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Soldiers'



SOLDIERS' MONUMENT, PITTSFIELD, MASS.

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Pittsfield, Mass
Monument

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CHARLES SUMNER

CLASS OF 1830

SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS

FOR BOOKS RELATING TO
POLITICS AND FINE ARTS



DEDICATION

—OF—

Soldiers' Monument,

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1872.

Compliments of
D. F. Butler

THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE
DEDICATION

OF THE

Soldiers' Monument,

AT PITTSFIELD, MASS.,

SEPTEMBER 24, 1872.

INCLUDING THE

Oration of Hon. Geo. Wm. Curtis.

EDITED FOR THE COMMITTEE BY J. E. A. SMITH

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PITTSFIELD, MASS.
CHICKERING & AXTELL, STEAM PRINTERS.
1872.

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INTRODUCTORY.

DURING the first few months after the government established by the fathers of the American Republic, and held sacred by so many generations, was assailed by the Rebellion of 1861, the Soldiers of Pittsfield hurried to the field with no thought save the imminent danger of their country; but their fellow citizens sent after them, in hot haste, pledges, not only of protection and pecuniary aid to their families, but of perpetual honor and gratitude. Afterward, as the prolonged contest demanded more and more of sacrifice on the part of those who, as the representatives of the town, responded to the successive calls of the government, a part of this sacrifice was assumed in the form of bounties. But those who received this aid were assured that it was only in compensation for their pecuniary losses. For the dangers which they were to encounter; for the lives which they might lose, the reward which was proffered them, next after the satisfaction of having done their duty to their country, was that they should forever be held in memory as brave, true and patriotic men. In all the glowing and eloquent speeches with which the Park and the neighboring halls resounded in those days of danger, anxiety and excitement, these pledges were constantly repeated; often in terms, always by implication. And, by most of those who enlisted, the bounty was only accepted with full faith that these pledges were sincerely made, and that they would be ratified and redeemed by their townsmen.

In this faith they were not deceived. The war had hardly closed when the attention of the town meetings was turned to the matter, and committees were appointed to consider the

best means of preserving the memory of Pittsfield Soldiers who had fallen in the war for the Union. These committees from time to time made partial reports; but final action was delayed, at first on account of the town's desire to avoid all expenses not immediately necessary, in order to speedily extinguish the debt incurred in the war; and, when that was accomplished, from some difference of opinion whether the monument should take the form of a pillar, a statue, or a memorial hall.

While the town was thus considering its plans, independent action had not been neglected. Immediately after the close of the war, Mrs. Curtis T. Fenn, who while it continued had become honorably distinguished for her zeal in behalf of the Soldiers, devoted herself as energetically to obtain the means for a monument to the memory of those who had fallen. By soliciting contributions, and through a fair held by the ladies in 1869, she obtained a considerable fund. But, while it was felt that it would give additional interest to the monument, that Mrs. Fenn and other ladies who had labored for the health and comfort of the soldiers while in the field should have a conspicuous share in its erection, it was also generally deemed proper and fitting that the town in its corporate capacity should take the greater part in thus honoring the memory of its representatives in the armies of the Republic. Mrs. Fenn therefore suspended her labors, and deposited the fund raised by her, in the Savings Bank, to await the action of the town. In the spring of 1871 it had there accumulated to the sum of \$3000. At that time it appeared to gentlemen who had from the first been interested in the matter that there should be no longer delay. The amount of the Mrs. Fenn fund was made known, and the result of repeated consultation was that, at the annual Town Meeting in April, Hon. S. W. Bowerman moved an appropriation of \$7000 for the erection of "a suitable and

appropriate Soldiers' Monument." The motion was advocated by Mr. Bowerman and by Hon. Thomas Colt, who left the Moderator's chair for the purpose; and was unanimously adopted. The following gentlemen were then appointed a Committee, with full powers to carry the vote into effect: Samuel W. Bowerman, Thomas Colt, William F. Bartlett, Henry S. Briggs, William R. Plunkett, Ensign H. Kellogg, John C. West, Henry H. Richardson, Alonzo E. Goodrich, Edward S. Francis, and Henry Stearns.

Mr. Colt was chosen chairman, and Messrs. Bartlett, Colt and Plunkett were appointed a sub-committee on procuring the monument. Several designs were submitted, but that offered by Mr. Launt. Thompson of New York, an artist of distinguished reputation and acknowledged genius, was so original in thought, so striking and appropriate in character, that the committee had little difficulty in making their selection. This design, as it appeared in the first draught, represented a bronze statue of a color-sergeant, erect in line-of-battle, standing upon a square granite pillar, consisting of pedestal, base, shaft and capital. A more full description of the work as completed will be found on another page.

The original design, as submitted by Mr. Thompson, commanded not only the approval but the admiration of both the sub-committee and their associates; and he was commissioned to execute it at a cost of \$10,000, the contributions obtained by Mrs. Fenn being added to the \$7000 given by the town. Subsequently Mr. Thompson also received the condemned cannon granted for the work by Congress, through the efforts of Hon. H. L. Dawes.

It was determined to place the monument at the west end of the Park, in or near which a large portion of the Pittsfield Soldiers volunteered, and which possessed many other associations of patriotic interest; and the Park, however beautiful, being not considered in a proper condition

for the reception of the contemplated work, the town voted a further sum of \$7000 for the purpose of making some long desired improvements, which were only partially completed previous to the dedication of the monument. At a still later meeting the town voted an appropriation of \$2500 to enable the committee to dedicate the monument to its great purposes, with such impressive words and ceremonies as should fix them for at least one generation in the minds of the community.

In this object, they had, first, the good fortune to secure the services of Hon. George William Curtis of New York, as the chief orator of the occasion. It was afterwards determined to have other exercises than those of the platform; and such as would require very great industry, zeal, experience and good judgment. The committee therefore called to their aid in the matter of the dedication, fifteen gentlemen distinguished for those qualities, viz: Messrs. James M. Barker, Graham A. Root, Israel C. Weller, William H. Teeling, Thomas G. Colt, Samuel E. Nichols, William W. Whiting, Frederick A. Francis, William H. Coogan, Michael Casey, Seth W. Morton, George S. Willis, Jr., D. J. Dodge, Henry B. Brewster, and Erdmann Leidhold. By this committee the exercises of the day, with the exception of those on the platform, were arranged and carried out, consulting with the Town Committee as they saw occasion. Their programme consisted of a procession through some of the principal streets, which were to be decorated for the occasion by Colonel Beals of Boston; minute guns as the procession moved, and a dinner under a mammoth tent to the two thousand veteran soldiers who were expected to join in the line.

The Second Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, composed of all the companies located in the counties of Berkshire, Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin, had been or-

dered to make its annual encampment for 1872 at Northampton; but, with the consent of its commander, Colonel Parsons of that town, and of the State authorities, the location was changed to Pittsfield, in order that the procession might have a proper escort: and, by permission of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, the regiment went into camp on its spacious and beautiful grounds on Monday, September 23, numbering about five hundred men, admirably disciplined, uniformed and equipped.

Invitations were also extended to, and accepted by, the different organizations whose names appear in the "Order of Procession;" and the bands of music named in the same list were engaged, except Gilmore's Band of Boston, which had early been employed by the General Committee, with a special view to the platform. Arrangements were made with the railroad companies for half-fares and special trains.

THE MONUMENT.

The pillar, which with its surmounting statue constitutes the monument, was built from the designs of Mr. Thompson, and under his direction by Joseph S. Browne of New York. The material is a fine-grained, light colored granite, from the Millstone Point Quarries, near New London, Conn.

It consists, as has been already stated, of pedestal, base, shaft and capital. The capital is enriched by a wide abacus, on which the statue stands, and by wreaths of laurel in high relief. The shaft is plain and gently tapering. The base is truncated at the top, leaving a projection upon each face, which bears a bronze relief, as follows: On the West, the arms of the United States; on the East, the arms of

the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; on the North and South, shields inscribed with the names of the Pittsfield Soldiers who fell in the war.* The remainder of the base is plain, and bears the dedicatory inscriptions: viz.

On the west face:

FOR THE DEAD
 A TRIBUTE.
 ———
 FOR THE LIVING
 A MEMORY.
 ———
 FOR POSTERITY
 AN EMBLEM
 OF LOYALTY TO THE FLAG
 OF THEIR COUNTRY.

On the east face:

WITH GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
 OF THE SERVICES OF ALL HER
 SONS
 WHO UPHELD THE HONOR AND
 INTEGRITY OF OUR BELOVED
 COUNTRY
 IN HER HOUR OF PERIL,
 THE TOWN OF
 PITTSFIELD
 ERECTS THIS MONUMENT IN
 LOVING MEMORY OF THOSE
 WHO DIED THAT THE
 NATION
 MIGHT LIVE.

*These names will be found in the Historical Record printed in this pamphlet. Mr. Thompson gave much attention to the modelling of the Massachusetts Coat of Arms, procuring a complete Indian hunting costume as a study for the principal figure, and copying the head from that of Spotted Tail, the famous Western Chief.

The pillar was put in place, under Mr. Thompson's personal supervision, during the week previous to the Dedication. The statue, modelled by Mr. Thompson, was cast in standard bronze at the foundry of Robert Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, in August, and was exhibited in that city, where it received the warmest praises from the press and from other sources of criticism. It reached Pittsfield Sept. 19, and was raised to its place under Mr. Thompson's direction on the 23d. For a few moments it was exposed to the view of the newspaper correspondents and others who happened to be present; and then it was veiled in the national flags of the two opposing political parties in the town, which had for the day been removed from the street in order that no reminder of political differences might, in any chance, mar the harmony of the occasion. The height of the granite pillar is fifteen feet, four inches; the figure of the standard bearer is six feet, three inches, above which the spear-pointed staff rises four feet, making the extreme height of the monument, to this minute apex, twenty-five feet six inches. The statue represents a color-sergeant of the Union Army, standing in line-of-battle, looking eagerly and thoughtfully into the distance. The figure is erect, but slightly supported by the staff of the colors, which is clasped by both hands, the right also gathering the flag—the stars and stripes—into graceful folds. The statue is correct in detail as well as truthful in its grand effect, the uniform and accoutrements being copied faithfully from that of a color-sergeant at Fort Hamilton. The bronze is somewhat lighter than that ordinarily used; indeed, it is scarcely darker than that which covered the face of many a Union Soldier when he returned from the war.

Both face and figure are of a peculiar military type,—as unique and easily recognized as that of the French Zouave or Cossack trooper,—which the war for the Union developed from material which it found rough-moulded in every New-

England village. One sees at a glance that the sculptor's ideal was a bold, frank man; resolute rather than defiant; self-reliant but modest; capable of either commanding or obeying; looking into the future as well as into the distance. But we will not anticipate the descriptions of the Color Sergeant which are so well given in the extracts from the newspaper press which we copy below:

[From the Philadelphia Bulletin.]

"The Color Sergeant" is not a portrait, but rather an ideal picture, in which the young sculptor has done credit to himself and his country's defenders. Representing no particular hero, no particular company, it is at once the representative picture of the American volunteer. It is not such a figure nor face as can be claimed by any particular town, hamlet, or city; yet we venture the assertion that there are thousands throughout these United States who would lead themselves to believe that the statue was intended for son, brother or lover. Physiognomists tell us that no two faces are alike, yet here is a face that will answer for hundreds of young men who went forth to die in defence of their country's flag.

The figure, too, is that of the Union Soldier. The ideal color-bearer is the tall, lithe, active youth, brave to a fault, and ready to do or die. The statue is six feet in height, and represents the sergeant in the full strength of manhood grasping the colors of his regiment. The left arm is thrown across his body, his left hand firmly holding the staff, while his right hand clasps it higher up among the folds of the banner, which hang gracefully down his shoulders. The fixed, defiant poise of the body, the keen, determined energy of the countenance, as the young soldier gazes eagerly forward from under his jaunty military cap, apparently apprehending but defying danger, all carry out the artist's conception to the life, and almost seem to invest the figure with the faculty of motion. The figure is superbly modelled, and its life-like carriage and action are points of interest which are especially commendable.

As a piece of artistic conception the "Color Sergeant" can scarcely be excelled, and will not fail to reflect great credit upon the possessor of the young brain that conceived the idea and so successfully carried it into effect.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

In the west window of Messrs. Bailey & Co.'s jewelry establishment there has been on exhibition the past few days another fine specimen of bronze casting from the foundry of Robert Wood & Co.

This is a life-size statue, called "The Standard-Bearer," modelled by Launt. Thompson, Esq., at present a resident of New York city. It portrays a strong, lithe young color bearer, dressed in fatigue uniform, and standing at a rest. The staff of his flag rests upon the ground; his left hand, thrown across his body, firmly holds the staff, while his right hand clasps it up among the folds of the banner. Apparently awaiting the word of command to take up again his march, his eye seems to be gazing upon the extended battle field, while in every lineament of his face is pictured a patriotic determination to carry the flag, whose special guardian he is, on to victory. The *pose* and action of the figure are very suggestive, but without any attempt at a theatrical effect. Such a position would be naturally taken by a man filled with patriotic fire, eagerly waiting for the expected command to "forward" to where the fight is raging.

Special praise is due Mr. Thompson for the artistic manner in which he has wrought out his conception. The subject is a difficult one, and few sculptors could have produced such a glorious memorial of the brave boys in blue. Mr. Thompson has fully vindicated his claim to rank among the first artists of our country, and we hope soon to see some of the works which are now in course of completion in his atelier.

[From the Philadelphia City Item.]

"The Color Sergeant," an elegant and patriotic conception, in bronze, by Launt. Thompson, of New York City, is on exhibition, corner of Twelfth and Chestnut streets, in the window of Messrs. Bailey & Co.'s jewelry store. It is one of those statues that are classical. Every lineament of the countenance betrays the purpose of the Sergeant in trying to discover what is beyond, while firmly holding on to the emblem of his country's integrity and his own safety. It is beautiful. All ought to see and study it; particularly the young on whom the duty will soon devolve of maintaining the Union.

[From the Springfield Union.]

The figure is that of a young man dressed in fatigue uniform, with his left hand thrown across his breast and grasping the standard, while his right hand clasps the staff up among the banner's folds. The position of the statue is well chosen, and easily suggests that patriotic daring which has given the young soldiers of our recent war an honorable and enviable place among the heroes of the world. There is no attempt at theatrical effect, but the attitude and expression of the figure are both very suggestive, and the artist has given an excellent and forcible expression to the idea with which he started out. The attitude is that of heroic determination, and every lineament portrays the purpose of the color-bearer to stand by the flag while life should last. The color sergeant is, of course, an ideal figure; but it is not difficult to fancy a resemblance between the bronze form and face and that of some well known boy in blue.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

It stands a few rods from where Parson Allen, of revolutionary fame, lived and preached—for his house and church were close together. It faces toward the west, and looks directly down the sloping street to the railroad station, which is not far off, and represents a strong, lithe young color-bearer, dressed in fatigue uniform, and standing at a rest. The staff of his flag rests upon the ground; his left hand thrown across his body, firmly holds the staff, while his right hand clasps it up among the folds of the banner. Apparently awaiting the word of command to march, his eye seems to be gazing upon the battle field. The action of the figure is very suggestive, without any attempt at theatrical effect. This "color sergeant" fixed in bronze for the gaze and admiration of centuries, is not a portrait, but rather an ideal picture, in which the young sculptor has done credit to himself and his country's defenders. Representing no particular hero, no particular company, it is at once the representative image of the American volunteer. He is distinctively a Massachusetts volunteer, and the arms of Massachusetts cast in bronze are to adorn the east side of the pedestal, as the eagle of the United States does the west side. The defiant pose of his body, the keen, determined energy of the countenance, as the young soldier gazes eagerly forward from under his jaunty military cap, carry out the artist's conception well.

