

COMPLIMENTS OF  
C. J. MURPHY.

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REMINISCENCES  
OF THE  
WAR OF THE REBELLION,  
AND OF THE MEXICAN WAR.

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By CHARLES J. MURPHY,

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## INTRODUCTION.

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Having a claim pending in Congress through a number of years past for twenty thousand dollars, the value of my property destroyed during the Rebellion by our own troops, I was advised to put in shape and have pointed any services of mine rendered during that war that would deserve any particular mention, and which would assist me in my efforts to procure the passage of the bill.

It places me in a rather awkward position to be obliged to write of myself in connection with my humble services, freely and cheerfully rendered in times of great peril, but I cannot help doing so, under the circumstances. I will, however, state my case as modestly as possible, and would only say that my regiment was the first to offer its services to the Government, making a most brilliant record during the two years of its time of service, and I never received or asked any favor at the hands of the Government since the close of the war.

As my object is to show that I rendered some service during the war, and what I did outside of the line of duty was prompted by the love I bore for my fellow-man, my only regret being that I did not have the opportunity of doing more, I have always felt a great satisfaction ever since to think that it was in my power to assist, in a small degree, in alleviating the sufferings of our noble men who perilled life and limb in this terrible war to uphold the Union.

On the news of the fall of Fort Sumpter in April, 1861, I was then an officer and one of the founders of an organization called the Scott Life Guard, named after my old Commander-in-Chief, Gen'l Scott, and composed of those who served in the war with Mexico. We called a meeting on the day after the proclamation for 75,000 men by Mr. Lincoln, and were the first regiment to offer our services to the Government and were mustered in on the 3d day of June, and immediately started for Washington. I left my family and my business that was paying me an income of some \$6,000 a year. In the first engagement of Bull Run I was unfortunate enough to be taken



prisoner, and afterwards made my escape and reached Washington after severe trials and suffering, which is fully described by John S. C. Abbott, the historian, and would say that I am now a member in good standing of the following organizations: Veteran Corps Seventh Regiment, N. Y. National Guard; Society of the Army of the Potomac; Rankin Post No. 20, Grand Army of the Republic; Association of the Veterans of the Mexican War, of which organization I have the honor to command as Marshal; Col. Wm. Linn Tidball, President. We number among our comrades such distinguished men as Gen. Hancock, Hooker, Cury, ex-Governor Price of New Jersey, Admirals Rowan and Wallis of the Navy, and other high officers of note. Am a member of the Associated Pioneers of the territorial days of California, in which State I was one of the earliest settlers, arriving in the first ship (the South Carolina) with passengers from New York, having gone there soon after the close of the Mexican war, arriving in 1849, and was one of the first party who camped at and established the city of Auburn, on the north fork of the American River. Mr. Halliday, since Judge in San Francisco, one of our company, naming the place. From San Francisco I went to Shanghai, China, and established the first American commercial house on the Chinese side of the Yang Kin Pang River, opposite the foreign or European quarter, at the junction of the Yang Tze Kiang River.

## REMINISCENCES

OF THE

# Late War of the Rebellion.

AND OF THE

## MEXICAN WAR.

BY

CHARLES J. MURPHY.

Brief record of services copied from Mr. William Swinton's History of the 7th Regt., during the War.

CHARLES J. MURPHY.

Entered the United States service in June, 1861, as First Lieutenant. Took part in the first battle of Bull Run, serving in the ranks with a musket, and was specially noticed for gallantry by his superior officers. When the army retreated, he refused to leave, and remained, dressing the wounds of the wounded in his own and other regiments, and was captured, sent to Richmond, and thrust into prison. He devoted his whole time to caring for the wounded there until September, 1861, when he, with Colonel Baynor and Hurd, effected the daring escape famous at that time and since, and crossed Virginia alone to our lines. All the commissioned and non-commissioned officers of his regiment unite in a document, praising, in the highest terms, his "courage, humanity, and self-sacrifice." Six of the Surgeons at Sudley Church Hospital, in a public letter, to Mr. Lincoln, pronounced his devotion and activity at Bull Run "greater than that of any other five men." General Shields wrote to the president that Lieutenant Murphy had, "by his noble-hearted conduct as a prisoner, in aid of all the wounded troops, earned the praise of the whole army." Whereupon the President wrote: "If there be any vacancy of a captaincy in the Regular Army not already promised, let it be given to Charles J. Murphy." With this prospect, Lieutenant Murphy resigned his commission in his regiment. While awaiting the commission so indicated, he went as a volunteer to the Peninsula, and cared for hundreds of wounded, at his own expense, through the severe and trying campaign. He did service to the wounded on many fields thereafter, without rank or pay, and was mentioned in public documents in the highest terms by many officers and men of the Union Army. Surgeon Dunster wrote: "His services so freely rendered, in a time of the direct confusion and dis-

tees, were of great value, and have received the grateful thanks of both the men he helped to care for and the officers whom he so nobly assisted." A soldier communicates a brief memorandum, as follows: "We were strangers, and he took us in; naked, and he clothed us; we were hangered, and he gave us food."

I escaped from Richmond in September, '61, in company with Col. Wm. H. Baynor of Ohio, and Col. Jos. E. Hard of Kentucky, an account of which is graphically described by Jos. S. C. Abbott, the historian of the war, in an article entitled "The Heroic Deeds of Heroic Men," published in the January, 1867, number of Harper's Magazine, and the following few extracts from the narrative will show the difficulties and privations of that ever-to-be remembered weary journey. The following letter from Mr. Abbott prompted me to hurriedly put together what I could remember, and from each other's account the history was written.

New Haven, May 1st, 1866.

COL. C. J. MURPHY:

MY DEAR SIR:

I have now finished my account of "The Capture, The Imprisonment and The Escape," so far as I can finish it without your narrative. In the accounts which Colonels Hard and Baynor have sent me they of course speak particularly of their own experiences, and you are mentioned incidentally. I wish to send the manuscript to the Harpers' as soon as I conveniently can, as it requires some time to get out the illustrations. Please send as soon as convenient what you have prepared, and also your photograph, as I wish to have the photograph of each connected with the article.

I am yours truly,

JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

## The Capture, Imprisonment, and Escape.

CAPTURE OF COLONEL HURD ; OF COLONEL RAYMON ; OF COLONEL MURPHY.—LIFE IN PRISON.—ASSAULTS.—THE ESCAPE FROM PRISON.—WANDERINGS THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.—PERILS AND SUFFERINGS.—REACHING THE POTOMAC.—THE CROSSING.—ADVENTURES IN MARYLAND.—RECEIVED ON BOARD UNITED STATES CUTTER.  
—ARRIVAL IN WASHINGTON.

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In the summer of 1863 three young patriot officers found themselves fellow-captives of war within the gloomy walls of the old tobacco-warehouse, in Richmond. One of these, Colonel J. R. Hurd, then Captain, was a Kentuckian, faithful found among many faithless. The love of adventure had lured him in very early years from his home, and, reveling in the wild and semi-barbaric life of a frontiersman, he had become inured to hardship, peril and self-reliance.

As we have mentioned, Colonels Hurd and Rayner had been companions and friends in childhood. They now became inseparable. Through a friendly guard they obtained a few yards of calico, and some cotton and thread, with which they made a quilt, which, with a block of wood for their pillow, constituted their only bed. Mr. Murphy was regarded as a surgeon by the rebels, and was consequently allowed, under close surveillance, to visit the hospitals where our wounded were languishing. He was thus enabled to contribute very much not only to their relief, but to the aid of his suffering companions in the warehouse. In one of these hospitals he found Mrs. Major-General Ricketts, who had heroically consented to become a prisoner-of-war that she might attend upon her wounded husband. This noble woman moved through the sad wards of that hospital at Richmond as angel of mercy, another Florence Nightingale, sharing the misery she attempted to alleviate. Officers and soldiers alike were cheered by her tender hand and her sympathizing heart. "She was obliged," writes Mr. Murphy, "to quarter in the same room with her husband and some six other officers, with only a small shawl used as a screen to shield her from observation."

And here we cannot refrain from paying a brief tribute of respect and gratitude to the Sisters of Mercy, who were untiring, day and night, in their devotion to the sufferers. They asked no questions whether the patient were

on this side or that in the strife. The fact that there was a brother before them bleeding, fainting, perhaps dying, moved all their sympathies, and, with humanity ennobled and inspired by Christian faith, they devoted themselves as taught by their Lord, to the relief of those who were sick and in prison.

With every prisoner the all-engrossing thought was how to escape. Many plans were suggested, pondered, and abandoned. Numerous attempts were made, nearly all of which failed. Some succeeded in getting out of the city, and one found his heart throbbing as he caught sight of the star-spangled banner, when he was cruelly seized by rebel scouts and dragged back to bondage. Captain Hurd was a man of immense physical energy, and was endowed with nerve and resolution to brave any peril and to endure any privation. The risk of recapture was so very great, and the penalty so severe in being brought back and confined in irons, that it required great courage and almost recklessness to make the endeavor.

In the mean time all conceivable measures were adopted to beguile the weary hours. One mode of pastime was the organization of a society called the Richmond Prison Association. Mr. Ely was President. The Society met three times a week. Each member was bound to contribute to the general entertainment, either by a declamation, a story, or by singing a song. The meetings were conducted in strict accordance with parliamentary rules. They held also mock-trials. There was one very serious case brought forward of "breach of promise." Captain Hurd was the aggrieved maiden. The faithless wain gave his name to the Court as Lieutenant Jewbones. Colonel Woodruff and Mr. Huston were counsel for the plaintiff. Major Potter and the Chaplain of the Fifth Maine Regiment appeared for the defendant. Mr. Ely was judge. The argument of the opposing counsel and the charge filled the gloomy old prison with such peals of merriment as to help the prisoners, for the moment, to be oblivious of their misery.

As the days lingered along, and the hope of release by exchange grew darker, their minds became prepared for more desperate endeavors for escape. There were a large number of the prisoners, sick or wounded, distributed through buildings called hospitals in close proximity. But one surgeon was detailed for about seven hundred men. The suffering was so terrible that several Union surgeons who were prisoners, were, at their earnest solicitations, permitted to assist. Upon giving their parole they were provided with a red cross, and were permitted to pass from one prison to another, and also to go about the city. Among these, as we have mentioned, was Colonel Murphy. But he had been deprived of the right in consequence of his earnest endeavors to meliorate the condition of the sufferers.

Colonel Hurd had now resolved at whatever risk, to attempt his escape. At night he whispered his intention to Colonel Raynor. After

anxious deliberation the plan which they settled upon was to adopt the disguise of surgeons, and in the dusk of the evening to pass the guard. They were all to meet at a designated corner, which could be seen from the prison windows, and then trust to circumstances. Colonel Murphy also joined them. Fortunately Colonel Hurd had a red flannel shirt, from which they cut their rosettes which they were to pin upon the breast of their coats. The few men who were informed of their plan earnestly endeavored to dissuade them, saying that it was a fool-hardy undertaking, and that they would be brought back and placed in irons. Colonel Raynor was to go first, between five and six o'clock in the evening. The other two were to follow at eight. Anxiety of mind deprived the Colonel of all appetite for dinner. He dressed himself as well as possible for nights of exposure in the swamps, and at the appointed hour, with throbbing heart, but with calm exterior, walked up to the guard, who sat on a tobacco box at the door with his bayonet gun extended across it. With marvellous coolness the feigned surgeon raised the gun. The guard looked at the rosette, nodded, and the prisoner passed out. One can can hardly read the account without holding his breath. Who can imagine the emotions which must have agitated the principal actor in this scene, and his friends who were looking on?

The guard turned his eye toward the escaping captive, as though a momentary suspicion had been aroused. One of his friends called out, "Doctor, don't forget those pills; I must take some to night!" "All right!" said the Colonel, "I'll get them!" Another guard was to be passed, who merely glanced at the rosette, and the Colonel continued his walk. He was now free. But he was surrounded by perils most imminent, and weary leagues were to be traversed, and days and nights of hunger, cold, and exposure were to be endured before he could reach the lines of the Union army. He had gone but a few steps when he met one of the officers of the prison guard. With an erect head, and looking him steadfastly in the face, the Colonel passed.

With many sagacious precautions to avoid exciting suspicion, he succeeded in purchasing a compass to guide their path through the woods, a map of Virginia, a lot of matches, and a bed-cord. He then returned to the vicinity of the prison, where he fortunately met Dr. LeBoutillier, of the Second Minnesota, who passed in and out upon his parole. By him he sent word to his friends Hurd and Murphy of his success and that he would meet them at their appointed rendezvous.

Let us now return into the prison. Hurd and Murphy stood at the window watching the movements of their companion, as he went out, with such intensity of anxiety that they could almost feel the forced pulsations of their hearts. Two long hours of terrible suspense passed away. The question,

almost more fearful than that of death, for it was freedom or the dungeon, was soon to be decided. While absorbed in these reflections, two rebel officers were admitted, who had some trouble to persuade the guard to pass them out.

Colonel Neff, with sympathetic sorrow, came to the young adventurers and said, "Your chance is gone. You must give it up." "Perhaps not," Colonel Hund replied, his cheek blanched with emotion, but not with fear; "however it is too late to falter; I will make the trial." The gallant Colonel Corcoran came to them and said: "Be careful, and may success attend you?" Colonel Sprague addressed them in words of cheer, saying, "Were I a young man I would go with you. Be vigilant and may you get safely through; and then let the people know the truth about us."

The two young men, with their surgeon's badges, then walked carelessly toward the door, chatting with those around them. The whole programme had been carefully arranged. "Come, Doctor," exclaimed Lieutenant Murphy, in a voice loud enough to arrest the attention of the guard, "it is time for us to go?" "Yes, I will be with you in a moment," was the reply. At the same time Colonel Corcoran, Sprague, and others gathered around requesting the pretended doctors to purchase some tobacco for them. Arrangements had also been made for some of their comrades to answer to their names at roll-call for several days, till many miles should be placed between the fugitives and their prison. The guard was thoroughly deceived. They passed out without opposition. The last words they heard from their dismal prison as they entered the streets was the kindly voice of Colonel Sprague calling out to them, "Doctor, don't forget to bring me that tobacco. I need it very much!"

Colonel Raynor was anxiously watching in the street. He saw in the dusk two figures come out of the prison, whom he at once recognized as his looked-for comrades. He followed them a few moments unobserved, and then stepping up, tapped each on the shoulder. A shudder of alarm shook their frames as they apprehended that it was the hand of an arresting officer. The peril was yet too imminent to allow of any hearty rejoicing. Still, as they pressed along the crowded streets they assumed the swaggering air of Southerners, talking loudly and laughing. Emerging from the city they struck a broad road running to the northeast, and after walking about two miles encountered a toll-gate guarded by a squad of soldiers. The night was dark, with drizzling rain. Fortunately they were not observed, though some dogs took the alarm, and commenced furiously barking.

They threw themselves flat upon the ground as they saw the door of the toll-house open and soldiers come out. Creeping back several hundred yards through a ditch they concealed themselves near a breast-work, where they

heard several shots. Remaining perfectly still for a couple of hours, they, by a circuitous route, passed around the gate, struck the pike a mile beyond, and traveled rapidly all night. They often heard wagons approaching. These they eluded by leaving the road and hiding in the bushes or behind the fences until the market-carts, on the way to the city, had passed. Several times they were very near being discovered by the dogs which invariably accompanied these carts. At about four o'clock in the morning they passed a small hamlet, where the dogs raised an outcry sufficient to awake every sleeper within a mile. Hurrying through along the main road they soon found it bearing so far east that they entered a sort of wood-path which led north. The roar of a passing railroad train informed them that the railroad was close by them on the left. The dawn of morning was now beginning to appear. They entered the woods, and creeping under some thick, wet bushes, thoroughly exhausted and soaked, they fell soundly asleep.

Soon after sunrise of Friday, September 6, they were all suddenly and simultaneously aroused by the crack of a whip at their ears, which sounded like the report of a pistol. Greatly alarmed they looked up and beheld a teamster passing so near that he could have touched them with his whip. In the darkness they had lain down just on the edge of a road leading through the forest. But the teamster did not chance to turn his eyes toward the thicket, and they escaped unseen. But it was necessary immediately to change their position. After a brief consultation they cautiously took up their line of march in true military order.

Colonel Raynor led the advance, with the ordnance stores, consisting of a compass, a map, and a box of matches. Lieutenant Murphy followed with the commissariat of two sandwiches. Colonel Hurd brought up the rear in charge of the engineering department, with the supplies of a jack-knife and a bed-cord. As Colonel Hurd was familiar with all the wild and perilous adventures of frontier life, and was a man of indomitable energy and bravery, it would have seemed natural that he, with his engineering tools, should have led the march. But being not so quick of hearing as Colonel Raynor, it was deemed best that he should compose the rear-guard. Colonel Murphy had been city-bred, and thus not being familiar with woodcraft, manifestly the judicious post for him to occupy was the centre.

The plan of their perilous campaign was as follows: They were to travel as rapidly as possible through the night, hide in some thicket by day, never moving forward by daylight unless under cover of some dense forest, or through some of the spacious corn-fields, which afforded excellent shelter; they were never to enter a house, or to allow a single human being to see them if they could avoid it. They had resolved, though unarmed, to fight against any odds, and to sell their lives as dearly as possible rather than to be recaptured.



With stiffened limbs and wet clothes our adventurers were cautiously moving to find some safer place of concealment for the day, when they were startled by the report of a gun very near, and a man was seen approaching directly toward them. With throbbing hearts they concealed themselves as best they could. The man stopped, picked up the squirrel which he had shot, calmly reloaded his gun, and gazing into the tree-tops for game, passed slowly along and soon disappeared in the forest, indicating his greater distance. Thus this danger was escaped.

At ten o'clock, all traveling having apparently ceased, the night being very dark, with only an occasional star visible, they again entered the road. Just before midnight they came to the Chickahominy, which they crossed by a mill-dam, over which there was but a shallow depth of water. The road crossed by a ford a little distance below. Regaining the highway they pressed on for a few miles until they saw several lights twinkling at a little distance before them. It was probably an encampment of soldiers. They immediately turned into the woods, assailed by the yelping of the omnipresent dog. Giving the lights a wide berth, they found themselves in a field of potatoes, both sweet and common. Starving as they were they eagerly filled their stomachs and their pockets with the raw potatoes, which they found not unpalatable. Upon leaving this field they entered one of corn, and they added a few ears to the commissariat stores.

Guided by their compass, and availing themselves of roads only when they led in a right direction, they at length found themselves bewildered amidst the paths of a large plantation. The blowing of the horns to awaken the negro to his daily toil warned them that it was near daylight, and that they were in no little danger of being encountered by some gang marching to their work. Being quite exhausted, and finding two logs near together, they all three laid down between them, and slept soundly until the morning of Saturday the 7th.

Colonel Hurd's impetuous nature could not brook a moment's delay. Inured to hardship he seemed insensible to fatigue. His companions noticed that the strongest motive which seemed to impel him onward was the fear that his regiment, in which he was then a Captain, might get into a fight before he reached it. Murphy, not accustomed to such privations and toils, was now suffering very severely. His feet were swollen, his strength exhausted, and it was with great pain and difficulty that he could limp along. Colonel Hurd was just as fresh as at the outset, and Colonel Rayner's vigorous frame bore up wonderfully. The solace with which Colonel Hurd, as he tramped along, endeavored to cheer his companions was not very satisfactory.

"Oh, this is nothing!" he exclaimed, "this is nothing!" Wait till you have lived on mule's meat twenty-seven days among the Rocky Mountains, with the snow four feet deep, and then you may have reason to complain."

Toiling on they reached the limits of the forest, and crossing a fine gravel pike leading to the northwest, they passed through a cornfield, whose tall and waving stalks completely sheltered them, and entered another belt of timber and found themselves upon the banks of a large, rapid, unbridged river, swollen by the recent rains. It was the Pamunky. There was no boat to be found; but there were half floating logs scattered here and there along the bank. Colonel Rayner cut the bed-cord into convenient lengths and waded into the water, while his comrades brought him logs, which he tied together and made a small raft. The air swarmed with mosquitoes, huge black tormentors, who instantly settled, with their poisonous sting, upon any exposed portion of the body. Colonel Rayner was terribly bitten. The inflammation was so immediate and severe from the deep puncture of their bills that his comrades declared that they could not have recognized him.

