hyde left. Then I saw Butler the following day, and he approved the resignation. I convinced him that *all* of our officers were not the same.

A boat from the North arrived at the pier and aboard was a Mr. Stetson who was a very heavy man and whose father ran the Astor House in New York. The gangplank was short and Stetson fell into the river. As he could not swim he would surely have been drowned had not Coster, fully dressed, sprung into the river and supported him until both were rescued. For this, Company K, Seventh Regiment, sent a sword to be presented to Coster. I received the following letter:

New York, Oct. 24, 1861

My dear Major,

This little matter you probably know all about, so we will say nothing about explanations. Please oblige the company by taking the affair in charge, and presenting the sword at the proper time. You must, of course, judge of that; but perhaps on dress parade would not be amiss.

Yours truly,
George C. Farrar
Captain Co. K
7th Regiment

At dress parade shortly thereafter, I made the presentation with these words:

Gentlemen and Officers:

I have asked you to assemble here today that you might assist me in the performance of an agreeable duty, of recognizing merit and of giving praise to one to whom much is due. Captain Coster of Co. F, First Regiment, New York Volunteers, on the twelfth of last month, in disregard of his own life, rescued from drowning, A. M. Stetson, Quartermaster of the 11th Regiment, New York Volunteers. To express their approval of this deed, his old comrades in New York of the 7th Regiment desire to present to him a sword, and have done me the honor to request that I should make the presentation. As I know the qualities displayed by Captain Coster on that occasion are alike honored and admired by all, I thought you would but feel gratified in having an opportunity to express your commendation by your presence:

Captain Coster,

Sir,

Your old comrades in New York have done me great honor in permitting me to be the medium through which this token of their esteem and admiration of your distinguished conduct may reach you. When, on the twelfth of last month, at the peril of your own, you saved another's life, you performed a deed that not alone entitles you to the gratitude and love of him whose days you

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have lengthened and the esteem of all who know you, but what is even better, to the approval of your own conscience; and to that extent that hereafter when the world forgets the deed it will be a sunny spot to cheer you when retrospection bids you gaze back o'er the vista of time. The heroism you on that day displayed, while in time of peace would attract the love of friends, in time of war will evoke fear in the enemy. In either case, if persisted, it will lead to honor, to glory, to immortality. In behalf, then, sir, of Company K. 7th Regiment, N.Y.S.M., I present to you this sword, and will only add that if your conduct hereafter be as fair, as well-marked, as well-shaped, as is its scabbard without; and your heart and principles as true as is its steel within, your life will prove to be as your friends in their kindness now predict for you—one of usefulness and honor.

Upon receiving the sword Captain Coster replied:

Colonel, I thank you sincerely through my kind friends of Co. K, 7th Regiment, N.Y.S.M. for this beautiful sword. While I think that the deed was not worthy of the gift, I shall always endeavor to act in such a manner as to merit their kindness. I also thank you, gentlemen and officers, for the honor you have done me by being present on this occasion.

This sword was made by Tiffany & Co., and must have cost a large sum. The grip of the hilt was of solid silver while the head was a magnificent piece of workmanship of solid gold, representing an ancient warrior with casque and helmet. The guard was beautifully chased and terminated in a lion's head, also of massive gold. The blade was of the most superior kind, of a beautiful color and shape, and with that peculiar "ring" that speaks for itself. The scabbard which was elaborately chased with various military designs, bore the following inscriptions between the bands: "Captain John H. Coster"; then lower down: "Presented to Captain John H. Coster, 1st Regiment New York State Volunteers, by Co. K, Engineer Corps 7th Regiment National Guards New York State Militia, as a slight expression of their esteem and appreciation of his noble conduct in saving from drowning, A. M. Stetson, Quartermaster 11th Regiment, N.Y.S. Volunteers, at Newport News, Va., October 12th, 1861."

A Race for Life

At Newport News, we received the escaped contrabands from all directions. Across the James River, which was three miles wide here, many a poor devil paddled an old canoe in the darkness of night to reach our side and rest on the side of the Goddess of Liberty,

Sneaking down to the shore with perhaps old Dinah and his dusky sweetheart to keep him company, he sometimes was forced to hide in the tall rushes or lie concealed in the friendly woods for days and nights before he could get the chance to push his crazy bark from land and escape the eager watch of the rebel guards along the beach. Alas, too often, he was overtaken by their vindictive sentinel boats, or in cold blood shot and then butchered by their Rebel crews.

Early one August morning, my orderly awoke me from my bed of barrel staves by his loudly excited exclamations just outside my window that opened on the river. Hearing his voice I arose and approached the side door, and upon opening it I heard him say: "Look! That struck the boat! Damn 'em."

It was a lovely morning; the sun but lately risen like myself, sent his rays obliquely over and along the water in golden splendor. The air was deliciously fresh and along the surface of the water lay that half golden shimmer, half silver mist that a little later disappears.

The orderly was interested in a scene being enacted on the other shore of the river but indistinctly now and then appearing through the changing mist. Even the sentinel at my tent had forgotten his duty and had a moment ceased his monotonous beat to join the orderly. The two stood upon the bank of the river with eyes eagerly peering into the distance. Beneath them groups of soldiers were here and there gathered by the water, all gazing over the river and expressing their emotions by occasional gesture and comment. The whole scene was a pretty one, and well suited for an artist's canvas.

I seized my field glass and soon was interested, too. Two boats had put out from shore; one boat leading seemed to contain several persons; the other one was not so fully freighted. Behind them, and apparently in full chase, came two other boats while from these last ones rose now and then the puff of smoke and the noise of a rifle which soon after indistinctly reached our attentive ears.

It was a race for life. It was the same old story—the poor slaves fleeing and the rebel masters in close pursuit.

I could see how close was the contest, and, stepping from my door, I called to a group below to go to the aid of the fugitives. Several boats were lying on the shore, and in a moment, eager volunteers had launched them and with loaded rifles were pulling hardily over the quiet water. Their starting was the signal of a loud hurrah from their remaining comrades; but unless they make haste their efforts will prove in vain.

Already, the pursuers closed the distance rapidly on the pursued, a frail old rotten canoe, propelled by but two oars, although these oars are wielded by desperation and its aim be liberty. It was a too unequal match against a well-shaped boat and several pairs of sculls. Without the prompt aid of the straining boys in blue, the doom of the pursued is sealed, and in seeking liberty they find but death.

Now the mist is clearer, the distance less, and I see the terribly earnest pulling of the two men in the leading boat. I make out in it, also, a woman and two other persons. One object seems prone, as though a wounded man. Behind this boat, but farther to the rear, the other boat struggles. One man is pulling—pulling in desperation. Closer and closer follow his tormentors, who now almost disdain to fire at him, and send their leaden messengers after his more fortunate companions. Our boat, too, is pulling well and already an eager marksman has sent one shot towards the enemy as though to bid defiance. The report sends hope into the flagging spirits of the pursued, and still more vigorously they pull.

We wonder if the Rebs will meet our boys in mid-river. They have two boats, so have we. A very equal naval fight. As we wonder the doubt is removed. The slave-chasers do not dare. As though angry at the now-assured escape of the leading boat, they send a volley after its poor follower; whereas before it seemed a thing of life, moving rapidly its wings, it now collapses and like a poor struck bird seems to shrivel up and lie helplessly on the water. Its rower has disappeared. The arms that so boldly struggled for escape lie still and useless in the bottom of the boat. Again, our boys fire at the now almost-still boat of the cowardly rebels, but still their shots fall short. The hint though, is enough. The Rebels turn their prows and pull for shore leaving their prey floating about upon the water. Even at our distance the faint echo of the shout of our brave boys at this manoeuvre of the enemy, reaches our ears and in reply goes up a loud and long hurrah from along our beach.

Our boats pursue the enemy some distance, firing in turn, as the cowards had before fired on the unarmed fugitives. Then they arrest their course (for other boats are about to leave the Rebel shores to assist their fleeing comrades) and taking the escaped boats in tow, pull towards our camp.

Upon landing, we found in the first boat three stalwart negroes, two women and two children and a boy of fourteen uninjured. The boy was blubbering still, but mostly through fear. He stated that the dead people were his parents. I rather pitied his forlorn position and sent him under charge of my cook to my headquarters. Thus Ginger fell into my possession.

In the pleasant month of August, 1861, I had just returned from a tedious court-martial sitting at General Phelps' headquarters at Newport News, Va., and having unbuckled my belt to detach it and my heavy sword, preparatory to throwing myself upon my cracker box lounge, I thought how agreeable would taste a glass of cool champagne cider, and so yelled for my little cup-bearer, whose name wasn't Ganymede, but Ginger.

In response to a subdued, "Tank Lord, Kernel", proceeding from an invisible mouth, I made my wishes known concerning my favorite *boisson*, and soon after Ginger entered my tent bearing in his dusky paw, a tumbler.

When Ginger was first introduced into my family, I had casually observed to him in reference to his narrow escape from death, as before related, that he should thank the Lord for his great deliverance; hereupon, the expression or idea so pleased his fancy that after that, always in answer to my calls, his answer was, "Thank Lord, Kernel." As this expression often elicited smiles from his hearers, Ginger was encouraged to make more frequent use of it, and sometimes with the most absurd results. He was a happy little fellow, with the blackest of eyes, sootiest of skin and wooliest

of hair; with the element of buffoonery at the base of his character, he sought applause by the most absurd pranks and actions; and had thereby become the “jester” at headquarters and quite a favorite with the soldiers.

He entered my tent now with one hand upon the summit of his pointed head, with the most lugubrious face, and the most woebegone aspect generally. Two large tears glistened along his nose like two drops of crystal on the outside of a full ink bottle.

“What’s the matter, Ginger?” I said, but only received a sniffle in response, as with one hand he held extended the glass and with the other arm covered his sorrowful averted face.

“Come, Ginger, what’s the matter with you?”

“Tank Lord, Kernel, dey’s been and gone and played a nas’y trick on Ginger, this time, dat’s sartain.”

“What trick? Who?”

“De solgers had done ’em. Oh, dis boy is clean gone daed, Kernel. He hab bust his hed in dis time, sartain.”

“Let me see,” I said, and upon glancing at his pointed cranium, I found a spot on the top where the peritoneum was laid as bare as any student fond of “dissecting” could desire.

It seems Ginger had been in the habit of knocking in the heads of barrels and boxes with his head, upon receiving a small inducement in form of penny collections or subscriptions among the soldiers. He had been victorious up to this day in all encounters, having worsted and knocked in all sorts of boxes and barrels. His head seemed to grow harder in proportion to the barrels, etc., getting thicker.

Finally, some soldiers had obtained a beef barrel, a solid, soaked old “mess” receptacle, that seemed in itself quite as difficult to break into as one of Herring’s safes. But notwithstanding this, as a worthy expression or exponent of their confidence in Ginger’s powers, they had placed inside strong braces and blocks of wood to make the head still stronger.

After Ginger had forced his catapult of a head through a couple of flour barrels and a cracker box, this “stuffed” beef barrel was produced as though in a condition entirely *au naturel* and by means of a much more generous subscription than usual, Ginger’s fears to attack so formidable a foe were overcome. Of course, he only received his “purse” in case he accomplished his task, and he was as covetous a little contraband as one might find,

The barrel was placed, and Ginger took first a good scrutiny of its greasy head; and then went back much farther than usual to obtain the extra propelling power he saw the exigencies of the case demanded. Then he gave a run and when within some six feet of the barrel’s head, precipitated himself with all his might, and eyes closed, head foremost at his foe, his body seemed an arrow. With an awful thud his head hit plump the other head. From the interior of the barrel issued a deep groan; and unharmed, intact, it bounded some feet back. Only a dent showed where the fearful blow had struck it. Ginger lay prone, a feeble “Gosh”, and “Tank Lord”, were the only

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words he uttered for a moment. Then he put his black hand to his bleeding head, and affirmed, "Dat ar's a dirty trick and dis nigger boy is gone dead sur. Tank Lord! He's bust his hed an' yous all a nas'y dirty lot."

However, they gave him the money, and I think Ginger gave up "bust'g bar'lls."

The Monitor and the Merrimac

I had sent to me from the North a horse I named Ned. The first time I used him was on the occasion of a grand drill and review of the troops by General J. W. Phelps. Ned was very restive and nervous. When the band came along, he was too much for me, and I broke up and scattered two regiments until the soldiers broke line as soon as they saw him coming. I could not accustom him to firearms. He would go crazy at a nearby pistol shot. I determined to break him of this. One afternoon I rode him up the river about two miles where I found a narrow spit of sand and ground running along the river to a point. A swamp was on one side and the river on the other. I rode him down this strip, which was only few feet wide, thinking he would not dare to plunge into the water or swamp, and so I could check him up. Holding the rein, I fired a pistol on the side towards the river. He gave a terrific jump. The rein broke, and we went some distance into the swamp where a series of mad plunges carried us farther in. His body was almost covered by the soft mud and ooze. His nostrils were stopped up with the mud, and he was pretty well exhausted.

I knew if I got off I should go over my head, so taking out my knife, I cut off some branches from a bush growing on the surface and gradually trod them beneath me. Then, supported by these, I slipped from the saddle slowly. Ned, by this time, was too far gone to hold his head above the water, so I lifted his nose, cleaned out his nostrils and talked to him while thinking the situation over. If I could get his head turned towards the shore, then make him struggle, he might gradually work out. I fixed the rein, pulled his head around and fastened it, got on his back again, pricked him with my knife and called to him. He gave a series of struggles, and I let him rest as before. I kept this up for three hours. It was dark before we got out.

We were a sight, and I was glad to have the cover of darkness to return to camp. The lesson was of no avail. He was as bad the next time, so I had to give him up and send him North.

The camp at Newport News consisted of the 2nd N.Y.S. Inf. Vols., Colonel Carr; the Seventh N.Y.S. Inf. Vols. German, Colonel Kopf; the Ninth, Col. Hawkins; and the First, Major Pierson.

Colonel W. H. Allen never returned to the regiment and was dismissed or cashiered under date of September 23, 1861.

Directly on the James River, overlooking the beach twenty feet below, I had had built a house of boards, some eighteen feet by twelve in size and one story high. This house was divided internally into kitchen and general room by a partition, which had a door and a small opening which could be closed at pleasure by a slide of board, and served to pass the "hot cakes" and other edibles from the kitchen for the table. A large door in front, off the living-room, opened into a tent, a comfortable large hospital tent, that was again prolonged by opening into a smaller tent, a wall tent—a fly being stretched over the latter, and the extended wings strongly pinned on either side, high from the ground, afforded a fine shade and an agreeable "vista".

The outer tent was the reception room. Here alone the world was permitted to enter. Furnished with a rough table made of cracker boxes, with two improvised seats of the same material, and two camp chairs, it had a business air. The inner folds being raised displayed a more pretentious room. Here, for flooring, Mother Earth was superseded by boards. These were partially concealed by a faded piece of carpet that had, some time in the past, decked the "Halls of Chivalry", and been pressed by feet of "fair Southen dames". This carpet together with some other articles, had been

abandoned by its owners and “confiscated” by our scouting parties as having given aid and “comfort” to the Rebs. A rough lounge, framed of boards, was hidden by a huge buffalo robe.

On one side at its head stood a cleverly constructed small table, the parts of which had formerly constituted a Lager beer keg. It had a drunken inclination, as though after starting to roll over on the ground, it had suddenly changed its mind and forgetting to straighten itself out had gone to sleep to save further effort. On the other side was a trunk covered by a gaudily colored horse blanket. Scattered around were camp stools and a real live genuine rocking-chair, also confiscated. This room was the sitting room wherein I might assemble the officers and receive visitors of the “second” degree. Upon raising its inner folds, one entered the “Sanctum Sanctorum” where were kept the household “Penates”. Beneath the window was my bed made of a framework of boards supported by four posts driven into the ground, while barrel staves laid side by side formed the bed. Two blankets made mattress and covering. A rude arm chair, made into a rocker, by being nailed to two well-covered barrel staves, a table of cracker box boards, a desk of box boards, which had painted on it in large letters “U. S. Shirts”, a three-legged stool, a bench, and the inventory of the heavy furniture is complete.

A looking-glass hung by the window. Near the door was a box on which were a tin basin and soap and which contained all the other articles necessary to the toilet of a man, although a soldier. The kitchen was furnished with a good stove and darky, and they understood each other very well, also with a modest *batterie de cuisine*. Possessed of four negro servants, two white ones, and six horses, I was pleasantly placed. I also had two boats, four oyster rakes, and two darkies engaged in oyster fishing—and so always had a supply of these luscious bivalves.

Beneath my house, I had a cellar, or hole, dug out which could be entered only by a trap door through the flooring of my room. This the butler stored and kept supplied with cider and other innocent beverages

After a hard day’s work during which I had “played many parts” such as judge, drill master, arbitrator, soldier, scribe, and caliph or general boss, after the hot rays of the sun had been succeeded by the cool and fresh zephyrs from the ocean, and after a bountiful repast, how pleasant to be seated in the outer tent or at its opening, surrounded by the officers. Further off and kept at a respectful distance by the warning voice of the sentinel as he paces measuredly up and down, are collected groups of soldiers to listen to the music of a full band grouped a little in front.

The moon breaks forth and showers its diamonds upon the little waves and ripples of the James as they break murmuringly along the shore below. The noble frigates “Congress” and “Cumberland” and “Minnesota” lazily move on the restless tide, held by their anchors. Today may be washday when, suspended in the air, float amid the shrouds and rigging, many a poor plain garment in the magic of the moon. They assume many and strange fantastic shapes. In the intervals of music, stories or anecdotes are told, jests perpetrated, cigars passed around, or dances tried a la minstrels. Such is a picture of the rosy side of camp life; such is the day in the army to compensate for the year of toil and danger.

We had heard much of the “Merrimac”. The rebel papers mentioned it mysteriously. The deserters from the rebel forces under McGruder described it glowingly. Our own papers were indifferent—our authorities incredulous. In March we took some prisoners who affirmed that the Merrimac was about to appear, and the land forces under McGruder were to co-operate. Soon

after I received orders from Fortress Monroe to hold the command at Newport News in readiness.

On the 8th of March, 1862, three steamers, well equipped, were early in the morning espied coming down the James River, while a column of smoke showed the dreaded Merrimac to be approaching from the Nansemond, or direction of Norfolk. A land force of about 10,000 men had in cooperation moved down toward us by land and awaited the opening of the ball, or balls, by the vessels before attacking. The two heavy land batteries we had were manned also, and along the edge of the river were stationed riflemen to pick off anyone showing himself on the decks of the rebel craft or to repel any attempted landing.

I will not detail the engagement so well known to everyone. The solid shot from our twelve-inch heavy land guns bounded from the mailed deck of the monster "Merrimac" as peas from a stone wall while she advanced with a perfect indifference to our attack, and, pouring a broadside into the "Congress" which lay helplessly at anchor, ran full speed into her. Instantly the noble frigate began to fill and yet while sinking kept pouring into the "Merrimac" a close fire from its guns not disabled by the terrible concussion. We could see from the shore how bravely and unequally she waged the fight.

The "Merrimac" withdrew from her yawning side, and obtaining headway once more, started to plunge its fearful prow into the fast sinking ship, but it was unnecessary. The crew were mostly dead or disabled, so the "Merrimac" opened its port holes and while almost within grappling reach of its foe, poured into it a terrible broadside that almost tore the "Congress" to pieces. The smoke enveloped both combatants, but from the black and sulphurous clouds emerged groans and cries and shouts. The smoke rising into the air disclosed a fearful sight. Only the upper deck of the "Congress" was visible, and scattered over this were masts and cordage and dismounted pieces, and everywhere the dead and dying men and parts of men.

A few brave sailors still stood about one gun. Covered by the smoke, they had loaded it and were about to fire but the vessel was sinking fast, and we thought the water would reach the gun before it could be discharged. Just as the "Congress" lurched to one side, as in a mortal throe, came the flash and smoke from this last shot, and then masts and fragments of all kinds, and men struggling in their midst, were all there were to be seen of the heroic "Congress".

Satisfied with its bloody work the "Merrimac" now turns to seek the "Cumberland" about half a mile below, and we hastily man all the boats we have along the shore and send them to rescue the struggling heroes about the "Congress". My oyster boats came in well and the darkies worked well and boldly to save the drowning men. Soon the shore is lined with corpses and the wounded, and so eager are we to save that we almost entirely disregard the shot and shell that keep coming faster and more accurately from the "Yorktown" and its consorts as they follow up the "Merrimac", like curs that timidly bite at the legs of a dog held down by a stronger one.

A shot passes straight through my house, tearing along my tent, and buries itself in the ramparts. The futility of firing at the "Merrimac" being demonstrated, we turn our heavy guns upon the other vessels, and they soon move to a respectful distance. The fate of the "Cumberland" seems sealed—what can resist its awful adversary? In vain it slips its anchor and tried to reach shallower water. The guns of the "Merrimac" reach it and soon it is enveloped in flames. The scene of the "Congress" is about to be repeated when the Rebel ram, as though weary of the struggle or to prolong its triumph, turns away, giving us on shore a parting broadside. The Rebel steamers

disappear up the river, our skirmishers return from the front of the enemy on land, and darkness settles about us. A strong sulphurous smoke and smell hangs about our camp, the clouds seem low and oppressive, groans from suffering men come from tents here and there, and occasional shouts from men are heard from the river from boats still engaged in saving men and material. The night was one of terrible anxiety. Every face was gloomy, every heart apprehensive.

We had seen the shots from our land batteries and from the heavy guns of our vessels patter from the sloping sides of the “Merrimac” like hail on a slate roof, while the shot from the “Merrimac” crashed through both sides of the wooden vessels as through slight partitions, carrying death and devastation. From up the river the Rebel boats “Jamestown” and “Yorktown” had come down hovering about like hawks ready to seize upon their disabled prey.

McGruder, with a strong force, much stronger than we had, was outside our breastworks. During the night information came from Fortress Monroe that the “Monitor” had arrived. We knew little of the “Monitor”, but it was a great relief, like a ray of light breaking through a rift in the black clouds and giving hope to the tempest beaten mariner. It was the green leaf brought by the dove to Noah. The news soon spread and the rest of the night passed in surmises as to the next day.

Early the next morning, all eyes were anxiously directed down the river and again saw the small speck of smoke coming up from Norfolk. The “Merrimac” was coming to complete its horrid slaughter. Then another bit of smoke was seen coming up from Fortress Monroe, and hope whispered to us, “Monitor.”

The two met, and that memorable fight took place—a fight that was to revolutionize war, that proved, in spite of Solomon, there was “something new under the sun.” Never before had vessels of iron and steel encountered each other in actual conflict.

The idea was not new. In 1841, Thomas Stevens of Hoboken, N.J., made a proposition to Congress, accompanied by designs of an iron-clad vessel, and a statement of certain laws of penetration of projectiles into iron plates, and Congress made an appropriation to verify these laws before making an appropriation of money for the construction of an iron-clad. The French government, influenced by the results of these penetration laws as made by Stevens and tested by our government, undertook a similar line of tests and then the British government followed.

Two years later, in 1843, French designers submitted plans to their government. These were rejected. Artillery tests against plates went on until the Crimean War. In 1854, John Ericsson submitted his model of the Monitor to Napoleon III, but it was rejected. In this same year our Congress appropriated half a million dollars for the Stevens’ battery. France built some gunboats and three similar ones of iron were built and sent to the Crimea by England.

October 17th, 1855, three small ironclad vessels of France, the “Lave”, “Devastation”, and “Fonnante” steamed up to within eight hundred yards of the Kinburn batteries in the Crimea and for three hours withstood the concentrated fire of the batteries, silenced them, and hauled out uninjured. This was really the first baptism of fire of the iron-clad. It cost the lives of seventeen sailors who were killed by shot entering the big portholes which had not been protected as now, by shutters.

This so directed the attention of nations to the iron-clad that when our Civil War broke out, England, France, Spain, Italy and Austria had afloat complete squadrons of iron-clad frigates. The United States alone neglected the new idea, and after the half million, no more money was given for the Stevens' battery.

Brooks, a naval officer, resigned from service, and at Norfolk, seized the United States Frigate "Merrimac", cut her down, and transformed her into an iron-clad by the use of railroad bars. In the fall of 1861 a committee of naval officers was appointed to consider the question of iron-clad vessels, and they chose three different designs for three separate requirements. They had built the "Monitor" for harbor defence, the "New Ironsides" for open sea, and "Galena" for inland or river work.

March 9, 1862, as above related, this "Monitor" met the "Merrimac", so that this action is the first one ever fought between iron-clad vessels.

That morning, the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" met in contest, and the result you know—but there was one circumstance you may have forgotten that shows the stuff our Navy was made of. The parting shot of the "Merrimac" as she turned for Norfolk struck over the spot where Lieutenant Worden was looking through the turret. It knocked him senseless and badly injured his face and eyes. The first words he uttered when he returned to consciousness were, "Have we saved the Minnesota?" On being told yes, he said: "I am satisfied."

President Lincoln was holding a cabinet meeting when he was told that Worden had been placed in a hospital in Washington. He jumped up saying "Excuse me, gentlemen, I must see this man", and left the room. Worden's face and eyes were bandaged but upon hearing that the President had called, he said, "This visit, Mr. President, is a great honor to me."

Then Lincoln intercepted him and seizing his hand while the tears started to his eyes, he said "No, no, the honor is all with me in this visit."

Contact with the Enemy

Riding out in the direction of Bethel one day, I met Captain Barnett of the 9th Regiment riding a beautiful black horse. His corporal had another fine animal. It was a scouting party. The black horse was "Secession". This is the story:

They passed a small road with Captain Barnett leading, his party of six following. His corporal, named Jones, was last. He saw a man with a rifle resting on his knee in the small road. Jones at once raised his rifle to shoot at him, shouting, "There is someone!"

The man jumped up and cried, "Don't fire", thus diverting the aim of Jones. But, at the same time, he fired with his own piece and ran into the woods. The man's horse was picketed behind a nearby bush and, frightened by the firing, broke loose and ran into the road where he was captured.

A philanthropist named Farmer from New York is visiting the camp and displaying his patriotism in a funny manner. In a loose clerical-looking linen coat, he stands up on a large wagon amidst barrels, boxes and packages, distributing to the soldiers who crowd around all kind of things. He fills their hats with tobacco and their fingers with pickles. He scatters thread, knives, needles, matches, canned goods, etc.

On the 11th of September, 1861, I took sixty-six picked men from Companies C and D, and started up the James River shore on a scouting expedition. We had proceeded some four or five miles when one of the advance guard informed me they espied a long distance off, two rebel soldiers near a wood pile. Upon scrutiny after a somewhat nearer approach, we observed them and were about to make disposition to surprise and capture them when we in turn were seen by one of them who was standing on the wood pile and seemed to be on guard.

Instantly they dodged down and disappeared. At the same moment an appointed squad of my men started in full pursuit of them, and we moved cautiously along with the main body, fearing ambush.

We heard the report of a gun, then another, and caught a glimpse once more of the Rebels as they rounded a distant hill, hotly pursued by my men who lost no chance to practice gunnery at "game on the wing." We proceeded to Captain Smith's, a man suspected by both sides as living between the lines, and here were joined by the detached party who had succeeded in bagging one of the rebels, and who turned out to be no rebel at all but only the orderly of one of my captains, who, with the Captain, had gone on an artistic excursion, the captain to sketch, the servant to watch.

The Captain had escaped. Evidently too impressed with the idea of our being "Rebs", fear had lent him wings to escape into the air or claws to bury himself in the ground. At all event, after three balls had vainly sought to find him and when in sight of his pursuers he had disappeared as though through the earth, he left not even a smell of sulphur.

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Upon returning to camp that evening, almost the first man to meet me was Captain B—g. His eyes were expanded, his manner wild, and in a tone of one revealing strange mysteries or important secrets, he narrated what happened:

Being on a scout, he with great peril had reached a clump of woods just beyond Captain Smith's, when the soldier who accompanied him first espied a large body, at least five hundred of grey coats who were evidently on an expedition towards our camp. They, thinking 'discretion the better part of valor', attempted to observe the operations of the enemy unperceived by them. But they were seen by the Rebs and at once a most exciting chase occurred. "And", continued the valiant captain, "not until after I had killed two of my nearest pursuers did I manage to escape. As it was, my poor Dominick was taken."

"How did you escape?" I asked.

Well, Colonel, I was about to give up. I had exhausted all the barrels of my revolver and my legs were so tired they seemed to belong to another man for all the good they might do further when I stumbled on the brow of a hill I had just run over. I rolled down its other side and directly against a huge old trunk of a tree that by age or rot was entirely hollow in the middle. Into this I climbed and forcing my way partly up it, I maintained my position by teeth and nails and toes until I was quite exhausted and unconscious and dropped to the ground. It was then all quiet around, and I made my way into the camp. I lost my cap, my revolver, one boot and one ear.

Saying this he explained the wherefore of a huge looking plaster I had observed upon one side of his head.

After this recital I had scarcely the heart to confess to him what part we had had in his troubles, and left him, almost suffocating with suppressed laughter.



In November, 1861, I went to New York to recruit men, and opened offices at 24 Broadway (my father's office) and 174 Grand Street. While here, my uncle, Edward Pierson, presented me with a fine sword made by Tiffany & Co., and which I mention because of a singular thing connected with this sword that happened later.

In May, 1862, General Wood at Fortress Monroe ordered my regiment there to embark for Norfolk. Arriving at Fortress Monroe we were much disappointed at being ordered to our old Camp Hamilton a few miles away, while the 20th Indiana that came down with us from Newport News was placed on transports to go to Norfolk. We were ordered back to Newport News. The captain of Co. K, named Berg, made great complaint about a new recruit I had sent down from

New York, and as an illustration of many such cases, I will relate the story here.

One day, at the recruiting office at 24 Broadway, a splendidly formed man alighted from a carriage, took from it a highly polished mahogany box, and followed by the driver carrying two large valises entered the office. He was expensively dressed, wore kid gloves and a new silk hat. He said he wanted to enlist, referring to the large advertisement that was posted at the entrance. Supposing he referred to a commission, I said there was no vacancy in the regiment. He pointed to the advertisement and said it read that recruits were wanted. I said that yes, we wanted soldiers, and he said that was what he wanted. He gave his name as Sigismund Porges, occupation, gentleman, address, Grand Hotel, born in Hungary. I told him he must accompany the sergeant to Grand Street to be examined and passed on physically. His carriage was still waiting, and he insisted on taking that, which they did. On their return, the sergeant told me that the examining surgeons said he was the finest specimen of a man they had had before them. Except for a long cicatrix down his cheek from eye to ear, on one side, he was also a very handsome man. I learned later that this scar was from a sabre cut he received in a duel in Hungary.

I told him to report next day at 3 p.m., to go with a squad of recruits later on to Newport News. Promptly on time, he appeared and was taken to the Quartermasters Department, where he donned his soldier's uniform. His fine clothes he put in his valise and asked me to keep it, but was disappointed that he could take only what he could carry in his knapsack. He gave his box, which contained a beautiful pair of dueling pistols, to the sergeant. He was to go with the squad on a certain train but told me that as Secretary Seward and others that knew him were to go by the same train, he wanted to go independent of the squad and would report to the sergeant in charge at Baltimore. He did not want Secretary Seward to see him in his uniform of private. I told the sergeant to let him have his way.

I assigned Porges to a German Company. He knew many languages, was a good talker, and soon obtained such an influence in the company that the Captain Berg became inconvenienced, and then jealous. At the battle of Malvern Hill, Porges lost the fingers of one hand. At a later date I received, first, a letter written by his mother who was a countess at the court in Hungary and Austria, addressed to our minister here, stating that she had reason to believe that her son, Count Porges, had enlisted as a private in the United States army and was in the First Regiment of New York, and asking that he be discharged and sent home. His father had died, and he was the head of the house.

The minister had sent this to Washington, and the Secretary of State had referred it to the War Department, then to the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, and so through Corps, Division and Brigade Commanders, to me, "to report if such a man was in my regiment." I endorsed the inquiry affirmatively, and later received, through the same channels, the discharge of Porges, who was ordered to report to Secretary of State Seward in Washington.

Two years after the war closed, Porges again presented himself at my office, 24 Broadway, looking much as at first. He had gone home, succeeded to the Estates, his mother had died, he had spent everything, engaged in another duel, and had been ordered to leave the court. He wanted a position but later went back again to his country.

I sent to the regiment from New York about 350 recruits—about fifty from Corning on the Erie, about thirty from Albany. Adding these to the original number, etc., the First Regiment sent

about 1,240 men to the war.

In nationality, these men were divided about as follows:

Danes	60
Norwegians	10
Swedes	25
Germans	130
Irish	300
Americans	715



Henry L. Spenser

Newport News, Va., May 13, 1862

My dear Father,

Your letter, by the hand of Lt. Horton, and also one from Henry, both dated the 10th inst., were received yesterday, and afforded me much pleasure. I must, before writing further, give vent to my feelings of disgust and mortification occasioned by our still being here and doing duty as home guard. I had as well be in your city as far as the opportunity of distinguishing myself and smelling

the Rebel's gunpowder goes, as to be here. I have suppressed my impatience for a long time, and mistrust my ability to do so much longer. I wrote you a few days ago saying that we were on the point of marching on Norfolk. We marched down to Camp Hamilton (Fortress Monroe) at nine o'clock Saturday night, getting in at twelve m., and expecting to embark for Norfolk at once.

Three miles from Camp Hamilton, I rode ahead very fast to report to General Wool that our regiment was coming up and to receive orders. He had gone with the advance to Norfolk, but General Mansfield told me to have my regiment bivouac at Camp Hamilton and await orders. This was a sad blow, for the 20th time to take transports then waiting and proceed to Norfolk. I could only ride back, and meeting the regiment coming up conduct it to some unoccupied lofts of a Cavalry 111th Pennsylvania regiment, stationed at the camp.

About half an hour after taking possession of quarters which could only accommodate part of the men, I heard loud talking near, and found my major and captain of the E Co. (Yeamans) quarreling with the colonel of the Cavalry Co., who desired to drive us away. I stopped this muss and then proceeded to a sutler's nearby to quiet another row, and arrest the shower of chairs, etc., that were flying around in a rather dangerous manner.

I then went back to where my horses were put in the cavalry stalls, and getting my overcoat, the major and one of the captains and I threw ourselves upon the ground to go to sleep at the feet of the horses.

It was a pleasant night, but after a while we concluded the perfume of ammonia was too strong to admit much sleep, so we went further in the field and spread ourselves. We brought no blankets as our orders read in *light* marching order. With only the flap of my cavalry overcoat for a pillow and no covering but the sky, I slept well.

The next day Colonel Dyckman reported to Wool, who ordered us to "make ourselves comfortable where we were." With no blankets or knapsacks and poor shelter, with poorer liquor all around, I soon saw that we must return to Newport News, or become a dirty set of disorganized vagabonds.

I went to Wool and after talking with him, got orders to return to camp. Riding back to camp at 7 p.m., I could not find Dyckman anywhere to give him the orders to form line. I got provoked finally when some one told me Dyckman was enjoying his Lager in a neighboring sutler's shop, and immediately assumed command. I ordered the first sergeant's call, and then Assembly beaten, and formed line. Just as I was marching off without the colonel, he came up with a red face and wanted to know where I was going.

"To Newport News", said I.

As he commenced to give vent to his rage at the orders, I told him if he did not get his horse saddled and take command, I would leave him there to follow when he pleased.

This cooled him, and he started on the return trip. So ended our "March to Norfolk", which suggested "The King of France", etc.

I now understand this post is to be vacated within a week and then we *must go somewhere*. I presume to Norfolk or to Richmond, but in either case, probably *after* others have preceded us and reaped the laurels. Everyone, high and low, is disgusted with the old dotard called "Wool" (but I think it all cry and no *wool*) and want him removed. For two weeks we have received every day about fifty different orders, and all contradictory; first, to move and then to stay; now to have

rations cooked, and then to eat them up; today to do so and so, tomorrow, undo it again. From Mansfield here down, a person hardly knows whether he stands on his head or feet.

As for me, I have become a stoic, and as the orders come, hand them to the adjutant and tell him to lay them on the shelf until the next one arrives that is to contradict it. I am in first rate health, and only for this restless feeling of conscious neglect would be in spirits. I have taken the proper course with the officers, and a very satisfactory and brotherly feeling exists and all think highly of their lieutenant-colonel, *id est* except Coles and Hamilton. The first has charges against him, and the second is universally detested and benefits *me* by his dissatisfaction.

The men, too, respect me far in excess of their colonel, and manifest it in many ways, in none so strikingly as in more care and pains to drill well when immediately under my command. I really feel it would be well for the First were I the colonel, and *now* would not distrust my capability to assume and maintain that dignity. But don't imagine me too ambitious or actuated by unworthy motives as affecting my superiors. Not at all. Never have I expressed the idea in any way, but in this case to you and, of course, it goes no further.

Our Ramapo boys like the life. Count Porges is in Co. K, and today told the orderly sergeant of that command that he was a liar. The said orderly upon this compliment, ejected forcibly some saliva in the face of our friend the Count, who immediately pitched in and a second round between the two aspirants for fistic fame was prevented by the interference of the police, or guard of the camp. He makes a good soldier, but you would not be able to recognize our patent leather friend who first enlisted in him now. He is rough and dirty and just what any private is.

The "Monitor", "Naugatuch", etc., have gone up to Richmond, I presume. Eight hundred prisoners of ours came down yesterday from there in three steamboats, and among them I found Peter Hargous, son of Hargous of Hargous Bros., an old friend of mine, who was taken from the "Congress". The poor fellow looked very pale.

When at Camp Hamilton Sunday, I spent several hours in the hospitals there. They are filled with the wounded from the army of McClellan, and some harrowing scenes were momentarily occurring. As I walked from cot to cot on which lay extended the poor brave soldiers, I thought on the realities of war. In one hour I saw twenty patients brought in, and thus it goes all day. A Secessionist, who had been struck in the leg with a shell, was brought in and his leg was amputated.

A few minutes after the operation as he lay in his cot pale and emaciated, he turned around to the wounded man next to him whose leg was shattered, and who was a Union man, a private in the fifth New Jersey, and said, "I would give my other leg to have another shot at some damned Yankee." Upon this, I saw the face of his wounded neighbor turn still paler with anger and he replied, "Damn you, if I could only get at you I would choke you to death in a minute" and making an effort to turn, he fell back. Is this not pluck?

A Frenchman was brought in and his head was battered in by the blow of a musket. I saw his brains beat and ooze through the fearful fracture.

One man had received a bullet directly in the centre of his chest, and as he breathed the air whistled through the wound. I turned to him sorrowfully every few minutes to find him dead, and yet he lived on.

One handsome youth, a corporal of a company in the 37th N.Y., had received a bullet in his arm near the shoulder, making an amputation necessary, and as he lay with his shattered member, a

really happy face he had, and he said he didn't care if he could get back into it to try his luck again.

But I tire you, and you can well imagine how many such scenes there were—some 1,500 with each a story in itself, each speaking of loved ones at home and all that's dear so far away.

Most of our men were shot in the legs; a Secesh wounded man told me that orders had been given by their generals to fire low. Our rifle ball makes a terrible wound, and the Rebels fear it very much. Like the mosquito, its whiz and hum is very disagreeable.

I enclose in this the key of my trunk which went by Adams' Express today; also a piece of the "Merrimac" and a Secesh button, with a photograph or two. Please have Lib, if she will, open my trunk and put the things away in my room. I drew a draft for \$200.00 which please honor. I bought a horse, saddle, etc.; also, honor an agreement or draft of mine, favor Reeves, Musician of my regiment, paying him some interest on the face of the draft as is specified thereon, charging to me the interest or yourself as you see fit, but you had the use of the money.

I received dear Harry Hidden's ring, and would not part with it for anything. It will be, and is now, invaluable.

Give my love to all. Good-bye,

Your affectionate son,
Fred.

My Whiskey Rebellion

In May, 1862, I was ordered to join with my regiment, the third corps, General Heintzelman, then above the Chickahominy River.

We were stationed at Newport News and were directed to proceed by steamer up the York River. As we had been (with the regiments which were under the same marching orders) stationed at this post some time, and our change of base was unexpected, the sutlers, both regimental and post, had laid in a large supply of stores, consisting, however, in a great part of whiskey. The moment our orders came, a rivalry ensued between them to get rid of their stocks and, in consequence, when the hour appointed to embark arrived, the soldiers generally were not themselves alone full of rum and 'commissary', but in spite of all vigilance and orders, had concealed about them or smuggled on board the steamer canteens and articles of all descriptions calculated not to leak *too* rapidly, which were also filled with the poison.

In the camp of the 11th N.Y. Zouaves which we passed through on our way to embark, a scene of confusion presented itself not divested entirely of the ludicrous.

Selling whiskey was prohibited. A speculator had been detected in the act. His stock consisting of two barrels had been confiscated and by direction had been taken from the tent where he had attempted to conceal it beneath cracker boxes placed upon the ground. Whereupon a scene ensued, both pitiable and laughable. The whiskey pouring out had wet the ground many yards around while here and there it had collected in little pools or inequalities of the earth, or bits of paper or chips that held small quantities of it like little cups. Like hungry puppies and thick as ants swarming from a disturbed hill rushed the soldiers from all directions. Some extended flat upon the ground, some kneeling, some crawling, some with faces to the earth and tongues lapping greedily the moisture. Here a man gulps down the swallow that a dirty paper had caught within its folds, there a black group of heads thickly jammed together and all are sucking, licking, and lapping from the same pool. All are more or less drunk already and are scrambling and fighting and pushing.

I send four companies of the First under Captain _____ on board the steamer _____ which has already on board six companies of the 7th N.Y. Vols., Col. Pfaff. With my six remaining companies, I embark on board another steamer, together with the remaining four companies of the 7th. The 7th Regiment is a German one. The Teutons had drunk lager, not whiskey, so the 7th and the 1st are fair exponents of the merits of each in the trial of lager versus whiskey.

The 7th are already on board, and are quartered on one side of the vessel. They lay stretched out on the decks, stupid and sleepy. Instead of fighting, they sing of it. Instead of raving, they snore.

Opposite to them the First stack arms. As it was already quite late the men receive from their respective commanding officers strict injunctions to keep their own assigned quarters. The companies are then dismissed and soon are busy spreading blankets on the floor and preparing for the night's voyage on the York River.

I had gone down to the cabin and having arranged other matters, was quite intent watching the operations of my darkey, David, who was busy preparing my supper. He had placed a cold tongue upon a knapsack, together with a few other articles, and with this novel waiter which also served

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

the purpose of a table, was about approaching me when simultaneously, with a terrible uproar that made itself heard from the deck, appeared my major, J.Y. Then still other officers appeared, all very much frightened and all with the same narrative:

The Major stated that although canteens and knapsacks and persons of the soldiers had been subjected to a rigid search before the men filed on board the boat and all liquor had been confiscated as found, there was still liquor on board and plenty of it, too. That in consequence, the men became some drunk, some crazy, and some exceedingly disorderly and quarrelsome.

Now the guards, or those on duty and whose duty was to prevent disorder, were themselves quite as drunk as their comrades and quite as noisy.

Upon going on deck I found a terrible struggle imminent between the First and the 7th. My own men had so bullied, kicked and stolen from the sluggish Germans that even their quiet temper was aroused to a sense of retaliation. Finally, three bad characters of my old Company H named Pat Mehan, Johnny Larkin, and Stony Murphy, had seized upon an inoffensive Teuton and backed by some equally bad comrades of their regiment, were making desperate efforts to throw him overboard. The German had drawn to his succor his now aroused comrades and from fisticuffs and bitings and personal displays of prowess, the affair had resolved itself into a regimental fight in which bayonets and knives and pistols were called in requisition. In vain my officers and the officers of the 7th struggled to arrest the fight. Imprecations, in English and German, curses loud and long, commands of officers, entreaties of the captain, had been useless. Something must be done.



Fred Pierson's officer's sword

"A little leaven leavens the whole lump." A few bad men in the regiment will demoralize many. Take away the few spotted and bad cranberries from a barrel, and you save the rest which otherwise would have perished by contagion. Remove the ringleaders in a disturbance or from a body of men, and you suppress the insubordination; you purify the whole. You can hardly collect together from different quarters or places a body of ten men, among whom you will not find at least one good one—one *comparatively* righteous one. Experience in governing a thousand of perhaps the hardest characters that New York could produce (and what place, in this respect, can claim the superiority of New York?) had taught me forcibly this truth. The question of the old kind judge was, "Who was the woman?" I always asked when the insubordination of many men occurred, "Which is *the* man?"

And so now I thought to solve the question before me by my well-tried axiom. Which is *the* man?

Upon coming on deck, the puffy German commander of the 7th, Colonel Pfaff, almost rushed into my arms, at the same time overwhelming me with such an ebullition of German sentiment and lager beer expletives that I was quite non-plussed. All I could make out of this rain of words was, "Mein Gott, we sall be kilded. Mein Gott, Colonel, you vill make one ting."

Poor Pfaff could talk scarcely any English and in beseeching my men to desist, he made so many grimaces and fiery gestures that they thought he was damning instead of begging, and so they damned back with interest.

I had always had a great influence with my men, and I knew now that the great majority of them would *se mettent en quatre pour moi*. I arrived at an opportune moment—the spark had not yet become a flame. Only a few had yet ventured the free use of the arms they had seized and many were still at the stacks in the act of grasping them.

My major was a remarkably powerful man with a frame knit like a modern Hercules. This frame had carried him into many a brawl, and he rather liked the sport.

Directing my officers to follow, and with pistol in my left hand, I advanced into the struggle determined to possess myself of two men whom I saw and whom I knew instinctively to be at the bottom of the affair. They were struggling in the center of an excited group. Pat Mehan, without hat or coat, was prostrate upon the heavy form of his German adversary whom he was attempting to choke and at the same time drag him to the side of the boat. Larkin, his confrere, was desperately attempting to ward off the blows from a sword aimed at him by a German sergeant and at the same time to pierce this latter with his bayonet which he had drawn from his side and held by the shank.

Immediately about these central figures of the *dramatis personae* struggled the rest. It seemed like a game of football on the "green" between the "sophs" and the "freshs", with the Dutchman for the ball, but with the exciting addition of rum and steel. With my sword I knocked up or away the bayonets flashing around and closely followed by my officers, after a short and exciting rush, I had reached the fierce Larkin, and with my sword was about to knock the bayonet from his hand when the heavy short sword of his German adversary came down with such force upon his head that he fell in a heap at my feet. At the same second a pistol flashed in my face, and Larkin's body was covered by that of the sergeant who had attempted to stop the bullet just fired.

A pause ensued. Even Mehan looked up and relaxed his grasp of the almost suffocated soldier. I seized upon the occasion and upon Mehan. The latter I dragged from the German who slowly crawled off and crouched at my feet, almost senseless with fear. I ordered every soldier of the First to retire to his place, which means to a soldier where he stacked arms.

At first no one moved—then those in the rear slunk sullenly off. Turning to Captain C, who stood by me and who had the best company in the regiment, and by them was much liked, I told him to order his company to fall in their places and at the same time sent word by my adjutant to have the drums beat the assembly. While waiting for this last I addressed a few earnest words to the men, who were considerably sobered by the recent events.

I still held Mehan with a pistol so near his head that he seemed quite willing to remain, as I had meaningly told him to do. Obedient to the mandates and the noisy orders of their officers, the Germans had gradually been induced to retire to their knapsacks and by the well-known sound of the drum and the determined actions of their officers. The First, too, gradually and still sullenly, collected by companies. The roll was called by the officers of companies. Mehan was taken a prisoner below as were also the wounded men of whom there were five, and gradually quiet was restored.