Dedication Day.

September 24, 1872.

It is traditional in Berkshire that the last week in September—formerly devoted to the Cattle Shows of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, and afterward to those of the Housatonic Society—has been from the time when the memory of the weather-wise runneth not to the contrary, almost invariably the most delicious of our autumn days. The Committee therefore chose the 24th of September, as the only day, after Monday, of this week of happy omen, which would not interfere with the Cattle Show of the Housatonic Agricultural Society at Great Barrington.

The teachings of tradition did not fail, and although this most capricious year, for three or four days previous to the 24th, kept those interested in most nervous suspense with its threatening signs, the appointed morning brought the most cloudless of September skies, and the most genial of September days. Guests had begun to arrive on Monday; among them His Excellency Gov. Washburn, with his military staff, Mr. Curtis, Mr. Thompson, and Judge William Bacon of Utica.

On the morning of the 24th the long trains from all directions came in crowded to their utmost capacity, and were still obliged to leave many behind who could not obtain even a standing place. The town was soon thronged as it had been on no previous occasion of the kind, with the possible

exception of the welcome to the 49th Regiment on its return from the Department of the Gulf.

The streets were brilliant with red, white, blue, green and yellow bunting—the flags of many nations, collected by Col. Beals in a long course of professional campaigns, and arranged with greater regard to the effects of color than to significant grouping. In this view of it the result was excellent. The gay colors of the banners, and of the few trees which had begun to put on their autumnal hues—mellow and rich, but not yet gaudy—contrasted finely with the verdure which the foliage had this year retained in unusual freshness. Nature and art combined to make a gala-day, and the people of Western Massachusetts did not incline to resist its attractions.

STREET DECORATIONS.

The decorations consisted chiefly of national flags—the stars and stripes preponderating—which, at very many different points, were hung across the streets through which the procession passed. Austrian and Italian, French and Prussian, Irish and English, Russian and Turkish, and all other antagonistic banners kissed each other in amicable proximity, while the stars and stripes of the American, and the white cross of the Swiss, Republic gleamed hopefully among them. With these were interspersed a few appropriate mottoes. At the head of West Street, in front of the veiled statue, hung a white banner, bearing the inscription: “DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS’ MONUMENT, PITTSFIELD, SEPT. 24TH, 1872,” surrounded by a laurel wreath. In the rear of the platform in the Park, in letters of gold upon a black ground: “THEIR NAMES, THEIR MEMORIES AND THEIR DEEDS WILL LAST WHILE THE BEST ACTIONS OF MEN HAVE A RECORD ON EARTH.” At the head of East Housatonic Street, “WELCOME.”

In front of the head-quarters of the Grant & Wilson Club, in Goodrich Block, streamers of red, white and blue bunting were festooned over a large shield bearing the national arms.

The large tent in which the dinner was to be given was erected on the corner of Wendell Avenue and East Housatonic Street, and on these streets the decorations were especially rich and beautiful. The residence of Hon. Thomas Colt was profusely decorated with national flags, while red, white and blue bunting, draped from a gold star on the cornice, fell gracefully to the ground on either side the house. In letters of gold on an arch of blue over the massive portico appeared the words: "HONOR THEIR MEMORIES." From Mr. Colt's house to that of Col. Walter Cutting on the opposite side of the Avenue, extended a row of flags. Col. Cutting's residence was decorated generally like that of Mr. Colt, and bore in like letters upon a similar arch, the responsive sentiment: "HONOR TO THE BRAVE."

The residence of James H. Hinsdale, Esq., adjoining that of Mr. Colt, and decorated even more profusely in the same style as its neighbors, bore in a scroll the words: "REMEMBER OUR FALLEN HEROES." In the same Street and on East Housatonic Street, the residences of Thaddeus Clapp, James M. Barker, Prof. Wm. C. Richards, Mrs. Werden and Col. H. H. Richardson, were decorated with beautiful flags.

The handsome residence and grounds of John L. Colby, Esq., on East Housatonic Street were elegantly decorated with flags and with draped bunting of red, white and blue, and the house bore on a blue scroll in gold letters the legend: "WE COMMEMORATE THEIR SERVICES."

The residence of Mr. D. H. Bassett on South Street was gayly and tastefully arrayed by his son, Lieut. Almon Bassett, in flags and bunting in all varieties of graceful arrangement; and as the procession passed a lady in each window waved a flag.

THE PROCESSION.

The following gentlemen were selected as Marshals of the Day: *Chief Marshal*—High Sheriff Graham A. Root. *Aids*—Michael Casey, Col. Thomas G. Colt, Col. Henry H. Richardson, Capt. F. A. Francis, Wm. W. Whiting, William H. Coogan, Col. I. C. Weller, Lieut. William H. Harrington, J. L. Peck and Geo. S. Willis, Jr.

The order of procession was as follows:

Gilmore's Band of Boston.
Second Regiment, M. V. M., Col. Parsons.
President of the Day.

Governor, Orator, Chaplain and President of the Day in Carriage.
Governor's Staff and other distinguished guests in Carriages.

Second Regiment Band.
Berkshire Commandery, Knights Templar.
Brown's Boston Brigade Band.
Springfield Commandery, Knights Templar.
Florence Band.
Northampton Commandery, Knights Templar.
Viall's Band of North Adams.
Tenth Massachusetts Regiment.
Twenty-first Massachusetts Regiment.
Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment.
Thirty-first Massachusetts Regiment.
Thirty-fourth Massachusetts Regiment.
Colt's Armory Band of Hartford.
Thirty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment.
Forty-ninth Massachusetts Regiment.
Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment.
Sixty-first Massachusetts Regiment.
Grand Army Posts of Berkshire County.
Doring's Band of Troy.
Pittsfield Fire Department.
Erdman's Band of Pittsfield.
St. Joseph's Mutual Aid Society.

The route of the procession was up North Street to Maplewood Avenue, countermarching down North to East Housatonic, then through East Housatonic to Maple, through Maple to East, and up East to the Park. As it moved through these beautiful avenues between the impenetrable throngs which filled the sidewalks and windows, whose illumination of bright eyes even the sunlight could not dim, while the deep booming of the minute guns mingled its solemn base with the triumphant music of the bands, the scene was most inspiring. Yet we could not forget that once there was one yet more thrilling, when, twelve years ago, the sudden flashing out of the Stars and Stripes from every door, filled our streets with beauty, and proclaimed the determination of the people that the triumph which has since been won by the lives of those whose memories were to-day consecrated, and of such as they, should be achieved.

There was some delay in forming the procession, but it reached the Park so that the exercises on the platform commenced at 12½ o'clock, P. M.

EXERCISES ON THE PLATFORM.

The assembly was called to order by Hon. Thomas Colt, President of the Day, and the ceremonies commenced with the following

PRAYER BY REV. DR. TODD.

Oh thou, who art King, eternal, immortal, great above all greatness, high above all height—invisible to mortal eyes, and yet everywhere present, we bow before Thee with reverence, with awe, with gratitude and faith! We adore Thee in thy rule over all worlds, upon whom all worlds hang, and from whom cometh down every good gift, and every perfect gift which thy creatures enjoy.

We reverence and adore Thee as the God of nations, by whom kings reign and princes decree justice,—for thou art “higher than the kings of the earth,” and we hail thy Son

as "Prince of the kings of the earth." We come to Thee, God of nations, God of our Fathers, to acknowledge Thee in all thy goodness to them,—planting them in this soil—giving them wisdom to lay the foundations of this great nation, to create Institutions that have exalted us above all people, strength to bear up under the burdens of subduing a new continent, covering it with their prayers, and their sufferings, wars and fightings, maintaining every thing good and great, and leaving it for their children!

And we desire at this time, especially, to bless and praise Thee, that when all that we hold dear was threatened with immediate and utter ruin, when the nation in her woe held her breath,—when her heart's blood was curdling in her agonies,—when the Star of Freedom seemed about to set and leave the world in darkness, then Thou camest to our aid, and thine arm brought salvation. We bless Thee for placing at the head of the people, a great and good man, whose wisdom guided to victory, and whose blood,—the blood of the great martyr to freedom—hath hallowed his name and embalmed it for ever. We thank Thee that at the call of our chief, the nation rose up in her strength, armies sprang forth from the tents of peace, and our Sons, without counting numbers or life, laid themselves on the altar of their country, and poured out their blood like water. From these streets, from these homes, from these hearts they went, many never to return, and none to come back until their awful mission was accomplished.

To commemorate these great events, to honor the brave ones who fell and died to save our nation, we assemble this morning,—we rear this monument, on which we write their names, and which shall stand a memorial to our children, teaching them what sufferings and life their inheritance cost, in order to be preserved,—how this generation estimated these fallen heroes, and how ready every generation should

be, to rally around the dear, old flag of their country, and to preserve it, the emblem of a free, united, intelligent and virtuous people, as long as the sun and moon endure!

May Thy presence and blessing be with us in the exercises of this day. May we be instructed by him who is to speak to us,—may we be impressed by these services, and may the bright sun-light that now fills these heavens, be a token of that light and glory which shall rest upon us and our posterity forever.

We ask and offer all in the name of thy Son, in whom thou art well pleased, and to whom with Thee and the Divine Spirit,—our fathers' God,—we would ascribe all honor and glory now and forever. AMEN.

At the close of the prayer, Major-Gen. W. F. Bartlett, chairman of the sub-committee under whose immediate supervision the monument had been erected, rose, and addressing Mr. Colt, Chairman of the Town Committee in Chief, delivered to him the statue in the following words:

SPEECH OF GEN. W. F. BARTLETT.

Mr. President: It is with peculiar pride and pleasure that I stand here to-day to deliver over to the town of Pittsfield, through you, sir, her most honored representative, this monument, which in obedience to her instructions your committee has procured, and which it now asks you to accept. It was my fortune to be associated with the soldiers of this town and county during the entire war, and I can truly say that none better ever served. And I can assure the town that much as she honors herself by the erection of this beautiful memorial, and by the lavish liberality with which she is making this little park a place worthy of its reception, she cannot too highly honor the brave men whose memory she thus perpetuates. A little more than a year ago an estimable lady of this town, whose life has been

spent in doing good, and who during the war had been untiring in her labors for the sick and wounded, desiring to crown her work for the living by raising a memorial for the dead, came to me and told me that she had by her own efforts and the assistance and co-operation of her friends, raised money enough to erect a monument, and asked me to see what could be done with it. The town at once took the matter into consideration, and with characteristic generosity added enough to the fund already raised to procure the work of art which you are about to receive. I need hardly tell you the name of the lady whose labor of love laid the corner-stone. Good Mrs. Fenn, whose presence on this platform you will all welcome, needs no introduction to a Berkshire audience. Your committee, after diligent examination of many designs, was so fortunate as to enlist the interest of a sculptor already famous for the high character of his works; whose heart was as full of patriotism as his head was full of genius; and who conceived the idea of representing not only the soldier who fought, but the symbol of all for which he fought—the emblem of his country's unity and power; the dear old flag for which he was ready to die. And he has taken for his subject, not the private soldier nor the commissioned officer, but a greater hero than either—the man on whom so often hung the fate of battle, the man on whose self-forgetting bravery and unflinching firmness the steadiness of the whole line depended; the man who bore the colors; and, comrades, was there ever any flag half so well worth fighting for, half so well worth dying for, as that which we followed? As I look upon your faces that I have seen amid the smoke of battle, and remember how you closed up the gaps made by the fall of those whom we honor to-day, I am conscious that to you also belongs a share of the honor, but with this difference: their fame was achieved and secured by dying heroic

deaths; yours must yet be maintained and preserved by living blameless lives. How well the hand of genius has succeeded in carving in lasting bronze a living memorial of duty done in the past, which shall be to us and to those who shall come after us, an incentive to faithfulness, you shall now judge.

As Gen. Bartlett closed, the veil of flags, which had hitherto covered the monument, fell, and revealed to the expectant eyes of the assembled multitude, the noble and suggestive work, which on this spot will, it is hoped, for ages proclaim the gratitude of Pittsfield to those who fought as its champions in the great war for the Union; those who maintained its honorable place among the municipalities of the Commonwealth, by faithful service to their country.

The band saluted the unveiled statue with appropriate music, and the people with approving shouts, and then Mr. Colt accepted the work in behalf of the town.

RESPONSE OF HON. THOMAS COLT.

In behalf of the town of Pittsfield and this venerated lady, whose patriotism and labors have contributed so largely to the erection of this monument, I receive from the committee this completion of its delegated duties. The unanimity with which this town has offered this tribute to the memory of her dead soldiers, is in strict accordance with the spirit in which she made her efforts that those soldiers should be victorious in battle, and no one of her sons need blush to read the record of her sacrifices and deeds in those times of peril to our country.

I receive this monument, and let us all here receive it, in trust for succeeding generations, not alone as a monument to perpetuate the memory of those brave heroes who died fighting for their country, and who sleep in honored graves, but as an eminent and lasting evidence of the value of

that country for which they laid down their lives. To the present generation this monument will be a constant reminder of sacrifices, of doubts, of dangers, and of glorious victory. To the surviving soldiers who took part in the great conflict it will be a memento of their own hardships, of deadly battles, of lost comrades and of splendid achievements. To those who in future years shall read these inscriptions, it will teach the duties they owe to a government handed down to them through the blood of martyrs shed for its preservation.

On this very spot, where the sacred stillness of the Christian Sabbath has been broken by the clamor of martial music and the tramp of departing soldiers, and where the voice of the patriot preacher has been raised in prayer for their safety and victory, let it stand as an enduring pledge that the devotion and the deaths commemorated on this stone have not been in vain. Let this color-bearer stand with his face to the setting sun, holding up his emblem of Liberty to its last lingering rays until the last hopes of liberty shall have expired forever.

Music followed Mr. Colt's address, and then came the oration of Hon. Geo. Wm. Curtis.

Oration by Geo. Wm. Curtis.