As soon as their small raft was constructed they placed their clothes upon it. Colonel Hard tied one end of the cord around his body and took the lead swimming. The other two swam, pushing behind. Colonel Rayner wrapped his watch, map, compass, and matches in a handkerchief and bound them upon the top of his head, not caring to trust treasure so precious to a frail raft. The mosquitoes followed them unrelentingly in clouds. Safely they effected the passage of the swift, turbid stream, and found a fringe of timber, on the northern bank. Breaking up their raft, and carefully preserving the pieces of cord, they followed along the edge of the stream until they entered an extensive forest, where, in a very secluded ravine, they ventured to kindle a small fire and roast twelve small potatoes, about the size of walnuts, and two ears of corn.

They had travelled all day foodless. Another dark night was at hand, through whose gloomy hours they must grope along as rapidly as possible. Colonel Murphy's exhausted condition seemed to demand a little rest. But no reply could be made to Hard's renewed asseveration, "This is nothing to living on mule's meat twenty days among the Rocky Mountain, with the snow four feet deep. Besides," he added, "I would rather lose my right arm than to have my company get into a fight before I get back to them."

Again these indomitable men, with strength almost miraculously preserved, took up their line of march. It was important to get through the forest and to strike some road before dark, as it was impossible to make much headway through the woods in the night. Following a small stream, which ran through a deep ravine, about an hour before sunset they came in sight of the open country. Just then they heard, very near them, a shot, followed by the barking of a dog. Colonel Rayner exclaims, with good reason, "I have hated dogs ever since this trip." They were very apprehensive that the sagacious animal would detect them. As the hunter was on the same side of

the ravine with them they hastily recrossed, and had just concealed themselves in a thicket, when two other shots showed that he had crossed also and was approaching them. As they thought it almost certain that the dog would discover them they decided, after a hurried consultation, to capture the hunter, take his arms, gag and tie him fast, and then, as soon as dark, to leave the neighborhood as rapidly as possible. Colonel Rayner, who was a very powerful man, was to strangle the dog. Fortunately for all the young man turned his steps away from them, and they saw him retire to a house not far distant.

Our adventurers remained in their retreat until 10 o'clock at night when they visited a barn, hoping to obtain something to eat. Here to their great joy, they found a lot of withershed wheat, and they filled their pockets with the ears. It was very dark, and as they were groping about Rayner felt some animal rubbing its nose against his leg. It was a large dog. But the brute manifested no hostility. Hurd proposed that they should kill and eat it, saying that it must be as good as "mule's meat." But Murphy, as he champed a mouthful of wheat, suggested that they had better wait until they had been "in the Rocky Mountains twenty-seven days, with the snow four feet deep."

The dog accompanied them to the confines of the plantation and then quietly returned to his home. It was now Saturday night the 9th. Moving as rapidly as their exhausted limbs would allow along the road, a little after midnight they sat down for a moment's rest by the roadside. Their exhaustion was such that they almost instantly fell asleep. They were aroused by a wagon rattling furiously by, which impelled them again to take to their feet, as it was necessary that they should find some place of concealment before the light of day should be around them. As they toiled along, Rayner in advance, Hurd in the rear, the indomitable frontiersman cheered his exhausted comrade, who composed the centre of their line of march, with sundry pleasantries, interlarded with allusions to "mule's meat," "Rocky Mountains," "twenty-seven days," and "four feet of snow."

Dawn was now approaching. They took shelter in some thick woods, and after sleeping soundly a couple of hours, were awakened by the bright Sabbath sun shining in their faces. They picked the kernels of wheat out of the ears, with which their pockets were stuffed, and made a frugal breakfast. Under cover of the forest they pressed along until they reached its limits, when they saw before them a small orchard. Half-famished as they were the desire to get some fruit was so strong that, notwithstanding the risk of discovery, they entered it. The few small sour apples which they found were so refreshing that Mr. Murphy's spirits were revived; and Colonel Hurd, for the whole forenoon, made no allusions to the "Rocky Mountains."

As they left the orchard they beheld an open, thickly-settled country

before them. There was, however, a dense forest in view, which promised ample shelter. But it could only be reached by crossing an open field, with a large house on each side, and many people moving around. Much valuable time would be lost by remaining where they were until night. To attempt to cross the field in open day would expose them to inevitable observation and probably to recapture. After a very careful reconnoissance they observed a small depression through the field, along which a man might possibly creep without being seen from the houses, though one half of his body would be exposed should he stand erect. Colonel Hurd's desire to join his company "before they had a fight" overcame Colonel Murphy's exhaustion and Colonel Raynor's sound judgment, and throwing themselves flat upon their faces, they wormed their way through the field and gained the friendly shelter of the woods.

Finding a corn-field they plucked some ears, and, retiring to a wild ravine, they built a fire and prepared themselves a very savory repast of roasted corn. In traversing a swamp soon after they found their dessert prepared for them in the shape of about half a pint of whortleberries. The spacious cornfields, with their thick, tall spires afforded them far better protection even than the densest forest. As they were threading one of these fields a party of negroes passed very near them.

Emerging from the corn-field they struck a shallow stream, which was sunk deep beneath its banks. They waded down the pebbly bed of the stream, until they reached the banks of a large river, the Mattaponi. Following the forest-fringed banks of this stream for about a mile they watched their chance, and, crossing by a bridge, plunged into a low, marshy piece of timber. The utmost circumspection was needed, for many parties were seen on the road moving to and fro. Here they found mosquitoes in myriads, and the torment which the voracious insects created was almost insupportable. It was now about four o'clock on the afternoon of the Sabbath. Notwithstanding the sufferings they endured from their swarming foes, who bit through their clothes, they did not dare to leave the place of their concealment until dark, for white men and negroes were constantly passing.

Night came on, not merely dark, but black. With the utmost difficulty could they grope along the road. They met a man. It was too dark to see him. His footsteps and the rustle of his garments alone rendered his presence palpable. Indeed, the man ran plump against Colonel Hurd, who, as we have said, brought up the rear. There was nothing to excite suspicion, and the probable rebel and the patriot each passed on his way.

About midnight it grew a little lighter, and they reached one of those groups of houses which in the South are called villages. They were not a little

perplexed to know where they were. Seeing a notice tacked upon a door they carefully tore it off, retreated into the woods, and lighted a piece of candle which Colonel Murphy carried through the whole trip. It proved to be a notice that the estate of General Garnett, who was killed at Rich Mountain, was to be sold. It convinced them that they were at Bowling Green, in Caroline County. They then examined their map, and laid their course to strike the Potomac at its nearest point.

Rapidly they pressed along the road until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when they again struck into the woods, and finding a good place for concealment they all lay down and went to sleep. But scarcely had they closed their eyes ere they were aroused by the clatter of several horsemen passing at a full trot on the road near by, not improbably rebel scouts in pursuit of the fugitives. Indeed, the Richmond papers had announced that such vigorous measures had been put in operation for the capture of the fugitives, Colonels Hurd, Murphy, and Raynor, that it was scarcely within the limits of possibility that they could escape.

Retiring deeper into the woods they slept soundly for a few hours in sweet oblivion of pursuers and throbbing feet. Their sufferings from sore feet were more terrible than can be described or imagined. The two months in prison had rendered their feet very tender. Being half of the time wet and in constant use they were blistered and raw. Colonel Murphy's feet were in a dreadful condition, and Colonel Raynor's nearly as bad. Colonel Hurd seem to possess marvellous endurance.

When they awoke next morning, Monday, September 9th, a dense fog had settled down over the whole county. Colonel Raynor led, compass in hand, the others following close behind. Entering a corn-field they filled their pockets, and passed a gang of negroes but a few yards from them, though the fog was so thick that they could not be seen. Protected by this friendly veil they fearlessly entered the road, relying upon their ears to give warning of the approach of danger. They walked barefooted and made no noise. Several streams they crossed on bridges. Though they could hear the cackling of chickens and the voices of people, indicating dwellings all around them, they were effectually shielded from observation. Having walked thus about twelve miles on the open road, about noon the fog began to lift and again they took to the woods. They lay down and slept under a clump of bushes during the afternoon. About sunset they were roused from their sleep by a negro boy who passed close by them calling for the cows.

As soon as the young moon had gone down they resumed the road, and at about an hour before midnight they reached a small village. At the outskirts there was a guide-board at the junction of the roads. Hurd and

Murphy raised Raynor on their shoulders, who pulled off the board, and then they went into a thicket where they could safely strike a light to read the direction. It was with great difficulty that they could ignite the matches, which the fog had damped. After a dozen unsuccessful efforts, just as a match gave out its brilliant flash, illuminating every object near, they saw a man standing within three feet of them. It was probably a slave skulking about. The match instantly went out. But the terrified slave was heard rushing through the bushes, leaping the fences, and flying in the utmost dismay, as if he had seen an apparition of fiends and they were pursuing him.

A glance at the guide-board told them that it was twenty miles to Tappanhook, and twenty-two to Bowling Green. Having their position thus accurately defined, cheered by hope, and refreshed by the nap which they had enjoyed in the afternoon, they pushed rapidly on over the road, though to two of them every step was torture.

Just before light they came to a large plantation where the people were up. This compelled them again to plunge into the woods, where, after the toilsome travel of the night, hungry, thirsty, torn, and foot-sore, they hid under some bushes for rest.

After a few hours of sleep they awoke. It was Tuesday the 16th. A careful reconnoissance showed them that they were in a small grove of about three acres, surrounded by the most highly cultivated and densely populated country they had yet seen. It was manifest that they could not safely leave their covert until night. Rest and sleep they greatly needed. But the sleep which with drooping eyelids they strove to gain was driven from them by their intense thirst. In half-delirious dreams they saw the fountains of fresh water and tables greasing with delicious food.

There were so many people moving about that they did not venture to leave their hiding-place until about nine o'clock, when the moon went down and most of the people were in their beds. They then cautiously started out. They were all barefoot. The bottom of each foot was raw flesh, an entire sore from heel to toe. They had previously cut holes in their boots wherever they pinched. This had let in sand and water and mud, and their feet were in a state which can not be described. And yet in this condition they were traveling in their zigzag course, through swamps and forests in the gloom of night, often without food and without water, an average of forty miles every twenty-four hours. We have read of suffering, of endurance, of heroism, elsewhere. But greater than this, exhibited by these heroic patriots, escaping from the fiendish spirit of treason and rebellion, we know not where to find.

"Our thirst," Colonel Raynor writes, "overpowered the pain in our feet, and good time was made. We traveled several miles before any water was found; and that was nothing but a 'hog-wallow,' yet it tasted sweet." Soon after they came upon a good running stream. "Ah," exclaimed Colonel Raynor, "how few truly know what real hunger or thirst is! Yet we were less than thirty-six hours without water."

About one o'clock in the morning of Wednesday the 15th, they caught sight of the Rappahannock. The agonizing question of how they were to cross the river, which was here a mile wide, banished fatigue. The wind was blowing so freshly that they could not cross on a frail raft; and they were too much exhausted to construct one. They, however, pressed on, and soon came in sight of a straggling village of six or eight houses on the banks. They crept noiselessly through the silent street to the water's edge, and there, to their inexhaustible joy, they found a skiff with paddles drawn up upon the beach out of reach of the tide. Their united strength was just sufficient to shove it into the water. Not a moment was lost in embarking, and they soon reached the opposite shore. They then set it adrift that it might not reveal the line of their escape. Our adventurers desire here to present their thanks to the owner of the skiff for its use, and their hope that in good time he gained possession of it again. Colonel Murphy had accidentally, in the excitement of pushing off the boat, left his shoes upon the opposite bank. Raynor and Hard had fortunately kept them with them.

The gloom of night soon enveloped them, and the wind was high. They found an old shed which they entered, and thus protected from the wind they struck a light and examined their map. They judged that ten miles, in a direct line, would take them through Westmoreland County to the Potomac. This cheering prospect nerved them with renewed energies. They soon found a good road running east. But it was of hard, rough clay, which tore Murphy's lacerated feet terribly. Still he hobbled on, though unable at times to repress his groans. Colonel Hard seemed to have nerves of steel, and was ever urging haste. Colonel Raynor was so weary that he could scarcely lift one foot in advance of the other, and found himself falling asleep as he toiled on with strength every hour growing weaker. Still they did not rest until daylight, when they left the road and sought concealment in a small piece of woods. After a short nap in a thicket, impatience to reach the Potomac, now so near, again aroused them. Just as they were about to start a negro thrust his face into the thicket close to them and commenced calling for his cows. It seems as though he must have seen them, though he said nothing, but went on his way shouting "Suker, Suker," at the top of his voice.

They immediately struck out, by the compass, northeast through the woods. It was the morning of Thursday the 14th. The brush-briers and thorns lacerated Murphy's bare and gory feet terribly. Some of the vines must have poisoned them, for they were fearfully inflamed and swollen. Every few moments he would fall from exhaustion and pain. Still he hobbled along, his faithful companions refusing to abandon him. Soon they came upon one of those immense swamps with which Eastern Virginia abounds. It extended in all directions as far as the eye could reach. Here was indeed a dilemma. None of them could endure the thought of the dreary miles they must travel in the endeavor to pass around the vast morass. Should they plunge into it, there was great danger that in their extreme exhaustion they all might perish in its miry bottom. After anxious deliberation the proposition of Colonel Hurd was adopted that they should attempt to force their way through. As there were many encampments of Confederate soldiers in the vicinity the attempt to go around would expose them to almost inevitable capture. In response to the proposition Raynor said, "Well, go ahead and we will follow." Hurd started, and the first step plunged him in mud and water up to the waist. The swamp was about three-quarters of a mile broad, partially covered with a rank growth of reeds and water-lilies without trees or brush. Sometimes they would be not more than knee-deep in the slimy ooze. The next step would plunge them to the arm-pits, and then they would encounter a pool of the green, stagnant, stenchful slough, through which they half waded, half swam.

In an hour they reached the dry land on the other side, and ascending a slight eminence sat down to rest. For the first time a cloud of despondency seemed to be gathering even upon Colonel Hurd's brow. Despairingly they gazed for a moment into each other's faces, and not a word was uttered. But suddenly Hurd jumped up, exclaiming: "Why, boys, I have lived twenty-seven days in the Rocky Mountains on mule's meat, with the snow four feet deep, and this is nothing to that!"

This started them all again. They passed a deserted garden, where they found a few green tomatoes and a ripe cucumber. "I can testify," one of their number writes, "that a ripe cucumber raw does not taste good even to a hungry man." Ascending the brow of a hill they saw the broad, silvery waters of the Potomac in the distance, with the blue line of the Maryland shore barely discernible beyond. Few can imagine the emotions which this sight kindled in the bosoms of these weary wanderers. More than one silent prayer of gratitude ascended to that Providence which had protected them thus far. Tears of joy dimmed the eyes of these men whom no woes could compel to weep. They now entered a corn-field, and with decided relish ate of the green ears.



As they drew near the river they came upon a group of negroes near an old house all fallen to decay, leaving but the chimney standing. There was a marble slab near bearing this inscription: "On this spot was born George Washington, February 22, 1732."

They came upon the negroes so suddenly that there was no chance for a retreat. So making a virtue of necessity, they walked boldly forward, and told the negroes very truly that they had been lost in the woods for many days and were almost starved. The kind-hearted slaves gave them the remainder of their breakfast, which consisted of a small lump of corn-bread and about two quinces of fat.

Just then a white man, probably their over-seer, rode up and gazed in apparent astonishment upon the fugitives in their ragged and forlorn condition. They represented to him that they had been lost in the woods, and that they wished to get over the river to recruit soldiers. He scrutinized them quite suspiciously, and said, "Mr. Wilson has a boat, and it is the only one this side of Mathias Point; but I don't think he will let you take it," with especial emphasis on the "you." He then rode on. As they approached the creek, which was here quite wide, and about a mile from its entrance into the river, they saw a negro coming across in a canoe or "dug-out." Hiding in the corn, they waited until he tied the boat and threw the paddle in the grass upon the bank. As soon as he was out of sight they took the boat and commenced paddling down the creek. It blew almost a gale, the hollowed log was but about twelve feet long, and when all three were in the gunwale was not more than an inch above the water. It was evidently impossible to cross the storm-swept Potomac in so frail a bark. Near the mouth of the creek they saw a negro fishing in a little larger boat, but one in which no sane man would think of encountering the heavy seas then running in the river, which was here over six miles wide.

They compelled the negro to exchange boats with them. He remonstrated pitiously, saying, "Mama will kill me when I get home for doing it." Colonel Hard replied, "But I shall kill you here and now, if you do not do it." The poor slave yielded, but said, "You'll neber get over in dis storm, Mama, neber, neber!"

They paid the negro three dollars in Confederate money, as boot, in the compulsory exchange. The skiff had no rowlocks or thole-pins, was very frail and leaked badly. Just as they were starting the negro shouted out to them "Go starn fo'most, Mama, starn fo'most; dat's de safest way." They followed his advice. But for this sagacity of the negro the boat would inevitably have been swamped, and they all would have perished.

As soon as they had left the shelter of the bank and felt the full force of the wind the waves began to pour in above the sides of the boat, and it seemed

inevitable that they must be swamped. But to return to the shore was not to be thought of. There was evidently quite a commotion there. The owner of the skiff was on the bank calling upon them to return the boat, and the overseer whom they had met on horseback was eagerly watching them. The sea now ran so high that when in the trough of the waves the tops of the trees on either bank could not be seen.

Their safe passage of the river under such circumstances seems almost miraculous. By going stern foremost the bows of the boat cut the on-rushing billows, and throwing them on each side prevented their breaking into the boat. In about three hours after leaving the Virginia shore they were approaching the Maryland side at the mouth of the Wisconsin Creek. There is here an extensive bar, over which the waves were dashing furiously, throwing the spray many feet into the air. It was low-water, and the spectacle of danger was terrific.

Just then a huge crested billow swept them far up the bar and nearly filled the boat. They leaped out, dragged the boat over the bar, and found themselves safe in comparatively still water. Soon they reached a fishing sleep within the creek, Captain France, of Washington City. Being satisfied that the vessel could not be there unless its owner were loyal, they went fearlessly on board, told their story, and were received with great hospitality. The kind-hearted fishermen served up for their hungry guests a luxurious repast of fish and oysters, and gave them beds to sleep on. Tears filled the eyes of the good old Captain when he looked at Murphy's feet; and he would not allow his guests to leave the boat until the next morning, though Colonel Hurd was anxious to land and walk through Maryland to Washington, declaring that he was "not tired."

The next morning, Friday, the 15th, they took leave of their kind host, and set out in their skiff to skirt the Maryland shore until they should meet some one of the blockading squadron which would convey them to Washington. Captain France advised them not to trust any of the inhabitants along the coast, as they were rank rebels, until reaching Lower Cedar Point, where there lived a Mr. Burroughs, who was a true Union man, and who would give them all the assistance in his power. For some time they endeavored to make their way along the shore by paddling their skiff. But an angry sea and an adverse wind ere long compelled them to abandon their boat and take to the bank.

Their progress was slow, for Murphy's feet were in a horrible condition. They were so swollen and discolored that they bore a great resemblance to two huge boiled puddings, stained and discolored where the rusk had broken through. By adopting the expedient of letting down his pants over his feet and tying them beneath, holding the waistbands by the hips on each side, his

feet were in a measure protected from the oyster-shells and gravel with which the banks of the Potomac were covered. There were times when he was semi-delirious with anguish. Still he pressed on.

They met some young men, to whom they represented that they were Confederate soldiers who had been lost in the woods, and who were trying to escape into Virginia. The young Marylanders told them to make their way up to Watson's, at the mouth of Pope's Creek, and he would run them over, as that was his business. But they advised them to keep clear of Burroughs's, at Lower Creek Point, as he was "a d—d Union bound," and "we are going to burn him out one of these nights." One of these young men accompanied them some distance, and aided them to cross a large creek, by which they saved several miles of travel. About noon, being completely used up, they went to a farm-house, and passing themselves off as Confederate soldiers received a good dinner. The benevolent old man, rebel sympathizer as he was, was so moved by their pitiable condition that he took a horse out of the plow, harnessed him to an old wagon, and sent them, with his boy for a driver, several miles to Mr. Burroughs's house. There they were kindly received, though Mr. Burroughs was evidently alarmed in view of vengeance he might bring down upon himself for showing any sympathy with Union soldiers. About four miles above they could see a revenue cutter—the *Hessel Cobb*—anchored opposite Pope's Creek. Watson's residence could also be seen on the shore. Colonel Hurd was impatient to reach the cutter. There was safety, rest, and the means of rejoining his company before they had a fight. Colonel Raynor was also very anxious to get on board the vessel, for they were still in the midst of rebels, who might at any moment seize them. Colonel Murphy, notwithstanding his awful sufferings, was determined not to break company with his companions.