No officer left his company that night. Few of them closed their eyes, for rum, not satisfied with the sacrifice already made, was still turbulent and disorderly.

All this scene had occurred in the light of a glorious moon, for the fair Luna had hung her lamp early in the heavens, and it seemed to burn brighter and brighter. Her light made the whole affair more exciting, and I shall never forget the scene on the deck as the rays of the moon fell on the faces of the fallen men as they were grouped together in the carelessness of unconsciousness, and in the faces of the angry men around, and again showed the determined yet pale faces of the little band of officers who were so few among so many. But this cursed kerosene, called whiskey, must still, Moloch-like, have more victims. Its perturbed spirit would not rest.

I had wrapped myself in my cloak and was standing on the forward deck conversing with the captain who had just informed me confidentially that I had the “dam’st worst crowd he’d ever got in with”, and that he’d “set ’em ashore dam’d quick”, if he had *his* way, when another uproar arose and again the music of yells and curses reached our ears.

Turning to the captain, I asked, “Have you got some hole or other in the vessel where I can put some of these patriots?”

He said at first “no” and then added that he believed there was a dark place in the hold, approached through a trap door that had not been opened for a long time, and that it was at the very bottom of the vessel.

I told the captain to have it opened at once. Then, going to the scene of the affray I found the row was confined to our own men and was more particularly a desperate encounter between two of the companies, represented by the bad men of each. As fast as the weary officers could divide the combatants the affray would be renewed elsewhere.

A man called Sebastopol, a short, thick-set Irishman, with close-cropped, coarse red hair, low forehead, cruel bloodshot eyes peering out of thick red eyebrows, square animal face, and skin like an elephant’s wrinkled hide turned inside out and then painted a dirty red, seemed to be one of *the* men I must look for in pursuance of my theory. This man went universally by the nickname of “Sebastopol”. His real name, however, was Murphy.

In a prize fight, his endurance had been so great, he had held out so long against the fearful punishment of an adversary much more skilled than he that he had justly won to himself the sobriquet he was proud of. He already had thrashed many an aspirant in the regiment to fistic glory for not addressing him by the sweet title of “Sebastopol”. The “glorious” first had many a champion of pugilism, as their broken noses and “ring” talk plainly showed. If these signs were

not considered satisfactory evidence of their claims to intimate knowledge of the “twenty-four foot roped arena”, they would produce from their greasy wallets soiled newspaper extracts and point proudly to their names with their euphonious *noms-de-guerre* or aliases appended recording them as principals in some closely contested prize fight.

Therefore, the gladiator Sebastopol did not reign nor rule unquestioned, nor from his encounters did he always “win the stakes” by coming off victorious. A man may be ever so good, ever so superior, and yet he need not go far to find his equal, his superior. Nature is not partial. She does not make a man and then break the mold, as the poets say, at least not physically speaking. One man is superior to another from better utilizing the same advantages, not from original superiority.

Now one of these “veterans of the ring”, an old contestant of Sebastopol’s claims, a man by the name of Cornelius Shay, alias Spikes, alias Songster, being full of gin and dutch courage, had got into a row with Sebastopol in spite of the officers’ intervention. Adherents of each had rushed to the assistance of their “pets” and thus inaugurated this second little “row”.

Shay was an Irish-American. He had inherited the inclination to hit a head where he saw it, from his Hiberno-Celtic origin, and a certain brutal instinct of cunning and depravity from his American blood. He was a perfect prototype of an American rowdy, *id est*, a species of *genus homo* such as no other country of the world can show. He had just such a face as I imagine would be obtained should the devil sit for his portrait. Not so ugly in feature or figure, but hard, cruel, revolting in expression and meaning. He had received the name of “Spikes” because in a prize fight he had once killed his adversary by stamping on him with his boots, which in such cases are spiked to prevent the wearer from slipping. He was called “Songster” in commemoration of once having escaped from Sing Sing, and then assumed the disguise of a decrepit musician with his fiddle and dog, and cracked voice.

These men, being in different companies, were “petted” by them as their champions to maintain the dignity of each.

Upon reaching the scene, I found these gentle youths were at it hammer and tongs, neither having much the advantage of the other in the point of intoxication, as both were crazily drunk. Around them straggled and yelled and fought the backers of each.

Joe Yeamans, my major, and Captain_____, adroitly seizing the opportune moment grasped the brute Sebastopol by the torn coat collar and drew him back, and I instantly jumped between them and ordered them to stop a moment. Shay, with his face livid and bloody with rage and pounding, uttered a deep curse and was about to spring over me to reach his foe, when presenting my cocked pistol at his head, I cried, “Hear me! And you shall both have fair play.”

Our action had arrested the war around a second, and now cries of “Fair play! Fair play!” with curses and yells came from all about.

I knew that should I fire my pistol and kill the rascal, a fearful scene would ensue, and it was impossible to make order by force among the crazy and excited men. No longer men, rum had converted them into fiends.

Instantly, I cried, “Yes, fair play! Shay, do you want satisfaction from Murphy?”

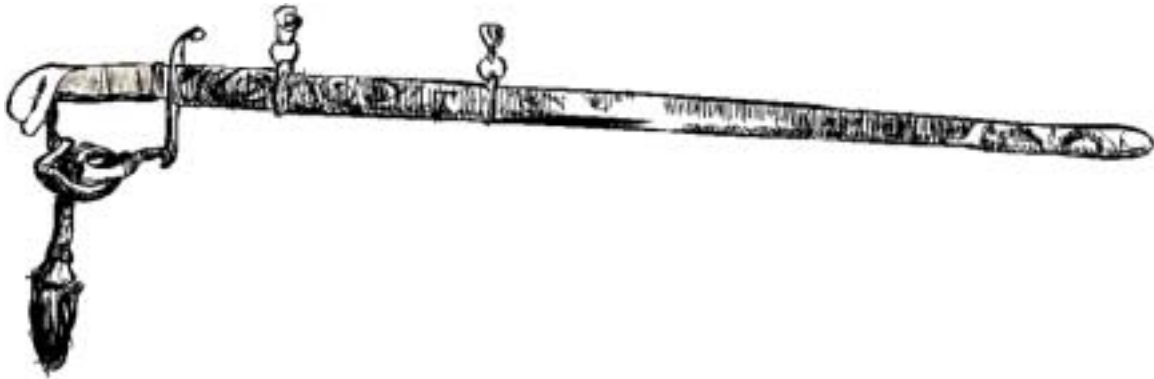
“Yes,” yelled the infuriated and panting beast.

“All right, boys. You shall have it, but not here—there’s not room. Downstairs you shall have your bellysful,” and I winked to the Major, who, with the strength of a horse and assisted by Captain____, pulled along Sebastopol, and took him to the stairs and rapidly tumbled down them, still clinging to his prisoner.

By this time several of my officers and many of the better men who had all through kept aloof from the disturbances were by my side. Looking fixedly at Shay, and with my pistol yet at his person, I said determinedly, “Come.”

He hesitated, and I laid my hand upon his collar and seized it, looking him fixedly in the eyes. “Now, Shay, you want satisfaction, and you shall have it. Sebastopol is waiting for you. You must come.”

I pulled him forward, and doggedly, he descended the ladder with me. I found one of the crew ready to escort us to the hole.



It was a trap door and being up, disclosed only a black aperture, dimly lit by the light of a lamp that was swinging from a beam nearby. It disclosed the top of a ladder, and I ordered Shay to descend it. Down this aperture I heard gruff echoes, and I knew Shay’s foe was “caged”. I have scarcely ever seen such a diabolical face as was my prisoner’s now. Hate for his adversary and longing now to meet him, seemed to struggle with a certain fear to meet him *there*. He looked around. Several of my officers stood by and with pistols out. Behind them were three of the crew that the captain could rely on and who really seemed as though it would afford them a pleasure to match their force with my gentle soldier’s.

I would not here have hesitated to have shot my prisoner for a second should he prove rebellious. He was now too far removed from his drunken comrades. He saw this in my face. He heard it in my words.

I said again, peremptorily, “Down!”

I seized him and forcibly pushed him to the opening, and he descended, first slowly, and then with an awful yell, he disappeared. I partly closed and chained the cover down, down upon such an

awful roar and rattle as only two such men can make when engaged in a deadly battle. Ere he had touched the bottom, Sebastopol had seized him like a hungry hyena pouncing on his prey.

Mounting to the deck again I found affairs had assumed a more pacific turn, or rather had resolved themselves into less general scimmages. Now and then a duo or a trio would engage in a fight, and with these I pursued the same course as with the two first mentioned. The result was that in but a few moments I had consigned some five couples who wanted "satisfaction and fair play" to the society of Sebastopol and Spikes, and this depletion from their numbers had so weakened the unruly element that it became comparatively easy to preserve the peace.

But! Oh, ye angels of harps and harmony! What an uproar arose from the bowels of the boat! The sounds from pandemonium or the groans from Dante's lowest hell could not equal the fearful noises that issued from the black mouth, around which was posted a strong detail of now soberer men, in order to keep the fighting fiends below. Shrieks of hate or rage or pain, curses, groans and taunts, were mixed with the rattling of old junk and the falling of heavy bodies here and there.

The 7th German were reposing now quietly stretched along the dock in rows of companies, while outside with head to heel stretched the line of officers, as if to make a line of bodies and of authority around their sleeping men to keep off any intruders. In rows they lay, like good fat herrings in a box, while the moon threw its sheet of silver over all. And so towards morning we had some peace.

One would naturally say, reading of such general misconduct on the part of a command, that the officers were at fault. But in reply, I must confess, that while this was largely the truth, it was not the only cause. No regiment probably took the field with a more debased, worthless, intemperate set of officers from the colonel down, than did the First. And although Allen, having been dismissed for drunkenness and incompetence, and Dyckman being away, I had been sometime in command of the regiment, yet I had not had the opportunity to get rid of as many of the worthless officers as I did subsequently. In doing so, I was materially assisted by the very conduct of these officers upon the occasion above narrated. This showing them to be incompetent to restrain their men, in addition to being intoxicated themselves, afforded me grounds for court martial accusations. I was only too eager to avail myself of the opportunity to weed out some bad influences in the command, thus making room for an addition to the small number of gentlemen I had already drawn around me, recruited mostly from my old Company K in the Seventh Regiment, N.Y. Militia.

To conclude my narration briefly, I will state that early in the morning we reached the White House, at the head of the York River, and disembarked. Upon calling the roll here, we found that we had lost three men overboard during the night because, of course, they were too drunk to know how to stay on board. The captain informed me he knew when two of them had gone over during the night, but he considered it hardly worthwhile to save such wretched lives. I was very indignant. We had tried to save one who had fallen overboard but were unsuccessful. It was shortly after the second fight as mentioned. We were going rapidly against the tide or current and almost as soon as the poor devil struck the water, he was bobbing in the waves some distance behind. We had stopped and put about for him. Before getting around the moon showed him far to the rear as a small black object in the water. Then he disappeared from sight and his hat alone was all to mark his fate. His name was Ryan, and he wasn't much loss to the service. Good enough when sober, but a very devil when drunk. He would find liquor when most men would die

from thirst.

We found some cars awaiting us at the White House and crowded into them. Several cars were freight cars, several open platform cars. In them and on them and around them we got so that when they started they looked not unlike pieces of sugar with ants swarming over them. Nor even yet had rum ceased its baneful work.

Towards morning on board the steamboat the hideous noises from the depths below had ceased. With considerable curiosity I watched the issuing forth of my noble gladiators from the scene of their victories and discomfitures. Such a sight I do not wish to see again. Scarcely fragments of uniforms remained on them. Shay's apparel was conspicuous by its almost total absence. His eyes were fearfully swollen, his nose was one mass of unshapen gory flesh, his ear had been bitten off, and his whole body was black and blue, bloody, torn, and swollen.

The rest were little better; all but Sebastopol had to be carried out and one shortly after died, and was buried at the White House. This by rum, which even yet the men seemed to get possession of as was evidenced by the fact that it still had them firmly in its possession.

Even on the train, the amusement of punching each other's heads continued. Neither the shrieking of the iron horse nor the din of the moving train could drown the snarlings and yells of those still under the crazy effects of "commissary".

A row ensued among a thickly crowded group on top of one of the cars (the train was moving perhaps twenty miles an hour) and subsided only when one of the participants was knocked clean off the top and with a heavy thud struck many feet below upon a rocky surface, rolled by the impetus several feet along the ground, gave one convulsive movement and then gave up the ghost. The train stopped for him. He was quite dead, having struck upon a stone and smashed in his brains.

Before we reached the army corps to which we were assigned, we had picked up some three other fallen brutes and with them, started a hospital immediately on our arrival.

We joined Kearny's Brigade, Hooker's division, Heintzelman's Corps.

Since breaking camp at Newport News, our losses through "whiskey" were as great as though we had engaged in several brisk encounters with the Rebs. Throughout the trip I had been greatly puzzled as to where the whiskey was coming from as it was quite evident it was still in their possession. I learned later that the drummer boys had removed the heads from the drums and filled them with canteens of whiskey.

Peach Orchard, Glendale and Malvern Hill

On June 11th, the brigade moved to the front line and commenced the construction of a line of defense, consisting of rifle pits, redoubts, etc., in the interim performing arduous picket duties. The picket lines of the contending forces were very close to each other and constant firing was the consequence. On the 25th of June, an effort to advance our lines slightly caused quite a fight, known as the Battle of Peach Orchard. The right wing of our regiment was particularly engaged and suffered considerable loss. At one time our line was thrown in confusion and driven back when this wing steadily and obstinately maintained its ground, and afforded time and opportunity for the other regiments to rally and return to the attack. Captain John H. Coster and Sergeant John Egan of Co. F displayed bravery and coolness, holding their positions despite the efforts of a greatly superior force. An instance of devotion and bravery occurred that deserves to be mentioned as a tribute to friends.



J. Fred Pierson, Jr. J. Bartholomew and J. F. Scott, Jr.
Co K, 7th Regiment

We had advanced through an orchard driving the enemy, but they were reinforced, and we fell back in turn through the orchard to its end, where a rally was made behind a rail fence that had hurriedly been thrown down. The enemy stopped but held the upper end of the orchard and a log house that was there. A sergeant had been wounded and fell in this orchard, but nearer the enemy than to us. He had placed himself with his back to a tree to shield himself as far as

possible. He had evidently been badly hurt as an effort he made to crawl towards us was unsuccessful. Although the firing continued over the orchard, a comrade of the sergeant was seen to be crawling along towards him. He succeeded in reaching him apparently before he had been observed by the enemy. We saw them converse a minute when they must have been observed by the enemy in the log house for many shots were directed towards them, and we could see the earth thrown up about them by the bullets.

Suddenly, the man picked up his comrade and with him started to run towards us, but his heroism was in vain. He was almost instantly shot down, and both were killed.

On the 28th of June, the men were supplied with one hundred and twenty rounds of ammunition each, three days of cooked rations in haversacks, and carried, too, all their clothing and tent gear. They were posted in the most advanced picket line. Early in the morning of the 29th, orders were given to withdraw as quietly as possible and follow the retreating army. We were the last to leave that part of the line of defences in front of Richmond. The 29th of June was Sunday and as we passed through the late camps of the brigade on our march to join the army, we found them a scene of desolation. Where the day before so many had been in all the activities of camp life, not a soul was left. And so we were first impressed with the fact that the movement was a retreat. We were turning our backs to Richmond that was so few miles away. It was dispiriting and a disgrace. We had so far done nothing but dig and not once fired a gun over our work.

Our retreat was rapid and that night we reached Glendale, although nobly followed up by the enemy, which obliged us at times to deploy as skirmishers. On the next morning, the 30th of June, the regiment was formed for monthly muster; while thus engaged the enemy suddenly attacked the corps. Leaving knapsacks on the ground, the regiment was hastily moved by the double-quick to the scene of action.

Passing through a dense growth of woods and brush, it was placed in ambush to take the foe in flank should they succeed in debauching from the Charles City cross-roads through a forest of tall pine trees. The foe were, however, unable to emerge there. Turning the attack into a feint they suddenly moved upon us from another direction and the sanguinary battle of Glendale was begun.

As evidence of the intensity of fire sustained by the regiment, I will mention the fact that of four sergeants carrying the four colors and eleven corporals comprising the color guard, but one man escaped. All the rest were killed or wounded in less than ten minutes time. A Pennsylvania Brigade on the right of the regiment giving way, the regiment was outflanked and assailed in front, flank and rear, and obliged to change front to the rear to form a line perpendicular to the original one. At this juncture, the Irish Brigade of the 2nd Corps appeared, and entering the woods, passed us cheering and driving the enemy before them. They regained ground we had lost. It was now late, and the firing gradually ceased. The regiment remained on picket until about three o'clock a.m. of July 1st when it was silently and cautiously withdrawn, again the last to face the enemy before the rear guard renewed the march in retreat.

At the battle of Glendale, Lieutenant Melville and Captain Coster were wounded and went to the field hospital, which was a small farm house. Surgeon Skelton of the 27th N.Y. Vols. on duty at this hospital, voluntarily was taken prisoner that he might look after our wounded, and years after the war told me as follows:

Captain Coster, shot through the jaw, through loss of blood became very weak and by reason of inflammation and consequent swelling, his throat was so closed that he breathed with great difficulty and would have died without prompt relief. Surgeon Skelton found a darkey boy to whom he gave a stick with a knife flattened on one end, with directions to sit by Coster and hold down his swollen and lacerated tongue, while applying a cooling liquid at intervals. This went on all night until at five o'clock in the morning they were captured by the rebels and started towards Richmond. This saved Coster's life, as he otherwise would have died by suffocation.

Lieut. Melville had a bullet lodged at the base of the brain and was unconscious most of the time. Taken to prison at Richmond, he was at times delirious, and it was necessary to fasten him down to his cot. An operation to extract the ball was considered too dangerous. In one of these attacks while violently tossing his head up and down the bullet fell out itself. When finally exchanged, he was apparently quite recovered.

He started for his home at Elmira, N.Y., on the Erie Railroad. At Binghamton, he left the train and went to a hotel there. He then rented an office in the principal street, placed a sign out with his name as a lawyer. For two days he remained sitting in this room until attracting the attention of his neighbors. They found he was out of his head, in fact crazy and unable to give any information as to himself. He was sent to an asylum where he remained some time, but recovering his reason, he remembered nothing after boarding the Erie cars at Jersey City. His family had received his pocketbook, etc., taken from him at the hospital on the battlefield, and had given him up for dead. His sudden return was a surprise. He was afterwards subject to these fits of aberration.

After Glendale came the fight of Malvern Hill, which was the following afternoon.

The regiment supported Thompson's battery and assisted in repulsing several assaults on it. At 2 p.m. of June 2nd, the march was resumed, and later it began to rain heavily.

At 9 p.m. Harrison Bar was reached. The men were tired out, wet through and dispirited. The whole army became indiscriminately crowded together, and the camp itself was little else than a sea of mud. Early the next morning the Rebels occupied a low long range of heights, in rear of our camp, and our reveille was the booming of rebel cannon and the falling of shot and shell into the very midst of the crowded camp. Only by the assistance of the gunboats were the enemy driven off from this position, but they simply changed ground and soon from another direction came their shells. This last incident proved conclusively the utter incapacity of the commanding general McClellan, and it was reported that he himself had taken refuge on board one of the gunboats. The brigade was now moved about a mile from the river and went into camp, without tents, rations, or knapsacks, and in a sea of mud.

In the morning early, the regiment was set at work in creating breastworks, rifle pits, etc., although the men were exhausted, the rations scanty and poor, and the heat intense. Soon more than half were on the sick list, the hospital was full, and many died. Typhoid fever, dysentery, and extreme debility were general. Disorganization, I may say demoralization, prevailed.

One day orders were given to move—the next to remain. To keep cooked rations on hand, then to leave them in camp to spoil. Rumors, confusion, vacillation were everywhere. We were constantly employed with handling the pick and shovel and doing picket duty. But as we had for three weeks worked day and night throwing up earthworks, only to abandon them for the Rebels, our labor so now continued and exhaustive, was to be of no use to us.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Three facts, to my mind, express what claim McClellan may have to being an efficient officer—first, his army was constantly engaged in digging, throwing earthworks, etc., and never fired a gun over them, were maneuvered out of them every time; second, he never attacked, was always on the defensive; third, he never won a battle. Critics might claim that the Battle of Antietam was an exception, but in that he was forced to fight, the field was accidental, and the result drawn.



Fred Pierson in camp

Problems with Clancey

Headquarters
1st Reg. N.Y.V.
July 19th, 1862

Dearest Father:

My pen is poor, and I sit propped upon stakes as I write, so don't criticize the writing. Besides, the sun shines on the top and around my tent with an effect that I believe would burn to a cinder any thermometer put outside. Heretofore you can imagine I haven't felt much like writing in detail. I will now be more prolix. But first I will tell you how I stand regimentally. I got Colonel Dyckman to send in charges against Major Clancey. For the last two weeks, he has been constantly half full of whiskey and has abused me and everyone else. Last Tuesday, he insulted me and abused the colonel; for this the charges. Well, he is, or will be placed under arrest to await his trial.

Yesterday afternoon I was relieved from Brigade office of the day and ordered to assume command of the regiment. It seems Colonel Dyckman is placed also under arrest and awaits trial. He was ordered to detail five men to a Rhode Island Battery of our brigade, the detail to leave their arms and accoutrements with their companies. He wouldn't send the detail unless they took their arms. This his offense. I am in command, and will be for some time until the result of both trials are determined. I shan't predict any result, only I fear Clancey will get clear now as Dyckman was chief witness and in his present position can't give evidence. What we principally lack here is good water. We have dug some wells twenty odd feet deep with no success; the water we get is just the color of that you can see in a mud puddle. I fear the list of sick must be terrible in the aggregate taking the whole army. We have in our regiment alone thirty in hospital, of whom most will die (they can't get in until almost dead) and 109 sick outside, laying all over without covering and little care. Most of these have the fever.

The Ramapo men are all here. Martin Conklin has the fever; the Thorps imagine themselves all sick, too.

I have attended to the box you so kindly sent me. I hope to get it by Friday or Saturday, rather.

On the 25th day of June while our camp was still miles from Richmond, our whole regiment went out on picket duty and returned to camp on the morning of the 27th. I was then ordered to take four companies and relieve the 102nd N.Y. (I think) on picket connecting on the left with the pickets of Colonel Hayman of the 37th N.Y., and on the right with those of General Abercrombie. I took my companies and finally found someone belonging to the 102nd. It was the major commanding, and he said his line had been driven in, and he didn't know where it was, etc. I found he was a perfect simpleton and his line having been driven in, he had let things be as they were.

Well, I found where the right of Colonel Hayman's pickets were, but for the life of me, couldn't get any information of Abercrombie. (It seems he had been relieved two days before). However, I went to work and established my line from the right of the 37th. I had gone on to the right placing posts, intending to do so until I connected with whatever line it was meant by Abercrombie.

Finally, on the right, I came to the connecting line. It was the 63rd Pennsylvania, a Dutch regiment. So I had my line completed on ground further advanced too, than the cowardly 102nd

had held. But just then, from across the field, (I could see the rebels while I was posting my men), came a Rebel regiment, and in two minutes from the time my line was formed, volley after volley came pouring upon us. I encouraged my men, directed them to keep cool and fire low, and hold their own. There were ten to one opposed to us and for half an hour did we keep up the unequal fight, driving back the rebels. My left was not so hard pressed and held its own, though with the loss of many a brave man. My right it seems, contended against fearful odds. The 63rd Penn. gave away at once, and falling back some two hundred yards, established their line there. This left all my right exposed and the Rebels got in my rear. I brought my reserve up, and we drove them back again, but I saw it would be too hazardous to hold my line so far ahead when I had no support on my right, and the cowardly 63rd so far back and not to be depended upon.

It was late by this time and dark. I sent in all my wounded and drew my line in to that of the 63rd, though my left I left as it was. We had another fight in the night about one or two o'clock but held our own; off skedaddled the 63rd, however. At daybreak next morning, the 28th, I again advanced my line to its first position and in ten minutes a *Rebel Brigade* came down on us. I fought my best; sent in to the General for reinforcements but of course could get none; was driven back and then drew my whole line in and established it in the rear.

Imagine my anxiety and fatigue that night. I felt how easy it was for the Rebels to cut us all off, and I trotted my reserve all over. I forgot to state that while our regiment was on picket on the 25th, we had a fight. It was on that day we had advanced our whole picket line and the fight was a pretty general one—many whole brigades were sent out; so you see it was only the second day we had held that line. The 102nd hadn't held it at all. This was what so incensed the rebels.

Part of my pickets lay along a fence, and on creeping up I could see across the field in front. In the center of the field was a house with apple trees all around. This house was always filled with rebel sharpshooters and by its side stood a field piece loaded. The line I held was the furthest advanced of all and that night, creeping to the front, I could hear the rebels call each other, talking and joking; also all the calls and drums etc., in their camps.

Well, to continue my story, I sent in a report of affairs and my actions were approved and I was directed to hold my line back. During these fights, I lost quite a number of men, and the best orderly sergeant in the regiment was taken prisoner. Two men were shot by my side.

That night orders came to draw in our whole line of pickets just along the edge of the woods in sight of our camp. I did draw in mine and the night was passed quietly, but to me of course, without sleep or rest. The night was a very dark one, and I remained with my reserve. At about four next morning of the 29th, Sunday, an aide of the general came rushing to me with word to relieve two of my companies, with two other companies, and send them in at once to get their knapsacks, etc., (two of my companies had been relieved by the two companies sent out fully equipped, etc., the afternoon before). One of these companies I relieved with my reserve, which was fully equipped for marching and hastened to the colonel to tell him to send me out another company, to relieve the other. What was my surprise to find all our troops had gone. I went to General Berry. "Draw your men in somewhat, sir," said he. "If attacked, skirmish in. If not, await orders."

Only then was I aware that my companies were the only ones out, and that I was in command of the rear guard for the present. Galloping back, I hunted through the woods and found two companies of my regiment that had been sent to report to me, but didn't do it. Just then I got orders to draw in my pickets, and I returned to camp with them and after a while joined my regiment.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

I guess you have had enough now, Father, for the first installment, and I will close. But from the 25th up to the 2nd and 3rd, I was unable to get sleep, rest or food—on duty all the while. I will write again soon, if and when you let me know you have received this.

With love to all, I am as ever,

Your affectionate son,
Fred.



This portrait of J. Fred Pierson hangs in the 7th Regiment Armory, 67th St., NYC. Painting by C. J. Fox, 1912

July 24, 1862

My dear Father:

The sun comes down like rays of fire, but as I sit in one corner of my tent with the sides all up, I get occasional puffs of air that make it endurable. I am now in command of the regiment. This

morning I commanded the brigade. Court martial took our senior officers away. Our General Berry is down with the fever. After him, I am the third ranking officer.

We marched all day of the 29th, forming once to repel the attack of our closely pressing foes. About 10 o'clock at night, we halted at a hill and lay down under arms. I slept none, the danger was too great. The morning of the 30th, we moved off the road to a position in an apple orchard, commanding the Charles City road. Here I found in a dilapidated house, an ancient couple with some six little children, and immediately opened negotiations for the purchase of some chickens, etc. The old woman strenuously insisted that she had "nary" chicken anywhere but as I had first investigated the subject *in* the house and *under* it, and had found a barrel with a board on top, said barrel containing half a dozen good fat chickens, I took the privilege of disagreeing with the old lady and like any starved man, told her that she might sell me the chickens, or part of them, that she had stowed away in the barrel under the house for a fair price, or I would help myself for nothing. She looked blank and said she reckoned I might take some of 'em for half a dollar a piece.

The old man wanted a dollar, so I split the difference and took three for seventy-five cents cash.

I then carried one of my prizes to a neighboring shanty and engaged a darkey woman residing therein to cook it for me and serve up with the addition of a hoe cake.

In half an hour your hopeful sat upon the grass devouring said chicken and a tremendous hoe cake. 'Twas the only decent meal I had had or would have in weeks. The other two chickens hung suspended from my saddle, so you might have taken me for a peddler or a poacher.

Here we got mustered, it being the last day of the month. Alas! What changes were to take place before night. Before the names of brave men were more than written to get pay from the United States, the men themselves were to lay cold in death or stiff with wounds. What then, cared they for pay?

About eleven o'clock alarm came of the enemy firing in our rear. Troops were moved to different points to check his advance. We were hastily thrown across the Charles City Road. Then firing in another direction, and another, all around us. Down the road came galloping an aide, and almost breathless, told our general the enemy were coming up another road to our rear.

In double-quick we moved across the orchard, leaving by our general's orders, knapsacks, canteens, *everything*. Winding through woods we finally were ensconced out of sight in some bushes, bordering on a field and lay close in column of divisions. I rode out and looking over the field, saw our batteries planted opposite the mouth of the road and; pouring along it, shot and shell.

The Rebels charged and charged, but swept away like chaff before the wind by our canister, and grape and musketry too supporting, fell back down the road. Then shell after shell went whizzing by after them. But now, from where we came from, or from that direction, the firing seems heavy and hot and back we march to help the weaker points.

Halfway back and it seems as though we are attacked on every side, on every side is the rifle banging and artillery roaring. Going up a road, we file into a piece of woods on one side, and again, in column of divisions, lay *in reserve*. On the opposite side of the road in the same close-drawn formation hides the brave 37th. They are reserve, too. Nearer and nearer all around us approaches the roar and din of battle. A colonel is talking earnestly with some aide who has just ridden up. The aide goes and the colonel tells me with a sad face that we are surrounded on every

side and that if we are not all captured it will be a miracle.

Nearer still comes the din from every side. I sit on my horse and meditate no pleasant thoughts. Then I hear the tread of feet and with heads erect and defiant air, some fifty Rebel prisoners pass by me, guarded well. They are fine looking fellows, large and strong, with clear defiant eyes and florid healthy faces, superior in physique to our men and not inferior in martial air. As they pass me, I feel elated and more hopeful. I turn my horse's head to where they had left the piece of woods and riding a little forward, stood watering them as they moved away.

A little way in a field in front of me stood a low long house. This was General Kearney's headquarters. As I sat on my horse quietly musing, he suddenly jumped ahead and was many feet before I could stop him. I turned back and found a shell had struck the ground just under the last rail of the fence in front of me and bounding, had struck my horse's tail and gone in the ground beyond. I found it. It was a rifled elongated percussion shell and had it struck one inch higher to hit the rail, in all probability it would have torn horse and rider to pieces. It struck beneath the soft earth and hurt no one.

The report is now brought that the enemy are whipping us on the right, and indeed we are so closely hemmed in and hard-pressed on every side that I can hear the whistle of the bullets and the shouts. Away we tear double-quick for the right but going two hundred yards are met and told that again the Rebels are driven back and that we needn't go. Then comes an order to move to the left. To the left we go and advancing up a road, the order from the colonel comes to move by the left flank. We are marching by the flank into the woods. I repeat the order, my wing to the right moves in beautifully, but I look down the line and I see the whole left wing at the about face and running down the road again, I hollered and screamed and ran. I felt disgraced and mortified. A company hears me and looks around.

I screamed, "By the left flank. Into the woods."

It stops. Then another and another, and our regiment is saved.

Oh! The feelings I had at that time were terrible. To see the whole wing cowardly running away and impotent to stop them!

But they stopped and went into the woods and then each company as it came up, I had formed on the right into line. The regiment had halted and was waiting.

Where was the major all this time? I can't find out; neither can I find out the reason of this sudden panic. No one knew why he ran, only that he saw others do it. The officers thought the order to right about was given, *so they say*.

I forgot to tell you that the entrance to the woods was so thick with brush and trees and slashings that I couldn't force Molly, my horse, through. I jumped off and told one of the men to get on and take her around. I plunged into the brush and wood after my regiment. I have never seen her since nor has the man been heard of.

Our regiment was formed in line perpendicular to the road we left to enter the woods, and the fighting appeared to be in front of us and far in to our right. The bullets would occasionally come spinning from that direction. Three of the Union regiments lay near us and soon advanced into the fight. Our regiment was moved by the flank to the rear of one of these regiments.

The firing and fighting kept getting heavier in front of us, and the regiment in front of us moved

into the woods. They disappeared. Soon we moved in also. I had seen several regiments advance into the fight in front of us, and I was apprehensive our boys would fire into them. We moved in some several hundred yards (towards the road we had entered the woods from but more to the left further up that road), and the bullets commenced flying around us very fast. Our men commenced to return the compliment and to fire away.

Just then a colonel rode up to us and said, "Don't fire on your friends. Our men are ahead." I believe him to have been a Secessionist. A Pennsylvania Regiment was on our right and was blazing away. I believed the story then, that we were firing into friends and tried to stop the firing, went in front and knocked the guns of our men up, but as I saw our brave fellows falling all around me and the bullets whistling from the front. I gave up trying to stop the fire and told them to "Go in." Our adjutant fell here.

As I stood encouraging the color company, the color sergeant by my side received a ball in his forehead and fell back a pace. Closing his teeth, he threw the colors to his neighbor and advanced to the front like a man who wished to seize his enemy. Then he fell. Poor fellow, I could not help him but in less than ten minutes, four color bearers and ten out of eleven color corporals as guard, were shot and down.

'Twas warm work, was it not? I was urging on (for we kept moving somewhat) my right companies when suddenly cries of flanked I heard and the Pennsylvania regiment to our right broke and commenced to run. The panic took and our men started, too. I quickly jumped to the rear and told them to go back. I cut the cowardly scoundrels to the right and left with my sword. I had cut two down who turned and were running away when a rush was made. I was knocked aside and the whole skedaddled I looked around to find my men and ten feet on my right I saw a Rebel color sergeant running up to me with the cursed colors in his hand and a most demoniacal grin upon his face. He was somewhat ahead, but his regiment was running close behind.

My first impulse was to shoot him but as I touched my pistol, I saw they would surround me and concluded to skedaddle. Fortunately most of their guns had been fired at us before they charged our flank and as I turned to run, I found one big rebel coming up to me from the rear. His impetus was great, his bayonet for my body. I turned it and grabbing him, I pushed him so in the direction he was going as to send him spinning far to one side. Then if I didn't run no one ever did. The bullets whistled all around but not one struck me. I took to the trees as much as possible. I overtook one of our captains of the left and he said that the left wing too, had been out flanked and put to flight.

Just a little further was Colonel Dyckman and Captain Coster trying to rally their men. He seized one of the colors to rally them on but as he seized it a volley was poured into them, a ball struck Coster in the face, and the men fell further back.

Enough until next time,

Yours affectionately,
Fred

July 26, 1862, Saturday
Tophet, James River, Va.

Dear Father,

Yesterday I sent a letter to you and one to Hamilton and also one to Henry and Billy Wallace by the hands of our Chaplain Jones, who has resigned and leaves this morning for Washington. I still spoke of getting on General Hallock's staff—but to continue with the story of the fight.

I tried to rally my men or the stragglers at the position taken by Coster and the colonel (I am presuming you received my last letter), but soon saw we were still under fire and that it would be impossible. I went further to the rear, out of the woods and bushes entirely, into a large open field and found a regiment lying close along the edge of the woods waiting the word to go in. Here I called on the men of the First to rally. Soon the colors came out and seizing them I begged every man to stand to his colors. Many rallied and got them in line and as each straggler appeared, he fell in, too. Many stragglers from other regiments joined us and soon by dint of talking, etc., I had formed a line of some two hundred men. But *three* of our officers remained. Then the colonel appeared and, completely exhausted, I turned the command over to him and lay down against a stump.

While rallying the men, poor Jack Coster came from the woods and passed me. His face was bound up in a handkerchief and the whole besmeared with blood that still trickled down upon his uniform. He could not speak, the brave fellow, but he waved encouragingly and walked on to the rear as erect and cool as ever. Then the bullets commenced to whistle once more around us from the woods and the regiment before referred to jumped up and darted in the forest, cheering.

The firing soon was heavy. We lay close to the edge of the woods as reserve, to move forward if the Rebels gained any advantage. After some twenty minutes firing, we heard cheers, real Union cheers, and we knew the Rebels were giving way. The firing continued for an hour, uncertain and slow, and then as darkness came on, ceased altogether.

We held the woods. I was sent to report to any high official, our own general if possible, and stating circumstances, receive orders. As I passed over the field now enveloped in darkness, I stumbled upon the 69th lying in reserve, and one of General Meagher's Brigade. I continued on, but finding only hospitals and scattered regiments, returned and reported to the colonel advising him to act independently.

We moved across the field and stumbled directly on our brigade. Kearney ordered our regiment to go out on picket, and ordered me to collect all stragglers.

Our Major Clancey had not been seen since we first entered the woods, nor did he turn up until a day or two afterwards when he was found at the river. He had left post-haste when the firing commenced, and never turned around until he came to the James River, so valiant a warrior have we for our major!

Off our regiment started on picket. I had some four men to commence with and put them on post with instructions to stop all stragglers and inquire if they belonged to the First N.Y. Moving on, in half an hour I had found some forty of the First and then stumbled on some fifty more collected by an officer, and safely posted far to the rear. Establishing posts of inquiry, in company with an officer, Lieut. Shaw, of Co. C., I walked over to a large low house in the center of the field which had been used and appropriated as a hospital. Before we came near the house we found wounded

men scattered over the grass all around. They had been brought there, dumped down, and without any covering or shelter, lay in the damp grass, wounds undressed and uncared for.

In talking with Shaw my voice was recognized, and while carefully picking my way through and around these brave men, "Colonel Pierson" was heard in piteous calls from every side. It seemed as though half the regiment lay wounded around me. I stopped many times before I reached the house and spoke a momentary consoling word to many of our poor men. Just as I reached the house, one voice, faint and weak, attracted my attention. It came from the man lying at my feet. I stooped down and just then the light reflected from a window, and I recognized one of our color sergeants, or bearers.

"I am bleeding to death," said he faintly. "My whole left leg is shattered to pieces."

I carefully felt down his leg and could feel the shattered bones protruding, while his pants were saturated with blood.

"Wait a minute," I said, "and I will try to get you in the house."

I entered the house. In the room I entered were some dozen wounded men lying on the floor around. In the center was a table covered with blood and instruments. This table fairly floated in blood while beneath it a stiffened arm and foot told of the purpose it was used. A surgeon stood near. I asked him if any officers of the First were in the Hospital.

"One," said he, and leading the way to a little room, I entered and found poor Melville stretched upon a bed. Between his delirious moments, he gave me a pocketbook he said Coster had given him to send to his mother in case he fell, and also his own. I kept Coster's and, and talking with Skelton, a fine fellow, the surgeon spoken of (of the 87th N.Y.), he told me he was going to be taken prisoner to take care of these wounded officers. I gave Melville's pocketbook to him, with \$100.00 therein, with instructions to embalm his body and send it to his mother. He assured me Melville could not live forty-eight hours. The bullet was deep into his brains. He is now in New York.

As I passed the door of another room opening into the first room, I saw some dozen surgeons, etc., sitting around, drinking punch and smoking, joking, etc., while so many lay dying outside.

Going outside, the Count Porges (do you remember him?) met me. His finger had been shot off, and he asked me to come and see Berg, his captain. He led the way, and carefully stepping over men who shrieked at the idea, brought me to an object drawn up and shivering beneath a little tree upon the grass. 'Twas the captain, and getting another man, he, with Shaw and myself, carried him into the house and laid him on the bed by the side of Melville. Then I went out and we brought in the dying Swindl, the color sergeant, and laid him on the floor his feet fairly in the blood that ran from the butcher's table in the center of the room. He was grateful, poor fellow, but his strength gave out in expressing it. I was continuing my labors when an order came for all men able to walk or crawl to start forward for the river, that the army was again retreating.

I hurried to my men and found that regiment after regiment and batteries and all had begun to move long before; and that we were going to be left alone. Calling in my posts and men, I started too, and following the general current, by daybreak I found myself close to the James River. Marching on, I found my brigade, and soon the regiment came up. No more at present.

Yours affectionately,
Fred.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Headquarters First Regiment, N.Y.V.
August 11th, 1862.

Dear Father:

Your letter of the 9th covering two receipts of Adams Express Co. came to hand yesterday, or rather last night. There is in anticipation here a grand movement, a brilliant retrograde manoeuvre perhaps a masterly and final skedaddle.

For two days the whole camp has been kept in a great suspense by orders to move and orders to remain, orders to keep on hand cooked rations to march and plenty of time given for such rations to spoil. Rumors here and confusion everywhere; in fact everything goes on or off in quite a McClellan-like manner.

I momentarily expect the order to march and the regiment is prepared. We have cut up our wedge tents into shelter ones and boiled "Old Horse" for two days in advance.

After reflection, I sent in my order for recruiting detail and if the colonel, acting Brigadier, chooses to alter it he can do so. I consequently may possibly go to New York in a day or two and probably will not go at all. If the prospect is for fighting here, I shall not go.

The general opinion is that we (the army) are to fall back on Yorktown, and then embark for the Potomac or Rappahannock. My next may consequently be dated from Yorktown. If the boys desire commission, I could probably be of service to them in some way or other.

Give my love to all at home, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,
Fred.

On the fifteenth of August, we evacuated Harrison Bar, on the 19th reached Yorktown, and on the 20th embarked on transports for Alexandria. We reached there on the 22nd and the same day took cars on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad for Warrenton Junction, which place we reached at two a.m. of the 23rd in a severe rain storm. At daylight an advance of two miles was made and the construction of rifle pits and earthworks begun as usual.

Arrested, Captured and Lost My Sword

Here I will insert verbatim a letter written by me, dated Warrenton Junction:

August 25th, 1862

Dear Father:

I have but few chances to write you now. One of General Birney's aides goes to Washington today and will mail this. I have had some hard and vexatious work lately. Leaving Yorktown on the steamer Coatzacoalcas, arrived at Alexandria the 21st. I left Colonel Dyckman at Yorktown under arrest. Major Clancey came with the regiment, also under arrest, awaiting sentence. Landing at Alexandria I had but eleven commissioned officers and no sooner had we touched shore when all of them but two went away leaving me positively alone with 580 of the hardest characters New York City could produce and in a city where liquor was to be had on every side. I marched the regiment to the railroad running from Alexandria to here and then was obliged to remain in the street for four or five hours, awaiting cars.

In spite of my exertions my men obtained liquor and many became drunk. Some of the officers were arrested in the street for drunkenness. I personally threw ten men in the cars who were dead drunk. As we left the city five officers returned, but they were no longer needed. Clancey, Coles, Duncan, Leslie and the adjutant were left in Alexandria. General Birney saw the whole affair and probably considers the regiment bad and undisciplined, and attributes it to me. At any rate, yesterday he relieved me of command of it, ordering a major from another regiment to assume command, and ordered me to report to Colonel Ward of the 38th N.Y. for duty.

Last night, to my surprise I received an order from Birney as follows:

"Lieut.-Col. Pierson, 1st N.Y.Vols., is hereby ordered under arrest. He will report himself immediately at Bristow Station."

This Bristow is ten miles from here, and I am now awaiting a train to go there. I have not the remotest idea of the cause of my arrest and do not fear the result, but I am disgusted with my regiment. The men all like me and have always obeyed me. When on the cars from Alexandria, they gave me three cheers whenever I passed along, and you know *in vino veritas*. I think if I were in New York, I might obtain command of one of the new regiments. I am told Dyckman was seen drunk at Newport News. I have arrested the officers who are here and who left in Alexandria and have taken a determined part. I have the consciousness of having done all duties faithfully, and I think successfully. All my 7th regiment gentlemen officers are detached from the regiment on different generals' staffs but one, Leland, and he is here. Other officers are wounded or away sick and there are some vacancies. If Dyckman had been good for anything there would be no trouble now.

Bristow Station was a short distance from Manassas which was the depot of supplies for the army under Pope, stationed along the Rapidan River confronting Lee. One company held the station in which was the telegraph office. Opposite the railroad track near the station was a large square white house where the officers of the company stayed and where were several other officers who had been ordered there, as I had been. I joined the number. The guerrillas had been very active at this time and had captured posts and cut the wires in all directions.

At tea the evening of my arrival, this subject had been discussed and what should be done in case

the guerrillas attacked the place. After tea, which was had in the basement with two other officers, I went out on the portico in front of the house. Here one of the officers, a heavy stout man, declared that in case the guerrillas came in force he would crawl through a small door leading from the bedroom he occupied under the eaves of the roof. His roommate laughingly replied he was too fat to do so and this led to our visiting the room together, when it was seen that the man in question was far too stout to pass through the opening. We returned to the portico but were hardly seated when Rebel Yells suddenly arose in front of us. We saw the Rebel cavalry come charging and shouting.

We were unarmed and all started to run. I ran through the wide hall that was in the middle of the house to the back door which was open. Through this and down the steps with the view of making for the woods some distance in the rear of the house. But the Rebels were charging on all sides, firing and shouting like so many fiends. Not far from the house was a small stable and a pile of straw near it. I ran for this, thinking to hide in the straw under cover of the darkness, for it was now quite dark, but now the horsemen were everywhere and before I was half covered a bullet cut the straw at my head and a voice yelled, "Come out of there, you damn Yank."

Bullets now came from direction of the house and the charge of the Rebels was halted. Other officers than myself had been captured, and one Lieut. Shaw of my regiment was ordered with pistols at his head to go to the house and demand surrender of it, as from the many shots coming from that direction, it was supposed that the house was garrisoned. Lieut. Shaw said, "I am not the ranking officer. They would not obey me," and pointing to me, continued, "Tell him. He is in command."

At once pistols were turned on me, and I was ordered to go to the house and stop the firing, or I would be shot. I answered, "Then fire away, for I will not do it." But the same second, fortunately for me, a cry of "There's no one in the house. It's our men on the other side," arose, and the attention of my captors was diverted.

The rebels proved to be Jeb Stuart's whole cavalry force of thousands of men, and the movement was the one made by Jackson around Pope's right flank to strike his rear. In this movement many Union prisoners had been taken, and we were added to the number, and all huddled together beneath some trees near Manassas Station with a strong guard about us.

I had left in the house a sword that had been given to me by an Uncle Edward Pierson, and I did not wish to lose track of it, so I induced the officer of our guard to let me interview General Stuart who was in bivouac not far off. I found him with his officers at a late tea about the camp fire and told him about my sword, asking if he would have it inquired for as I would pay a good ransom for its safety. He was a small spare man, with dark beard and eyes. He was pleasant, gave orders to do as I asked and even offered some of his frugal supper, which I declined with thanks.

The next morning we were held not far from the bridge over Bull Run, in view of the enormous buildings at Manassas which were full of U.S. supplies, to the amount of millions of dollars. The rebels had tapped our wires and knew of the movements of our trains, our detachments, and of our plans. They hastily tore up the track crossing Bull Run, and then placing soldiers on both sides of the track for a distance from it, awaited the coming trains from Pope's army in front. The first train approached, was fired at from ambush. The engineer put on all speed to run through, and coming to the Bull Run, the engine fairly jumped the span, striking the abutment on the farther

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

side, was literally covered with the following cars that piled themselves on top. There were not many soldiers in the train, fortunately, but most of them were killed.

Then they awaited the next train, but the firing began too soon and the engineer, instead of putting on steam, reversed his engine and retreated safely. This was the first intimation given to Pope of this movement to his rear—the return of the train.

Then the Rebel Army passed by regiments in front of the enormous buildings at Manassas, and each soldier received new shoes and beans and crackers and clothes, and what he needed. After all were satisfied the cars were run together, everything piled up with the buildings, and all were fired. The flames at night fairly seemed to reach the heavens. It was a conflagration of millions of dollars of Union property.