Our hostile bugles long since sang truce, and this wind of September sighs through the untrampled grass of Gettysburg and of Shiloh. The great armies of the war have melted into the greater hosts of peace. The old familiar habits of life have been long resumed. The wheels of industry turn, the factory hums, the scythe sings in the fields, and the laborer no longer recalls the comrade who enlisted yesterday, nor hears the voice of heroic duty calling him to battle. Spring cheers the shaggy sides of Greylock with rose-laurel and anemone. The bobolink tumbles in melodious ecstasy in the meadows of the Housatonic. The robin and the bluebird whistle in the branching elms of the Berkshire valley: and all these glad sights and sounds of nature are no longer shadowed by the awful cloud of war. How suddenly at last that black cloud gathered, and how swiftly, its fury spent, it seemed to disappear! One incident typifies the whole. During the last days before Richmond the secretary of war went, with a friend, to the front. One morning they were sitting in an ambulance, quietly talking with General Grant, who was seated upon his horse, and who by his almost rustic plainness, modesty and simplicity, and the sturdy look of fighting-it-out-on-this-line-if-it-takes-all summer, well personified the people who had made up their minds to victory. The ambulance was standing at the foot of a steep road just at the edge of a little bridge from which at the other end it again arose steeply and wound

rapidly out of sight. As they were tranquilly talking they heard a loud noise, and saw that an army team had broken loose, and wagon and horses were rushing madly down the hill at the other end of the bridge, and would apparently be upon the ambulance before it could escape. Instantly General Grant had turned his horse, had cleared the bridge and riding straight toward the wild horses, he seized one of the leaders by the head, and violently turning him, changed the direction of their flight so that the whole team fell headlong down the bank, rolling into the river. The general then quietly trotted back again across the bridge and resumed his conversation. Such was the attitude of the country, tranquilly engaged in peaceful intercourse, when suddenly it saw swift destruction apparently upon it. But in a moment it had sprung to the rescue, boldly grappled with the peril, and with a stout heart and steady hand had thrown it headlong into helpless ruin, and then turned quietly back again to its peaceful occupation. How fresh the story is, yet already how remote! Every faithful State, every town and village, has its traditions and its heroes. And already we can see that the fiery and bloody hands of war that tore our hearts and saddened the land, were yet, by God's grace, hands of benediction. }

The tale of Pittsfield in the late war was what it was in the revolution, a tale which every parent will proudly tell and which the latest generation will gladly hear. I need but to refer to it, for it has been told with grace and skill and fidelity by one of your own townsmen,* and is still new and still inspiring in your memories. "The popular rage is very high in Berkshire," wrote the English Governor Gage, a hundred years ago. The population of Pittsfield was less than 900, but it was afire with patriotism. The Pittsfield pulpit rang with the gospel of independence. The people

*History of Pittsfield by J. E. A. Smith.

were poor, but they had sent six pounds, twelve shillings lawful money for the relief of the sufferers by the Boston port-bill. They were far inland over the hills, but the nerves of patriotism are electric and annihilate space, and on the 1st of September, 1774, an alarm swept through the State that the British troops were firing upon the Sons of Liberty near Boston. The next morning fifty thousand Massachusetts men were on the march to defend or to avenge their brethren, and among them Captain David Noble's company of minute men marched from Pittsfield. It was a false alarm, and the company went only as far as Westfield. But Captain Noble knew that every alarm would not be false. He, therefore, sold two farms; took the money and went to Philadelphia; bought some buckskin and some blue and white cloth; hired a breeches maker; brought him and the buckskin home to Pittsfield; made up the breeches and the coats in his own house, gave them to his company with a hundred and thirty muskets, and awaited the summons which he knew must come. At noon on the 21st of April, 1775, it came. The echo of Lexington and Concord rang like a tocsin through the State, and at sunrise the next morning the buckskin breeches, blue coats and continental muskets were on their way to Bunker Hill and independence. Meanwhile Pittsfield had sent John Brown to the first Provincial Congress—John Brown, a name of good omen in the history of liberty; and, as the result proved in 1861, the soul of the Pittsfield John Brown had been marching steadily on among these hills for a century, and still kept step to the music of liberty to which Captain Noble's minute-men marched to glory.

In January, 1861, Governor Andrew—John A. Andrew, whose name Massachusetts will hereafter canonize with the names of Hancock, of Warren, of Quincy, of Otis and of Adams,—issued an order as commander-in-chief of the mili-

tary forces of the commonwealth, to discharge all men in the militia of the State who were unable or unwilling to respond to any call of the President for instant service. Governor Andrew, like Captain Noble, knew that every alarm would not be false, and made ready for war. The Allen Guard of Pittsfield, or Company A of the first battalion, by a vote of 42 of the 43 members present at the meeting, immediately resolved that one of the objects of the organization was to preserve the rights and privileges transmitted by our patriotic forefathers, and further resolved that they were ready to defend them. John Brown of the Provincial Congress, and Captain Noble of the revolutionary minute-men, might have drawn the resolutions. They made the Allen Guard, also, virtually minute-men, who kept themselves ready by constant drilling, for the call, which at last came on the 15th of April, 1861. Governor Andrew had not meant to draw any of the troops which he was first to send, from Western Massachusetts, as the call was pressing. But Captain Briggs of the Allen Guard, a lawyer, who was then in Boston trying a case in court, hearing that the 8th regiment wanted two companies, went to the Governor, told him that Pittsfield was ready, and asked that his company might be taken. The Governor, who gladly saw that all Massachusetts was ready, promptly accepted the offer, and by this chance Pittsfield was the only town in the western part of the State which contributed a company to the first contingent of troops which Massachusetts sent to the war.

On the evening of the 17th of April, 1861, only four days to the date upon which eighty-six years before the news of the battle of Lexington reached the town, Captain Briggs telegraphed the order for his company to report the next evening at Springfield and join the regiment on its way to the field. Then Pittsfield saw the sight over which the sun shone everywhere in those glorious, those immortal days.

The richer citizens instantly assembled, and subscribed for the aid of the soldiers and of such of their families as might be in need. But what that meant we had not then learned. At noon, on the 18th of April, the church-bells rang—the people gathered in the town-hall, and thanking the soldiers for their prompt and patriotic action, resolved that their families should be the care of the town. At a little past six o'clock in the evening, as the sun was setting, the Guard, seventy-eight men strong, marched to the railway station. Hope, fear, pride, exaltation, heart-break, passionate enthusiasm, followed them as they went; and amid pealing music and a tempest of shouting, they left for Springfield just twenty-three hours after the order came, and thus Captain Briggs's minute men in 1861 were off in a little shorter time than Captain Noble's in 1775.

The eighth regiment reached Philadelphia on the evening of the 19th of April, and early the next morning the Allen Guard of Pittsfield and the Salem Zouaves were aroused for active duty. War had begun and Massachusetts soldiers were the first victims slain in Baltimore. "I pray you," telegraphed the Governor of Massachusetts to the Mayor of Baltimore, in that grave, manly, moderate tone which Lincoln and Andrew and the great Union leaders never lost,—“I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore, to be laid out, preserved in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me.” The telegraph wires northward from that city had been cut, and it was the intention of the enemy to seize the Susquehanna Ferry at Havre-de-Grace, thus interrupting the chief line of communication with the north. This plan was to be frustrated or the ferry-boats to be recaptured if already taken. As the troops approached the river, Captain Briggs told his men that as he and Lieutenant Richardson proposed to lead the attacking party, they must borrow two muskets, and the lenders would, of course,

be relieved from taking part in the fight. He waited, but there was no response. No Pittsfield soldier wished to be relieved of the duty, or to escape the danger. The captain, obliged to decide, looked along his men, and seeing a bright-eyed boy of seventeen, to whom he would gladly spare the peril of battle, offered to take his musket. But as he stretched out his hand for it, the young soldier, with tears in his eyes and clinging to his piece, exclaimed, "Captain, I came here to fight, and I can't give up my musket."

So Pittsfield went into the war. The soldiers recruited here served in the Massachusetts 2d, 8th, 10th, 20th, 21st, 27th, 31st, 34th, 37th, the 49th, which was entirely a Berkshire regiment; the 54th, the first colored regiment, the heroes of Fort Wagner; the 57th and 61st; the 1st, 3d and 5th regiments of cavalry, and the 2d battery of light artillery. It was the major of the 49th, Charles T. Plunkett, who volunteered to lead the forlorn hope in the desperate assault at Port Hudson. He pleaded that he had no family to suffer by his fall, while the officer to whom the post of honor and of danger had been assigned, had a wife and children. But that officer declined to yield, led the hopeless attack and was killed upon the field. I am telling you an old story. I am repeating to you familiar traditions. You know that Pittsfield served in all parts of the country, and in every campaign except Sherman's march to the sea. In the army of the Potomac, in the valley of the Shenandoah, at New Orleans and in the army of the Gulf, in Carolina, in Tennessee, Pittsfield marched in the front, and its watchword was always that of its youngest soldier going into his first battle, "Captain, I came here to fight, and I can't give up my musket."

[Gone are the armies. Silent is the roar of battle. Healed are the wounds of the living. Green are the graves of the dead. And in grateful memory of all your neighbors and

townsmen, who fought or fell, we come to unveil the statue which shall tell when we are silent the splendid story of their deeds. Indeed, the sculptor's mind and heart and hand, working in full sympathy, have so felicitously united in this changeless figure, a grace of youthful strength, a lofty hope, an indomitable will, that he has wrought at once a statue of the cause and of those who fought and died for it. For even so those brave sons of yours who stood in the storm of battle saw high above the strife the genius of the young land they fought for, erect with immortal hope, heroic, firm, serene; holding the flag of stars as the emblem of its pure resolve. *Ad astra, per aspera*. This the hearts of those men fighting saw. For nothing less than this, for a country of which the faith and generosity of youth should be the perpetual inspiration, they died, and for no other should they have been willing to die. Stranger from other lands, would you comprehend our war, its sublime purpose, its sacred heroism? Then study this statue long and well, and you will understand the American soldier of Union and Liberty.

Freshly to preserve the memory of great events and of noble men is to cherish the greatness of the state, and to inspire noble citizenship. The history of his country stimulates every young patriot to make that country still worthier the love of her children. *Noblesse obligé*, says the old proverb. The son of nobles must be noble. The youth who is bred in the ancient halls of his race hung with the portraits of heroic ancestors is inspired to deserve his descent by being himself a hero. The figure of Cromwell standing among the English Kings is not the executioner of Charles the First, it is the living genius of Liberty, to Englishmen. And Greenough's statue of Washington at the national capital, with one hand holding the empty sword-sheath, and the other pointing to the sky, as it faces the halls in which

Congress sits, says forever to every American Senator and Representative, "The freedom that this sword won, only the justice of heaven can preserve." So the soldiers' monuments of the late war, happily arising in every town, and in every village, with the beautiful rites of Decoration Day, hallowing the memory of heroes, are like springs of liberty flowing everywhere in the land. Here, and now, in this benignant shade, we open another. Hither let the young and old repair, and drink deep of sacred memories! For the duty of this hour, and of every hour, is to remember. Experience is the torch by which the world sees its way, and no wise man ever forgets, however freely he may forgive. The war of the rebellion should no more be forgotten than the war of the revolution. Its animosities indeed; its personal and sectional hostilities and alienations, cannot soon enough be buried. But upon our side we may truly say that there was never vindictive feeling, nor have we ever pursued a policy of revenge. The cause that triumphed was not a sectional advantage. The result was not the victory of the North over the South. It was the triumph of the American principle of republican liberty over its enemies everywhere—in the North as well as in the South—in Europe as well as in America. When we fought, we fought a universal battle. We fought for freedom everywhere. When Sherman marched to the sea he captured sneering London and plotting Paris; and European doubt and contempt are buried forever under the Appomattox apple tree.

The victory which this monument commemorates solved one of the great problems of politics. It showed that a popular government is both the strongest and most flexible in history. There had been republican States before. In the very heart of Europe, the little Swiss cantons of Uri and Appenzell are the purest democracies in the world: states in which all the adult male inhabitants personally take part in the govern-

ment. They have existed for centuries, but they have existed only by the sufferance of royal and imperial neighbors. But here was a continental republic of vast extent and of various races, and with no army but its own equal citizens. Europe did not deny our dull tranquility, our monotonous prosperity. "But it is not," she said, "the result of your political system. It is the consequence of happy chance and of circumstances. You are far from other nations; you have plenty of room, you are freed from the problems which vex every old and crowded country. But your bond of union has never been tested. The force of your national instinct is unknown. Your vessel swings securely upon a summer sea, but it is the tempest that tries us all." At last the tempest burst upon us, and a republican government was proved to be neither violent nor cruel nor impatient, but fixed in purpose, faithful to its own officers, tolerant of vast expense, of enormous losses, of torturing delays, and strongest at the very points where fatal weakness was most suspected. "If you put a million of men under arms," said Europe, "you will end like all republics in a military despotism." And within six months of the last parade of the armies of the West and of the East through Washington, an English gentleman was in a huge warehouse in Chicago surrounded by scores of clerks engaged with merchandise and accounts. "But did you go on so through the war," asked the Englishman. "Oh no, sir," answered one of the clerks, "that young man was a corporal; that one nailing up a box was a lieutenant; that one carrying a roll of goods was a major; the book-keeper yonder was a colonel, and I, sir, I was a general, at your service." "Indeed!" said the Englishman. And all Europe, looking across the sea at the same spectacle, magnified by hundreds of thousands of citizens quietly re-absorbed in their various pursuits, echoed his astonished exclamation—"Indeed!" For it saw that the

great army which for four years shook the continent with its march and countermarch, was not what armies had always been, the machine of a government to manage the people; it was the people managing themselves: it was the Yankee constable going his rounds.

Thus our war won victories that we did not see. The pool in which the stone is dropped pulses in ripples to its farthest shore. The word spoken, or the arm raised, moves the air in endless undulations. The chord vigorously struck makes the distant, silent harp vibrate in harmony. So our war not only conquered that ancient scepticism of the republic, but woke to melody the hope of liberty all over the world. A United States ship sailed once into the harbor of Naples, and the king and a glittering party of noblemen came off to visit her. To the honest Yankee sailor eyes, which could see no other sign of royalty than gold lace, one laced man was as much of a king as another. And as one of the royal party upon the deck tripped and disappeared, a sailor stepped up to an officer and, touching his hat with a grin, said briefly: "Please, sir, one of them 'ere kings has tumbled down the hatchway." So when General Lee surrendered the broken sword of slavery to General Grant, all of them 'ere kings tumbled down the hatchway. I say then that our monument does not commemorate the victory of the North over the South, but the triumph of the essential principle of a republic over all its enemies both at home and abroad. The struggle was, indeed, a civil war, but so was that of the Revolution. Our fathers stood only upon English principles. James Otis, the fiery tongue of the early Revolution, and John Adams, its sagacious brain, pleaded only English precedents. If England conquers the colonies, said Lord Chatham, she falls upon her own sword; and the tory Governor Hutchinson said that in order to govern the colonies peacefully, "there must be an abridgement of what we

call English liberties." When Paul Revere rode up to Concord, rousing Middlesex as he went, and Captain Noble and his buckskins started from Pittsfield, they were Englishmen hurrying to defend English rights; and at Lexington, at Saratoga, at Trenton, at King's Mountain, our fathers were Englishmen defending England against herself. Let us not be ashamed of the blood from which we sprang, nor of the mother language that we speak. The great traditions of freedom, the great muniments of popular liberty, both the germs and the guards of future civilization descend to us through England. The road is straight from Runnymede to Bunker Hill. Israel Putnam behind the earthworks saying: "Boys, don't fire 'till you see the whites of their eyes!" was a better Englishman than Lord Percy, leading his scarlet coated troops against those terrible farmers. At last, on the plains of Yorktown, the baser England surrendered to the better, and the England of Alfred and of Wickliffe, of John Hampden and of John Milton conquered the England of the Stuarts and of slavery. The noblest and wisest of Englishmen gladly own it to-day and share the fruits of victory. When in 1832 the minister of the king said to the peers: "Gentlemen, if you do not pass the reform bill, his majesty will swamp your house," it was because his majesty's father had been unable to swamp the colonies. The English reform bill was an American crop from Bunker Hill. And if to-day our mother England, as one of the most radical of Englishmen asserts, is virtually a republic, it is because she tried in vain to wrong her daughter in America. The statues of the revolutionary fathers, the monuments of Revolutionary battle-fields, therefore, foster no unkindly feeling between the countries. The thoughtful Englishman stands upon those fields and says to his American brother, "It was a common victory, England was saved against her will." The great grandson of George the Third stands reverently with

bare head at the tomb of Washington: and in these very days England bows at Geneva and says, "I admit it. I will pay. I suffered the Alabama to escape"—and England acquiesces because the heart of England knows that when the British parliament cheered the escape of the Alabama, it cheered a ship whose guns were shotted to the muzzle against English principles and English civilization.