They started, walking on the beach. But their progress was very slow and painful in the extreme. The oyster-shells and gravel hurt Colonel Murphy's feet so that once or twice he crawled over rough places on his hands and knees. Hurd, being much the strongest, proposed that he should hurry forward, get on board the vessel, and send a boat for his more exhausted comrades, who, in the mean time, were to hobble forward as fast as possible. Colonel Raynor generously remained behind to help his comrade, who was so fearfully crippled. The sun was but about an hour high when they set out from Mr. Burroughs's home, and the evening twilight was fading into darkness when Colonel Hurd left his companions.

It was quite dark before Hurd reached a point opposite the cutter. He hailed the boat and asked to be taken on board. The reply came back that they could not take him unless he told them who he was. He shouted out

his story, pleading for himself and his comrades. It was all in vain. Colonel Hurd then asked if they would drop a line and take him on board if he would swim out to them. The cruel reply was, "If you come near the gunboat we will fire upon you." We fear that the response of Colonel Hurd was not couched in the most gentle terms.

In the meantime his comrades, toiling painfully along, after the lapse of half an hour, listened eagerly for the sound of oars coming to their relief. Disappointed, they crept slowly along, much of the time wading in the river, as the cool water was somewhat refreshing to their gory feet. Continuing on in this way, at nine o'clock at night they arrived opposite the vessel, which was anchored about a quarter of a mile out in the stream.

They could not imagine what had become of Hurd. It was evident that something had befallen him, for they knew that he was incapable of deserting them. They halloed several times, but no responsive voice came back through the silence and darkness of the night. They hailed the revenue cutter, over which the Stars and Stripes were floating in the moonlight, but no answer was vouchsafed them. Soon they heard the grating of the chains as the anchor was uplifted, and saw the unfurling of the sails. They clapped their hands in excess of joy, believing that the cutter was coming to their rescue, and that in a few moments they would find themselves safe under the protection of that flag for which they had suffered so much.

What was their astonishment to behold the vessel, as her canvas filled with the evening breeze, sailing away up the stream! They gazed upon the receding boat in mute amazement and despair. "What can it mean? Is this all a dream?" they asked themselves over and over again. As they sat there in the gloom of night, and enveloped in the still deeper gloom of their own disappointment, they heard voices up the river, and walking a little distance they found some negroes engaged in night-fishing. To the question if they had seen a strange white man about during the evening one of the negroes replied:

"A white man came here, hail de ship, tell dem he a Cap'n, want to git aboard; Jis den some of Massa Watson's men run down de bank to catch him; but he drop his shoes an' run away from dem. I hear dem say up to de house dey no catch him."

They further said that Massa Watson was going to run some goods over into Virginia as soon as the moon went down, and that the starting place was from a marsh two miles below, where two large battwax were hid. Rayner and Murphy, after anxious deliberation, determined to go back to Burroughs' house, thinking that Hurd would naturally strike for that as a place of safety. The negroes guided them to a dust-road, which they would find easier to

their feet than the oystershell beach. Uncomplainingly these men of iron nerve and energy trudged along, when soon four large dogs rushed out upon them. A negro came running out from the house, and calling off the dogs, inquired, "Who is ye?" They replied, "We are anxious to get over into Virginia." "Well," said he, "If you will hurry along you can overtake Massa Watson, who, with a lot of men, will run some boats over as soon as the moon goes down. Come along," he continued, "and I go wid you." "No, no," Raynor replied. "You stay here and keep the dogs back, and we'll hurry on and overtake them."

The negro returned to the house, and they hid in a thicket until half an hour after the moon went down, when, concluding that "Massa Watson" was on his way across the river, they resumed their painful tramp, and reached Burroughs' about three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Burroughs (may God bless him!) rose from his sleep, took them in, gave them refreshments and a good bed. Weariness and exhaustion overcame the sense of pain, and they slept soundly. When they awoke in the morning, the first object that met their eyes was the *Howell Cobb*, anchored in the stream opposite the house. A boat coming ashore, Colonel Raynor and Murphy were taken on board.

Captain Franks, in command, listened attentively to their story, and told them that he had heard their hail the night before, but, believing it to be a decoy to get his men ashore, and knowing the neighborhood to be a dangerous one, he had weighed anchor and stood away. He did all he could to make amends for the misunderstanding, and treated them with the greatest humanity. Mrs. Franks wept at the sight of the inflamed, swollen, bleeding feet, and tenderly bathed them with her own sisterly hand. After partaking of a hearty breakfast Colonel Raynor was permitted, at his own earnest solicitation, to take a boat's crew and go ashore to hunt up their lost comrade. There were but six seamen on board the cutter, and Raynor was allowed to take two. As they were getting the boat ready a man was seen coming rapidly down the beach. It was Colonel Hurd. A boat was sent for him, and he was soon on board the cutter. They were now all safe. Their wonderful escape was accomplished—an escape, when viewed in all its aspects of sagacity, of endurance, of heroism, of unselfishness, can find but few parallels in the history of man.

Colonel Hurd confirmed the narrative of the negro. While telling the night before, and shouting out his story, he was heard by Watson's men. They sprang down the bank to catch him, intending, doubtless, to carry him across the river in their boats and deliver him to the rebel authorities. As they rushed upon him, calling upon him to surrender, he dropped his shoes, darted between them, and, in the darkness, gained the woods, where he hid behind a log and slept till morning. He then worked his way back to Mr.

Barreaults', and was happily washed with his companions beneath the folds of our national banner.

A steamer coming up the river, they were transferred to her. Opposite Aquia Creek, the gun-boat *Farrier*, the flag-ship of the blockading fleet, under Commodore Craven, was at anchor. Commodore Craven and his officers, after carefully questioning the adventurers, received them with the utmost kindness. Hurd and Raynor were provided with socks for their feet, but none could be found large enough to cover the bloated mass into which Murphy's feet were swollen. The Commodore gave them a letter to Captain Dahlgren, Commander of the Navy Yard at Washington, and sent his swiftest tug, the *Scudack*, to convey them to the city. Just at sundown on Saturday evening, September the 14th, the steamer reached Washington. As they stepped on shore Colonel Hurd turned to his companions and said, very impressively:

"Boys, I have lived twenty-seven days in the Rocky Mountains on mule's meat, with the snow four feet deep. *But that was nothing to this!*"

This frank admission, though coming so late, was was gratefully appreciated by his comrades. Before the close of another week, Murphy and Raynor were at their homes, on a ten day's leave of absence, and Colonel Hurd was with his company, ready for a fight.

Space will not allow us to trace out the subsequent career of these heroic men. Sublimar deeds of daring were never performed than by Colonel Hurd, at Chickamauga, and Colonel Raynor, on the Red River. At Harrison's Landing, Colonel Murphy, with his accustomed energy and tact, rendered services which won the love of thousands ready to perish.

### Arrival in Camp After Escape.

The paymaster was paying off the men on the day of my arrival at the camp of my regiment beyond Alexandria, and the news of our escape and safety, a column in length, appeared in the *N. Y. Herald* of the same morning, which the boys had read just an hour or two before. When I appeared on the ground the reader can imagine the excitement such an event would cause, particularly on pay day, which is generally a gala occasion in camp, as you know the paymaster is always a welcome guest, and being one of the first to escape from Richmond, and so unexpected too, and the men knowing of the circumstances of my capture, &c., their reception was most enthusiastic. They vied with each other in their affectionate attentions, as I was in a fearfully crippled condition. I received a ten day's leave of absence from General Franklin, my Division Commander, through the hands of my old

friend and Brigade Commander, General Sedgwick (a better or more gallant soldier never lived), and returned to my home and family. On rejoining my regiment on expiration of the ten days, I found that I was entirely unfit for duty, as my nervous system was very much shattered and physically almost a wreck, as the strain on my nerves, consequent on the excitement and privations of our weary tramp through Virginia, was enough to break down the strongest constitution. To show the effect it had on me, I lost twenty-two pounds of flesh during the trip, and my companions were equally reduced, and the loss of my shoes on the Rappahannock added to the other miseries of the journey. The last day in crossing the Potomac River near its mouth, six miles wide, in a small, flat-bottomed boat with the sides almost on a level with the water, and in a fearful gale of wind, the effect was worse on us than all the other part of the expedition. We were four long weary hours on the brink of the grave, not knowing what moment would be our last, constantly shipping water; and the friendly warning of the negro from whom we took the boat to turn her bow to the winds and seas, was under the Providence of an all-seeing God the only thing that saved our lives, for if we went over the regular way, the breaking of the seas against the square stern of the boat would soon have swamped us, and we could not have lived five minutes in such a storm. Since that time I have always had a great respect for the poor negro. Mr. Abbot, in his account, makes a mistake as to the management of the boat. I fortunately knew something of boating and I took command, my position being in the stern, and steered with a paddle and did what was necessary, keeping her out of the trough of the sea and head constantly to the wind, which was blowing almost a hurricane over toward the Maryland shore. Colonel Ward did good service in bailing out as we constantly shipped water, and Colonel Rayner sat at the bow with a stick which he could not use to much advantage. For those four long and terrible hours I never took my eyes off the bow of that boat, for it required the greatest vigilance to keep her from falling into the trough of the sea, for in that event we were swamped at once and inevitably lost; and what added to our peril, we were fast drifting towards, as we supposed, a ledge of rocks where the sea and spray were in great commotion, near the Maryland shore at the mouth of the Wisconsin River, and we felt that no earthly aid would prevent us from being dashed to pieces on those supposed rocks; but when we neared them discovered to our great joy that it was merely a broadwater of sand over which, by getting out, we lighted our boat and were in comparatively smooth water. How often I contemplated death during that fearful ordeal we were passing through, and how sad it was to think that after going through the privations of the land journey, that now, when almost in sight of our homes, we were doomed to a dreadful death, and our families and friends would never know our fate. These

thoughts were constantly recurring to me, and how grateful we all felt when our safety was assured by a kind Providence that had guided us thus far and spared our lives through that perilous trip. On my arrival at Washington I was surprised to find that my hair had turned almost white from the effects of the excitement, and this at 29 years of age. My nervous system received a great shock, from which I have never fully recovered to this day, and I have experienced at intervals periods of great depression similar to the attack that prostrated me on the day we reached the Maryland shore after the crossing of the Potomac from Virginia.

The following letter published in the *New York Herald* of the 22th of Dec., 1861, after my escape from Richmond, may be of some interest now, as I devoted considerable of my time in the endeavor to assist the comrades I left after me in Richmond, and the Secretary of War gave myself and Hon. Alfred Ely, M. C., and who was also a Prisoner of War with me, the privilege of naming the officers to be chosen for special exchange.

To the Editor of the *Herald*.

BROOKLYN, Dec. 11, 1861.

Perhaps a short recital of the perils and anxieties that our prisoners at Richmond are subject to would prove interesting at this time to your readers from one who was taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run, and who escaped from Richmond in company with two other officers, after having been confined there nearly two months. Suffering with all the harassing thoughts of captivity, racked with uncertainty and the worst of apprehensions, makes me feel keenly for the sufferings of those noble men who are now confined in Richmond and other Southern cities, and now that the Government is determining on an exchange of prisoners, O! for all sakes, and for the sake of humanity, let it be done as speedily as possible. It should be the determination of every Northern man to rescue them from the tomb which now surrounds them, far from their families, in an enemy's country, subject to all the anxieties of a prisoner's life, which we at home cannot have the most remote idea nor the slightest conception of, and which makes them just objects of commiseration and pity. Although most of them have expressed a willingness to stay and suffer as long as it answers the purposes of government that they should do so, yet they are of the opinion that an exchange of prisoners would involve no principle which would interfere with the general policy of the government.

The memorable 21st of July will live in my mind as long as memory lasts; but it is not my intention here to recount the incidents or sickening details of that dreadful day—which so many have attempted and given be-



fore—but will confine myself to a few facts which happened under my immediate notice, having had charge of the buildings around Sudley church, which were used for hospital purposes, under whose roofs many brave men breathed their last. These buildings contained over two hundred and eighty of our wounded men. All the force we had to attend on their pressing wants were ten surgeons and some half dozen privates who volunteered to remain and assist them in their arduous duties. From this fact some idea may be formed of the sufferings these poor fellows endured from want of attention to their wounds at the proper time, and I am proud to think that those surgeons who remained and nobly did their duty, are known to their country and will be appreciated for it, and remain a standing reproach to those whom I saw desert their posts, leaving their men in that their hour of need; and still harder to think that we who remained to assist, were obliged to leave them on an order from General Johnston on Monday night. Our leave taking was painful in the extreme. Many of them wept like children, and begged of us not to desert them, which was farthest from our hearts to do; but there was no appeal from it, and the rebel officer who bore the order was deeply affected, but said it was peremptory and we must obey, so we had no other alternative but to submit to a fate which grew harder every hour. It was sad to leave strangers under such circumstances, but when it came to parting with many of our own regiment, among others poor Captain McQuade and Lieutenant Hamblin, who lay in the same room with Colonel Stocum and Major Ballou, of the Rhode Island regiment, who were both mortally wounded, it sends a pang of the keenest sorrow through my heart. Poor Colonel Stocum who was past all earthly aid, lay rolling his head, with his eyes upturned, and from which the light had forever fled, a melancholy spectacle of the fate of war; and Major Ballou, though conscious, bearing his agony with the greatest fortitude—no murmur escaped him, but a look of the most intense gratitude rewarded those who extended to him the slightest comfort. It was heartrending to think we were obliged to abandon those, and near two others, many of whom died from neglect, as not one surgeon was allowed to remain and attend them. As we rode over the battle field we picked up three of our men who were still alive. On reaching Gen. Beauregard's headquarters at Manassas, we stated the condition of our wounded, and I must say in justice to him, that he regretted the order had been given, and in the morning allowed those surgeons who would sign an unqualified parole to return to Sudley church and attend to the wounded, making it an inevitable necessity on them to sign it. In this connection it is proper to state that Lieut. Bagley and Gannon, of the Sixty-ninth New York State Militia, and Lieut. Underhill, of the Fire Zouaves, together with the undersigned, were the only officers of all that were taken who were offered the privilege of

signing the same parole as the surgeons, which we parentarily refused to do, although repeatedly urged by Colonel Preston, our late Minister to Spain, as we considered it would be violating the oath we took to support our own government. The first night we reached Manassas we were surrounded by the staffs of General Johnston and Beauregard, whom I must say treated us with great consideration, and seemed to sympathize with us in our misfortune, but questioned us minutely as to the number of men we had engaged in the fight, how much artillery, &c.; and from their manner I should judge they considered it a dear bought victory, and one would suppose they were the losers, not the gainers of the day. On the 26th of July we were put in baggage cars and sent to Richmond, under a strong guard. On our way to that city, the greatest curiosity was evinced to see the Yankee prisoners. The women were particularly inveterate against us, asking us what brought us there—did we come to plunder and rob them of their homes? When we reached Richmond, we were confined in a tobacco factory on Main street, where we met a large number of our comrades, among them my old friend Colonel Casscora, and many others whom I knew in New York. I also met there the Hon. Alfred Ely, whom I afterwards became intimate with, and would say in justice to that gentleman, that he behaved in every way becoming his position as a member of the federal Congress, and any reports that have been published contrary to this I declare to be false. It is hard to be a prisoner at any time, but to be maligned, without power to defend yourself, is harder still. During the fifty days that I was confined there, there was hardly one gleam of sunshine to change the monotony of the scene, hardly venturing to look out for fear of being insulted, and never permitted to go outside the prison walls without a guard. Our wounded at Richmond received attention from the rebel surgeons, as well as from our own, they were waited on by the Sisters of Mercy, whose mission is charity and good will to all, they have endeared themselves to many, and poured consolation into the minds of those who from there have winged their way to eternity. Those who are living and have been the recipient of their tender care, will, I venture to say, never forget them. The wounded in our hospitals were also indebted to many kind attentions to the wife of Captain Ricketts, United States Army, a most estimable lady, who consented to become a prisoner to wait on her husband who was severely wounded.

How gratified we were when the news reached us of our victory at Hatteras Inlet, as we expected then that an exchange of prisoners would take place. General Winder had often assured us, in answer to our inquiries, that they were ready and only too glad to make an exchange as soon as our government was willing. Now we lived in the hope of being exchanged from

week to week, and that our government would not be unmindful of our position, so isolated as though a sea was between us and our homes; and the hopes and fears which agitated us from day to day, can be imagined, but can never be described; and I, having been fortunate enough to have escaped from that gloomy prison after the greatest sufferings, and feeling for those I left behind me in confinement, am prompted to trespass upon the space of your valuable journal, hoping that my weak voice may reach those who have the power to raise theirs in those Legislative halls where the movement is about being discussed which interests me to so great a degree.

CHAS. J. MURPHY.

Dr. J. H. Stuart, Surgeon of the First Minnesota Regiment, who was taken a prisoner on the field with me, and since the war, Postmaster and Mayor of the City of St. Paul, Minn., and who represented that district in the last Congress, was good enough to write me the letter of recommendation to Mr. Lincoln, when he heard I was an applicant for a commission in the Regular Army, and it was afterwards endorsed by Dr. G. S. Winston of the 8th N. Y. Volunteers, and at present physician of the N. Y. Mutual Life Insurance Co. of New York, together with the other surgeons who were fellow prisoners, and last but not least, by my old comrade of the Mexican War and dear personal friend, Major-General James Shields (U. S. Senator from three states), lately deceased; also documents from General Heintzelman and Hon. Moses Odell, copies of which will be found hereto.

Copy of Letter of Recommendation to President Lincoln Written  
by Dr. J. H. Stewart, of St. Paul, Minnesota.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 25, 1861.

HON. A. LINCOLN,

President of the United States :

We take great pleasure in recommending to your favorable notice First Lieutenant Charles J. Murphy, who remained with the surgeons at the Sadley Church after the battle of Bull Run, and devoted himself to the care of the wounded, and though repeatedly urged to fly with the rest of the army, he most nobly refused, on the ground that not one man could be spared from constant care of the wounded, and chose rather to risk death or imprisonment than leave the brave soldiers to die on the field uncared for. His aid to the surgeons by his energy and activity was greater than that of any five men, and from the close of the fight until the following night, when he was removed to Manassas, he did not take a moment's rest; but like a noble-hearted and generous man as he is, gave himself entirely up to the suffering men around him. After reaching Manassas, Lieutenant Murphy, whom we called "doctor," and the rebels supposing him to be one, was offered parole; but when he found that a sufficient number of surgeons were to return to attend to the wounded, he peremptorily refused to accept it, and was taken prisoner to Richmond, and on our arrival in that city, we found him engaged in caring for the wounded Federal soldiers there, as he had been at the Sadley Church Hospital. We feel that the conduct of Lieutenant Murphy merits the warmest commendation, in that, with ample time and means of escape, he sacrificed even his liberty for those who had no just claim on him.

(Signed,)

J. H. STEWART, Surgeon 1st Minnesota Vols.

G. S. WINSTON, Surgeon 8th N. Y. S. M.

WM. F. SWALM, Asst Surgeon 14th Brooklyn.

ALEX. McLEITCHIE, Asst Surgeon 99th N. Y. S. M.

FOSTER SWIFT, Asst Surgeon 8th N. Y. S. M.

C. S. K. GRAW, Surgeon U. S. Vols.

I am well acquainted with Mr. Murphy, and find him a noble-hearted and excellent man. His aid to our wounded and sick troops has earned the praise of the whole army.

JAMES SHIELDS, Brig.-Gen'l.

If there be a vacancy of a first lieutenancy or captaincy in the regular army, not already promised, let it be given to Charles J. Murphy, named within.

A. LINCOLN.

WASHINGTON, March 15, 1862.

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., 20th Dec. 1861.

To the Hon. SIMON CAMERON,  
Secretary of War.