Here I want to mention the story about the fat officer of the Michigan Regiment who could not pass through the small opening to under the eaves of the house. He had, on the Rebel shout being heard, run upstairs to his room and under the influence of necessity and fear *had* passed the opening and hidden himself under the roof. It seems that he had made himself agreeable to a young daughter of the house who was Union in her views, and she had heard him mention this opening when the guerrilla question had come up at tea. So she visited this place and discovered him, and afterwards took him food, etc. He was obliged to be in his hiding place several days. General Stonewall Jackson took the room under him, and he afterwards said that he could hear Jackson praying out loud, supplicating the help of the Lord, etc., in the cause. Later he escaped and returned to his regiment but was killed later on.



I could obtain no information as to my sword but years after the war was over, I came into possession of it in a singular way.

In July, 1869, a friend sent me a slip cut from the N. Y. Tribune, July 9th, which read as follows:

“Mr. L. N. Fewell, of Manassas, Va., has in his possession, having picked it up on the field of battle, the sword formerly belonging to Lieut. Col. J. Fred Pierson, First New York Volunteers. Mr. Fewell, who was a Confederate soldier is anxious to restore the weapon to the friends of Colonel Pierson. On the scabbard is the inscription, “A testimonial of regard to Lieut. Col. J. Fred Pierson, First New York State Volunteers, the patriot and soldier”.

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I answered this advertisement and suggested sending Mr. Fewell a handsome shotgun in exchange for the sword. This was done and the sword is still in my possession.

Certain prisoners taken at this time were paroled, and to one of these I gave a hastily scrawled lead-pencil note as follows:

"H. L. Pierson, Esq.
24 Broadway

I am now with Jackson's Army at Manassas and expect to be marched to Richmond at once. Am a prisoner with about twenty officers and one thousand privates. Was taken honorably,

Yours,

Fred."



Libby Prison

This paroled prisoner reached Washington and mailed this scrawl to its address which was the first intimation my family had of the matter.

By morning our numbers were greatly increased. New prisoners were brought in streams.

At daylight we were ordered to fall in and all that day were marched about, but only to pass the succeeding night within a short distance of the bivouac of the night before. Our position was made the more disagreeable because of the persistent reports of discomfiture to our army. We were repeatedly told that Pope had been obliged to surrender, that the Confederates were about to march on Washington, and nothing intervened to stop them, etc., etc., and the almost continuous firing of cannon and arms and the accession of prisoners seemed to confirm these stories.

The third day we were started to march to Richmond. There were between one and two thousand prisoners. Two by two, and sometimes four abreast, our line was a long one, on either side of which were the guards. Placed somewhat according to rank, I was at the head of the line. Except a few crackers we had received no rations and were weak and exhausted at the start, but after two days march with nothing to eat except some little corn we had picked passing over a farm and some apples obtained in the same way, the whole lot were in a miserable condition. Many were so weak they could not rise unassisted from the ground but being up, after some steps, could still plod on. Many finally fell exhausted and these were left to the tender mercies of sullen guards and vindictive guerrillas. Probably none escaped alive. Finally we approached Gordonsville. With three others, I induced the guard to let us push ahead and see if we could obtain anything to eat for the prisoners. We gave our oath not to escape and under a strong guard, were allowed to do so.

We went to the hotel, arriving there about dark, and obtained a wretched tea after which I passed from the hall out on the stoop, and was about to step down from this when I heard a man say, "I'll fix the damned Yank," and was aware that in the darkness I had not seen several tough-looking characters standing near. I was nevertheless about to go when one of our guard came running up and ordered me back in the house. He told me the men were only watching a chance to *poignard* one of us under a bet and that had I left the stoop as I intended, I had certainly been killed.

We went to a hospital that had been made there in which many of our wounded soldiers had been taken wounded in previous fights about there. We found several northern women acting as nurses and several of our army surgeons. We all fell to work making biscuits and frying bacon and worked all night.

In the meantime our prisoners had bivouacked on a hill outside of the town. At about daybreak the little cavalcade from the hospital, loaded with biscuits, etc., arrived at this bivouac. The reception was pathetic. Our poor emaciated men were lined up and the provisions divided. Such a fervent yell of enthusiasm and gratitude to our noble women was seldom heard. One of them was from Maine, young, sweet, and sympathetic. Of a rough family, she had left all to nurse our soldiers. She was a representative of a noble number and if the gratitude and prayers of that poor lot of prisoners was of avail, her future was secure.

We arrived in Richmond at night and encountered a great crowd. Coming to a standstill at one

time with the crowd pressing around, I felt a hand reach out and seize mine and a voice whispered in my ear, "God bless you, my boy, you are right." I shall never forget what a magic influence it had upon my spirits. Starved, dirty, forlorn, to find suddenly a friend was near and if one, why not many?

Arrived at Libby, each officer was searched and everything taken from him. He was questioned and entered in the register as number so and so, and assigned to his floor and room.

I was put in the second floor, a room that extended from the street to the rear, and was one of ninety others in this room. The uniform I had on was the worse for wear, for the ten days sleeping on the ground had not improved these or my underwear, and yet they were destined to be all I should have for many weary weeks to come.

Libby Prison having been a storage warehouse, the floors were about an inch thick of molasses, and sugar drainage and tobacco, etc. The windows had no sashes, only bars of iron. In one end, next to the James River, the water was introduced. There was a trough about six feet long and a foot deep. This trough was divided into two halves by a board in the middle and a single faucet was in each half. One half of this trough was for washing both persons and clothes. The other half was the sink, the toilet and as the board that divided the trough was shrunken and too small, there was virtually one sink for all purposes.

Strict orders were given that no prisoner should approach the windows. Shortly after my arrival, an officer having washed his face was wiping it with the only towel one had, which was part of his shirt. With this substitute for a towel covering his eyes, he inadvertantly walked near the window when a boy sentinel below fired a bullet through his neck killing him and wounding another prisoner in the room above. We expostulated against such cruelty with the effect of having this sentinel promoted to be sergeant for his faithful discharge of orders.

The door on the landing opened sometimes thrice, but generally two times daily when men escorted by a strong guard entered the room. The guard remained at the door. The men brought in some pails and some coarse bread, sometimes crackers. These they deposited on the floor and then retired. The pails in the morning had what we took to be a weak solution of barley or grain. In the middle of the day the pails contained an equally weak solution of some kind of stuff, while the dregs of which the soup was made were also occasionally thrown upon the floor. We formed a soup committee and a bread committee, and these committees took charge of these provisions. Some one of the prisoners had in some way smuggled in a tin cup. We had all taken places along the two sides of the room according to rank and these places were numbered. Each one slept on the floor opposite his number and took position there when ordered to fall in, which was at least once a day when the roll of prisoners was called.

The soup would be brought in and the committee carried it along the line of prisoners in their assigned places in the smuggled tin cup, and gave to each one in succession a cup full. The bread in charge of the bread committee was passed along in the same way.

On one occasion a pathetic incident occurred. General Pope, having issued an order that certain Confederates taken within our lines should be hung as spies, General Lee in retaliation, issued an order that double the number of Union prisoners should be taken from those confined in Libby Prison and be hung. The first intimation we had of it was when a Rebel officer appeared under

the usual guard in our room and after we had been ordered to fall in, read the order which ended by stating that four of these condemned officers would be taken from our number. These four could be determined by lot. Ninety pieces of paper, all of same size, of which four were number 1, 2, 3, 4, were placed in a box and being passed along the line, each was to draw one. Those drawing the numbers were to be taken out to be hanged.

In deep silence the fatal box was passed along the line and each countenance watched. The four unhappy ones stepped from the line and the rest of us bid them good-bye with sorrow and with tears. Surrounded by the guard they were taken away, as they and as we supposed, to be shot.

Instead we learned later they were placed in a lower dungeon and chained, awaiting instructions from headquarters.

General Pope, on becoming aware of the action of General Lee, receded from his position and the four officers were later returned to their prison chamber.

By means of a hole made through the floors, communication was had between the prisoners. Small pieces of paper could be exchanged in this way. At one time Richmond was very feebly garrisoned, which necessitated Lee calling for all reinforcements possible. Through this interchange of communication above mentioned and the knowledge derived from our chaplains and surgeons, this state of affairs became known and a general plan was worked up of escape, in fact, of possible capture of Richmond.

Belle Isle on the James River, not far above Libby Prison was crowded with Union prisoners or soldiers. The plan was that at a concerted time, we were, in each room, to overpower our guards, take their arms and unite with our privates who were to do the same thing at Belle Isle, and we were to help ourselves to arms and supplies and fight our way to freedom.

This plan was well worked out and the day set for carrying it out. Whether the Rebel authorities obtained information concerning it or it was mere chance, I have never learned, but the unfortunate fact was, that just before the day assigned, a brigade of North Carolina troops and other reinforcements entered Richmond and our guards were increased and the uprising made too uncertain to risk. Not a thing was allowed to reach us. I found out later on that a number of packages were sent to me by way of, or under protection of flag of truce, but nothing ever reached me. Consequently the clothes one had on when incarcerated, used day and night, soon became pretty bad and no doubt added greatly to the terrible mortality among the prisoners.

Every day many rough pine boxes bearing some of our number were carried off but their places were soon taken by new arrivals. An officer of a Michigan regiment had somehow retained possession of a pack of cards, and he taught me cribbage. We scraped off a place on the floor, made pegs from a splinter cut from a post and had our board. Many a weary hour it helped me to live through. The cards became so dirty it was difficult to tell them apart, but I would not have taken a large price for them. The prison was infested with vermin. Every day at a stated hour each prisoner at his assigned post removed all his clothes and searched for the vermin. An extra cup of soup was the daily reward of the one who presented the largest louse. There was a louse committee composed of three prisoners who sat on the floor in the middle of the room with a level spot scraped in front of them on the floor. Every now and then a man would bring a good fat subject he believed worthy of the competition and place it on the spot for the inspection of the

committee. The committee gave their decision as to the merits of the candidates, which would decide who was the lucky person to have the extra plate of soup. Of course, this contest gave occasion for much merriment and contention. Sometimes to decide a hotly aggrieved contestant could appeal from the decision of the committee, in which case a trial was had before a jury and argued by lawyers on both sides.

Early one morning I was much pleased to hear my name called out, and I was told to fall in for exchange. With a number of other officers and many privates I was put on board the Rebel Exchange boat, and we went down the James River until we met the Union boat where an exchange of prisoners was made. The difference in the appearance and condition of the two sides was great. The Rebel prisoners we returned were as well clad as our own soldiers and were stout healthy-looking men while the Union prisoners presented a most pitiable spectacle in rags and filth, with sunken cheeks and emaciated forms. They confirmed the unquestioned policy of the Rebels to kill their prisoners rather than return them.

Court Martial

I was paroled and released from Libby, went to Annapolis and then to Washington. The exchange took place on October 6, 1862. I went to Willard's Hotel and sent the following letter:

Annapolis, Md. 1862

Brig. Gen. Birney
Comanding 1st Battery

Sir:

In justice to myself, I very respectfully lay before you the following statements, and beg your consideration of the same. My regiment, the First New York Volunteers, left Harrison's Landing for Yorktown the fifteenth ult. Colonel Dyckman being in command of the brigade, I assumed his regimental duties. Colonel Dyckman, unable to forget that in acting the Brigadier, he ceased to be a Colonel, was constantly interfering between myself and regiment. On the 18th, I expostulated with him on this point, and he at once ordered me under arrest, remarking that Captain Coles would do a God-darned sight better than myself. On the 19th, he himself was placed under arrest by, I believe, General Kearney, and Colonel Poe of the 2nd Michigan Regt. relieved him in command of the Brigade. Until our arrival at Yorktown, he rode in his proper place at the rear of my regiment. As the regiment was about embarking here for Alexandria, he left it, thus breaking his arrest and proceeded to Newport News. At this latter place, he was publicly reprimanded by General Richardson for drunkenness, and being absent from his command. Major James T. Clancey being under arrest and awaiting sentence of a court martial, the regiment was from the 18th commanded by the senior captain., William L. Coles. At Yorktown, I made representation of the matter to General Kearney.

About embarking on board the steamer Coatzocoalcos, my regiment was transferred to your brigade, and by your order I was released from arrest. Arriving at Alexandria I found I had the following commissioned officers for duty:

William L. Coles, Capt. Co. C
James C. Shaw, Lieut Co. C
William F. Allen, Lieut. Co. F
John C. Campbell, Lieut. Co. A
Henry C. Horton, Lieut. Co. D
George W. Duncan, Lieut. Co. E
Francis L. Leland, Capt. Co. H
Alfred Fiedberg, Lieut. Co. I
Norman B. Leslie, Lieut. Co. K

Captain Joseph Yeamans, Co. E. had been made acting major by Colonel Dyckman, and I continued him in that position. Arriving off of Alexandria, Major Clancey immediately went ashore, thus breaking his arrest and remained absent from the regiment until the 5th inst.

We arrived Thursday the 21st of August. Disembarking, I was ordered to march to the Alexandria Depot and take the cars. Before leaving the dock, I informed the officers of this, saying that they were now fighting and that not an officer must leave the regiment. I left Lieut. Leslie in charge of the baggage and then had but eight line officers.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Arriving at the depot, I was obliged to halt and await the train and I then found that William L. Coles, Capt. Co. C, James C. Shaw, Lieut. Co. C, William F. Allen, Lieut. Co. F, George W. Duncan, Lieut. E Co., Charles W. Wright, Lieut. Co. G, and acting adjutant had all deserted the regiment without my knowledge or permission, leaving their companies totally without command.

This left me with but four line officers and two of them, I regret to say, were for a time absent without permission. As Acting Major Yeamans and myself were thus left almost alone with the regiment, I grieve to say that we were unable to prevent many of the men from procuring liquor and in consequence several disgraceful fights.

After waiting four hours, I placed the regiment on board the train. Lieut James C. Shaw here joined his command in a drunken state.

Arriving at Warrenton on the 22nd, I was placed in General Robinson's Brigade and marched to the front on the 23rd. I again reported to your command and while seizing the very first opportunity I had had to write out charges, etc., against the above officers and to otherwise regulate the disordered affairs of the regiment, to my unutterable astonishment and mortification I received your order transferring me to the 38th New York, and placing an officer of inferior rank in my place. I reported to the 38th and later in the evening was handed your second order placing me under arrest for no assigned cause, and directing me to report to Bristow Station.

I obeyed and arriving at that place found my associates there were officers who were all charged with heavy dereliction of duty, and was only left to surmise that I was considered by you on an equal footing.

The next day, I was taken by the enemy and subsequently thrown into a Richmond prison, while the disgraceful fact that I was captured while under arrest at the rear of the army was published in the papers.

As my conscience, sir, and my memory, both acquit me of ever having neglected my duty, or committed any military offence or proven myself incompetent to fully maintain the position I held, you can well see how anxious I am to have this whole affair sifted and arranged, and to understand for what I was first relieved from the command of my regiment, and then so publicly disgraced. Had I continued a few days longer with my regiment, the worthless officers named within would have been got rid of, and their places filled. As it is, I shall ever object to serving in the same regiment with them. In conclusion, sir, I would respectfully request of you a court of inquiry at the earliest moment, and,

I beg to remain,

Your most ob't sv't
J. Fred Pierson
Lt. Col. 1st Reg., N.Y.V.

This letter had following endorsements:

Annapolis, Md. Sept. 15, 1862

J. Fred Pierson, Lt. Col. 1st Reg. N.Y.V. gives statement of the conduct of officers of the regiment and asks for a court of inquiry upon his own case. Headquarters Defenses of Potomac, Arlington, September 20, 1862

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Hd. Quarters Defenses, South of the Potomac, Arlington,
Sept. 19, 1862. Respectfully forwarded.

W. Heintzelman, Maj. Gen.

Returned to Gen. Heintzelman for his opinion.

Maj. Gen. Banks

Referred to General Birney for investigation and report.

Major Gen. Heintzelman

Referred to General Berry.

Brig. Gen. Birney

General Berry endorses: I would recommend that the officers of the regiment now under arrest be dismissed from the service, or that the regiment be disbanded and the men thereof be incorporated with the 37th N.Y. as by the recommendation of the General Commanding the division

General Birney endorses: Respectfully forwarded. The recommendation of General Berry approved. There are vacancies sufficient in the New York 37th regiment to provide positions for the competent commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the 1st N.Y.

Wm. Heintzelman endorses: I would prefer to see the officers mentioned tried and punished in preference to re-transferring the men, and then breaking up the regiment.

General Banks forwards: General returned it to General Banks endorsing the course suggested by Heintzelman. Meets with the approval of the commanding general.

Forwarded down to Colonel Pierson to report "what officers referred to have been dismissed the services and present condition of regiment, etc., etc."

Willard's Hotel, Washington, D. C.
September 16, 1862

Brig. General Berry
Commanding 3d Brigade

General:

I enclose herein a copy of my letter to General Birney of the 15th inst., and also charges against Colonel Garrett Dyckman, Captain William L. Coles, Lieuts. Shaw, Allen, Duncan and Wright. Also against Major Clancey. I beg you to give my letter to General Birney your careful perusal, as it is in vindication of myself and explains how I came to be under arrest. You will see the importance of acting upon the charges, and being myself away from my regiment, I ask for it, your kind care. I also enclose copy of my letter to Sec'y Stanton, and copy of the letter to General Birney, explanatory of its back date, and you can then understand all that I have done.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. Fred Pierson
Lt. Col. 1st Reg. N.Y.V.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Headquarters 1st Regiment N.Y.V.
Baaletton, August 24, 1862

Hon. Edwin M. Stanton
Secretary of War
Washington

Sir:

My regiment attached to General Birney's Brigade, General Kearney's Division, and General Heintzelman's Corps d'Armee, Army of the Potomac, left Yorktown the 20th inst. for Alexandria and at once proceeded to the front. Before arriving at Yorktown, Colonel Garrett Dyckman had been placed under arrest and had marched to the point of embarkation at the rear of the regiment. He then left the regiment and has not reported since, thus he not alone has broken his arrest, but is at present a deserter.

Capt. William L. Coles, Co. C
Actg. Adj't. Charles W. Wright, 2nd Lt. Co. G
William L. Allen, 2nd Lt. CO. F
George W. Duncan, 1st Lt. Co. E

all deserted at Alexandria, and have failed to report since.

As the desertion of these officers at the moment of reaching Alexandria was directly against my orders, as it left their companies in each case totally without command and a time when their services were most needed, as they knew the regiment was ordered to proceed at once to the front where fighting was going on, and as all of them have proved themselves to be worthless officers, if not cowards, I respectfully ask that they be at once dishonorably dismissed the service of the United States. The exactions of service in the field does not permit of charges and court martials, and it is absolutely necessary for the good of the public service that the position these officers have disgraced be filled at once.

Willard's Hotel
Washington, September 17, 1862

Brigadier General Birney

Sir:

The document enclosed addressed to the Secretary of War, I had written roughly just at the moment of my being placed under arrest by you, and the chances of war have prevented my sending it before.

If you would be kind enough to forward it, with this explanation of its back date, it may yet benefit the public service.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. Fred Pierson,
Lt. Col. 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

AMERICAN TELEGRAPH COMPANY
General Office, 145 Broadway

Washington, Sept. 17, 1862

To: H.L. Pierson, Esq., Jr.
24 Broadway

I am here trying to get a furlough am paroled until exchanged.

J. Fred Pierson,
Willards Hotel

Headquarters 1st Regt., N.Y. Vols.
Camp near Fairfax Seminary
Wednesday, Sept. 17, 1862

Lt. Col. J. Fred Pierson
1st Regt., N.Y. Vols.

Dear Sir:

I am informed by Dr. Howe that he met you in Alexandria this p.m., and that he there modified the original certificate so as to preclude the necessity of making out a new one.

I have to inform you there is a rumor prevailing in camp of a project *to consolidate our regiment with the 37th N.Y.* The course pursued by Col. D. tends to favor such a consummation; for he generally keeps a number of the few available officers he has under arrest, so that it must appear to his superiors that he has no officers left to command his men. I do believe, unless you get exchanged and have command soon, *and also get rid of a number of worthless officers now in the regiment*, it will go into dissolution or be consolidated; either of which results will probably leave all our officers without commands.

I hope you will not give us up. I do assure you, *every man* in the regiment, whose opinion is worth *anything* most earnestly desires to see you in command. And I think for myself that is my only hope, and I think it is determined to get rid of me, with others. I think also, that Col. D. is a mere instrument in the hands of more cunning schemers. For it is a fact, not possible to be overlooked that of late he has not been his proper self. I should add, he has been more like himself for two or three days back than before for a great number of days.

I beg you will remember this request I make which is that you will advise me in reference to my course. There is nothing in this world so dear to me as my reputation. I have never in my military experience neglected any known duty, and I think you know the last thing in the world I would do would be to leave my regiment, to shirk duty or danger. The possibility of being ignominiously dismissed the service on so shameful a charge, a charge of which my own conscience assures me I am innocent, the *idea* of such a result is terrible to my feelings. Perhaps in my anxiety, I exaggerate the probability or the possibility. I fear the Col. by the instigation of those who are playing upon his credulity, may send in to headquarters an *ex parte* statement that will prevent me from obtaining a fair decision. This is my only fear. He certainly seems for some reason, determined to couple my case with others and thus to make us all appear in the same case. What I want, is, if I am to be subjected to the disgrace of such a report, to have my case presented

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

by itself and judged on its own merits. But I hope, of course, you will soon be with us, and all will be well. If you have command, and are the Colonel of this regiment, we may yet do something effectual to serve the country in this time of her greatest trial. If you do not, I have but little hope of accomplishing anything, and only wait to get honorably out of the regiment and go home to my family.

Your most obedient servant,
E. Van Tuyl, Capt., etc.

Willard's Hotel
Washington, D. C.
October 3d, 1862

My dear Father,

Dyckman, I learn from a letter just received by me from one of my lieutenants, was arrested yesterday by Birney. Clancey was tried again the same day, and Campbell, the Lieutenant, thinks will be broken for the second time.

Your affectionate son,
Fred.

Willard's Hotel
October 5th, 1862

My dear Father,

Colonel Arden placed my papers in the hands of the adjutant general of General Hallock, and the latter referred them to General Birney with directions to endorse an explanation upon them, and return them immediately to headquarters. I have been awaiting here the return of those documents. Yesterday afternoon, as I sat in the writing room downstairs, conversing with our quartermaster, General Birney entered and seated himself nearby. I went towards him prepared to receive a cold informal reception, and equally determined to reciprocate with corresponding hauteur. To my surprise, he at once extended his hand, and gave me a very warm recognition, remarking that he "was glad to see me". He said in reply to a question that *General Kearney* placed me under arrest, *and much against his protestation*, that he did not know the reason of Kearney's action, but supposed it was because of the bad conduct of the regiment at Alexandria, that at that place, Kearney asked him who commanded the First, and he replied that I did. Whereupon, he said, "It's a disgrace," or something of that nature.

Birney also said that the day before he had received my complaints from headquarters (as related above), and had returned it. He said, "Lt. Col. Pierson was placed under arrest by the orders of General Kearney, and *I do not know for what*, that no charges have been preferred, and that *I have none to prefer*." So, my dear Father, the mountain has at last brought forth a mouse, and a very little one at that. Released from command, arrested, captured, paroled, dirty, starved and lousy; and for the time, disgraced too, I at last turn up again and with a *very saffron hue* demand from the author of these petty troubles, the reasons of his conduct.

With a very smiling face, he condescendingly tells me that *he doesn't know*, or *any other man*, I mentally infer.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

General Birney informed me that Dyckman was under armed arrest, and would be tried by court martial and commission both, and also advised me to join the regiment. I expect to do the last tomorrow, as my presence seems desired by officers (those who possess clean consciences and some self-respect), and men, and may be of good in other matters. I do not feel much like going to work just now, but perhaps would feel still less so by and by. I think I am better, however, *in color*. I send by mail, etc., a few papers that I wish you would have put in my room or kept for me. They are my commissions, etc., and are valuable .

I bought a fine black horse today for \$175.00. I shall probably give him to Henry, and buy another for myself.

Yours affectionately,
Fred.



Fred's brother: Henry L. Pierson, Jr.

Camp 1st Regt. N.Y.V.
Upton's Hill, Monday evening
October 6, 1862

Lt. Col. J. Fred Pierson

Dear Sir:

Your very kind letter of 3d inst. per Lt. Walmsley, came to hand this a.m. I hasten to reply a few words this evening in some haste. Pardon me if I am not able to arrange what I shall say as it should be.

Your suggestions are concurred in by all *your friends*. Permit me to say, in alluding to parties, "we" and "they". To begin with, we have just had an informal meeting at which was drawn and signed

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

the paper which will be forwarded by Capt. Leland same time with this. Your suggestion of asking of the War Department the discharge of certain officers was not acted on as yet, for this reason:

Charges are now preferred against Col. D. by *General Birney*. Others may be preferred by other parties. We may be cited as witnesses on his trial or trials, and the fact that we have asked his discharge might destroy the validity of our evidence technically. But you may rest assured, the officers whose opinion is of any value to you, are with you most emphatically. The men, too, are tired of being the football of every military caprice to which drunkenness and imbecility have subjected them, and would hail with joy your assumption of the *command* of our regiment. With such predicates, I should have most sanguine hopes of seeing the regiment made such as to reflect credit on the service and on all connected with it. Unless you do this, and these unworthy officers are ousted, I see no hope for any good, any peace or order in the regiment. I should expect to see every worthy man who could, get out of it, leaving it as rats leave a sinking ship.

Col. Dyckman is summoned before a board of examination of which General Robinson is president. As I stated above, charges are preferred against him by General Berry. I think the charges are of a serious nature.

Capt. Coles has his trial tomorrow. Myself, Capt. Yeamans, and Adj. Gerrin are witnesses. *Charges will be preferred against Capt. Yeamans by Lt. Campbell*, so I am led to believe. Major Clancey, I trust won't give us much trouble. The Colonel will make a hard fight of it if he can. I think there are influences at work against him he will find it hard to counteract. Colonels Hayman and Poe are his bitter foes. They are regulars and most worthy and efficient officers and Col. D. by virtue of seniority, ranks and commands them—a bitter pill for men of their stamp. I don't wonder they feel averse to being subject to the drunken caprices of an habitual _____. I spare the word. Perhaps you think I am using too strong language. I feel that but one man is responsible for the condition of our regiment, and for the reproach, almost shame, that rests upon all connected with it. It is time, for the good of our country as well as for our own feelings as men, that a change was made. And all this trouble is the result of that one foolish *criminal* habit.

Please advise me freely in relation to what you think best. If, under the circumstances, you think it best we should memorialize the Secretary of War, asking the dismissal of those officers. We only wait to further consider that step and to know what you think after you shall be aware of what has lately been done.

The regiment goes on three days picket tomorrow. I shall be in command, as Capt. Yeamans is sick and Capt. Leland member of C. M. You hardly know how much we need you here, but if the day of deliverance is coming, surely we can wait.

Yours very sincerely,
E. VanTuyl

Camp on Upton Hill
7th Oct., 1862

To the Honorable E. M. Stanton,
Secretary of War:

We, the undersigned, officers of the First Regiment, New York Vols., earnestly believing that the efficiency of our regiment is materially impaired by the fact that we have with us no Field Officer in the discharge of his duty, and that it is of vital importance that we should have at least one officer capable of knowing, and having a determination to perform his duty, respectfully petition

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

that Lt. Col. J. Fred Pierson (late a paroled prisoner) be permitted to report to his regiment and assume command of the same at the earliest possible moment.

And we further say we believe it to be in accordance with the wish of the entire regiment that Lt. Col. Pierson should at once assume command.

Capt. Francis L. Leland
Capt. E. VanTuyl

Co. H., 1st N.Y.V.
Co. G., 1st N.Y.V.

John Howe, Surgeon
N. Greubeck, 1st Lieut., commanding Co. K
John C. Campbell, 1st Lt., commanding Co A
John C. Horton, 1st Lt., commanding Co D
Alfred Fredberg, 1st Lt., commanding Co F
Benjamin Page, 2nd Lt. Co. G
Edward d'Hervilly, 2nd Lt.
Norman B. Leslie, 2nd Lt.
A. C. Benedict, Asst. Surgeon
Silas Condit, 2nd Lt. Co. A
William Wallace, Adjutant

Headquarters 1st Regt.
N. Y. V.
Camp Upton Hills, Va.
Oct. 9, 1862

Dear Father:

I saw Gov. Morgan at Willard's Hotel last Tuesday, and he asked me if I was yet *officially* released from arrest. I said, "No".

"Then," he replied, "I don't leave Washington until you are."

He saw General Hallack twice about me.

Yesterday, about noon, I met General Birney in the hotel, and he asked me why I was not with my regiment. I told him I was about to go, and then asked if I was still under arrest. He emphatically gave me a negative answer, and ordered me to my regiment to assume command, remarking that I was sadly needed.

I reported to General Berry, Brigade Commander, whom I found quite unwell. He said my presence was sadly wanted, that the men, however, of my regiment were behaving well. He understands fully my position now, and I believe *even Birney* is now willing to do me justice. Both generals are bitterly opposed to Dyckman, Clancey, and the rest, looking on them as a vile clique that it is necessary to *wipe out*. I have, then, at last gained *this* point, had the position of each side defined. Each side, I say, for now they must fall or I shall go. A *regiment* cannot hold both. And my side is pretty strong too, for I received, unsolicited and unasked, a paper that cannot but be gratifying to anyone with natural pride and feeling. It was a letter, addressed to Secretary Stanton, couched in the most flattering terms to myself, and requesting my being placed in command of the regiment, and the discharge of Dyckman. I find it signed by most all of the officers, always excepting Dyckman, Clancey, Coles, and Montgomery.

Well! Berry informed me that a court of Inquiry was then in session, to inquire into the "Efficiency and Conduct of my Colonel". This was last night.

Early this a.m., I went to Birney's headquarters, five miles off, and requested a note to General Robinson, President of the Board, and directing him to receive my testimony. I got the note, rode to Robinson's Headquarters, sent it in to the court, and soon followed it.

I found Robinson, Col. Hayman, 37th N.Y., and Major _____ of the 2nd Michigan, constituted the court; and took a seat opposite Dyckman. Being duly sworn, I gave my testimony. Dyckman opened his eyes. I returned to camp, and this afternoon met Dyckman coming back on horse-back.

"So", said he. "You are on that game, too."

"Exactly", I replied. "My position is defined. You see now how I stand."

"Very well", continued the colonel, "I have charges to prefer against you, and there will be no let up now. Your house will tumble."

I laughed and told him my house was built on rock he couldn't reach—the rock of Temperance—and he'd better do his best.

Clancey has been tried; Coles, also. Both now await sentence. So do I—the promulgation of it..

My regiment is on picket to return tomorrow. We are under orders to move in a moment's notice.

If Dyckman escapes this board, he is to be tried on charges I have been working all day to fill up—*dum spiro spero*.

Dyckman's conversation construes into a challenge. The contest is between right and wrong. My steam is up and *nous-verrons*.

Billy Wallace has just come back for duty. Poor patriot! He now has the use of but one good leg to travel through the world on. I trust he may *waddle on* in safety. Love to all. I shall write again soon. The lovely blackguard *trio* are in a tent adjoining this one (the adjutants), talking fierce and loud, and with desperate efforts trying to keep up a *vital* amount of Dutch Courage.

Yours affectionately,
Fred.

Headquarters 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
Camp Edward's Ferry, Md.
October 13th, 1862

Dear Father:

We arrived here this a.m. after 36 miles march. We guard the Ferry at present, but *after* Stewart from his raid on Chambersburg, has reached Virginia soil all safe. I am writing sitting upon the ground with a stretcher for my desk. Dyckman sits in the mouth of his tent adjoining mine, gazing into the fire. I wonder if the flames augur well to him. I shall hear soon the result of the Court of

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Inquiry. I left below in such haste that I could not get my horse to Henry. He will have to buy one now, I fear, at Baltimore or Washington, and I keep both of mine, for I like each of them very much.

I enclose two letters I received at Willard's the day I left, and as an expression of feeling or sentiment, both are very gratifying to my natural pride. I also send my commissions and other papers, all of which, please put in my room. The Rebels have taken so much from me, that I now dare keep but little, nor expect to keep that little long.

Yours,
Fred.

Headquarters 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
3rd Brigade, 1st Div. 3rd Corps,
Army Potomac, Camp near Edward's Ferry, Md
October 17, 1862

My dear Father:

I have just received Special order #285, dated Washington, Adj. General's Office, Oct. 9, 1862, discharging Colonel Dyckman from the service.

He went away this morning to attend the Board of Inquiry at Poolesville, some six miles from here, and is now undoubtedly fighting hard, poor drunkard. He will not live in this contest to fight again.

Yesterday morning, I received the Proceedings, etc. of the Court Martial in the case of Clancey and Coles, copies of both are enclosed herein. I want you to read carefully the remarks of *General Birney* in the case of Coles, and then no longer doubt the pluck of the First. As soon as I took command of the regiment I at once began to work day and night, correcting the petty evils and abuses in the command itself, and organizing some system in the Adjutant's Office. The greatest evil in perfecting a complete state of subordination and discipline in the regiment I have found to be the necessity of referring complaints to a Court Martial. The Court must be constituted, convened, adjourned, etc.; its proceedings forwarded for revision and all this before the culprit can receive his just punishment. Then the court, not understanding the circumstances that effect the prisoner's company or regiment as regards locality, convenience, etc, will probably give a sentence impossible to be executed, and therefore worse than none. Soldiers are in some respect like brutes, the efficiency of punishment depends much upon its immediately following the execution of the crime. The sentence of a Court does not reach the prisoner until the remembrance of the deed committed is almost effaced. He therefore thinks it more unjust.

On my return, I found a General Order giving to Field Officers the authority pertaining to a Regimental Court Martial. I yesterday and the day before, by virtue of said power, held court in my tent, and tried some ten cases and awarded punishments.

Yesterday at parade, I wished that you might be present to witness quite an interesting scene. I was determined to make the most out of the fine remarks of General Birney, and the discomfiture of Capt. Coles. I had parade half an hour earlier than usual. The line being formed by my adjutant and turned over to me, I formed square facing inwards, and then had the best rhetorician in the regiment read the several orders. First the sentences awarded by *my* court for offences committed the day before, and then the Court Martial proceedings in regard to Clancey and

Coles. He had practiced several times before, the reading of Birney's revision of Coles's case, and now spoke it out beautifully.

Not a word was said, or a man stirred for a few seconds after he had concluded, and so I rode forward and said, "I have formed you into square, my brother soldiers, that you might, each one, the better hear this noble tribute to your good conduct, this splendid *encomium* on your bravery. I shall forward a copy of it to the State authorities not alone to eradicate any ill or dubious impressions prevailing there in regard to our regiment, but that they too may know and applaud your good behavior. Let us then go on, stronger in unity, firmer in spirit, resting assured that if we do so, the Glorious Empire State shall yet be proud to receive into its archives an account of the exploits of the First Regiment it sent into the field, custodian of its flag, and to battle for its rights. We have all been in service now for many months, long enough to understand our duties, let us resolve then to perform them."

The line was formed again, and after parade, which was the best one I ever received from the regiment, the companies were marched to their streets and dismissed.

For half an hour afterwards, the air was wild with cheers, etc. The impression created was just as I desired, that of greater pride and *esprit de corps*. I shall read or have read on parade the order discharging Dyckman tonight. Clancey is yet in limbo. Coles has left for headquarters Provost Guard at Poolesville. He will not resign, for he has no sense of degradation, and lacks the instincts of a gentleman.

I have written to the Governor about recruits, etc.

I now expect every day my commission as Colonel. How little I dreamt it, when I parted from you in the sombre cabin of the State of Georgia, as junior captain, ignorant yet respectable, of the First Regiment, Col. William H. Allen.

Sincerely and affectionately,
Your son,
Fred.

House Search

From the 13th to the 28th of October, 1862, I was with my regiment encamped at Poolesville, Md., as guarding Edward's Ferry on the Potomac River. The river at this place became at times, fordable, while the ferry itself consisted of a large old flat bottomed scow, sometimes rowed, and frequently poled across. The river was quite wide, and in places, particularly where shallow, had a strong current, which sweeping about and over a bed of rocks and boulders of which some were smooth and round, others angular and sharp, made the fording very difficult. From our side of the river, we could look over to those memorable cliffs where fell the Patriot Baker, and called Bull's Bluffs.

Two miles inland, the spires of the churches of the village of Leesburg were discernible, while the whole country was contested ground, mainly held however by the Rebels, whose Guerrillas and Cavalry patrolled it from all sides. But recently arrived, the country extending up from the opposite side of the river, appeared to me a *terra incognita*, a field where adventures might be sought and found; and I longed to explore it with a scouting party.

My opportunity presented itself soon. We occupied at the landing an old building, part of which was used as a store. Only those supposed to be truly loyal were allowed to trade here, and the question of their devotion to the Union was passed upon by a man, who as a life-long resident of the section, had a knowledge of pretty much all the people living around the country, and of their course when the war opened. This duty, together with the fact of his being a stern Union man, made him many mortal enemies, and he dared not venture far from our lines without an escort. As he had before been a flourishing farmer across the river, and his faithfulness to the old flag had lost him all his estates which had been confiscated or burned by the Rebels, and as he breathed true patriotism, I had struck up quite a friendship with him.

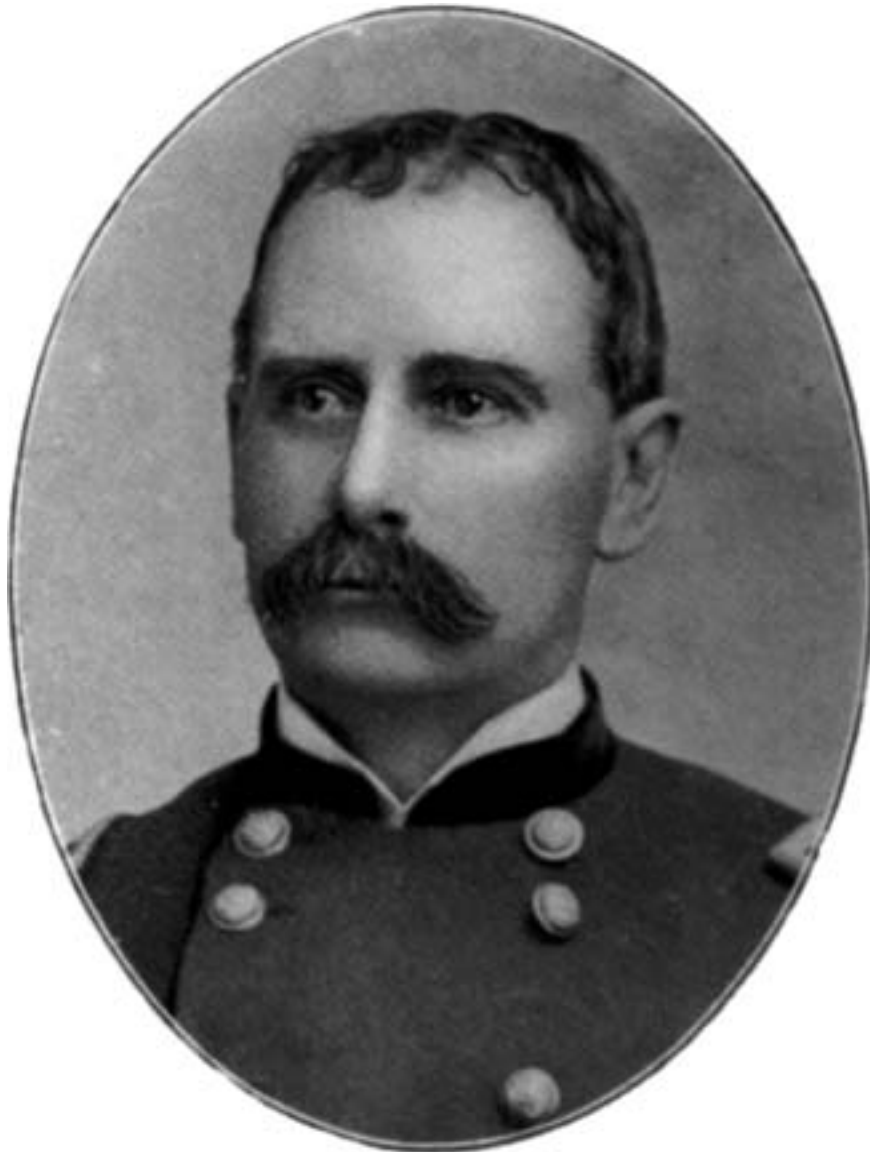
We were seated one afternoon on the rickety steps of the store, when we saw a wagon drive up to the landing on the Rebel side of the river and an old man descend from it, who began waving his handkerchief to us as he approached the river's edge. There were some families on that side who being approved of by our guide were allowed to cross the river and trade at our store, and such were accustomed to signal as the old man was doing, for us to send a boat over to bring them across. My guide at once recognized the old gentleman, and told me a little of his history.

His name was F. Long. One of the wealthiest and most esteemed residents of the section, he had improved his plantation to a high degree, till his barns and buildings were the talk of the country around. He had three sons, all married, and at the beginning of the war, living with him. Opposed to his state's seceding, he had exerted all his influence against it, and so had early incurred the displeasure and opposition of his rebel neighbors.

When the war broke out he had unhesitatingly affirmed his intention not to participate in it, or encourage it, and as "not to be with was to be against" in the eyes of the Rebel Government, he was classed as an enemy and a traitor to the Rebel cause, and as such, very soon felt the vindictive power of the authorities. Paying (under protest, to be sure) all assessments levied on him, his means fast diminished, until finally his sons were conscripted and marched off, and he became the prey to merciless persecutions.

All however, only augmented his patriotism. One of his sons, sharing the father's loyalty, having

deserted the Rebel ranks, returned home, and was concealed by his father until a chance could present itself for his escape to our lines.



Fred Pierson, in general's uniform after the war

Being suspected, his house was searched and his son found. His barns were instantly despoiled and his plantations laid waste. Scarcely enough was left him of coarse meal to subsist his family upon, while he was threatened with entire confiscation of his property unless he gave in his adherence to the Rebel Government.

My desire to meet so true a patriot led me to accept the suggestion of the guide to go over and see what he had to say, and so we were soon rowed to the other side. The old gentleman seemed in great distress. As he sat upon the bank, with his long white hair and noble face, he seemed a fine type of "ye gentleman of ye olden times".

He told us that his son had again deserted and had returned home, and was there now concealed; and that should the authorities or his neighbors become cognizant of it and find him there, the old man's house would be burnt down, his family scattered, and himself thrown in prison at Richmond. He was as fully resolved to dare all for the cause, but he was terribly in doubt what to do to extricate himself from the dilemma.

It was finally decided that I should send a scouting party in the night to his house, under the guiding of Deering, our Union guide, and take as by force his son prisoner, so that his negroes and family even would affirm that a Union scouting party had captured him, while on a temporary stolen visit to his home.

The old gentleman imagined this course would relieve him from the suspicion of having abetted his son's escape into our lines.

Upon my return, I selected ten men from the regiment on whom I could entirely rely for bravery and discretion, and together with Egan, a sergeant of Co. A and one of the bravest men I ever knew, my little party was made; for I determined to conduct the affair myself.

We met at midnight of a dark cloudy night upon the shore, and then I told the men our object was to arrest a Rebel officer who I had understood was concealed in his house, some ten miles from the opposite bank, and two miles back of Leesburg. Our boat was too small to accommodate all. With part, I crossed, first taking the precaution to wrap some flannel around our oars to avoid noise, and then, no one whispering a word, we effected a landing somewhat above the usual one.

As we had always picketed our side of the stream, so the rebels maintained scouts along their bank, and it was necessary to use great caution to avoid giving alarm

We touched the shore noiselessly, and carefully crept up the bank through the grass and weeds, and there awaited anxiously the return of the boat with the rest of our men. Soon, they joined us and our crossing was successful—the part of the program I dreaded more than any other, as being most hazardous because most liable to detection. I remember still, how quietly we lay in the grass upon the brow of the bank, with beating hearts peering into the darkness, and ears striving to catch the slightest noise. The boat had left us and the stream separated us from aid of friends. The land we were upon was full of mystery and unknown, and for all we knew the Rebel pickets had watched our crossing and any second would charge down upon us.

We were now united, and started forward. The guide, Deering and myself went first, then came at a little distance, two men, the main body of six men under charge of the sergeant, and a little in rear of them, the remaining file of men.

As it was so dark, we were obliged to keep quite close together. My orders were to move as quietly as possible, and in silence, and in case of hearing anything in front, each party would send a man to the men in its rear to warn them, then all were to lay concealed along the road, or being in the fields to lie prone in the grass behind anything that would best afford shelter. Not a gun was to be fired unless the signal first came from my discharging my pistol.

We took across the fields and country, as much as possible avoiding the roads. After an uneventful march, came upon the plantation of the man we wished.

Approaching it in the rear, we mounted over several fences and climbed gates of yards that by their extent showed how fine and improved were the possessions of the old gentleman. Barns, out-buildings and negro quarters were numerous and large.

The house was dark and not a thing around it moved. Surrounding it with some of my men, I gave instructions not to allow anyone to escape out, or enter it, and then with Deering and two files of men, I approached the door. The guide did not wish to be known in the affair and remained concealed in the porch.

After knocking several times, a light was visible in the window, and the door being unlocked, the old gentleman appeared, and in pursuance of his role, seemed greatly startled to find the threshold occupied by "boys in blue". He burst into tears and was too agitated to speak.

With a voice of feigned harshness, I charged him with harboring a Rebel officer and declared my intention to search the house for him. The old man feebly expostulated, but entering the house I placed a man to guard the door and directed two men to follow me in my search.

Then a lady in her night dress and bare feet, with face pale as marble appeared at the door of the room and inquired, much alarmed, the matter. I reiterated my errand, when she too fell a crying and asserted sobbingly, her son was not in the house. I do not think the old gentleman had confided the secret to his wife, for this lady evidently was his wife, and her agitation was too sincere and unaffected to admit of any "play".

She said the ladies upstairs were unprepared for such a visit, and begged to be allowed to inform them so that they might be in a situation better suited to the reception of visits from gentlemen so unexpected. This I granted, and gave her five minutes grace. The old man now wished to go away a few minutes, and to the surprise of my men who through ignorance of the facts, took the whole matter as in earnest, I allowed him to go. What was the additional astonishment of these same soldiers, when shortly the old gentleman returned, bringing with him a decanter of Old Apple Jack and some glasses and cake.

I refused the proffered drink, when the same was extended to my men, and here I saw the power of King Alcohol, for even their amazement yielded to their inclinations, and each drew heavily on the decanter's contents; and yet such an eye and look of suspicion of both the whiskey and the giver, that I verily believe had I whispered the word "poison", they all had fallen down through mere fright, and imagined pains.

Mounting the stairs with my men, I found a very sad state of affairs. The old lady already referred to, and her two daughters-in-law and two children, were in agonies of distress. They were weeping and sobbing and so unhappy that they evidently were oblivious to the fact that night-gowns were their only covering, and that with hair disheveled, and bare feet, they quite made to blush my hardy veterans

We searched superficially their rooms and were about to pass to the story above, when one of my guards left outside, presented himself, and with an exultant face, as though having accomplished a great and pious deed, informed me that he had arrested an old gentleman whom he detected trying to escape from the house by a back way and that the said culprit was downstairs. I

descended and found my suspicions confirmed. It was the old gentleman. He had gone out, (agreeably to our arrangement that the negroes should see us, that they might confirm the report of the raid by Union soldiers, and forcible capture of the officer), to arouse the slaves, but was seized before he had accomplished it. Again, to my brave comrades' surprise and disgust, I directed that the old man should be allowed to do as he wanted to, which to my soldiers' vision was permission to the old gentleman to arouse the country around.