So will it be with the monuments and the statues of the later war. They, too, commemorate a common victory. They tell the triumph of freedom, justice and equal rights, and no triumph could be so truly American, so precious to every State and to every section. For many and many a year there must be bitterness of feeling in the Southern States. Slowly the false political and social theories from which the war sprang will disappear. They will not be renounced, but they will be outgrown. Often and often there will be outbreaks of lawlessness, like sudden lightnings from a spent storm-cloud. As the nobleman of the old French regime could never be reconciled to the Revolution, as the English Jacobite fervently pledged "the king over the water," and prayed with tears for his return, so to many of the present generation in the Southern States, the lost cause will long be a fond and despairing ideal. I know that the air rings with the cry of reconciliation, but let us not deceive ourselves. "The South" of the past will never be reconciled or forgive its defeat. But the South of the future is already reconciled with equality and justice. Amid the generous influences of the new union, the old "South" will hold itself apart like a glacier in the ocean. Cold, towering, apparently as eternal as the sea itself, that glittering mountain, floating icily aloof, at last touching the Gulf stream, begins to dissolve. Down come flashing pinnacle and peak, frosty spire and shining cliff. Like a living monster of shifting tints, a huge chameleon of the sea, the

vast mass silently rolls and plunges and shrinks, and at last utterly disappears in that inexorable warmth of water.

That is the spectacle which we behold. The icy mountain is melting away. We cannot indeed trust it. We cannot build upon it. But before our eyes it disappears. Patience, then, patience! We have only to be firm, with malice toward none, with charity for all, doing justice and maintaining equality, and the children of the grey-coats will at last agree that defeat was victory. (They will see and own that nothing is so American as the equal union of all for the equal liberty of all.) (At last they will see and agree that a great nation, founded upon the equal rights of all its people, constantly enlarging and aspiring, reaching from the coast to the mountains,—running over the mountains and across the plains of sunset to the Pacific sea, bound in one vast brotherhood of justice and intelligence and industry, is better for them, for us, for the world, than a puny group of states whose bond is human slavery, and which stands alone and helpless amid the contempt and horror of mankind.) On some bright day hereafter, in some soft September sunshine that we shall never see, some Georgian or Carolinian youth strolling beneath these trees with a New England comrade, will pause before this statue and gaze long and tenderly upon the manly face of that young hero. And not forgetting his own kindred who fell upon the other side and who sleep beneath the southern sun; “I see it now,” that generous youth will say, “the men of whom this figure is the fit memorial fought and died for me as well as for you. They saved Carolina as well as Massachusetts. For what would Carolina have been,—what would the Union be without equal liberty? Soldier in blue! you were not the soldier of the North, of a section, of a party, you were the soldier of the whole American people, of its deepest instinct, of its highest hope. (And Florida and Georgia, Carolina

and Virginia, lift up their free hands to heaven and bless God for the victory you won.”

That victory is two-fold. It was political and moral. Its great political result is easily defined. The war interpreted the constitution. Those four tremendous years were the proof that the peril of our system is not its centripetal but its centrifugal forces. In a union of states like ours, the general intelligence and the political instincts of our race, will always check any dangerous centralization. The fear of consolidation, however, of the absorption of the state governments by the general government, was felt by many of the fathers. But whatever obscurity they left upon this point in the constitution, the war has forever dispelled. It has decided that we are not a league, nor a confederacy, nor an agency, but a republican nation. A nation in which the equal rights of every citizen are the sacred care of the whole people. A nation whose unity does not depend upon the whim of any state nor of any majority in any section, whose government is not, as Jefferson called it, a “department of foreign affairs,” but the national authority of the sovereign people of the country. Emerging from the thunder cloud of war, sad and weary, bloody and triumphant, the nation exclaims, “I am not New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, Carolina, I am the United States of America, one and indivisible. If anywhere upon my domain any citizen of mine, however poor, humble and forsaken, is touched by the lightest finger of injustice or injury, and his neighbors will not protect him, and the local courts and the local law refuse to aid him, *I* will defend him,” says the new union born of the war.

This is the political result of the war, but greater than this is its moral result. (We, men and women of this generation, have been taught what Jefferson meant when he said, “I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is

just." In the convention that framed the constitution, George Mason, a friend and neighbor of Jefferson, exclaimed, "By an inscrutable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities." John Rutledge of South Carolina replied: "Oh no, gentlemen, religion and humanity have nothing to do with the question. Interest is the governing principle with nations.") With that creed we began. Our earlier statesmen assented. "In this world," they said, "we must compromise. Compromise is the very essence of government." They forgot to ask what are the natural limitations of compromise. Questions of cotton and corn you may compromise, but not a point of conscience. Moral principles are absolute and eternal. You may stretch an inch of India rubber to cover your hat,—you cannot stretch a diamond the shadow of a hair. But we thought we had done it. Our astounding prosperity deceived us. Europe swarmed to our shores. Our population doubled every fifteen years; our wealth every ten years. Our boundless domain promised plenty to endless generations. Forests fell, factories hummed; gold glistened in every man's pocket. Science knit oceans together, and brought the lakes to the gulf. The government was a ceremony, except to one race. It was never felt in taxes. It was a beautiful central symbol, only. And still prosperity magnificently multiplied itself, and the words of John Rutledge seemed to have become the faith of the country. "Religion and humanity have nothing to do with the question."

Do you recall the Greek legend of the Lamia, the beautiful woman, who feasted the wits of Athens? As they sat, crowned with flowers, they pledged her beauty in golden cups brimming with wine like molten rubies,—“Beautiful, beautiful Lamia!” sang the intoxicated chorus. But the philosopher who sat among them fixed his relentless eyes upon her, and gazed, and gazed, until she rose from the table in-

view, and she

gazed.

dignant. Proudly, with dazzling beauty she defied him. "Beautiful, beautiful Lamia!" sang the intoxicated chorus. But still the relentless eyes gazed upon her, until at last shrinking and wavering, the beautiful form dwindled and drooped and changed, and sinking to the floor, glided away before their eyes, a loathsome serpent. So the conscience of this country fixed its terrible eyes upon that prosperity. But it swelled with conscious pride. Look at our power, look at our progress, look at our population! "Who shall molest or make us afraid?" it cried in eloquent ecstasy,— "Beautiful, beautiful Lamia!"—and suddenly that false prosperity tottered, withered and sank, dissolving into the awful coils of civil war. States of the South, that quivered with the terrible tread of Sherman—states of the North, the flower of whose homes was smitten, was not John Rutledge wrong, was not George Mason right: that prosperity which is not honesty, humanity and justice, is as fair and false as the Lamia?

The perception of this truth is the priceless moral result of the war. And it is well that we have learned it in the first century of the national life. Great power, vast extent, enormous wealth, do not make a great nation. Greatness of thought, greatness of soul alone, make a great state. This is no longer the whim of theorists, nor the dream of the closet; it is the hardest fact in our experience. Every dollar that we pay in our war taxes enforces the truth. Every sleeve empty of an arm, but full of glory and honor; every crutch on which the maimed soldier limps, but upon which justice steps more securely, reminds us that national greatness is a moral not a financial fact, and that the richest country upon the globe may be the most unstable. Remembering this, if we shape accordingly our foreign and domestic policy, all the cost and suffering of the war will have been a price well paid. Forgetting this, the abolition of slavery,—

the fortification of the power of the national government, all the visible results of the war, will be in vain.

There are those, I know, who think that we have escaped the gangrene of slavery only to sink in the slough of corruption. A great civil war, they think, is always followed by peculiar evils and dangers, and the situation of the country has developed them with frightful rapidity, into perilous proportions. Force, they say, breeds fraud, and in all our public affairs since the war, audacious dishonesty runs riot. Undoubtedly, there has been a reaction from the patriotic fervor of ten years ago. The war has left evil results which all good men deplore. But party, which is always distempered, can never truly depict the situation. There has been reaction. But as the ocean receding after a mighty flood-tide, leaves upon the beach sand and slime and shapeless monsters of the deep, yet leaves also pearls and shells and precious blossoms of the sea, so the war has not been followed by such general demoralization as is alleged. It has, indeed, left political confusion and ignorance and knavery. It has left the Kuklux and the hatred of race and the spirit of caste. But these are transitory evils, to be corrected by taking care that they do not control the government. Beneath and beyond them the war has left us a knowledge of our political system such as we never had before; a general sense of political duty hitherto unknown among us; a purer patriotism, and a clearer sense of the relation of morals and politics. In the old dark days before the war, the Tammany ring in New York could not have been peacefully broken. Public sentiment, demoralized by the apparently hopeless supremacy of slavery, would never have nerved itself to the struggle. But the war had so cleared the public perception, that such an evil could only end in fearful disaster if it were not arrested, that the great city and state rose and gained without a blow one of the greatest victories

in our history. Let those who think that the public conscience has been weakened by the war,—that we are losing sight of all just principles of government, that we are enamored of the sword, reflect that a nobler civil triumph was never won than that which emancipated the great state and city of this continent from the despotism of the ring; that the forced retirement of Cardozo, and the removal of Barnard from the supreme bench of New York, and his ineligibility to all offices of honor, trust or profit in that state forever, are signs of a public virtue such as this generation has not known, and that in this generation spotless personal character was never so indispensable an element of political success in this country as at this moment. If we have lost something, we have gained more. If the war has multiplied opportunities of fraud, it has quickened our perception of its danger. Materially and morally the country was never more hopeful,—never fuller of promise than now. Once more our statistics dazzle the world. During the last decade, including the war, our manufactures trebled. In the Southern States the number of farms has increased one-third. Although the public debt is very great, being about sixty dollars to every inhabitant, yet the industry, skill and enterprise of the country are paying it so rapidly, that at the rate of payment for the last three or four years, the debt, if desirable, would be wholly paid in twenty years. But we have learned that such facts may be only a magnificent mirage. This statue and the soldiers' monuments all over the land are set to ask us at every hour of the day, and of the night, Do we respect liberty and its safeguards? Is equality safe? Is the government in the hands of those who have proved, not of those who have professed their love of justice?

But from the cause which the monument commemorates, our thoughts are drawn by the occasion to the men who won the victory. For what makes a state? Not laws, nor sys-

tems, nor institutions, nor traditions, nor vast extent, but men; and men in the true sense, that is, men of moral nerve, of sobriety, of intelligence, of industry, of honesty. The key of history is morality. God is on the side of the strong battalions, said Napoleon. But it is not numbers that make strength. When William the Conqueror crossed the channel to England, he carried sixty thousand Normans. All night before the battle of Hastings the Saxons ate and drank and rioted; all night the Normans "tried to enlist God upon their side." The battle began, and at sunset sixty thousand Normans had conquered two millions of Saxons. They gave literature, art and progress to England, and refined the character of a race. So in the late European war it was not only that Germany had more soldiers than France that she was victorious, but because the German bayonets, in Kosuth's phrase, were bayonets that think. This was the secret. The educated Germans made better soldiers. The triumph of Germany was a moral victory. It was not cannon and powder and shells—it was character, human quality, that won. Eloquence, says Emerson, is that speech in which there is a man behind every word. Victorious war, says history, is that contest in which intelligence and morality serve the guns.

And how rich was our war in these personal qualities! How profound the influence of this statue in showing us that the heroic excellence of human character which we associate with the past, and suppose to be the exclusive property of tradition and poetry are of our own age and country as much as of any other! We read Plutarch until our imaginations flame with the Grecian story. The trophies of Miltiades will not let us sleep. History and poetry and heroic legend make the names of Marathon and of Salamis, of Thermopylæ and Platea, names of unrivaled glory. Pericles, Themistocles, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, Timoleon, stand in our fancies proudly

aloof and superior, reproving the meanness of later men and the bitterness of modern times. But our own history is not less heroic. The mighty torrent of Asiatic barbarism that threatened for a time to sweep away Grecian civilization was not more formidable than that which threatened American liberty. If the statesmen and the heroes who stayed that earlier desolation, and the fields on which their battles were fought, are renowned and precious to Americans to-day, how much more our own fields and our own brothers! Xerxes sent a herald to Leonidas, ordering him to give up his armies. "Let him come and take them," said Leonidas, and for a whole summer day he held all Asia at bay at Thermopylæ. "Surrender! Surrender!" cried a rebel leader to the commander of a Union company in Missouri, cut off from the main body. "Not much," replied the Union captain, and he won the victory.

The war has taught us that the poetry of heroism is in the deed, not in the distance. The brave youth seems a poetic hero when we see him, three hundred years ago, called Philip Sydney, riding into the fight against the Spaniards, on a misty morning, upon the Isel. Suddenly he sees his friend Lord Willoughby surrounded and sorely pressed, and Sir Philip dashing to the rescue is shot and mortally wounded. Borne fainting upon his horse from the field he asks for water. But as it is brought to him and he is raising it to his lips, he sees the eyes of a dying soldier fixed upon it with passionate longing. Then leaning from the saddle, the gentleman of gentlemen, the flower of English manhood, hands the cup to the soldier, and the dying hero whispers to his dying comrade, "Friend, thy necessity is yet greater than mine." History will never tire of the beautiful story. But more than three hundred years later a gunner at Gettysburg falls mortally wounded by his gun, which is sorely pressed by the enemy. The battle rages

on, and, tortured by thirst, the dying man says to his comrade, serving the gun alone, "Johnny, Johnny, for the love of God give me a drop of water." "Ah, Jamie," says his comrade, "there's not a drop in my canteen, and if I go to fetch it the rebs will have the gun." "No matter, then, Johnny, stick to your gun," is the answer, and when, after a desperate struggle, with a ringing shout of victory, the line moves forward, it is over Jamie's dead body. Does it need three hundred years to make that self-sacrifice as beautiful as Sidney's? Jamie is not less a hero than the Englishman, and the brave Sidney clasps his hand in paradise. The past was a good time, but the present is a better. Themistocles standing upon his galley and driving the enemy at Salamis, the image of Greek valor in the war with Persia, is not a nobler figure than Farragut lashed into the maintop of the old Hartford at Mobile, the image of American liberty in the war with slavery. When Timoleon, the patriot general of Corinth, freed Sicily, the citizens of Syracuse put even the wives and daughters of the opposing general to death. When General Grant by his final victory secured the emancipation of a race and the perpetuity of the Union, he spared the enemy every humiliation, and would not even enter their capital, while in the same great spirit his fellow-citizens forbore to shed one drop of blood. The shadow of a political scaffold has never stained the land; and to-day, with the exception of the ineligibility to office of some two hundred persons,—a disability which the same wise and humane policy will soon sweep away—the laws of the United States rest with perfect equality upon every part of the land.