SIR.—The humane and heroic conduct of the bearer, Mr. Charles J. Murphy at the Battle of Bull Run, the skill, perseverance and endurance with which he effected his escape from the enemy, and the practical manner in which he expressed his sympathy with your personal loss in that battle are sufficient grounds for asking that he may be allowed the favor of a personal interview with you on a matter of interest to the government.

I have the honor to be sir,

your very obedient servant,

Signed, FRED. LAW OLMSTED,

Secretary Sanitary Commission.

This letter to the Secretary of War was given me at the request of Fred. S. Winston, Esq., President of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Co., whose son was taken prisoner with me, and the allusion made to the Secretary's personal loss was caused by the part I took on the day after the Battle in having the body of his brother, Colonel Cameron, properly buried, and who was killed while gallantly leading on his splendid regiment, the 90th New York Highlanders.

### Copy of Letter from General Heintzelman.

WASHINGTON, March 1st, 1862.

Hon. ABRAHAM LINCOLN,  
President of the United States.

SIR.—This will be handed to you by Charles J. Murphy, who is an applicant for the appointment to a Captaincy in the Regular Army.

He was most conspicuous for gallantry at the Battle of Bull Run while serving as a staff officer in my division, and highly distinguished himself at the post of danger by voluntarily fighting in the ranks of his regiment when his position was at the rear with his trains. At the close of the fight on that disastrous day, he organized a field hospital at the Sudley Church, remaining there in full charge, and humanely attending to the wants of the wounded soldiers, although this was out of the line of his duty, through which he was captured by the enemy. His assistance to the surgeons and to the suffering men on that occasion, as I am credibly informed, was of the most incalculable

ble value, and his disinterested and humane services deserve the greatest praise, all of which make him fully entitled to the consideration of the government. His escape to our lines from his prison at Richmond after the most unheard of sufferings and privation, was one of the best planned and most successful affairs of the kind I heard of during the war. This proves him to be a man of most extraordinary nerve, sagacity and endurance, and one who will no doubt make a competent and efficient officer in the Regular Army of the United States.

S. P. HEINTZLEMAN,

Brig. Gen., U. S. V.

Copy of Letter written by Hon. M. F. Odell, Member of Congress from Brooklyn, and of the Committee on the Conduct of the War.

WASHINGTON, June 30th, '64

Hon. E. M. STANTON,  
Secretary of War.

SIR.—The bearer, Chas. J. Murphy, desires an interview with you; he is well known to me; he was taken prisoner at Bull Run while caring for the wounded at the close of the engagement. I saw him after the battle of Fair Oaks minister to the wants of hundreds of our wounded and sick soldiers from the battle field, supplying them with much needed delicacies without fee or reward except the consciousness of his own humane acts. Mr. Potter, M. C., of Pennsylvania, being with me, was witness to this man's disinterested and noble conduct, and insisted on sharing some of the expense which he countenanced, replying that it was a labor of love on his part toward our poor suffering soldiers and did not render the service for money.

His conduct there and then commended him to my kindest sympathy, and of all the men I know there is none more deserving of the favor of the government. I have no doubt of his ability to comply with all the regulations required if appointed to the position he seeks, as I feel that he is worthy of anything in reason that he may ask at your hands.

Yours truly,

M. F. ODELL.

On the strength of these letters, that great and good man, Abraham Lincoln, recommended me for appointment in the Regular Army, as appears from his endorsement, a copy of which is appended below the letter of the surgeons and endorsement of General Shields. I must here make mention

of the kindly manner in which the martyred President received me just after my escape from Richmond, when I was all crippled and in a lamentably prostrated condition, after first calling to pay my respects and give some verbal messages I had consented to convey to him from some of our prominent prisoners in Richmond. He made a special engagement that I should call at the White House in the evening at 7 o'clock, when the business of the day would be over, and I remained in close conversation with him answering questions till after ten o'clock. He wanted to know much about Captain Todd, Mrs. Lincoln's brother, who was in command of our prison, and going over matters that fell under my observation while in Richmond, I being one of the first prisoners to reach Washington after Bull Run. I had many facilities for information, having volunteered to take charge as superintendent of the hospitals for our wounded at the tobacco factories, and was allowed out in the city on hospital business, but always accompanied by an armed guard. I will never forget that delightful evening with that good hearted, great man, whose memory I will ever revere; his kindness and heartiness of manner were notable, and I was always able to feel at home in his presence. I have asked him since to bestow favors on others, which were invariably granted, a privilege which, however, I am glad to say, was never abused. I could always freely call on him, and it was my honor to have his valued acquaintance and confidence up to the time of his untimely and tragic death. Had he lived, the South would have had no stronger or more sincere friend.

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When about to resign my commission, the officers and non-commissioned officers of my regiment prepared the following testimonial, which was signed by the majority of them, and presented to me with a valuable *souvenir* on the eve of my departure:

CAMP SCOTT, near Alexandria, Va.

TO CAPTAIN C. J. MURPHY,  
1st Regiment Scott Life Guard:

Dear Sir: The undersigned Commissioned and Non-commissioned Officers, learning you are about leaving us, desire before parting, to express our high estimation of your courage, humanity, and self-sacrificing spirit, as manifested on the Battle Field at Bull Run, July 21st, 1861. Being present on that memorable occasion, we were witnesses to your courageous conduct, when fighting in the ranks, your kindness to our wounded, your refusing to desert them in their hour of need—thereby subjecting yourself to all the inconveniences of a long imprisonment, calls for our loudest praise. We applaud you, sir, for your daring exploit in escaping from your Prison, at Rich-

mond, travelling hundreds of miles on foot, through an enemy's country, suffering from *Hunger, Cold and Fatigue*, all which you endured, and successfully reached your Regiment, and was welcomed with joy and gratitude by Officers and Privates. We present this testimonial to you, as a token of our high *Regard and Esteem*.

Signed by

Augustus Funk, Major. R. S. Watson, 1st Lieut. Co. A.

Eugene McGrath, Captain Co. B. Jos. B. Clark, 1st Lt. Co. E.

G. M. Dennett, Captain Co. D. A. A. Terrill, 1st Lt. Co. G.

O. A. Tilden, Captain Co. E. C. E. Harbott, 1st Lt. Co. I.

W. H. Baled, Captain Co. H. W. Banks, 2d Lt. Co. G.

And fifteen others.

On applying to the War Department for my appointment, I was informed, to my great disappointment, that there were several ahead of me that were recommended for Commissions, and I would be obliged to wait my turn, as the appointments would be made in regular order. I had already resigned my commission in my regiment expecting an immediate appointment, and not wishing to idle my time away in Washington waiting, and always been accustomed to an active, busy life, I immediately took my departure for the White House on the Pamunkey River, which was the base of operations for Gen. McClellan's Army of the Potomac, and served as a volunteer aid, without rank or pay, all through that unfortunate campaign, from the Battle of Fair Oaks to the last of the Seven Days' Battles at Malvern Hill. A copy of the letter of the Medical Director of Transports for the Army of the Potomac, Surgeon E. S. Dunster, will be found herein. He kindly certifies to my humble services on that memorable occasion, the day after the Battle of Malvern Hill, when our noble and exhausted, but not discouraged army were all huddled together at Harrison's Landing, in a wheat field, in a severe drenching rain, and without any shelter, on the eve to be remembered as of July. I have the honor and privilege to say that I erected the first field hospital for the Army of the Potomac on the James River with the little assistance I could obtain from a few of our exhausted and almost famished men, and no sooner were the ridge pole of the tents in position than the wounded brave fellows would crawl in out of the pitiless storm. How little our people at home know of the sufferings and sacrifices of the noble men who fought and suffered in this just cause of the Union that the Nation might live!

On this same evening at 10 o'clock, and it was a fearful stormy night, I left Harrison's Landing on the Transport Steamer *Jake Brooks*, in charge of fifty badly wounded men for Fortress Monroe, as per copy original permit herewith.



HARRISON'S LANDING, Va.,  
July 2d, 1861.

To the Officer in charge of the Hospital transport John Brooks :

Permit the bearer Charles J. Murphy, with the wounded and disabled soldiers under his charge, to pass down the River to Fortress Monroe.

E. S. DUNSTER,

Asst. Surgeon U. S. A.,

and Medical Director of Transport.

We arrived in the morning at Old Point. And a fearful night it was. Our surgeons remained up all night dressing wounds, and the steamer was crowded with disabled men, and many died during the night. I will ever remember the brave and gallant Capt. Jos. O'Donohue, of the 69th Volunteers, Mougher's Irish Brigade, and I performed the melancholy duty of closing his eyes in death, just as the steamer sighted Fortress Monroe. The field officers of his command were all killed or disabled, and he was in charge of his regiment at Malvern Hill when he received his mortal wound.

I cannot refrain from mentioning here an act of magnanimity performed by Major Decourcy of the 2d N. Y. Vols.. He happened to be at the Fort, and hearing of the death of Capt. O'Donohue, he voluntarily came forward and ordered the embalming of the body, and had it forwarded to New York at his own expense. Major Decourcy is now Deputy Sheriff in New York.

I will never forget the noble bearing of our Grand Army on that memorable march to the James River, fighting a battle every day and retreating every night of that fearful week, defeating the enemy in every engagement except the first at Gaines' Mill. The retreat was conducted as orderly as if nothing uncommon was occurring, all of which is due to the admirable manner and plan of this, one of the most extraordinary retreats in history, and conducted and carried out successfully by that able and beloved commander of the Grand Old Army of the Potomac, Major-General George B. McClellan.

We lost in killed, wounded and missing, 14,000 men, from the 15th of June, till we reached Harrison's Landing on the 1st day of July, having fought the Battle of Gaines' Mill, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Golding's Farm, Peach Orchard, Glendale and Malvern Hill, and never was such fighting as took place at Malvern Hill, which was a regular artillery fight on our side. We had between 200 and 300 guns in position on that hill, and Confederates attacked us in solid column. At each volley of our artillery great swaths of living men were hurled to destruction, but still they closed up after every murderous round, fired and steadily advanced again and again almost up to the mouths of the cannons, only to be torn to pieces by our grape and canister at close quarters.

In the rear of their columns and in the woods they were exposed to a heavy fire from our gunboats on the river a little over a mile away, that poured a steady fire of 200 pound elongated shells, that burst in their rear ranks and caused great havoc and came so unexpected, as they never anticipated a fire from that quarter as well as in their front. The shells were so large, and so closely resembled a well-known cooking utensil that they christened them "camp kettles," and they would at times cut down great trees, coming with such terrific force.

This description of a charge on a Battery by the Confederates, is taken from a newspaper, and is so truthful and lifelike that I copy it entire, and is so near what I have witnessed on the field, and is so thrilling, that I am sure it will interest the reader.

### Supporting the Guns.

"Did you ever see a battery take position? It hasn't the thrill of a cavalry charge, nor the grimness of a line of bayonets, moving slowly and determinedly on; but there is a peculiar excitement about it that makes old veterans rise in their saddles and cheer.

We have been fighting at the edge of the woods. Every cartridge box has been emptied once or more, and more than one-fourth has melted away in dead and wounded and missing. Not a cheer is heard in the whole brigade. We know that we are driven foot by foot, and that when we break back once more, the line will pour through the gap.

Here comes help!

Down the crowded highway gallops a battery, withdrawn from some other position to save ours. The field fence is scattered while you could count thirty, and the guns rush for the hills behind us. Six horses to a piece—three riders to each gun. Over dry ditches, where a farmer would not drive a wagon, through clumps of bushes, over logs a foot thick, every horse on the gallop, every rider lashing his team and yelling—the sight behind us makes us forget the foe in front. The guns jump two feet high as the heavy wheels strike rock or log, but not a horse slackens his pace, not a cannoneer loses his seat. Six guns, six caissons; sixty horses, eighty men, for the brow of the hill as if he who reached it first would be knighted.

A moment ago the battery was a confused mob. We look again, and the six guns are in position, the detached horses hurrying away, the ammunition chests open, and along our line runs the command, "Give them one more volley, and fall back to support the guns." We had scarcely obeyed, when boom! boom! opens the battery, and jets of fire jump down and scorch the green trees under which we fought and despaired.

The scattered old brigade has a chance to breathe for the first time in three hours, as we form a line and lie down. What grim, cool fellows these cannoniers are! Every man is a perfect machine. Bullets splash dust into their faces, but they do not wince. Bullets sing over and around, they do not dodge. There goes one to the earth, shot in his head as he sponged his gun. The machinery loses just one bolt, misses just one cog in the wheel, and then works away as before.

Every gun is using short-fuse shell. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sounds from a battle line three miles long, and the shells go shrieking into the swamp to cut trees off, to mow great gaps in the bushes, to hunt out and scatter and mangle men, until their corpses cannot be recognized as human. You would think a tornado was howling through the forest, followed by billows of fire, and yet men live through it—aye, press through it to capture the battery. We can hear their shouts as they form for the rush.

Now the shells are changed for grape and canister, and the guns are fired so fast that all the reports blend together in one mighty roar. The shriek of a shell is the wickedest sound in war, but nothing makes the flesh crawl like the demoniac dazing, purling, whistling grape-shot, and the serpent-like hiss of canister. Men's legs and heads are torn from their bodies, and bodies cut in two. A round shot or shell takes two men out of the ranks as it crashes through. Grape and canister mow a swath and pile the men on top of each other.

Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob of men desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of the guns. The guns leap from the ground, almost, as they are depressed on the foe, and shrieks and screams and shouts blend into an awful and steady cry. Twenty men out of the battery are down, and the fire is interrupted. The foe accepts it as a sign of wavering, and come rushing on. They are not ten feet away when the guns give them a last shot. That discharge picks living men off their feet, and throws them into the swamp, a blackened, bloody mass.

Up now, as the enemy are among the guns! There is a silence of ten seconds, and then the flash and roar of more than 3,000 muskets, and the rush forward with bayonets. For what? Neither on the right, nor left, nor in front of us is a living foe! They are corpses around us which have been struck by three, four, and even six bullets, and nowhere on this acre of ground is a wounded man! The wheels of the guns cannot move until the blockade of the dead is removed. Men cannot pass from caisson to gun without climbing over wirecores of dead. Every gun and wheel is smeared with blood; every foot of grass has its horrid stain.<sup>20</sup>

I occupied a position where I could plainly see the greater part of this fight, and such frightful slaughter I hope never to witness or hear of again.

Was there ever such reckless daring in the history of the world? I question it, and many a brave and noble fellow went down to his grave on that memorable 1st of July. Would to God our brave southern brothers had been fighting in a better cause. Ever since the war, when I have contemplated the wonderful nerve of the Confederate soldiers, and by declaring this, I don't mean to disparage the well-known bravery of our own men, I cannot think of them but with the greatest admiration. I trust the time will soon come when the Society of the Army of Northern Virginia, who fought under the accomplished and gallant Lee, will meet side by side at the annual reunions, with the brave soldiers of our Society of the Army of the Potomac, who fought under McClellan, Meade and Grant. I would here add that at all our Army Reunions of the Society of the Army of the Potomac and at other gatherings of old soldiers, I have always heard nothing but the highest praise accorded to our Southern brothers for their bravery and daring on the field.

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West Point, New York, April 27, 1868.

This is to certify that on the 1st of July, 1862, at the time the Army of the Potomac reached Harrison's Landing, on the James River, after the memorable seven days' battles, Mr. Charles J. Murphy cheerfully rendered to me his valuable services in caring for the sick and wounded, a duty he well knew, from former experience, how to perform.

He put up a large number of tents, being the first Field Hospital erected on the James River for that army, all the wounded being at that time without shelter, and in the midst of one of the most drenching rains that ever fell from the heavens. Subsequently he accompanied and kindly and tenderly cared for a lot of wounded men to Fortress Monroe. His services so freely rendered at a time of the direst confusion and distress, when the safety even of our army for a while seemed somewhat problematical, were of exceeding great value, and deserve, as I am sure they have received, the grateful thanks of both the men whom he voluntarily helped to cure for and the officers whom he so nobly assisted, as every one's exertions, when expended, as his were, in the proper direction, was felt and approved by all in command on that trying occasion, and I trust the Government will see to it that such valuable services, so freely and gratuitously rendered at such a time, will not be overlooked.

E. L. DUNSTER,

Asst Surgeon, U. S. A.

And at the time referred to

Medical Director of Transports.

I have always been under the impression that it was the fearful rain storm of the 2d July, the day after Malvern Hill, which providentially saved our splendid and heroic army from destruction or capture, our poor, jaded men being in no condition to offer any further resistance, and the condition of the roads were such that the Confederates could not move their troops forward, and our men were all indiscriminately huddled together (nearly 100,000), infantry, artillery and cavalry, with no organization, and covering a space of about three miles on the bank of the James, and under one of the most fearful rainfalls I ever remember experiencing, and with no shelter whatever. It would have been an easy matter, under the circumstances, with fresh troops, to have captured the whole army.

The weather was extremely hot, and our men were suffering for the want of ice, particularly the sick and wounded; and as the Commissary had none to issue, and none was expected, I at once applied to the Secretary of the Treasury, Hon. S. P. Chase, for a permit (which I secured through my friend, Mr. Odell, M. C.) to land a cargo, as per copy of letter, and telegraphed on to New York to friends to order at once a shipment on my account, and the schooner *Saffie Gay* was immediately chartered, loaded, and started off from Rockland Lake with 224 tons, and unfortunately arrived at Fortress Monroe on the very day the troops commenced the evacuation of Harrison's Landing, which was a great disappointment to me, more for the poor men's sake, who needed it so much, than for my own pecuniary loss.

WASHINGTON, July 6th, 1862.

HON. S. P. CHASE,

Secretary of the Treasury:

The bearer, Chas. J. Murphy, desires permit to take cargo of ice to the army on James River, where I am informed it is much wanted. He is worthy of the permit, and I am sure it is not a matter of speculation or profit on his part that prompts him to make this application. I saw him after battle of Fair Oaks administer to the wants of large numbers of our wounded and sick soldiers at his own expense, hence feel him to be the right man to go to the army; and I am informed that he rendered great service as a volunteer aid, without rank or pay, during the late seven days' battles, in the movement of the army to Harrison's Landing.

Yours truly,

M. F. ODELL, M. C.

After the fatigues, hardships and anxiety of that unfortunate campaign before Richmond, and after my return from the second Bull Run, I was

attacked with malarial fever, from exposure on the Chickahominy River while waiting for the army to move, and which prostrated and confined me to my bed for several months, and left me in a similar condition, both mentally and physically, so that I was in after my escape from Richmond; so much so, that I thought I would never recover my health sufficient to return to the army, and gave up my appointment so kindly tendered me by Mr. Lincoln.

[Copy of letter from Col. Riblet, of whom I have the honor of now (1882) serving under, in the Fourth Company, Seventh Regiment Veteran Association, and in whose company I first enlisted in 1852, thirty years ago. Colonel Riblet is at present Secretary of the Peter Cooper Insurance Company, corner of Third Avenue and Ninth Street, New York.]

New York, Dec. 16th, 1861.

HON'LE JOHN W. FURNEY,

Sec'y of the Senate.

DEAR SIR:

Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Charles J. Murphy, who was formerly a member of the Seventh Reg't N. Y. S. M., and now an officer in one of the regiments of the Scott Life Guard. Was in the battle of Bull Run, where he was taken prisoner, having refused to leave the field until the wounded were cared for; escaped from Richmond some weeks since, and is now an applicant for a commission in the regular army, a position he is well calculated to fill. If you will grant him your powerful aid in the matter, you will be assisting a worthy man, and as good-hearted a fellow as there is in the service.

Very truly,

Yours, &c.,

WM. H. RIBLET.

Copy of letter from Gen'l Canada, a Cuban gentleman, who, if my memory serves me aright, commanded the 116th Penna. Regiment in the war, and who resigned his position of U. S. Consul in Cuba, to join the revolutionary cause. He was commander-in-chief at one time of the insurgent or patriot army.

U. S. CONSULATE, SANTIAGO DE CUBA, June 24, 1867.

MY DEAR PENNINGTON:

This will make you acquainted with Mr. Charles J. Murphy, who is interested in a matter before Congress, which he will explain. Will you be

kind enough to do what you can for him, and also enlist the aid of Mr. Myers in his behalf.

Mr. Murphy's exceeding kindness and generosity was known to me before I left Richmond, and on my arrival at Annapolis in a destitute condition, after a long imprisonment, he generously and voluntarily advanced us money for our immediate wants, supplied us with clothing, and did everything in his power to assist us, and all which were from the best and kindest of motives, for which myself and brother-officers have always felt exceedingly grateful; and I would much like to be of some service to him in this matter.