Upon entering a room we vainly searched the closet, and then perceived a doubtful protuberance of the bed clothes close to the wall. We turned down the said clothes, and exposed to view a man in full Rebel uniform, hat, sword and boots, stretched along the wall. He arose at once, and I arrested him. He only remarked, "Well, let's be off", and so we started off down the stairs. Upon arising I now noticed he held in his hand a rather fat carpet bag. The bed being "Jupiter", he seemed a fair "Minerva" as he sprang forth "all armed".

Downstairs, the parting was sad indeed. All the old negro servants had come upon the scene and attired in the most remarkable ways, several of the pick-a-ninnies not even possessed of the limited covering that erst our first parents boasted. An old sheet held up, or a ragged bandanna, and either accompanied with little else, showed how completely they had been taken by surprise. Exclamations of "Oh! Lud! Oh! Lud!" and "God bless yo', Mas'r John", and "I'se wery sorry Mas'r", were interrupted by groans and blubbering innumerable.

The lights of the house might betray us, and we hastened away, following the same order as before, only our willing prisoner strode along by the side of Deering and myself.

Emboldened by success, we resolved to take the road back, and as the clouds were much lighter and dispersed, we could see quite well to a considerable distance. I sent a trusty man still in advance of us some twenty or thirty yards, and stretched out more my party. The man in advance was directed to keep his eyes and ears open, particularly to try and catch the noise of any horse's feet upon the road, and hearing such, he was to return and warn us, when those back would be appraised in the same manner. All were then to conceal themselves along the road behind the fence or in the ditch, as chance might direct.

We had proceeded about four miles in this way when Deering stopped and laid his ear to the ground, and at that moment our picket came running cautiously back to say he thought he heard horses' feet in advance.

We listened and distinctly heard the sound. A man went back to notify the rest, and order that no man should fire under any circumstances until he heard my pistol as the signal. Were the troop too large, I proposed to let them pass.

We now lay concealed behind a rail fence close to the ground, in the grass by the edge of the road, and could see everything unobserved ourselves. More distinctly came the horsemen, first to the hearing and then to sight. Not until fully abreast of me was I assured of their strength. Peering behind them I saw no others coming, while about seven riders were passing me on a quiet trot. We saw their guns in the light and knew them to be Guerrillas—men we hated most of all the Southern hosts.

I drew upon one of them, conspicuous through the horse he rode which was mostly white, and

aiming low so as to hit the horse in case I missed the rider, fired. Instantly my companions fired, when the surprised riders putting spurs to their steeds went tearing down the road, but only to receive the successive discharges of my brave fellows along the fence.

We sprang into the road in time to grasp the reins of the two riderless steeds, a third horse was seized by those stationed farthest back, and its rider found to be hanging with his head upon the ground, his feet having become entangled in the stirrups and reins. We took three prisoners, of whom one having been shot through the head, we found already dead upon reaching him. The two remaining were badly wounded, one of them most seriously from his head having been struck by his horse's heel while dragged by him along the ground.

We bound our prisoners upon the horses and then hastily continued on our way, as we had some five or six miles yet to go before reaching the ferry.

Deering recognized one of our rebels. He was a farmer who but a few days before had been allowed to buy stores at our store, already mentioned, because of his so earnest expressions of Union sentiments and because Deering knew nothing against him. Now he lay stretched upon the horse, pale and speechless, and with an old belt about his waist from which we had taken a pistol, having caught him in the very act of aiding the cause he had so lately reprehended. *Sic transit gloria* chivalry of the f.f.v's.

We took from the dead rebel the arms about his person and left the body lying in the road.

In due time we reached the ferry, and without other incident, the regiment. The prisoners and horse were turned over to the quartermaster, agreeably to regulations. One of the horses was the white one I had favored with my attention. I wished to obtain and keep him, but during the engagement, he too had been quite badly shot, and now proved therefore almost worthless.

Our prisoner, whom I as a *nom de guerre* called "Minerva" and for whose benefit we had risked the adventure, soon left us and started for Baltimore.

I ascertained indirectly some time after this, through some contrabands that came into our lines, that in spite of our ruse the old gentleman was accused of complicity in the capture of his son, his houses were burned to the ground, his estates confiscated, himself thrown into prison in Richmond and his family scattered.

While many a Northern man may boast having given money and aid to the sacred cause of the Union and Liberty, and perhaps justly too; how little after all was his sacrifice as compared with the steady loyalty and sacrifices of the class of "Union men" south, of whom I have given such a brief account.

Wealth, family, health and liberty, all offered up on the altar of his country. All surrendered voluntarily for a principle—a sentiment.

Clancey and Coles Dismissed

Camp Mountain Farm, Va.
November 1st, 1862

Dearest Father:

I never have penned a letter with greater satisfaction as I do this—probably you never have received one from me affording greater pleasure to yourself. Let me at once indite the congratulatory intelligence. The following order was read to my command on Parade this evening. I give it *liberatim*:

Headquarters First Regiment N.Y.V.
Camp Mountain Farm, Va.
November 1st, 1862

Special Order
#30

In compliance with the following order, viz:

War Department A. G. O.
Washington, Oct. 14, 1862

Special Order
#293

Extract

v. The following officers by direction of the President, are *dismissed* the service of the United States:

James T. Clancey, Major, 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
William L. Coles, Captain, 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
Charles W. Wright, Lieut., 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
George W. Duncan, Lieut., 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
William T. Allen, Lieut., 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.

By order of the Secretary of War.

(signed) E.D. Townsend
Asst. Adjt. Gen'l

The above named officers are hereby dropped from the rolls of the First Regiment, N.Y.V.

By order of
J. Fred Pierson
Col. 1st Regmt. N.Y.V.

M. Guerin
Act'g Adjt.

Pretty satisfactory, is it not? Clancey and Coles were served with this little pen and ink pill immediately after parade. If tomorrow's setting sun shines on them in *my* camp, its expiring beams will disclose them both tied to a tree, side by side. I have notified them to leave at once. They will *go at once for they know me very well*. While both dirty boosters and blackguards have reviled me behind my back, they have never yet *dared* to speak one disrespectful word to my face. But enough of them. I wipe my hands of all further connection with them. I say "now you rascals, go to the devil as fast as you please, for the devil will be pleased to see your long-claimed faces."

So retribution has at last come. Not one of the miscreants who deserted me at Alexandria will ever have it in his power to repeat the experiment. I have reason to be proud. Joining the regiment at random, unknown and unknowing, the junior officer, and pitted against *every other one*. I have wiped them all out and am now its Colonel. You say all this was done through "Influence", perhaps it was, but still I have worked hard, very hard, and certainly deserve some credit.

Perhaps no officer in the service in command of a regiment, has so fully the confidence and respect of both his officers and men as I now have. I pray God to make me worthy of it.

While writing the above I was entertained with drunken oaths, etc., outside my tent. A poor devil of a private, being drunk, strayed into this camp (probably mistaking it for his own—he is from the 2nd Michigan) and tried to crawl into my Ass't Surgeon's tent. Whereupon said doctor seized him by the throat and caused him to perform several pretty pirouettes in the air. This aroused the soldier, and when I went out, he and the doctor were having quite a fair and interesting fistic encounter. I have turned the *poacher* over to the Brigade Guard, but this lets you see the life I lead, full of *striking* episodes. It is eleven o'clock p.m., and I still have to work at examining some muster rolls, so will say for to-night, "Peace".

6 a.m. Sunday. Orders have just been received to be prepared to move at 8 p.m. and I must send this letter as it is, although I hoped to make it much longer, for I have much to write about.

With Aff. Yours,
Fred.

Back to Work

Headquarters 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.

November 7, 1862

Dear Father:

You would laugh to see me now as I attempt to write this—seated, or rather *poised* upon the edge of *half* a camp stool, I am leaning forward to reach a rickety table, sporting three legs and supporting my paper. This table is placed in the corner of my tent, while between it and my half chair is a trench covered over with stones and dirt, and serving as a conduit to carry off the smoke from an *oven* to the outside of the tent. Upon this my feet rest and I rejoice to say are comfortably warm. The oven consists of a rectangular square, or rather parallelogram dug out from the center of the tent, nearly two feet deep; and covered over by stones. A trench runs from it on either side, likewise covered over. One trench serving for a regulator of the draft, the other as the chimney, boasting a barrel over its external mouth, and is intently watched by Captain, or Act'g Major Yeamans, who possessing a very thin coat and a very deep cold, is now squatted near it, soliloquizing over his misery. He mutters audibly, "Well, this is comfortable, anyway."

I have been since three o'clock (until six) this afternoon, experimenting on the fireplace and have had a very amusing time too, but am now too tired to say *how*, and my candle is too far gone to admit of it, having no other piece in reserve. It has been the past few days, bitterly cold, and has been *snowing* all today. We felt it very much, being constantly outdoors.

We left Edward's Ferry the 31st ulto, and have been marching some every day since. We crossed the Potomac at Whites Ford, six miles below Point of Rocks, and the place that Stuart returned into Virginia from his raid into Pennsylvania. We then went by Leesburg, passed over the mountains to Middleburg, then to Salem and White Plains and now are within four miles of Warrenton. We reached here about nine o'clock last night. We have orders to be prepared to move again early tomorrow or at daybreak. I am rid of Clancey and Coles and Allen, also Duncan, Shaw, Melville and Bjerg, all old officers and undesirable ones. I have no trouble now, and not any of my former constant watchfulness and care to keep them straight. Both Lt. Colonel and Major are now vacant, and to fill them is my present care.

Joseph Yeamans is the senior captain, and for two months has been Act'g Major. He stayed by me at Alexandria, and has done well ever since with the regiment, being sometime in command of it. His rank and services entitle him to consideration. He personally is a fine appearing man, is a cool brave one in battle, a hot and rash one in quarrel; is *temperate* when *not* in evil association, is indiscreet and abandoned when he *is*. Should have it were the "pros" alone consulted, must lose it as the "cons" are in excess.

Affectionately,

Fred.

Headquarters 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.

In the field. Nov. 13th, 1862

Captain:

In compliance with your endorsement, dated November 12th, 1862, upon the accompanying documents, I beg to submit the following report. I was paroled on the 15th of September, exchanged on the 3rd of October, 1862, and shortly after personally released from arrest by

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General Birney, still commanding the Division, and ordered to report to my regiment and assume command of it. I assumed command on the 8th of October, 1862. Colonel Garrett Dyckman was discharged the Service October 9th, 1862 by special order #285, dated A.G.O., Oct. 9th.

Major James T. Clancey)
Captain William L. Coles) were all dismissed the Service
* * * * *) of the United States by Special
Lieut. Wm. F. Allen) Order #293, dated War Department
Lieut. George W. Duncan) A. G. O. Oct. 14, 1862
Lieut. Charles W. Wright)

Thus all the officers mentioned in the within original paper, with the exception of Lieut. James C. Shaw, Co. C., are justly removed from the regiment they so shamefully abandoned and disgraced. Lt. Shaw was paroled on the 15th of September and exchanged on the 3rd of October. Before the latter date, he went home upon a leave of absence that expired the 20th of October, 1862, and has not since reported. Since that date he has been returned "Absent without leave".

His conduct upon the occasion of the regiment passing through Alexandria was unofficerlike, ungentlemanly and subversive of discipline in the highest degree. Totally regardless of all decency and self-respect, he was rolled upon the cars in a stupidly drunken state. It would redound to the benefit of both my regiment and the service, was he also, dismissed peremptorily from the service, and I strongly recommend that he be so.

I was promoted to the Colonelcy of the regiment October 9th, 1862, and already feel justly proud of my command. The vacancies of commissioned officers that existed have been filled with great discretion by deserving promotions, and in a few cases by the appointment of gentlemen from outside.

All the troubles of my regiment have been caused by intemperance and the unfriendly feeling that existed among the Field Officers, as mentioned by General Berry in his statement enclosed, were on my part caused by my disapprobation of their conduct in this respect, and my determined antagonism to Rum in the regiment at all. By the departure of these officers, this cause is removed and the effect is such as to lead me cheerfully and earnestly to invite the most careful inspection into the present condition, discipline, and efficiency of my command. In no one of these particulars do I think it inferior to any other. The many battles it has so honorably participated in, its torn and blood-stained banner, that over a hundred men have nobly died defending, its long service and privations, I think hardly call for its disbandment, as by General Birney recommended, and I feel assured, that now you will fully agree with me.

G. W. Wilson	I am, Captain,
Capt. & A.A.A.G.	with respect,
Brig. Gen'l Berry	Your obedient servant.
Commanding	J. Fred Pierson
	Col. 1st Reg'm't, N.Y.V.

1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
November 23, 1862

My dear Father:

The Rappahannock River is two miles from here, and on the other shore, the City of Fredericksburg. We are near Falmouth, with the railroad to Acquia Creek as our mean of communication with the outer world. As far as postal and catering conveniences are concerned it

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does not do much good. We expected to hear the first shell of the threatened bombardment of that city this a.m., but so far all has remained quiet.

By coming here, the regiment has made almost a circuit; I trust we may complete the periphery by marching past and through Richmond to our old lines.

I wrote to Governor Morgan about securing some conscripts for my regiment. Could I get one or two hundred I would have a nucleus of three year's men, to make another regiment of when the expiration of our present time is out. The time of the regiment expires the 23rd of next April. We have been in service nineteen months today.

The regiment has come up splendidly. I am very proud of it now, and think it second to none. I have filled the vacancies of line officers mostly with good promotions and there is fast getting up a proper spirit of pride and *esprit de corps* that together with the harmony prevailing among all, both rank and file and officers, will accomplish much. General Berry, who was strong in his recommendations to have it disbanded, has twice spoken to me of its improvement, and the last time made a special order complimenting the regiment and its conduct.

Your aff. son,
Fred.

1st Reg'm't, N.Y.V.
November 24th, 1862

Thomas Hillhouse
Adj't. Gen'l State of New York
Albany

General:

I would respectfully recommend the following promotions in my regiment, viz:

Ebenezer VanTuyl, to be made Lieut. Col. in place of J. Fred Pierson, promoted October 9, 1862.

Francis A. Leland, Captain Co. H. to be made Major in place of James F. Clancey, dismissed the service October 14, 1862.

I am, General
Yr. Obt.Sv't.
J. Fred Pierson
Col. 1st Reg'm't. N. Y. V.

1st Regiment. N.Y.V.
November 25, 1862

Dear Father:

I wrote to you a few days ago about the existing vacancies of field officers in my regiment, with my reasons for delay in recommending persons to fill them. I have now just written a letter to Albany of which I enclose a copy. It is a hard and terrible thing to pass over Captain Yeamans, as brave a man as ever lived, but my conscience and duty both require it. They (all that is left of the

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original First) will construe it to my prejudice of the old officers and men, but they will do me injustice. I am a great friend of Yeamans's and admire him more than any other officer of my command, but feel by reason of past experience that I must sacrifice any selfish or friendly leaning for the general good.

It is amusing to ride along the river at Falmouth and see on the other side within a stone's throw almost, the Rebel pickets and forces. Our sentinels converse quite pleasantly with them. The usual interrogatory of Secesh picket being, "When are you coming over?" and the representative of the United States replies, "Too soon for *your* health."

We had a review of the Division yesterday, and my regiment appeared splendidly. General Birney, who hates us because he was outwitted in getting us consolidated with his friend, Col. Hayman's regiment, on the field saw us coming up and take position, etc., and in ignorance of the number of the regiment, remarked to his aide, "That regiment looks well, and does well, too. It must be the 17th Maine. They turn out so strong," etc. His aide addressed, happened to be one of my lieutenants on his staff, and so when he had drawn the prejudiced general out into more remarks of the same nature, he informed him that it was, "The First New York". Poor Birney was the second time non-plussed.

Your aff. son,
J. Fred Pierson

Hdqts. 1st Regmt. N.Y.V.
December 1, 1862

My dear Sir:

At the request of General Berry, commanding the Brigade, and of General Birney, commanding the Division, and in consideration of the past four month's conduct and services of Captain Joseph Yeamans, I am led to reconsider the recommendations lately made by me to your Adjt. Gen'l of officers to fill the existing vacancies in the field of the regiment, and in place of those, to recommend as follows:-

Francis A. Leland, Capt. Co. H., to be made Lt. Col. in place of J. Fred Pierson promoted Oct. 90, 1862.

Joseph Yeamans, Capt. Co. D., to be made major in place of James T. Clancey, dismissed Oct. 14, 1862.

I enclose a letter from General Berry with General Birney's endorsement, and hope you may not consider it too late to order the appointments.

to Hon. E. D. Morgan
Albany, N.Y.

I am, as ever,
Your obt. sv't,
J. Fred Pierson

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1st Regt., N. Y. V.
December 15, 1862

Captain Wilson
A. A. A. G. General Berry
Commanding Brigade

Captain:

I have the honor to report that with the brigade, my regiment crossed the Rappahannock River about noon on the 13th inst., and proceeded by the right flank, fourth in line, south along the river, having advanced half a mile. I was ordered by General Birney to halt and form line, in support of a battery I was passing in rear of.

At this time, heavy infantry firing came from an open field to my front and left, and shells fell rapidly around. In about ten minutes, Lieut. Briscoe, aide to General Birney, ordered me to advance into the field above alluded to. I did so, and by General Birney's orders formed line in the rear of the 37th New York, who were posted on the brow of a slight eminence and supporting Randolph's Battery, placed upon it. The enemy now attempted to take the battery but were repulsed with loss.

By General Berry's orders, I changed position three times to meet probable contingencies, all the time exposed to a heavy shelling. About five o'clock, I was ordered to relieve the 5th Michigan placed in advance of the Battery. At 9 o'clock p.m. I took up a new line, upon the left of the Brigade, and obliquely facing a somewhat exposed plain. The night passed quietly. I lost but seven men of my command a list of whom are appended.

Respectfully,
Your ob't Servant
J. Fred Pierson
Col. 1st N.Y.V.

December 17, 1862

Dear Father:

I have had a very anxious week of it, and some pretty lively fighting; but am all safe and sound. Our "onward to Richmond" is checkmated for a time. I now occupy my old camp. More soon.

Fred

Clancey Returns

War Department
Adjutant General's Office
Washington, December 18, 1862

Special Order
#401

Extract

8. So much of Special Orders #293 current series from this office as dismissed Major James T. Clancey, 1st New York Vols. from the service of the United States is hereby revoked, and he is returned to his position provided the vacancy has not been filled.

By order of the Sec'ty of War
(Signed) E. D. Townsend
Ass't Adjt. Gen'l



1st Regiment, N. Y. V.
December 20th, 1862

My dear Father:

I have lately proven myself to be a spasmodical sort of letter writer, possessing the *cocoeshes scribendi* at very uncertain times, and the opportunities to indulge in it but rarely. I have really been too much occupied with active duties to collect my thoughts upon so small a surface as a sheet of paper, even though a foolscap; tonight (for it is 8:30 as the deep taps upon the drums outside so familiarly indicate) I feel for the first time settled. I wish you might see me now, as I sit with the port-folio upon my knees and the edge of my bed, my feet resting upon a footstool in the shape of a half a big log, and a glorious fire cracking and quarrelling in the tremendously huge fire-place.

Yesterday's morning sun found me with sleeves rolled up fast placing turf on turf, as two sons of ebony handed it to me molding it in the shape of a fire-place. This morning's sun found me still at work, and my labors were complete with its going down tonight. By cutting my tent and fastening it around the opening of the oven merely, the fire takes up no room, and yet is the most valuable thing *in* my tent. If Charley comes now, I can make him as comfortable as anyone could wish, but from his long delay, I fear he won't come.

Lt. Hagadorn wrote me from Washington that he had procured a pass for Charley as Sutler's Clerk, and that Charley had promised to meet him at G. A. M. last Tuesday to come out but that he failed to keep his engagement, and so lost the opportunity. I suppose Charley was afraid of being gobbled on his way through Dumfries.

Monday Morning, Dec. 22nd. 1862

Some officers coming in last Saturday evening caused me to lay aside this letter, and just now I got a letter from Charley dated from New York the 18th. So he gave it up. Well! I regret it for I sent to him at Willard's a pass approved by our generals to come on, and one that I think would have proved to be the "open sesame". I also directed some things purchased in Washington to celebrate his arrival, and had erected quite an edifice here to "push on the Jubilee" in. The sutler, John, that Charley says in his letter he understands was gobbled, arrived last night about used up in person, but with his goods all right. It is as well that Charley did not come with him, for they had many frights, alarms and adventures. The Rebels, it appears were one day in advance of poor John, for they had robbed five sutlers at Dumfries the day before he got into that place.

John reports that he could track the proper (or improper) route to our army from the Capitol by the remains of wagons, etc., destroyed after being captured and robbed by the Rebs. I have not yet said anything about the fight at Fredericksburg, nor do I feel like indulging in the topic.

It was a miserably wicked, shameful affair or disaster, and condemns *someone*; I don't know who—Burnside, if he moved uncounselled, the administration if they ordered him to do so. It was a grand and noble sight and sound, and so well and graphically described by correspondents of the papers, that I can add nothing.

My regiment was the fourth in column of the brigade when we crossed the river, and then moved by the right flank along its bank *from* Fredericksburg City. I enclose my report to Headquarters as best describing the small part the First took in the fight.

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All the while we were on the other side, namely from the morning of the 12th to the night of the 15th, the regiment lay in an open field upon their faces, within very short rifle shot of the enemy's works and troops, and not able to build a fire or speak a loud word. The night of the 13th, and all day on the 14th, the regiment was on picket, viz. lying behind some grass flat upon the ground within *thirty yards* of the enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters; and partly on the battle field of the 13th. All night and all day the groans and cries of the wounded resounded on the air. Neither side could get to them, as to move the picket line five feet would bring on an engagement.

So for two days and two nights did several hundred wounded men lie upon the ground, exposed to cold and calling for "a little water for the love of God". At last, the *fourth* flag of truce was recognized, and a battalion of stretcher carriers moved between our lines to pick up the wounded and dead. I counted some fifty dead bodies and many other wounded as they lay stretched upon the ground within two hundred yards of us, and for all this time did they remain there.

One round shot struck a man near me, and tearing into two parts sent both half whirling in different directions. The same shot killed two others. One poor devil belonging, or that *did* belong to the Bucktails, called to me as I was stepping over his body and said, "Ah, Colonel, dear! Please have me sent in. I am bleeding to death."

I stooped down, and found his words were true, but spoken too late. A shell had mangled his right leg, and the vital fluid was about spent. I took a knapsack strap from one of my men, and fastened it about the stump; and then with a bayonet, made a tourniquet, and sent him to the rear. He died a little later, but thanking me still. I will not enlarge upon such details. To me they are now nothing, or as the Turks say, "Bosh"; but I know to you they will appear horrible.

As we lay on picket, an aide said Berry wished to see me, and about 7:30 p.m., I went to report. Berry directed me to withdraw the regiment as soon as possible; and, *without a whisper* to march away. Silently and anxiously, we marched from our perilous or rather dangerous position and re-crossed the river. Things are now in *statu quo*, and I am in the tent and on the ground I occupied before the *grand* movement.

With love,
Yours affectionately,
Fred.

1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
December 26, 1862

My dear Father:

I have this moment received an order from the War Dept. of which I enclose a copy. I am inexpressibly disgusted and astonished. I wrote a long while ago, as you are aware, to Albany recommending Ebenezer VanTuyl, Capt. Co. G. for Lieut. Col. and Francis Leland, Capt. Co. H for major. I have never received a word from there since, and have during this time re-written and sent my request. If Clancey is restored, I can only see ruin, demoralization and trouble in the future; and shall feel like clearing out myself.

Prompt action at Albany can alone save the regiment, and I sincerely wish you would attend to this thing for me there. If Gov. Morgan goes out before acting, try and have Gov. Seymour commission the men recommended by me at once. If Clancey comes, I expect him today, I shall

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not recognize him, let the consequences be as they may; but shall fall back on the ground that "the position has been filled already".

I am well, but once again pretty well provoked and disgusted. I write to Gov. Morgan by this mail.

Yours aff.
Fred.

December 27, 1862

Dear Father:

I enclose copy of a letter sent to you yesterday. Clancey arrived in the evening, and has been received by only one or two of the officers. I sent for him early this morning, directing the orderly to tell Mr. Clancey I wished to see him.

Upon his arrival, I demanded, "What are you doing here, sir?"

He replied, "I am here by order of the Secretary of War."

"Show me the order, sir."

He gave it to me, and I quietly whistled "Yankee Doodle" and unhesitatingly endorsed it thus:

1st Regmt. N.Y.V.
Dec. 27, 1862

The position previously occupied by Mr. Clancey was regularly filled before the date of this order, and he cannot therefore be restored.

J. Fred Pierson
Col. Commanding

I handed it to him, and said, "You will leave this camp, sir, before this afternoon."

He replied, "I expect to do so, had you treated me right, you would receive my resignation at once."

I motioned to the door, saying "I treat a man according to his merits."

And Mr. Clancey backed out of my sight.

Just so it stands. He may go and then the matter rests. If he prefers to contest the point, he will give me much trouble. A man now is not in the service until mustered by a regular army officer, and he cannot be so mustered but upon his commission. Well! No commission having been received, no one has therefore been mustered in as Field Officers, and so the ex-major may assert and claim.

I shall attempt to have this set aside by showing that I wrote to have the places filled on the 1st of November last, and that they have been filled by the sending of the commissions, although by

mail irregularity or otherwise, the commissions are not yet to hand. That the officer has been act'g major and considered as such in reality. And by an appeal to General Hooker, etc., with a full statement of all the circumstances—

Again, the proceedings of the trial of the major last July, upon my charges, have never been received. He was in arrest awaiting this sentence when dismissed, and I shall see that he is the same, if obliged to keep him now. He claims that the proceedings were lost but I am not fully convinced of it. I believe that miserably unjust, conceited, arrogant, self-vaunted General Birney is at the bottom of this. Everyone in his division, nearly, hates him, and please never mention this division by his name: call it *Kearney's old Division*.

If you go to Albany and can do anything before the advent of Governor Seymour or even afterwards, let me know as soon as possible. Be sure that the commissions of VanTuyl and Leland *date back* to the time the vacancy commenced, or before the 1st of December.

Yours aff,
Fred

6 p.m. I just received the following order:

Headquarters
Berry's Brigade
Camp Pitcher
December 27th, 1862

Special Orders
No. 401

(Extract)

Major James T. Clancey will immediately report for duty as Major of the First New York Vols. in conformity with Special Orders #401 from the War Department.

The place, not being filled, Colonel Pierson will place Major Clancey on duty immediately.

By command of
Brigadier General Berry
G. W. Wilson
Capt. & A. A. A. C.

We, the undersigned, officers of the First Regiment Infantry, New York Volunteers, having been informed that Mr. James T. Clancey is seeking to be restored to his former position of major in this regiment, do most respectfully and earnestly protest against such restoration

We make this protest, not influenced by any selfish motives, nor from any feeling of personal dislike, but from a firm and honest conviction that such restoration would tend to the demoralization of our regiment.

From the date of the organization of this regiment, its discipline and efficiency have been most materially hindered by the bad example and influences of a few officers, who, unfortunately, filled some of the principal positions.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Since the dismissal of Colonel Dyckman, Major Clancey, Captain Coles and a few other officers whose conduct had been notoriously bad, the regiment has been steadily and rapidly improving its morale, discipline, and efficiency, until it has already become all that its most sanguine friend and the most earnest patriot could desire.

Feeling that should be the promise of future usefulness in the sacred cause of our country would at once be interfered with, and a deterioration and consequent destruction of order and discipline would follow the return of Mr. Clancey to duty in the regiment, we do therefore, respectfully, tender this, our protest.

Dated at Camp Pitcher (Signed)
near Falmouth, Va.
December 27, 1862

B. Page, 1st Lt. Co. H
Alfred Fredberg, Capt. Co. I
John Coldier, 1st Lt. Co. K
Henry Grundston, 2nd Lt. Co. I
Sam'l F. Nixon, 1st Lt. Co. G
A. V. Eastman, 2nd Lt. Co. H
John Campbell, Capt. Co. A
John Dixon, 2nd Lieut. Co. E
James Bell, Lieut. Co. F
Andrew Hammott, 2nd Lt. Co. C

John Howe, Surgeon
Frances L. Leland, Capt. Co. E
E. VanTuyl, Capt. Co. G
John C. Horton, Capt. Co. D
Edward D'Heivilly, Capt. Co. C
R. Morris, 1st Lt. Co. I
A. C. Benedict, M. D. Asst. Sur.
Nicholas Gronbeck, Capt. Co. K
John S. Brush, 2nd Lieut. Co. B
Michael Gurvin, 1st Lieut. & Actg.
Adjt.
John S. Brush, 2nd Lieut. Co. B
A. S. Stevens, 2nd Lieut. Co. G
John Egan, 2nd Lieut. Co. A
Norman B. Leslie, 1st Lt. Co. A
R. O. Walmsley, Quartermaster

I most cordially approve and share in the within protest. The whole connection of Major Clancey with the regiment has been of a most evil and demoralizing character.

J. Fred Pierson,
Col. 1st Reg., N. Y. V.

10 P. M. December 27, 1862

Dear Father,

I wrote you by mail yesterday and again today, but learning that our assistant surgeon, A. C. Benedict, goes early tomorrow a.m. to New York, I send by him still another copy of both my letters. I wrote a letter to Governor Morgan last November some time to commission VanTuyl and Leland as Lt. Col. and Major. I sent to you a copy of my letter. I retained copy also but a week ago lost my big pocket-book from my coat, and in it was this copy. Will you please return to me the copy I forwarded to you, if you have it convenient. If not, never mind.

By the delay at Albany, I fear the regiment has suffered by being forced to receive again Mr. C. I shall do all I can to prevent it, but shall not put myself in his power by doing more. Is it not enough to disgust one with the service? All my officers are highly indignant and have drawn up and signed a strongly worded protest to his coming back. I will enclose a copy of it in this. I do not feel comfortable in thus troubling you so much, but dear Father, see how I am situated! With my hands tied behind my back and unable to act by getting away for a few days. I must ask that you go to Albany or send someone there, and have the commissions made out, dated back—that

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

of Lt. Col. to Oct. 9, 1862, that of Major to Oct. 14, 1862; and at once forwarded. Even then I fear they will come too late to be of any avail. But *VanTuyl* as *Lt. Col.* would help me wonderfully. I must pass entirely over *Yeamans*. If he is commissioned, try to have it rectified. Is *Diven* still an M. C.? He may be of great use to me, but only as a last resort. Please write to me as soon as possible. If you see Gov. M. had you not better get a letter objecting to C's being restored and send the same to me? If Charley feels inclined, he can come to the regiment now, securing a pass as sutler's clerk. I understand the army is to fall back some miles along the Potomac Creek and go into winter quarters.

Yours,
Fred.

Headquarters Berry's Brigade
Camp Pitcher, Dec. 31st, 1862

Colonel:

In obedience to orders from Division Headquarters, you are placed under close arrest for "disobedience of orders".

You will not leave your quarters except in case of urgent necessity, and you will hold no communication with anyone except through these headquarters.

The command of the 1st N.Y.Vols. will be at once turned over to Major James T. Clancey, 1st New York Vols.

Col. J. Fred Pierson
1st N. Y. Vols.

By command of Brigade Gen'l Berry
G. W. Wilson
Capt. & A. A. A. G.

To Major James T. Clancey
Commanding 1st Regiment, N. Y. Vols.

Col. J. Fred Pierson
1st N.Y.V.

(Extract)

Sir:

I have just returned from Albany. I found that in accordance with a letter to the Adjutant General which you wrote on the 1st of December last, that Leland was positively commissioned as Lieut. Col. and Yeamans was positively commissioned as Major. Leland vice yourself promoted, Yeamans vice Clancey dismissed from the service by the War Department, which order of Dismissal was on file.

Colonel Rotch, aide to Governor Morgan told me that they were afraid Clancey would try and get back and that they had taken the precaution to preclude its possibility, and had forwarded these commissions to Colonel Arden at the Adjutant General's office in Washington, to forward them to you at least ten days ago, and that it was not strange you had not got them yet, as sufficient time had not elapsed.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

Henry L. Pierson , Jr.
Capt. & A. A. G.

Headquarters 1st Div., 3d Corps
December 30th, 1862

Colonel:

The General Commanding Division desires you to send at once to these headquarters through General Berry, a written statement, explaining why, when detailed as a member of a court martial, you absent yourself from said court.

Very respectfully, Colonel,

Col. J. Fred Pierson
Comm'dg 1st N. Y. Vols.

F. Birney
A. A. G.

Official
K. D. Greebhalph
Lt. & A. D. C.

1st Regiment, N. Y. V.
December 30, 1862

F. Birney, A. A.G.

Gen'l Birney,
Commanding Division:

Captain:

In reply to your request that I send a written statement of the reasons why, being placed upon a court martial, I have absented myself from the court, I beg leave to state that:

Wednesday, I was present, when the court adjourned over Christmas until Friday.

Friday, I was present. Saturday, the 27th, I attended the court and assured myself that a sufficient number of members were present to transact business, and then reported to the judge advocate that urgent business would prevent my attendance, and was then excused by the court. Yesterday, Monday, being the ranking officer present (Col. Knight absent), I adjourned the court until this morning as the judge advocate was sick and absent.

This morning, urgent business detained me away until the court was in session. An unfinished case prevents my sitting this afternoon. All the cases tried in my absence were men in my own regiment.

Very respectfully,

J. Fred Pierson
Col. Commanding
1st Regmt, N.Y.V.

1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
Decembe 31, 1862

Dear Father:

I have already written you in duplicate, of the return of Clancey to the regiment and because of the negligence or will at Albany in not sending the commissions of VanTuyl and Leland of my being forced to put him on duty. Birney has taken up Clancey's side, and together with Berry is trying to force him on me, and get me into trouble. Birney seems to be willing to descend to the meanest and most despicable measures for the gratification of his pique and resentment against myself and regiment. My having so badly beaten him in his efforts to consolidate my regiment, and my having laid his previous unjust conduct towards me, before the war department, together with my refusal to grovel before him, has so filled his little dirty soul with vindictive and exparte thoughts and promptings towards me, as now to be observable in all his actions and words having reference to my Brigade.

Berry is a juster man, and his course is constrained or politically influenced by Birney (Berry expects to be a major-general and mustn't lose Birney's favor). He merely acts as a little mirror or reflector for Birney, throwing off the same thoughts as Birney casts upon him. It seems Birney wants to get the First consolidated with some pet organization of his —the 40th—and is making every effort to get me out of the way, fairly or unfairly would be the same to him. He has consequently sent to me since Clancey's return about two dozen orders, made as unnecessary and offensive as possible, in the hope that I would get provoked and disobeying give him some handle to injure me.

I have, knowing this, been very careful how I acted. In the meantime I have written a strong but truthful letter to Secretary Stanton, accompanying it with a copy of the order restoring Clancey, and praying for its revocation, also copy of a letter handed me by General Berry, *entirely unsolicited*, and a copy of which I enclose herewith. This letter is the antithesis to Berry's actions. I sent also a protest against C's coming back signed by every officer in the regiment, also certificates as to C's character. These papers I manoeuvred through to Hooker, and he told me he would read them carefully and forward them. I got Birney's approval with great effort, and while I sat in the tent of the A. A. G. to General Hooker, an hour afterwards, Birney came in and said to me, "I take back my approval of these papers, sir. I disapprove of them altogether." He is the *only* one who has so written upon them.

I managed so as to have Clancey send in his resignation yesterday, and gave it to the A. A. G. of General Berry last night to forward. Berry, I understand, sent for Clancey and had him tear it up.

I didn't intend to write to you any of these particulars, as I know it will tend to worry you, but be assured it does not worry me any. I find innocence a pretty good stand by in case of persecution, and if I didn't have any fighting to do now, after having engaged in it so long I would feel lonely.

I have sent a copy of all the papers mentioned herein as forwarded through headquarters, as well to Hon. A. S. Diven and R. B. VanValkenberg and have requested them to lay the case before the authorities in Washington.

If the commissions had been received from Albany of VanTuyl and Leland, all this trouble would have been spared me, and I am very anxious indeed to get VanTuyl's anyhow, that he may take the command away from Clancey.

I will write again soon, give my love to all,

and believe me,
Yours aff.,
Fred.

"In Limbo", 1st Regiment, N.Y.V.
January 2, 1863
9 pm

My dear Father:

Things with me are *in statu quo*, and that is the worst thing I can say, too. Birney is doing just what he did before... placing me unjustly in arrest in order to prevent my opposing or combating his efforts to have my regiment consolidated. Tomorrow is my fifth day, and yet I have received no hint or word as to the charges against me on the dreadful crime I have committed. In the meanwhile, I have pretty well become assured of the motives actuating him. He and Berry want another star and have sworn a league "offensive and defensive" to assist each other's aspirations. Berry hates him but needs his assistance, and vice versa.

Colonel Egan of the 40th, an illiterate, loafing corner-grocery, pot-house politician of our city, and a vile democrat is moving heaven and earth to get a star, and being an impudent swaggering fellow and so influencing some Irish votes is not without good hopes of being successful. He makes numerous visits to the Capitol, being allowed to go by Birney upon the understanding that he *shall work for two*. So with several others all working for their own ends, they form a kind of masonic fraternity with the motto of "no scruples, no principles, no justice, success at any cost."

Birney is the big tad-pole in this dirty political pool. The little tads boost him up, and cling to him as he rises. Oh! Is it not a terrible thing for our poor country? Is it not just such selfish conduct that has caused our defeats and false steps? Is it not enough to disgust any right-minded, any patriotic soul, who is so simple as to lose sight of his own profit in his one thought to save his dear old flag? I have seen much, and have felt dearly the effect of this mean, grovelling, personal "patriot-ism". I almost, dear Father, despair of success, and must with affright ponder on our "Tomorrow". Alas! How true it is that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof"; for was the evil of a whole week concentrated into one day, the very heavens would weep with shame and the stars close their eyes forever. But I am afraid you will laugh at my moralizing and so will return to a very matter of fact, and better understood topic, viz, myself.

I think Birney wants to consolidate the First with the Fortieth. You will remember he placed me without cause under arrest last August, and in the meanwhile urged repeatedly and strove hard to effect the disbandment of the First for the benefit of the 37th and also the 40th. I helped to baffle him. Now he wants to do the same thing. He has already effected the consolidation of the 101st and 37th, the 40th and 87th, the 38th and 55th. Now comes the 40th and 1st. To do this, he has managed to get Clancey back, and has thrust him upon us in the hopes that his return may again demoralize and upset the regiment. He has been trying to get a hold on me to get me out of the way. He has found none. He must be able to report of my regiment, to get it disbanded, that "The Colonel is under arrest, the major is a black-guard, the officers are all the while quarreling, the men are discontented, etc."

He is getting desperate. He places me under arrest for construed "Disobedience of orders". He sends me dozens of orders, obnoxious and offensive, to provoke my ire, but he doesn't succeed.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

He says he does, however, and acts accordingly. I am fully persuaded that all official communications, etc. for myself and VanTuyl and Leland are stopped. Two or three that have come, show unmistakeable signs of having been tampered with. I have telegraphed you today to send any important paper for me, enclosed to Colonel Joseph Dickinson, A. A. G., Major General Hooker. Please do so. Major Clancey sent in to me his resignation. I forwarded it to Brigade Headquarters, and they sent for Clancey and destroyed part and returned the other part. So much for *Honor* and *Justice*. If I can get the commissions of VanTuyl and Leland, and they are dated back, I think I can fix the matter yet. Can you not send Charley with *Duplicates* if originals have been made out?

Now you must not let anything I have penned give you any uneasiness, for I have become by far too good a stoic, or Democritus, to get very unhappy myself, and am too considerate to act rashly and too interested to go wrong wilfully. I would have, never-the-less, a good long letter of advice, etc., from the only one I have ever cared to receive it from. My deepest and greatest consolation, dear Father, is to see and find out in what a respectful and *fond* consideration I am held by my officers and men. The officers, without exception, seem very much attached to me, and seem to take my arrest far more soberly than I do. Should I resign (and I believe my duty to them and hatred of Birney is all that prevents me) everyone of them would do likewise. The men too, are gloomy and express their sorrow and attachment in many different ways. Do you blame me for feeling somewhat proud of this?

In an endorsement of a paper which I hold, General Berry said, "The First N.Y.Vols is the best regiment in the service to my knowledge, and made so from the most demoralized I have ever seen, solely by the exertions of Colonel Pierson".

I am going to get transferred to another division, as soon as I am free to act once more. Birney is my Upas Tree.

I dare not send this in the regular mail through brigade and division headquarters, but must send it to Corps Headquarters to be mailed.

Yours aff.,
Fred

Camp near Falmouth, Va.
January 9, 1863

James T. Sprague
Adj. State of New York
Albany

General:

William L. Coles, Capt. of Co. C, 1st Regiment, N.Y.Vols, Infantry, was dismissed from the service Oct. 14, 1862. James C. Shaw, 1st Lieut. Co. C was promoted to fill this vacancy, but before he was mustered in, he was discharged from the service by order of the War Department. This vacancy is therefore still to be filled, and I would respectfully recommend the appointment of *Francis A. Silva*, formerly a captain of the regiment then unjustly dismissed and now restored again, to this place. I would also ask the promotion of *1st Lt. Benj. Page* to be Captain vice Joseph Yeamans promoted, and *John C. White*, 112 East 12th Street, New York, to be adjutant vice William Wallace, discharged.

I am General
Very respectfully,
Yr. obt. sv't.
J. Fred Pierson,
Colonel, etc.

First Regiment, N. Y. Vols.
January 14, 1863

My dear Father:

You left me yesterday a.m. This morning, or rather yesterday afternoon, an aide from General Hooker rode over to see me and asked if I had yet sent the papers up. I told him I had, and directed him to call at Stoneman's Headquarters and get them on his way back. I have not yet heard from them.

You will remember the order I received (for drill the next day) in the evening before you left. You lay upon my bed when I read it to you. We all supposed, as you then intimated, that Birney was going to have a spectacle for the gratification of his ladies, and show off his abilities to handle a Brigade. Prompted by the same belief, hundreds, or a great many of the officers staff, etc. of other regiments and headquarters visited the ground. With the regiment, I reached the ground and took up my position fourth in line.

No general appeared, but very soon Captain G. W. Wilson (Berry's A. A. G.) rode up to me and said that he had received another order or intimation that General Birney would not drill the Brigade and that I was the senior officer present, and should take command. I saw at a glance the whole affair, and riding out to the front of the line commenced the drill, which I continued for two hours, and in a manner very satisfactory to all.

The Lieutenant Colonel commanding the 37th N.Y.Vols. is a noisy, conceited, Irishman of the most poisonous democratic school, and particularly prided himself upon his intimate knowledge of all tactics, his happy manner of displaying said knowledge to the complete satisfaction and disgust of all listeners, and lastly upon his ability to find the bottom of a whiskey bottle before his neighbors could clear its neck. This valiant patriot some time ago, while wearing the red sash, was the referee between another commandant of regiment and myself, in regard to a little difference arising about a camping ground. Full of whiskey, or Poteen, and prejudiced, himself being the most interested party, he decided as the general declared, most unjustly against me.

For this I owed him an equivalent. On the drill, he was in command of his regiment and full of pomposity. I saw at once that he hailed my assuming command as a good thing to afford merriment and ridicule based upon mistakes and confusions *about to ensue*.

Out of fun, I made the first two or three movements upon the rear battalions, and giving my orders, waited for him to give his preparatory commands, but the poor wiseacre was completely lost, and every time could only repeat "About face". Then I shouted at him to front again and in the voice of an instructor told him what he should say, and do. This occurred until every officer and private in his regiment were laughing at him and his ignorance, and then feeling my little debt of vengeance gratified, I left him to stumble through. I can only say that every one has assured me that the brigade was handled better than they ever knew it to be before, and considering a number of generals have tried it, think I have said enough. But the whole affair was

undoubtedly arranged by B. to humiliate me, and give him the powerful weapon of 'incompetence' to handle. You can imagine the feelings of Captain Wilson. A. A. A. G., etc. I have enjoyed the triumph and their mortification hugely. As this, then, did not answer *fully* the purposes, I received a visit the next evening from the Judge Advocate of Birney's G. C. Martial, ordering me to appear the next morning (this morning) at 10 o'clock, before the court on Clancey's charges.

Talking with the J. A., he told me he had received an order at 11 o'clock the same night of the drill from B. ordering him to lay other business aside and bring my case before the court without delay.

As soon as he had gone, I jumped on "Pet" and rode John Gilpinny to Hookers' headquarters. Saw the fighting old man, told him B. had ordered me to be tried on these charges the next morning, and that the validity of the charges depended altogether upon his decision upon the papers I had forwarded to his headquarters. He said his aide had got the papers from Stoneman, but as that general had not yet acted upon them, he had sent them back to him to have his report.

He continued, "There is no use in any court, none at all. As soon as I get the papers, I will be the court, judge and all."

I replied, "But I am ordered to appear tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Never mind," said he, "I will send an order at once to Birney to have him stop proceedings until he hears from me."

I thanked him, went to Stoneman, found the papers, and had them sent up the same night. This morning, I went to the place appointed to hold the court, and the J. A. was receiving testimony or lies from Clancey, and to my question said, "He had no orders to postpone my trial. I went to B's *Boudoir*, alias headquarters, and saw a thing of gold lace, shoulder straps and boots, leaning against a tent. Upon nearer observation, I discerned the expressive mustache of my good friend, B. Anticipating an order to *get out*, I advanced pretty firmly to the attack and was surprised to see the mustache part, a beautiful smile to play lovingly around it, and a hand extended, while the mouth said "Ah! Colonel, I am glad to see you". Shades of peace, humility and charity! You live again in the person of D. B. B.!

I asked him if he would not withdraw temporarily the charges against me. (I knew Hooker had ordered him to do it; but that he might not contest the point, I bowed to his pride; and by the request allow him to say, "I did it myself upon the earnest solicitation of Colonel Pierson."

He said, "Yes, I have received an order from General Hooker to take some course; but it seems to me, Colonel, that you are very unnecessarily complicating the whole matter."

I told him my action had been through his headquarters and had been open to his scrutiny.

He replied, "Well, first comes orders from the Secretary of War, then from General Hooker, then from *somewhere else*, whereas the point is very simple and you had better have left it for me."

I cannot repeat all our conversation. I will only say that he backed down completely from everything, sent an aide to withdraw the charges, and another aide to get my *papers from Stoneman if they had not been forwarded*. He said *Yeamans* was *major* and that he had been wrong. Of course he did not use these words, "Pride hath a fall" but not so perpendicular a one as that., He let himself down the slope of humiliation or acknowledged wrong slowly and carefully,

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

catching at everything to make his descent easy and less visible. But, never-the-less, he still sank down, and with the acknowledgement that "Yeamans is major", he reached the bottom. I have not heard from Hooker.

I have just received marching orders—"to be prepared to move early tomorrow morning, each man with 60 rounds of ammunition and three days cooked rations". I do not know where we are to go, but as the pontoon train has gone up the river some fifteen miles, I presume we will cross there, and flank the Rebs—provided they will let us—reckon from past experience that they won't, however. Only our Centre Grand Division as I understand it, is to go. Go where? The "Richmond Enquirer" can probably inform you. I don't know myself.

Your aff. son
Fred

Headquarters, 1st Div. 3d Corps
January 18th, 1863

Colonel:

The Brigadier General Commanding Division directs me to say that the special order restoring Major J. Clancey is conditional, the position has not been filled, and as Colonel Pierson's statement is that the vacancy was filled and commission merely delayed by the irregularities of the Army Mail, you will relieve Major Clancey from duty until the question has been finally decided at Grand Division Headquarters.