Let us be grateful for Greece two thousand years ago, and thank God that we live in America to-day! The war scattered the glamour of the past and showed us that we, too, live among great virtues, great characters and great men.

Through these streets the culture of Greece, the heroism of Rome, the patriotism of our own revolution, have marched before your eyes. These elms, like the trees of Ardennes, have shed their tears in dew drops over the unreturning brave. The ground upon which we stand is consecrated by the tread of feet gladly going to the noblest sacrifice. And from these throbbing drums and wailing horns, still peals the music to which they marched away. They were your sons, Pittsfield and green Berkshire! They were your comrades, Massachusetts soldiers! They were the darlings of your homes, tender hearts that hear me! And here in this fair figure of heroic youth, they stand as you will always recall them—the bloom of immortal youth upon their cheeks; the divine hope of youth in their hearts; the perpetual inspiration of youth to every beholder. For this is the American soldier of the Union; the messenger of liberty to the captive and of peace to the nation. This is the perpetual but silent preacher of the gospel of liberty and justice as the only sure foundation of states. “Beautiful on the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth glad tidings, that publisheth peace, that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!”

Dinner Exercises.

At the close of the exercises in the Park, the procession re-formed, and marched to the corner of Wendell Avenue and East Housatonic St., where the great tent had been erected. On entering this mammoth pavilion the eye was struck with long rows of tables most plentifully spread with viands, and profusely decorated with flowers, while the canvas of the tent was relieved by bunting of brilliant colors.

From the apex of the tent to its circumference drooped streamers of red, white and blue. Flags were hung at different points. Escutcheons in brilliant colors frequently relieved the white canvass, while the appropriate mottoes gave sentiment to the decoration. The officers of the day and prominent invited guests were seated upon a raised platform at the north end of the tent, over which was inscribed the word "WELCOME." At the opposite side of the tent was the inscription, "WHILE HONORING THE LIVING WE MOURN THE DEAD;" and at the side opposite the entrance were two shields with "76" and "65" inscribed upon them, and between these shields was the inscription, "THE SOLDIERS OF '65, WORTHY SONS OF THE PATRIOTS OF '76."

The most admirable arrangements had been made for the seating of the two thousand men who were to partake of the repast, and all, under the excellent management of the marshals, found their places without the slightest confusion. A large committee of ladies, invited by the committee, waited upon the table, so faithfully that even the sharpened

appetites of soldiers just in from a march, had not time to grow impatient. The rare feat was accomplished of giving perfect satisfaction to a large body of hungry men; for which the credit is largely due to Messrs. D. J. Dodge, W. H. Teeling, H. B. Brewster and Erdman Leidhold, the sub-committee who had this department in charge.*

Hon. Thomas Colt presided at the tables in his usual happy manner. On the President's right sat His Excellency Gov. Washburn and His Honor, Lieut. Gov. Tucker; on his left the accomplished orator of the day. On the platform sat also Rev. Dr. Todd, Ex-Lieut. Gov. Plunkett, Judge Bacon, Gen. Bartlett, and other gentlemen of note.

The dinner having received ample justice, several of the distinguished guests, being called upon by the President, made brief speeches, which we give below, as reported for the *Springfield Republican* by Mr. F. B. Sanborn:

Gov. Washburn said that this was his first official visit to Berkshire County, and expressed his gratification thereat. The circumstances that have brought us together are of a mixed character, partly painful, partly pleasing; painful because every community mourns its dead soldiers, every family mourns a place made vacant. This town was called upon to contribute its full share of men and means, when the rebellion was upon us; all her citizens then felt impelled to do what they could in the cause of their country. Many of your young men and your older men, those loved and honored most, from the best families, went forth shoulder to shoulder to fight our battles; some fell in the ranks with their faces toward the foe, others contracted a disease that, after the war or during its continuance, carried them to early graves.

*To satisfy a natural curiosity, and as a guide to those who may perhaps be called upon to furnish a similar entertainment, we give the bill of provisions in gross: viz. 1200 pounds of meat, (ham, beef and veal); 200 pounds of cheese; 12 barrels of coffee; 10,000 biscuits; 5½ bushels of beans; 79 plum puddings; 2 tons of melons, etc.]

To these men it is fitting that we should erect some monument. Let the structure we have to-day consecrated remind us of what these men have done; how they fought and died, giving their lives in that struggle which, with all its woes, has shed on us, blessings to which all other nations are perfect strangers. It is proper that this monument should be a noble structure; the best material, the highest art, are none too good for its perfection. Let the spot where it stands and which it overlooks be forever hereafter trod upon as most sacred ground. But beside these sad and gloomy memories which it perpetuates, our war has others of a more pleasing character. It has been said that most wars gain but few of their objects; but our civil war, being fought for principles, has gained for us far more than we even dared to hope. Begun for self-preservation, it went on for the purification of the public, and ended in the overthrow of slavery and the establishment of the equal rights of all throughout the land. If we should place on one scale the tears and the sufferings, the trials and the efforts, the taxes and contributions, the lives sacrificed, the hearts bereaved,—and on the other scale throttled treason, slavery overthrown, the conquest of political principles fatal to the country, happiness, a nation victorious, without an enemy, without a bondman, and on which every man stands free to enjoy all his rights,—then as a business man the American citizen would say that the gain and the profit far outweigh all the cost of the contest. Nor was the struggle for ourselves alone, nor for our children, nor for our country alone, but for all nations and all mankind. Yonder monument may crumble and molder back to its mother-dust again, but the results attained by those it commemorates shall be immortal. Go on, then, pure and noble spirits! complete your work in other spheres, roll on in your orbits, while the great principles for which

you died shall shine aloft and glow forever in the lives of patriotic men in all times and in every region of the earth!

Rev. Dr. Todd was introduced with some very complimentary remarks by Mr. Colt, and responded as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT—As I have been looking over this vast assembly to-day, I have been impressed with peculiar feelings. I have been recalling the faces of the noble ones who used to walk these streets. In my memory I have many pleasant recollections of them. In my study I have many mementoes,—guns, swords, bayonets, cartridge boxes, shells and the like, taken in battle, and sent me by our boy-Captain, Rockwell, by Captain Pease, and others—gathered on the battle-fields of Newbern, of Gettysburg, of Baton Rouge, and even of Fort “Hell.” I think of those sons, so choice and so bright!

I have been thinking, too, how this war, these scenes, these woes and these joys, make us all one. Here we meet and live for ourselves, and our children, English, German, Irish, Yankee, and we all melt into one, and are all American citizens! I challenge His Excellency, our own Governor, now present for the first time in Berkshire as our Chief Magistrate, and whom we welcome most heartily, I say I may challenge him to see any but live Americans in this great multitude, true to our flag and country!

I may also ask you, Gov. Washburn, in any pleasant memories of this day which may remain with you, not to forget that you met and dined to-day, with a very great gathering of your constituents, and you saw none but gentlemen. You saw nothing of rowdyism, nothing that would be unseemly in your own parlor. May I add, too, that I think I may call this a fair specimen of Berkshire men and of Pittsfield doings, and I hope your Excellency may feel able to say, “well, those mountain people *do* know how to behave.”

John C. West, Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, being introduced by Mr. Colt as the "Mayor of Pittsfield," gave in place of a speech the following sentiment, on the fact that the names of those soldiers from other towns who served in the quota of Pittsfield are not to be put on the monument: To the brave soldiers of other towns, who served upon the quota of Pittsfield, nobly and valiantly giving their lives in defense of their country in the late civil war, whose names are not inscribed upon the monument this day dedicated, we would render homage. May their names be indelibly inscribed upon the hearts of a grateful people.

Lieut. Gov. Tucker was the last speaker. He said:

MR. CHAIRMAN, FELLOW-CITIZENS AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS: I tho't when I saw so many of my superiors here—His Excellency, the Governor, my Colonel, and so many other good speakers whom I knew you would like to hear, I thought, Blessed be nothing, for I shall not have to speak. But I am glad to acknowledge the satisfaction I have felt in witnessing the ceremony which I have seen to-day, in dedicating the second monument in this county to our brave comrades. I know, and as for some months the recruiting officer of this County I had good reason to know, the feeling that existed in these Berkshire towns about sending men into the field. After it seemed as if all the men had been put into the ranks, there yet remained the task of supplying eight hundred or one thousand more, in the year 1864. And I tell you the truth when I say that I have seen the Selectmen of these mountain towns, of Becket, of Florida, and the rest, come into my office with tears in their eyes, and say they could not furnish another man, because they had not an able-bodied man left in the town. But somehow or other their quotas were filled, and with good men and true, who went directly from my office to the Wilderness. As an example, the old 57th regiment after that bitter campaign reached

Petersburg with but one hundred men left, commanded by a second lieutenant. And the wonder of it all was that the fathers and mothers at home said this must go on till it is completely settled. When men say the war was a means of corruption, don't believe it. I say that more men were saved by going into the army than were ruined. I have seen Berkshire men of nameless lives, of untrained minds, of unfortunate habits, it may be, go into the war, fight it through, and come home to those little towns better men, with higher ideas of life and a better understanding of what it is to be an American citizen. The church says, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and the nation ought to follow with a like benediction on the dead that have fallen in her defense.

Gen. Bartlett was loudly called for by his old soldiers, but declined to respond, and the Chairman announced that the time for speech-making had expired, and very happily dismissed the assembly while still hungry for more patriotic addresses.

It had been announced that all the exercises of dedication day would close at five o'clock, and so far as the programme of the committee was concerned, they did so. But by the liberality and good taste of a private citizen, the evening afforded so happy an appendage to the day, that it would be ungracious not to include it in our account.

Acting on a suggestion made to him only at 3 o'clock, p. m., John L. Colby, Esq., transformed his spacious and beautiful grounds into a perfect fairy-land of light, life, fountain and foliage, from the midst of which Gilmore's Band poured out the most delicious and entrancing music. There was no time for formal announcement or invitation, but word was passed from mouth to mouth through the street, that all would be welcome, and the avenues of Mr. Colby's grounds, as well as the adjoining streets, were filled with admiring throngs,

from dark till midnight. Most of those who had taken part in the exercises of the day, including the distinguished guests from abroad, were present, and were received by the host with cordial hospitality. The graceful lines of colored light, the peculiar verdure of the foliage in its novel illumination, the sparkling waters of the fountains, the gay throngs and the voluptuous music, will long be remembered as among the most pleasing features of a most remarkable day.

Historical Record.

We print below a historical record of the regiments in which the soldiers whose names are to be inscribed on the monument, served principally collected by Mr. JAMES HARDING, of the *Berkshire County Eagle*, from the reports of the Adjutant General, and from other sources of information. When not otherwise stated, the regiments named are Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, enlisted for three years. The names under the head of losses are those which are to be inscribed on the monument, and include all Pittsfield soldiers who fell in the war, whether serving on the quota of the town or not, which the committee, after long and diligent enquiry, have been able to discharge.

SECOND REGIMENT,

Col. George H. Gordon, was mustered into the service of the United States, May 25, 1861, left the State July 8, 1861, and was mustered out July 14, 1865. It took part in the following engagements:—Jackson, Front Royal, Winchester, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Resaca, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Atlanta, Raleigh, Averysborough, &c. It was one of two Massachusetts regiments in Gen. Sherman's Army, and followed him from the mountains to the sea.

Charles W. Robbins, died in Hospital at Louisville, Kentucky.

Michael Mullany, died in 1862.

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

This was the Essex County Regiment of the organization of the State soldiery known as the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, in distinction from the Massachusetts Volunteers, who were recruited especially for service in the war against the Rebellion. When the call for Massachusetts troops was made in 1861, the Eighth was ordered to respond; being deficient in the number of companies, the Allen Guard of Pittsfield was permitted to join it, and became Company K. It served three months in the vicinity of Baltimore, without loss by death. The Eighth being called again in November,

1864, a Pittsfield company under command of Capt. Lafayette Butler, was again attached to, and served with it, for one hundred days, on the borders of Virginia and Maryland, losing two men by disease, Charles C. Broad, who died at Pittsfield, Nov. 4, 1864, and Daniel S. Morgan, who died at Baltimore, August 9, 1864.

TENTH REGIMENT,

Col. H. S. Briggs, (promoted to Brigadier General after the seven days fight before Richmond, in which he was wounded,) was mustered into the service of the United States June 21, 1861, left the State July 25, 1861, and was mustered out in July, 1864. It took part in the following engagements: Battles on the Peninsula, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, Coal Harbor. Company D, (Pollock Guard) of this regiment, Capt. Clapp, was raised in this town. Its losses by death were:

Sergeant Haskel Heminway, killed July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill.
 Sergeant Thomas Duffee, killed at Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
 Samuel D. Burbank, killed May 10, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.
 James Cassidy, killed May 5, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.
 Richard S. Corliss, killed July 1, 1861, at Malvern Hill, Va.
 Nelson N. Grippen, killed July 1, 1862, at Malvern Hill, Va.
 Charles F. Harris, Jr., died Sept. 17, 1862, at Newport News, Va.
 Alfred C. Hemenway, killed May 30, 1862, at Fair Oaks, Va.
 Gardner B. Hibbard, died Nov. 13, 1861, at Washington, D. C.
 Michael Hogan.
 Henry Noble, killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania.
 Richard Ryan, killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT,

Col. Wm. Raymond Lee, was mustered into the service of the United States, August 28, 1861, left the State September 4, 1861, and was mustered out July 16, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Ball's Bluff, Yorktown, West Point, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Chantilly, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe's Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Po River, Spottsylvania, Tolopotomy, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Strawberry Plains, Deep Bottom, Ream's Station, Boydtown Road, Vaughan Road, Farmville. Losses:

Lieut. Lansing E. Hibbard, killed May 10, 1864.
 Sergeant John Merchant, killed October 21, 1861, at Balls Bluff, Va.
 Oliver S. Bates, died August 19, 1864, at Alexandria, Va.
 James Carough, died of wounds, December 15, 1862.
 Jonathan Francis, died of wounds Dec. 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, Va.
 Charles Goodwin, killed in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864.
 George F. Kelly, killed October 21, 1861, at Balls Bluff, Va.
 James K. Morey, died December 28, at Salisbury, N. C.

Wilbur Noble, died in June, 1862, in New York, while on his way home.
John A. Sloan, died October 8, 1862, at Bolivar Heights, Md.