Whatever you may be able to effect in his behalf will be very gratefully remembered by

Your sincere friend,

F. F. CAVADA.

EDWARD PENNINGTON, 117 S. 7th St., Philadelphia.

### Gen. Shields' Arrival in New York.

My old comrade in Mexico, Major-General Jas. Shields arrives in New York and is suddenly taken sick at the Astor House. I am now in possession of the last letter he wrote about a half hour before his sudden death at Ottumwa, Iowa, he being the last but one of the general officers living who fought in Mexico, and was the only general in the war of the Rebellion who defeated Stonewall Jackson. The following extract is from the *Irish World* of September 28th, 1875.

In the morning Dr. Farrington pronounced his condition very dangerous. Inquiries were at once made if the General had any personal friends in New York, and their whereabouts.

"On Sunday morning Colonel C. J. Murphy, who does business in Vesey Street, New York, but who resides across the river in Brooklyn, called at the Astor House. Round about this hotel is the most densely settled, busiest and noisiest locality in all America; and the continuous rattle of wheels, night and day, the shout of newsboys and peddlers, the blowing steam whistles, and the incessant hum and rumble of business made it anything but pleasant for the sick. How was the patient to find relief in that neighborhood? How rest? After a brief consultation with the Doctor it was decided that the best thing to be done, according to Mr. Murphy's suggestion, was to take the General in a carriage to his residence, 464 Henry Street, where he would be removed from the turmoil of the great city.

Colonel Murphy himself is a veteran of two wars. He was in Mexico,

and his services in the late war for the Union won for him the esteem of his comrades, and the especial recognition of President Lincoln himself.

The Colonel's wife is a relative of the illustrious Irish Revolutionist, Wolfe Tone. Is it not fitting that in such a household the foremost military man of the Irish race of to-day should lay on his stretcher in the hour of discomfiture?

The press reporters very soon had hold of the matter, and from the hour the news got abroad streams of visitors flowed, from morning until night, and far into the night, to the temporary residence of the prostrate hero. Only very special friends, however, could be admitted. At Colonel Murphy's house, where every kindness was and is shown him the General began to show signs of increasing strength; and his improvement now, if slow, seems steady and sure. On Monday the following letter reached the *Irish World* office:

NEW YORK, September 16, 1878.

MR. PATRICK FORD,

Dear Sir:

Will you be good enough to call or send some gentleman down to my office in relation to a message I have from General Shields to you. The General desires me to say that if his life is spared he will be at the Academy of Music on Tuesday next to do his best in aid of the Southern sufferers by yellow fever.

I am, dear sir,

Very truly yours,

C. J. MURPHY.

On receipt of this communication a representative of the *Irish World* called upon the General, at the residence of Colonel Murphy. The street in front of the house is of wooden pavement covered over with tar and sand, hard pressed with heavy rollers, rendering the passage of vehicles almost noiseless. On his appearance at the door, the *World* man was introduced into the parlor, where he was cordially received by Mr. Murphy. Under this roof-tree dwell a happy couple, with their nine children, the very picture of domestic felicity. The Colonel is a most affable gentleman. He is of the medium height, somewhat portly, with his hair of sable silver, and a face impressed with good sense and a kindly disposition. Colonel Murphy himself fought along with Shields in the Mexican war. He likewise fought in the late war for the Union, and distinguished himself for bravery in action, humanity toward the wounded and sick, whom he volunteered to wait upon, as well as for some daring adventures of which the ordinary soldier never knows anything. His escape from Libby prison, in Richmond with his ten



days in the woods, where he was subjected to the extremest privations, until he arrived within the lines of the Union army, is graphically described by John S. C. Abbott, in "Harper's Monthly" for January, 1867."

I was glad to have the privilege of nursing my old friend in his sickness, and it appeared as an act of Providence for him to recover sufficiently to be able to deliver the lecture at the Academy of Music, which proved a grand success, as we realized over eighteen hundred dollars, which was sent through the Mayor of Brooklyn to the yellow fever sufferers of the South. The General's reception at my house after the lecture was a complete success and gratified the old gentleman exceedingly. I engaged the U. S. Military Band from Fort Hamilton to escort him to the Academy of Music and back. The 49th Regt.-Militia Irish Volunteer Battalion, Rankin Post No. 16, Grand Army of the Republic, and the Veteran Association of the Mexican War, under my own command as Marshal, escorted him from the house and back, and he received a grand ovation from over five thousand people in front of the house. Speeches of congratulation were made by Hon. W. E. Robinson, Corporal Tanner and others; Mrs. John Mitchell and many other admirers of the General were at the House to receive and honor him.

I would here remark that not one dollar was used from the proceeds of sale of tickets for anything outside of the legitimate expenses of the lecture. The hiring of the band and all other outside expenses of the reception were paid out of my own private funds, and my check for two hundred dollars for his expenses was handed the General on the day he left for his home, and which was reimbursed to me afterwards. He went back poor because money-getting was not one of the traits of his character. General Shields, the soldier, the statesman, the scholar, and the incomparable patriot, has achieved fame but not fortune; in him the two cannot be linked, and this is well. It is a many years ago when he first sat in the Senate with Benton, Clay, Calhoun, Cass, Chase, Coevan, Douglass, Seward and Webster. He has achieved honors for which history may be ransacked in vain for a parallel. We may be pardoned for finding in the thought that one of Ireland's sons has in this land of liberty served with unqualified distinction both in military and civil life, and has in his time represented three sovereign States in the American Senate, something which has never before happened in the history of the Republic.

On his return to Missouri he wrote me the following letter:

### Copy of Letter from General Shields.

CARROLLTON, Mo., Dec. 6, 1878.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COMRADE :

Why did you take the trouble to send me vouchers; your own word is more than sufficient. My New York trip was not as pleasant at first as I anticipated, but the magnificent reception at your house on the night of the lecture, and yours and your family's exceeding great kindness and devotion to me when stricken with sickness, made up for all New York's shortcomings heretofore, and while life lasts I will never forget you all with the most profound gratitude, and I consider it was owing mainly to your exertions and those of Mr. P. Ford that the lecture for the yellow fever sufferers was such a great success, and you devoted so much of your time to this affair, to the neglect of your business; but you will have the consolation of knowing that the splendid result will assuage in part the suffering of our poor plague-stricken brothers of the South.

I am sorry I did not meet your brother-in-law, Theobald Wolfe Tone, before I left New York, as the name even is an attraction for me; and no doubt you feel proud that the mother of your nine children is a relative of that illustrious Irish revolutionist, Wolfe Tone.

I do not forget your letter of congratulation, and need not say I thank you for sentiments which you have proved you cherish towards me on all occasions, and I don't know how I will ever repay your esteemed self and incomparable family for all you and they did for me. Give my love to my little pet, your daughter Nannie, my fair secretary, and my best respects and regards to Mrs. Murphy, who nursed me so tenderly, your son Felix, the lawyer, and all the other members of your household, and believe me your sincere friend and comrade,

JAMES SHIELDS.

Please remember me to Dr. Byrce, of Clinton street, who attended me so kindly, and refused all compensation.

MR. CHAS. J. MURPHY, New York.

Copy of letter that was written by Genl. Shields a half hour before his death. He was visiting his niece at the Convent at Ottumwa, and died suddenly in his chair without any warning.

OTTUMWA, Iowa,

May 1st, 1879.

MY DEAR FRIEND :

I took the liberty of writing you a few lines from home asking your hospitality, since then I came here, and I find I must hide away soon to save my

life. But delighted as I would be in your kind, affectionate and congenial home, I must not go so far away from my family at present, some time this season I may. This is my condition, first, a terrible cold; this was neglected, next bronchitis, very severe; now nervous prostration and asthmatic affection, I need rest, perfect quiet, no public speaking, sleep, sleep, repose, repose of mind and body. I have all this. I must hide away, and this made me think of your peaceful home. But I cannot go so far now, I must seek it nearer home, so you need not make any change on my account, sometime, soon, I hope to see you. I never was more at ease in heart and mind than with you, and in your kind and friendly home.

My kind regards to you, my dear friend.

Sincerely, your friend,

JAS. SHIELDS.

# Reply of Gen'l Hooker to Invitation to attend Gen'l Shield's Lecture.

GREENWICH CITY, L. I., N. Y.,  
Sept. 26th, 1878.

Colonel C. J. MURRAY,

Chair. Com. of Invitation:

My Dear Colonel: Your cordial invitation of the 24th instant, with enclosures, was received by me late last evening, and I regret that I have to state that it will be utterly impossible for me to be present to meet and to hear my old friend's lecture this evening, owing to engagements growing out of Queens Co. Fair, now being held, near this City. I sincerely hope that the old General will be blessed with health and strength in his noble efforts in behalf of our afflicted countryman.

Be pleased to give him my love, and best wishes.

Sincerely Yours,

J. HOOKER,

Major-Genl.

I was a guest at the reunion of the First Massachusetts Volunteers in the Mexican War at Nantasket Beach, in Boston Harbor, lately, on the invitation of my friend, Comrade Henry McGlennan, manager of the Boston Theatre, and when the matter of our Pension Bill before Congress was discussed, mention was made of the opposition of the Senate by Mr. Hear, of Massachusetts, who had opposed the bill on account of its including Jeff Davis in its benefit. Eight dollars per month from the passage of that bill is all we ask, and in

relation to this article a discussion was appended in one of the local papers, which Mr. Davis happened to notice and wrote me a letter of acknowledgement, a copy of which will be found herein: The matter was written up afterwards for the *Brooklyn Eagle* by the Hon. Wm. E. Robinson, who now represents my district in Congress, and is as follows.

On a recent visit to Boston Colonel Murphy met some of Senator Hoar's friends, who had opposed the pension to the American veterans for fear of honoring Jefferson Davis. Colonel Murphy told them whatever the faults of Jefferson Davis may have been they should not forget that it was due to him, in a great measure, that Buena Vista resulted in a glorious victory in place of a disastrous defeat. Colonel Murphy served gallantly all through that war. It will be recollected that so certain was Santa Anna of a victory that he wrote to General Taylor saying: "You are surrounded by twenty thousand men and cannot, in any human probability, avoid suffering a rout and being cut to pieces with your troops; but as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe," and gave one hour from the arrival of his flag of truce to General Taylor to surrender. Old "Rough and Ready" did not require all the hour to respond. He wrote his memorable but brief dispatch: "I decline according to your request." But think of the situation! An army of twenty thousand veteran soldiers, Santa Anna at their head; General Alvarez, Chief of Cavalry; Lombardina, of Infantry; Roquena, of Artillery; Villamil, of Engineers; with Vasquez, Torrejon, Ampudia, Andrade, Mison, Pacheco, Garcia, Ortega, Mejia, Flores, German, Mora, Romero and other dashing general officers, and to resist all this less than five thousand Americans regulars and volunteers, and of regulars less than five hundred!

On the morning of the 22d of February, 1847, the Mexican cohorts appeared on the distant hills; dense squadrons of horse, with glittering lances and gay pennons, forming the advance. Serried files of infantry, artillery and cavalry, column after column in apparently endless massiveness, followed, but it was Washington's birthday, and General Taylor declined to surrender, and that meant hard fighting. The line of battle was formed by General Wool. General Taylor held Colonel Jefferson Davis (his son-in-law) with his Mississippi Rifle, Lieutenant Colonel May's squadron of dragoons, the light batteries of Captains Sherman and Bragg and Captain Steer's squadron in reserve. General Lane moved forward with a section of Washington's battery to arrest the advance of the enemy, but that enemy seemed irresistible. Before night the Mexicans had occupied the sides and scaled the summits of the Sierra Madre. That night our little army lay on their arms without fires, and long before daybreak were aroused from their slum-

bers to the tug of war. The day dawned bright and beautiful, skies unclouded and mountain tops bathed in sunlight. Ampudia commenced the battle early, and at eight o'clock Santa Anna had his main column in motion. At eleven he summoned Taylor to surrender. The fortune of the day seemed against us. General Lane in vain tried to rally the Indiana regiment. Captain Lincoln, of General Wood's staff, lost his life in attempting to stay the fugitives. Lieutenant O'Brien, whose name is indelibly written on Buena Vista, maintained his ground till all his cannon were killed or wounded. Eight regiments of Mexican infantry fell upon the Second Illinois, and they were forced to take shelter. Bragg's and sections of Sherman's batteries had been ordered to their relief. Immense hosts of Mexican troops poured along the base of the mountain to the rear of the American line. Colonel Davis hastened to meet them. The Mississippi Rifles went into action in double quick time, and fired advancing. The front lines of the enemy seemed to melt before them. In the thickest of the fight Captain Bragg sent to Taylor for a supporting party. Taylor sent back the answer, "Major Bliss and I will support you." He galloped to Bragg's support and there gave the other celebrated order, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg." The American line had been turned in the morning, but before eight it was recovered, and the next morning the Mexican Army had vanished. In the success of that battle Jefferson Davis and his brave Mississippi Rifles justly claim a most conspicuous part.

### *Copy of Jeff Davis' Letter.*

BRANFORD, P. O.

HARRISON COUNTY, MISS.

Sept. 24, 1879.

CHARLES J. MURPHY, Esq.,

MY DEAR SIR:

I thank you for your kind remembrance of the defence which you had the heroism to make of one whose services in the past but intensified the hate of those to whom you dared to make his justification.

There are none so blind as those who do not wish to see, and the history of the formation of our good government, so replete with the doctrine of State rights, seems just now at the North to be buried by an avalanche of prejudice too deep for those who only see the surface to know of its existence.

Time, it is said, puts all things even, and for the sake of the liberty we

inherited, and for the welfare of our posterity, I trust that the common sense of the people will, sooner or later, triumph over error and vindicate truth.

Believe me to be,

Yours faithfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The following letter of introduction is from my old and esteemed comrade, Major Genl. Joshua L. Chamberlain, Ex-Governor of Maine, and now president of that time honored institution, Bowdoin College, who was honored by his people with four consecutive terms as Governor of his State, and was strongly urged by leading men of New England as a candidate for the nomination at last election as the Vice President of the United States, which office, or the higher one of President, he is so well qualified to fill. I first met the Governor nearly twenty years ago, near the battlefield where he was carried, and, as we supposed, mortally wounded, having been shot through the body, and it was my good fortune to be of some assistance to him at the time. A pleasant intimacy has sprung up between us which has been uninterrupted ever since, and he and his family are occasional and welcome guests at my house. The General was badly wounded five different times in as many battles and was the only officer that Genl. Grant ever made a full Brigadier General on the battle field during the war, and highly distinguished himself in most of the great battles as Brigade and Division Commander. I remember him at Fredericksburg while crossing the Rappahannock River with his division on the pontoon bridge, when he and his men were exposed to the galling fire of several field batteries stationed on the heights which devastated his ranks terribly, and there was no getting away under cover, but they were obliged to stand their ground under that murderous fire of shot and shell. The bridge being crowded with men they could only advance at a slow pace. It was one of the most dreadful ordeals to pass through of the whole war.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Nov. 26th, 1882.

To The Hon. C. J. FOLGER,

Secretary of the Treasury,—

Sir :

I beg to present my testimony in behalf of Col. Chas. J. Murphy of New York City, who desires some conference with you in regard to matters coming under your jurisdiction.

Mr. Murphy is a man deserving well of the Government and of the Country. His services both in the Mexican war and in the defence of the

Union were of extraordinary value and merit. I will not go into details, but I take occasion to say that he is well known to me, and I know of the esteem in which he was held by President Lincoln and other high officers of the U. S. during the war, and that he is a gentleman, a man of integrity and high personal character, whom I sometimes see with pleasure as a guest at my home. His kindness to me when wounded and his loyalty to every good cause attaches me to him.

Permit me to bespeak for him your kind attention. He is a conscientious man and worthy of entire confidence.

I have the honor to be

Your obedient servant,

JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

I went to Annapolis, which was the depot for paroled prisoners of war, to meet my old comrades from Richmond, and having some business interests to attend to that kept me there, I spent considerable of my time in attending to the wants of those who arrived in a destitute condition, which was invariably the case with them all, I was gratified to be able to render needed assistance to them, as the following extracts from the correspondent of the Baltimore American, Captain Leslie, U. S. N., who had charge of the Naval Academy Buildings, will testify :

ANNAPOLIS, MD., March 18th, 1864.

The monotony that would have overshadowed our city after the adjournment of our Legislature has been partially relieved by the presence of the officers and men lately released from the loathsome prisons at Richmond. The liberal and popular owner of the Holland estate in this city, generously came forward and advanced the officers what money they needed for their present use, and also furnishing them with a full outfit of new clothing. This gentleman was one of the first subscribers to your "Baltimore American Fund" to relieve the prisoners at Richmond, and, if I remember rightly, subscribed the first hundred dollars to that fund, that did so much to relieve and succor our unfortunate prisoners. Mr. Murphy is proverbial for his exceeding kindness to officers and men. One of the officers, Gen. Fred. Cavada, handed me the following little tribute in his behalf, "We were strangers and he took us in; naked, and he clothed us; hungered, and he gave us food."

The number of deaths among the last arrival of paroled men is distressing. Yesterday, I saw not less than five corpses at one time being carried to the soldiers' burying ground. This is a sad tale to tell the country in reference to those who are so unfortunate as to fall into the hands of the South as prisoners.

Yours, etc., MAC.

The following are extracts from the Naval Academy newspaper, the "Crutch," published at Annapolis :

"Many thanks are due to Chas. J. Murphy, for distributing ice cream and cordials with such a liberal hand among our suffering, and whose prompt assistance on all needful occasions was so freely proffered. While these ministrations helped to lighten the extensive labors devolving on our surgeons, they also lightened the sad work with such gleams of devotion and disinterestedness as will ever be remembered by our grateful soldiers."

*From the Baltimore American (Annapolis Correspondent), Feb'y 12, 1862.*

### Presentation of a Flag.

Lieut. John McElhany of Co. H, Thirty-fifth Pennsylvania Regiment Volunteers, was presented with a splendid garrison flag by Mr. Chas. J. Murphy, of this city. Upon raising the flag, Lieut. John McElhany made the following address :

"MR. CHAS. J. MURPHY :

In behalf of the paroled prisoners of this camp, and more especially of the First Battalion, which I have for some time had the honor to command, I thank you in their name for your splendid and patriotic gift.

The presentation of this flag is particularly appropriate at this time, when they are on the eve of departure to fight under its folds upon the former scenes of battle and glory.

It is a fit testimonial to men whose patriotism serves their country not only on the field, but whose good conduct in the more peaceful precincts of this camp shows that they are good citizens as well as brave soldiers."

*From the Crutch.*

UNITED STATES GEN. HOSPITAL, }  
ANNAPOLIS, MD. }

"Two hundred and fifty of our sick prisoners were landed from the steamer that arrived from Savannah at the Naval Hospital during night before last, and their condition was horrible in the extreme and fully as bad as the arrivals on the last steamer. The weather is extremely cold, and these poor fellows were mostly covered with old coffee bags to hide their nakedness ; their hair long grown and matted and covered from head to foot with vermin, and so emaciated that the majority of them had to be carried from the vessel ; in fact they were mostly a mere ratchet of bones. It was really



one of the most pitiful sights that was ever seen. Fifty-five of these late arrivals were dead from exhaustion the next day after their arrival; this is horrible. Where men are allowed to freeze and die without shelter or care, and their bodies permitted to become food for vermin, can there be any retaliation too severe? Humanity and civilization shrink back appalled. I was struck with admiration at the devotion of Mr. Chas. J. Murphy, who is always on hand when he can render service to our needy and sick men. He was indefatigable in waiting on and assisting them off the steamer, and remained up all night till daylight engaged in this most disagreeable but loving duty; his clothes were covered with vermin from coming in contact with the rags that covered the skeletons who landed from the steamer. Such devotion and real charity, so cheerfully and voluntarily rendered, cannot be too highly commended."

MAC.