In case the Division moves, Major Clancey will remain at Acquia Creek Landing until the question of his restoration is settled properly. The Brigadier General Commanding Division is of the opinion that the place was properly filled by the commissioning of Major Yeamans.

Respectfully your obt servant
(Signed) Henry W. Brevort
Major & A. A. G.

1st Regiment N. Y. Vols. Infantry
January 18, 1863

My dear Father:

I wrote you on the 16th inst, quite a long letter, telling you of affairs since your regretted departure. I now enclose a copy of a letter just received from Hooker.

Affairs seem in a good state just now, but as you observed, taking in consideration the character (or rather want of character) of General Birney and his consequent mortification of pride as at the result of my efforts, I shall be obliged to sail close to the wind my regimental craft, and in a crafty manner. So be it.

Our orders to move yesterday morning were postponed until one o'clock today, and this morning were delayed until one o'clock tomorrow.

I really think we will get off then, however, but know not in what direction. Some say we will go

back, but I think we will cross the river and engage the enemy. Charley's good letter of the 12th inst. I received yesterday—in five days, quite a remarkable event. Tell him not to await my reply but to write again.

Why does not Yeamans rejoin the regiment? His time was up the 15th. He is now absent without leave. And if he don't hurry up, he will find no position for him at all here. Ask Charley to hunt him up and ship him off.

Cannot you send by him the buffalo skin you spoke of? Also a small crib board? and small checker board, men, and set of chessmen?

Please send me in return letter a number of postage stamps.

I have got a beautiful pair of matched horses now, that can put a mile of land behind them in three minutes and one-half, trotting.

I have inspection of the regiment in ten minutes, and so must close. Give my love to all,

Your aff. son,
Fred

January 30th, 1863

My dear Father:

This will be handed to you by Lieut. John Dixon *quondam* sergeant-major of my regiment.

Yeamans is here, and mustered in, but miserable Clancey still hangs around the brigade. He will, I trust, soon go. Berry is now Major-General, and has taken his farewell of our brigade in a general order. Understanding he was to leave for Washington tomorrow, myself and officers, some thirty in number, paid him our farewell visit this afternoon. I made a little speech and he made a big one, and then the *little side* withdrew.

The poor man looks miserable, and I really believe it behooves him to interest himself more in the stars above them than in a couple here below. He cannot weather it much longer for he is a shipwreck now. He seemed pleased at our visit and well might be, for to navigate safely through the mud and holes and snow between our regiment and his greatness was a task of no ordinary accomplishment. Stoneman is away on a sick leave, and Dan Sickles commands or damns (quite synonymous) our corps. Birney, poor Birney, so far is left out in the cold, and without a Major General's coat to keep him warm. I fear too, his coat of self-pride, etc., is somewhat thinner and that the poor sinner may catch cold. I am very sorry and would not for the world *prevent* his catching a very bad one, but for him to have a cold great in an inverse ratio to his actual greatness would certainly suffocate him at once. Let him suffocate, nor would I care, to borrow an oriental simile, if the jackasses *did* step over his grave, and yet I wouldn't injure a hair of his whiskers (He hasn't got any).

Berry told me Hooker had directed him to remain here, and that he would have a command "*near at home*". I infer therefore, that he may take command of the Corps, and Stoneman be either promoted or assigned elsewhere. The commission of all the new or parvenu M. G.'s dated alike and rank is according to old commission. Consequently, Stoneman being the oldest brigadier if made M. G. will become the biggest and oldest tad in the puddle, and all the little Tads like B

will constrainedly smile, call him “friend” and fight to carry his tail, while all the while itching to cut it off. Not a very beautiful simile I grant, but a moral one as it tends to make a man think of his latter end, and only intended for your edification. Lieut. Dixon remains in New York some six days, and if you have any little nicknax to send to me, give it or them in his charge. Send nothing to me by the Express for if you do, it only goes as far as the office, or the appetite of the employees therein will make it. My new Lieut. Colonel is a valuable man. I am troubled no longer by loose cigars, eatables, etc., lying around, and have much less leisure than before to collect the same myself. Joe Yeamans sits upon my trunk by the fire looking as wise as a goose in a mud-puddle, and will make a fine officer as soon as the pine leaves turn yellow. Perhaps even before. But I write in too facetious a vein for you, dear father, and must check myself, if possible through to New York, or what is better, close and play checkers with my major. I am well and expecting every day to hear from home.

Give my love to all, and believe me,

Your aff. son,
Fred

I am the second senior officer in my brigade. The first, Colonel Roberts, goes away in a day or two and I shall be in command. I used to think a colonel was a high magnate, but now I deem one *common*, and a brigadier *not much*. True it is that “familiarity breeds contempt”—of brigadiers.

Letters to Home



Fred Benson

1st Regiment N.Y.V. Inf.
March 8, 1863

My dear Father:

Acting upon your advice and governed by the same views of the future political horizon as you yourself possess, I have determined to continue in the army during the present war, and use every honorable means to obtain a higher position than I now hold. But this will be a hard task to accomplish by reason of *competition*, *favoritism*, etc., although possibly from the existence of the last, I may alone become successful. We sometimes unintentionally abuse our friends. My regiment goes out of the U. S. Service the 23rd of next month. We must be mustered out at the original place of muster-in, and consequently it is probable that we leave the field a week before our time expires, in order to arrive at New York by the 23rd. I anticipate, however, a battle

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

before that time. The ground is gradually drying up, and we may expect no more severe, prolonged storms, although frequent rains and clearings-up.

Hooker wishes to move, his army is prepared to move, and the country calls for it—perhaps the opportunity invites it. I was up to General Hooker's Headquarters the other day, and the moment he espied me, he advanced and extended his hand.

He remarked, "You acted well in the case of Common-sense against Clancey, et al", and that he was pleased with the whole proceedings. I told him very naturally that I was also gratified at the result of those proceedings, but considered myself mostly indebted to him.

Birney seems to us smiling as the month of May, since last January.

I am happy to hear that Billy Wallace is remembered at last. When in Washington, I instilled into his modest composition a good amount of impudence and self-dependence, to the extent that he at once went personally to confront the President, and Secretary Welles, and presented in an *audacious* manner his claims and wishes. I also interested Colonel Bliss (Governor Morgan's confidential friend and adviser for some years, officially) in his behalf. Bliss stayed a few days with me in camp a little while ago on a visit to the army. He has gone back now.

Some of the two years regiments are already attempting to arrange a "Grand reception" by the City of New York upon their return. I suppose I should do something too, but I can't claim the high honor of personal acquaintance with any of the Common Council. I must get them to vote a little money belonging to other people to properly inaugurate the reception, to advertise a little, to buy a new flag, to appoint a committee authorized to buy kid gloves and champagne for the party, and tickets to carry said party to Philadelphia or elsewhere to meet us, also authorized to damage as much liquor as possible in the time—the said time not to extend beyond their term of office, etc.

I wrote you a letter telling how Porges was ordered to be discharged by the Secretary of War. Well, he received his discharge and went to New York, en route for Austria. I enclose a letter of his to a private in the regiment, and I have no doubt it will afford you much merriment. I also enclose a *carte de visite*, to be placed in my album. It is of Major Boyd, 5th N.Y.V. who was a *compagnon de voyage* with me in my pleasure excursion to Richmond to examine into the structure called Libby Prison, and report.

I will write again soon,
Fred

First Regiment N.Y.V. Inf
Camp near Falmouth, Va.
March 14, 1863

My dear Father:

Your kind letters of the 26th ulto. and 3rd inst. have been read by me several times. With your views as expressed in the first letter, I perfectly agree and have already committed myself for the war.

But first, I must prepare you for another visitation of Mrs. O'Leary with the information that her darling brat of a husband deserted his regiment, and colors, at the Battle of Fredericksburg, Va.

and since that date, the 13th of December, nothing has been heard from the scoundrel. Perhaps you better have the Thorps sent back to some hospital or the convalescent camp at Alexandria, and then they can get their discharges from the service, and pay too, at once.

General Birney has of late become remarkably kind, attentive, and docile. He sent for me the other day and after having presented to me the Calumet of Peace, of the kind that come in boxes, we smoked and talked affairs all over. My regiment goes out of the service next month, together with two other regiments, all in his division. He does not want to lose us. He complimented your youngest hopeful very highly, said he mustn't lose me, and made several propositions to me, affecting things "in future".

Birney's idea is this. He wants me to make out a statement of how many three-year men I have, and accompany it with the request that while the men are mustered out of the service on the 23rd of April next, those officers who desire to remain in the field can do so, forming of them a skeleton organization to be filled by conscripts, the few three year men and those who will re-enlist constituting the nucleus.

I have spoken to several of this, and am assured by Berry, Birney and Hooker, that they individually will exert themselves to have the first *haul* of conscripts turned over to me if I choose to remain in the service. Birney says he has offered to him three companies of recruits from Pennsylvania, and that he can put them into my regiment if I so desire. He particularly promises to put this thing through for me and is anxious to have me adopt this plan. I am going to see Hooker again tomorrow about it. I had a meeting of my officers yesterday and laid the whole affair before them. They almost unanimously pledged themselves in writing to follow my fortunes, wherever fate may decree—if I get up another regiment, to go with me. What do you think? Give me the benefit of your advice.

We have had some very pleasant parties lately here. A Miss Gammond from Washington being engaged to a Captain Hart of the 7th N.J.V. (Lt. Col. Price) and her intended husband not being able to get away to marry her in church, she resolved to come down to the army and marry him out-doors. She brought some thirteen bridesmaids with her, and the ceremony was performed with considerable eclat and style.

It was at the camp of the 7th New Jersey. The regiment itself was drawn up to form three sides of a square, the open side being formed by the tents and awnings, in which the dancing and feasting took place, and from whence the happy misers came forth to be made miserably happy. A small panoply was erected in the center. At one end five drums were piled covered over by the stars and stripes, and this formed the altar before which the Hymeneal rites were performed. Nearby, stood Generals Hooker, Mott, Benham, Berry, Birney, Ward, Bartlett, Sickles, etc., etc., while Colonel Pierson was generally around.

After the ceremony, the officers and all adjourned to the tented enclosure and those possessed of curiosity or sentimentalism, favored the first and indulged in the last by a congratulatory look or *bon mot* to the bride and her lord, who were conveniently posted in one corner to accommodate such. Being one of the curiosity class, I was presented to her, and overcome with emotion placed in her hand, and yet no longer hers, the following lines; after doing which I suddenly disappeared from her view:

The wish I to the two impart
When in the *game* of *life* they start
He may never lack his *dram* and
She may never be back gammoned

After a time, we sat down to a very superior dinner, and then rose up to a very pleasant dance, and further I wot not of, for I immediately mounted "Pat" and returned to camp.

The next night a grand ball was given by the refined General Sickles in honor of the married couple, and all the colonels of regiments in my division invited. Of course I went and enjoyed myself considerably, as before I returned to camp, Reveille was sounded from the different regiments and I went to bed a little after five in the morning—a great deal earlier than I generally do.

First Infantry
Camp near Potomac Creek, Va.
April 3rd, 1863

My dear Father:

Our time is up on the 23rd inst. and yet I have heard, and can hear, nothing of the plan to be adopted towards us by the government. I suppose at the last moment, something will be done. Up to a week ago, all orders indicated a movement in a short time. Pack mules were given to each regiment and camp equipage reduced; and we momentarily anticipated the receipt of orders that would set in motion the grandly expensive machine called the Potomac Army, the effectiveness of which is proportionate to the number of orphans and widows made—but the order did not come.

Other orders did, however, and on Wednesday last (day before yesterday) the brigade was directed to proceed near Belle Plain, or Potomac Creek and establish a new camp, to do it *regularly* and substantially, building log cabins and work of a like local stability. Yesterday morning at an early hour, or a little before the first domestic gapingly and slovenly descends the stairs of a city dwelling to make the fire, the whole brigade was wending its way across the country in one long line like a huge black snake, to take possession of its new ground. All day yesterday and today an incessant noise of chopping and crying has assailed the ear, and still goes on. My men are so possessed with the idea of soon returning home, that they manifest an unwillingness and indifference to engage heartily in the log cabin business. Never-the-less, I don't expect to have any other camp best mine, and so have been particularly busy in planning, staking, directing and scolding.

You have hardly an idea of the immense amount of work, etc. requisite to satisfactorily lay out an encampment—kitchens, guard-houses, stables, hospitals, offices, houses, all are to be erected and with but little time and fewer axes. To be a good soldier one must be a fair architect, geometrician and a doctor, to select, plan and execute,

You ask for the meaning of all this! I really don't know, unless report speaks true in saying that the 3rd Corps are to be held in reserve and to guard the Potomac Creek Bridge.

I am building myself a fine house, with all the latest camp improvements, including a corner artistically made and sacredly reserved as the receptacle of a cask of ale, now on its way to be disposed of. When it arrives, should there be enough left in it, I shall drink your good health.

You mention my getting upon Hooker's staff. I have thought of it several times, and yet have taken no steps to accomplish that purpose. Hooker's Asst. Adj. General only ranks as Lt. Col. and it might be difficult to secure my rank. Did I choose to take an inferior rank, I have no doubt of my

ability to secure a place if I desired it. I do not think it would be politic however to do so. Excelsior is my motto.

Now about the steeple-chase, the idea of which has been so distasteful to you. It was to have come off Friday of last week, and all preparations were made accordingly. Just as I was about to throw myself upon my buffalo robe Thursday night, I said to Major Yeamans in the next tent "Well, Major, tomorrow will be a holiday, and an exciting one, too."

As I said the last word, the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard outside and an orderly brought me an order to have my regiment go out on picket at 8 a.m. on the morrow. Alas for the uncertainty of military events and human hopes! The Brigade was ordered off and yet the sports went on. I was obliged to withdraw my cattle as an Englishman would express it, and instead of riding over *fences*, was obliged to ride past *pickets*.

Your love note from Isaac Thorp has much amused me. How delicately he speaks of filthy lucre, and how nobly he admits having none of it himself. I had a long letter from Billy Wallace yesterday. The poor fellow seems very much disappointed, and yet persistent.

I had previously seen the article in the Times respecting Birney—the brigadier—for his peace of mind, I trust he is in blissful ignorance of it.

Spring is very tardy here, up to today the weather has been cold, wintry, and blustering—quite as bad as it could be North.

Love to all,
Yours aff.
Fred

Mutiny

1st Regmt. N. Y. V. Inftry
April 15, 1863

My dear Father:

I have nothing now to write about, but feel somewhat blue and despondent over the late news. The attack of Charleston a failure; Foster surrendered; the great rain of all day yesterday and the night before impeding our movement, the evident fear to enforce the conscription act; the humbug and waste and expenditure of munitions, etc., at Vicksburg and Fort Hudson; the news from England; all seem to me unfavorable. I am getting afraid, too of the apparent timidity and policy of Seward. I don't like him as well as I did, and like him still less every week. I anticipate much trouble with me "Pets" before long. They say their contract with Uncle Sam expires in a few days and that they have no interest or obligation to remain or fight longer. I can get no decisive answer as to what will be done when our term is out, from or by the Authorities.

We have now on hand and given out, thirteen days rations, and the men say they do not want the six days rations over their time, for that they won't need it. It is wrong, impolitic, and disgraceful to retain them beyond their muster, and when *right* is so entirely *with them*, how can I meet the issue? You will say "A good colonel ought to convert them to his own way of thinking", etc., but you are mistaken. A *good* colonel would never ask his men to do what, under similar circumstances with them and *one* of them, he would not do himself. If the government breaks its faith, shall the party injured keep it? What is patriotism, glory, country, credit, etc., to them in such an issue? A poor devil is shot down, thrown in a ditch, and *finis*; and his family destitute. I have, I honestly believe, more influence than any other commandant of regiment over his own men, but I would dislike to meet this question. We shall see if I shall have to do it.

I am expecting a letter from you today.

Give my love to all at home, and believe me, as ever,

Your affectionate son,
Fred

First Regiment Infantry N.Y. S.V.
April 25th, 1863

My dear Father:

Your letters of the 14th, 17th, and 20th inst. are at hand, and have just been perused by me with attention and pleasure.

Since my last to you, I have been riding along upon the throes of a very formidable moral earthquake, or in plainer words, a general mutiny. My "pets" parted with proper propriety, and petulantly and per force have performed a part in perfect persistence in their past preferences and precedents. It has been the popular delusion that the time of service of our regiment expired on the 23rd inst. I confess to having shared with all others in that idea. All our rolls, papers, books, writings, and knowledge, gave such a view. It seems however, that a few men were mustered into

the service on the 7th of May as Co. H, and so the 1st Regiment must serve for two years from that date.

The government says that "the time of a regiment to serve is dated from the muster of the last company into the service". This decision is both right and best, and wrong and impolitic as the case may be. Much may be said on both sides. At any rate, we all understood that we should be mustered out on the 23rd of April 1863; and April 23rd, 1863 we received a general order from headquarters A. P. to assure us, and promise of this fact, which order was as directed by its provisions read at the head of each company. The general commanding the division had directed us to make out our rolls, and information and blanks were furnished by brigade headquarters, or the very person who mustered the regiment originally into the service, viz, Colonel G. B. Hayman, commanding brigade.

Late at night of the 21st, an orderly brought me an official telegraphic dispatch from Washington, A. G. O., through the Corps headquarters. This highly enlivening extract was to the effect that "the term of service of the 1st N. Y. did not expire until the 7th of May". The next morning, about 11 o'clock, I found the regiment and after reading the *sentence*, gave a very spirited and feeling address to the men. Anticipating a strong feeling and a possible assertion of citizenship and consequent objection to do further military duty, I counseled, advised, warned, threatened and begged all of them to behave themselves with due decorum, and strictly obey all orders. In fact, as I deeply appreciated the position of affairs, I made, I am informed, a very effective and eloquent appeal—and order.

I had as well talk to the Rocky Mountains, or the inhabitants of a lunatic asylum. At the conclusion of my remarks, I received an order for brigade drill in an hour. One company of the regiment had served two years this day; and I knew that by its conduct, the rest would in a great measure be influenced. The drill call sounded, and pretty soon the Lieut. commanding the company referred to, reported to me that Co. F had stacked arms in their street, and had refused to fall in on the ground that their term of service had expired. I rode over to them and found arms stacked, accoutrements suspended on them, and the mutineers around. I ordered them to fall in but they were dogged and stubborn, and would not do it. I found all persuasive, all warning efforts useless to move them to a sense of duty, and took the balance of the command out on the most insipid, stupid, useless drill I ever lived through.

I reported the affair to the colonel commanding brigade, and general of division, and entreated the latter to have the company instantly arrested by the provost guard, the ringleaders tried by drum head court martial, and that very afternoon, before the whole division, shot to death with musketry. I represented to him that the time of service of my whole regiment would expire on the morrow, and that if he did not do this, or use similar effective and instant measures to stop the disaffection the whole command would lay down their arms. *He thought not* and did nothing at all.

The morning of the 23rd, at nine o'clock, each company of the regiment to a man, stacked their arms and refused to do further military duty. I was a colonel without command, and really a very unfortunate man.

Now let me give you some further reasons for this conduct of the men. Everyone in and out of the regiment supposed our term of service to expire on the 23rd. It was the first of the two year regiments to do so, and would serve as a precedent for all the others. The act or order of the War Department was as sudden and obnoxious to the other regiments as mine, though actually, as to time, affecting mine the most. For several days before the 23rd, emissaries from all the other camp instigating and encouraging a resistance, provided the government did not send them home

upon that date. The 37th, and interested regiments, and the 31st, 38th, 7th, & 8th, N.Y. and the 2nd, all near us, were constantly smuggling in rum and seditious counsel. The government, by an order, gave us to understand up to the 22nd that we should go the 23rd, and not until that date, does it send upon us *by telegraph*, the declaration that we should be held until the 7th of May.

It was a thunderbolt.

The regiment has done its duty. Nine large battles have experienced its good services. Hundreds of its members lie buried beneath the soil of Virginia. Two years has it been from home, from friends, and from pleasures.

And yet, the grateful government refuses to let it go home as a body with or without arms, without organization, or colors; refuses to let the few faithful and war-worn veterans go that have been in every skirmish for eighteen months and only enlisted for the term of service of the regiment, but has decided to keep them for three years; refuses to even muster out men who have served their full time and contract, and not only refuses, but neglects them entirely, or abuses them, on the principle, I suppose that it has had all the good it can get out of them for it couldn't kill them all and the few left may go to the devil. To the devil with th—

But excuse me, I am not expressing my own ideas so fully as the arguments, etc., of the men of my command who have mutinied. Towards them however, I took, and have, and shall maintain, a very decided, uncompromising spirit and part.

But to go on. My foolish and dastardly regiment was instantly surrounded by another one, our arms were taken away and accoutrements and rations, and later in the day of the 24th our *colors*. This is only for your eyes my dear father, and I would even ask you not to show it to any other member of our family. I cannot bear to think of it. I shall never forget the moment itself. I mean when I felt the colors leave my hand and go. I could not see who took them. Although a man and a soldier, the well-spring of past associations and affection broke loose and hastily stepping into my tent, I fell upon my buffalo robe and fairly cried with chagrin and mortification.

You cannot tell nor appreciate the deep love and reverence a soldier bears to his flag. It is his regiment, the embodiment of all interest, pride and associations. You may have one thousand men, but without one flag, one color, you still possess no regiment, no centre, no unity. Even my dastardly recreants felt it, and for the first time felt a pang of degradation, shame and sorrow. With them whiskey soon washed the remembrance away, with me it will remain forever—a dark, disagreeable spot that time can alone subdue or lessen.

I soon recovered myself and all my wonted stoicism, and composure. I felt myself in no way to blame, merely as usual, the victim of accident and incident, and this *infernal machine*, yclept the 1st N.Y.V. I had charges made out against the ringleaders, some *forty* in number, and by direction of the general, sent them in.

All day long I was bobbing between two courts, being the principal witness on each, and more like the ass between the two loads of hay, I lost my dinner and nearly did starve.

In camp, my measly mutineers were merry or mum, drunk or sober; mostly drunk and merry though.

The Inspector General from Corps Headquarters who had the assurance, ignorance, and impudence that twenty years in the regular army must impart, in the afternoon dropped with square shoulders in the midst of our camp.

I was not present, but he inquired for the Lt. Col (Leland), and informed him in a most consequential manner, that he (the inspector) desired to talk with the men, that he could bring them to a sense of duty in five moments, etc.

Several of my officers came up when the important and eloquent pseudo-Demosthenes, toward them superciliously waved his hand and said, "I don't want to see the officers, the men I'll talk to."

And so he commenced to harangue a knot of them standing near-by. His audience soon increased and so did the noise and interruptions.

He commenced to tell them of a "certain regiment of mounted rangers that was raised in the Mexican War", when, "To h— with the Rangers", shouted a profane and highly honorable member of the 1st N.Y.V. Infantry. The colonel commenced again, "This regiment mutinied once—".

"Are we mutineers?" queried some anxious persons from the crowd, excitedly.

"Yes, if—," and the colonel was about proceeding to quell the mutiny in the 1st without the aid of its officers, and by his eloquence, when from all around him came the gentle notes, "You lie", "put him out", "run him through", etc., etc., and the crowd of cowards rushed at him.

Colonel Leland, then kindly took him away, conducting him outside the lines. As the colonel of the silvery tongue rode off, he turned and said to Leland, "Damn it, Sir! Your men are drunk. I'll arrest you, sir." etc., etc.

Leland said, "You don't want the officers, then?"

Now, Father dear, this little incident I mention merely as it shows to you the character of the men I rule, and the elements I have to reconcile. You can judge that my part is no small one. And how successful I am, when I can assert that I have never yet received a disrespectful word from a man in the regiment, drunk or sober.

On the evening of the 23rd, I received an order from General Hooker, a copy of which I enclose:

Headquarters 3rd Army Corps
April 23rd, 1863

Special Orders)
#62)

3. It is reported to the Major-General Commanding, that the First Regiment, N. Y. S. Vols, excepting the commissioned and a few non-commissioned officers, have lain down their arms and refuse to do duty.

That a regiment which has earned such an honorable name in this Army Corps for gallantry and fidelity, should cover itself with shame during the last few days of its term of service, and by the grossest of military crimes forfeit all claim to future recognition among their comrades in the Army of the Potomac, is a most painful and humiliating announcement.

There is reason to believe that this extraordinary conduct is attributable to the low counsels and

misrepresentations of a very few bad men in the camp, and that a brief interval of reflection may suffice for the true soldiers of the 1st. N. Y. Vols. to resume their duties and hasten to efface all recollections of their turpitude, by the prompt and zealous obedience which they will yield to all orders.

When the men shall have returned to duty, the Major General Commanding will carefully consider all matters of complaint which they may desire to present. If their complaints have a reasonable foundation, prompt redress will be afforded by himself, if in his power, or by higher authority should the communication when received involve the exercise of authority, which the general commanding does not possess.

To the end that no means may be left untried to avert the consequence which will surely follow the refusal to obey the next order issued to this regiment, the general commanding directs that the regiment be stripped of its arms, accoutrements, and colors, today, and that, for twenty-four hours the regiment be allowed only bread and water, that a strong guard be placed on the camp, preventing anyone from entering or leaving the camp, unless with a pass from Division Commanders. That tomorrow at noon, the regiment in two reliefs be ordered on fatigue duty on the corduroy road through this camp, and if that order and all subsequent orders shall be obeyed, no further punishment will be inflicted except upon ringleaders, all of whom will be at once brought before a General Court Martial and disposed of summarily.

If on tomorrow at the hour named, the men of this regiment shall be found yet mutinous, then, besides the loss of all pay now due, and to become due and the bounty of one hundred dollars to which each man would otherwise have been entitled, three men in each company will be selected for trial before a Drum Head Court Martial, and turned over to the Provost Marshall for execution of the sentence imposed. All the other mutineers will be drafted into other regiments of this corps, and required to serve out the full period of their enlistments, and the First Regiment of New York Volunteers, thus disbanded, in disgrace, will cease to exist as a military organization in the service of the United States.

By command of
Major General Sickles

O. H. Hart, A.A.G.

I sent at once around to the three most determined *strikers* of each company. To them I talked earnestly and candidly, and most of them I persuaded from the error of their ways and then sent them to convert their companies.

In the morning I had the companies formed, and knowing that it all depended upon the action and example of the first company, I selected the one most apt to return to duty, and after reading the order, made an earnest appeal to them to return to their honor and arms. I concluded my remarks, and the company remained silent. My heart was in my throat. If this company repented, the others would, and our honor and name and regiment would be saved. If it did not, neither would the others, and disgrace, disbandment, annihilation must follow. All this was resting merely on the decision of the excited and imagined injured rascals before me.

I swallowed my heart again, and told all in the company who were willing to return to duty to indicate that willingness by raising the right arm. I had previously made *five* pledge themselves to do this, and true to their words, up went their good right hands. The effect was beautiful. Other hands followed, and soon *ten* were extended. I affected to count them, and exclaimed, "Good! Twenty hands are up then."

My remark worked its purpose, each one thought that if twenty were up, more than half the whole number, they should be there too, and so it was *unanimous*.

I drew my breath again. I was happy. My regiment was saved, my honor restored, my flag would be returned. I will not tire you with additional detail. I went to each company, to each company spoke strongly and feelingly, and read the "orders". Each company returned. It was raining piteously. It was, too, at twelve, when the fatigue call sounded, and the regiment must manifest its willingness to return to duty by going out to work upon the corduroy.

Anxiously, I watched the company streets, and pleasingly I saw the mutineers fall in their places, in the pitiless storm.

I gave the orders. The regiment obeyed me. We marched out and back again, and the battle that had been lost was won again.

What have I not been through? I believe my experiences would fill better a witch's cauldron, than the articles generally put in requisition, at least if variety be the necessary qualification.

Your aff. son
Fred

I have more to say, but fear to tire your patience. Never mind, put on your spectacles and get Lulu to bring your slippers from that partly-opened drawer, ensconce yourself in the bottom of your well-remembered and oft used arm-chair, light your cigar from the paper lit, given to you by Charley, and then you may summon patience to peruse this true tale of woe and wonder.

How this may affect or effect my future plan of raising a regiment, I cannot now say. I don't feel much like it just now, but will by breakfast time tomorrow I presume.

The course taken by the government is of a nature to discourage, yes to prevent any more volunteer enlistments. My men, a week ago would have said that they would all come back, today they d—n the very idea. I feel the chill of still another tempest about to break around me and very soon.

It is the recruit question. All you say in your letter is very true and satisfactory, but the corollary you assume not a very pleasant one in that I cannot evade the point, and created it myself. This last conduct of the recruits helps me out some. I can say they brought it on themselves by their conduct.

It may be gratifying to know that Warren Conklin, Peter and Isaac Thorp, were about the only ones in the regiment who stood back. I shall present Warren with a smile when we meet again—a thing I have not been known to do for a long time.

I received a few days ago, a magnificent set of colors, presented by the City of New York. I must acknowledge the receipt tonight. Write me again soon. Give my love to all. Destroy this letter.

Your aff. son
Fred

The report is that we leave for New York the 5th inst. Please send to me a few postage stamps.

In the Field, one mile from the
river, 6 p.m. Wednesday
April 29, 1863

My dear Father:

I am sitting in my *shelter tent* on my buffalo, momentarily expecting an order to cross the river. I wrote to you a long letter a few days ago. I have managed to apparently convince the regiment of their folly, and they have today behaved very well.

We moved from camp yesterday at 4 p.m., and marched in the rain and mud some ten miles to this spot, about three miles below Fredericksburg on the river bank. Hooker with four corps and all the cavalry has commenced an attack on the right, to attempt to reach the enemy's rear and left flank. The 1st, 6th, 3rd, Corps are here to attack in front, and on their left. The 6th corps has crossed and part of the 1st. Our corps is held in reserve. The crossings are in the same places as in Burnside's attack. I am on a volcano. So far the First does well, but a strong spirit of insubordination and sense of injustice (right or wrong) and combined tendency to invite disgrace by refusing duty again, still exists.

Birney tells me Hooker promises that we shall be sent back in time to embark at Aquia Creek to reach New York by the 7th of May.

They will send us into the fight before then. I can only hope for the best. If the regiment does well, it will be the more glorious, if it refuses or runs, I am forever disgraced and ruined. I tremble for the future, but hope still. I will write again tomorrow, it is so dark now, I cannot see to write.

Yours aff.
Fred.

Chancellorsville

On Tuesday, the 28th of April, 1863, we abandoned Camp Sickles near Potomac Creek Bridge, and marched to Rappahannock River, upon the border of which stream we remained, concealed by a bluff, and bivouacked in the mud, until the first of May on Friday night, when we crossed the stream on pontoons, and moving four miles up the other shore of the river, rested that night on a plank road, sleeping on our arms.

We were aroused early in the morning by an attack of the Rebels, who emerged from the woods running along the side of the road we were upon. We repulsed the assault and maintained our position. The road we were upon ran along, following the course of the river, and for some distance parallel to it. Another road joined it, at the position we occupied, at right angles with it, or running pretty perpendicularly or directly to the front. The morning of Saturday broke rather sombre and warm.

General Birney's aide, who had been reconnoitering to the front, reported to him that there was a movement of rebel forces along a road about a mile to our front, and running parallel to the road we were upon. By glasses, this report became corroborated, and at once, Generals Birney and Sickles sought to investigate it.

The result was that they reported to General Hooker, commanding the army, that the "Rebels were retreating in disorder", and General Sickles requested authority to move his corps up the road before referred to as running perpendicularly to the front of the plank road we occupied, with the view of intercepting the disorganized rebel retreat and turning it into a rout. General Hooker, relying upon the ability of Sickles and Birney to distinguish an orderly and masterly flank movement of the enemy from a demoralized retreat gave Sickles the authority sought, and our corps was soon proceeding up the road.

After having gone about a mile, the head of the column was checked by a severe fire from a battery of 12 guns placed in ambush in front and either side the road. Our corps was stretched along this narrow road, which being mostly made of corduroy, was on either side flanked by a deep morass, and consequently precluded the possibility of our deploying to the front. In this position, the line was raked by the fire in front, and itself too disadvantageously situated to return it to advantage. Consequently, this little battery was enabled for some time to check our advance, and in the meanwhile, the movement of General Jackson's troops along our front and right flank continued uninterruptedly.

In this awkward position, a terrible fire of musketry was heard in the direction of the position we had vacated, and just then one of General Birney's aides riding up, informed me with a pale face that the enemy had fallen on our right flank, and had driven in the 11th Corps, had scattered them like sheep, and penetrated so far to our right and rear that our whole corps was entirely isolated from the rest of our army. He added that Sickles momentarily anticipated an attack, in which case our chances were poor from escaping a general slaughter. No wonder the poor devil whose name was G. W. Wilson was demoralized and frightened almost to death, for he had come from headquarters of his General Birney. By this time it had become dark, and the firing more intermittent, breaking out here and there.

Our corps was marched as quietly as possible back to a position midway and there, in some large

fields and around a large old frame farm house, was concentrated in a confused mass. We had left the road, and followed somewhat the direction our army had taken, being pushed in or along by the rebel attack. It was now about half past nine p.m. and the moon shone quite brightly. Its rays lit up a singular scene. Cavalry, Artillery, and Infantry, all crowded indistinguishably together in these open fields.

While so situated, an attack would have proved disastrous, and one was momentarily expected. By the house, a group of officers on horseback were engaged in quite an earnest council; their serious faces, their gestures now and then, as a hand was raised as directing attention to some particular locality, and the curious glances from the crowded soldiers standing some distance from the group, all bespoke an important debate.

Upon a fine bay horse in the centre of the party, was General Sickles, his face pale and his whole bearing agitated and nervous. Those officers around him were his Division and Brigade Generals, and the question under consideration was the propriety of making an assault by moonlight upon the enemy, with the object of regaining the plank road we had left in the day, and thus effecting a junction with our army.

As commanding the 3rd Brigade, I formed one of the council and realizing the fatal consequences that must ensue should we be attacked as we then were, and the probability of the enemy's doing so, and the importance of anticipating such action on their part, I was strongly in favor of making the assault. The result was that my brigade, the 3rd, and the 1st under Hobart Ward just promoted to general were assigned the task. I had the 3rd and 5th Michigan, the 37th N. Y. and the 17th Maine, and my own regiment, the 1st New York.

At midnight, General Ward formed his brigade as noiselessly as possible in line of battle, and immediately behind a long rail fence that separated the clearing we were on, from the black mass of pines and bushes in our front. I formed my brigade some eighty paces to the rear of this first line, each regiment by the right of companies to the front, so as to be enabled to come into line at once, and sustain it. The first line were directed to move on until checked by the fire of the enemy, which they were to answer by a general volley, and then to charge bayonettes. All caps were removed from the pieces of the men of the second line, who were to take firing from the first line as a signal to come into line, and then were to make a general bayonette assault in support of the line already advanced.

It was impossible to enter the dense thicket in front on horseback. I sent by contraband, Collins, back with mine, and now we only awaited the word to start from headquarters. This soon came. Silently, the long dark line in front of us assumed motion, while along it here and there like huge fire-flies, flashed the moon's rays from the bayonettes. Now it clambers over the fence, and then is lost in the dense growth of pines, a stray bayonette or so still glistening from the shoulder of a file-closer who hastens to join his parting comrades. We too are moving. We cross the fence, enter the thicket, and struggle after our first advancing line, without a word. Now the thick pines and greens begin to open more, until we enter a swamp and pass by and under larger trees, that enable us to see a little distance around, and helps us to reform and order our ranks, somewhat disordered by the dense growth we have passed through.

As the moon shines down through the trees, it again shows us some distance ahead the dark line of our brave advancing veterans. The trees become sparser, while the ground becomes more

swampy and uncertain; but still we move on as indifferently as though passing over a parlor floor. Heads are too busy to think much where feet are placed. Suddenly, a terrific volley of musketry breaks the stillness, followed almost immediately by another and then by the rattle of random firing, while the bullets whistle over our heads and strike that awful "thug" against trees, a sound so well-known to the ears of a veteran.

Instantly, I shout the order to "forward into line, double quick", and to the music of the musketry, the brave men come rushing on, first into line, and then by general advance, with bayonettes ready, we stumble and push on over the fallen branches, over the clumps of sod and twisting roots, and bushes, past the trees and reach the brave boys, just in time to rally them, as blinded and staggering from the smoke and terrific volley poured directly into their faces by the ambushed rebels, they seem a moment to hesitate. And now we charge together, shoulder to shoulder, and with hearts madly beating, as we give a loud hurrah! Still some little distance from the threatening works of logs and turf and dirt, behind which extend our foes, stretched upon their faces, still but a few paltry feet before bayonet can cross bayonet, and man can meet his fellow man in that fierce and deadly strife more horrible than a wild beast rushing upon his prey; still but another loud, fierce yell and another quick struggle through the deepening morass, when suddenly from our left flank comes thundering through the woods above our rifle noise and our maddening yells, the quick loud reports of cannon, followed immediately by the crashing of the solid shot through the woods, tearing limbs and scattering splinters from trees that are snapped like pipe stems into pieces.

Then shell follows shell, bursting above and around us, and dealing death to friends and foes alike, and the din becomes deafening. At this moment, too, a long thin line of blue-white smoke arises from along the enemies' breast-works and followed by a varying flash, the volley's report is scarcely heard so awful is the din around, but though not heard much, its effect is felt and soon by the sudden arrest, or despairing cry, or quick fall of many a brave man in our advancing line. Here a man falls slowly leaning upon the rifle he has himself dealt death with; there, with a quick sudden cry of agony, his arms fly up, seem to stiffen in the air, and with a dull noise, he falls forward upon his face, limbs and muscles straight and stiffened, as though frozen to the ground. All kinds of suffering, of wounds, expressions of pain, has that last volley occasioned. The quick sharp cry of the parting soul, or the prolonged moan of the suffering one. Only for a second do we heed this blow, gaps are quickly filled, the fatal distance cleared, and side by side our brave boys jump over logs and branches, and with a cry of defiance, are on, then in, the enemy's line of works. And now the rebels yield and run, and so do we close at their backs. Woe to the traitor now who stumbles or who hesitates. Pierced through and through by the bayonette's length his body serves as a footing to our noble men, as panting yet resolute they still struggle on through the wet and tangled bunches of grass and soil. Still on rush the rebels, and still we follow close behind.

The moon before so bright now struggles fitfully through the cloud of smoke that hangs about the tree-tops, or goes up here and there from the rifle of some soldier who halts an instant while pursuing, or being pursued, to discharge the piece he has so skillfully loaded while running on. We follow so closely in the rear of the retreating foe, that we enter almost at the same moment with them a second line of their breastworks, the rebel soldiers behind it not having dared to fire, as their own comrades protected us. In vain this reinforcement strive to rally the demoralized men we pursue so hotly. Themselves seized by the contagion of fear, they offer but a feeble resistance to our impetuous assault, and so rushing over the united line of rebels, while over our

heads still burst the rebel shells, and around us crash the solid shot; here smashing through a line of trees and hurling branches and splinters fiercely in all directions, here striking the marshy soil, and throwing the mud and water many feet around.

Suddenly, we step from the woods and the plank road is before us. The road we had occupied in the morning, and down which yet some distance to our right where they had been pushed by Jackson's unexpected assault, lay our army. This road was the link that would unite us again with our forces, but we were destined to have but a very short possession of it. We had suffered terribly in our progress; not alone was our advance marked by the many patriots who had fallen dead or wounded, but the nature of the ground and woods had been such as to cause many stragglers, while our rapid charge had exhausted many more who would willingly have kept up. Of the two or three thousand men who had started not above three hundred stepped out upon the road, and these few were exhausted.

In this condition, we had scarcely jumped from the woods across the ditch, and in the road, when from behind the ditch upon the other side, up rose another line of rebels and with a wild yell, charged upon us like wild beasts.

Breathless, exhausted, we were driven back in turn, yet now and then turning on our foes, until the last line of breastworks was reached, from which we had a few minutes before driven the second line of the enemy. Here, a few of our men before left behind had collected, and throwing ourselves behind the breastwork although on the wrong side of it, we received the yelling and advancing foe with a volley of musketry, and once more rising up with a counter cheer, we leaped the entrenchment and charged again the astonished enemy. Evidently, supposing we had a larger force concealed here, they gave way, and retired in the direction they had come from. We followed them but a little distance, and then fell back upon our line of ground, as, having fallen by a tree, his head hung over a large root at a lower level than his body. His sword was still clasped firmly in his hand, and his mouth was parted, as though when hit he had been giving an order of some sort. Stooping down, I felt his side to see if his heart still beat. He must have died very soon, for already his body was cold and pallid. I took his watch and memo book and gave his body in charge to one of my men to be carried back to where the regiment lay. This watch and book his relations since received, and it was all of poor M— they ever saw again, as the next day we were forced to leave the ground in possession of the enemy.

Accompanied by my remaining soldier, I continued my search, nor became aware of the direction or the distance I was going. Suddenly, however, I heard talking, and listening a moment, I turned to my companion and said, "It must be some stragglers from the 17th Maine, we will find them."

Going a short distance as I was about to emerge from some thick grown pines, I caught sight of a line of tall men forming company in a lane. Being entirely open, their movements were distinctly visible. Their size confirmed me in my supposition as the 17th Maine were very tall men, and I was about to step into view, when to my horror and dismay, I saw their uniform was grey, and a cold chill ran over me, for I knew them to be rebels. Stepping back, I placed my finger on my lips, and with one hand pointed to the lane. My comrade understood me. Fortunately for us, they were just forming into line, and the noise they made favored our retreat. But we had scarcely advanced cautiously twenty feet, when I heard the command given to "break ranks"; and hastily whispering to my companion to follow my example, I crept beneath the shade of a thick branched pine, which was luckily covered with foliage to the ground. Hugging the centers of two of these

before cursed, now blessed, shrub pines, we heard the ranks separate, and then the rebel soldiers loudly talk and joke. Most lay down upon their blankets by their guns, and went to sleep; a few, however, wandered into the woods, and even passed close by our hiding places. How my heart beat as one rubbed against the limbs of the very tree I was under the protection of, and how I longed to have the power to “bag” them all.

After some time, which to me however seemed an age, these men, too, returned to their comrades, and spread their blankets to lie upon. Not till every voice was hushed, did I dare to move. Then, creeping to my comrade, I whispered to him to follow me after I had gone some ways ahead, and as quietly as possible.

Like a snail I dragged myself along the ground, removing first any stick or other thing that by its cracking might betray me, and had eventually the satisfaction to find myself some distance further from my undesirable neighbors. My companion joined me without any unpleasant adventure and we hastened to join our little force. Not until then did we realize that we had wandered so far out of our way, and it was after considerable trouble that we found ourselves back with our little band.

Upon arriving, I found one of my orderlies had returned, and brought from General Sickles the command to hold my position until attacked and then to retreat as skirmishers by our left flank, following down the line of breastworks, and we would join our army.

As expected, the moment day broke and it became light enough to see clearly, for the moon had gone down some time past, a heavy firing broke out upon the picket line, which in anticipation of this attack, I had strengthened by a large detail from our little weary force. In a moment, every soldier was upon his feet and the long bloody battle of *Sunday* was begun. Our position being most advanced, we had the honor of opening the ball by firing the first gun, and this first shot announced that before the night was come, thousands of eager men should lie as stiffened corpses upon the ground.

And now it was beautiful to see the noble manner in which our pickets, or rather skirmishers, fought and manoeuvred. Taking advantage of every tree or mound or obstacle, the brave boys would, themselves protected as well as possible, coolly wait until some rebel uniform came more distinctly to view through the trees and bushes, and then would fire at it. And soon the rebel skirmishers learned that they must advance with caution, and not too fast at that. And so we retreated gradually, and with occasional stops. With the reserve, I followed slowly along, watching the course of affairs on the line, and every now and then sending a little aid to those parts of the line that sounded most pressed.

Twice, the rebels advanced a company, which we repulsed, and then they appeared willing to assume the rate of progress we accorded them. Nor was this retreat bloodless. A number of my brave skirmishers fell pierced by the enemies' sharpshooters, when in the act of dodging from cover to cover, and even in our reserve, now and then, the balls would reach a victim, although more often they would pass over our heads.

We reached at length a long line of soldiers, posted in a position running perpendicularly to, or across the direction we were moving. These soldiers opened their ranks to allow us to pass through, which we had no sooner done than the terrific fighting of that memorable *Sunday* commenced in earnest. The corps that we encountered was our own, which had been enabled by

our assault to pass in the rear of our little force, and during the night had rejoined the main army. So our objects had been attained.

We had anticipated the enemy's assault, for it seems by subsequent reports on their side, they were just forming lines to attack us, when we assaulted them. Had they done so, I have already stated how fatal the result would have been to us. And then, we had enabled the corps to rejoin the army, covered by our advance position. We found our forces stretched along the edge of the woods we had emerged from with a second line some hundred paces to the rear, and the men lying on their faces in both lines. We found a portion of our corps was held as a reserve in a third line some distance to the rear of this second line, and we started for this position to rejoin our division.

Scarcely had we reached where, stretched like a dark ribbon, this second line of men lay along the field, when with a terrible roar of musketry, the enemy and the advanced column of our men came together, and the bullets like hail stones whizzed above and around us. Randolph's Battery, with two others further up the field opened loudly, throwing shell and solid shot into the woods from which the enemy had just driven us.

We accelerated our steps, and crossing another long field (or really a continuance of the same one, for the country here was quite open) plentifully scattered over with apple trees, we found our division also lying upon their faces in the field and awaiting their turn to help in the fight. Directly in front of us was a battery of six Napoleon guns, or light twelve pounders; and this was now actively engaged, but was scarcely more than warmed up, when from our extreme left, from an eminence surmounted by woods on one side, came such well directed and rapid discharges that in a few moments the position became absolutely untenable. And now all along the line the battle raged. But the most annoying to us of all was the batteries of the enemy on the left. Twice we had brought new guns to bear upon it, but still it fired as viciously as ever. It was in a position to enfilade our lines, and every ball was dreaded.

The enemy perceived the advantage and added other batteries. Soon the balls came tearing up the earth all around us, and the shells too burst thickly about us.

We sent an additional battery to the position, formerly occupied by the one in front of us, intending to support it by others as soon as it could be got into position. Before the pieces were unlimbered, almost every horse was killed and many of its men.

Additional horses were sent to drag it back. I saw a round shot strike a row of six, standing closely side by side, as in reserve. The shot passed entirely through four, and mangled the two remaining ones shockingly. Two of these horses although with huge chasms in their bodies through which protruded all their bowels in a shocking way, still stood upon their four fixed legs as though spell-bound, and then suddenly collapsed and sunk upon the ground together, dead.

A gunner stood with his hands upon the trail of a gun, in the act of unlimbering it, when a solid shot striking the stock of the piece and himself at the same time; in a second he was one mass of mangled, unrecognizable humanity; one heap of dirt, rags, and bones. The same shot took the entire face from another man by him. Neither ever knew they were struck. The field became literally ploughed with the balls. Trees in the orchard above referred to were cut down, as though a mighty scythe had been passed through them. In a short time, not one remained standing. A solid shot would cut a large tree in two as though it were a sapling.

In the meantime, the first of our lines along the woods had been relieved by the second, and twice this had been driven back by the advancing rebels, but twice had with some reinforcements regained its position. On the left, however, all our attempts to capture or silence the terribly destructive and obnoxious batteries of the rebels had failed, and we had even been forced to lose ground. The conviction became more apparent that unless the enemy's guns were silenced *there*, our position in the field could not be held. Even where we lay, we had suffered considerably from the shot and shell of these guns. We had lost many good men but worst of all, the *demoralizing effect* of such a shelling was very great.