TWENTY-FIRST REGIMENT,

Col. Augustus Morse, was mustered into the service of the United States, in July and August, 1861; left the State August 23, 1861, and was mustered out August 30, 1864. It took part in the following named engagements: Roanoke Island, Newbern, Camden, Second Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Blue Spring, Campbell Station, Siege of Knoxville, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Coal Harbor, Petersburg, Welden Railroad, Poplar Spring Church, Hatcher's Run.

Losses:

Captain William H. Clark, died of wounds August 16, 1864.
Sergeant Justin S. Cressy, killed September 1, 1862, at Chantilly, Va.
Sergeant Evelyn A. Garlick, killed Sept. 1, 1862, at Chantilly, Va.
Corp. Charles L. Woodworth, killed March 14, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
Henry F. Chamberlain, died April 6, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
George W. Jarvis, killed June 2, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Va.
Hobart R. McIntosh, killed September 1, 1862, at Chantilly, Va.
George E. Menton, killed March 14, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
Samuel Wright, died March 30, 1863, of wounds.

TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT,

Col. Horace C. Lee, of Springfield, was mustered into the service of the United States September 20, 1861, left the State November 2, 1861. The main part of the regiment was mustered out at the expiration of the term of service, September 27, 1864, while the remainder, composed of re-enlisted men and recruits whose terms had not expired, were retained, and were finally mustered out June 26, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Roanoke, Newbern, Washington, Gum Swamp, Walthal, Arrowfield Church, Drury's Bluff, Coal Harbor, and other battles before Richmond, South-west Creek. Losses:

Sergeant Willard L. Merry, died April 19, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
Sergeant Wm. H. Monnier, died Dec. 4, 1864, at Annapolis, Md.
James S. Bentley, died September 4, 1862, at Newbern, N. C.
David Bolio, killed June 3, 1864, at Coal Harbor, Va.
Charles H. Davis, killed June 18, 1864, at Petersburg, Va.
James Donlin, died July 20, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
Joseph Goddit, died June 27, 1864, of wounds, at Point of Rocks, Md.
Eleazar Wilbur, died August 24, 1864, at Andersonville prison, Ga.
James Williams, died in Libby Prison, Va., June 8, 1864.
John Wilson, died May 21, 1864, at Norfolk, Va.

THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT,

Col. Oliver P. Gooding, was mustered into the service of the United States from dates of enrolment in the latter part of 1861 and commencement of

1862; left the State February 21, 1862, and was mustered out in the latter part of December, 1864, as a regiment, leaving a battalion of five companies, composed of re-enlisted men and recruits whose terms of service had not expired, which was mustered out September 9, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Bisland, Port Hudson, Brashear City, Sabine Cross Roads, Cane River Crossing, Alexandria, Governor Moore's Plantation, Yellow Bayou, and in the several actions during the siege of Mobile. Losses:

Capt. Wm. W. Rockwell, died December 3, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La.

Louis H. Daily, died June 29, 1865, at Donaldsonville, La.

Henry Holder, died Oct. 13, 1863, at Cairo, Ill.

Edward E. Quigley, died December 24, 1861, at Chester, Mass.

George L. Martin, died Oct. 12, 1864, at New Orleans, La.

John B. Ross, died April 11, 1864, at New Orleans, La.

James Tute, died June 17, 1864, at New Orleans, La.

THIRTY-FOURTH REGIMENT,

Col. George D. Wells, (killed in action Oct. 13, 1864, at Stickney's Farm, brevet Brigadier General,) was mustered into the service of the United States August 13, 1862, left the State August 15, 1862, and was mustered out June 16, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Newmarket, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Snicker's Gap, Martinsburg, Halltown, Berryville, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Hatcher's Run, Petersburg. Losses:

Lieut. James L. Dempsey, died October 17, 1864, at Winchester, Va., of wounds received at Cedar Creek, Oct. 13.

Corporal Noah A. Clark, killed October 18, 1863, at Ripon, Va.

John Casey, killed June 6, 1864, at Piedmont, Va.

Charles H. Dill, died August 20, 1864, at Staunton, Va.

William E. Donnelly, killed at Newmarket, Va.

Edgar P. Fairbanks, died Nov. 6, 1862, at Fort Lyon, Va.

John Grady, died Nov. 12, 1865, at Salisbury, N. C.

Nelson Harned, died January 7, 1864, at Harper's Ferry, Va.

Thomas Lecson, died April 3, 1864, at Martinsburg, Va.

John Shaw, died August 27, 1864, at Staunton, Va.

THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT,

Col. Oliver Edwards, of Springfield, was mustered into the service of the United States September 4, 1862, left the State September 7, 1862, and was mustered out June 21, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Fredericksburg, Mayre's Heights, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Fort Stedman, Opequan. Losses:

Miles H. Blood, killed Sept. 19, 1864, at Winchester, Va.

Oliver C. Hooker, killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

Patrick Hussey, killed July 3, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pa.

Robert Reinhart, killed Aug. 21, 1864, at Fort Stevens, D. C.

THIRTY-NINTH REGIMENT,

Col. Timothy Ingraham, of New Bedford. This regiment was mustered into the service of the United States September 4, 1862, left the State September 6, 1862, and was mustered out June 2, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Tolopotomy, Bethesda Church, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Dabney's Mills, Gravelly Run, Five Forks. Loss:

Elbert O. Hemenway, died at Salisbury Prison, N. C., Jan. 1, 1865.

FORTY-NINTH REGIMENT.

This was a nine months' regiment, recruited entirely in Berkshire County, in the early autumn of 1862. It was principally mustered into service at "Camp Briggs," in Pittsfield. The camp was under the command of Captain W. F. Bartlett, of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment, who was then incapacitated for active service, having lost a leg before Yorktown. The regiment was removed to Worcester, early in November, where it completed its regimental organization by the election of Captain W. F. Bartlett, Colonel, Captain S. B. Sumner, Lieutenant Colonel, and Captain Charles T. Plunkett, Major. The regiment was sent to New York, and from there to "Camp N. P. Banks," on Long Island, in the latter part of November. It soon began to earn a reputation for good discipline, and was kept by General Andrews doing provost guard duty in New York, until all the other regiments of the Banks' expedition had been sent forward.

On the 24th of January, 1863, the regiment was sent to New Orleans. It was attached to the First Brigade, Colonel Chapin commanding, and Augur's division; took part in the battles of Plain's Store and Donaldsonville, and distinguished itself in several severe engagements during the siege of Port Hudson. It reached Pittsfield, August 21st, having returned via the Mississippi River, and was publicly received with much enthusiasm by the citizens of Berkshire County. Losses:

Corporal Allen M. Dewey, died March 23, 1863, at New Orleans, La.

James B. Bull, killed July 13, 1863, at Donaldsonville, La.

Luther M. Davis, killed May 27, 1863, at Port Hudson, La.

Seth R. Jones, died May 16, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La.

Daniel M. Joyner, died July 2, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La.

Samuel G. Noble, died July 14, 1863.

Charles E. Platt, died June 6, 1863, of wounds, at Port Hudson, La.

William Taylor, died March 20, 1863, at New Orleans, La.

Charles F. Videtto, died April 14, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La.

FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT,

(Col. Robert G. Shaw, (killed in action, July 18, 1863,) was the first colored regiment recruited in this state. It was mustered into service May 13, 1863,

left the State May 28, 1863, and was mustered out August 20, 1865. It took part in the following engagements: Fort Wagner, and the several engagements before Charleston, Olustee, James Island, Honey Hill, Boydkins Mills. Losses:

Eli Franklin, died July 20, 1863, at Beaufort, S. C.

Levi Bird, died July 10, 1865, at Charleston, S. C.

John Van Blake, died Dec. 21, 1863, at Morris Island, S. C.

Henry Wilson, died July 31, 1865, at Charleston, S. C.

FIFTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT,

Col. W. F. Bartlett, of Pittsfield, (brigadier general, brevet major general) was mustered into the service of the United States April 6, 1864, left the State, April 18, 1864, and was mustered out July 30, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Spring Church, Hatcher's Run. Losses:

Corp. Geo. H. Hodge, died June 5, 1864, at Arlington, Va.

William G. Bourne, killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

Chester H. Daniels, died July 29, 1864.

Lowell Daniels, killed May 18, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.

Horace Danyon, died July 18, 1864, at Washington, D. C.

Peter Monney, killed May 12, 1864, at Spottsylvania, Va.

Patrick Thornton, died May 18, 1864, of wounds.

Lester Tyler, killed May 6, 1864, at Wilderness, Va.

SIXTY-FIRST REGIMENT,

Col. C. F. Wolcott, of Cambridge, was recruited as a one year regiment. Five companies left the State October 7, 1864, and the remainder were forwarded as soon as they reached the maximum number. Five companies were mustered out June 4, 1865, and the remainder July 16, 1865. The regiment took part in the engagements before Petersburg. Losses:

Thomas D. Beebe, died Feb. 12, 1865, at City Point, Va.

Martin F. Mallison, died Sept. 12, 1864, at Galloup's Island.

FIRST REGIMENT OF CAVALRY,

Col. Robert Williams, of Virginia, was mustered into the service of the United States, November 1, 1861; the First Battalion left the State December 25; the Second, December 27; and the Third December 29, 1861. The Third Battalion was detached from the regiment August 4, 1863, and subsequently became a part of the Fourth Regiment of Cavalry. A new battalion was recruited to fill its place, and was sent forward in January, 1864. The regiment was mustered out June 26, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Poolesville, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Brandy Station, Aldie, Upperville, Gettysburg, Williamsport, Culpepper, Auburn, Todd's Tavern, Fortifications of

Richmond, Vaughan Road, St. Mary's Church, Cold Harbor, Bellefield.
Losses :

- Charles T. Chapman, died August 28, 1863, at Annapolis, Md.
- Hiram S. Gray, died August 17, 1864.
- Michael Hanly, died August 22, 1864, at Andersonville, Ga.
- John F. Hills, died Feb. 18, 1865, at Richmond, Va.
- John P. Ober, killed June 17, 1863, at Aldie, Va.
- Edward O. Roberts, died Sept. 21, 1864, at Andersonville, Va.
- Giles Taylor, died at City Point, Va.

THIRD REGIMENT OF CAVALRY,

Col. Thomas E. Chickering, of Boston, was recruited and originally went into the service as the Forty-First Regiment of Infantry. It was mustered into the service of the United States November 1, 1862; and left the State November 15, 1862. On June 17, 1863, the regiment was changed to a cavalry organization, and the First, Second, and Third Unattached Companies of Massachusetts Volunteers, Cavalry, were consolidated with, and became a part of the organization. It was mustered out September 28, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Irish Bend, Henderson Hill, Cane River, Port Hudson, Sabine Cross Roads, Muddy Bayou, Piney Woods, Red River Campaign, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, Snag Point, Winchester, Cedar Creek, and others. Losses :

- Abram Malcolm, died October 13, 1864.
- Charles Ollinger, killed at Kelley's Ford.
- Allen Pritchard, died Aug. 11, 1865, at Fort Leavenworth, Ka.

SECOND BATTERY LIGHT ARTILLERY,

Ormand F. Nims, Captain, was mustered into the service of the United States July 31, 1861, left the State August 8, 1861, and was mustered out August 11, 1865. It took part in the following named engagements: Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Sabine Cross Roads, Jackson, Claiborne, Ala., Daniel's Plantation. The only Pittsfield member killed, was Timothy Reardon, killed April 8, 1864, at Sabine Cross Roads.

OTHER REGIMENTS.

Besides the above, Pittsfield contributed to regiments of other states, and in the regular army, and lost as follows :

- Segt. Byron W. Kellogg, 173 N. Y. Vols., died of wounds June 30, 1863, at Baton Rouge, La.
- Charles M. Shepardson; 12th N. Y. Cavalry, died October 30, 1864, at Newbern, N. C.
- Isaac Johnson, 5th Mass. Cavalry, killed July 28, 1864, at Point Lookout, Va.
- Capt. Henry H. Sears, 48th New York.

Sergeant John W. Smith, U. S. Army, died January, 1863, at Harper's Ferry, Va.

James Donahue, 121st New York Infantry, died at Alexandria, Va., April, 1865.

A considerable number of men from Pittsfield enlisted in the United States Army and Navy, some of whom doubtless lost their lives in the war, although the committee are unable to obtain the names of more than one. In order that no injustice may be done, the tablets, which are to contain the names on the monument, will not be engraved until spring, and it is earnestly requested that all will examine this list, and also that of Pittsfield Soldiers in the war, and make known any errors or omissions which they may discover, to WM. R. PLUNKETT, Esq.

Roll of Honor.

As the Monument is not only a memorial of those who fell in defence of the Union, but also a testimonial to all the soldiers, who served in behalf of the town in the same cause, it has been deemed advisable to print here a roll of their names, as accurately as it can be obtained. Unfortunately, but perhaps as might be expected in a work of so great magnitude, the State Record is found to be often manifestly incorrect, and the means of rectifying it, often imperfect. Many corrections have, however, been made in this list, on good authority. The list is to be printed also in the 2d volume of the History of Pittsfield, and those who may discover errors or omissions in it are requested to report them as soon as may be to J. E. A. Smith at the Athenæum.

Eighth Regiment Infantry, M. V. M.

(The Allen Guard of Pittsfield, being attached to this Regiment for special service in answer to the First call of President Lincoln for troops, became Co. K., and was mustered into the U. S. service April 30, 1861, twelve days after it left Pittsfield.)

Henry S. Briggs, Captain: Colonel 10th Mass. Vols. June 12, 1861.

Henry H. Richardson, 1st Lieutenant: Captain June 15, 1861,

Robert Bache, 2d Lieutenant: 1st Lieutenant June 15, 1861.

Alonzo E. Goodrich. 1st Sergeant: 2d Lieutenant June 15, 1861.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Daniel J. Dodge, Sergeant.	Frederick Smith, Corporal.
Samuel M. Wardwell, “	Cornelius Burley, “
Israel C. Weller, “	• Albert Howe, “
Charles R. Strong, “	

MUSICIAN.

Edwin Merry.

PRIVATEs.

Alden, Henry	Bonney, Nicholas	Castello, William
Atwood, Andrew J.	Booth, Dexter F.	Davis, Charles H.
Barnard, Wm. E.	Brown, Charles	Dodge, Emerson J.
Bassett, Almon F.	Burbank, Geo. W.	Fuller, Andrew J.
Bentley, Perry C.	Butler, Lafayette	Garrett, Wm. H. H.
Blinn, George	Chamberlain, Robert	Goggins, James
Bonney, Harvey	Clark, W. H.	

Greelis, Robert	McIntosh, Hobart H.	Rouse, John T.
Harrington, Wm. F.	McKenna James	Sedgwick, Irving M.
Hemenway, Elbert O.	McKenna William	Skinner, Frederick A.
Hemenway, F. A.	Mitchell, Wells B.	Taylor, Charles H.
Hemenway, Harrison	Montville, Mitchell	Van Loon, Lyman W.
Hopkins, Chester H.	Morse, J. A.	Vedder, Jacob
Hughes, Daniel	Nichols, Abram J.	Volk, Abraham
Joyce, Thomas	Powers, Richard	Wark, John
Jordan, Dwight	Randall, Jason B.	Wells, John
Lee, John M.	Reed, George	Whipple, Albert H.
Lloyd, Frank	Read, William D.	Whittlesey, Elihu B.
Marks, Constant R.	Reynolds, George	Wood, Thaddeus
Mullany, Anthony	Rockwell, Wm. W.	Wright, Theodore S.