In relation to this matter of the exchange of prisoners I happen to know a great deal about its inside history, gleaned from the officers in charge of the exchange bureau with whom I was intimate. I must say in justice to the South that they were most anxious for an exchange, man for man, and tried every means to accomplish this purpose, and at last, when all efforts failed, they offered to deliver all the Andersonville prisoners at Savannah without equivalent in return, as they could not any longer care for them. This offer was made in the summer, but steamers could not be spared till the cold weather set in, and the consequence was that many of our poor fellows died in the meantime. I will here give the information that it was not the policy of our government to make an exchange of prisoners, as we could better afford to allow our men to languish and die in prison than to be the means of adding fresh, healthy men to their army, which would be the consequence of releasing the many thousands of confederates in our northern prisons.

The justice and humanity of this policy I will leave others to judge.

There has been a great deal said and written about the cruelty of the Confederates towards our soldiers, and as an act of justice I will mention some of my experience while in their hands.

I was captured near Sedgley Church Hospital, by a squad of the Rockbridge County Cavalry, under the command of Lt. Jas. S. Cummings, whose conduct and treatment of us was of the kindest nature, and all that we could desire. I have made every effort since the war to discover his whereabouts, and some four years ago I heard he was practicing law in Charlottesville, Va. I went all the way down there purposely to see him, and to my great disappointment found he had died only a short time before. And it is due to the Confederacy to mention an act of magnanimity that occurred under my own

observation. Towards dusk on the day of the battle, Colonel Jones, of the 4th Alabama, lay mortally wounded, and I directed Sergeant Mallory of my own regiment and four others to bring him in on a stretcher, and make him as comfortable as possible, while the physician probed his wound as he was shot directly through the body. He requested the names of those men, and after their arrival in Richmond they were allowed by the Confederate Government the freedom of the city, were provided with board in a private house, a sum of money was given to each one, and they were unconditionally released and sent to our lines.

This was reported by Sergeant Mallory, and published in the *New York Herald* of August, 1864; the Sergeant was good enough also to report in the same article that I had charge of the wounded at the tobacco factories, and that I was assiduous in my attention to them, and that I had sold my watch to provide needed delicacies for our sick and wounded boys.

I remember well my calling on President Davis to lay my claim for release before him on the same grounds, and for doing the same duty towards Col. Jones as Sergeant Mallory and the four men, as what they did was under my orders, but failed to see the President, as he was confined to his home with sickness.

I will here mention a curious incident of the war: a few years ago I went to St. Paul, Minnesota, to visit my old friend and comrade, Dr. J. H. Stewart, who was taken prisoner with me. He remarked, in talking over old times and what occurred on the field, "Why, Murphy, don't you remember the three badly wounded soldiers you picked up on the battle field on that Monday night after the battle, in that drenching rain, and carried them to Manassas, six miles away, in your ambulance? I think I do, I replied. Well, he says, one of them was of my regiment, and is now quite a prominent man in an adjoining town, and I will write him that you are here. As I was to pass through this town, I concluded to stop over and see this man, whose name I did not know, and had almost forgotten the circumstance, as it occurred nearly sixteen years before. All I remember was, that I accidentally found the three men on the battle-field, where they lay for two days, badly wounded, without any attention, and brought them to Manassas, and gave them in charge of the surgeon, and that was the end of the transaction.

The Doctor indited the following letter of introduction:

7 West 3d St.,  
ST. PAUL, April 5th, 1876.

MY DEAR FRIEND CANNON:

The bearer, Col. C. J. Murphy, is the soldier who picked you up on the battle field of Bull Run, and carried you and your two companions to Man-

about six miles away, and as he was to be in your neighborhood and wanted to look at you for old times sake, I give him this letter to tell you who he is, concluding that if there is a man on the face of the earth whom you would like to see it is Colonel Murphy.

Hastily but truly yours,

J. H. STEWART.

On my arrival at his town Mr. Cannon was at the depot to meet me, and I could not get away from him for two days. He treated me right royally; gave a special reception at his beautiful home, and had the leading men of the place to meet me, and insisted on stating all the circumstances of our first meeting, and that I was the man under Providence who saved his life, all of which was very gratifying to me. He sometime afterwards presented me with a handsome souvenir and his picture with the whole circumstances of my finding him on the field written out in handsome style. Little did I think on that dreary night sixteen years ago, that I would meet that poor forlorn soldier so many years afterwards under such changed circumstances.

As this pamphlet is chiefly intended for distribution among the members of Congress and of the Senate, as well as to personal friends, and as our Mexican Pension Bill is now pending in both Houses, I am in hopes that these allusions and General Shields' speech on that measure may have some effect in influencing our rulers to pass so just a measure, that would be of great relief to so many of our indigent veterans of that war. We only ask the small sum of eight dollars a month from the passage of the act.

In this connection I will mention another interesting episode of meeting with a long-lost comrade some five years ago. I was on my way to Cincinnati on business, and a gentleman boarded the train at Columbus, with whom I accidentally engaged in conversation, and who proved to be the Hon. Thos. L. Young, at that time the Governor of Ohio, and we recognized each other as old comrades in the Mexican war, not having met since we parted in Mexico thirty-five years ago, he being in the artillery and I in the infantry. We are now (1882) exactly of the same age (50), and the two youngest veterans of that war, as far as we know. He cordially invited me to attend his reception at Columbus, the capital of the State, on the following Thursday, on the occasion of the inauguration of the incoming Democratic Governor, Bishop. Governor Young was very attentive to me, and in the procession at the grand *entree* placed me with the Lieutenant-Governor elect, Fitch, escorted by the Secretary of State, Col. Nevins.

The following is from the *Columbus Daily Dispatch*, Nov. 16, 1877 :

"Col. Chas. J. Murphy, of New York, came up from Cincinnati to attend the reception given in honor of Gov. Young. Col. Murphy and the Governor were in the Mexican war, enlisted at the same time, the Governor in the artillery and the Colonel in the infantry. During the late war, Col. Murphy was on general staff service. Like the Governor, he is a son of the Emerald Isle. When the two get together to talk over old times, they make a royal double team.

On my return to Cincinnati, the Governor wrote me the following friendly letter :

STATE OF OHIO,  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,  
COLUMBUS, Nov. 19, 1877.

COL. C. J. MURPHY :

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I write to express to you my sincere thanks and great gratification for coming all the way from Cincinnati to attend my reception last Thursday. I was very glad to have the pleasure of your company on our visit with my wife and niece to the Central Hospital for the Insane, knowing the deep interest you feel in such institutions. I felt proud to have the opportunity to show you in part what Ohio is doing for a class of unfortunates whom God has afflicted with ill health mentally. I wish very much you had the time to spare to visit the asylums for the deaf mutes, the blind and idiotic, all located here, and I sincerely hope that you can make it convenient to call at Columbus and stay a few days with me, and talk over Mexico, before you return to the East.

I think of going to Washington to-morrow night ; but if I do, I shall be at home before the end of the month.

Remember me in kindness to your dear family, and hoping to meet you soon again,

I remain, very truly,

Your old comrade and friend,

THOS. L. YOUNG.

### Death of Father Gillen.

I heard a few days ago of the death of my dear old friend, Father Paul Gillen, late Chaplain of the Fifteenth New York Volunteers (engineer regiment), commanded by my friend and comrade in the Mexican war, Col.

John McLeod Murphy. The old gentleman, at the time of his death, was upwards of eighty years of age, and his devotion to his men while in the field was most praiseworthy. During the heat of battle he would frequently expose himself to great danger, in order to minister the last rites of the Church to the dying men, and at last his commanding officer was obliged to order him to the rear, as he was constantly in danger of death from the fire of the enemy. He gained the greatest love and respect of the men of his regiment, both Catholic and Protestant, for his sincere devotion to them on the battle field and in the hospital. I well remember the dear old priest, when the Army of the Potomac lay camped before Richmond, on the Chickahominy, going around his camp ringing his little bell to summon his men to their evening devotions, which he held every night in his tent, where his neat little altar was fixed up, and where he offered up every morning the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. He was lately stationed at Notre Dame, Indiana, and was frequently in New York, and never failed to call on me when in the city, and was frequently a welcome guest at my house in Brooklyn, and his reminiscences of the war were very interesting. He was a good and holy man, and has gone to his reward.

I cannot finish my reminiscences without mentioning the names of five gallant officers who came to this country from Rome, where they held commissions in the Papal army, and had letters of high recommendation from His Holiness the Pope. They were immediately commissioned in the army, and served with great distinction through the war, and I became quite intimately acquainted with four of these gentlemen—Col. Kelley, Lt. Col. Mulhall, Major Kehoe, and Capt. O'Keefe. Col. Kelley survived the war, and died since in Louisiana; Col. Mulhall was several times wounded, and is now a neighbor of mine in Brooklyn; poor Capt. O'Keefe died in hospital at Washington from the effects of wounds received in battle. I heard of his being mortally wounded, and repaired to Washington to see him. I had only reached the hospital when the gallant fellow breathed his last; and what a magnificent type of a soldier he was—over six feet high, and a thorough gentleman in every respect. Gallant Major Kehoe was killed by Sitting Bull's band at the time Gen. Custer met his death. One of the forts in the Indian country is named Fort Kehoe in his honor. The other survivor of these five splendid officers is Lieut.-Col. Coppinger, U. S. army, who is now with his regiment in Arizona, N. M.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR, }  
Sept. 15, 1882. }

COL. CHAR. J. MURPHY,  
48 Vesey Street,  
New York City.

DEAR COMRADE:

I regret exceedingly that your kind invitation to be present on the 14th inst. at the annual celebration by our Mexican Veteran Association (of which I am a member) of the capture of the City of Mexico, did not come to my notice soon enough for a timely reply.

It would have given me great pleasure to be with my old comrades, the veterans, on an occasion so full of interest to them and to myself; but the demands upon my time would in any event have prevented acceptance.

It recalls pleasant associations in the Mexican war, as well as in the recent war. I am mindful of the complimentary terms in which you speak of me, and I thank you for the kind assurances you offer.

Very truly yours,

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

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### Personal Matters.

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General Grant is a modest, unassuming man, and on first taking command was regarded as a curiosity by the soldiers, on account of his plainness of dress, in comparison with the young and new-fledged colonels and less advanced officers, and particularly a shocking bad stovepipe hat, which he wore for a long time before donning a military tile. The General is a man of business, and very popular with the troops. He appears about forty-five years of age, sandy complexion, reddish beard, medium height, pleasant, twinkling eyes, and he weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. He smokes continually. He is a strict disciplinarian, and an example of General Grant's strict government of the troops in his department will be gathered from the following: On the night of the 7th of November, a portion of the 20th Regiment Illinois Volunteer Infantry, at Jackson, Tenn., entered a store and stole tents, and took therefrom a quantity of goods and destroyed the tents, the damage amounting to \$3,242.65. Upon complaint of the suffering party, and a failure to ferret out the men guilty of the offence, the General issued a special field order,

The two sections embodying the penalty will be read with interest. They read as follows: 1. That the said sum of \$1,242.65 be assessed against said regiment, and the officers herein named (the names being given), excepting such enlisted men as were at the time sick in the hospital, or absent with proper authority; that the same be charged against them on the proper muster and pay rolls, and the amount each is to pay noted opposite his name thereon, the officers to be assessed *pro rata* with the men on the amount of their pay proper; and that the same so collected will be paid by the commanding officer of the regiment to the parties entitled to the same. 2. That Captain Orion Frisbe and Captain John Zimison, of the 20th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, for wilful neglect of duty and violation of orders, are hereby mustered out of the service of the United States, to take effect this day.

### General Lee on Invasion.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, writing from Gettysburg, July 7, relates a talk between General Lee and a mill owner of this State, during the recent invasion.

General Lee's confiscation of paper at the mills near Mount Holly Springs has been mentioned. Mr. Given, one of the sufferers, at whose house the General breakfasted, gives me some facts of interest. "It is not that we love the Pennsylvanians," observed Lee, "that we refuse to let our men engage in plundering private citizens. We could not otherwise keep up the morale of the army. A rigid discipline must be maintained, or the men would be worthless." "In fact," adds Mr. G., "I must say, that they acted like gentlemen, and, their cause aside, I would rather have forty thousand Rebels quartered on my premises than one thousand Union troops. The Colonel of one of the New York regiments (militia) drove his horse into the engine-room of my mill, a place which must be kept as clean as a parlor; the men broke all the locks, and delisted every apartment from basement to garret. Yet all this time I have been quartering sick soldiers at my house, and my new hotel is thrown open to the men to sleep in free of charge."

If the insurgents acted somewhat humanely by the way, they exacted no ample recompense from the citizens of Gettysburg. After getting possession on Wednesday, they advised the people to leave. Those who did so had their houses broken into and robbed without mercy. Everything was carried off that could be made use of, and what could not be was torn, soiled, defaced, or rendered useless. With the influx of strangers, the destruction of property, and the railroad in the hands of Government agents, it is positively difficult to

get enough to eat, except "hard tack," and even that is not easily come atable by civilians.

Notwithstanding my esteem for the soldiers of both Union and Confederate armies, it appears apropos in this connection to quote from two clippings from newspapers copied above.

It may not be amiss here also to mention that some bad men were in our army as will be found in all armies, and I was made a sufferer by their spirit of wantonness and desire for plunder. On the arrival at Annapolis of the eleven thousand paroled Union soldiers captured at Harpers Ferry, under Gen. Miles, there were not sufficient troops to keep them under proper discipline and subjection, and led by a few of their drunken leaders, some thousand or more of them made an attack on one of my buildings, and carried away the entire stock of general merchandises, and not being satisfied at completely gutting the warehouse they attacked the building which was one hundred feet in length and thirty in width, and left it a total wreck, thereby causing me an actual loss of some twenty thousand dollars.

This action of these unruly men created a panic in the City of Annapolis. The Bank removed its funds to a greater place of safety, as they expected a raid on it; the citizens were in a great state of alarm and excitement until troops could be sent to restore order, and some time afterwards another building of mine was sacked in the same manner without any cause, but by a different set of soldiers, and I was obliged to passively witness in both cases the pillage and destruction of my property which was the result of the savings of a life time, and the Government has not reimbursed me to this day to the extent of a dollar.

I merely mention these incidents to show that the cruelty, &c., charged was not all on the side of the Southern soldiers, and no doubt they had some bad men among them too. I often recur to the hanging of the poor unfortunate Confederate, Capt. Wink, for cruelty at Andersonville, and from what I knew of that case, and from the character of some of those soldiers who gave testimony on that trial, I feel that his execution was an unjust act. I knew the man well. He was the prison clerk at Richmond, while I was a captive there, and was known among us at the time as the old Dutch sergeant, and was the first man who discovered our escape, as it was his duty to call the roll of the officers every morning, and he always appeared to me, and I saw him every day while I was a prisoner, a quiet inoffensive man.



## Second Battle of Bull Run.

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*Extract from Report of Surgeon Alex. McLetchie, 79th Regiment New York Volunteers (Highlanders), to Brigade Surgeon Norval.*

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"I was also ably assisted in the care of the wounded and in providing proper quarters for them, during all day and far into the night of the day after the battle, by Mr. C. J. Murphy, who volunteered his services for this duty, his intelligence and tact in organizing a temporary hospital, in directing affairs and in aiding the surgeons amid so much confusion, and in a pouring rain-storm, was all that could be desired, and I trust will be properly acknowledged."

This brings to my memory the afternoon of the 30th of August, 1862, at Washington, when despatches were received from Gen. Pope announcing a great victory on the old battle-field. The War Department sent out word by posting written notices at the hotels that volunteers were needed at once to look after the wounded. I immediately ordered my horse saddled, and filling my saddle-bags with bottles of whiskey, which is so necessary for wounded men, I called over on G street to see if my friend and former fellow-prisoner of war, that noble lady, Mrs. Major-General Ricketts, wished to send any word to her husband, who was in command of a Division in the battle. I found her considerably excited, not knowing at the time the fate of the General. She hurriedly wrote a few lines to him, which I took with me, and started off towards dusk over the long bridge into Virginia, and berrying on through Alexandria, passing the outer pockets at Mussou's Hill, when it soon began to pour down rain in torrents, and after wearily riding on in the gloom of the night, towards dawn I overtook the old fighting Second Corps, under the command of Gen. Sumner, afterwards commanded by one of the greatest soldiers of the war, the invincible Gen. W. S. Hancock, who was so beloved and idolized by his men. They were on the way to reinforce Gen. Pope, marching in three columns. I rode ahead of the main body in the road, and accidentally overtook the Irish Brigade, under command of my old friend Gen. Meagher, whose regiment had halted on the side of the road, away up to the front, and on the extreme right, the position they were generally found in when fighting was expected. The poor men were completely drenched through and jaded out, having been on the march allnight in that fearful rain. One of my bottles of whiskey was soon extinguished by the brigade commander and a few of the officers, among whom was my old friend Cavanagh, then Major, and now Colonel com-

reaching the gallant N. Y. 69th Regiment. I resumed my journey to the battlefield, and soon reached Fairfax Court House, as day was breaking, and going a mile or two beyond, first encountered the crowd of wounded and stragglers on their way towards the town from the battlefield, and this was the first intimation I had of the fearful disaster, and not wishing to run the risk of being a prisoner for the second time, retraced my steps back, weary and disappointed, to Fairfax, where I met my old friend Dr. McLetchie, of the 79th N. Y. in charge of the hospital arrangements, and to whom I rendered my services in doing what little I could towards caring for the disabled men who were now coming in in large numbers from the battlefield, and being in the saddle all the night before and tired out, I am afraid my efforts were of very little account, although the doctor, who is a warm-hearted man, was kind enough to think they were worth while mentioning to his brigade surgeon in his report. About midnight on that occasion I remember the Doctor and I were both pretty well used up and wet through, as it rained all day, and we concluded it was time to take some needed rest; and as every house was crammed full of the wounded, we finally got into a barn on the edge of the few scattered houses that composed the town, that was already occupied by the men of a full company of artillery, one hundred in number, and by dint of hard squeezing we managed to crowd in, and by lying spoon-fashion, or like sardines packed in a box, we managed to fix ourselves comfortably (under the circumstances), and were soon in a sound sleep. As daylight dawned we were all up, and I was soon in my saddle and off on the road to Washington, feeling sad and sorrowful at the thought of our disastrous defeat. As I approached Alexandria I overtook an ambulance with an escort consisting of a brigade surgeon, a staff officer and an orderly, and on inquiring who was in the ambulance was astonished and grieved to hear that it contained the body of my old division commander, the brave and daring Gen: Phil. Kearney, killed at Chantilly. I accompanied the escort until we arrived at the embalmer's in Washington, where the body of my late beloved commander was brought in on an old door, to be prepared for burial, and sent on to New York, where it now rests in Trinity Church yard, at the head of Wall street, on Broadway.

While I am writing of this second Bull Run battle, it is fitting to allude to the case of that gallant but ill-used and misjudged officer, the old commander of the Fifth Corps, who saved the army of the Potomac at Grimes's Mill. I mean Gen. Fitz John Porter, in whose integrity, faithfulness and loyalty I always had the greatest confidence, even all through the former trial, when he was so fearfully maligned, and I am glad to see even at this late day that justice is about being done him, in which the whole country, particularly the soldiers of the war, will insist on and see that he is fully recompensed and

returned to his proper rank in the army, to all of which he is fully entitled, and more too.

In my opinion it was the opportune arrival of Sumner's Second Corps on the field near Bull Run that saved Pope's beaten army from annihilation, as they covered the retreat and protected Pope's rear by getting in between them and the Confederates, who were in close pursuit. If it were not for this timely assistance the victorious Southerners would have marched on to Washington unopposed, and threatened the capture of the seat of Government, which was no doubt their object. This splendid action of the Second Corps enabled Gen. McClellan to hurriedly reorganize Pope's beaten army, and including Sumner's troops, by forced marches, crossed over into Maryland to oppose the Confederates, who had already crossed over on the upper Potomac, with the object of getting to the rear of Washington, when they were met by that able general, and so signally defeated at Antietam, and driven again over into Virginia, thereby saving the City from inevitable capture, for if Pope's army had been annihilated we had no other troops sufficiently near Washington to oppose such an army as Lee's, and the city was almost entirely undefended on the northern side, which Lee would have attacked. The country don't generally know how near Washington was captured at one time, when Gen. Early got as near to the city as the head of Seventh street, and only for the opportune arrival of the Sixth Corps, under my friend Gen. H. G. Wright (now Chief Engineer of the Army) from Alexandria, who hurried out and met Early just outside the city limits, on the Seventh street road, and defeated him and saved Washington.