To see your comrade, hugging the earth by your side, suddenly be sent in pieces into the air, or be yourself blinded and covered by his brains and bowels, while speaking to him, and yet be unable to reply or *strike back*, coupled with the prospect of your *own* head or body becoming the one next experimented on, is very demoralizing, very apt to make one be desirous of creeping away. So hotly and so effectively fell the enemy's shot around and among us that I was obliged with my pistol cocked in my hand, to pass continually along the rear of the command, here encouraging and there threatening to shoot some poor devil unless he immediately returned to his place, from which he was trying to sneak to the rear. An example is very contagious in such cases. One coward might make, at certain moments, an army to run. Under other circumstances it would have been ludicrous to see the cunning methods some practiced to escape, or if detected when having crawled a few feet away, to see the forced look of bravery assumed, as again he seeks his place.

And now we hear a loud yell in front, and in solid lines emerging from the woods, appear the grey uniforms driving first slowly, then hastily, our men. It is now afternoon. All the morning from early sunrise have the two sides contended fiercely along these woods, and now the rebels being reinforced, make another desperate onset. The rout begun, it spreads terribly fast, and in bitter dismay and consternation, we see our comrades, some throwing down arms, in demoralized flight before the yelling triumphant rebels.

Now is our time. Only the excitement of a charge can check the retreat, and with a wild hurrah, up rise our willing boys, and led by generals in front as well as other officers, tear over the field to meet the coming foe.

The rebel batteries on the left, for a moment cease their fire, for fear of killing friends as well as foes. Our flying comrades meeting us half way, and seized by our enthusiasm, join our frenzied shouts, and fall in ranks again with our brave soldiers. The advancing enemy a moment hesitates, another moment arrests his advance, and then gives way again before our fire and bayonet charge; and now the table is turned, and we hold again the woods. But many a poor fellow's life has paid for our success. So, from reserve, we again become engaged and for some time hold our position.

At this period of the fight, it was thought the "Gallant Fighting Joe", while standing by the door of a board house on the battle field, was struck by a piece of wood torn from its place by a cannon ball, and from that time appeared to be wild in his orders and ideas, as though injured by the blow to his head.

The rebel line again became reinforced, while ours was almost out of ammunition, and was unsupported; and so once more we were forced to yield and became driven across the field, yet

contesting every foot.

In the field some distance retired, and protected somewhat by a projecting bluff from the rebel cannon was an old frame building, which we had used as a deposit for our reserve ammunition. Driven gradually across the field, we reached at length this house, when an aide from General Hooker appeared, and stating the house to be full of reserve ammunition, ordered us to make an effort to check the enemy, and then have as many men as possible, retire, each one with a box, as the loss of it would be very serious to our army. General Birney ordered me to execute the order.

At this time our men were giving way, which no sooner began than almost a stampede ensued. Sword in hand, I attempted to stem this rout somewhat by making each soldier as he retired take with him a box of ammunition. Even threats were often of no avail to arrest the demoralized soldier. While so engaged, the enemy came close upon us, firing and yelling like fiends. I had just planted my horse, Pet, in front of a group of some four or five and was attempting to force them to arrest their flight long enough to take with them some boxes, when two of the number were struck down by the fast-flying bullets, and the rest started again to fly.

I raised my sword to strike the one nearest me, when I felt a quick sharp blow on my neck or chest, as though a red-hot iron was passed through me, and found myself catching hold of my horse's harness to prevent falling to the ground. One of my Lieutenants, seeing I was struck, seized me at the same instant, or I should probably have tumbled from my restless horse, as a terrible faintness passed through me and momentarily bereft me of all strength. After that I sat up again in my saddle, and feeling the warm blood running down my clothes and body, placed my hand to my shoulder and knew I was shot. My sword had dropped from my hand, but was picked up by Lieutenant M— who hastened me to the rear, as with one hand he led my horse and with the other partly supported me in my seat.

We were now in the very midst of a shower of bullets, and the grey-coats were but a short distance off, running down on us as victorious troops only can. We were almost deserted, a few brave stragglers alone around us, determined to have still one more shot at the foe. We escaped, however, to our lines (which had been only drawn back, and reformed, so as to be out of range of those terrible rebel batteries) with only one other incident, and that was the badly wounding of Lieut. M—'s hat, by a ball that had it come an inch lower would have left me to get off the field alone.

It was now a little late, and the enemy being checked by coming so unexpectedly on our new position, after a short attack, ceased their firing, and the two forces lay confronting each other for the time.

I found myself, after rejoining our forces, excessively weak from loss of blood, which had fairly saturated my clothes and was collected even in my boots, so I sought some field hospital. Finding a rude board house with a red flag hanging to the post in front of it, I made my way through and over the hundreds of poor wounded men lying on the ground all around it waiting to receive attention to enter a room already thickly strewn with the bodies of other soldiers whose wounds and mutilations required first attention. The windows of this room were up. In the centre of it stood a common wooden table, while upon this table lay the form of a poor wretch whose leg had been struck by a cannon ball, or piece of shell, at the knee, and was mangled in a terrible way.

Two surgeons, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, were by his side. Their hands, arms, clothes, and even faces, were covered with blood. At their feet was a pool of blood, red and clotted, with an occasional finger, or foot, or hand, scattered in it. The face of the patient they were operating on was deathly pale, his lips white and parted, and the sweat drops of agony standing upon his forehead. One surgeon held his pulse, and supported his wan face. The other had already cut around his limb above the knee, and was about sawing the bone in two.

The whole scene, and the heat and the horrible smell, added to my feeble condition, were too much for me, and my knee shook and my head became dizzy. I should probably have fallen, had I not hastily whispered to the officer who accompanied me to take me out, and supported by him, I again gained the air.

At some distance from the house, I lay down upon the ground quite used up, which was the more natural since now for thirty-six hours I had not closed my eyes, and had been in one continued state of excitement, scarcely having had the chance to eat the poor "hard-tacks" I had put in my saddle-bags. My good companion here left me and went to seek a surgeon. After a time, he returned bringing one with him, and who, after examining my wound, gave me the comfortable assurance that it was mortal, and I had best make my peace with the world.

However, he roughly dressed it, and I fell asleep under the operation. When I awoke, I was stretched upon a blanket on the ground beneath a cluster of pine trees close to the river. I had been brought there in an ambulance while in an unconscious state. It was clear daylight, and again the cannon were pouring forth their thunders around me.

This day the army recrossed the river, and so ended the battle of Chancellorsville.

As an evidence of the character of the ground we had made our night assault over, I will mention the following incident:

The First Regiment carried two colors into the engagement of which one was torn from the flag staff by the thick branches of the pines, and remained hanging there, while the color-bearer, unconscious of his loss, continued. A private of the 5th Michigan shortly after, being wounded in the body, was making his way back, when he found the flag suspended to the trees and appropriated it to staunch the blood flowing from his hurts, after which he found his way to a hospital on the field. The color-bearer, still bearing the bare staff was himself a little shot, and by hazard also made his way to the same hospital, or rather was brought there. Lying on the ground, he perceived his lost colors around the body of the wounded soldier and claimed them. By chance, the surgeon of the First was officiating at this hospital, and to him the color-sergeant, making known his claims, the colors were regained, so that the color-bearer who lost them being sufficiently restored, was himself the one to return them to his regiment.

Brooklyn Strike

About three o'clock of the afternoon of the 10th of May, 1863, the ferry boat of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as it entered its slip at the foot of Cortlandt Street, had its deck crowded with soldiers. They looked thin and forlorn, faces bronzed by exposure, clothes soiled and ragged from use. Some were limping about, others had bandages about head or body.



Co. K at Brooklyn Strike

As these soldiers emerged from the gate into Cortlandt Street, they were received by a great crowd with shouts and wavings, the welcoming notes of a brass band, and a body of four hundred men, volunteers from the Seventh Regiment N. Y. S. Militia, who were drawn up in line to receive them.

Like magic, the forms of these returning soldiers straightened and their faces lit with pleasure. The suffering forgot their aches, the ragged forgot their clothes, for *now* they were home again, home to wives and parents and sweethearts, free to seek old haunts, to sleep in houses, mindful neither of taps or Reveille, guard mounting, or picket call.



Fred Pierson at the Brooklyn Strike

They marched up Cortlandt Street to Broadway, to City Hall and there went into barracks. On the twelfth, they turned out as an organization for the last time. Escorted by the Seventh Regiment Militia, they marched up Broadway to 14th Street, west to Fifth Avenue to the Seventh Regiment Armory over Tompkin's Market, near Eighth Street. This was a great day for the returning First N.Y. Vols.

The entire route was a constant oration. Every window and door and stoop, every standing place was crowded. Hats, handkerchiefs and flags waved, and hurrahs and shouts were deafening, for this was the first volunteer regiment to return from the seat of war to show its stern reality and havoc.

The practiced and martial tread of the men, the tattered and battle-riven flags and staffs, the bronzed faces, worn uniforms, the wounded and sick that followed in carriages, all appealed to the popular heart.

And then comes the dinner at the 7th Regiment Armory where the First and the 7th meet lovingly together, and with arms about each others' necks; full of enthusiasm, and fuller still of champagne, quietly held each other up or tried to do so. The dinner was given by the City of New York, and its highest officials were present.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond



Co. K, 7th Regiment in Brooklyn Strike

A day or two later, the First Regiment, N.Y. Vols. were mustered out, and the organization ceased to exist.



Fred Pierson is in the center.

Recruiting

New York, Dec. 29th, 1863

Col. J. Fred Pierson

Dear Sir:

At the great War Meeting held at the Cooper Institute on Dec. 3rd, 1863, a committee was appointed to endeavor to promote Volunteering. That committee has appointed us a sub-committee with directions to send some one to the Army of the Potomac to present to the soldiers now in the field, the inducements at present offered for reenlistment.

We have decided to request you to undertake this duty, believe you to be fitted by zeal in the cause and by past service in the field to accomplish it successfully.

We hand you herewith papers showing that all members of New York Regiments whose terms of service expire during the year 1864 may now re-enlist and receive the large bounties now offered. The General Orders from the Adjutant General's office, show what inducements in the way of bounties, furloughs, etc., are offered by the General Government. The enclosed letter from the Paymaster General of the State shows that besides these, he will pay to all who re-enlist the State bounty of seventy-five dollars. We are also authorized to say that men re-enlisting now before a draft is made will receive the local, county, town or city bounties paid in the place from which they originally enlisted. In the counties of New York, Kings, Dutchess, Albany, Schenectady, Rensselaer and Erie, we know that these local bounties are three hundred dollars. We believe that at least three hundred dollars are paid in most of the Counties of the State, but do not state it of our own knowledge.

You will present these facts to the gallant men now in the field in such manner as in your opinion will best accomplish the end we have in view. The enclosed letter from Major Vincent, Assistant Adjutant General, will explain the principle to be followed in determining upon the quota of what town or city each man is to be credited. As to the payment of these local bounties, the arrangement is that they are paid to the men when they come home upon their furlough. You will please impress upon the men that to entitle them to the inducements offered by the General Government they must re-enlist before January 5th, 1864. The local bounties will be paid to all who re-enlist before a draft is actually ordered or made. Each man should receive from the officer who musters him, a paper showing to what town or city he is to be credited.

We have the honor to be
Very respectfully
Your obedient servants

George Bliss, Jr.)
A. B. Eaton) sub-committee
Frank E. Howe)

New York, Dec. 29th, 1863

Hon. E. M. Stanton
Secretary of War

Sir:

We have the honor to introduce to you, Colonel J. Fred Pierson, late Colonel of the First Regiment New York Volunteers. Colonel Pierson has been requested by the Committee appointed at the great War Meeting held at the Cooper Institute on Dec. 3rd, 1863, to proceed to the Army of the Potomac for the purpose of aiding in inducing New York Troops now in the field to reenlist.

We have the honor to request that you will direct that all proper facilities may be furnished him for accomplishing the duty he has undertaken, and particularly that he may be properly accredited to Major General Meade.

We have the honor to be
Very respectfully
Your obedient servants

George Bliss, Jr.)
A. B. Eaton)sub-committee
Frank E. Howe)

E. D. Morgan

New York, January 6th, 1864

Gentlemen:

On the 29th ultimo, I was honored by a communication from you, as representing the Great War Meeting held at the Cooper Institute on the 3rd Ult., and requesting me to visit the Army of the Potomac, for the purpose of presenting to the soldiers the inducements at present offered for re-enlisting. Also authorizing the association with myself, of some other proper person, that I might select. On my solicitation, James A. Scrymser, formerly Captain and aide on the staff of General Smith, serving for two years in the Army of the Potomac, accompanied me. As the bounties and privileges would cease upon the 5th of January, 1864, we had no time to lose.

At noon of the 30th, we arrived in Washington and called at the War Department, where we were afforded all the information needed and every facility for the accomplishment of our mission.

We arrived at the Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac the night of the 31st, all day having been consumed on the way from Washington. General Meade and his very obliging and indispensable adjutant general, General Seth Williams, received us very kindly. From them we obtained much valuable information, which enabled us to anticipate the questions and objections we would probably meet with, and to prepare ourselves to reply and counteract them.

Based upon this information, and a careful examination of your instructions, and the several orders from the War Department, we drew up a circular addressed to the New York State Troops having less than fifteen months to serve, and containing briefly a condensation of these orders, with bounties, privileges, etc., accruing to those soldiers who should re-enlist. This circular or rather the manuscript, was telegraphed to Alexandria by General Seth Williams and three hundred copies ordered to be printed. For some unexplained cause, it failed to reach the hands of the printers as the appended telegraphic dispatch from General Williams states; stating too, his readiness to distribute any circulars we might send, among the New York Troops. I append,

however, a manuscript of this circular, which cannot now be distributed as the county bounty is only paid to those soldiers whose term of service expires before the 5th of July, 1864. Now that the time for re-enlistments is extended, we would respectfully suggest the expediency of having some similar circular printed, and distributed among our troops.

This plan would more directly reach them, and we know would do much good. It would be necessary, however, to obtain fuller information as regards the bounties paid by the different local authorities and counties.

We first commenced our mission in the 6th Corps. Visiting the different regiments in it, we found the inducements, etc., generally well understood, but by reason of a multiplicity of orders issued by different authorities and both complicated and contradictory, the men seemed most ignorant or doubtful how to avail themselves of them. In such instances a circular would prove valuable. Four companies of the 43rd New York had already gone home, and re-enlistments were progressing satisfactorily in the other regiments. In the 65th, 49th, 67th, and 77th regiments, over seven hundred men had re-enlisted, and our remarks were well received in each.

Our attention here was first directed to a circumstance that not arrested, would have proved highly injurious and unjust to our county. In an official letter to one of our committee, Colonel A. B. Eaton, U. S. A., from the War Department, Washington, D.C., the decision is given that "All men serving with regiments in the field, who were originally enrolled and mustered into service as from the City of New York, will be duly credited to the City so soon as they re-enlist and are re-mustered" and "All who are re-mustered prior to January 5th, 1864, will be credited to present call." Notwithstanding this decision, we found many mustering officers who entirely disregarding original enrollments and musters, allowed the soldiers to select their places of residence of county for re-mustering. Of course, a soldier would select, and therefore be mustered in, to the credit of that county paying the largest bounty.

Thus Washington County, paying five hundred dollars, has received the majority of enlistments, and we believe that thus her quota will be filled, and in many instances by men that should be credited to New York County according to the above decision of the War Department. We will remark that this decision was unknown to the mustering officers, until we directed their attention to it and requested them to retain a copy for their governance. By this interference, we believe we have saved many men to our county. On the morning of the 2nd of January, we started for Culpeper, to visit the 1st Corps, commanded by Major General Newton, and containing eight New York Regiments and batteries eligible for re-enlistment. Here, we saw in the Herald of the 31st ulto. a decision of the County Volunteer Committee, Orison Blunt, Chairman, to the effect that our bounty would be paid only:

"To those soldiers now in the United States Army, whose term of service expires on or before the 4th of July, 1864, and who may re-enlist for the term of three years, or the war. Provided such men shall be credited as a part of the quota of the County of New York on the draft ordered by the President in his Proclamation for January 6th, 1864".

This resolution seemed to render any further action on our part useless, as regarded our own county, as but a very few of our regiments go out of service before that date. We think the local and county bounties should be paid to every soldier whose re-enlistment goes to the Credit of the County, and the War Department has decided that this shall be the case with "all who have less than one year to serve".

Many of the soldiers, undecided as to re-enlisting, brought this resolution of the County Committee in the Herald, to our notice and asked its interpretation. We told them that this

decision was made in our opinion, without fully comprehending its nature and effects, and that we felt convinced it would be changed upon proper representation. Its effects, however, were of a very unpleasant character, and placed us in an equivocal position. By your instructions, we were authorized to state that the county bounty would be paid to all re-enlisting before an actual draft, and even after the U. S. bounties had ceased. For re-enlistments, the main inducements, however, appeared to be the furlough.

So many re-enlisting, all could not obtain this at once, and much dissatisfaction and changing was produced. Many refused to be sworn in because of the uncertainty of going home. The extension of time to the 1st of March, in which re-enlistments may go on, is therefore a wise one. Those regiments or men who have gone home, will before that period have returned to the army, and as many more can then re-enlist and be furloughed at once. In the First Corps, enlistments progressed more slowly in proportion to numbers than in any of the others, mainly because of inability to secure an immediate furlough.

The 14th State Militia, Colonel Fowler, has one hundred and thirty men who go out of service by next May. Before the holidays, one hundred and twenty six had signified their readiness to re-enlist, if permitted to return home at once. This was impossible, and now but two men can be prevailed on to reenlist. In this Corps, some one hundred and fifty men have already been re-mustered for three years.

The Fifth Corps has but one regiment in it, viz the 44th, that can re-enlist. Twenty-five of this regiment have already done so.

The Third Corps had done better than any other, over twelve hundred having been now re-enlisted.

In the Second Corps, some seven hundred men have re-enlisted and the number is increasing.

The re-enlistments in the Sixth Corps number some eight hundred.

We append a memo of enlistments in regiments, etc. We found generally, that the officers and soldiers understood the matter. Agents from other states, and counties of our own state having been among them, but in many instances, gross neglect and misunderstandings prevailed, and then we were enabled to effect much good.

Respectfully referring you to the annexed memos, we will state that fewer soldiers from this state go out of service in 1864 than is generally supposed, and a very satisfactory proportion of these will re-enlist.

A large county or local bounty had better be paid to one of these veterans than to a recruit, particularly when both are credited on the quota of the county.

The figures accompanying this report should not, of course, be made public.

With sentiments of the highest consideration,

We beg to remain,
Your very obedient servants,
J. Fred Pierson
J. A. Scrymser

New Orleans, 14th June, 1864

Rear Admiral D. G. Farragut

My dear Admiral:

I am most happy to be the medium of transmitting to you the accompanying sword, presented to you by the Loyal League of New York as a testimonial of the regard in which your distinguished services to the Union are held by that association of loyal men.

The presentation ought to have been made on the waters of the Mississippi and in front of the City you compelled to return to its allegiance. It should have been made in the presence of the Army and Navy, that they may learn to emulate your glorious achievements by seeing how a grateful people appreciate them; nor would the lesson have been without its value upon this population whose seeming loyalty is maintained only by the guns directed at them.

But you are away watching over the interests of the country for which you have done so much and the presentation must be made without its fitting circumstances and appropriate witnesses.

I remain, my dear Admiral,
With great respect.
Your obedient servant,
James Bowen, Brig. Gen.

U. S. Flag Ship, Hartford
West Gulf Squadron
Off Mobile Bay, June 18, 1864

My dear General:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note informing me of your having been assigned the agreeable duty of transmitting me a sword presented by the Loyal League of New York as a testimonial of the sense in "which my services to the Union are held by that association of loyal men."

I sincerely thank you, General, for your good intentions of public presentation and the high toned and flattering sentiments you express. But as you say, General, I am away watching over the interests of our country and literally watching its enemies who like hawks are ready to pounce upon us at the first unguarded moment. Had I been able, however, to be present and to have received the sword in the manner you desired, I could only have expressed under the fair Canopy of Heaven, and in the presence of thousands, my grateful sense of the high appreciation of my services to the country by the Loyal League in the presentation of this most appropriate testimonial.

I beg you to say to the Presiding Officer of the League that I receive the sword with a full appreciation of the great honor thus conferred and as my whole life has been devoted to my country, I hope that in the due course of time, it will descend to an only son who will, like his father, always be ready to draw it in defense of the union and against its enemies.

With great respect, General,
I remain

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

To Brigadier General James Brown	Your obedient servant, D. G. Farragut (SIGNED) Rear Admiral
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Admiral David G. Farragut Commanding Western Gulf Squadron, etc. Dear Sir: On the part of members of the Union League Club, allow us to present you with the accompanying sword. Please accept it as a slight token of the high esteem in which you are held here by all, and an evidence of our appreciation of the brilliant services you have rendered to our common country. With assurance that you will always have our sympathies and best wishes, Committee on Presentation	Union League Club New York, May 28, 1864 We remain, Yours sincerely, (Henry L. Pierson (Theodore Roosevelt (Frank E. Howe
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Western Adventures

Confinement in Libby Prison, wounds received, and strain of great responsibilities, left me in miserable condition, and I resolved to go to Colorado to recuperate. Mr. Samuel L. M. Barlow, Mr. Thomas Kennard and others gave me letters of introduction, and to my surprise each gave me one to the same man in Central City, a Mr. Heber C. Kimball. They told me he was "the whole thing" out there and could be trusted.

I presented my letters, and he appeared to be very genial and pleasant. He was Deacon in church, superintendent of Sunday School, head of largest mill, and altogether the Grand Mogul of Central City and Black Hawk. In a short time, while in his office at his mill, he expatiated on the ease that mines were disposed of and companies formed in the East, and proposed that we should operate together. That his experience was valuable, he knew about mines and could buy to best advantage. He proposed we divide equally the cost of property and equally share in profit of selling same. I consented.

In the course of a short time, he had bought a number of lodes, and I had paid him some \$6,800 for a half interest in each.

One day, I was riding over the mountains on a prospecting tour with a miner named Brock, when we passed some indifferent holes in the ground, and my companion said, "There is a lode recently discovered by me, which I have sold to Mr. Kimball and I called it the 'Wolf and Brock', after myself and my pard."

"How many feet in it?" I asked.

"Six hundred," said he, and suddenly it dawned on me that I had just bought from Kimball a half interest in a mine named 'Wolf and Brock' but four hundred feet of lode only; and so I asked Brock how much Kimball had paid him for the lode.

"Two hundred dollars," said he.

"For six hundred feet?"

"Yes," said he, "and you can see we have traced the vein right along."

I had just paid Kimball five hundred dollars for a half interest in only four hundred feet, and I began to 'smell a rat', yet the name and reputation of Kimball was so good and sanctimonious that I could hardly believe it.

Quietly I went to work investigating all the purchases from him. I found that the property, for a half interest in which I had paid Kimball \$6,800, had cost him less than \$3,000 altogether. I obtained certificates and affidavits, and record memorandums that established absolutely this fact; in the meantime seeing Kimball oftener than ever, and apparently with increased confidence and friendship; but delaying any further purchases on different pretexts.

When I had all my proofs I went to see a tall, raw-boned Yankee, named Hutchins, who had taken a great fancy to me and asked him to bring his stick and come along with me to the Kimball mill.

Reaching the mill, we found Mr. Cook, a partner of Kimball's, seated at a desk, and inquired for Kimball.

"He is in the inner office," said Cook.

"Alone?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

Whereupon I turned to my friend Hutchins and said, "Do you see that man called Cook seated at that high desk. Well! If he gets off that stool, break his head and don't let anyone come in to interrupt a talk I want to have with Kimball."

"Sure," said Hutchins, and turning to the much-astonished Cook, "Oblige me by staying on that stool until I say the word."

I entered Kimball's room. He was seated on one side of a double desk, and smiled a warm greeting as I entered and seated myself on the other side.

"Mr. Kimball," said I as I laid the package of 'proof' on the desk, "I want you to listen, without interrupting me, to a story."

"A young man came from the East with strong letters of introduction to you. You made certain business propositions to him, and he now proposes to go over in detail these matters."

And then I went over the whole thing, checking several attempts on his part to interrupt.

Here, I must go back to narrate an important part I have omitted:

After having completed my proofs, I went to call on a young man named H. M. Teller, a lawyer, who had recently come out there and had a small back office in one of the one-story rough board houses, built over the canyon, as before described. This same young man is the present Senator Teller from Colorado, in the Senate at Washington.

Without giving names, I told the circumstances to Mr. Teller, and asked him what could be done with such a man.

"Done," said he. "Why, anything. We can send him to prison, or we can clean him out of the territory."

"Why," he said, "the boys would tar and feather him."

It was with this knowledge that I went to see Kimball as stated.

While telling my story, Kimball had become very pale, and when I stated that I had been advised of what could be done with him were the charges presented publicly, he broke down entirely.

I ended with presenting my account:

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

sum paid him,	\$6800.00
expenses, certificates	2,000.00
to which add interest at 10% a month for two months—20%	<u>1,360.00</u>
made a total of	\$10,160.00

for which I wanted his check.

He wanted to argue. I laid my watch on the desk and gave him five minutes to sign the check; “And at the end of that time,” said I, “I propose to thrash you within an inch of your life, and then hand you over to the authorities.”

He got his check-book and made out the check, but the signature was so blurred with his giving it to Hutchins, asked him to take it to the bank and have it certified.

Hutchins returned with the check certified. In the meantime, Kimball never raised his head from his desk, but as I said in going that I might still consider it my duty to expose the matter to protect others, he fell on his knees and begged me to give him the papers for the sake of his family. This I refused.

This same Kimball subsequently went to Georgia and was mixed up with Governor Bullock in the issue of fraudulent bonds. He built a hotel at Atlanta, drove four-in-hand, and cut a big swathe there.

When I first went to Colorado, a new settlement called Grinnell in Iowa was the point farthest west to which a railroad had penetrated. A stage from here in Council Bluffs and a rude flat boat ferry to cross the river was the way to reach Omaha. These two places of about equal size were only rude settlements, wooden buildings. Here the old stage line of Ben Holladay was taken across the plains six hundred miles to Denver, ascending gradually some six thousand feet.

Denver claimed two thousand population but with its rough, hastily constructed wooden two-story houses and crooked dirty streets, looked as it was, very new. By stage again to Central City and then Black Hawk, two mining settlements running along a gulch and about two miles apart.

Many of the small wooden buildings were built over the gulch, the rears sustained by piles, and with only one street running along the fronts. It was a rough and lawless mining place, with many saloons and much gambling.

On one occasion, while walking along the boards that constituted a very narrow sidewalk, I was about to pass a rough character, when he pulled a pistol from his belt and deliberately took aim at a negro on the street and fired. The darkey was killed instantly.

I asked him what the darkey had done, and he coolly answered. “Only being a nigger. We don’t want any niggers around yere.”



On another occasion, passing in front of a saloon, I was rushed off the sidewalk by men rushing out, and bullets and bottles followed rapidly. A mixed fight followed, and one man was killed by a champagne bottle smashed on his head, and several laid out for some time.

An old miner by name of Castle, became a great comrade of mine. One day he came to me and said there was a horse he wanted me to buy. It belonged to an Indian, and he believed it to be the fastest quarter-mile pony in the mountains. He said a man named Macguire, a miner, had a horse he was always ready to back, and if I would buy the Indian pony, I could get the cost of him out of making a race with Macguire. A lot of us were in a billiard saloon shortly after when Castle informed me with great glee that he had bought the horse for me, and had him at his place and, "Now," said he, "Macguire is here, and see me go for him."

He had little trouble, because Macguire's pony had never been beaten, and his owner didn't hesitate to back him.

In a short time the race was arranged for two hundred dollars a side, and was to come off at six o'clock in the morning at a straight place in the road to Central City, and Castle with great satisfaction added, "And owners are to ride."

When he told me this, I expostulated that I had never seen the pony and knew nothing about him but it was of no use. He said Macguire had made this stipulation, and it was too late to change it.

It was now after midnight, and the race was to be held at 6 a.m., so I went to my room.

Castle awaked me at five o'clock and at the appointed hour we were on the ground, when I first saw the animal I was to ride. He was a stocky, bright-eyed pony, but full of the devil, and very nervous, and I observed had only a very rude bridle on.

Then Castle said, "Come, strip."

"What for?" I asked.

Said he, "Don't you see Macguire is getting ready now?"

I looked at my adversary, and I saw he had taken off his coat, so I took off mine. Then he shed his vest, and I followed suit. Then his shirt, a flannel one, and than which he had none other. He was bare. I took off my flannel shirt, but I still had on a thin undershirt and wanted to retain it, but it was no use, it had to go. Macguire then removed his shoes, so did I; then his trousers and this I too reluctantly did. Macguire was then fumbling with his only remaining garment, when I called a halt. Some time was lost in arguing the matter. It ended in my favor of the drawers.

It took some time for me to mount; my bucephalus was so uneasy, but at last we were in the road together and ready for the word.

A line was drawn across the road. The scratch line, to be the starting line. We could go back a ways to get a good start. Word was given and off we went. At the scratch line, my pony gave a fearful leap, a leap that landed me on his tail, and except I had a good grasp of his mane, would have left me behind him altogether. Then the pony dug in like a rat, with me struggling on his rump to keep on at all, and before I knew it, the race was over and I had lost. I never saw a madder man than was Castle. I had not supposed there were so many bad words in the language. I had lost the race, not the pony. This I recognized and resolved there and then to make it up.

For a week after that, I surreptitiously practised riding and racing that horse. I found he had been trained for a quarter mile, trained to make a terrible leap forward at the starting line, and before his competitor could make up the gain, the race was done. I learned to clasp him by my legs and toes, hold firmly to his mane not bother with the bridle, and so retain my seat. He would do the rest. Then Castle and I agreed to watch Macguire and when we found him in a vainglorious mood (he was always so when he had been taking too much) about his horse, we would make a larger bet with him, large enough to more than even up our loss.

The time soon came. The scene in the billiard saloon was reenacted, and again the race was to be the next morning at six o'clock and "owner ride" but "drawers" to be retained.

This time the jump at the line never moved me, and I won the race, and got back our money and more, for Macguire, who was a sport, at once bought my pony for more than it had cost me.

While at Central City, there arrived at my stopping place a man by name of Williams from Phila., who had come to examine and report on some mines, and who had brought a letter of introduction to me.

Fresh from a school of mining and technology, he knew books and theories, but nothing of practical work. He had never been down a mine.

One bright Sunday morning, we started out together to make his first examination. It was of a lode that had been abandoned and in a lonely and isolated location, several miles away.

After a long and difficult search, we found it by the description of the building and whim house on it. The door was locked, and we removed some boards from the base of the house to effect an entrance. There were two shafts but only one had a whim and ropes and bucket, and these were much dilapidated.

Seeing their condition, I advised Williams not to venture down the shaft, but he persisted. We had on mining clothes, and had brought candles, etc. With a candle in his cap, I let him down by the whim to the first landing, where he entered a drift and his light disappeared. I had brought a book, and seeking a comfortable place, I lit my pipe and awaited his return or halloo from the shaft.

So long a time elapsed that I became uneasy, and my shouts brought no response from the depths below.

Finally, as time passed, I knew something had happened, and started to climb down the rope, but stopped suddenly at the thought that no one knew we were there—no one ever came to this mine or even to this neighborhood, and if both of us were lost in it, there would be no possible recovery, even of our bodies.

I climbed out of the shaft and went in search of assistance. As good luck would have it, I ran across two miners who were out prospecting, and they returned with me to the shaft.

We let ourselves down by the rope to where I lost sight of Williams, that is two of us, leaving one man above. We followed through the drift some fifty feet, as there was no rope down the shaft in which we were, below this opening. Williams therefore must have taken the drift.

Suddenly, this drift opened on another shaft which was a deep one, for we heard the bits of stone we kicked in it strike in water a long distance down. A rope was hanging from above fastened to a cross beam and was within easy reach of our side of the shaft, but the shaft was so large that it was impossible to reach it from the opposite side.

Somewhat below where we stood on the opposite side was the black mouth of another tunnel or

drift. We shouted ourselves hoarse but there was no response, no flicker of candle anywhere to be seen. The edge of the drift in which we stood was slanting, and wet and slippery. Had Williams come on this shaft unexpectedly and fallen down it? We tried to peer down it, but our lights were too feeble. We could not even tell how far the rope went down, and where it found a landing, and it seemed risky to attempt the descent for the rope itself seemed old and rotten. Again we fell to shouting, and this time heard an echo; and then the faint glimmer of light appeared at the mouth of the drift opening opposite to us, and this was followed by a man white enough to be a ghost. He was in his undershirt. His flannel one had been torn in strips and the pieces knotted together.

He said when he found the rope hanging, he had swung himself by it across the shaft to the mouth of the opposite drift, and had let go of it, when the rope had swung back again and beyond his reach. He had made a rope of his shirt and tried to reach it that way, but all of his efforts had been vain. It was too heavy and stiff and his rope would not hold; and this we proved subsequently for we had to go after a board to push it over to him.

In the morning, Williams had intended going on this examination alone; it was only an accident that I accompanied him. Had he gone alone his disappearance would have been a mystery—his skeleton alone would have been found.

In the summer of 1864, the Territory of Colorado and the mining districts contiguous were much excited by reports of the murders and devastations committed by a set of guerrillas, under the lead of a notorious desperado named Jim Reynolds. This man was first attracted to Pikes Peak by the discovery of gold there, and soon became known and feared because of his recklessness and misdeeds. Finally he killed two of his companions who were engaged with him in gulch digging, and with their hard-earned gains escaped from the country, and for several years was only heard from by an occasional rumour. He went to Texas and soon became prominent in the Bushwhacking and lawless warfare that so long cursed that state. He then associated with himself some of the worst spirits about him, and made this inroad upon the mining districts, giving out that he was in Government Recruiting Service of the Confederate Government, but with the real purpose of plunder and of revenging himself upon the miners who had before driven him away.

I was at that time in the little mining town of Nevada and Central City. Naturally fond of excitement and adventure, and hearing that a party of miners were collecting at Montgomery in the South Park, I resolved, in company with a friend named Castle, to traverse the hundred miles of intervening mountains with the object of joining this party in their campaign against the guerrillas.

At daylight, the two adventurers, mounted on rugged Indian ponies, left the village of Central City and started towards the pass leading into the South Park. A blanket was strapped behind each saddle, and attached to this Castle had an india-rubber cloth or bag in which was some flour and compressed meats, together with some other articles for the cuisine. Suspended to his saddle was a pick and a frying pan. I had attached to my saddle, a shovel and prospecting pan among other less valuable items. Each had a rifle slung over his shoulder and about his waist a belt, holding pistols and hunting knife. The road for some ten miles followed along the course of a roaring brook, whose bed had, in the course of time become so filled with boulders fallen from the

sharp sides of the mountains rising precipitously from its bank, that the water pitched and foamed and struggled along and the noise was like a thousand little cataracts. Already some eight hundred feet up we had still some six thousand additional to ascend before we reached the summit of the pass. Only cottonwood and pine and scrub oaks were to be found here in the way of trees, but these occasionally were so thick and so large as to form quite dense forests of considerable beauty. Abandoning the brook, we struck into what is designated as the mail route, and by which the government with its heavy mail stages reaches, bi-monthly, the scattered mining districts and distributes tender epistles from sighing maids at home to rugged lovers, who had left them to seek their fortunes with the pick and pan.

At noon, we came upon another brook and beneath the bushes and trees which lined its bank, selecting a shady spot, sat down to a frugal fare. The flies, before troublesome, here first became almost unendurable, almost driving the poor horses mad. To protect them, blankets and branches were used, till the horses became so enveloped that one would have been puzzled to know what manner of thing was proceeding along. The road was of such gradual ascent that we could scarcely believe it was one of such continued upish inclination.

At dark, we reached an old board house by the road side, with some open fields around it stretching to the base of the mountains. Upon entering the front door which stood open, everything seemed in confusion and indicated strongly a removal of the Lares and Penates. Castle began at once to yell out for the resident whom he knew and in answer to his cries, a weather-beaten, hardy-looking man appeared and welcomed the new arrivals warmly.

He invited us to the back room, where a bright fire was burning, and it was none the less welcome for its being in the summer season. With overcoats on, we had become chilled through some time before.

Here, we were told by our host that two days before, Reynolds and his gang had appeared at Mass Ranch in the Park, some forty miles distant, and after horribly abusing Mr. Mass's family which was composed of himself, wife and two children, together with two men living with him, had murdered them all, with the exception of one of the help, who had concealed himself in an old grass-over-grown, hole in the ground close to the house, which had originally been dug as cellar to a now demolished ranch-house.

While concealed here, a mail wagon arrived which he saw attacked by the ruffians, the driver murdered, the mail plundered, the harness cut up and the wagon itself moved close to the house, and then both burned to a general conflagration. After this, they decamped and the terrified man made his way to our host's house.

He concluded his narration by informing the adventurers that he had that day sent away his family, in conduct of this same man to a place of safety, after which the man would return, and together they proposed to remain and protect his property, and he seemed a man whom it would be dangerous to defy, with the several loaded guns that were suspended to the walls around.

Mass Ranch was the place at which we proposed passing the next night and in consequence of our host's narration, we endeavored to persuade him to accompany us but unsuccessfully and so the following morning we were off again.

After a ten miles journey, with the vegetation becoming scarcer and surrounded by peaks and mountains that made the scenery one of unusual grandeur, we suddenly debouched upon an upper summit, which afforded a view almost inconceivably sublime. Several thousand feet below was the South Park, some sixty miles in diameter, which was encompassed by tall peaks and mountains whose sides and tops covered with snow and ice, shone brightly in the morning sun. Close by, noble peaks and cliffs rose grandly in the air with here vast masses of snow upon their sides, there bare and torn and rugged. Often, on the very summits of these peaks, lakes, little and big and of the darkest blue, reposed like bright gems. Here, down some peak, scorning nature's garment, seemed to rise almost from the very park, bare and precipitous. Of the park itself, we had a fine *coup d'oeil*. It was stretched before us, so regular and softened, it appeared more as a cultivated park than otherwise. Here, clumps of trees, regular as though planted by the hands of men; there, deep forests, while winding through the beautiful green grass like threads of silver could be discerned many a bright stream, that every now and then, like enchantment, seemed to enter the ground and disappear.

The scene was enlivened by the wild animals grouped here and there, or wandering over it. Herds of antelope and deer, and less frequently the elk, that noblest of all the species. Wolves and jack-rabbits abounded, while prowling along the foot of the mountains more than one huge specimen of the Bruin tribe was visible. Flocks of turkeys and sage hens glided now and then over the landscape like moving specks. Enraptured by the scene around, it was some time before we debouched upon the plain, where the forests became magnificent in their size and wildness. Huge trunks of fallen trees were everywhere interlaced upon the ground, while rising thickly over them were tall pines and climbing vines. At the base were luxuriant bushes, thickly covered with wild roses and flowers, the road at the bottom ran pretty little heads of varied hues. It followed over the level park directly to Mass Ranch, which however, was located near the base of a spur of the mountains which extended into the Park. It became prudent to abandon the road, since objects on it were so easily discernible at a distance, and to pursue a trail which led along the base of the mountains, and only seldom became exposed upon the plain.

The journey became more exhilarating. We were passing over the very ground where the guerrillas were supposed to be. We were approaching the spot where the last murders had occurred. Silently and in single file at some distance from each other, with rifles cocked, ears intent, and eyes eagerly searching everywhere, we proceeded on. The lead was shared in turn. The projected search after Jim Reynolds *et al*, must have become known to him by this time, and being rendered by it more careful and embittered, he would naturally have pickets through the mountains to bring him early intelligence.

The consciousness of this did not make us any easier as from every tree and rock we expected to hear any second the sharp report of a rifle, for we knew unless first perceived by ourselves, this would be the only manner we would become aware of the presence of our enemies, and enemies too, who were of a class that seldom wasted powder. Reynolds, himself, was generally considered as the truest shot in the mountains.

Now night began to cover with its veil, the beautiful valley, so retiring some distance from the path we lariatied our ponies in the centre of a plot of luxuriant grass; then returning to the base of the mountains, selected a place where two huge trees, fallen side by side, afforded both cover and seclusion. We did not dare to kindle a fire, although it had become cold, but spreading our blankets upon the ground, quietly discussed affairs over the meal of biscuits and ham, and were

soon after, fast asleep.

As soon as it became sufficiently light in the morning, our party was again in the saddle. Upon approaching Mass Ranch, the story of the escaped man was painfully confirmed.

The house was but a pile of ashes and charred boards, in which the half consumed wheels of the mail wagon were perceptible, but more horrible yet, there had been an evident attempt to burn the bodies of the unhappy family; for burnt and ghastly, they were lying among the ruins; but so pitifully charred by the fire and mangled and torn by wolves and wild animals as to be quite indistinguishable, hardly to be known as having once been human beings. Sadly we turned away from the spot and again plunged into the woods, as the trail now led over the mountain spur.

For some time not a word was spoken, both appreciated now the kind of foe they had to do with, and both now felt the necessity of being on the alert.

It was some time past noon, when thus proceeding, we approached a spot where the trail took a sudden bend around a projecting bluff. I was leading, and had scarcely got around, when I saw a man spring suddenly from the trail into the woods, and was lost amongst the rocks. Instantly, we dismounted, and with our rifles supported over our horses' backs, were considering the best course to pursue, when to our astonishment, a rough "Hallo!" was heard behind us, and a man jumped into the path we had just passed over and quietly approached us, carelessly holding his rifle in his hand.

Instinctively, I leveled my weapon at the stranger, who in reply made a gesture as though to say, "It's all right," and at the same time shouted Castle's name.

Castle now recognized him and soon after he was joined by his comrade who proved to be the man first seen in advance of us.

The stranger stated that with a party of eight they had left Fairplay Mining District on the same errand as our party, viz to join the party from Montgomery. They had left at daybreak and had travelled till it was so dark they could not even see the trail, and then encamped in a little canyon they had reached.

One of their party had climbed to the top of the canyon and upon returning, reported having seen a fire in a neighboring swale. It was determined to investigate it, and accordingly all set out, although it had now grown very dark. Crawling stealthily forward towards the fire which became visible when they had reached the top of the ridge, they were enabled to make out several figures grouped around, as though preparing supper. It was resolved to fire upon them but at the moment of doing so, two rifle reports were heard close behind them accompanied by a shout which somehow caused a general panic and flight.

The party was scattered, but these two men found themselves together and resolved to seek alone the general rendezvous.

This had occurred the night before at a place not very remote, so Castle and I were glad to receive an accession to our strength.

Nothing occurred, however, and the party entered Montgomery District the following day, and were heartily received by the assembled miners.

The place was merely a mining city, situated in a canyon or valley, the mountains rising on either side several thousand feet, and by the many holes and whims and new earth upon their sides, bore witness to the pick and shovel of the hardy searchers after gold. In the valley and clinging to the sides of these mountains were a number of rude board shanties, innocent of window panes and with furniture of the rudest kind. One building alone was somewhat larger than its neighbors, and with an air of aristocracy even possessed several curtains suspended in its windows. This was the hotel of this 'city', for nearly all mining settlements are there called cities.

The morning after our arrival, a man was arrested upon suspicion of being one of Reynold's gang. He had boldly come into the settlement the night before and taken quarters at one of these cabins. As no one knew him, and as new arrivals were regarded with immediate attention and interest by men who had claims to sell, or claims to guard, his advent became commented upon. Interviewers asserted that he neither wanted to bond, buy or sell; that he had neither pick, shovel, or compass; that his stories were somewhat contradictory, etc., etc.

Early in the morning, he had been arrested, but he knew nothing of Reynolds; had not even heard his name, which last fact proved conclusively he knew all about him. Shortly after his arrest, it was presented to him as a pleasant alternative, either to confess or hang, but he demurred to either.

So the miners around him, who meant business, proceeded to adjust satisfactorily around his neck the hempen cravat, that had been used before as a lariat. This being done, the operation of hanging had proceeded to the last point of kicking from beneath his feet, tied well together, the barrel that alone maintained by its upright position, his claim to life, when he spoke, thus breaking the monotony of a dogged silence he had maintained from the beginning. He said with nonchalance that if he ever was going to make his little speech, perhaps the present moment was a good one, as matters didn't seem to warrant a much longer delay; that he was acquainted with Mr. Reynolds, and only through a fear of him had refused to tell all he knew; that Reynolds was a desperate man and would kill him for confessing but, if he had to die anyway, he would accept the remoter chance. That he had come with Reynolds from Texas and had come into Montgomery to find out what was going on, but he didn't care about being hanged, and if that was what was going on, he had rather be counted out. He reiterated his fear of Reynolds, should he not return, and said Reynolds kept his desperadoes in subjection through fear; of several men who had betrayed his secrets, Reynolds had found means to kill each one, no matter where he tried to hide himself. He concluded by asserting that the guerrillas had a rendezvous where a general meeting was to be held at daybreak on an appointed day of that week. This spot he declared to be a canyon running down to the Arkansas River some sixty miles distant. In conclusion, he affirmed that Reynolds had made each of his followers take a solemn oath not to spare a single miner within a hundred miles, who fell into their hands.

The villain was then taken down since he had apparently finished his story and securely bound, hand and foot, and placed in an old deserted log hut under a good guard. It was debated whether his narrative should be relied on, or whether the object was not to lead the party into an ambush according to a concocted plan.

Finally, it was resolved to make the man their guide in an attempt to anticipate the meeting of the gang.

Accordingly, he was mounted on a horse, his arms bound behind his back. A leather thong was attached to one side of his horse's bit, and the other end to the saddle of the leader of the party.

This lad, all being well armed and provided with three days rations, the expedition started, numbering about thirty men. It was a wild gathering.

The greasy, black felt hat was slouched over the disordered, uncombed hair, which in turn was a fit framing for the frown hardened face, where the coarse hair growing wild proclaimed its entire innocence for many months of the touch of either soap or razor. The red coarse flannel shirt beneath the shiniest of coats, the various patches and colored segments of various stuffs that helped make up and hold together pants and coat, and whose coarse sewing betraying the awkward stiff hands of the owner; the heavy pegged boots, with the tops outside the pants, all showed the careless miner, the reckless adventurer after gold.

The afternoon of the second day out, brought the party in the neighborhood of the supposed place of rendezvous. It was a wild, rocky region and caution became necessary in case an ambush was designed, so the party halted quietly in a deep canyon and resolved to approach the designated spot during the evening, as the meeting, the guide said, was to be held the following morning. At dark, they started on following a trail difficult to see, until coming to the base of a range of rugged mountains, the party was divided into two bands. One proceeded straight forward, the other was to go around before ascending the hill in order to more completely surround the canyon on the other side of it, which was the spot designated by our prisoner. The moon was up, and by its light a slow and wary progress was made, until the hill was crossed and the whole force lay in ambush along the edge of the woods having the entrance to the canyon and the little valley itself in full view. This position was reached several hours before daybreak or the intended time for the meeting of the guerrillas, yet the strictest silence and concealment was necessary. The men lay behind logs or partially covered by leaves with rifles cocked and eyes and ears intent, for it was probable so sharp a woodsman as Reynolds would send a man to reconnoitre the position and assure himself of its safety before he appeared with the majority of his men.

The prisoner was stretched upon his back, bound hands and feet; on each side was a man ready to deal with him in case the least sign of treason on his part was discovered. The horses had been abandoned before the ascent of the mountains began, and were left in care of a small detachment in the woods. An hour passed and not a sound was heard, another hour and still no signs of the gang. The fog was lifting from the valley, and before long the light of another day would break upon them. The faces of the chilly and expectant men were now and then turned towards the prisoner, with a look that pretty plainly revealed his fate in case his information proved untrue. Another hour's suspense, and still another, and not a sign of the meeting. Impatience gave way and a reconnoitering party advanced into the valley, and soon was followed by all the party. A remnant of fire was discovered, and indication of a very recent bivouac. Evidently those looked for had held a meeting only the morning before. The grass and the trails were beaten down everywhere. It was resolved to follow the trail at once, which led southerly over the hill, but what was the use of being encumbered by the prisoner? He could be of no further use. He had confessed to being one of the gang, and whether by treachery or no, he had failed to keep his promise.