Eighth Regiment Infantry, M. V. M. (100 Days.)

(SEE HISTORICAL RECORD.)

Lafayette Butler, Captain.
William D. Reed, 1st Lieutenant.
James Kittle, 2d Lieutenant,

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Edward B. Mead, 1st Sergeant.	Timothy Drew, Corporal.
George A. Holland, "	John K. Packard, "
Edwin F. Russell, "	Orson B. Kendall, "
George S. Willis, Jr., "	William D. Bliss, "
John T. Power, "	John S. Smith, "
Dwight Holland, Corporal.	John L. Dalymple, "

PRIVATES.

Adams, John H.	Goodrich, Frank H.	Moore, John 1st
Aldrich, Cornelius S.	Green, William H.	Moore, John 2d
Barber, Joseph	Gunn, Charles H.	Morgan Daniel S.
Bardeau, Peter	Hemenway, Willard F.	Murphy, Joseph P.
Broad Charles C.	Houlohan, James	Prentiss, Charles
Brien, Isadore	Jeffers, Edgar	Pritchard, Allen
Burbank, Charles H.	Kendall, Eben W.	Rensehausen, Henry
Burt Charles A.	Labare, John J.	Rockwell, Charles A.
Casey, Patrick	Lawrence, Joseph E.	Rolland, Ausanda E.
Chickering, John A.	Mallison, Lugene	Ryan, Edward J.
Collins, John	Marshall, Alfred	Ryan, John
Curron, Marcus	Massey, Milo T.	Sears, James H.
Fabricius, William	McDonald, Frank	Smith, Henry H.
Fagan, Alonzo D. E.	Meeks, Thomas	Smith, Wm. H.
Forward, William	Moore, Albert	Walker, Eleazer
Gallipaux, Lewis	Moore, Charles	

Forty-Ninth Regiment Infantry, M. V. M.

[This being a nine month Regiment, raised exclusively in Berkshire County, we give the roll of staff and field officers and the Pittsfield members by Companies.]

FIELD AND STAFF.

Col. William F. Bartlett, Boston.*
 Lieutenant Colonel, Samuel B. Sumner, Great Barrington.
 Major, Charles T. Plunkett, Pittsfield.
 Surgeon, Frederic Winsor, Boston.
 Adjutant, Benjamin C. Miflin, Boston.
 Quarter Master, Henry B. Brewster, Pittsfield.
 Sergeant Major, Henry J. Wylie, Pittsfield.
 Quarter Master Sergeant, George E. Howard, Pittsfield.
 Hospital Steward, Albert J. Morey, Lee.

PITTSFIELD ROLL.

CO. A.

Israel C. Weller, Captain.
 George W. Clark, 1st Lieutenant.
 Frederick A. Francis, 2d Lieut. Sept. 18, 1862; 1st Lieut. Dec. 31, 1862.
 George Reed, 1st Sergeant, Sept. 18, 1852; 2d Lieut. May 23, 1863.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Albert Howe, 1st Sergeant.	George H. Kearn, Corporal.
Charles P. Adams, "	Lyman J. Read, "
David Greber, "	Michael F. Dailey, "
Thomas Biety, "	John B. Scace, "
Henry J. Wylie, "	Wm. E. Tillotson, "
George E. Howard, "	James Kittle, "
John Priestly, Corporal.	Joseph H. Allen, "
Erastus D. Barnes, "	

MUSICIANS.

John C. Merry, Michael H. Hanley, Emile Neuber.

PRIVATES.

Abbe, Merrick L.	Hall, Thomas E.	Rairden, Timothy
Aldrich, Cornelius S.	Holland, George A.	Reed, William
Bailey, Julius F.	Hubbard, Lewis F.	Rheel, Henry
Bassett, James W.	Hufneagle, Frederick	Roo, Henry L.
Blake, Frank V.	Jones, Seth R.	Robbins, Henry M.
Bogard, Robert	Jones, William	Rechsteshell, Henry
Bryce, John Jr.	Joyner, Daniel M.	Rogers, Judson B.
Burt, Orville D.	Kendall, Chauncey E.	Rogers, John
Clamann, William	Kimball, John	Shaw, William
Clark, John B.	LeBarnes, George E.	Swart, John
Clark, William E.	Macoy, Martin	Swart, John W.
Coleman, Charles A.	Malcomb, Joseph	Stupka, William
Colt, Merrick R.	Marion, Andrew	Taylor, William
Daniels, Peter	Marion, Lewis	Tuggey, William
Davis, Luther M.	Maxwell, John	Vanderburg, Charles B.
Drew, Timothy	Nicholas, William	Videtto Charles F.
Dunlap, Thomas	Noble, Samuel G.	Warner, Henry C.
Ende, Emile	O'Brien, William	Watkins, Charles B.
Fuller, George	Packard, John K.	Watkins, Willard L.
Green, Robert A.	Platt, Charles E.	Weidman, John
Grewe, Henry	Rairden, Hugh	

*Colonel Bartlett, was a citizen of Pittsfield before the end of the war.

CO. B.

Charles R. Garlick, Captain.

CO. C.

Charles T. Plunkett, Captain: Promoted Major, May 11, 1862.

Charles R. Lingenfeldter, Capt. Jan. 3, 1863.

William M. Wells, 2d Lieutenant.

James N. Strong, 2d Lieutenant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

William H. Cranston, Corporal. Frank H. Haskins, Corporal.

Allen M. Dewey,

PRIVATES.

Baker, Robert H.	Daniels, Michael	Merry, Henry N.
Bastianella, James E.	Dudley, Charles	Moore, Henry
Braunwalder, Daniel	Knox, Francis M.	Ollenger, Charles
Campbell, Henry J.	Lee, John H.	Smith, Henry
Camp, John R.	Merry, Edward F.	Stelfax, William

CO. D.

Henry R. Fowler, Corporal.

CO. H.

PRIVATES.

Hills, John F. Doten, John Knickerbocker, George.

CO. I.

Zenas C. Rennie, Captain.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

George L. Geer, Sergeant.

PRIVATES.

Avery, Peter	Howard, Alberjus W.	Merrills, John W.
Dresser, Gilbert W.	Jeffers, Lewis R.	Rockwell, Charles A.
Gallipaux, Joseph	Mallison, Martin	Van Linc, Peter
Groat, Rufus	McKenna, James	Vandenburgh, Richard
Harris, Addison I.		

Sixty-First Regiment Infantry, M. V. M.

(One year service.)

William H. Brown, 1st Lieutenant, Sept. 22, 1864.

Henry T. Johns 2d Lieutenant, Sept. 6, 1864. 1st Lieut. Jan. 15, 1865.

George H. Kearns 2d Lieutenant, March 15, 1865.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Thomas Bietty, 1st Sergeant.	James W. Bassett, Corporal.
George H. Kearns, 1st	Pindar F. Cooley, "
Lewis Merriam,	George H. French, "
Judson B. Rogers,	John H. Holland, "
John B. Seace,	James McKenna, "
Charles L. R. Strong,	Herman H. Shaw, "
Warren W. Wade,	Chas. W. Thompson, "

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN.

Edwin S. Joy.

PRIVATES.

Austin, William H.	Ferron, Edward	Kerr, Peter
Bagg, Edwin	Flansburg, Peter	Larkin, Michael
Barnes, James	Follen, Michael	LeBarnes, Geo. E.
Bedford, James, Jr.	Forward, Daniel	Loudon, Thomas L.
Beebe, James H.	Francis, George	Loring, William G.
Beebe, Thomas D.	Gandley, James	Lovejoy, Alfred H.
Bonney, Nicholas D.	Gilbert, Henry Jr.	Mallison, Martin F.
Boughton, John W.	Goodell, David	McKenna, Thomas
Brown, Wm. H.	Gottschild, Herman	Morrow, John
Bundy, Alexander D.	Grey, William	Porter, Andrew J.
Caden, James H.	Hallenbeck, Augustus P.	Ransehausen, William Jr.
Chapman, Nath'l C. Jr.	Hancock, John	Roberts, Peter J.
Cowan, Harrison J.	Harrison, Henry A.	Robinson, George E.
Curley, Michael	Hemenway, Francis A.	Shepton, George
Dailey, Joseph T.	Holdridge, Israel D.	Spaulding, Silas D.
Davis, Daniel	Horton, Emery S.	Ward, James
Davis, Michael L.	Howard George E.	Webley, Edward
Dick, William J.	Hubbard, Josiah N.	Widmaier, Christian
Dunn, James	Kellard, John	

Three Years' Regiments.

THE Regiments whose rolls are already given were called in special emergencies, for brief periods. Those which follow were enlisted for three years service.

Tenth Regiment Infantry, M. V.

Henry S. Briggs, Colonel, June 21, 1861. Promoted Brigadier General July 27, 1862.
 Thomas W. Clapp, Captain.
 John W. Howland, 1st Lieutenant.
 George Hager, 2d Lieutenant.
 Elihu B. Whittlesey, 2d Lieutenant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

George E. Bailey, Sergeant,	James Finnican, Corporal.
Henry R. Davis, "	Gardner B. Hibbard, "
Haskell Hemenway, "	John S. Smith, "
Dwight Hubbard, "	Walter B. Smith, "
Almond Bassett, Corporal,	Timothy Murphy, "
Thomas Duffee, "	

PRIVATES.

Bolter, Peter C.	Carey, John	Dudley, Charles
Breyer, Frank L.	Cassidy, James	Ginn, John N.
Brown, Thomas	Colt, Thomas G.	Green, Jerry
Burbank, Samuel	Dailey, John E.	Harris, Charles F. Jr.

Bosworth, Henry C.	Magee, Nelson	Shannon, Thomas
Baird, Andrew	Martin, John	Simons, Wolfe
Eagan, John	Menton, George	Slate, Marshall F.
Hemenway, Alfred C.	Mullett, Daniel A.	Stockbridge, Lyman
Hemenway, Harrison	Mullett, John S.	Tahan, Albert A.
Hogan, Wm.	Newton, Henry D.	Vetter, Jacob
Irving, William	Noble, Henry	Viddeto, William H.
Jones, John	Preetiss, George L.	Wetherbee, James W.
Joy, Edward S.	Packard, Charles	Wallace, William
Kellogg, George S.	Phipps, Charles W.	Williams, James
Lane, William T.	Reinhardt, Robert	Wilbur, Eleazer
Larkin, Thomas G.	Reardon, Daniel	Wilson, Ephraim
Loomis, Daniel	Ryan, Richard	Wilcox, Darvil M.
Mann, Benjamin	Ross, John H.	

Eleventh Regiment Infantry, M. V.

William R. Bassett, 1st Lieutenant, July 11, 1863.

Twelfth Regiment Infantry, M. V.

PRIVATES.

Claffee, John	Hemenway, Elbert O.	Phelps, Dexter M.
Evans, John		

Seventeenth Regiment Infantry, M. V.

PRIVATES.

Cozzens, Michael	Lawler, James	Nugent, Hugh
Guinar, Andrew	Murphy, Thomas	O'Mara, John

Eighteenth Regiment Infantry, M. V.

PRIVATES.

Patrick Cannon.	James Dwycr.
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Nineteenth Regiment Infantry, M. V.

PRIVATES.

McCabe, Joseph,	Smith, James,	Thornton, James.
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Twentieth Regiment Infantry, M. V.

Walter B. Smith, Captain: transferred from 37th Reg. March 4, 1865.
 Lansing E. Hibbard, 1st Sergeant, Aug. 31, 1861; 2d Lieut. Nov. 12, 1862;
 1st Lieut. June 16, 1863. (Lieut. Hibbard's commission as Captain had
 been made out, but he had not been mustered into his new rank when he
 was killed, May 10, 1864.)

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

John Merchant 1st Sergeant,

PRIVATES.

Chapman, David G.	Kelley, George F.	Reed, John
Chase, Hollis S.	Kennedy, John	Shannon, Thomas
Corbett, John	Lewis, Arthur S.	Sloan, John A.
Devine, James	Lew, Thomas	Smith, Thomas
Feathergill, Geo. W.	Packard, Charles	Strong, King
French, William, Jr.	Polie, Frederick	Tenna, John A.

Twenty-First Regiment Infantry, M. V.

Henry H. Richardson, Captain, Aug. 21, 1861; Major, Dec. 18, 1863;
Lieut. Colonel, July 16, 1864.
William H. Clark, 1st Sergeant, Aug. 10, 1861; 1st Lieut. March 3, 1862;
Captain, Oct. 30, 1862.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Justin S. Cressey, Sergeant.	Charles E. Johnson, Sergeant.
Samuel G. Dunovan, "	Richard Stevens, Corporal.

PRIVATES.

Atwood, Andrew J.	Jacquot, Jules	Reed, Thomas E.
Atwood, Charles L.	Jarvis, Geo. W.	Russell, Henry
Bedford, Samuel	Jordan, Xavier	Russell, Samuel P.
Costello, William	Kelley, Jeremiah	Scolly, Augustus
Davidson, John H.	Lombard, Robert R.	Sharp, George W.
Davis, Charles P.	McIntosh, H. R.	Sperry, Henry H.
Dudley, Sidney	Messenger, John	Volk, Abraham
Farely, John	Mountain, Edward	Whipple, Samuel P.
Garlick, Evalyn A.	Murphy, Hugh	Wright, Samuel
Hazard, Alfred M.	Potter, George E.	

Twenty-Fourth Regiment Infantry, M. V.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

James R. Cranston, Sergeant.	Timothy Riardon, Corporal.
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PRIVATES.

Gifford, Stephen E.	McCarthy, John	Powers, Peter
Griswold, Theodore D.	McKenna, John	Pratt, Edward L.
King, Henry	Malcomb, George	Quinn, Michael
Lynch, James	Pennock, Charles L.	Scriver, David

Twenty-Seventh Regiment Infantry, M. V.

Robert M. Roberts, 1st Sergeant, Dec. 4, 1863; 1st Lieut. May 15, 1865.
Wm. F. Harrington, 1st Sergeant, Sept. 29, 1861; 2d Lieut. June 4, 1863.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Charles H. Blood, 1st Sergeant.	W. H. Monnier, Sergeant.
Willard L. Merry, 1st "	Laville F. Hall, Corporal,
Franklin Hunt, "	"

PRIVATES.

Bentley, James L.	Gorman, John	O'Brien, William
Bentley, William G.	Groat, Rufus	O'Conner, Dennis
Bolio, David	Harrington, Walter S.	Patterson, Nathan W.

Davis, Charles H.	Jones, Thomas	Teelhan, Albert A.
Donlan, James	Lander, Robert	Tucker, John
Eagan, John	McCombs, Henry	Weed, Charles
Fisher, David	Marian, Andrew	Welsor, John
Fisher, Francis	O'Brien, William	Wilson, John
Goddett, Joseph	O'Conner, Dennis	Wilson, William
Groat, Rufus	Patterson, Nathan W.	Wilbur, Eleazer
Jackson, Stillman	Root, James W.	