It was Lee's great object to capture the city, and Mr. Lincoln's greatest anxiety was to keep it always well covered with troops at convenient distances. This was the reason Gen. McDowell, with so large an army, was kept so long unemployed.

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### Extracts from Colonel Murphy's Letter.

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45 VESEY STREET, NEW YORK.

*To the Editor of the Providence Daily Journal :*

I have been solicited by my friend and comrade, General Viall, and other prominent officers of the Second Rhode Island Regiment, to write some reminiscences of the scenes that occurred at the Sedley Church Hospital after the battle of Bull Run, where I assisted in the care of Colonel Stocum and Major Ballou, and nearly three hundred other wounded soldiers. Since you were good enough to make a complimentary allusion to my name

as one of the invited guests, I send the article to you, thinking that it may prove of interest to your readers, and feeling at the same time that it gives me an opportunity of contradicting reports which were then made, alleging cruelty to our wounded on the part of the Confederate soldiers, the contrary of which, I am glad to say, is true.

"Towards dusk we had twenty-eight dead bodies which we placed in a row in front of the church, who had died during the night and that day, and the amputated limbs and pieces of flesh accumulated to such a degree that they were almost on a level with the table used for amputating under the pulpit of the church, and the stench arising therefrom was beginning to be terribly offensive to the living wounded men lying crowded together on the floor of that chapel house, and we began to be alarmed for the sake of the living as to the disposition of the bodies, as we had no force to bury them. I at last hit on the expediency of interring them in a small ice-house connected with one of the buildings, and had just broken the lock of the door, when we were summoned by Captain White, of the Confederate Cavalry, who, with a small squad of men, had charge of us, to immediately prepare ourselves to move off to Manassas, six miles away, in pursuance of an order he had just received from General Johnston, and leave all our wounded comrades without one man to care for them. We expostulated with him and tried to prove that the order did not intend to include the surgeons, and pointed out the enormity of such an unparalleled act of inhumanity, to abandon nearly three hundred wounded men to their fate, many of whose wounds were not even examined; but to all our entreaties he turned a deaf ear. He answered that he was very sorry, but he must obey his orders, when we told him that we would yield only to force. Nothing would satisfy him. Go we must. So we had to submit to the inevitable, and prepared to start off at once, and in a drenching rain. We hurriedly entered the church and the other buildings to bid our poor disabled comrades good-bye, and the scene at parting beggars all description. God spare me from ever witnessing such a dreadful spectacle again. I have seen service in Mexico and many of the great battles of the war since, but nothing has ever been so indelibly impressed on my memory as the solemn, heart-rending leave-taking with those brave, patient and suffering men. They lay there in their agony on those bare floors, with naught on which to rest their weary heads but the hard boards, with no friendly hand near to give succor, no dear mother nor kindly sister to tenderly and affectionately care for and soothe their last moments in that supreme hour of their affliction, and no good priest to pour the consolations of religion in the hearts of those who were about to wing their way into eternity.

"When they came to realize that we were about to abandon them, their lamentations and cries were heartrending to listen to; but go we must. I will never forget the look of anguish on the face of brave Major Ballou, when I took his cold, clanking hand in mine to bid him farewell. He was the last one of whom I took leave, and the noble fellow was called to his final account next morning. Col. Stocum also breathed his last during that night. Cursed be the causes that led to that cruel and fratricidal war.

"On our arrival at Manassas at eleven o'clock that night, we reported to the surgeon in charge, and informed him of the condition of the men left at the Sudley Church, when he expressed great surprise and indignation at our being ordered away, which he said was never intended, as the order only related to able-bodied prisoners, and left it optional with us to return at once, or remain until morning; it was then near midnight, our clothing was thoroughly drenched, and the surgeons had been up the previous night and most of the night before the battle, and were utterly exhausted and needed some rest, and knowing they were in a condition to be of little service that night, we concluded to wait until daylight, and sent back them without delay.

"I cannot close this article without mentioning the magnificent services at that Hospital of Dr. Harris, of your Second Rhode Island; Dr. J. H. Stewart, of the First Minnesota, Member of Congress from the St. Paul District last year; Dr. G. S. Winston, Eighth New York State Militia, son of the President and Physician to the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company; Dr. William F. Swales, of the Brooklyn Fourteenth New York State Militia; Dr. Sternberg, United States Army; the lamented Dr. Pengnet, of New York, lately killed on the New Haven Railroad, and other surgeons who remained and nobly did more than their duty. I cannot fail to express my admiration for the devotion of these indefatigable and noble men, who by their skillful hands and sympathetic hearts and unflinching zeal, ministered to the pressing necessities of our soldiers, and I hope their countrymen have appreciated their splendid and humane work.

"In justice to Capt. White, of the Confederate cavalry, afterward killed in battle, I would say that his ordering us away was more the result of ignorance than cruelty, and his anxiety to obey orders as he understood them. I saw the man shed tears at the scene of our leave-taking, and I also saw him give his blanket from under his saddle for a wounded man to lie on. I afterward saw it stated in a Northern paper "that the Confederates on guard there refused to allow our men to catch the water that fell from the eaves of the houses to drink, and that they had burned the bodies of Col. Stocum and Major Ballou and others," all of which is untrue.

I arrived at Nashua, N. H., a few years ago; on the evening of my arrival I learned that my friend General Joshua L. Chamberlain was to lec-

ture on "Gettysburgh," and determined to go and hear him. On visiting the hall I was courteously invited to a seat on the platform. In the course of his lecture, the General, among a number of other thrilling incidents and episodes of the battle, mentioned one special act of gallantry which came under his immediate observation. He had command of a division at Round Top, one of the most important points on the field, and from there saw, after a most determined struggle, the enemy capture one of our batteries, killing most of the men and all the officers with the exception of one. It was a grand charge and a gallant defence, said the General, and victory did not long remain with the enemy, for the officer of whom I had spoken, rallied by superhuman efforts, such forces as he could from the broken regiments, and inspiring them with his own fire and enthusiasm assailed the victors and recaptured the lost guns. Later in the battle this officer, a young Irishman, was killed. After the lecture I asked the General if he could recollect his name, and he replied that he did not know it. Afterwards, however, I took some trouble to discover who this young Irishman was that had borne himself so bravely, and was surprised to learn that it was Captain James M. Reedy, with whom I was in the early days of the war well acquainted, we having been fellow prisoners in Richmond. He had entered the war at the commencement, as a private, in the Sixty-Ninth regiment, and was made a prisoner at Bull Run, with Colonel Corcoran and a number of others. He escaped from Libby after a few months imprisonment, and after a journey full of incidents of danger and adventure, crossed the Potomac river on a raft, and reached Washington on the eleventh day from leaving Richmond, communicated important information to the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton, and then came on to New York, where he immediately interested himself in getting up a troop for the Fifth New York Cavalry, then being organized by Genl. Mearns. In this regiment he obtained a lieutenant's commission, which he retained on the consolidation of the command with the artillery. He was in all the battles of the Peninsula, was ordnance officer of Richardson's division until Antietam, and at Fredericksburgh held the same position under General Hancock, who afterwards secured his appointment as Commander of Battery B, 1st New York Artillery. Fighting with this he fell at Gettysburgh,

To show the interest my old friend took in his old comrades, I here reproduce a copy of his speech delivered in the U. S. Senate, on the Mexican War Pension Bill, and which is so interesting I give it in full :

### Pensions to Soldiers of the Mexican War.

SPEECH OF HON. JAMES SMITH, OF MISSOURI, IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES, FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

MR. SMITH said :

Mr. President : I thank the Senate for giving me an opportunity to speak a few words in this place in favor of my old comrades of the Mexican war. My words shall be very brief indeed. They will be nothing more than an earnest appeal to this body to pass the resolution just read, and when the bill returns to the Senate that the resolution calls for, to pass that bill also, and then, in my opinion, this body will have done generous justice to the soldiers of the Mexican war.

The soldiers of the last war have been treated by Congress with justice, and, in my opinion, with very commendable liberality. The soldiers of the Mexican war have not been so treated. These soldiers served their country and have received nothing in the way of generosity at the hands of the Congress of the United States. I wonder not at seeing the services of young soldiers handsomely rewarded ; but the wonder is at seeing the services of old soldiers almost forgotten. They complain that Congress has neglected to listen to their appeals. In my opinion, sir, after all, Congress is not much in fault. I think the fault principally lies upon the Bureau of Pensions. That bureau, by some process of calculation utterly unintelligible to ordinary intellects, or at least to an intellect like my own, has reported to Congress a larger army of Mexican veterans alive to-day than ever stood on Mexican soil with arms in their hands at one time during the whole period of the Mexican war. No wonder Congress hesitated to make provision for such an army after such a report as that. The only wonder is that any intelligent Congress could place implicit confidence in such a report. For my part, I do not place implicit confidence in bureau estimates. I have seen too many of them to place great reliance on them. It is said that the famous Dr. Johnson, when asked if he believed in the existence of ghosts, said : "Ghosts I do not believe in, because I have seen too many of them." [Laughter.] So, Mr. President I say in regard to bureau estimates.

There have been many attempts to obtain returns of the survivors of the Mexican war from every State in this Union, and the returns which have been obtained by the associations concerned are as accurate as any returns

can be in all probability in such a case; and what are these returns? That in the whole Union at this day there are not eleven thousand Mexican veterans alive. I need no report from any bureau to enlighten my mind on a point like this.

I cannot call the death-roll of the American Army that served in Mexico; but, sir, I can, and if the Senate permits me I will, call the death-roll of the general officers that served in that army in Mexico: Scott, Taylor, Wool, Worth, Twiggs, Kearney, Quitman, Pillow, Pierce, Cushing, Cadwalader—all gone; all dead. I, the humblest of them all, am left to make this appeal to Congress—to make it with heart and voice—to do something; to do it speedily; to do it before they are all gone. Sir, if it is not done speedily, if it is deferred a few sessions longer, it will come too late; for then the favors of Congress will not come to cheer living men, but will fall on silent graves.

Sir, do not talk to me of those exaggerated estimates reported by the bureau. I can give figures of my own. One of the regiments of my brigade a regiment from the state of my friend near me, [Mr. Butler,] when it landed in Mexico mustered eleven hundred gallant men. When the war was closed, when the city of Mexico was taken, that regiment mustered what? Two hundred and twenty-three men. Only two hundred and twenty-three men of that gallant regiment were left to carry the Palmetto flag back to the old State of South Carolina; and how many men of the two hundred and twenty-three are now left? Just eight. A delegate has come up from there to attend a meeting in Baltimore, and he is here to-day, and perhaps hears me now, and he tells me there are only eight men of that whole regiment now left alive. Sir, you may go over the States, and I have been over many of them, and of the men I know in Mexico and who fought in the battles there, I cannot find one man living to-day out of every twenty or thirty. This illustrates the way Congress has been imposed upon.

Sir, I need not talk of the history of the Mexican war in this Senate. You are familiar with it, although I must say that there is no history of that war that does even half justice. Neither need I talk of the army that conquered Mexico, but I can say in one word that no nation upon this globe need be ashamed of such an army. I say here to-day; I say it because it is due to that army; I say it because it is due to the American character, that no government ever sent an army into a foreign country better, braver, nobler than the army America sent to Mexico. Why, sir, from the first shot fired on the Rio Grande to the last shot fired at the city of Mexico, that army never suffered a single defeat, never lost a battle, never met a repulse,



surrendered a detachment, never even suffered an accidental disaster. Where can you find anything like that?

But some men may say: "You had only Mexicans to fight!" Yes, very true, we had only Mexicans to fight, and we had plenty of them to fight. But ask the soldiers of France, and they are as brave soldiers as can be found in Europe; ask them their experience of these despised Mexicans, and they will tell you frankly that in all Europe there is no peasantry that are less afraid of death than these very Mexicans. I ought perhaps to except the Irish and the Anglo-Saxons, and the Germans also; but I tell you the Mexicans stood killing as well as any people on God's earth, and they had plenty of it while we were there. [Laughter.]

Sir, if this government ever undertakes to walk over Mexico again with the expectation of having the same result, they will find themselves much disappointed. I assure you that it is my opinion, without saying one word against the American Army now, that if the soldiers of the American Army were just such soldiers as first starved and then killed the Cherokees on a recent occasion, they will never get to the halls of the Montezumas, except as prisoners of war. That is my honest opinion.

Sir, that little army that is now gone, except a few broken remnants, was as conspicuous for its humanity as for its distinguished bravery. I undertake to say here to-day that Mexican life, Mexican property, family honor all over Mexico, were as well protected during the American occupation as they had ever been before, or have been since. I say further, and I say it on the honor of a man, that no army ever invaded a foreign country that committed so few offences as the army that operated in Mexico, and I am not sure but that the men committed fewer offences than the same number of men living in civil life now in the United States of America. If you ask me why, I will tell you. It was, first, discipline; and, second, not speaking of the commanding officers, who were the best America could furnish (not including myself, of course, but speaking of the rank and file), they were simple, honest, brave, manly, generous and humane. It is said there are about ten thousand of them still left, and I say here now, and I will thank any man to correct me if I am mistaken, that I do not think in all America you will find one of them in the penitentiary. They would die before they would commit a crime. Some of them may die in the poor-house, but you may take my word for it, no soldier of this nation who fought in the battles of Mexico will ever die the inmate of an American penitentiary.

If the Senate will bear with me, I will justify the truth of this assertion by a reference—a brief reference—to the campaign.

In the fall of 1845 a Missouri regiment, nine hundred strong, under Colonel Doniphan, took its departure for Mexico. That regiment executed

a march of some two thousand miles; deserts were crossed and arid plains; they passed through the *ferrada del Muerto*, the journey of the dead, as it was called; passed the Rio Grande at El Paso; swept opposition of every kind before them; entered and captured the city of Chihuahua, and in all the march never committed a single crime, and never met with a single defeat. Ought men of that kind to be forgotten? Any government that forgets such men is not a government to encourage national heroism of any kind. But the public are better acquainted with what occurred on the Rio Grande. I can hardly find in history a spectacle more interesting and more romantic than my old friend, Zachary Taylor, "old Rough and Ready," standing there at the head of three or four thousand men confronting a whole nation of ten millions. That campaign commenced at Palo Alto, and commenced brilliantly, and it ended at Buena Vista; and you all know it ended in a blaze of glory. Sir, I reckon Buena Vista as one of those battles that will always stand foremost in history.

Then look at the other campaign, beginning at Vera Cruz, under Winfield Scott. The capture of that city is as splendid as any military achievement. The Capital of Mexico was taken by a little American army, with a less loss of life on the part of the assailants than was ever suffered in any assault. This was owing to the skill and consummate genius of the commander, the excellence of our engineers, and the splendid management of American artillery at that time.

Then there was Cerro Gordo. I have some reminiscences of that which I shall not forget. There was a natural fortress defended by the Mexicans. That natural position, perhaps, is the strongest in Mexico itself. The strength of that position was great in itself, besides the strength of the Mexican army defending it, and they were nearly double the strength of the American army assailing it. It was considered an impregnable position. And yet Cerro Gordo was carried with such a small sacrifice of life that to military men of that day, all over the world, it was a matter of astonishment. Sir, in my humble opinion Cerro Gordo ranks with and is only second to the battle of New Orleans under old Andrew Jackson.

But I will not delay the Senate; I will not abuse its courtesy. On the 30th day of August, 1847, ten thousand men crossed the mountains and entered the romantic valley of Mexico. It was an adventurous movement. That army abandoned its communications, its supplies, its very possibility of reinforcement. That was its condition; and yet, isolated as it was, small in numbers as it was, it fought the battles and gained the victories of Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and on the 13th day of September, 1847, it found itself before the ramparts of Mexico; and how many men stood before those ramparts, all told? Six thousand six hundred

men on the 13th day of September, 1847, crossed those ramparts, captured the city—a city containing two hundred thousand inhabitants, and defended by thirty thousand disciplined soldiers. Give me any other instance of the kind in history. Why, sir, the army was hardly sufficient to police the city after they captured it. When I myself stand here and look back at that, it looks to me more like fable than reality. I shall never forget the insignificant appearance we cut when we got into the great plaza of the city of Mexico. Happily, though, they thought we were only the advance guard of some tremendous array. I recollect an old English *gentleman* who was there, and after he looked at the little band, he said: "Is this the army?" "Yes." "Well," said he, "all I have to say is this, you Americans are not only the bravest people I ever heard of, but the most audacious people on God's earth to come here with such an army as that!"

Then, sir, think of the acquisitions that have been secured to this country by that army. They are not to be estimated now; they are not calculable at this time. The future only can estimate the value of the acquisitions accruing from that war, a territory sufficient to make an empire, certainly large enough for another independent country, with unsurpassed mineral wealth, mines of gold and silver that have changed the monetary condition of the world. Why, sir, Europe was struck with astonishment a year or two ago at the idea that this our territory acquired from Mexico was about to deluge the whole world with an inundation of silver. I wish to God the American Congress would turn a little stream of that flood in the direction of our Mexican war veterans. I am very sure we could stand under the deluge.

Now, sir, one advantage—not to speak of the harvest of glory which we foolishly thought we had reaped at that time, but a harvest, as I say, of real, substantial advantage—in addition to the territory and mineral wealth, is this, and future ages will consider it, and that is, the command of the great Pacific Ocean—the greatest ocean upon this globe—which will remain in our control "to the last syllable of recorded time," if this Republic shall but so long.

Sir, the remnant of that army—the army which did so much for this country—speak, as it were, through me to-day, hold up their hands in supplication to this body and this Congress, and say: "Give us a little of that we helped to secure for our country; give us a small pittance before we leave the world; give us a pittance to help us on the downward path of life in our old age; give us something to assist us in our last days when we are marching to that field from which no warrior has ever yet returned victorious, and never will."

Sir, I thank the Senate for the kind attention which has been bestowed on me, and for the courtesy of permitting me to make such a speech as this; and were it not that it might look like taking advantage of that courtesy, I would move now that the resolution be taken up and passed and sent to the committee, in order to have the bill reported speedily.

As a reminiscence of the Mexican War, the following letter from Stonewall Jackson, written when a very young man, will be, no doubt, of interest, and would add, that after it had done good service, at the fair of our new cathedral, N. Y., I sent it down, framed, to Savannah, Ga., to my old friend, the good bishop of that diocese, Right Rev. Dr. Gross, and a considerable sum was realized from it for the benefit of his beautiful new cathedral. It is proposed here to mention the devotion of the bishop when only a plain priest, to our sick and dying soldiers at Annapolis during the war, where he was stationed at the time. I remember we often walked together to and from camp, when he was on these errands of mercy and consolation. I have the satisfaction of saying that the acquaintance commenced there, has been kept up ever since, and I am in receipt occasionally of long and friendly letters from his grace, and one of my boys who was lately appointed to the U. S. Military Academy, at West Point, was baptized by the good bishop. I remember so many of the priests of St. Mary's at Annapolis were so zealous in their spiritual attentions to our sick, that as an act of gratitude, one of two of us put our heads together, and got up a handsome collection amounting to \$250, enough to purchase a beautiful altar chair for the Colobrant of the Mass, two nicely carved marble holy water fountains, and silver-plated numbers for all the pews. While on a visit there a couple of years ago, I had the privilege of sitting in the same old chair in the Episcopal or Bishop's reception room in the Redemptionist College attached to that church, which was formerly the residence of Chas. Carroll, of Carrollton, who was the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence.

### An Autograph Letter of Stonewall Jackson.

The following letter, written by Stonewall Jackson when a lieutenant of artillery in Mexico, has been presented by Colonel C. J. Murphy, of New York, to Mrs. Eugene Kelly, in charge of one of the tables at the Cathedral Fair. General Jackson was an old comrade of Colonel Murphy in the Mexican War:—

CITY OF MEXICO, Oct. 25, 1847.