A short council was held, and again the lariat was concluded on. The slipping noose was ready to be adjusted about his neck. The other end was tossed over the lower limb of a strong tree, but in descending caught upon a branch. At this instant, when all eyes were directed up to the operations of a man, who having climbed the tree, was reaching out for the rope, the prisoner through desperation made an effort that freed his shackled legs, in a second had sprung through the circle and was about springing up the mountain side but a few yards off when a sharp report went off and with one wild jump into the air, he fell in a heap upon the ground. The shot was well-directed, the bullet pierced his heart, and when reached, his pulse had almost ceased to beat. Never-the-less, about his neck was placed the rope, and with a piece of paper attached to his breast upon which was written "Compliments to Jim Reynolds", he was suspended from the limb, and the party proceeded on.

In the course of the afternoon the trail was found to divide, and without loss of time the party was also divided, and each trail pursued. Castle and I kept company together and as the result proved, joined the successful party.

It was late in the afternoon when after traversing a rocky path through huge boulders and over a wild mountain region, we came out upon the edge of a canyon, and had descended it but a short distance when too dark to distinguish the trail, a grassy spot near a pretty spring bubbling from the side of the mountain was selected and again the party wrapped themselves in their blankets, and all but the wary sentinels and watchers sank into slumber.

Following the trail at daybreak, it led down the enlarging canyon until emerging into the lovely valley through which ran the Arkansas River, that now swollen by the melting snow, was even so near its source a considerable stream. The trail followed down the side of the river, and from the character of the ground became much easier to follow, as the impressions were here seen in the trodden grass, and there in the yielding sand. There were at least five in the party being pursued, and of these one was generally conceded to be the leader, the dreaded Reynolds, and this from a singular circumstance.

Among other atrocities, the guerrillas had attacked and totally destroyed the ranch of a man named Stanton, situated in the park. Stanton himself was away at the time, but his wife and three children together with several men employed by him, were all brutally murdered and the frame house burnt over their bodies. Amongst other stock, Stanton possessed an Indian pony which was quite famous the country around for its speed and endurance, and this pony was run off with other stock. Stanton himself was now of our party and recognized the peculiar trail or hoof prints of this stolen pony. Our late prisoner had informed us that Reynolds himself was the leader of the gang that had so cruelly butchered the Stanton family, and it was supposed he would not fail to appropriate to his own use a pony which had so unusual a share of speed.

Upon this discovery, the face of Stanton, which had all along been hard and determined, assumed a more satisfied appearance, and one might easily guess the fate of Reynolds, did he fall within the power of his family's avenger.

Towards the afternoon, the horseman warily proceeding in advance, came suddenly to a halt, and waved his hand behind him to those following, while still his eyes and face were turned eagerly to the front. The occasion of this was soon obvious and a halt was made. Some distance down the

stream and almost hidden from view by the bushy edges and a gentle curve in the river, was located the house of a ranchman called "Arkansas Bitters", originally given him because about the first to settle in the neighborhood, he had sold a preparation of his own make which he called whiskey, but which universally had obtained the name above, and which finally being applied to the man himself, had been so generally used and accepted by himself, that he confessed to having forgotten his own real name.

Between the party and this house was the spring, and at this spring was seen the amazonian daughter of "Arkansas Bill" who while apparently engaged in filling her pail with water, was with one hand wildly beckoning to the approaching party to go back.

Immediately, all withdrew around the curve in close concealment, while one of the miners dismounted, and cautiously creeping along behind bushes and grass approached the fair Rebecca at the well. With the quickness of eyesight that her wild frontier life had given her, she immediately perceived this operation and remained busy in her occupation of drawing water from the spring until the man was within easy hearing distance, when she muttered rapidly, "Reynolds' gang are in the house. How many are with you?"

"More'n a dozen," replied the man in the grass.

"Thank Heaven! Only be wary. Surround the house if possible," and lifting up her pail, she turned back towards the ranch as if nothing had occurred.

Hardly, however, had she proceeded ten yards, when a rifle report broke the stillness, and with a loud shriek she fell forwards on her face. At the same instant, a man issued from a clump of bushes towards the house, and with a loud shout of warning, started to run down the path.

Instantly, the miner arose from his concealment and almost as quick, another report proceeded from his rifle, when with a loud shout to his companions to charge on the house, he started towards it as rapidly as he could.

His aim had been at the running figure of the guerrilla, and had not altogether missed, for it was seen to totter forward an instant as though struck from behind, and then go on plunging and shouting towards the house.

The whole party wildly spurred on the building and none too soon, for several men were now seen rushing from it, and making for a clump of trees that grew between the house and the mountains. The valley luckily was here spread out. To reach the mountainside, a good distance of grass and field had to be crossed, and this gave the pursuers a good start.

Three of the guerrillas now gave up the intention they seemed to have to reach these trees, where were fastened their horses, (as it appeared very soon) and obtaining these, make for the hills. These three demoralized by the bullets which the approaching party fired as they rushed along, for a moment hesitated and then made for a strong out-building which was not far off, and reaching this rushed within its open doors. The others, notwithstanding the hot fire, gained their horses, and in a second went tearing towards the mountains, but at their heels now followed a party of eager and excited men, and fast around them flew bullets from pistols and rifles.

It was an exciting chase and bravely run. A few hundred feet more and the sheltering woods would be reached, when suddenly one horse and rider plunged forward and fell. The horse was shot. Undaunted the man extricated himself, and like a tiger at bay, drew his pistols and aiming deliberately at his nearest foes, fired in rapid succession.

The impetus of their approach carried them still on, while their aim was necessarily uncertain by reason of their motion. Two of the pursuers had fallen under his deadly fire, when a third checking his career, jumped from his horse, and taking good aim at the tiger, shot him through and through. The other guerrilla effected his escape to the hills with several men still in pursuit, and disappeared from view.

In the meantime, the principal party had surrounded the outbuilding, and it was soon known that among the men in it, was undoubtedly the object of all the trouble, the terrible Reynolds. All kept at a respectable distance, for already two of the party had been wounded by shots coming from it. In spite of volleys poured into it there was no indication of surrender, while the least exposure of person on the part of the besiegers was sure to invite an unerring shot from the house. It was now becoming dark and a strong guard of men were posted entirely around it, to prevent escape.

The house was built of boards and between them appeared many cracks and interstices which gave to the besieged a great advantage, since they were enabled to look from within, while still unseen from without. The position was never-the-less uncomfortable, for soon the whole four sides seemed riddled by the bullets fast poured into them. Many suggestions were made to drive out or capture the inmates, but none seemed free of needless risk.

It was now dark and fires were kindled at some distance all around the house, which lit up the intervening ground and made escape impossible.

Finally, it was determined to make a general advance, taking advantage of all obstacles on the way for protection, but before arrangements were perfected a white cloth was seen suspended on a stick, and waving from one of the cracks.

Before this, not a word had been heard from the house, but now in answer to a loud inquiry as to the meaning of the cloth, a voice was heard to demand a parley, and surrender offered under the promise of being delivered up to the Denver authorities uninjured. This was refused, and a general advance ordered. Stealthily, like skirmishers, worked steadily forward the men, taking advantage of every thing for protection. When within short pistol range, a rush was made, and the house reached, but not before two of the brave men had fallen wounded.

The large door was forced in and the foremost man again fell before the unerring aim of the desperado, but before another shot was fired, he was stretched upon the ground and a pair of hands like a vise clasped about his neck. His foe was Stanton, whose face now beamed with frenzied joy at having his enemy before him.

In a moment the two prisoners were bound, for the third was already dead and lay inclining against the side of the barn where he had fallen with a shot through his head. Reynolds' left hand had been shot off, and even his companion was wounded in several places.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

A short council was held, and their fates were sealed. Two lariat ropes were brought, and by the light of a huge bonfire, they were suspended from the limb of a neighboring cottonwood tree, side by side.

During the night the party returned from the pursuit of the desperado who had taken again to the mountains. They brought with them a strange horse and a rifle, etc. They had overtaken and killed the fugitive. Well satisfied to have killed this notorious leader, even with the loss of several of themselves thus wounded and killed, the party next day started on their return to the settlements.

Favorite Stories

I was at Ramapo in 1864 and converted the rear of the first story of the stone store into a carpenter shop, and made here complete sets of furniture for myself, all of which I still have and use.

The bed and library tables I use at 20 West 52nd Street, all made of walnut and with secret drawers and conveniences original and cunning. One large wardrobe with drawers and secret additions is at my lodge at Ramapo.

Rockland County was settled by the Dutch, and some odd customs still remain. One of these is called "housering", and afforded me at times secret amusement. There was little formality in making calls. The girls were pleased to receive their beaus at all times, but there was great rivalry among the boys. When two boys or more were calling at the same time, no one of them would go first. It was considered polite to be the last one to go, so I always tried to be the only caller, and I used to hide my horse or buggy, away from the house at which I was calling.

On one occasion I was watched, and several of the girl's beaus came in. We all sat around in the parlor, but I was most comfortably ensconced, with the girl by my side on the only sofa. No one would go first, and this time I resolved not to be beaten, and it was broad daylight in the morning before I was left alone and so could retreat.

Another strange custom among those old Dutch people was that the engaged couple might sleep together on trial for a night or two, and the mother was enjoined to look after the night robe of the fair one, to see that it was all a solid one-piece and strongly made. This custom was known as "bundling".

Shortly after the Civil War, I was persuaded by a young doctor in New York City, to study medicine. His father was one of our most successful doctors, and turned over to him the less desirable cases.

We attended the lectures at the academy and were great chums. The students joined in paying for a "stiff" or "corpus" to operate on in the dissecting room. This room was at the top of the building and ran the whole length of over one hundred feet. Overhead were the rafters and beams supporting the roof. The building was on the corner and windows all around the side and front. On the other side were rude stairs leading up from the floors beneath, and opening by a door into the room, well towards the lower end. Dissecting tables were placed at intervals along the side and end below the windows, and on the marble tops of these, the bodies to be dissected were placed, being covered with a white sheet when not in use.

My chum, Anderson, had united with me in the purchase of a subject for the sum of \$25.00. We were so much interested in the dissection that we resolved to do what was a very unusual thing, viz, continue our work in the evening. This subject was a young squaw Indian girl, a rare specimen and the more interesting for that reason. While not at all good-looking, she had a remarkable pretty, well-shaped foot.

We dined together that night and afterwards sought the field of our work. We took several candles with us, for there was no gas or other means of light. By the light of the candle, we climbed up the four flights of rude stairs and entered the dissecting garret or room. Most of the tables had bodies on them covered by the white sheets, and in the gloom looked like so many spectres. That peculiar odor of the sepulchre or the dissecting room added to the gruesomeness of the situation.

We place a candle in the window base over our little squaw, and removing the sheet, worked quietly for sometime.

On this same day, a giant of a negro had been brought in and placed on a table about midway of the side of the room. His body had attracted considerable attention because of its fine proportions and good preservation or condition, but had received no attention yet as far as the work went, which was reserved for the next day.

The room was very cold, it being winter time and the loft was not heated in any way. I laid down my scalpel intending to blow on my fingers for warmth, when I heard a faint rustle. Looking down the row of tables, I saw that the sheet covering the body of the negro had been thrown off. The head was turned towards us, and the eyes staring. I could not speak but placed my hand on that of Anderson. He looking up following my gaze and was equally dumbfounded.

Then, as we looked, one leg of the corpse was moved from the table and the head and shoulders began to rise.

This was enough. In the dim, sepulchral lights, it certainly seemed as though the corpse was about to come on us. We did not wait any longer, but with pale faces, made a rush for the door and never stopped until we were on the sidewalk.

We adjourned to a neighboring saloon, and over a glass talked it over. Anderson insisted it was an optical illusion; that we were both nervous and frightened, and similar apprehensions of hypnotic influences caused us to imagine similar effects. The nigger must be dead, for we had seen him when brought in that afternoon, and he certainly was a corpse at that time. Convincing ourselves in this way we determined to return, for our candles were still burning, and we had left some things.

We went up the stairs again with some trepidation and peeked in the door. Our candles gave little light but enough for us to distinguish the row of white sheets, and among them, that of the negro. It was undisturbed. We must have been mistaken. We entered and walked past the table. Nothing seemed wrong.

Again, we took our scalpels and commenced our work, but both of us kept our eyes more on the huge outline of the darkey than on our own work; and once again both stopped to gaze excitedly.

The sheet of the darkey was thrown off. His legs fell from the table, and he began to sit up, while one arm extended itself as though pointing at us.

How we got out of the room, neither of us knew. We found ourselves once more on the sidewalk.

We hunted up a policeman and told him the story and asked him to go up with us to get our things. We had only reached the second story when his courage failed him, and he beat a retreat under the plea that it was not his beat.

We looked up the proper man whose beat it was, and he accompanied us to the room. As we entered, everything seemed right. The outline of our darkey was as quiet as any other. We had had enough. We covered our little squaw and prepared to leave. As about to descend the second flight, we heard an unearthly screech, and except for our policeman, would have run for life, but he remained cool and unexcited; telling us to wait for him, ran back up the stairs. Soon we heard a scuffle, then loud talking and then bursts of human laughter.

It seemed that some students, aware of our intention to work that night, had put some pulleys in the beams overhead, and rigged wires to the sheet and limbs of the nigger, running back to a closet near the head of the stairs, so that they could manipulate the darkey corpse as they pleased.

Dr. Graemme Hammond, President of the Post Graduate Hospital, told me the following story:

A young man was brought to the hospital paralysed in his limbs. It was occasioned by an accident, and he had been so for some months, actually paralysed. Dr. Hammond, on examination of his head, found no other reason for his being so, other than his having lost his will power. He really believed he could not use his legs or arms, and therefore could not do so.

Dr. H then instructed the several doctors and nurses, as they passed the boy's cot to ask him what was the matter, and on being told, to impress on the boy's mind that he need not worry or doubt the doctor. He never failed in any case to make a perfect cure, etc., etc.

At the end of ten days, Dr. H. saw the boy and with a confident air and tone, said to him that he now had the medicine and would give it to him; that it would take ten minutes to operate, and would positively give him the use of his legs, but might require one other ingredient for his arms.

He gave the boy some bread pills he had made, and with his watch in hand waited the ten minutes. Then he said to the boy,

"Now time is up. Kick out your legs" and the boy did so.

Dr. H. said, "Now as to the arms—I will see you in the morning with the other medicine, and it is just as sure."

In the morning he gave more pills, and with watch in hand repeated the performance, only this time it was, "Put out your arms," and the boy did so, and was discharged cured.

This seems to explain partially "Christian Science" and "New Thought," both based largely on the power of the will by *faith* and *belief*.

For the Columbian Exposition, with the expectation that it would prove a good venture, some speculators removed Libby Prison from Richmond to Chicago. They claimed to have marked

each piece and to have put it together precisely as it was originally. In the minds of many people, this claim was doubted.

Being in Chicago in 1904, it occurred to me to test this question. When a prisoner in Libby Prison in 1862, I had cut my initials J.F.P. on one of the posts in the room I was confined in. These posts were large square pillars of pine wood. Two friends visited the prison with me in Chicago. I stated the room, the post and all particulars. Going to this post we found it covered with pictures, and stating the reason, asked that a certain one might be taken down. The attendant acceded, and we found behind it, cut in the wood, my initials as stated. This would tend to confirm the authenticity of the exhibit.

Some years ago, Bennett of the New York Herald, wanted to buy the property corner of Broadway and Ann Street, which was at the time a museum. The owner wanted \$300,000 for it. Bennett offered him \$250,000, and they had a number of talks, but neither would yield.

The owner lived at Tarrytown and one afternoon, on his way in a train to that place, thinking that he had to pay off a certain mortgage and must have money, concluded to accept the offer of Mr. Bennett, and in the morning would see him and tell him so and close the deal.

In the meantime, during the same afternoon, Bennett, tired of bargaining, concluded to buy the property and pay the price asked by the owner. This was the state of mind of both parties.

In the morning, the owner came to town and called on Bennett to accept his offer of \$250,000. As he opened the door of Bennett's office, Bennett from his desk looked up and saw him, and at once called out, "Well, Mr. Blank, I have concluded to accept your price and will pay the \$300,000 to end the matter."

If Bennett had not spoken the owner would have said, "I have come to accept your offer of \$250,000, but so confidently and quickly Bennett spoke that the owner saw his chance and said, "Too late, Mr. Bennett. I have come to withdraw my offer, and now want \$325,000.

At this, more dickering ensued which resulted in Bennett's paying, to close the bargain, \$315,000.

Moral: If Bennett had let the owner speak first, he would have saved \$65,000.

A young girl went skating for the first time and returning home found in the parlor her sister and her sister's beau. All excited she rushed into the room and said, "Oh! Sister! What fun! But when I had my skates on and stood up, down I came flat on my—"

"Maria," said her sister, surprised.

"What?" said Maria, and then went on again, "As soon as I stood up, my feet went out from under me and down I came flat on my—"

“Maria!’ called her sister, “Go right up stairs!”

“But he’s hurt,” said Maria.

“Who is hurt?” said her sister.

“Why, my little brother. I came down on him only you would not let me tell you so.”

Moral: Let the other person not alone speak first but let him finish what he has to say, and if to this was added “and do not answer back” many divorces and quarrels and misunderstandings would be avoided.



On hunting trip on Gardiner's Island

In _____, I went to Stovall, N. C., to visit Mr. Edson Bradley and Mr. Brier, who had a shooting place there. It was a large old Southern house, and had rights of shooting for many thousand acres. On one occasion after returning at night from a most successful day, very tired and hungry, and after a good dinner and a bottle of wine, sitting before a bright wood fire, Mr. Brier told me the following tale:

Next to the house in which I lived in Brooklyn, there lived a Mr. Ives who was a stockbroker in the Wall Street firm of Ives and Stayner. His firm was a new one, but has obtained considerable prominence by some daring operations, particularly one with the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad. Mr. Ives went to the Equitable Life Insurance Co. and saw Mr. Hyde, its president, and asked Mr. Hyde what he would sell the stock of that company for, which he held and which carried the control of the company, being 510 shares of a total capital of 1000 shares,

or \$100,000.

Mr. H. said it was not for sale, but Ives insisted and to get rid of him, H. said, finally "I would not take less than a million dollars for my stock."

"Will you sell it at that?" asked Ives.

And H. said, "Yes."

Then Ives said he would pay that price. An agreement was drawn up at once by which Ives was to pay the million dollars and H. was to deliver the stock and full control of the company at noon of the next day at the office of Mr. H. in the Equitable Building.

Mr. H. lived out of town, and on the train he was going out on a little later, he met one of the directors of the Equitable Life Insurance Co., and H. told him what he had done that afternoon in selling out his interest in the company.

This director asked to whom he had sold. Mr. H. said to the firm of Ives and Stayner, a well-known house in Wall Street.

The director was greatly shocked and expostulated, saying the purchasers were not well-known and to turn over the many millions of securities and the interests of so many thousands of women and stockholders was a very serious matter, and persuaded Mr. H. to give him a day to find out about Ives and Stayner. To do this it was agreed that the next day, Mr. H. would be sick and remain in bed, and a physician's certificate sent to the the Equitable Co. to that effect.

The next day, at noon, Mr. Ives was at the Equitable office, presented certified checks for a million dollars, and demanded the stock and possession of everything. He was awfully put out to be given instead the certificate of the doctor, and told to call the next day.

That afternoon, the firm of Ives and Stayner failed, and it was shown that the checks were certified by the banks with the understanding that securities would be given them before two p.m. as full collateral security. Ives expected to obtain these from the vaults of the Equitable Life Insurance Co. as soon as he took possession.

Nicaragua Canal Company

In 1869, a Monsieur Bellay came to me with a concession from Nicaragua for the construction of a canal through Nicaragua via Nicaragua Lake and Costa Rica. We drew up the following agreement:

Whereas, Felix Bellay of Paris, France, has obtained from the Government of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, the privilege and right to construct a ship canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua, for further particulars as to the details of which, reference is made to said concession dated May first one thousand eight hundred and fifty eight and ratified April twenty sixth by Cost Rica, and,

Whereas in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty nine or one thousand eight hundred and sixty two several commencements of the work and attempts at execution of the project referred to were duly made by Mr. Bellay and were not successful owing to events beyond his control; the validity of said concession having been further duly confirmed by a judgment of the "Tribunal de la Seine" rendered March twenty-fourth one thousand eight hundred and sixty five, and,

Whereas, the undersigned have become convinced of the feasibility of the plan of Mr. Bellay and in view of the importance of the project and their earnest wish to see it carried out practically,

Now therefore, the undersigned have severally agreed to and with each other and with the said Felix Bellay as follows:

The first step shall be taken by Mr. Bellay to secure the adhesion and cooperation of Mr. Michael Chevallier of Paris to whom the Government of Nicaragua had heretofore given a concession similar to the one of Mr. Bellay Rica.

Second, the adhesion and cooperation of Mr. Chevallier having been obtained a corporation shall be organized under the laws of the United States or one of the several States thereof under the name of the "Nicaragua Interoceanic Canal Company" for the following purposes on the following basis:

- First* The Capital of said Corporation shall be Fifty millions of dollars in gold. This capital shall be subscribed as follows: Ten million dollars gold within the first year; the balance shall be paid in two years following divided equally viz Twenty Millions of dollars in each year.
- Second* The principal seat and office of the Company shall be at the City of New York.
- Third* Books for the subscription to the capital shall be opened simultaneously in New York, Paris, London, Liverpool, Hamburg, Bordeaux and Geneva, and at such other places as the Finance Committee of the Corporation shall direct.
- Fourth* The affairs of the company shall be as far as possible under the management of the two Boards of Directors, one at Paris, France and the other in the City of New York, and the undersigned shall constitute the first Board of Directors at the City of New York.
- Fifth* The object of the Corporation shall be the construction of a ship canal across the Isthmus of Nicaragua and the carrying out of the concession or grant made to Mr. Bellay and above referred to.

I got a number of prominent people here to subscribe to the same. Moses Taylor mentioned in the list made a subscription of \$50,000.00

Monsieur Bellay addressed to me the following letter:

New York, le 23 Juin, 1869

Monsieur le General Fred. Pierson,

24 Broadway

Mon cher General:

Je pars demain, jeudi, pour l'Europe, dans le but de regulariser a Paris ma situation legale comme concessionnaire du Canal de Nicaragua, soit par une entente avec M. Michel Chevalier, soit par une decision des tribunaux, et je reviens ensuite traiter avec les interets americains pour la realisation de ce projet. Je vous donne, en attendant mon retour, pleins pouvoirs pour negocier la constitution d'une compagnie, conformement a la loi des Etats-Unis et sur les bases fixees par l'acte provisoire dont je vous laisse une copie. Cette constitution doit comprendre deux comites, l'un americain et l'autre europeen, formes des noms les plus accredites des deux mondes. Les noms que je vous ai cites pour le comite europeen seront acquis l'operation le jour ou une organisation americaine lie donnera toute securite. Je profiterai de mon sejour en Europe pour preparer les souscriptions a Paris, et je vous ecrirai par les telegraphes et par les posts aussitot que j'aurai obtenu un resultat decisif. Mais il importe que, de votre cote, vous me fassiez connaitre les adhesions obtenues, car ce sont les noms americains qui deciderent les concours europeen.

Je ne suis pas assez connu en Angleterre pour choisir les membres du comite; et per banqueiers. C'est un soin que je crois devoir reserver a M. Cyrus Field, dont l'autorite est tres grande dans ce pays.

Agreez, mon cher General,
L'assurance de mon entier devouement

Felix Bellay

chez M. Ernest Picard, depute au cours legislatif, 217 rue St. Honore, Paris. J'ai laisse a M. Egerazio Goviez, Gramercy Park Hotel, la commission de chercher et de vous remettre la rapport de M. Orville W. Child.

Interoceanic Canal of Nicaragua

Company formed at New York, by an act of incorporation conformable to the laws of the United States.

Capital \$50,000,000 in gold, of which \$10,000,000 to be subscribed and paid the first year, \$20,000,000 each year after, for the work of three years.

Principal office, and management in New York, subordinate ones in Paris and London.

Directors and officers of administration to be double—one composed of Americans, the other Europeans:

American

Mr. Cyrus Field
General John A. Dix
Mr. Peter Cooper
Mr. A. R. Stewart
Mr. John C. Hamilton
Senator Sprague
Mr. Charles A. Dana
Mr. Horace Greeley

European

Mons. Michel Chevalier (accep'd)
Mons. Elie de Beaumont (accep'd)
Mons. Ferdinand de Lesseps (accep'd)
Mons. Paleocopa (accep'd)
Mons. Ernest Picard (accep'd)
Mons. Burlingamo (accep'd)

Consul

New York—Coudert Bros.

Paris—Petit Bergons

Subscriptions to open 15th November, 1869:

Paris—La Societe Generale, 54 rue de Provence
Geneva—La Banque Commerciale
Londres, New York
Bordeaux—Le Quellee & Co.
Hamburg

Length of Canal, 195 miles, of which
120 miles is the River San Juan
60 miles is the Lake Nicaragua
15 miles is the cutting requisite from the lake to the Pacific Ocean
195

The river work to cost	10 millions
From lake to ocean	20 millions
The sides of the lake, etc.	5 millions
The material, machines, etc.	10 millions
Sundry expenses	<u>5 millions</u>
	50 millions

The river part to take in completion	1 year
The two parts as above mentioned	<u>2 year</u>
	3 year

The treaties made by Mons. Belley with the governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, concede to him a square league of ground each side of the line of the canal. The sale of this land and the passage to the lake would give a good revenue from the first year.

The Government of Peru is, by a treaty with Nicaragua, engaged to take a large portion of the capital. The Australian Government would undoubtedly assist largely, as it has in a former case shown its willingness to assist a similar enterprise.

The route proposed for the canal by Mons. Belley is much the same as the one suveyed by Mr. Childs in 1851, and that he estimated to cost 31 millions. The route of Mons. Belley is somewhat

shorter.

What is Desired

- 1st. The names and cooperation of certain persons in the U.S.
- 2nd. The Act of Incorporation of any state in the United States.
- 3rd. The sympathy if not the assistance of the U. S. Government.
- 4th The opening of subscriptions as specified.

Monsieur Belley departed for France. Arriving home, he went to his native place and got returned to the Corps Legislatif with the view of there obtaining what he needed to project these concessions. His sudden death stopped all further action, and I mention the circumstance as being one of interest, showing the early efforts for the construction of a canal.

More Favorite Stories



Portrait of Fred Pierson

A frontiersman with his family moved to a new and wild country and built a log house near a spring of pure water.

One day, having gone to the nearest settlement, a long distance off, his wife was left alone with her children, among whom was a baby only a few months old.

The wife had placed the baby in a rudely constructed frame on the ground at the door of the log house and taking a pail, went to the spring near by for water. While bending over the spring, she felt a tug at her dress and looking back, saw a huge rattlesnake had seized the lower part of it and was still jerking it.

For a moment she stood paralyzed with fright, and then as the snake continued to pull, she involuntarily yielded and was as though fascinated, being slowly led back to the house, when happening to look up, she saw a sight that fairly unnerved her. About the baby's pen were a number of other rattlesnakes, one of whom the baby had seized with both hands, and was partially encircled in its folds.

And then, to her further horror incredible as it may appear—but what do you suppose the snakes were doing?

Well! Rattling their rattles to please the baby!

I was with a friend hunting quail in the neighborhood of Tampa, Florida, when the following incident happened.

Mr. B. was about to step over a large log when warned by a rattle, he looked down to find he was about to step on a large rattlesnake that lay coiled up the other side of the tree. As he jumped back quickly his dog sprang over the log close to him and was instantly struck by the snake in the head somewhere. The dog gave a howl and continued on.

Mr. B. shot the snake, and while stretching it out on the log, his attention was called to his dog by hearing him whine. He found the dog some hundred feet further on standing on his fore legs, but with his hindquarters apparently paralyzed as he was evidently trying in vain to come to him. In a few minutes, the dog, with a most piteous glance at his master, sunk down on the ground. In less than ten minutes he was dead. The snake had struck his victim in some vein.

Arriving in Havana in 1867, and the subject of the high sense of "honor" supposed to prevail among the Spaniards coming up, a friend told me an incident that had occurred there the day before my arrival and which was still the talk of the town.

A Spaniard was thrown from his horse and struck his head, which for years back had left him subject to attacks of aberration of intellect. These fits would come on suddenly and were generally preceded by some nervous strain. He had had a quarrel with another Spaniard, an officer of rank in the army, and the latter had challenged him to fight a duel. When on the field facing each other the word *en guard* was given; and at once, instead of taking the position of guard the challenged party began to kiss his hand to his adversary and bow and smile. The other, taking his sword in both hands, ran him through the body. At the critical moment, the Spaniard had been seized with one of his crazy fits, which was evident to all, but the other Spanish "honor" took advantage of it to kill him in cold blood.

On the steamer crossing from Havana to New Orleans in 1867, there was an old gentleman by name of Zodoc Pratt. He was from Prattsville, N.Y., a village established by him, and the center of large manufactures which had made him wealthy. He had, by the doctor's orders, been accustomed to drinking a certain wine of a light nature, and always took about with him a supply of same. Arriving at New Orleans, he told the customhouse officer that he had half a dozen cases of this wine which was not subject to duty, since it came from this country and was for his own consumption. The customhouse officer was a very consequential and disagreeable man, and told Mr. Pratt he must pay the duties. After an altercation the old gentleman finished by offering to bet \$50.00 to \$10.00 that he would have the wine go ashore under the officer's nose, and would not pay one cent duty, and moreover, would do so at a fixed hour that afternoon. This bet the officer took.

Mr. Pratt asked the whole party on board to assemble in the dining saloon.

The cases of wine were brought in, and all were opened by the stewards. In a funny address, Pratt

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

stated that every man was expected to drink one bottle more than his neighbor, and that he would shoot the first man who cried, "Hold! Enough!" before every bottle was emptied.

We fell to, and after a manly struggle, not a drop was left.

"Fall in!" then cried Pratt, and we were all marched to the gang plank. Here Pratt hailed the officer and asked him to "Stand by" while the wine went ashore.

On reaching terra firma, Pratt claimed his bet from the officer, and we all thought he had fairly won it.



1870 photo of Pierson & Co. J. G. Pierson & Bro, were at the corner of Front and Broad Streets from 1787 to the early part of 1800 when they went to 24x26 Broadway, built the building of which this is a picture. The lot being 60x200 through to New Street. The sold this place about 1900 and went to 90 West St, a short time, and then to 29 Broadway where they now are. With one or two exceptions, the oldest firm without change of name or family in the country.

Sitting in the Union Club one evening, the conversation turned on the changes in New York City, and Lawrence McKeever related the following incident which happened in the old bar room on the Mercer St. side of the St. Nicholas Hotel in Broadway.

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

He said, "I dropped in there one afternoon to meet a friend, and took a seat at one side of the big room to wait for him. Three roughs evidently on a spree, came in and drank at the bar. When asked to pay, they abused the barkeeper, and during the wrangle, another man came and ordered a drink. As the barkeeper moved to execute the order, one of the toughs, a big surly brute, ordered the barkeeper to drop a tumbler he held in his hand and "not give anyone any drink" unless he, the tough, said he might; and then turning to the gentleman, he told him he better "git out", as he couldn't have "no drink unless he licked him first."

The gentleman turned and went away.



Fred Pierson and his father, H. L. Pierson, at the office

The same thing happened to several others who came in. The barkeeper was cowered and told the applicant he couldn't serve him. Then a tall, lean chap came in, with heavy boots, and a slouch black felt hat, and lounged up to the bar and called for a "whiskey sour."

The big rough looked him over and then said "I'm running this shebang, and if you want a drink, Mister, you must say 'please' and then I'll tell yer if you can git one, or not."

The tall fellow turned to the barkeeper and said, "Why the H— don't you give me that drink?"

The barkeeper only pointed to the toughs. The thin fellow walked up nearer to the bully, and said "So I must say 'please' must I? Well, here goes"; and quick as a flash, he leaped in the air and

kicking out, landed the toe of his heavy boot in the neck, under the chin of his adversary. It made a terrible gash and the blood poured out.

In another second he had seized the man by his head, pulled him forward and again kicked him in the head. The man fell in a lump. The thin man then started for another of the toughs, but they did not wait, and made a hasty exit from the door into Mercer Street. He then seized the prostrate man who was lying in a pool of blood, and yanked him by the hair and collar to the door where he threw him out.

Picking up his hat, he quietly turned to the barkeeper, and said, "Now d— you, give me that drink d— quick, or you and I will have to settle." He got his drink in short notice.

McKeever then said he spoke to the man and asked him how he did it. The man said he was from Texas and learned that trick among the greasers and cowboys.

"But," said he, "Young man, I don't advise you to try it just yet, for it needs years of practice, and only a few can do it right."

I left New York on the S. S. Tybee, May 22, 1877, and arrived Cape Haitien May 30th, on business connected with the construction of a wharf at that place under a concession from the Republic of Haiti. I found it was necessary to obtain large palmettoes for "cribbing" as no other wood would stand the attacks of the "Teredo". I was told these palmettoes would be found at a place called "Folle Liberte" on the Haitien coast some thirty miles along the coast.

The acting British Vice-Consul, Mr. John Dutton, at Cape Haitien, hired for me a small steam tug, or open boat belonging to a French Line, the "Compagnie Trans Atlantique", and named "Jean Rabel".

Accompanied by a man named Loynaz who was interested with me in the wharf, and a mulatto named "Breffet", a large powerful man, we left the Cape in our quest.

The captain was a negro named Alexander Cany; we had two men for crew: Engineer Robert Braves and Fireman Steven Mortimer.

Expecting to be back at night, we took no baggage. Arriving at "Folle Liberte", we were informed that the best palmettoes were further along the coast, on Dominican territory adjoining the Haitian Line and about fifteen miles away.

We concluded to go to the nearest Dominican Port and obtain a permit to negotiate for the timber on the Dominican soil, and with this object, ran into the port of Monte Cristo.

The harbor was empty, with the exception of a small schooner or open boat laying at anchor, near which we anchored. On going ashore in our row boat, we were met at the rude wharf by some nigger soldiers in charge of a lieutenant. My associate Loynaz and superintendent Buffet both of whom understood Spanish, told me that the guard had taken us as prisoners, and had sent to the village of Monte Cristo, some two miles back, to report that fact to the minister of War of Santo

Domingo, a man named Villa Nueva, who was there at the head of some troops, to put down a revolution against the government.

We waited on the shore surrounded by the nigger troops until his highness, the minister of war arrived, which he finally did, escorted by a company of his colored troops.

These were a motley group, all shades of color and of dress, but mostly the uniform consisted of a pair of dirty white pants held up by a single suspender over a dirtier checked calico shirt; some with shoes and some without. A cartridge box fastened to a belt about the waist, and a gun. Old torn and soiled straw hats completed the uniform.

An animated conversation took place between the minister of war and Loynaz. Finally the latter announced to me that we were accused of aiding the revolutionists; that Villa Nueva charged us with landing arms and supplies, and that he took us prisoners of war, and confiscated my yacht or tug. We were then ordered to fall in and were marched to Monte Cristo.

Here Loynaz and I were compelled to enter a room that had no opening but the door, and not a piece of furniture. The door was closed and fastened and a nigger guard stationed around the house or room. The rest of my party were put in the cellar of an abandoned old adobe house. A guard of niggers was placed about the egress, with orders to shoot anyone who attempted to leave.

By this time it was about dark. The heat in the room in which we were confined was intense. There were mosquitoes and fleas by the millions. Having nothing to sit in we were forced to either walk around, or lie on the dirty floor all night. It was a night that would apparently never end, a night of intense suffering and misery.

Late the next morning, the door was unfastened and the minister of war appeared. He was the most villainous looking darkey I ever saw. His eyes were bloodshot and beady, like those of the polar bear. Again Loynaz and he conversed in Spanish. During the conversation I could not resist calling the minister of war all kinds of names, of which the mildest was "the damned nigger". After I had exhausted my vocabulary, the "damned nigger" turned to me and in very good English asked me what I had to say in explanation. He had understood every word I had said. I subsequently found out that like most of these colored fellows, he had been educated in France, and had travelled and lived in the United States.

Nothing we could say would influence him, and he withdrew, ordering the guard to let us have the door open, but not to permit our stepping out.

We had received nothing to eat or drink, and after the night we had passed, we were parched and burning up. Presenting the case to the nigger captain on guard, he said he did not dare to do anything, but we persuaded him to send a note to the minister of war which I now wrote in English. I protested against such brutal treatment and demanded food and drink for all my party.

Word came back that I might go out and do the best I could. I found a house, or hut, around which were some chickens, and entering the kitchen, negotiated with its occupant, an old darkey woman with a bandana about her head and a pipe in her fangs. She killed some chickens and made some hoe cake in the ashes. These, with a pail of water, I had carried to my party. After this was done I went to a German firm who I was told controlled the business of the place, and

made a bargain for the hire of the little schooner we saw laying in the harbor, but I was told that as martial law was established in the port, it could not leave without permission of Villa Nueva.

I sent the captain, a negro named Wilson, to obtain permission from the minister of war to leave. He soon brought me word that I could not be permitted to go away. Another day and another night was passed in the same way, and still another night. The next afternoon we were all marched back to the harbor and placed on board the little open deck schooner I had tried to charter. A lieutenant and eleven men were sent along as guard, and we were to be delivered at Puerto Plata, some sixty miles along the coast, to the governor of that place. We were scarcely out of sight of Port, when we encountered strong head winds and soon ran into a storm. A heavy sea was, and the weather continued so tempestuous that we were three nights and two days before arriving at Puerto Plata.

My position on deck was in the stern between the tiller and taffrail, and the movement of the boat tossed me from one to the other until I became completely exhausted trying to hold on.

Finally, I took a rope which I fastened about my waist, and lashed myself to the taffrail. Loynaz in the same way was lashed between my legs, and Breffit next to him. Nothing was given us to eat, and indeed we were all so sick that we had little appetite.

The second night, I determined to do something and arranged the following plan:

The night was pitch dark, at times raining hard. Before darkness settled down I noted well the positions and conditions of all on board. The darkey soldiers including the lieutenant were terribly sea sick, and were lying all over the boat in rather a helpless way. Most of their rifles were out of their hands either on the deck by them or on the little cock pit covering. The lieutenant, himself, was stretched at the entrance to the cabin not far from our feet. We resolved at daybreak to take possession of the boat and force the captain to put about and make for Cape Haitien. I was to jump on the lieutenant and take his pistol from him. Breffet was to seize the guns and throw them overboard, and drive the soldiers forward. Loynaz was to look after the man at the tiller and help generally.

I was then to place the pistol to the captain's head and force him to run in shore and leave the soldiers, and then put about for the cape. Everything was arranged to whispers and in English, but finally it seemed important that we should apprise two or three of the other prisoners that we might have their help, and that they would understand our movements so as not to interfere.

This Loynaz agreed to do, and as they were on the forward part of the deck, he crept away from us to execute his errand. After a time he returned and stated all was in order, and that they would, on the signal, seize guns, and overpower the soldiers. Loynaz then said that the boat belonged to the captain sailing it, who came from Turks Island and claimed to be English. Hence it might be better to take him in our confidence since his interest could be made to go on our side.

Unfortunately, we agreed to this, and he was brought. He stated he owned only half an interest in the boat and valued this interest at \$1,000. I told him we would give him \$2,000 for his services, and his boat besides if he would accede to our wishes, and would pay him the moment he touched the Cape. All this he agreed to and, believing that we had made our job much easier, we awaited with impatience the breaking of day.

When light enough to see, we were astonished. The lieutenant stood in front of his men with his pistol in hand, they with their guns at a bayonet charge, and all directed on us. They had been apprised of our purpose in some way. Fright had driven away sea sickness, and they were all prepared for action.

We had no opportunity after this. They were glaring at us day and night, and guns ever in hand.

We arrived in the bay at Puerta Plata about sundown, and cast anchor some distance from the long wooden wharf. Walking on this I noticed a tall colored man in a white suit and elevated umbrella, and was told it was Charles Douglas, son of Frederick Douglas, our American Consul. Our boat, as usual, had been surrounded with small row boats whose colored occupants had fruit, etc. to sell, or wanted to earn a fee by taking someone ashore. I selected one, suddenly jumped into it, and ordered the man in Spanish to row me ashore as soon as possible. The lieutenant shouted to me to come back or he would shoot, and called to his men to go after me. My rower seemed to hesitate when, jumping on him, I knocked him prostrate in the bow of the boat, and seizing the oars, pulled for the wharf. Before he recovered I was nearly there and telling him I would pay him liberally, he offered no opposition.

Approaching the wharf, I called out to Douglas to meet me at the landing, and was out of the boat and with him before my pursuers reached shore. I hastily told Mr. Douglas I placed myself under his protection, and the reasons, and went with him to the consulate. From here Douglas took me to the house of friends living at Puerto Plata, an American family by name of Crosby. As I entered the parlor, Mrs. Crosby arose to meet me, but taking me for a tramp and stranger, said I had made a mistake, and was hurriedly escaping from the room when I told her who I was. Exposure and deprivation had made a sorry sight of me. My face was swollen and discolored and bore marks yet of the ravages of the vermin in the close quarters at Monte Cristo.

Mrs. Crosby provided a bath, something to eat, and a bed. Not until noon of the next day did I awake.

On the entire trip of three nights and two days, we had been furnished with no food of any kind, so I was well starved. Mrs. Crosby provided me with some clothing belonging to her husband, who was away. In the afternoon our consul, Douglas, called for me and together we visited the rest of my party, who had all been incarcerated in the common jail.

This jail was made by excavating one large room in the face of a rock on top of a promontory near the city, facing the harbor. The front had a strong iron grating and iron doors, and we found our people with faces close to the iron bars in an effort to escape the horribly offensive air and odor that filled the cave. Confined with them were a miscellaneous crowd, mostly negroes. We passed them through the grating something to eat that we had taken with us, and they were glad to have it, being dirty and starved and miserable in the extreme.

I assembled at the American Consulate's office the representatives of England, France and Germany, and together a protest was drawn up, and a demand made, agreeably to the provisions of the international law, upon the Dominican Government, to know why the arrests had been made, and of what the prisoners were accused. By this law, a prisoner must be advised of why he is arrested, within forty-eight hours. In reply to our note, the Government of Puerta Plata

appointed the following day at a fixed hour for an audience.

At the hour named, I went to the place and approaching the entrance, saw Mr. Loynaz in great agitation walking up and down on a balcony overhead. He was very pale, and exclaimed to me that they were going to shoot him, and had already condemned him. I was about to say something to cheer him up when a bayonet point was placed against my breast, and the sentinel seemed about to run me through. I readily understood from his angry mien, even without understanding his Spanish, that I was not to speak to the prisoner, and followed the sentinel's command to pass through the entrance without stopping.

We were conducted by soldiers to a large room with bare walls, having a piece of carpet in the middle of the floor, and chairs placed around it.

After a time, the Governor-General came in and a conference was held. The result of it was that he declared he had proofs from Villa Nueva of our having secretly landed arms on the coast to aid the revolutionists, and that he had no authority to act in the matter himself, but had referred everything to the capital St. Domingo City, and must await orders from there.

The representatives told him if any of the prisoners were shot, or condemned without a trial as provided by treaty, etc., their governments would hold Santo Domingo to account, etc., etc. We had all the countries interested as stated because the yacht was French, the captain English, one of the crew German, Breffet Haitien, and I American, and Loynaz claimed to be an English citizen.

We had several other interviews but accomplished little, the governor stating he must await instructions from the capital. During this time, I had provisions taken to the prisoners on the hill, and given them through the bars, when I received an anonymous note advising me that the Tybee would arrive next day, and that I had best go quietly and secretly on board and go back to Haiti, stating that I could do more there to help my companions than to remain.

This advice seemed good, the steamer arriving, I went on board after dark, and kept dark until she left the port. Arriving at Cape Haitien, I found Mrs. Loynaz distressed about the fate of her husband. She took the steamer at once for Port-au-Prince and laid the matter before the British minister there. The latter went on board a man-of-war, and steamed away to Santo Domingo City. Arriving there, he found the prisoners had been sent sixty miles in to the interior from Puerta Plata and were having a hard time of it. He demanded the instant release of the English subjects. This was done, and he brought them back.

I never afterwards heard what became of my yacht. The owners at the Cape sued me for its loss, and subjected me to considerable costs, but we compromised the case finally.

When I returned home, I laid the case before the Secretary of State, William M. Ewarts, at Washington, stating that I forwarded the original protest as made out before, certified by our American Consul at Puerto Plata, that I asked no pecuniary damages but that the Dominican Government should be made to apologize for their outrageous treatment of American citizens, and to return the yacht stolen by them. The Honorable Secretary of State wrote me in reply that "unfortunately, we have no diplomatic officer in that country." That's all I could get out of him.



On board "Freelance", F. A. Schermerhorn, J. F. Pierson & "Ernest" Howard

April 8th, 1892 found me at the large house of Senator M. S. Quay, at St. Lucie, Florida. He had gone north with his family so I was alone in the house, except for Mr. & Mrs. Sooy, who had charge of it.

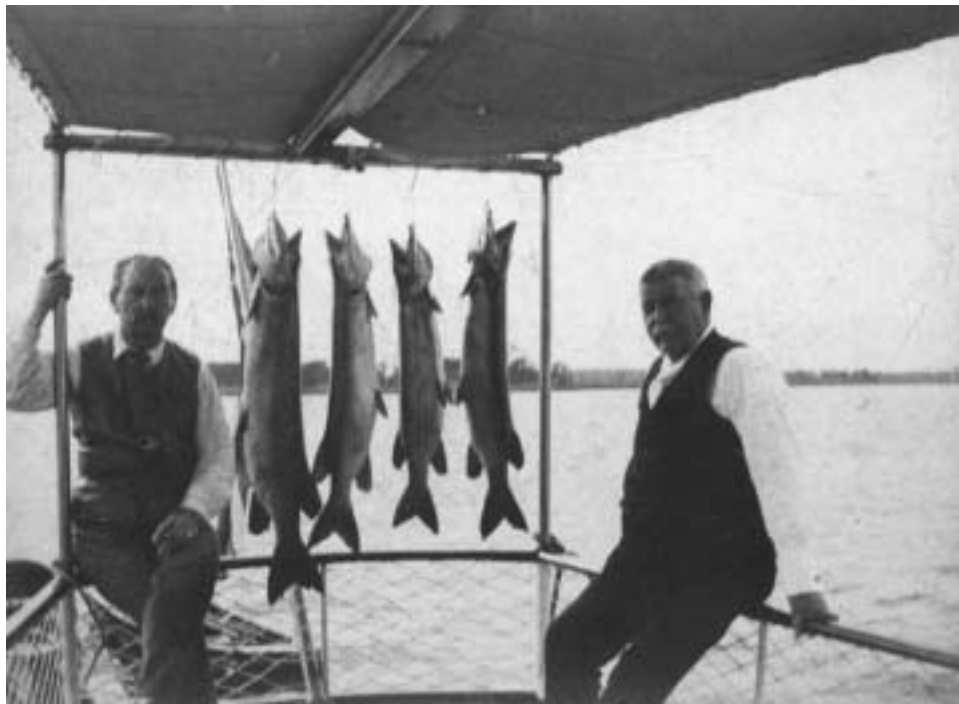
Opposite the house was the Indian River, an inlet which ran out into the ocean. This river is about two miles wide. In the late afternoon of a clear day we rowed across the river through the inlet, and anchored at its mouth in the ocean. The tide was still running out but was almost full. The round moon was well above the horizon in the east but looked cold and colorless, dominated by the bright rays of the setting sun.