28th Regiment Infantry.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

Henry Ruckeshell, Corporal.

29th Regiment Infantry.

Michael Mullany, Corporal.

PRIVATES.

Cassidy, Francis	Jackman, Henry L.	Owen, Richard
Clamann, William	Mercer, William	Raftes, John

31st Regiment Infantry.

Robert Bache, Major.

Elbert H. Fordham, 1st Lieutenant, Feb. 20, 1862; Capt. Sept. 6, 1862;
Major, April 15, 1864.

Francis E. R. Chubbuck, Chaplain.

Edward F. Hollister, Captain.

William W. Rockwell, Captain.

Geo. W. Sears, Sergeant, Feb. 17, 1862; Hospital Steward, Feb. 14,
1862; 2d Lieutenant, April 1, 1864.

Charles S. Burt, Quarter Master Sergeant.

WAGONER.

John L. Weller.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Abraham I. Nichols, 1st Sergeant.	Charles H. Adriance, Corporal.
Wm. H. Rich, 1st	Frederick Blauss, "
Emerson J. Dodge,	Thomas Harrington, "
William McKenna,	George E. Millen, "
Benjamin Taylor,	"

PRIVATES.

Agar, John	Booth, Dexter F.	Forrest, Joseph B.
Anthony, George	Byrne, Edward	French, William
Atwater, Wm. E.	Carney, Patrick	Galapaux, Peter
Ball, Henry	Carr, Homer E.	Garlick, Latham
Ball, Horace C.	Carver, John W.	Gear, Myron L.
Barber, John L.	Clark, John	Glynn, John
Barker, Daniel E.	Clary, Franklin	Goodrich, Ami B.
Barnard, Wm. E.	Corbett, Robert	Goor, John L.
Bentley, Commodore P.	Crandal, Rollin E.	Gould, Samuel E.
Berry, Albert L.	Dailey, Lewis D.	Hanselman, Andrew
Bidwell, George A.	Daley, Lafayette	Holder, Henry
Bickmyer, William	Daniels, Peter	Hopper, Martin
Bohonet, John	DeCorgin, F. Lewis	Hubbard, James E.

Hubbard, Wm. P.	Malcolm, Samuel	Ross, John
Hughes, Daniel	Malcolm, William	Ross, Joseph M.
Jarvis, James	Martin, George L.	Ross, Peter
Jaundrea, Joseph	Matthews, Charles	Russell, Joseph
Jaundrea, William	Mehan, William	Schlader, Diedrich
Jones, John	Merrill, John W.	Shannon, Daniel
Kelley, George	Merry, John C.	Spelman, Dominick
Kelley, Thomas	Mexcur, George N.	Stone, Charles
Kendall, Thomas	Montville, Michell	Sullivan, William
Knight, Joseph G.	Moore, William	Tate, James
Knight, George E.	Morse, James	Taylor, Benjamin
Koehlert, Louis	Mullen, George E.	Thornton, Wm. H.
Lambert, John	Mullany, Michael	Tobin, Thomas
Lassure, John	Mure, Andrew	Volk, Abram
Leppers, Joseph	Myers, Peter	Walker, David T.
Liston, John	Naragan, Edgar	Wentworth, Hiram
Lynes, Henry J.	O'Neil, Michael	Whipple, Stephen
McCann, Peter	Palmer, Rosa	Willard, John
McDonald, Patrick	Quigly, Edward E.	Wood, William
Main, Ichabod D.	Roberts, Daniel J.	Young, Hiram O.
Main, James A.	Roony, Wm. H.	

The Thirty-First Regiment was recruited under Lieut. Col. Charles M. Wheldon of Pittsfield, but in the adjustment of the conflict of authority between Gov. Andrew and Major Gen. Butler, under whose authority Colonel Wheldon acted, he received no commission, but was transferred to the staff of Gen. Butler at New Orleans.

32d Regiment Infantry.

PRIVATES.

Hemenway, Elbert O.	Phillips, Dexter M.	Scolly, Augustus
Anderson, James		

34th Regiment Infantry.

Andrew Potter, Captain, Aug. 6, 1862; Major, Sept. 24, 1864; Lieutenant Colonel, Oct. 14, 1864.

Lafayette Butler, 1st Lieut. July 15, 1862; Captain June 24, 1863.

William H. Cooley, Captain, August 6, 1862.

Lyman Van Loan, 1st Lieut. August 6, 1862; Captain, Sept. 24, 1864.

Samuel H. Platt, 2d Lieut. Aug. 6, 1862; 1st Lieut. March 18, 1864.

Melville F. Walker, 2d Lieut. June 18, 1863; 1st Lieut. June 6, 1864.

Lemuel Pomeroy, Sergeant Major, Aug. 1, 1862; 2d Lieut. Nov. 29, 1864.

James R. Fairbanks, Hospital Steward.

Michael F. Mullen, Quarter Master Sergeant.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Cornelius Burley, 1st Sergeant.	Elisha Chapin, Corporal.
Henry H. Clark, 1st	Noah A. Clark, "
James Dempsey, 1st	James Cowan, "
Edward B. Emerson,	Michael Hayden, "■
James D. French,	Charles H. Moulton, "
Arthur Marks,	William H. Porter, "
William Miuk,	Nathan L. Robinson, "

MUSICIANS.

Geo. H. Carpenter, Edgar P. Fairbanks,

WAGONER.

Julius F. Rockwell.

PRIVATES.

Anthony, Edward P.	Garry, Patrick	Mandego, William
Anthony, John M.	Grady, John	Manx, Stephen
Baptist, John	Haggerty, Michael	Morse, Jeremiah
Bell, James A.	Harned, Nelson.	Mullen, Michael
Bridgeman, Charles J.	Harrison, Edson J.	O'Conner, Thomas
Burns, Edward	Hogan, Wm.	Otis, Philip
Burns, William	Hubbard, Samuel H.	Powell, Thomas
Burt, Napoleon	Kelley, Wm.	Quin, Michael
Byrnes, Edward	Kiffe, John H.	Shaw, John
Cady, Henry C.	King, Henry	Smith, James
Chase, Wm. H.	Jarvis, William	Snell, George H.
Casey, John	Leason, Thomas	Sprague, Tyler
Chapman, Nathaniel C.	Logan, Jerry	Stevens, Louis
Dailey, Hiram	Lynch, James	Trabold, Sebastian
Dill, Charles H.	McGillp, Henry	Wilmot, John
Eastman, Wm. H. H.	Malcolm, George	Werden, Willis P.

36th Regiment Infantry.

PRIVATES.

Jaquot, Jules Murphy, Hugh Whipple, Samuel P.
Kelley, Jerry

37th Regiment Infantry.

Alonzo E. Goodridh, Lieutenant Colonel, Aug. 27, 1862.
Frank C. Morse, Chaplain, Aug. 27, 1862.
Thomas G. Colt, 1st Lieut. Aug. 5, 1862; Captain, Sept. 23, 1864; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel.
Daniel J. Dodge, Quarter Master.
Walter B. Smith, 2d Lieut. Aug. 27, 1862; 1st Lieut. April 5, 1864; Capt. March 4, 1865.
Michael Casey, 1st Sergeant, Sept. 2, 1862; 2d Lieut. March 2, 1865; 1st Lieut. June 26, 1865.
James C. Chalmers, 2d Lieut. Nov. 20, 1862; 1st Lieut. Dec. 5, 1863.
Thomas F. Plunkett, Jr., 2d Lieut. Nov. 2, 1862; 1st Lieut. Dec. 5, 1863.
Richard E. Morgan, Hospital Steward.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Thomas Fallon, Corporal. Robert Howe, Corporal.

PRIVATES.

Blood, Miles H.	Hemmenway, Harrison	Royce, Charles H.
Chalmers, John	Hooker, Oliver C.	Reinhart, Robert
Clough, Francis W.	Hussey, Patrick	Shanley, Wm. F.
Donlan, Andrew	McGheehin, John	Shannon, Thomas
Fallon, John	Packard, Charles	Sutcliff, William
Farrell, Christopher	Peters, Wm. L.	Wademan, Peter
Fuller, William	Rice, William	Welch, John
Ginn, John N.	Rodgers, James	Young, Michael

39th Regiment Infantry.

PRIVATES.

Caffrey, John Phillips, Dexter M. Wright, Theodore S.
Hemenway, Elbert O.

40th Regiment Infantry.

Oliver E. Brewster, Surgeon, Aug. 20, 1862; Resigned, Oct. 3, 1862.

34th Regiment Infantry.

Samuel Harrison, Chaplain, Sept. 8, 1863.
Edward B. Emerson, 2d Lieut. June 3, 1863; 1st Lieut, June 19, 1863;
Captain, March 30, 1865.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER.

George W. Ringgold, Corporal.

PRIVATES.

Bird, Levi	Hoose, Edward	Potter, Charles
Foster, Moses	Jackson, Samuel D.	Thompson, Abraham
Franklin, Eli	Jones, Henry E.	Van Blake, John
Gaines, Alexander	Jones, Samuel	Wilson, Abraham
Green, Geo. W.	Peters, William	Wilson, Henry
Hamilton, Paul		

56th Regiment Infantry, M. V.

PRIVATES.

Bedford, Samuel Kelly, Jerry Whipple, Samuel P.
Jaquot, Jules

37th Regiment Infantry.

Edward P. Hollister, Lieut. Colonel, Dec. 21, 1863.
James H. Marshall, 1st Lieut. Oct. 7, 1864.
Charles H. Royce, 2d Lieut. Jan. 7, 1864; 1st Lieut, Oct. 7, 1864.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

Joseph Gallipaux, Corporal. Lester Tyler, Corporal.
George H. Hodge, " Chas. E. Stone, "

PRIVATES.

Avery, Peter	Danyon, Horace	O'Clair, Peter
Bassett, Joseph	Dudley, Charles F.	Pecardet, George
Beckwith, Joseph H.	Dudley, Lyman	Putnam, Rufus E.
Bourne, Wm. S.	Gouch, Edwin J.	Thompson, Andrew C.
Clark, John	Hunt, Alvah A.	Thornton, Patrick
Daniels, Charles S.	Morrissey, Peter	Vince, Benjamin A.
Daniels, Lowell		

58th Regiment Infantry.

PRIVATE.

Daniel Higgins.

LIGHT ARTILLERY, M. V.

SECOND BATTERY.

John W. Swart, Corporal. Henry Welch, Corporal.

PRIVATES.

O'Donnell, Peter Riardon William Riardon, Thomas

THIRD BATTERY.

Malony, David N.

SEVENTH BATTERY.

Belcher, Edward Brady, Hugh

TWELFTH BATTERY.

Boynton, Nathaniel B. Keefe, Thomas C. Powers, Phillip

HEAVY ARTILLERY, M. V.

FIRST REGIMENT.

Emanuel B. Bleco, Corporal. John O'Rouke, Private.

SECOND REGIMENT.

Bates, Henry Cuzzens, Michael Lawler, James
Murphy, Thomas O'Mara, John

THIRD REGIMENT.

James Halpin, Corporal. Greenwood, James, Nelson, James
Nelson, John, Schermerhorn, Daniel

FIRST BATALLION.

Thomas Duffee, Private.

THIRTIETH UNATTACHED COMPANY. (One year.)

William Johnson, Private.

FIRST REGIMENT CAVALRY, M. V.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS.

John B. Fields, Sergeant. Clark B. Blood, Corporal.
James F. Lloyd, "

PRIVATES.

Allen, Stanton	Coste, Henry	Jansen, Eilart
Andrews, Charles E.	Dennis, Edward	McArdie, James
Atwood, Benoni W.	Dolan, James	Madden, George G.
Avery, Franklin M.	Estes, Wm. H.	Miner, Smith
Bellon, Patrick	Fairbanks, Charles F.	Morse, William
Bennet, Richard	Feehey, Martin	Palmer, Wm. D.
Bowen, Nelson O.	Fernet, Henry	Putnam, John
Bramer, Josiah	Garley, Thomas	Rouse, John D.
Casey, Maurice	Gallipaux, Charles	Shannon, Daniel
Carter, Nelson	Guinan, James	Shannon, Edward
Chapman, Charles T.	Hatch, Moses	Taylor, Giles
Clark, William	Hoin, Theodore C.	Waterman, Irving
Cole, James	Howe, John	Williams, Henry
Conway, Anthony	Hull, Wm. H.	

SECOND REGIMENT CAVALRY, M. V.

PRIVATES.

Abbott, Sturges	Donahue, Thomas	McCreith, John
Benjamin, James N.	Heckory, Charles	Odell, John
Bran, John	Huych, Nicholas H.	

THIRD REGIMENT CAVALRY, M. V.

PRIVATES.

Barber, Joseph P.	Green, Jerry	Pritchard, Allen
Brown, Nelson S.	McKenna, Daniel	Quinn, Thomas
Conlin, James	McKenna, Wm. E.	Ray, Charles
Corron, Marcus	Malcolm, Abraham	Solon, James
Fagan, Dennis A.		

FOURTH REGIMENT CAVALRY, M. V.

William Cook, Private.

FIFTH REGIMENT CAVALRY, M. V.

John F. Porter, Sergeant.	John E. Gillard, Corporal.
John A. Williams, "	Augustus Fields, Private:

U. S. REGULAR ARMY.

PRIVATES.

Connolly, Timothy J.	Gould, David H.	Noonan, Morris
Dane, Joseph E.	Moran, Hugh	Powers, Richard

U. S. VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

PRIVATES.

James Malcomb.	John W. McGinnis.
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U. S. COLORED TROOPS.

PRIVATES.

Richard Birdsound,	Abraham Reynolds.
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FIRST COMPANY SHARP-SHOOTERS.

William F. Bunnells, Private.

VETERAN RESERVE CORPS.

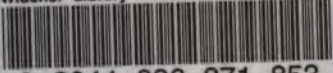
PRIVATES.

Albert, Charles	Hart, Daniel	McRichards, Joseph
Barrett, James A.	Hunt, John	O'Callahan, Eugene
Brady, James	Hedgeman, George	O'Hanen, Hugh
Brady, Michael	Hea, Jacob	O'Neil, Hugh
Broderick, Patrick	Hoffman, Germany	Parker, Joseph
Brown, James	Hooker, George	Quinlan, William
Craven, Anthony	Jackson, Charles L.	Rapp, William
Dalton, William	Kennedy, Thomas	Reed, Samuel W.
Dugan, Joseph	Leary, John	Read, John S.
Ersenberger, Rudolph	Leary, Patrick	Schneck, Charles
Finicane, James	Lyman, Charles	Spear, Charles H.
Fitzgerald, Peter	Lynch, John	Taylor, Abraham
Gaddis, James	McCabe, George	Thompson, William
Guinan, Wm. J.	McIntyre, Michael	Underwood, Edward E.

Enlistments in Organizations of States other than Massachusetts.

Henry H. Sears, Captain, 48th New York Volunteer Infantry.
 Byron W. Kellogg, Sergeant, 173 New York Volunteer Infantry.
 John Camp, 1st Regiment New Orleans Infantry.
 Charles M. Shepardson, 12th New York Cavalry.

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