DEAR COUNTRY—Since I last had the pleasure of visiting yourself and mother, I have been in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Pittsburgh, Cin-

cinnati, New Orleans, Matamoros, Cametago, Monterey, Saltillo, at the siege of Vera Cruz, and at the battles of Cerro-Gordo, and in this valley. In the recent battles, I have sustained much loss in the way of material. At Contreras I had a number of the horses of my section killed, and on the 13th of September I had all the horses in my piece killed but one, and my own wounded. But I succeeded in forcing my position, and pursuing and opening such a fire on the retreating column as I have desired during the past portion of this war. Poor John Thompson, of Clarksburgh, lost his leg, and died a few days subsequently. Many brave officers and men have lived to see, but not to enter, the capital of the heaven-doomed nation. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been spoken of in flattering terms by General Pillow, and that General Worth even went out of his own and entered the division of another general, in his report, to speak of my conduct. I feel proud of the source from which it has come. General Worth sent an order to me to retire, but I replied that, with one company of regulars, I could carry the works, to which he ordered a brigade. I mention this, believing that it will be a source gratification to my friends and relatives. The army has finally entered the city, and our banner waves over the national palace of Mexico with as much pride as over our own. No reinforcements have yet arrived, but they are this side of Vera Cruz. I am living with some fine Spanish friends, and learning the language. The Lepros (lowest order of the people) are still killing our soldiers. Many families of respectability had left the City previous, and have not yet returned. The editor of the *Monitor* (a Mexican) a few days ago spoke of a lady who had received the visits of a few officers of the army, and one of them, Lieutenant Brooks, cowhided him severely for such liberty of the press. Other officers who have visited the same lady were in search of the editor, who, hearing of it went to the editor of the *Picayune* (New Orleans), to know what was the custom in Louisiana; and Kendall frankly replied that sometimes they got a severe flogging. The Mexican Congress had not convened at last dates. Pena y Pena is the constitutional president. General Paredes has raised the French flag at some distance from this capital. Santa Anna has but few troops. General Scott has laid contributions on this place. I write to you on a sheet of paper captured in the national palace, giving you thereby a small relic of what is popularly termed the Hall of Montezumas. It is a blank commission. I wish, when you have any surplus papers, that you would direct them to me, as I have but little else now to interest me than the home news. Give my respects to my relatives and inquiring friends. Say to John Duncan that I will be glad to hear from him.

T. J. JACKSON.

48 VESEY STREET, New York, Sept. 3, 1880.

TO THE CHAIRMAN OF COMMITTEE ON INVITATION,

MEXICAN VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

GENTLEMEN :

I have just received your kind invitation to attend a celebration of the Anniversary of the Taking of the City of Mexico, on the 14th inst. I regret to say I will not be able to attend on account of having to preside at our celebration on same day at Sea Beach Palace, Coney Island.

The thoughts of the days of 1847 helps me to feel young again, and brings vividly to my mind the gay, rollicking little army that marched out of Puebla on that bright August morning (alas! how many never to return), when General Scott left Puebla with his little army of 14,000 men to fight an army of 35,000 veteran troops of Mexico, in trenches, in mountain gorges, and fortified cities, surrounded by impossible marches, our base, if we had any, hundred of miles away, we faced the men that had showed the quality of their mettle at Mier and the Alamo. We felt that defeat meant death. 'Tis not becoming in soldiers to boast, but who, among all of you that will assemble on this glorious anniversary, will not straighten up and feel an inch taller when he says, "I was one of that little army."

Where is there one whose eyes will not dash when the glorious 10th of August is mentioned; when that little army fought five distinct battles—among them Contreras, San Antonio, Churubusco, San Puebla. Then came the 8th of September, that proud but sorrowful day, where we lost 800 out of 4,000 engaged. Then came Chapultepec, and the crowning event—our flag waving over the National Palace. These memories are dear to us all, and I can think of no happier way of passing one day in the year than the old veterans meeting together and fighting their battles over again.

Again I repeat, I am sincerely sorry that I will not be able to attend, but I hope the comrades who will meet that day will be as successful in their engagement as they were on that other 14th of September, 33 years ago, when the serpent flag was pulled down from the National Palace to make room for our own glorious stars and stripes.

I trust these annual reunions will be continued, in order that the authorities at Washington will keep in mind, and not forget, our claims; as the small pittance asked for in the Pension Bill now before Congress would be a great relief to many of those of us who remain, and who have fought the battle of life up to this time, but who are now fast passing away.

Hoping you will all have a good time, and remember me kindly to each and every one of the veterans, and wishing you health and prosperity,

I remain, my dear old comrades,

Yours very sincerely and lovingly,

CHAS. J. MURPHY, Marshal.

N. Y. Mexican-Veteran Association.

## Col. Patten, Col. Bailey and Capt. Morris.

In connection with Gen. Shields I must mention another old comrade of the Mexican war, and a mutual friend, Col. W. A. Patten, a retired officer of the U. S. army, who was known as the poet of the army in Mexico, who so highly distinguished himself in all the battles under Gen. Scott, and particularly in those before the City of Mexico, where he was fearfully wounded, one hand being shattered and torn to pieces. Three years ago the dear old gentleman came off the way from Houlton, Maine, on my invitation, and to meet Gen. Shields, my friend Gen. Thos. W. Swocmy, a hero of two wars, and able division commander during the Rebellion, Col. Wm. Linn Tidball, and other comrades, at our annual reunion, where he delivered an original poem, of which I copy two of the verses, on the "Battle of Cerro Gordo," where Gen. Shields is mentioned. I regret to say that only a few months ago I was informed of the Colonel's death.

## CERRO GORDO.

Once more, descending from her airy heights,  
Upon another scene the music alights.  
'Twas after Cerro Gordo's dreadful day,  
That on the field a bleeding warrior lay:  
Fallen—but not in death—to live again  
Where war's red chariots skim the sanguine plain,  
Proving to all by his return to life,  
How Honor lives in and beyond the strife.  
Yea! silent though on tented plain it lies,  
With all its seeming, Honor never dies!  
When to its course, apparent close is given,  
It flies from Earth to find a home in Heaven.  
And who was he, the patriot and the brave,  
Who found a crimson bed—but not a grave?  
With whom, while wandering from breast to breast,  
The soul of courage found a place to rest.  
In after years who fought in many fields?  
Who but your war-scarred men—the veteran Shields.

This brings to my mind Col. Patten's son-in-law, Col. Bailey, U. S. A., who commanded the First Regiment of N. Y. Artillery, and whom I knew well, and a more gallant officer never drew a sword. He was instantly killed at the battle of Fair Oaks, by a shot through the head, in the beginning of the attack. I remember accompanying his dead body, with that of his

Lieutenant-Colonel Van Valkenberg, also killed in same battle, to the White House on the Pamunky River. I will not soon forget the fearful onslaught the Confederates made on his artillery—they came down on the guns in hordes, like an avalanche—but our men stubbornly disputed every inch of ground with dogged persistency, and when nearly every one of his batteries were for the moment crushed like an egg shell by the mere weight of numbers, the men afterwards recovered themselves—it was in this attack my friend Col. Bailey and his Lieutenant-Colonel were killed.

While writing of incidents of the Mexican war I cannot forget the name of Capt. Morris, U. S. A., one of the bravest officers who served in that war, and was killed while gallantly leading his men to storm the Heights of Monterey. His body, together with those of Capt. Field and Williams, were sent on to New York, and were honored with a public funeral by the authorities of the city. I am proud to know his son, Gen. Thomas F. Morris, a resident of Yonkers, now commanding one of the companies of the Old Guard of New York, and who ably commanded one of the finest regiments that ever left the city, and who so highly distinguished himself all through the war of the Rebellion, and to whom I am indebted for courtesies in connection with the Old Guards annual reunions.

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*From the Boston Pilot.*

### Colonel C. J. Murphy on Irish American Soldiers.

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45 Vesey St., New York, June 1st, 1880.

MY DEAR MR. O'REILLY :

Enclosed you will please find my check on First National Bank, N. Y., for \$25, and I wish with all my heart I could make it a hundred fold more, for who could withhold giving to the relief of our poor dear suffering brethren in unfortunate Ireland, after reading Mr. Redpath's (God bless him) heart-rending account of their terrible condition. I am glad our American people have done so well in this movement, and there is room to do more, for they are only repaying a debt of gratitude they owe the Irish people who poured out their blood like water on every battle field in our late war, in order that this nation might live. Who fought and won the last battle of the Rebellion, Five Forks, which closed this fratricidal and unnatural war? The son of an Irishman, Lieut-General (Phil Sheridan, the Murd of the American Army. And there is the other Phil, the brave and gallant and ever to be



lamented one-armed hero, Major-General Kearney, another son of an Irishman, and, next to Sheridan, one of the greatest soldiers of the Union Army; then the brave General Shields; and, did space permit, how many more could be mentioned who freely gave up their lives. Among the number the heroic young Colonel Patrick K. O'Rourke, (who I know well, and a finer fellow never lived) was killed while gallantly leading his regiment at Gettysburgh. And who is the officer Colonel Michie alludes to in this month's *North American Review*, as holding and maintaining his position of head of his class at West Point, and graduating number one, no higher honor in any military academy in the world, and be the son of a poor Irishman?

The gallant Irish Brigade under Meagher, and the 68th Mass. and French's with the brave Quincey, who were sent on the run from the centre of our lines on the afternoon of June 27th, 1862, to stem the tide of rebel victory. Although broken and disorganized the gallant remnants of Genl. Porter's splendid regiments formed in the rear of their rescuers, with cheers, presenting as bold a front as though they had not been pounded and cut up by two days' terrible fighting. The onward rush of the rebel host was checked, and Porter's heroes retired beyond the Chickahominy at their leisure." I was on the field on that fearful occasion and was an eye witness to what I here relate.

Can this country ever repay the debt of gratitude they owe the Irish race, and if they could only see them as I have in their own beautiful, but unfortunate and ever faithful Green Isle, they would learn to appreciate them the more. I have traveled the world over; have lived in Europe, Asia, North and South America, and Mexico, and no better people morally and intellectually live on the face of the earth; renowned for every virtue, generous and hospitable beyond comparison, ardent in their love of country and kindred, loyal to their faith, fast in their friendship, light-hearted and patient in affliction, always ready and willing to share their scanty means, however small, with the stranger, faithful in all the relations of life, and good fellows to every eye but themselves,—and such is the true Irish character. I am not Irish born, but am proud to be of that Spartan race, and my love and admiration for them know no bounds.

CHARLES J. MURPHY.

I would like to ask right here, do the American people know that nearly one half of the officers and men who fought in the Revolutionary War were of Irish birth or extraction, for according to historians such is the fact, and the largest subscribers to the fund raised in Philadelphia in support of that war, were from the St. Patrick's Society of that city, who elected Gen. Washington an honorary member.

*Article from Boston Pilot, June 28th, 1860.*

### A Brave Officer's Son Appointed to West Point.

The Hon. Daniel O'Reilly, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has appointed Joseph Louis Murphy, son of Col. C. J. Murphy, of New York, to a cadetship at the Military Academy at West Point. Among New York merchants there is not one milder of manner or tenderer of heart than Col. Murphy, and yet there is probably not one man in the whole city who has been more daring in the perils of war, or who has undergone more terrible sufferings in its ups and downs than he. Long before the war for the Union, he was a soldier in Mexico, though but a boy in years, and of a peaceful and sedate disposition. When the rebellion broke out, he was one of the first in the field. In the disastrous battle of Bull Run, though a staff officer, he seized the musket of a man who had fallen, and fought in the ranks until his regiment was broken up and entirely dispersed.

Of such stuff are good soldiers made; and we are glad to see the stock preserved for the army of the Republic. We trust that the son of Col. Murphy will be as true and fearless when the Union flag is in danger, as was his father in the perilous campaigns of 1846.

*Extracts from the Sunday Democrat of East of Swanee Rhode Island, November 24, 1860.*

"Hairbreadth escapes and valorous deeds, when told with candor and truthfulness, are full of interest at all times to the average reader. In the midst of a bloody war a heroic act claims the admiration of mankind, and is sure to reward the self-sacrificing individual by just recognition; in a sinking ship what praise can be too high for one who casts personal safety aside to rescue and aid his fellow-creature? Surely it was erroneous when it has been said that the days of chivalry are past, for in our own times and on recent occasions the most noble attributes of man have been fully shown. The wreck of the Sound steamer Rhode Island, when nearing Newport, at 3:30 o'clock on Saturday morning, Nov. 6th, is still fresh in the memory of our readers. Many of the passengers on that ill-fated boat, who on that dark and dreadful night enacted a brave and meritorious part, will not soon be forgotten by those whom they aided.

Col. Charles J. Murphy, the wise merchant, of No. 48 Vesey street, whose story has been told briefly in connection with the accident, returned home a few days ago from a business trip to the principal cities of New England, and our reporter, eager to hear his narrative, sought out the soldier veteran. The Colonel's modesty at first deterred him from giving in detail an account of his bravery and coolness in assisting the passengers and quiet-

ing their fears; but, after some perseverance, our scribe gleaned from him the following:

Mr. Murphy is in the habit of making periodical trips to New England, not for pleasure, though some of his best and most cherished friends live in the old commonwealth of Massachusetts, but solely on business pursuits. On Friday evening, Nov. 3, from the North River, on the Rhode Island, he was one of the large number of passengers booked for Providence. All went well till 3:30 o'clock on Saturday morning, when suddenly a crash came and all was in a state of confusion and horror. The boat had

#### STRUCK AGAINST BOSNET ROCK,

making a noise somewhat like the rumbling of a falling wall. The wood-work of the sleeping apartments creaked, and the passengers in many instances were violently thrown from their berths. In an instant all were running about wildly in their night clothes. A part of the wrecked vessel lay on the rock, while aft she was in the water.

#### THE HOG FRAME SNAPPED IN TWO.

I ventur'd to my stateroom to secure my baggage when the smoke-stack fell and the hog-frame snapped in two like a reed, which made such a terrible noise that I thought it was all over with us, and I made quick time to reach the forward deck, which I found had bulged up fearfully.

#### THE LAST TO LEAVE THE BOAT.

Mr. Murphy's experience in the Mexican and civil wars proved of benefit to the passengers, for he quieted their fears and helped them ashore, till none stood on the deck but himself. He was the last passenger to leave the now shattered floating palace, and many were the congratulations poured upon him by the rescued passengers as he stepped on *Serra Joma*. What followed is well known. Every soul that boarded the Rhode Island at the company's pier at New York was miraculously saved, while the elegant and stately craft is a total wreck.

At the close of the war my old regiment, the Seventh N. Y. S. M. (National Guard), gave a grand reception to those of its members who served in the war, and a magnificent affair it was. I append a copy of the invitation:

HEAD-QUARTERS SEVENTH REGIMENT,  
NATIONAL GUARD S. N. Y.,

New York, December, 1865.

CHAR. J. MURPHY.

Captain U. S. Volunteers.

DEAR SIR:

Since the end of the Great Rebellion the Seventh Regiment has not tendered, publicly, to those who left its ranks and entered the regular and volunteer service, a welcome home from the perils and hardships endured while defending the honor and integrity of the National Government.

A cordial reception will be given them at the Academy of Music, on the evening of the 31st January, 1866, to which you are respectfully invited.

Your old friends and comrades hope to meet you on that occasion, and there renew the bonds of friendship which have ever existed among the members of the "Seventh."

Trusting that you will not fail to accept our hospitable and honest by your presence,

I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

GEO. MAX SMITH,

Chairman Committee on Institutions.

I would say in conclusion in regard to the material of our armies during the war that in my opinion they were superior in every way to any army in Europe. I have travelled considerably abroad, and have been in nearly every country in the old world, but I have yet to see an army that will at all compare with ours. I was in France and England during the Crimean War, and attended the grand review at the Camp of St. Omer, in 1855; and the French soldiers did not begin to compare with ours in physique, celerity of movement, or precision in drill; and I am sure there is not a regular regiment in the world that will at all compare with our 9th Regt. of N. Y. Militia. I had a conversation with my friend Genl. Sheridan soon after his return from the operations of the German army during the Franco-German War, and he expressed a similar opinion, and he had a good opportunity of forming a correct judgment.

I am glad to see that the authorities at Washington are not forgetting the soldiers to whom we are so much indebted for a government to-day, and

who sacrificed so much for the country and its free institutions when in such great peril.

The Amateurs of Pension Bill was a just measure, and the government can not do too much for those who did their duty in that fearful struggle; and in my opinion it is also the duty of the government to give the preference (if all else are equal) of the public offices to the veterans of the war when found competent to fill them.

### Equality on the Battle Field.

"When the strife is over and the dead and wounded lie together on the battle field, how it brings all men down to a level; no matter what their rank or former condition in life there is no distinction then. "The dead—how beautiful in the memory of the dead; what a holy thing it is in the human heart; what a chastening influence it has upon human life; how it subdues all the harshness that grows up within us in the daily intercourse with the world; how it melts our unkindness and softens our pride, kindling our deepest love, and waking our brightest aspirations. In the camp and by the grave side, in solitude and among our comrades, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead."

### Genl. McDowell, and First Battle of Bull Run.

In relation to this unfortunate affair would say that there was no better planned battle fought during the war, and no braver Genl. than McDowell, although, like Genl. Porter, often misrepresented and maligned by ignorant and prejudiced men. It is not generally known that Genl. McDowell was suffering from a most distressing and annoying complaint all day and night previous to that battle. My command was camped next to his headquarters, at Centreville, on the night before the battle, and being restless, and not having slept any, at day light I went over to headquarters, as I had a matter of importance to communicate to the Genl., and to my surprise found the only man on the ground who was up besides the cook, who was preparing breakfast, was Genl. McDowell himself. I expected to find all hands stirring, as it was on the eve of a great battle, and we were ordered to move very early that morning. I have since spoken with the General of that circumstance, and he informed me he was up most of the night, and suffering very much.

We had won a decided victory in that battle up to about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when the 12,000 fresh troops arrived under Johnson, by railroad, from Winchester, which turned the tide of battle in their favor, and so won-

der; our men were ordered on the march at daylight, on that fearful hot July day, and were utterly exhausted by hard fighting at the time the enemy's reinforcements reached the field.

I feel sure that the result would have been the same under any other General, under similar circumstances, as no men could have fought better than ours did, fresh troops as they were, and very few ever in a battle before. How sad a sight it was to see at Beauregard's headquarters, a few day's after, nearly all our splendid artillery and thousands of muskets and other material of war they had brought in from the field, and yet there appeared to be no exultation and we were they considered in a hard fought victory.

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**Extract from letter of Genl. Beauregard, giving his reasons for not pursuing our Army at Bull Run.**

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I will first state that, though with General Joseph E. Johnston's consent I exercised the command during the battle, at its close, after I had ordered all the troops on the field in pursuit, I went personally to the Lewis House and relinquished that command to him. I then started at a gallop to take immediate charge of the pursuit on the Centerville turnpike, but was soon overtaken by a courier from Manassas, with a note addressed to me by Col. T. G. Rhett, of Gen. Johnston's staff, who had been left there in the morning to forward that general's troops as they might arrive by rail from Winchester. Colonel Rhett thereby informed me that a strong body of Federal troops had crossed the Bull Run at Union Mills ford, on our right, and was advancing on Manassas, our depot of supplies, which had been necessarily left very weakly guarded. I hurried back to the Lewis House to communicate this important dispatch to Gen. Johnston, and both of us believing the information to be authentic, I undertook to repair to the threatened quarter with Ewell's and Holmes' brigades, at that moment near the Lewis House, where they had just arrived, too late to take part in the action. With these troops I engaged to attack the enemy vigorously before he could effect a lodgment on our side of Bull Run, but asked to be re-enforced as soon as practicable by such troops as could be spared from the Centerville pursuit.

Having reached the near vicinity of Union Mills ford without meeting any enemy, I ascertained, to my surprise, that the reported hostile passage was a false alarm growing out of some movements of our own troops (a part of General D. R. Jones' brigade) who had been thrown across the run in the morning, pursuant to my offensive plan of operations for the day, and upon their return now to the south bank of the run were mistaken, though their

similarity of uniforms, for the Federals. I returned to intercept the march of the two brigades who were following me towards Union Mills, and as it was quite dark when I met them, and they were greatly jaded by their long march and countermarch during that hot July day, I directed them to halt and bivouac where they were. Hearing that President Davis and General Johnson had gone to Manassas, I returned and found them, between half-past 9 and 10 o'clock, at my headquarters. This will explain to you why the partial "retrograde movement," to which you refer, was made, and why no sustained vigorous pursuit of McDowell's army was made that evening.

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I crave the reader's indulgence in this narrative, as I am not accustomed to this kind of work, and many mistakes in composition and in the printing will be found, as the writing was hurriedly done inside of a week during the night and the hours I could fetch from an exacting business, in the hope that I could get it ready for the meeting of the present Congress.

C. J. MURPHY