We were in the midst of life and motion. At times the fins of a shark would emerge from the waters, a school of cavellsa or Spanish mackerel would pass along and occasionally the large dark head of a sea cow or manatee, would be visible.

Captain Ben, my boatman, soon, in an excited way, exclaimed, "There he is," and looking as his finger directed, I saw the glistening white of a tarpon as he passed quickly near the surface.

Seizing my "Heckacher" rod of Noib wood, I cast the small mullet I had on my hook as bait just ahead of the tarpon, but he paid no attention to it. Then we saw the tarpon breaking on all sides. They had come in from the ocean in quest of their food and would, at times, pass close by the boat.

The sun was still too high, Captain Ben said, and they would not take the bait until the moon was strong on the water. Repeated casts proved he was right, and I desisted for a time. Almost at once the sun was succeeded by the moon. The transition was a magical one, night succeeding day without a break. The waters sparkled and danced in the rays of the full moon. The tide having turned to flood, the waves were breaking noisily over the reefs and shallow places around us. The little boat rocked and pitched uneasily in the current. Again, I made a cast, and my bait had hardly fallen, when with a rush and splash, it was seized by a tarpon. A quick movement of the rod to hook him was followed by his making a great leap straight into the air, so that with head erect, his tail was at least four feet above the water. Then, with wide distended mouth, he gave such a shake of his head that hook and mullet were sent flying in different directions, many feet away.



Chas. Y. Emery and J. Fred Pierson with muscalonge on Lake Ontario, October 1902

The tarpon have no teeth and their mouths are of tough, strong bone so that only in the angle of the jaw, or the tongue, can the hook easily penetrate. A ridge around the upper lip sometimes may arrest the point of the hook, and by good luck it may then be forced through the bone or strong cartilage. Small chance has the angler to secure his prey unless well-hooked at first. If the hook remains after the few first terrific leaps and shakes, he has about an even chance to win the game.

Captain Ben renewed the bait, and after a few more casts, another splash and jerk was met by a quick jerk of the rod. The reel for a few seconds sings and stops, for the fish now makes his leap high into the air, and falls with a great splash back into the water.

"He is a beauty," says Captain Ben. Again the reel sings merrily and another great leap. How fiercely he shakes his head and how lustrous and beautiful he appears in the bright rays of the

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moon. Again in his native element, he dashes off on a long run, and the reel fairly hums as he goes. Was ever music more delightful? The flood tide is running strong now, and he must labor and strain against this as well as the constant spring of the rod in your hand.

His progress grows slower and slower. After a few hundred feet of this terrible effort he stops, but only for a short time, as the steady relentless pull on him is too much for his tired muscles, and he gives ground as you slowly reel in your line. Soon you think he must be so close to the boat that you peer excitedly into the water to catch a glimpse of his shining sides, but he has seen you first, and again with a rush he is off, and again the music of the reel is in your ears.

In this way the fight goes on, until at last about dead with exhaustion, he is brought rather floating on his side than swimming, alongside the boat, and you see what a strong beautiful adversary you have had. The moon's rays scintillate and glisten from his sides like gems. The boat is small and unsteady, pitching and tossing in the rough waters, and the problem of getting him into the boat is quite a nice one.



With the aid of two gaffs, it is finally accomplished, and the huge fish falls his length along the bottom of the boat.

“The largest I ever saw,” says Captain Ben, and so he proves to be, for when next morning he is stretched on the wharf, he is found to measure seven feet in length, 38–1/2 inches around gills, 42–1/2 inches around stomach, 43–1/2 inches around first dorsal fin, 16–1/2 inches around tail, and to weigh 195 pounds.

In 1902, I was one of a party on the houseboat “Everglades” as guest of Colonel Robert M. Thompson. Another guest was Admiral Charles Beresford of the British Navy. We were after tarpon in Florida Bay off the south-west coast of Florida. Each man had either a row-boat or a small power boat with a fisherman, and was trolling with a mullet for bait. A tarpon struck that of Admiral Beresford and for half an hour or more the contest was fierce and uncertain

It was the Admiral’s first experience with the “Silver King”. Its beautiful leaps and terrific rushes both frightened and delighted him.

At one time, the fish came straight for the boat so rapidly that he could not reel in the line, and thought he was off. The next second he was by the boat and again the reel sung the song so dear to the sportsman.

Finally, as the admiral was slowly reeling in the tired monster, a shark seized him, and only the head was left on the hook for the tired admiral to bring to the boat.

He was disgusted. He said he had not come so far in search of parts of fish. He wanted a whole one or none. He complained that he could not boast of the capture and say of it, “Thereby hangs a tale”, for there was no tail. He at last instructed that all go on board the houseboat and fish for the shark, so that he might have back the rest of his fish for which he had worked so hard. This we did, for the shark was occasionally seen near the boat waiting evidently for more tidbits. A large shark hook was baited with another fish, and trolled behind the houseboat at the end of a strong line. Soon the shark was hooked and a notable fight was on. All our crew and all the men on board were at one end of the line and the shark at the other, but still the line went out slowly and as surely as though there were nothing to hold it back. To our line, of which but little was left on board, the kedge anchor line was added, and this too kept going out until we thought all would go, but our united pull at last tired the creature and he stopped. Then we could gradually take in the line, but when the shark was near enough to see the boat, he started on his travels again.

In this way the struggle continued until we had him near enough to shoot rifle bullets into him, and he was conquered. Pulled alongside and the davit tackle fastened to him, we could raise but a small part of him up from the water, so we towed him to shallow water. He measured twenty-two feet, six inches long, the largest shark of record killed on the coast.

To Admiral Beresford was restored the rest of his fish, and he was enthusiastic and happy.

*Fred Eversen
1899
20 West 52nd St.*

Appendix A. National Encyclopedia of American Biography

PIERSON, John Frederick, manufacturer and army officer, was born in New York City, Feb. 19, 1839, son of Henry Lewis and Helen Maria (Pierson) Pierson. His first paternal American ancestor was Henry Pierson, who came from Yorkshire, England to Boston, Mass., in 1639, later settling in Lynn, Mass. From Henry and his wife, Mary Cooper, the descent was through Henry and Susannah Howell, Josiah and Martha Halsey, Benjamin and Sarah Gilbert, and Jeremiah Halsey and Sara Colt, the grandparents of John. F. Pierson. His father was an iron and steel merchant. The son received his education at private schools in New York City.



John Fred Pierson

Enlisting in the New York National Guard in 1857, he served as a private with Co. K, 7th Regiment, and at the outbreak of the Civil War in 1861 was attached to the 1st New York Volunteer Infantry Regiment. At first serving with this unit as a 1st lieutenant, he was later promoted to captain in May, major in July and lieutenant colonel in September, 1861, and to colonel in October, 1862. Three years later, on March 13, 1865, for meritorious service, he was brevetted a brigadier general.

During the entire Civil War period he was attached to the Army of the Potomac, taking part in nearly all of the battles in which the army was engaged, and on Oct. 9, 1862, he was placed in command of the 1st Infantry Regiment. He was wounded twice, once at Glendale (Frazier's Farm),

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Va., when his horse was shot from under him, and again at the Battle of Chancellorsville, Va., when he was shot through the chest. Taken prisoner at Bristol Station, Va., he was confined in Libby Prison, Richmond, Va., and later released in a prisoner exchange. After the Civil War he was made an honorary life colonel in the 7th Regiment, New York National Guard.

Upon his return to civilian life, Pierson entered the family business, the Ramapo Iron Works, as a partner in its New York City offices, Josiah G. Pierson & Brothers. The firm began in 1794 as a partnership between Josiah G. Pierson and Isaac Pierson, his great-uncles, and it engaged in iron merchandising and the manufacture of nails in New York City. In 1795 his paternal grandfather, Jeremiah H. Pierson, joined this association, and construction began on factories at Silman's Cover (later Ramapo), N.Y., when a loan of 4000 pounds sterling was obtained from the State of New York. Three years later machinery from the New York City factory was moved to the new location and manufacture began.

In 1822 under the ownership of his grandfather and his great-uncle, Isaac Pierson, the firm was incorporated as the Ramapo Manufacturing Co. with a capitalization of \$245,000 including 3600 acres of land. Operations had expanded to include cotton and saw mills, a granite quarry, and the production of nails, hoops, and files, and at Ramapo was built what was believed to be the first cotton mill in the northern United States.



Two years later in 1824 his grandfather, Jeremiah H. Pierson, who served as a U.S. congressman in the 17th Congress representing Ramapo, N.Y., became sole owner of this company, Isaac Pierson assuming management of Pierson & Brothers, New York City, which had become a sales marketing firm for the various products manufactured at Ramapo. In the course of time the Pierson interests gained recognition through their valuable British iron and steel contracts.

The firm of Ramapo Iron Works was founded to consolidate the various Pierson enterprises, which had expanded to include over 10,000 acres of land, and in 1851 John F. Pierson's father succeeded his grandfather as president. Under Henry L. Pierson the company supplied the first iron rails for the Erie Railroad, of which he was also an officer and director. The son became vice-

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president and a director of Ramapo Iron Works in 1875, and upon the death of his father in 1893 he became president, a position he held until the close of his life.

While a vice-president he was instrumental in forming a water company to supply the property, and it became the Pothat Water Company. The parent firm maintained iron plants, rolling mills, cotton mills, and other diverse operations, and its subsidiaries include the Ramapo Car Works, Ramapo Wheel and Foundry Co., Ramapo Manufacturing Co., Pothat Water Co., and the Ramapo Land Co. For many years during his presidency the Ramapo Iron Works did a large business as specialists in chilled iron wheels for street and railroad cars, although this activity declined with the gradual conversion of railroads to steel wheels. Finally, in the later 1920's, the Ramapo Iron Works and the various subsidiaries were merged into the Ramapo Land Company, which became the successor company. At the time of his death this company was operating primarily in real estate, with approximately 9,000 acres of land, having sold or discontinued a majority of its manufacturing operations.



Children of J. Fred Pierson and Susan Augusta Rhodes
Daisy, Fred Jr., Adeline Chandler, James Rhodes, Harold on stool

In addition to his main business interests, Pierson was president of the New York Stamping Co.; president and a director of the Herndon Court Co. and the A & N Realty Co.; a director of the

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Atlantic Coast Fisheries, New Amsterdam Casualty Co., and Oriental Silk Printing Co.; and a trustee of the East River Savings Bank.

Throughout his life he was active in civic capacities, and he was a founder and past president of the New York Association for the Protection of Game and president of the Ramapo Hunting and Vila Park Association and the New York City Marble Cemetery Association. He also served as vice-president of the Norther Dispensary, New York City, and he was elected vice-president of the Redwood Library, Newport, R.I., shortly before his death.

Pierson was a member of the Sons of the American Revolution and an original companion and commander (1921-23) of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and he belonged to the Seventh Regiment Veterans Association and the Union, Racquet and Tennis, New York Yacht, and Army and Navy clubs of New York City, the Tuxedo (N.Y.) Club, and the Clambake, Bailey's Beach, and Reading Room clubs of Newport, R.I.

In religion he was Presbyterian, and in politics a Republican. Horseback riding and fishing were among his chief recreational interests, and for many years he held a record for tarpon caught with rod and reel, his catch weighing 213 pounds.

He was married in Providence, R.I., December 16, 1869 to Susan Augusta, daughter of James T. Rhodes of that city, and a philanthropist, and had four children: James Rhodes; John Fred; Marguerite Rhodes, who married George H. Hull; and Adeline Chandler, who married Edward W. Scott. John F. Pierson died in New York City, December 20, 1932.

The National Encyclopedia of American Biography
Vol. XLVII Illustrated
Published by James. T. White & Co. 1965

Appendix B. Colonial Families of America

This article appeared in Colonial Families of America, issued under the editorial supervision of Ruth Lawrence, President-Emeritus of the Daughters of the Cincinnati, Member Colonial Dames of the State of New York, Order of Colonial Governors, Society of the Sponsors of the United States Navy, The Order of Colonial Lords of Manors in America and the Huguenot Society. National Americana Society, New York, Published 1929, Vol. V

GENERAL JOHN FRED PIERSON, son of Henry Lewis Pierson and Helen Maria (Pierson) Pierson was born at his father's home, No. 10 Whitehall Street, New York, February 25, 1839. At the age of sixteen years he was prepared to enter Yale College, from which two of his brothers had been lately graduated, but, concluding to enter upon a business career, he became a clerk in an extensive organization. His predisposition for a military career was manifested at a very early age, and on March 26, 1860, he joined the engineer corps of the famous Seventh Regiment of New York, and the same year was attached to the staff of Brigadier General William Hall, commanding the militia, as captain and aide-de-camp.

Anticipating the war, he started to raise a company of cavalry at the Seventh Avenue Arsenal, enlisting as a private himself, but relinquished this plan when commissioned as captain of Company H, First Regiment New York Infantry, May 27, 1861, and at once left for Fortress Monroe. He was successively promoted to major, July 19, 1861, lieutenant colonel, September 10th of the same year, colonel, October 9, 1862 and brevet brigadier-general March 13, 1865. He served with efficiency and credit in many engagements of the war for the Union. Among these were the battles of Big Bethel, Fair Oaks, Hampton Roads, Monitor and Merrimac, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Charles City, Cross Roads, Glendale, Malvern Hills, Gainesville, Groveton, the second battle of Bull Run, Chantilly, and the two great battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and in the Seven Days fighting. For a part of the time he commanded the Third Brigade, First Division, Third Corps. In the battle of Glendale he was severely wounded and had his horse killed under him. He was shot through the chest while leading a charge at Chancellorsville. In all these engagements his courage and judgment were conspicuous and won well merited praise from his superior officers. When "Stonewall" Jackson made a raid in the rear of General Pope's army, Colonel Pierson and a part of his regiment were taken prisoners. A few lines hastily written in pencil, on a fragment of paper, conveyed the news to his father:

H. L. Pierson, Esq., 24 Broadway, New York:

I am now with Jackson's army at Manassas, and expect to be marched to Richmond at once. Am now a prisoner with about twenty officers and one thousand privates. Was taken honorably.

Fred.

This brief message was sent by a paroled prisoner to Washington, and forwarded by mail on September 2, 1862, and it was long weeks before his friends had any further knowledge of his fate. Then commenced the long and wearisome march to Richmond. Their anxieties were increased by being told of the number of prisoners taken, that General Pope had been totally defeated, that the Confederate troops were about to march on Washington, and everything seemed to confirm these claims. On the march the prisoners were placed according to rank, and Colonel Pierson was at the head of the line. For two days their only food consisted of a little corn and a few apples along the way. On approaching Gordonsville, the Colonel induced the guard to permit him to go in advance under parole and guard in search of provisions. On one occasion a deliberate attempt to kill him was made by one of an armed rabble, and his life was saved only by the prompt order of the guard to return to the house which he had just left. After some days of painful marching they

arrived in Richmond at night. Surrounded by a hostile crowd, and under the most depressing circumstance, he suddenly felt a hand grasp his own, and heard a voice whisper in his ear, "God bless you, my boy; you are right." He has never forgotten what a magical effect it had upon his spirits to find a friend at so unexpected a moment, and the thought arose: "If one, why not more?"

All the captives were sent to Libby Prison. Each man was searched and everything taken from him. It was Colonel Pierson's fortune to be one of ninety officers placed on the second floor. The prison had been originally a storage warehouse, and the floors were covered with the dregs of molasses, sugar and tobacco. The windows had iron bars but no sashes. Water was introduced on the end next to James River in a trough about six feet long and a foot wide, and divided into two parts by a wooden partition. One-half was used not only for drinking, but also for washing both persons and clothes, while the other half was used as a sink and toilet. Owing to leakage, the whole tub was practically one, and the condition was frightful in the extreme. Strict orders were given that no prisoner should approach the windows, and one officer, having inadvertently looked out, was instantly killed by a bullet, which also wounded another in the floor above. Expostulation was in vain, the soldier who fired the fatal shot being promoted as sergeant. Twice a day the door opened and men appeared under a strong guard. In the morning they brought pails of some weak stuff as a substitute for coffee, and a quantity of coarse bread. In the afternoon, weak soup, with more bread, was deposited on the floor. The prisoners appointed from their numbers a "soup committee" and a "bread committee," who distributed to each a tin cup of soup and a portion of the bread. Prisoners were arranged along the wall, each had a numbered place, and slept on the floor opposite to it, and once a day each had to take his place when the roll of prisoners was called. One painful episode of this wretched existence was as follows:

General Pope had ordered certain Confederates to be hanged as spies. In retaliation, General Lee directed that double that number of Union officers should be hanged immediately, if the order of General Pope was carried out. One day a Southern officer appeared, who said he had orders to take four prisoners for immediate hanging. It was resolved to decide by lot what four would be taken. Ninety pieces of paper were placed in a hat, four of which bore the fatal numbers. Arranged in line, each drew a ticket in silence. The four who drew their own sentence of death were ordered to the front, and were bidden a sorrowful farewell. Afterward it was known that they were placed in chains in a lower dungeon. General Pope having receded from his position, they were subsequently returned to their comrades, and were welcomed as if they had returned from the grave. They were in a fearful condition, ragged, half-witted, emaciated.

By means of holes in the floors, some communication was held between the prisoners. At one time Richmond was very poorly guarded. This fact became known, and plans were laid for the prisoners to overpower the guards and officer the privates from Belle Isle, and perhaps take the city. Belle Isle was a small island in James River, and upon it were many thousand private soldiers as prisoners. Whether the plan was betrayed, or known by accident, or only suspected, can never be certain, but by a new arrival of troops from North Carolina the guards were increased and the plan failed. Articles of comfort sent by friends either by permission or by flag of truce, never reached them. They had no change of clothing, and this with other causes led to great mortality; and almost every day the dead were carried in rude boxes to their final home. An agreement was finally reached for exchange of prisoners. Commissioners on both sides met on the lower part of James River and the exchange was made, rank for rank, and Colonel Pierson was rescued from what might be called a living death.

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He rejoined his regiment. In May of the following year he was badly wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville. During all this time he was still a member of the Seventh Regiment, under leave of absence, and was not discharged until April 2, 1883. When he entered the United States service, a sword had been presented to him by a near relative. It saved his life, when it turned aside the bayonet of a rebel soldier. At the time of his capture this sword was taken, and the Colonel never expected to see it again. Some years after the war, a notice appeared in the New York "Tribune" that an ex-soldier in a southern state was in possession of the sword, and gave a copy of the inscription on the sheath. A correspondence ensued which resulted in returning it to its owner.

Colonel Pierson brought back from the war what was left of his regiment. The city of New York gave it a fine reception. The entire Seventh Regiment turned out as an escort. At a huge war meeting held at Cooper Institute, Colonel Pierson was appointed a committee to visit the Army of the Potomac to promote the reenlistment of the men whose term of enlistment was about to expire, and in this work he met with great success. He was made chairman of the "Arms and Trophies" committee at the Great Metropolitan Fair in New York City.

The high opinion in which Colonel Pierson was held by his commanding officers is shown by the following letters:

Headquarters 3d Brigade, 1st Div., 3d Corps,
Camp near Falmouth, Va., Dec. 29, 1862.

Col. J. Fred Pierson, 1st New York Vols.:

Sir:—In justice to your endeavors to make the regiment under your command one of the best in this Division, I beg leave to say that you may have positive proof of the value set upon those exertions, that, since your promotion to your present position, your regiment has improved beyond my expectations, although I well knew of your previous worth as an officer. When the First New York joined my Brigade at Fier Oaks, its discipline was very poor. The habits of many of its officers were such as to demoralize to a great degree the entire regiment. I almost despaired of ever making it a perfectly reliable organization. I am happy to say that through your exertions you are rid of many worthless officers. The men are happy, contented, and efficient to a high degree, and I consider the regiment as one of the best in the service.

You are at liberty to use this letter if necessary in defending your position and acts as a commander.

With much regard for your future prosperity, I remain, your friend and sv't.

(Signed) H. G. Berry,
Brig.-Gen'l Vols.

Headquarters, 3d Brigade, 1st Division, 3d Corps
April 18th, 1863.

Colonel:—Allow me in parting with the 1st Regiment, furnished by the great State of New York to our country, and with which I have long been associated, to express the hope that its distinguished services will be fully appreciated, and that every effort will be exerted to secure the continuance of the organization. Perhaps no colonel has more fully illustrated his capacity to enforce discipline than yourself, through energy, and moral as well as physical courage, and, even in the note Division, it would be difficult to name your equal as a tactician. Your services in face of the enemy are a part of your country's history.

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Should the "First" be reorganized, remember that this Brigade will expect it to resume its position here.

Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) L. B. Heyman, Colonel U.S.A.
Command 37th N.Y. Vols.

The war over, General Pierson turned his energies to the further development of the Ramapo interests which were so dear a part of the family tradition. He succeeded his father as president of the Ramapo Foundry and Wheel Works established by his honored grandfather. There are manufactured wheels used on the trolley lines in New York and car wheels of larger size used all over the country. The life of General Pierson has been one of constant activity in many fields. His devotion to duty has been unselfish and unfailing, and his life has been in every respect worthy of his ancient name.

Socially he has been no less active than in business. For many years he was president of the Army and Navy Club of New York City, and at one time was commander of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, and several times a member of its council. He belongs also to the Union Club, the New York Yacht Club, the Tuxedo Club, the Army and Navy Club, the Newport Golf Club, of Sons of the American Revolution, and other organizations.

Married, December 9, 1869, Susan Augusta Rhodes. (See RHODES.)

Issue:

1. Augusta Rhodes Pierson, born October 15, 1870; married George H. Hull, Jr.
2. John Fred Pierson, Jr., born January 23, 1872; married Suzanne Miles, daughter of William Porcher Miles; issue three daughters.
3. James Rhodes Pierson, of whom below.
4. Harold Pierson, born July 4, 1875; died in 1879.
5. Adeline Chandler Pierson, born December 24, 1876; married Edward Scott; issue, three children.

Appendix C. American Ancestry

This article appeared in *American Ancestry*: giving the name and descent in the male line, of Americans whose ancestors settled in the United States previous to the Declaration of Independence, A.D. 1776. Vol. VIII. Embracing lineages from the whole of the United States. 1893. Albany, N.Y. Joel Munsell's Sons, Publishers. 1893.

Pierson, John Fred of New York city, soldier and merchant, b. cor. Pearl and Whitehall sts., N. Y. city, Feb. 25, 1839, joined the engineer corps of the 7th regt. N. Y. S. M., afterward known as co. K, early in 1860, was soon after placed on detached service as aide-de-camp on the staff of Gen. William Hall, commanding the brig. to which the 7th regt. was attached. At the breaking out of the war commenced as a private to recruit a cavalry co., and on May 26, 1861, commissioned capt. of co. H, 1st regt., N.Y. infantry vols. was promoted maj. July 10, 1861, lieut.-col. Sep. 10, 1861, col. Oct. 9, 1862, bt. brig.-gen. U. S. vols, Mar. 13, 1865, served in Berry's brig. of Kearney's div in Hooker's corps, participated in the battles of Big Bethel, Hampton Roads, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Glendale, Charles City, Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Fredericksburg 1st and 2d and Chancellorsville, was wounded at Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862, and was taken prisoner at Chantilly, Va., Sep. 1, 1862, and was confined for several months in Libby prison, Richmond.

At Chancellorsville May 2, 1863, he was shot through the chest and severely wounded but continued in command of his regiment. Soon after this he took his regiment back to N. Y., its term of service (2 years) having expired, was received with distinguished honors by the citizens and soldiers of N. Y. city and a grand banquet given in his honor on Dec 3, 1863. At a war meeting held at Cooper Institute, N. Y. city, he was appointed a commissioner to visit the Army of the Potomac for the purpose of promoting enlistments among those regiments whose terms of service were about to expire, was successful in the undertaking, for which he was highly commended, in June, 1863, during the invasion of Pennsylvania by the rebels, accompanied the N. Y. militia to Harrisburg, serving under Gen. William Hall as chief of staff, and quartermaster of 3d brig. N. Y. S. M., and continued on duty for 60 days, for his distinguished services on the battlefield and during the war he received many letters of commendation from his superior officers.

Gen. S. B. Hayman, U. S. A., commanding his brig. (3d), writes: "Perhaps no colonel has more fully illustrated his capacity to enforce discipline than yourself, through energy, and moral as well as physical courage; and even in this noted division it would be difficult to name your equal as a tactician."

Gen. H. G. Berry, under date of Dec. 29, 1862, says: "I am happy to say that through your exertions the 1st regt. is a model of discipline; the men are happy and contented, and efficient to a high degree, and I consider the regt. one of the best in the service."

Gen. Pierson commanded the first vol. troops sent by the State of N. Y. to the war, and he was undoubtedly the youngest officer of his rank in our army, at times commanding a brig. at the age of 23. In 1866 he became a member of the firm of Pierson & Co., N. Y. city, established by his grandfather in 1789, a firm which has continued under the original name for over a century, with credit unimpaired; son of **Henry Lewis Pierson**, iron merchant and manufacturer, b. at Ramapo, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1807, assisted in a survey made by the State for a road through the southern tier of counties from the Hudson to Lake Erie 1826, which project, though afterward abandoned,

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond

prepared the way for the building of the Erie railroad. In 1828 his father, having previously purchased the interest of his uncle, Isaac Pierson, in the joint property of the Ramapo Iron Works, he entered the firm of J. G. Pierson & Bros., and took charge of the business in N. Y.

In 1830, while on his wedding journey in the South, he chanced to be present at the opening of the first 6 miles of the Charleston and Augusta railroad, and on his return to N. Y. was the first to suggest to his father and to his brother-in-law, Eleazar Lord, the feasibility of a railroad from Lake Erie to the Hudson.



From that time forward he earnestly advocated the building of the road, and was for many years a prominent director, and for a time its treasurer. In 1840 he negotiated in Eng. for 6,000 tons of rails for the first equipment of the road, and in 1865, when money was sorely needed he made another trip to Eng., where he secured, on advantageous terms, a loan for £800,000 sterling. After the death of his father, he purchased the interest of the other heirs, and became sole proprietor of the Ramapo property, in 1869 he removed from N. Y. to the homestead at Ramapo, where he was still living in 1891; son of **Jeremiah Halsey** Pierson, iron merchant and manufacturer, b. in Newark, N. J., Sep. 13, 1766, he was a gt.-grandson of Rev. Abraham Pierson¹, the emigrant, and a brother of Josiah G. Pierson, who founded the Ramapo works in 1795, he took charge of the iron works for his brother in May, 1795, the works were then in process of erection, he was identified with that enterprise for over 60 yrs. He was pre-eminently a man of affairs, he knew the name and history of every man on the place, and the position of every peculiar stone or marked tree. He watched with zealous care over the instruction of the young, requiring that the school-teacher be a man of good moral character as well as of good education. He was a man of genius and possessed a fondness for mechanics, and was the inventor of many valuable machines.

He was one of the prime movers in the opening of the Erie railroad, he was elected 1821, to the 17th Congress, he d. Dec. 12, 1855, in the 90th yr. of his age; grandson of Abraham, Jr., clergyman and educator, was b. in Lynn, Mass., 1861, and d. in Killingworth (Kenilworth), Mar. 7, 1707, was graduated at Harvard 1668, and was ordained to the minstry the following year, he was successively pastor of the Congregational chs. At South Hampton, L. I., Branford, Ct., Newark,

N. J., and Killingworth (now Clinton)., Ct., he became pastor of the ch. in the latter place in 1694. During his pastorate he was chosen by a voluntary assembly of ministers in 1700, one of a committee to "found, erect and govern a college," in 1701 the General Court of Ct. granted the desired charter, and voted the sum of £60 for the institution, which in after yrs. became Yale Coll., at a meeting of the trustees Nov. 7, of the same year, Mr. Pierson was chosen to take charge of the coll. "in its instruction and government, with the title of rector." By a vote of the trustees the coll. had been located at Saybrook, an older and more important settlement, in the estimation of the trustees Mr. Pierson had the qualifications "to govern and teach," and if he undertook to teach, the coll. must come to him, accordingly a building was erected near his residence, which was standing later than 1790, and there is still sufficient evidence to identify the spot on which it stood, he taught the pupils then until the coll. at Saybrook was completed, he held the office of "rector of Yale" until his death.

He composed a system of natural philosophy which was used as a manual in that coll. for yrs., and published an "Election Sermon," New Haven, 1700; son of **Abraham**, clergyman, b. in Yorkshire, Eng., 1608 d. in Newark, N. J., Aug. 9, 1678, grad. At Trinity Coll., Cambridge, 1632, and ordained to the ministry of the established ch., but becoming a non-conformist, emigrated to America 1639, and united with the ch. in Boston, Mass., in 1640.

As the leader of a party of emigrants he removed to Long Island, N.Y., purchased land of the Indians, and founded the twon of South Hampton. He was pastor of the ch. in that town for 7 yrs., in 1647 he removed with a small part of his congregation to the New Haven colony, and founded the town of Branford, organized a ch. there and was its pastor for 23 yrs. His Ministry was eminently successful, expecially in his efforts to evangelize the Indians to whom he preached in their own language, also preparing a catechism 1660, he served as chaplain to the forces that were raised against the Dutch 1664, in the contentions between the colonies of Ct., and New Haven 1662-5, he opposed the union, and when it finally took place removed with his people out of the colony, then a part of New Haven. He accordingly left Branford in June, 1667, and settled in Newark, N. J. (which he named after the place where he was ordained in England), carrying away the ch. records and leaving the town with scarcely an inhabitant, he exercised a commanding influence in the colony, and Gov. John Winthrop, his personal friend, pronounced him a "godly man."

1. The section "he was a gt.-grandson of Rev. Abraham Pierson" is marked in pencil, "Not so HLP 10/16/1973" in the margin.

Appendix D. New York Herald Tribune Article

This article appeared in the New York Herald Tribune, February 25, 1932

Gen. Pierson, Of Civil War Fame, 93 Today

Descendant of First President of Yale to Mark Birthday Quietly in Home

Goes to His Office Daily

Veteran of Many Battles Working on His Memoirs

Civil War Leader at 93



Herald Tribune photo—Steffen
Brigadier General J. Fred Pierson

By Denis Tilden Lynch

There will be a birthday party tonight in the home of Brigadier General J. Fred Pierson, at 20 West Fifty-second Street. It will be a party worth attending; but only members of the family of the general will gather 'round the old mahogany table in the spacious dining room, where the electric lights will be dimmed for a time by the light from ninety-three candles on the general's birthday cake. The general is seventh in direct descent from Abraham Pierson, the first president of Yale.

Despite his years, the General still works every day, although there never was a time in his life when he had to work for a living.

Goes to Office Daily

“I don’t want to convey the thought that I am still at the head of the enterprise I once directed,” said General Pierson. “I retired from active business some time ago, but I still go to my office daily, unless it is a very stormy day, to look after my affairs. And when I remain at home, I work on my memoirs.”

The general was born February 25, 1839, at 10 Whitehall Street, now part of the site of the Custom House. The house—known to fashionable New York as the home of Henry L. Pierson, wealthy iron and steel merchant, who had a foundry at Ramapo, N.Y.—was ideally situated as measured by a small boy’s standards, as well as those of others.

Just around the corner was Battery Park, then the strolling place of the bon ton of the town, and a playground and delightful fishing place for the younger generation. And it was only two short blocks away from Delmonico’s, at Beaver and William Streets. The first Del’s was opened in 1835.

After he was six years of age the boy who was destined for a glorious career on many hard-fought battlefields saw but little of the home where he was born, for his mother died.

“My father was left with seven children when mother died,” said General Pierson. “Father, a busy man, had no choice save to send us to boarding schools. I was sent to one at Islip, L.I. But I did not stay there long, for I saw eleven of them in a period of eight years.”

Joined Guard at Eighteen

As soon as he was old enough to join the National Guard—this was in 1857 when he had turned eighteen years—he enlisted as a private in Company K, 7th Regiment.

Four years later, at the inception of the Civil War, he went to the front with the 1st New York Volunteer Infantry and played a heroic part in many battles.

On June 30, 1862—the general is silent on most of these things, but the records are eloquent concerning all—when the Army of the Potomac suffered one of its heaviest losses with 1,721 killed, 8,062 wounded, and 6,053 missing—Pierson received his first wound at the battle of Glendale.

There was no rest in those days for the forces on either side. In the following spring, Pierson’s regiment was part of the forces under Joseph Hooker at Chancellorsville where General Stonewall Jackson received a mortal wound from one of his own command. While returning to his own lines, Pierson was shot through the chest and left for dead where he fell. In the dispatches to the New York papers in the early days of May, 1863, his name was listed among the slain.

“My father, on reading the newspapers, immediately left New York with a coffin to bring me back home,” said General Pierson, when this incident was recalled to him.

An operation saved his life, and it was not long before he was again in the field.

Freed from Prison

On October 14, 1863 [*should be Aug 26, 1862*], his soldiering was temporarily ended when he was captured by the cavalry of the impetuous and dashing "Jeb" Stuart. This was at the affair at Bristoe Station. He was immured in Libby Prison for a time, but his release was effected through the exchange of an officer of equal rank.

He fought in most of the battles in which the Army of the Potomac engaged, and on March 13, 1865, he was brevetted brigadier general "for gallant and meritorious services."

Needless to say, he is a great admirer of Lincoln. He saw him often during his visits to the Army of the Potomac.

"President Lincoln was twice in my tent," he said.

Until his retirement from business he was president of the New York Stamping Company, Ramapo Manufacturing Company and Pierson & Co., Inc, now Pierson Sons, Inc. These and other enterprises are now managed by his sons, J. Fred Pierson Jr. and James R. Pierson.

The general is an enthusiastic fisherman. For years a 213-pound tarpon he landed was the biggest taken with rod and reel.

When the interview began, General Pierson lighted his customary after-breakfast cigar.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I smoke quite a bit. Drink? Whenever I feel like taking a drink, I take one,"

A cautious inquiry respecting his views on prohibition brought forth a most vigorous and trenchant denunciation of the dry laws.

"I am very much opposed to prohibition!" he exclaimed. "It ought to be wiped out altogether. I am a strong advocate for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It has caused more crime and misery and has cost the nation more money than any law ever passed."

The general was at this time seated at an old roll top desk, littered with papers. A clock that would captivate any antiquarian looked down on its owner from the top of the desk. In lieu of a house coat, he wore a hunting pink that made his white hair and mustache—a typical trooper's mustache—seem whiter. Around a Piccadilly collar was knotted a bright blue tie with large white polka dots. His garb, his surroundings, his soft voice and precise speech, as well as the brown-stone mansion in which he lives, were all reminiscent of an earlier day. Once more a question was phrased cautiously.

"The youth of today and the youth of my boyhood?" he answered. "To begin with, the boys of today, and the girls as well, are two inches taller and ten pounds heavier than they were when I was a boy. We know more about diet today, and we have progressed in many other ways. The children of today have advantages that we did not have, and they are better for it."

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Long ago he abandoned his horses and carriages “because the automobile is emphatically superior.” The general laughed when he was asked if he did as much flying since 1927, when he flew over the city.

“No,” he laughed. “That was an experimental morning, although I enjoyed the experience.”

Appendix E. Escutcheon



This escutcheon commemorates J. Fred Pierson's military service. It reads:

Entered service as Captain Co. H, 1st New York Vol. Infantry May 27, 1861. Promoted to Major July 23, 1861. Lieut. Colonel, Sept. 10, 1861 Colonel Oct. 9, 1862. Brevetted Brig-General, U.S. Vols, Mch. 13, 1865 for gallantry and meritorious services during the war. Regiment organized at New York City, attached to Dept. of Virginia 1-Brig, 1-Div Dept of Virginia May 1861 to June 1862 3-Brig. 3-Div, 3-Army Corps, Army of the Potomac to July 1862, 3-Brig, 1-Div, 3-Army Corps to June 1863. Service. Action at Big Bethel, Va. June 10, 1861 Duty at Camp Hamilton, and Newport News, Va. till June 1862. Action between Monitor and Merrimac in Hampton Roads, Va. Mch. 2, 1862. Joined Army of the Potomac on the Peninsula Va. June 4, 1862. Action near Fair Oaks, June 20-23 and 24, seven days before Richmond June 25-July 1. Action at Oak Grove June 25, Fair Oaks June 26-29. Peach Orchard and Savage Station June 29, Charles

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Citty Cross Roads and Glendale June 30. Wounded at Glendale, June 30, and had horse killed under him. Malvern Hill July 1-2. Harrison's Bar July 3. Movement to Yorktown Aug. 15, to Alexandria Aug. 22 and to Army of Gen. Pope Aug. 23. Pope's Va. Campaign Aug. 23-Sept. 2. Battles of Gainesville Aug. 28, Groveton Aug. 29. 2d Bull Run Aug. 30, and Chantilly Sept. 1. Captured at Chantilly, and prisoner-of-war, confined at Libby Prison, Richmond, Va. Exchanged Oct. 3, 1862, and rejoined regiment in the defences of Washington, D.C. March up the Potomac to Leesburg, thence movement to Falmouth Va, Oct. Nov. Battle of Fredericksb'g, Va Dec. 11-15. Burnside's 2d. Campaign "Mud March" Jany. 20-24, 1863. At Falmouth till Apr. 24. Chancellorsville Campaign Apr. 27-May 2. Battle of Chancellorsville May 1-2 severely wounded May 2. Gunshot through body. Mustered out May 25, 1863, and honorably discharged from service. Expiration of term. Served as a volunteer aide-de-camp on staff of Brig.-General William Wall Comd'g. 3 Brigade, New York – State Militia, during the Gettysburg, Penna. Campaign June and July 1863.

Appendix F. Return of the Sword

Buffalo NY October 28, 1861

To J. Fred Pierson
Lieut Col. 1st Regt. NYSV
Fortress Monroe
Newport News, Va.

My dear nephew

At a moment when your country needed the aid of every loyal citizen, you have nobly stepped forward and offered your services in her defense. By that act you have shown yourself to be a man endowed with those noble characteristics which elevate and distinguish, the patriot, the soldier, and the citizen, and one who is animated by a sense of duty regardless of consequences. Your conduct merits such a recognition as will be evidence to you that it is not unmarked or unappreciated. As a relative I feel proud of you, and desire to manifest my pride by the most appropriate testimonial I can offer you. Do me the favor then to accept the sword that accompanies this. Let it be worn—as I know it will be with honor—so long as your country may need your services, and may God protect you in the holy cause for which you are perilling your life.

Your affectionate uncle,
Edw Pierson



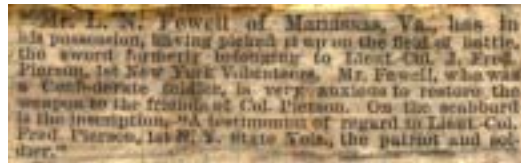
Edward Pierson

When Fred Pierson was captured at Bristoe Station, his sword was taken by the cavalry under J.E.B. Stuart. He saw General Stuart that night as he was bivouacked with his staff beneath a tree, and asked for the return of his sword, but it could not be found.

In July 1869, seven years later, a notice appeared in the New York papers and was answered by Gen. Pierson. The result being that the sword was returned in exchange for a shotgun.

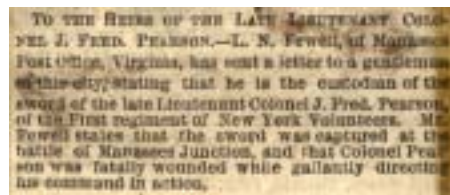
Note that Mr. Fewell killed the Union officer and then took the sword. At the time he published these advertisements, Mr. Fewell was under the impression that he had killed Fred Pierson, and he was attempting to contact the family of the man he had killed. You can only imagine his emotions at the time of composing these.

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New York Tribune, July 9, 1869

Mr. L. N. Fewell of Manassas, Va., has in his possession, having picked it up on the field of battle, the sword formerly belonging to Lieut.-Col. J. Fred Pierson, 1st New York Volunteers. Mr. Fewell, who was a Confederate soldier, is very anxious to restore the weapon to the friends of Col. Pierson. On the scabbard is the inscription, "A testimonial of regard to Lieut.-Col. Fred. Pierson, 1st N. Y. State Vols., the patriot and soldier."

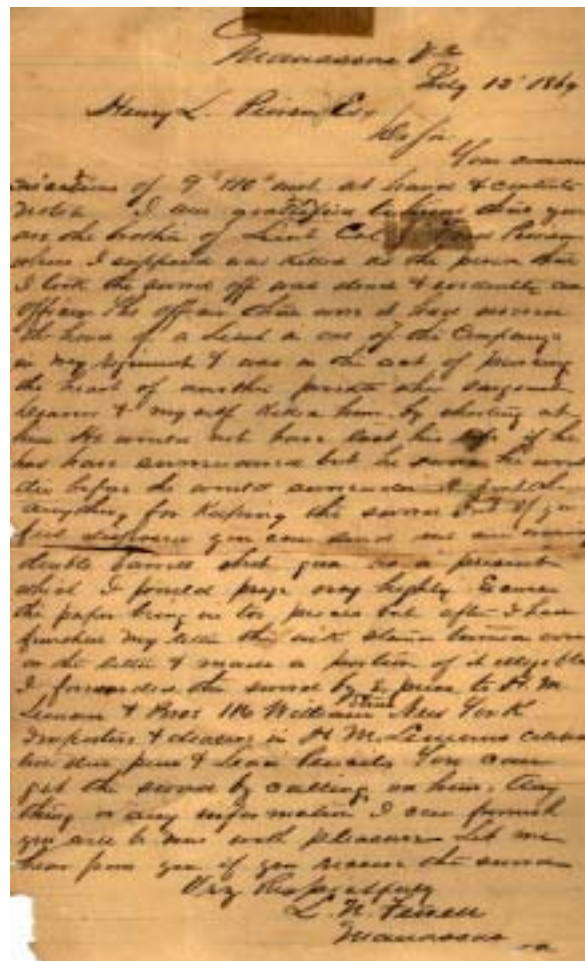


New York Herald, July 9, 1869

TO THE HEIRS OF THE LATE LIEUTENANT COLONEL J. FRED PIERSON.—L. N. Fewell, of Manassas Post Office, Virginia, has sent a letter to a gentleman of this city, stating that he is the custodian of the sword of the late Lieutenant Colonel J. Fred. Pierson, of the First regiment of New York Volunteers. Mr. Fewell states that the sword was captured at the battle of Manassas Junction, and that Colonel Pierson was fatally wounded while gallantly directing his command in action.

Henry Lewis Pierson, Jr., brother of General J. Fred Pierson, saw Mr. Fewell's advertisement and arranged for recovery of the sword. After writing to Mr. Fewell, he received the following letter:

Ramapo to Chancellorsville and Beyond



Manassas Va
July 12 1869
Henry L. Pierson Esq.
Dear Sir
Your communications of 9th and 10th inst at hand and contents noted. I am gratified to know that you are the brother of Lieut. Col. J. Fred Pierson whom I supposed was killed as the person that I took the sword off was dead and evidently an officer. The officer that wore it had severed the head of a Lieut in one of the Companys in my regiment and was in the act of piercing the heart of another private when sargeant Deavers and myself killed him by shooting at him. He would not have lost his life if he had have surrendered but he swore he would die before he would surrender. I don't charge anything for keeping the sword but if you feel disposed you can send me an ordinary double barrell shot gun as a present which I would prize very highly. Excuse the paper being in two pieces but after I have finished my letter the ink stand turned over the letter and made a portion of it illegible. I forwarded the sword by Express to H. M. Lemans and Bros 116 William Street New York Importers and dealers in H. M. Lemans celebrated steel pens and Lead Pencils. You can get the sword by calling on him. Any thing or any information I can furnish you will be done with pleasure. Let me hear from you if you receive the sword
Very Respectfully
L. N. Fewell
Manassas Va

Manassas, Va.
July 12, 1869

Henry L. Pierson, Esq.

Dear Sir:

Your communications of 9th and 10th inst at hand and contents noted. I am gratified to know that you are the brother of Lieut. Col. J. Fred Pierson whom I supposed was killed as the person that I took the sword off was dead and evidently an officer. The officer that wore it had severed the head of a Lieut in one of the Companys in my regiment and was in the act of piercing the heart of another private when sargeant Deavers and myself killed him by shooting at him. He would not have lost his life if he had have surrendered but he swore he would die before he would surrender. I don't charge anything for keeping the sword but if you feel disposed you can send me an ordinary double barrell shot gun as a present which I would prize very highly. Excuse the paper being in two pieces but after I have finished my letter the ink stand turned over the letter and made a portion of it illegible. I forwarded the sword by Express to H. M. Lemans and Bros 116 William Street New York Importers and dealers in H. M. Lemans celebrated steel pens and Lead Pencils. You can get the sword by calling on him. Any thing or any information I can furnish you will be done with pleasure. Let me hear from you if you receive the sword

Vry Respectfully
L. N. Fewell
Manassas

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Henry Pierson sent a shotgun to Mr. Fewell.



Received of H. M. Leman Esq
One double barreled gun in good order given in his hands by Henry L. Pierson Esq to be forwarded
to me at Manassas.

L. N. Fewell
July 16th 1869

The sword is now in the possession of Henry Lowrey Pierson.

Appendix G. This Was My Newport

The following short passages mentioning Fred Pierson are from “This Was My Newport” by Maud Howe Elliott, The Mythology Company, A Marshall Jones, Cambridge, Massachusetts 1944



Maud Howe Elliott

... In rough fishing togs or slickers, these sportsman stand for hours casting their lines and drawing in their catch. The blackfish and sea-bass are caught here, jumping, as it were, from the sea to the frying-pan—and they have a delicious flavor I have found nowhere else.

My own adventure in fishing is quickly told. I once caught a blackfish from Lloyd Mayer's catboat in Newport Harbor. When I had drawn him in, all wet and flopping, I took him off the hook and threw him back into the water! My friend, General Pierson, when ninety-four years of age, still spent many hours at the Gooseberry Island Fishing Club, of which he was one of the founders.

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Both he and his wife were ardent anglers. Their luncheons given at Gooseberry were historic. I was never invited; I did not belong to the freemasonry that binds all lovers of the sport together.

The Graves Point Club takes its name from the graves of two Revolutionary soldiers buried nearby. The land for this club was bought by J. Pierpont Morgan, who for some years came here to fish for sea-bass....



"Roselawn", the Pierson cottage at Newport

...My earliest impression of the name Lorillard, I gather from the storehouse of my mother's memories. When, as a little girl, she was starting out for the solumn afternoon drive in the big blue and yellow family coach, some one would call out: "Don't forget to stop at Lorillard's for Grandma's snuff!"

When General J. Fred Pierson, the last of the Civil War generals, first visited Newport, he met Augusta Rhodes who lives at "Roselawn"—then a simple farmhouse at the end of Bellevue Avenue. After their marriage, the house was greatly enlarged. The Pierson ménage was not quite like any other. You met there the fashionables, the sports, the geniuses, the diplomats, the general and admirals. If a young musician wanted a hearing, or a reader an audience, "Roselawn" was open to give them a change—and with it went the kind and powerful influence of the woman who for so many years reigned like a little queen over her court.

Among the best musicales were those of the Countess Leary, whose house on the corner of Bellevue Avenue and Pelham Street is now the Elks Club. The Countess held a title conferred by the Vatican. She was a gracious old lady, eccentric in appearance....

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